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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Eighth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

FREDERICA CHARLOTTA ULRICA, wife of his Royal Highness Frederick, the present Duke of York, is descended from the Blood Royal of Prussia, and sister to the reigning Prince of those realms. She was the eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia, by his Majesty's first consort, Elizabeth Christina Ulrica, Princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, and was the only offspring of that union.

Her Royal Highness was born May 7th, 1767; and educated, under the eye of her mother, in those strict principles of the Protestant faith which govern the Ecclesiastical Constitution of Prussia. She had been seen by the Duke of York in an excursion which he made abroad some few years previous to their union. His Royal Highness, in his German tour, had paid a visit to the Court of Berlin, and had there imbibed those elements of military knowledge which prevail in the school of the Great Frederick. He had, at that period, formed an attachment for the Princess Royal of Prussia, who then shone in the full splendour of her beauty, and whose numerous accomplishments, and many

mild and amiable virtues, were the common theme of admiration.—There was not, however, at this time an opportunity of cementing the union; but, in the summer of the year 1791, his Royal Highness again visited the Court of Prussia; and, by consent of his Royal Parents, demanded the Princess in marriage. The preliminaries were soon settled, and upon the 29th of September in the same year, the ceremony of marriage was performed in the presence of the Royal Family of Prussia, and the principal ministers of state.

We understand that it was stipulated in the preliminaries, on the part of the King of Prussia, that his Royal Highness the Duke of York should, upon no failure whatever of issue in the royal line of the present family, assert any claim upon the throne of Prussia. This exclusion, which was reasonable enough, was readily assented to.

Their Royal Highnesses left Berlin upon the 27th of October, and arrived at Hanover on the 28th. Having spent some weeks in Germany, they conti-

nued their tour to England, where they arrived on the latter end of the ensuing month.

The ceremony of a re-marriage in this kingdom between the Duke and Duchess of York, according to the ritual of our church, was rendered necessary by the Royal Marriage Act, 12 Geo. III. cap. 11. sect. 1. which directs, "That his Majesty's consent shall not only pass the Great Seal, but shall also be set out in the licence and register of marriage." His Majesty's consent did pass the great seal previous to the marriage at Berlin, but the latter direction of the statute could be complied with in this country only; for our archbishop could not have granted a licence for the marriage at Berlin, nor can a marriage be registered but in the parish or place where it is solemnized.

This ceremony took place on Wednesday, November 23, at the Queen's House.

When the marriage, of his Royal Highness was announced to Parliament, a more splendid provision was immediately voted to him, and an honourable settlement made upon his illustrious consort.

Since her marriage her Royal Highness has mostly resided at her favourite villa of Oatlands, which she has decorated in a style of most exquisite simplicity and taste. The Grotto, which has grown to its present elegance chiefly under her Royal Highness's hands, is reckoned one of the principal curiosities in this kingdom, and perhaps in any part of the world. It is constructed with no less taste than magnificence; and notwithstanding the great expence it has occasioned, every thing about it is simple and unostentatious.— This celebrated Grotto, which may truly

be said to surpass the fabled residence of a Calypso, or the Fairy Queen of Spencer, is estimated to have cost a sum not less than fifty thousand pounds.

Her Royal Highness has very condescendingly opened it for public inspection, every Sunday evening during the summer season. It is shewn, free of all expence, to the visitants, and a servant, who should dare to receive any money, would instantly be discharged.

Her Royal Highness has established many charity schools at Oatlands and in the neighbourhood, and her humanity and tenderness for the poor are the theme of all who approach her.

Her Royal Highness's stature is somewhat below the common height, and her figure elegantly formed in proportionate delicacy and slightness. Her countenance has so far the best beauty, that it is made to win tenderness, esteem, and affection. Her complexion is exquisitely fair, and the bloom with which it is enlivened is rather a tint appearing through the skin, than that sort of colour which seems to exist in it. Her hair is light, and her eye-lashes are long and nearly white, resembling those of our Royal Family, to whom, indeed, she is not much unlike in features. Her eyes are blue, and of uncommon brilliancy.

Her character is in every respect amiable and virtuous. Her accomplishments are those which adorn her sex, and though not attached to the fine arts as a student, she is nevertheless a skillful amateur. The general tone of her mind is equable and serene, and she is most ambitious of the reputation of domestic virtues.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE UTILITY OF PUBLIC CENSURE BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

"WHERE a man's vices only hurt himself, and terminate in his own person, there we have no right to publish them, because we can answer no good end thereby; but where they affect, or may affect others, it is our duty to warn as many as we think proper, a due regard being had to our own safety. Only let us take this caution along with us—before we endeavour to undeceive others, let us be sure we are not deceived ourselves."—*New Whole Duty of Man.*

As one of the most excellent uses of knowledge consists in the proper and impartial application of it with a view to promote the general, the truest, and the most durable interests of mankind, so the most salutary advantages of public censure consist in the effect it is calculated to produce by lessening the number of crimes, weakening the force of bad examples, and preventing the repetition of such conduct as, with justice to the world, safety to ourselves, and respect to society, it is necessary publicly to reprobate and condemn. When public censure is thus applied it is difficult to assign any other reason for the condemnation of it than that which arises from the feelings of those who are not insensible to its application, or wholly uninterested in the fate or patronage of those to whom it may apply. Whatever may be the remarks and observations of a writer on modes of conduct which bears hard on society, and are contrary to the plainest rules of rectitude, of common honesty, and of common sense, he should be careful so to submit them to the consideration of the world, that they may be as acutely felt by the offending parties as clearly understood by the world at large. Should a specification of crimes lead in any way to a discovery of persons, the fault, in this case, rests not with the censor, but with the parties by whom the respective offences were committed. And it appears but just that those who daringly, however craftily, attempt to impose on others, should enjoy the full share of that credit in the world which their conduct richly entitles them to. If a public censor is just he represents no character worse than he finds them; if he is generous he represents none so bad as they really are.

When a cap that is presented by a censor is so constructed as to fit a variety of heads, and to produce uneasiness in all whom it fits, it is a

convincing proof that it was neither prepared nor presented before the interests of society absolutely required it. It is no part of the business of a censor to cut up characters; it is fully sufficient for all the purposes of public good that he relates, without malice and without exaggeration, what absolute and undeniable facts oblige him to notice. A character that is faithfully delineated undergoes no alteration in the representation; it is, in itself, neither the worse nor the better for being known. When, however, the duty of a censor is discharged with fidelity, pretenders to charity may reward with hypocrisy the zeal of humanity; but as the love of mankind is inconsistent with the practice of deceit, the exposure of the latter may fairly be considered as a proof of the salutary operation of the former.

When, indeed, the charge of hypocrisy is permitted to be levelled with impunity against those who publicly reprobate practices that, infolded in deceit, are inimical to the general good, the contagion of vice must be expected to become general, and its influence, in many respects, uncontrollable. As when the feebleness of nature supersedes the vigour of exertion, the challenge of indolence and indifference must be cruel and unjust; so when the bravery of truth supersedes the secrecy of fraud the challenge of hypocrisy and pride must be daring and presumptuous. To society none of the vices to which we are exposed are so odious in their nature, so malignant in their operations, so dangerous in their progress, nor so alarming in their effects, as the vice of deceit; but deceit opposed by hypocrisy is satan casting out satan. To be free himself from the faults which he condemns in others, should be the first and principal care of a censor; without this qualification he wounds none so deeply as himself; and with it he merits the applause of every friend to virtue and religion.

Writers on morality and religion never appear in a light less favourable than when they attempt to mould and refine general rules to answer particular purposes. Whenever attempts of this kind are made, the fallacies and inconsistencies which await them are too absurdly conspicuous to require refutation. The same conduct that induces them to censure with unjustifiable severity any attempts that may be made to disarm mischief of its power, and deceit of its sting,

where those attempts are inimical to their interests, their connections, or their expectations, or to the interests, the connections and expectations of their family, their friends, their neighbours, or their acquaintances, will, with equal zeal, marked approbation, and voluntary applause, induce them unequivocally to countenance and commend the very same line of conduct when it is applicable to those only whose tenets are of a description different from their own, and from whom, and with whom, they are in other respects totally estranged and unconnected. By characters of this description the beneficial purposes of censure are counteracted and misapplied, and the decisions of judgment superseded by the influence of interest, the prospect of patronage, the prejudice of envy, the instigation of malice, the gloom of disappointment, or the force of inclination. Too frequently we dream we are virtuous only because detection hath fortunately omitted to stamp on our conduct the signature of disgrace. Trifling, indeed, is our adherence to principle, cold and feeble our exertions in the cause of virtue, when, by professions of charity and of tenderness, we cease to countenance, to acknowledge, and enforce the jurisdiction of virtue in the mind, the controul of religion on the heart, or the necessity of truth and sincerity in the conduct of men.

The world is made up of characters dissimilar and incongruous; none without beauties, none without deformities. To a mind rightly formed, the display of the beauties of character is always pleasing, always amiable, always gratifying; the promulgation of its deformities is always painful, but occasionally necessary. But for such promulgation individuals and society may be injured in a variety of instances far more atrociously than by what the law considers either as a fraud or a robbery; and the principal benefit that can be expected to arise from the publicity of vice, is its restraining and correcting influence on those who are fraudulently or viciously disposed, added to its peculiar tendency to awaken to a sense of common danger and gross imposition, and to a spirit of speedy exertion and indefatigable caution, the innocent, the inexperienced, and the unsuspecting. When accurate narratives of facts in which the interests of the community, the property of individuals, and the justice and welfare of society are deeply involved, and by which the defect of all legal institutions are recognized and felt, are faithfully represented, and such representations are pointed out as being obnoxious to the genuine principles of Christianity and common honesty, and inconsistent with the duties of a rational being, it cannot but be inferred that bare statements of vice, founded on facts, are more atrociously offensive than real acts

of criminality. How far this doctrine will hold good in divinity I shall not at this moment presume to enquire; should it in the eye of reason, be considered as sound logic, the inference will exhibit the perpetrators of crimes in a much less unamiable point of view than those who record them on the page of history or morality, as warnings to some, and benefits to all men. When the salutary exposure of vice, and the proper reprobation of deceit, shall be found to give way to sentiments of pretended delicacy, counterfeited tenderness, and refined politeness, and when the precepts of Christianity shall be urged as a cloak for fraud and the tyranny of power, and the chicanery of learning shall give laws to the language of truth and the voice of humanity, liberty and religion, virtue and harmony must soon retire from the abodes of refinement to inhale the purer air of an unadulterated atmosphere. When the enemies of deceit are crowned with the badge of hypocrisy, vice will be rescued from the mansions of privacy by the smile of approbation, and released from the penalty of shame and the punishment of contempt, by the suffrage of sophistry.

The use of public censure is to restrain and deter men from the commission of such crimes and impositions as the legislature cannot legally punish with impunity; or, in the words of an anonymous writer of uncommon excellence, it "is not only beneficial to the world, as giving alarm against the designs of an enemy dangerous to all social intercourse, but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive to others, of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy."

Censure, properly directed and enforced, makes no disclosure; it only exhibits and comments on what is already known; it attacks the vice independent of the person; but where there is a connection that is recognised, felt, and understood, the attachment and the application can neither be avoided nor prevented.

Censure is calculated not only for the use and advantage of the present age, but for succeeding generations; its salutary influence is confined to no particular individual; and the punishment it inflicts is equally severe on all who are guilty of the enormities it condemns; it bespeaks a silent and incontrovertible respect for truth and for virtue to find men seriously displeased with a view of their own likeness, when in those likenesses they cannot but discover their own deformities. The primary and most general admission of vice is through the channel of deceit; it is therefore necessary for the good of society, and for the harmony and welfare of mankind, that this channel should be as clearly pointed out, and all its angles and its bearings, its sound-

ings and its windings, its sands and its shoals as accurately taken, and as minutely described as the knowledge, the talents, the experience, the skill, and the judgment of moral, religious, and rational pilotism will permit. The general peace and safety of society requires this; the permanent happiness of domestic life demands it; the support of the dignity of the clerical, and of all professional characters authorizes it; the general security for the proper regulation of conduct in every situation in life justifies it; and the practice of the inspired writers of every description may be adduced as undeniable precedents and assurances of its general salutary efficacy and moral and religious utility.

All censure which is not intended as a tax on men for being eminent, must and ought to be considered as a punishment on them for being vicious. And even in this respect it is administered with a hope, and an intention, that it may operate more as an example to deter others, and even the parties concerned, from mal-practices in future, than as a rod peculiarly prepared for the back of a particular offender.

Practices which the law cannot reach, may often times be within the power of the pen to remedy and correct. In public life shame has a powerful effect, and it is certain that there cannot exist a more impotent creature than a knave convict. Without the efficacy of the pen the advantages of wisdom, of learning, of knowledge, of observation and experience, would be frequently in a very great degree useless and futile; but when this instrument is employed on the side of religion, of virtue, and of truth, the character it obtains in the world is never likely to counteract the plan of its operations. Weak indeed must be the mind of that writer who can permit the unmerited censure of a partial, an inconsiderate, and mistaken judge, to arrest his career in the general exposure of vice. A fear of the application and subsequent consequence to particular persons of any enormities that public censure may lead to an exposure of, should rather be adduced and impressed as an argument in favour of the absolute necessity of the practice than advanced as an objection to it; it is the duty, and the most substantial and permanent interest, of each individual in society, so to conduct himself that no such exposure may in any way affect his character, injure his reputation, wound his feelings, awaken any unpleasant reflections in his mind, or disturb his repose.

Public censure is abused when it is applied to conduct that is only equivocal, to characters that are only doubtful, or in a way that is indirect and unmanly. Public censure should ever be open to public reproof; supported by truth it

should be secure from refutation, and alive to forgiveness. Animated by principle it should be firm in the condemnation of vice and fraud, and alert in the discovery of the revival of virtue; warmed with a generous indignation at the discovery of every secretly studied attempt to impose on the community, it should be manfully prepared to meet with fortitude, to resist with valour, and to repel with vigour, the reproaches of the guilty, the revenge of the malicious, and the assaults of the envious. To be useful it must be felt; to be just it must be generous; it must conceal what is most odious when a disclosure is only calculated to justify the censor; the severity of its remarks must be attached to conduct alone; and when that has happily experienced a change, the lash of censure will cease to be felt; or if felt, its utility will justify the feeling, and welcome the restoration or conversion it may accomplish. True censure is pointed at crimes, not at persons; vices are its objects, but as vices are referable to agents, the application when made is by adverting to facts and not to words; where the former apply not, the latter are dead letters without efficacy and without meaning. To minds free from disease just censure occasions no pain; to hearts free from deceit the charge of hypocrisy must occasion smiles of pity rather than sentiments of regret. Accusations that truth cannot support condemnation cannot realize; rash judgment is no unusual symptom of mental weakness, of indolence of investigation, incompetency of information, or partiality of decision. The labour of enquiry is retarded by fatigue, and the prepossessions of prejudice are strengthened by delay. Opinions of characters founded on the experience of many years, are, not unfrequently sacrificed to please the favourites of a day, to strengthen the influence of interest, or gratify a thirst for popularity. Great is the number of those who write rather to please than instruct, and to amuse rather than enlighten; morality is sacrificed for profit, sincerity for politeness, wisdom for novelty, virtue for fashion, and religion for pleasure.

To brand sincerity with hypocrisy is a custom of so ancient a date that no merit can be attached to the revival of it; it is a practice that can be adopted without labour, and without ingenuity; its success depends neither on talents nor knowledge; it is within the reach of all capacities, and within the grasp of all conceptions; the ignorance and the inexperience of youth, the infirmities and the imbecilities of age, are as fully capable of performing this work of love as those in whom are united all the vigour of manhood, all the energies of knowledge, and all the advantages of wisdom. It is at all times so easy erro-

neously to state what is clear, purposely to censure what is commendable, and invidiously to doubt what will admit of no denial, that we are oftentimes at a loss to account for the sentiments and decisions of mankind on points that admit of no difficulties, and that give rise to no doubts, even where perspicuity itself daringly affixes to error the force of truth, and the assurance of conviction; but reproof has no sting where vice has no countenance, and censure has no venom where deceit has no existence.

Those who are disposed to question the propriety and utility of public censure in consequence of the probability of its being capable of being personally or pointedly applied, under a supposition that the practice is contrary to the pure principles and precepts of genuine Christianity, and the benevolent spirit of universal love, would do well not only to study our Saviour's sermons, but to advert to his example. The love of mankind induced even him to publish vices in a way that brought reproaches on himself. He even particularizes the impositions he condemns, and the practices he reprobates, in so pointed a manner that the proper application of his public censures could not but be felt and understood. In the breast of one of the lawyers who heard him it awakened feelings that proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the censure thus publicly delivered was as severely felt as it was judiciously directed. "Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also." This accusation of reproach produced an effect which the lawyer was not prepared to expect. Galled with the keenness and severity of the remark that preceded the accusation he had made, in which the prevalence and mischief of deceit was pointed out in a manner the most refined, the most delicate, the most inimitable, and the most severe that could possibly be imagined, ("ye are as graves, which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them,") he could not conceal the displeasure he felt. With him, however, the proof of innocence consisted not in the expression of anger; on the challenge of reproach awaited a statement of facts, exhibiting an explicit detailed exposure and condemnation of particular vices which had before been only alluded to in a more general and less direct man-

ner. Such a procedure on the part of the great teacher of religion and morality, could not but convince the irritated lawyer that had he received the first censure with silent submission he would not have subjected himself to the mortifying reflection of witnessing a recital of facts which only proved that he had been much less severely treated than he deserved. Here then was united justice and generosity, truth and publicity, censure and charity, and a publicly pointed reprobation of vice, fraud, imposition, and deceit, with a real and dignified love of, and a sincere fellow-feeling for all mankind.

The frailties, the defects, and the infirmities of men should never, but on very extraordinary occasions indeed, be made the subject of either public or private censure. Every enquiry into the inmost recesses of our own hearts will strongly call for tenderness in this respect from every one. And should there be occasion at any time to advert to the momentary cowardice of a Peter, or to the temporary mistaken zeal of a Paul, the task ought ever to be confined to the hand, and entrusted to the care of a master; for where the heart is not evidently depraved, and falsehood and deceit are not made the vehicles of vice, fraud, and imposition, there the man is entitled to all the tenderness that love, generosity, and benevolence can possibly conceive, exercise, or bestow.

As I prefaced these observations with, and introduced them to the eye of my readers by the assistance of an extract from the *New Whole Duty of Man*, so I shall close them with another extract from the same work.

"Deliberate or contrived frauds is in itself a crime of the deepest malignity, and of the most pernicious consequence, a sin which tends to destroy all human society, all trust and confidence among men, all justice and equity which is the support of the world, and without which no society of men can subsist. And the breaking through this obligation by a deliberate fraud, is of all other sins one of the most open defiance of conscience, and the most wilful opposition to right reason that can be imagined."

L. C

STRICTURES ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

OF

ANACREON MOORE;

WITH AN ANALYTICAL REVIEW OF HIS LAST PUBLICATION ENTITLED
"EPISTLES."

[Continued from Page 349.]

THE sea being a net of smiles, is to us perfectly incomprehensible:

"Entangled in its net of smiles,

"So fair a group of Elfin isles."

Elfin isles appears to us as bad an epithet as pigmy isles; it is a personal and not a local diminutive.

"I felt as if the scenery *there*,"

Where? what does this "there" refer to? The poet describes himself as if present, and yet employs this word of distance. The lines beginning "Twas one of those delicious nights," are picturesque and vigorous, and continue so through two stanzas.

In the poem which follows this "Dream of Antiquity," the author bids farewell to his favourite island Bermudas; and in a note thus speaks of the Bermudian girls; as we allow him a supreme judge, and willingly abide by his opinion as to female beauty, we here quote it:

"The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their looks and manner which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *amante*, seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls,—that pre-disposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness which never fails to fascinate."

His farewell lines are spirited and not inelegant:—

"Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom

"Of the lemon and myrtle its alleys perfume,

"May Spring to eternity hallow the shade

"Where Ariel has warbled, and Waller has strayed;

"And thou, when at dawn thou shalt happen to roam

"Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy home,

"Oh think of the past, give a sigh to those times,

"And a blessing for me to that alley of limes."

Mr. Moore, in a note to these lines, falls into an error with regard to the name of this island. He says that from the name of the discoverer it should be properly spelt and pronounced Bermuda. Now if the island were discovered by Bermudez, a Spaniard, its present name Bermudas, or Bermudez Island, is certainly its most suitable appellation; but this is, in truth, of little consequence. We know not what to make of the following lines:

"Oh magic of love, unembellished by you,

"Has the garden a blush, or the herbage a hue,

"Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art

"Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart."

What is a blooming prospect in art? Do we say that a temple blooms, or that a church looks verdant? The word "pearliest" is not English, Mr. Moore is the first who ever used it. "A bloom of delight" is cant.

In this, as in many of his other poems, Mr. Moore, in common with many others of our present poets, has shown a disposition for coining words suited to his purpose, that is to say, suited to his rhyme. The characteristic of our language is its strength, which enters even into the literal structure of our words. Thus, from our dislike to weak syllables, whenever the usual method of forming our adjectives would introduce feeble terminations, it has become the use of our best writers, *i. e.* the law of our language, either to form them in a different manner, or to substitute participles in their place. Thus the participle *blooming*, is used as an adjective when we want to express the quality of bloom; Mr. Moore, however, universally uses *bloomy*.

The poem which follows—"If I were yonder wave, my dear," is the best in the whole collection; the thought, suited to the general nature of the subject, is at once natural, elegant, and beautiful. We give this poem our most unqualified praise. The "Infant in Nea's arms," is less pleasing, but not without its merits. The "Snow Spirit" we do not understand, or at least the connection of it. This is followed by the poem beginning, "I stole along the flowery

bank," in which Mr. Moore displays his usual excellence in the amatory ode, and with an equal portion of his usual faults. Such words as sparry, bloomy, &c. are not legitimate; they will be found no where but in the strains of Rosa Matilda, and Laura Maria; they are an effeminate innovation on the natural dignity of our language. The author, moreover, appears particularly fond of blessing every thing. If the good Catholic in Sterne cursed every created thing, Mr. Moore, with more Christian charity, if not with more propriety, is equally universal in his blessings; he blesses his hammock, blesses his stars, and blesses the kingdoms; his lyre is blest, and his roses are blest; there is too much levity in this for a Christian poet. But Mr. Moore, perhaps, means as little by his blessings as he does by his oaths to his mistress. "The dimpled Child," is one of those unmeaning epithets of which we find too many in this poet. A sun-beam glancing a kiss is too *dilletantish* for good poetry, and it is still worse to make it tremble with bliss.

In the lines which follow this poem, entitled "On the loss of a Letter intended for Nea," the line

"In Fancy's fire dissolve away,"

is common-place; "wishes wild and dear," have no distinct meaning; "the worldly doubt, the caution cold," is prosaic, and the inversion of the adjective "cold" is inelegant. There is another instance of this a few lines forward, "promise bland;" surely Mr. Moore was not so put to it by his metre that he could find no better place for his adjectives. The poem on Vacancy which follows, has the same defects and the same merit, viz. a *prettiness* of thought, a manner which may be borne in this style of poetry, but is not tangible enough for the file of criticism.

"The Kiss a l'Antique," is very indifferent; the following lines are a good specimen of the whole:—

"Look, darling, what a sweet design,
"The more we gaze, it charms the more;
"Come, closer bring that cheek to mine,
"And trace with me its beauties o'er."

This is inanity with a vengeance; we will readily believe him if he should say that when he wrote these verses his head was as free from thought as his heart from care. This may excuse him to Nea, but the public is not his mistress.

This is followed by the "Epistle to J. Atkinson, from Bermuda."

"The day-light is gone, but before we depart
"Here's a brimmer of love to the friend of
"my heart;

"To the friend, who himself is a chalice, a
"bowl,

"In which Heav'n has pour'd a rich bumper
"of soul."

"A brimmer of love" is as poor an image as we have ever met with, and "a bumper of soul" is, if possible, worse. "A calabash tree" does not sound amicably; "a luminous hour" is common-place; the thought, moreover, in the lines to which we allude is too obvious in itself, and is rendered still more weak by being dilated from a single epithet into an allegory,—

"———When the heart is in flower,
"And shoots from the lip under Bacchus' dew,
"In blossoms of thought ever springing and
"new."

"Bacchus' dew" is conceit; "the heart is in flower" might have done, but to make the flower shoot, and to follow up the shoot to its cause in Bacchus' dew, is to convert an epithet into an allegory, and a very weak allegory.

"Love and Reason" has considerable merit. The three poems to Fanny, which follow it, are unmeaning. "The Snake" is better. The poem "Twas a new Keeling," is inanity itself. "Aspasia," is what Socrates would have blushed at. "The Dream of the Grecian Girl," is made up of such verses as follow:

"Quick to my heart I press'd the shell divine,
"And with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
"I kiss'd its chord, while every kiss
"Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
"Then soft to thee I touched the fervid lyre,
"Which told such melodies, such notes of fire,
"As none but chords that drank the burning
"dews,
"Of kisses dear as ours could e'er diffuse."

If this be not emptiness we know not what emptiness is. What is meant by a *dewy* print impressed on a chord by a burning kiss? in short, what is meant by the whole, except that she kissed the chords of her lyre. And is this a thought to be hammered out into near twenty lines? We have to observe once for all, that even for an amatory poet, Mr. Moore is too fond of burning kisses; a kiss is to him what a *hem* is to a counsel.

In the "Fragments of a Journal," the poet has fallen into an error, not very unfrequent, that of mistaking oddity for wit, and nonsense for humour. If wit be the connection of dissimilar ideas, and images apparently contradictory, the connection must be just and fanciful, it must be founded in truth and nature. Humour, as applied to a writer, consists, in the same manner, in the natural display of the ridiculous, it does

not consist in making himself ridiculous, he must not himself be both Bear and fiddle.

We shall now take our leave of Mr. Moore by endeavouring to sum up his merit as a poet.

From the peculiar taste of our country, a taste arising from our manners, we have made less progress in the attainment of elegance than of substantial excellence. Our writers on law and morals, and our poets of the higher order, bear the palm of the modern times; whilst in music we are confessedly inferior both to the French and Italians; and in the lighter species of poetry cannot enter into any comparison with the latter.

Of these lighter species of poetry the amatory is in the first rank. In this we are absolutely without a single poet. An ode, or a few verses here and there, by some of our best poets, is no exception to this remark, as it is still true in its general acceptance, that a Marini, a Metastasio, or a Petrace, is not to be found on the roll of our English poets.

It seems to have been the ambition of Mr. Moore to supply this defect. So far he is entitled to our praise, as having chosen a peculiar walk for himself, and aiming at an originality which is the first step to excellence, and to which we have for nearly half a century been so little accustomed.

It is therefore as an amatory poet that Mr. Moore must be considered, and his merit is greater or less accordingly as he has attained the peculiar graces which constitute the excellence of this species of poetry.

Now the characteristics of this poetry are chiefly three:—

1. Simplicity in diction.
2. Grace in images.
3. An easy harmony in versification.

The simplicity in diction refers not only to the words, but to their arrangement in syntax. Poetry, from the necessity of its measure, requires some inversion of language, some distortion from the natural order, but amatory poetry requires that this inversion should be the very least possible. Simple diction, and a simple structure of sentences and their members, is essential to the ease and grace which is the chief characteristic of this poetry. But the qualities of simple diction are,—that the words should be those of common life, *i. e.* not technical, not abstract, not philosophical. The errors into which the pursuit of this simplicity may lead are—vulgarity, colloquial barbarisms, and terms trivial, unmeaning, and indistinct.

It must be confessed by the warmest admirers of Mr. Moore, that, in the course of our criticism, we have pointed out many defects in this point of simplicity. He occasionally employs words which are very far distant from simplicity, such

as compound and even technical words; he is particularly fond of such words as exquisite, extatic, essential, &c. all of which are not only words merely prosaic, but would be exceptionable in point of simplicity even in pure prose. We perhaps do not say too much when we assert, that simplicity of diction requires a peculiar and literal composition of the words, but this we will venture to say without fear of contradiction, that short words, in point of simplicity as well as harmony, are preferable to long words, and words uncompounded to words compounded. In the verses of Waller, the best model in this kind of poetry, it will be difficult to find any exception to this rule; he seems carefully to have weeded his lines, and accordingly his poems will be found almost wholly composed of dissyllables.

As Mr. Moore's diction thus errs upon the part of simplicity, so in other places the pursuit of simplicity seems to have led him into all the defects of its excess. He is not indeed frequently vulgar, but we have produced many instances in which his terms are trivial, unmeaning and indistinct.

Mr. Moore appears to us equally deficient in the second requisite of the amatory ode.

Imagery is the life and spirit of poetry; without it, it drops dead-born into the world.—Imagery, defined according to metaphysical exactness, is the representation of abstract ideas by their substantive resemblances; it embodies the abstract idea in the most pleasing image in which it finds it to exist as a concrete, and thus substitutes a visible picture for that faint ideal representation which exists in the mind not only with regard to ideas purely abstract, but such as approach to abstraction.

Imagery, however, as more practically defined, consists in fanciful similitudes, in the exchange of one idea, or even image, for another, in a substitution which at once enforces and illustrates, at once gives new beauty to the original idea, and presents it to the mind in a fuller point of view. In this point of light metaphor has the effect of a magnifying glass, which renders the object of its view more conspicuous by enlarging its dimensions. Thus, in metaphor, the original idea is represented under a form in which its action is stronger and, of course, more conspicuous than in itself.

This quality of metaphors is necessary in all poetry, being in the very nature of metaphor itself. Independent of this, every species of poetry has a species of metaphor peculiarly adapted to itself.

Thus the metaphors of an epic poem and the metaphors of an ode, should be very different. The images of the one, according with the gene-

ral character, should be grand; those of the other, for the same reason, should be elegant, light, pleasing, and domestic.

We refer to our extracts, how far Mr. Moore has observed this rule.

With regard to the third requisite of the amatory ode, that is to say, harmony of versification, we conceive it unnecessary to say more than to refer, as above, to our extracts, and the comments which are made immediately upon them.

The general character of Mr. Moore's versification is, that it is very weak and lagging, but occasionally not without harmony. The general character of Mr. Moore as a poet is, that there is always something of the *petit maître* about him. His verses are verses of compliment, and his gallantry is below the standard even of Parisian absurdity.

We must now take our leave of him.

ANALYSIS OF THE MERITS OF *THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL;*

A POEM, BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

This Poem which, in the short time it has been before the public, has passed through several editions of different sizes; and which, as the work of a Scotchman, has been commended with the most profuse adulation in the Edinburgh Review, demands some enquiry into its merits; and as such we shall proceed to examine it,—with what impartiality our readers will see.

It is well known, that before the union of England and Scotland, under the same crown, and in the earlier times of that monarchy, there existed from age to age a bitter national enmity, and that this enmity raged in its greatest excess upon the points of contact of the two kingdoms. Thus our earlier annals are filled with the mutual incursions of the Scottish and English borderers. This class of men, something between the ancient knights of chivalry and Tartar marauders, were daily upon the watch to surprise each other; they lived in a continued state rather of plunder than warfare. Their contests were terminated only by success or defeat, and then were only terminated for a time; they knew nothing of treaties; the plunder of a former incursion was no sooner shared, than they prepared themselves for a new enterprise.

Mr. Scott justly observes, that this kind of life furnished scenes and incidents which were well calculated for poetical ornament. One of these incidents, partly authentic, and partly fabulous, he has accordingly chosen as the subject of his poem, "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*" He asserts that his chief purpose is the description of the scenery, rather than a combined and regular narrative, and that from this cause he has selected the style of the ancient metrical romance, as admitting the irregularity which best suits his subject.

We cannot but observe that this is an excuse where no excuse was wanting, and what is worse,

is a very bad excuse. If Mr. Scott undertook his poem with the purpose of describing the Scottish minstrelsy, and the scenes and incidents in the times of the Borderers, in what other way could he possibly describe them than in the style of the ancient metrical romance? He seems to insinuate that he had thought of an epic poem; we have only to congratulate him that his better judgment corrected his first resolution.

For these reasons, however, the poem, according to the author, is put into the mouth of an ancient minstrel—the last of his race. It is divided into Cantos, six in number, which are so many resting places for the minstrel and his audience. Perhaps these divisions are not made with any great propriety, but we will not here anticipate what we shall hereafter reach in our progress. In a poem, professing to be an ancient metrical romance, we should naturally expect to meet with a language of the ancient style, we do not mean uncouth diction, or black-letter spelling, but that character of style which, by something easier understood than expressed, conveys to the mind an impression of the antique. We would exemplify our meaning by referring to the Bard, and other poems of Gray. The words are here purely modern, but from their texture, and the general imagery, they do not appear unsuited to their ancient subject.

Mr. Scott is somewhat deficient in this art; his diction, imagery, and versification, are almost wholly modern. This, indeed, is the chief fault of his poem.

The poem begins by an Introduction in verse, separated from the first Canto.

This is an error which has become too frequent with our poets of the present day; they should know, or be taught, that a poem is a poem, *i. e.* a whole, which should be perfect in all its parts. A poem with an introduction is as bad as a

pamphlet with a poetic address. In a word, the whole subject of the poem should be comprehended in the poem itself. The romance is but an inferior kind of epic. But neither Homer nor Virgil begin with an introduction separated from the body of the poem.

The introduction brings the minstrel forward.

- "The way was long, the wind was cold,
- "The minstrel was infirm and old;
- "His withered cheeks and tresses gray,
- "Seemed to have known a better day.
- "The last of all the bards was he,
- "Who sung of border chivalry."

These verses are very weak. Infirm and old, are common place. The description of the bard is nothing but the description of an old man,—there is nothing characteristic of the bard,—nothing which the painters would call figure and character. Simplicity is no excuse for inanity. The best poets have proved that it is consistent with energy, and every kind of poetical beauty, both of meaning and imagery.

The introduction proceeds, after a long interval of equal nothingness,—

- "He passed where Newar's stately tower
- "Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.
- "The minstrel gazed with wishful eye,
- "The duchess saw," &c.

The minstrel is accordingly invited in, feasted, &c. when his wants being satisfied he tunes his harp and voice, and begins his tale as in the first Canto.

The second stanza of the first Canto is good.—It is a description of the hall of an antient knight or chieftain after the feast of the day was over.

- "The feast was over in Branscombe Tower—
- "And the lady had gone to her secret bower," &c.
- "The tables were drawn,—it was idles all,
- "Knight and page and household squire,
- "Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
- "Or crowded round the ample fire.
- "The stag hounds, weary with the chace,
- "Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
- "And urged in dreams the forest chace,
- "From Teviot Stone to Eskdale Moor."

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas, mention the number of attendants on the Lady of Branscombe Hall. It seems by this enumeration that there were nine-and-twenty knights, nine-and-twenty squires, and nine-and-twenty yeomen, all kinsmen to the Lady of Buccleugh.

In the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth stanzas, there is a sad confusion between Margaret, the lady, and her mother. We were compelled to read these stanzas several times before we could comprehend, that "the lady" was the

wife of the Lord Walter who was killed in battle, that Margaret was her daughter, and that the poem opened with the mother retiring to her secret bower to meditate revenge for the slaughter of her husband. In narrative, obscurity is the worst of errors.

The lady-mother is described in the eleventh and twelfth stanzas as skilled in the magic art.—An episode of a river and mountain spirit is here very clumsily introduced.—The river spirit is made to relate to the mountain spirit the subject of the Canto, and indeed of the poem,—namely, that Lord Walter, the husband of the lady-mother, has been killed in battle with the Cars, a rival Clan; that the Lady Margaret, her daughter, is in love with the Lord Cranstoun, one of the heads of the Cars; that her mother has retired to the secret bower to practise her magic.—This episode is very clumsy, very unmeaning, and a perfect interruption to the action, and of course to the interest. It has no other connection with the poem than that the lady-mother (we must mention her thus to distinguish her) overhears their dialogue in her secret bower, and vows that Cranstoun shall never be her daughter's husband. The following is a specimen of the inanity of this part of the poem:—

- "The unearthly voices ceast,
- "And the heavy sound was still,
- "It died on the river's breast,
- "It died on the side of the hill.
- "But round Lord David's tower,
- "The sound still floated near,
- "For it rung in the lady's bower,
- "And it rung in the lady's ear."

Surely such rhymes as these might be continued to all eternity. This is wire-drawing with a vengeance.

The lady-mother, having formed her resolution, calls Sir William of Deloraine, and dispatches him, in the following equally inane verses, to the Monk of St. Mary's, at Melrose Abbey:—

- "Greet the father well from me,
- "Say that the fated hour is come,
- "And to-night he shall watch with thee,
- "To win the treasure of the tomb.
- "What he gives thee, see thou keep,
- "Stay not thou for food or sleep;
- "Be it scroll, or be it book,
- "Into it, knight, thou must not look."

This may serve as a sample of the narrative, which seldom rises above it. It would be no bad method of forming a suitable judgment of this kind of style by reducing it to prose,—what is it then but a loquacity of which a village gossip would be ashamed. The remainder of this Canto contains the knight's journey and arrival

at Melrose. The bard then pauses in modest diffidence, till the praise of the Duchess and her ladies induces him to renew the strain.

The three first stanzas of the second Canto relate the circumstances of the knight's entrance into the Abbey. This is an error on the side of minuteness. The art of narrative consists in passing over, without disconnecting the thread of the action, all those minute circumstances which add nothing to the main image, and which, as links of necessity, will always be best supplied by the imagination of the reader. We know that a man cannot enter the gate without he lifts the latch, but surely in narrative it is not necessary to enter into a detail how he inserted his finger in the crevice, and lifting the wooden latch opened the door which was shut, and entering through it, carefully shut it after him. It is this wearisome circumstantiality which distinguishes the vulgar from the artificial narrative. Sancho, indeed, could not tell his story without keeping account of the sheep as they passed singly. Our reader will remember at the same time, that, however eager to hear his story, Don Quixote declined to purchase it at the expence of so much patience as he foresaw that, thus related, it would cost him. We recommend this story to Mr. Scott.

William of Deloraine having delivered his message to the monk, the monk leads him into the chancel by midnight, and thus addresses him, sitting down upon one of the tombs:—

"I was not always a man of woe,
 "For Pagan countries I have trod,
 "And fought beneath the cross of God;
 "In these far climes it was my lot
 "To meet the wondrous Michael Scott.
 "A wizard of such dreaded fame,
 "That when in Salamanca's Cave,
 "He listed his magic wand to waive,
 "The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

We cannot exactly assign the cause,—but these lines, which the poet intends to be solemn, excited in us rather a risible affection. We have the same fault to find with them as with all Mr. Scott's description; here is no character. Michael Scott is an old man, as the bard is an old man,—they have nothing marked, peculiar, *sui generis*, about them.

The fourteenth stanza has these inane lines,—

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
 "His conscience was awakened;
 "He bethought him of his sinful deeds,
 "And made me a sign to come with speed."

We will readily allow that these lines are simple,—they are as simple, and every whit as full of meaning, as our street ballads. What can Mr. Scott mean by thus rhyming through three hun-

dred octavo pages. Dilworth and Dyke are good poets if this be poetry.

The monk proceeds to inform William of Deloraine that Michael Scott commanded him to bury his book with him in his tomb, and never to tell mortal man where it was hidden, till the Chief of Branscombe, *i. e.* the lady mother, should require it in her utmost need.

From the fourteenth to the twenty-fourth stanza is a description of the knight's descent into the tomb of Michael Scott to take the book.—There is nothing in this description but the common place of all similar descriptions, *i. e.* raising a mighty stone, descending into a tomb where a lamp was burning, taking the book from the hands of the dead man, and departing with it for Branscombe.

The twenty-fourth stanza shows the knight on his way to Branscombe, having accomplished his purpose.

The twenty fifth, the best in the second Canto, is as follows:—

"The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
 "The sun had brightened Bowden's side,
 "And soon beneath the rising day,
 "Smiled Branscombe towers and Teviot's tide,
 "The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 "And wakened every flower that blows,
 "And peeped forth the violet pale,
 "And spread her breast the mountain rose;
 "And lovelier than the rose so red,
 "Yet paler than the violet pale,
 "She early left her sleepless bed,
 "The fairest maid of Teviot dale."

This is the Lady Margaret who is here introduced as leaving her bed at the dawn of day, and gliding down the secret stairs into the castle woods, to meet Henry of Cranstoun, her lover—

"The knight and lady fair are met,
 "And under the hawthorn boughs are set;
 "A fairer pair were never seen,
 "To meet beneath the hawthorn green."

The second Canto ends thus, leaving the action thus far in its progress, *i. e.* William of Deloraine on his return through the woods to Branscombe, and the Lady Margaret and her lover amusing themselves under the hawthorn. This part of the narrative is well managed. We had forgotten to add, that the young baron's dwarf, who is a goblin, under that disguise keeps a watch over the lovers during their meeting, holding the young baron's horse at some distance.

The third Canto begins with the incidents of the lovers being surprised by William of Deloraine,—the Lady Margaret escapes unperceived, but a rencontre ensues between the two knights. The event is, that William of Deloraine is left for dead upon the field. The goblin dwarf is

commanded by his master to bear the body of the dead knight to Branscombe Castle. The dwarf obeys, and enters the hall invisibly. He sees the young heir of Branscombe playing in the hall amongst the knights. He allures the boy to follow him into the woods of the castle, in which having succeeded, he leaves him. The boy strays into Cumberland, where he is seized by an English borderer. In the mean time the beacons give notice to the knights of Branscombe of an enemy's approach. The third Canto ends in preparation for the ensuing contest.

This Canto has the same errors as the preceding; the narrative is tedious, full of minute circumstances, and totally devoid of any impressive images. The stanzas are but one sentence dilated into a weak versification.

The first stanza of this Canto begins thus—

"And said I that my limbs were old,
 "And said I that my blood was cold,
 "And that my kindly fire was fled,
 "And my poor withered heart was dead."

This is another instance of that inanity of which we have all along complained. We regret to say that it pervades this Canto likewise. The characteristic of the whole poem is feebleness of language, thought, sentiment, and imagery. The narrative is intolerably tedious. We can find no excuse for the quotation of another line in this Canto.

The fourth Canto commences with a description of the English Border army, which is approaching to the attack of Branscombe. This is, in fact, but a string of barbarous names, in which there is as little poetry as sense. It is easy to string by the thousands such lines as follow,—

"Whirlslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
 "And warriors more than I may name,
 "From Yarrow-Clench to Hindhaugh swain,
 "From Woodhouselie to Chester Glen,
 "Trooped men and horse and bow and spear,
 "Their gathering word was Bellenden.
 "Belted Will Howard came marching there,
 "And hot Lord Dacre with many a spear."

The lady-mother here calls her son, who, it will be remembered, was allured away by the goblin page of Lord Cranstoun. The goblin himself had in the mean time assumed the boy's shape, and under this disguise played many mischievous pranks in the Castle of Branscombe.—The goblin fearing to face the lady-mother, counterfeits childish fear, and the lady-mother, indignant at his cowardice, sends him away from the castle behind one of her yeomen, Watt Tinlin. This is the best part of this Canto:

"A heavy task Watt Tinlin had,
 "To guide the counterfeited lad,
 "Soon as his palfrey felt the weight,
 "Of that ill-omened elfish spright,
 "He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
 "Nor heeded bit nor curb, nor rein.
 "It cost Watt Tinlin puckle toil,
 "To drive him but a Scottish mile.
 "But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
 "The elf amid the running stream,
 "His figure changed like form in dream."

Our limits, nor indeed the comparative merit of the poem, will not allow us to enter into longer detail. Suffice it to say, that it is an antient romance related by a modern poet, and therefore in a style and manner but little suited to the ideas of the antient minstrelsy which exist in the mind of those who are conversant with the ages of barbarous chivalry.

The narrative, as we have before observed, is minute and circumstantial, it proceeds, as it were, in too straight a line, and without any of those interruptions which by suspending, augment the interest of the main story. In a word, it is a narration totally devoid of all art, and therefore tedious, and of little interest.

The diction is equally defective. The words are all of the last coinage, and such as could not have been known to a minstrel of the sixteenth century. The arrangement of the words in sentences is equally modern, it is full of inversions, and very distant from the simplicity of style in the age of Elizabeth. This would not have been a fault had these words, thus arranged, not have been introduced as the song of the last minstrel.

The poetry, or rather versification, is sometimes simple, and descriptive, and therefore suitably adapted to the subject; but, as we have already shown in our preceding extracts, the simplicity is too frequently a most unpardonable unmeaningness, a tedious chain of inanity through a stanza lengthened at pleasure. We believe it is Dr. Blair, in one of his superficial lectures, who lays it down as a rule, that a sentence, however long, should contain but one thought. This may suit a Scotch reader, and a Scotch poet, but it will not do on this side of the Tweed. Besides, Mr. Scott's sentences, or stanzas, are usually of the full length of an octavo page.

The imagery is a point of importance in every kind of poetry, but more particularly in one which by its very nature professes to be descriptive. Mr. Scott is here unusually happy. Perhaps we have a little too much of the Greenwood Tree.

The machinery of the poem, the lady's magic

and secret art, is neither one thing nor other; it is neither the wild witchery of the Northern Heath, nor the more elegant magic of the Italian groves.—It is neither of the school of Shakespear nor of Ariosto. It is a confusion of both—very

incoherent, very useless, and totally devoid of every thing which can impress the imagination.

The goblin Page must not be excepted from this censure.

ON THE USE AND ORIGIN OF PERFUMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING many of the charms of the beautiful female are the acquisition of her own industry and taste, yet the luxury of perfumes is the gift of nature herself. It is her hand which scatters the earth with flowers, the sweetness and grateful exhalations of which no art can imitate—Upon the return of every spring, the earth offers to its Creator the incense of flowers. The Alps boast their aromatic herbs, the northern zone its perfumes; even the ocean is tributary to the adornment of the female person in its amber and more precious weeds; but it is chiefly in warm regions that the sun concocts those volatile spirits which are, as it were, the essence of vegetable odours, and which have hitherto escaped all chymical analysis.

In the torrid zone, an odour is found upon every tree and herb; it penetrates and forms itself into the substance of every gum; it perspires in all the fruits and flowers; it embalms the rosin which oozes from the trunk of every tree. Our roses, pinks, and violets, exhale, in a short time, all the aromatic virtues which their feeble nature possesses; but they have nothing of the true substances of odours; for it is the virtue of a herb, gum, or flower, which is truly aromatic, to preserve its qualities to the last atom, and, in a word, to become imperishable.

The south of Italy, Sicily, and Greece, are fertile in numerous substances which are employed in perfumery; for example, the rosin of Storax, and the gum named ladanum, the mastic and turpentine of Chios, and the mænna which exudes from the trunk and branches of the ash-tree in flower, in Calabria. With these substances the perfumers of Italy combine many essences extracted from common herbs, roots, and flowers; and thus their perfumes may be said to be of European origin. It is certain, indeed, that the better sort of storax comes from Carmania, the ancient Cilicia. The galbanum, which is a gummy extraction of an umbelliferous plant, is brought from the coasts of Barbary and Syria, and it is not to be doubted but that the Italians are imposing upon us, when they boast that they commonly use in all their perfumes the three original substances of odours, under

the name of incense, myrrh, and the balm of Mecca.

The true balm of Mecca, or that extraction of gum from the *Amuris opo balsamum*, is one of the most rare and expensive of perfumes. The Kings of Judea cultivated this precious balsam in two gardens of small extent; and after the destruction of Jerusalem, according to Pliny, the Jews, through hatred and despair, destroyed the nursery of this costly odour, and effectually rooted it out of Palestine. The plantation of Beder Housseir, the ancient Petra, in Arabia, is the only spot which is known to this day as furnishing the balm of Mecca. A tribute of this balm is yearly paid to the Grand Seigneur; he receives annually three pounds; one he bestows upon the Pacha of Cairo, the other upon the Emir Hadsî, or the conductor of the caravan of Mecca. A flask of this balsam is preserved in the "Garden of Plants" at Paris, as a rarity of unattainable price. The balm, which is extracted by an incision upon trees, has nothing of the same quality with the balm of Mecca. That which is sold under the name of the balm of Mecca is extracted from certain grain, herbs, flowers, and barks of trees. The *carpo balsamum*, as it is called by botanists, is the *xylo balsamum* of the ancients. It is said that the balm of Mecca was first brought into Judea by the queen of Sheba, according to the historian Josephus; but the name of Sheba is unfortunately common to two countries and cities, the one in Arabia Felix, the other in Æthiopia. Thus we are unable to decide which is the country of Sabæa, that country in which, according to historians, gold and silver adorn every house, in which every garden is scented with the balm of Mecca, with myrrh, and yet more costly incense.

In regard to the no less celebrated odour, which is distinctively termed Incence, it is certain that a shrub is produced in Arabia Felix, which emits a kind of gum called in that country Oliban, and which is commonly believed to have been the *libanos* of the Greeks, and the *Thus* of the Romans; but this shrub flourishes but in small numbers in the little province of Hadramant and on the neighbouring coasts. It could

never have furnished the immense consumption which the ancients are known to have made of incense. Nevertheless, Herodotus and Strabo expressly tell us, that it was a region of Africa that produced the incense which the Greeks used. It is not probable, therefore, that Bruce deceives us, when he affirms, that the country which produces incense is situated to the south of Abyssinia. The tree which originally produced it has doubtless been transplanted into Arabia, where it has degenerated into a shrub. We know that after the expedition into Æthiopia, one of the Ptolemies carried a tree of incense into Egypt, but the transplantation did not succeed. When other travellers and writers speak of this incense as brought from India, it is certain they confound India with Æthiopia, a common error with the ancients. Garcias, the most intelligent of the Portuguese writers, expressly denies that India produces any vegetable which yields incense.—But all the moderns are agreed upon this point, and the scents of India almost vie with those originally of Africa.

It is not thus with Myrrh. The ancients have affirmed that it comes from the country “of incense.”—It is true that Pliny says there comes from India a species of myrrh, of a quality greatly inferior to that which is brought from Arabia Felix.—Bruce assures us that myrrh is brought from the countries which lie to the south of Abyssinia. The Africans of the interior come to the port of Emfrass to dispose of it, from thence it is forwarded to Azab, upon the right of Babel-mandel. Unfortunately, Bruce was never able to see the tree itself, nor could he procure a single branch of it. It was expected that the researches of Mungo Park would have discovered the real province which produces incense. To a commercial country like ours the discovery of this province would be another Mexico and Peru.—We are sorry to hear that this illustrious and spirited traveller has fallen a sacrifice to his intrepidity; and it remains for some more fortunate adventurer to open to us the interior of Africa, and to ascertain, perhaps, the celebrated province of incense.

To return to our subject.

In what Bruce tells us of the form and nature of myrrh, it is not altogether so evident that the myrrh of which we are speaking, was the real incense of the ancients. Loureiro, a Portuguese botanist, assures us, that he discovered in Conchinchina, upwards of twenty-five hundred leagues from Africa, a kind of laurel, which, according to his opinion, produced the true myrrh of the ancients. These fluctuations of opinion with respect to the origin of myrrh may be pursued to a philosophical length which would become tiresome to our fair readers; suf-

fice it to say, that we must wait in patience for the result of those researches which our Government has directed to be made upon the eastern coasts of Africa.

Let us pass to the banks of the Euphrates, to Babylon and Suza, the two principal seats of luxury and perfumery.—Assyria and Mesopotamia furnished an oily extraction of the species of the *anomonum*, which, I believe, was not known with certainty to the moderns. It was one of the most powerful perfumes, and commonly used in funerals. The oil of Assyria, used by perfumers, according to Nonnus, lib. xxxiii. was, I believe, the present oil of Sesame. The ointment (in Latin *nardus*), that precious perfume which, according to Juvenal, the Roman ladies preserved for the anointing of their lovers, was said to come from Persia. It is no longer to be doubted but that this was the *nardus indica*, or of a resembling species of ointment. This herb has been described by Sir William Jones in his Asiatic Researches, and by Blanc in his Philosophical Transactions, vol. cxxx. part 2d, in which he gives the figure of the plant after Loureiro.—The root of the *Costus Arabicus* produces a sweet and powerful perfume, and is manufactured into a most precious ointment; but, notwithstanding its name, this plant is properly of an Indian origin.—It is probable that Meckran and Kernan, the southern provinces of Persia, produce the *costus* and *nardus Indica*. Arrian and Strabo assure us, that the merchants of Phœnicia, who followed the army of Alexander across the province of Meckran, recognized in those parts many kinds of aromatic herbs which they had been accustomed to receive as the produce of Arabia Felix.

The climate of Persia is favourable to aromatic plants. The roses of Chyray and Kernan exceed all others in the fragrance and permanence of their odours; they are not excelled even by the famous roses of Cachynyr, from which that precious essence is extracted which the Eastern Princes esteem so valuable, and which a French philosopher, M. Langles, has celebrated in half a folio volume.

Cinnamomum and *Cassia* were doubtless of the number of ancient perfumes, and India, in strictness, furnished to perfumers the wood of ebony; but this term is vague, as it comprehends, in general acceptance, many kinds of wood which diffuse an agreeable odour whilst they are burning. The ancients speak likewise of certain odoriferous flowers native to India, with which the inhabitants stuff their beds, and the women make garlands.

The peninsula above the Ganges and the neighbouring islands surpass all the world in rich aromatic herbs; but it is here that doubt accu-

mulates, and the obscurity of conjecture is heightened.

I might here enumerate many perfumes which our acquaintance and commerce with India has long since introduced to our knowledge.—The precious woods and barks which are found in the islands of Sumatra and Java, and in the south of China and Japan.

The perfumes which are derived from animals are of three sorts, musk, civet, and amber. Musk is produced from an animal which is very common in Tibet, in the western parts of China, and to the south of Tonquin. This animal is of the species of the hedgehog, but it has two tusks like a boar, and is covered with quills like a porcupine.

The musk is formed in a kind of bag under the tail of the animal; the best sort comes from Tonquin.

Naturalists and travellers are not agreed as to the existence of the civet in Asia; this animal, which resembles a large cat, is common in Senegal, on the coast of Guinea, and in the interior of Africa. The civet and the musk are de-

scribed in perfumery as emitting an odour prodigiously strong, overpowering, and nauseous; it is an odour brought to what it is now by a chymical process.

Amber grease is found in every place under the torrid zone; it abounds in Japan, the Moluccas, Borneo, and on the coast of Guinea.—The best kind is that which is brought from Madagascar and Sumatra. The nature of this substance is much questioned, but, according to the most accredited conjecture, it is produced by a kind of whale.

Such are the tributes which the ancient world has offered to the perfumery of the modern.—We might add many substances of the new world, such as otto of roses, gum of Senegambar, and other perfumes of the East, with which the industry of modern travellers has enriched the toilette of the beauty; but it will best suit another occasion to illustrate the progress and origin of the different perfumes, which, as the most harmless of modern luxuries, prevail in the different countries of the world. J. J.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSAZIONE.—CHRISTMAS GAMES.

[Continued from Page 247].

LETTER II.

HAVE you seen Mrs. Camden's drawing-room? said Mrs. Meade to Colonel Fairfax. She has got the prettiest curtains in the world, and I am making this brown and yellow fringe for them.

Indeed, said the Colonel, I am ashamed to say that I have not called on Mrs. Camden these three months. How neatly you are doing it!

Mrs. Meade. Are you a judge of netting? Come, you shall make yourself useful. Here, Colonel, is a needle for a you, and a mesh. Let me see how well you can work; and, perhaps, if you do it prettily, Mrs. Camden may forgive your abominable inattention.

Dr. Abington. How much the Colonel ought to be obliged to Mrs. Meade for giving him something to do? Employment must be quite a novelty to him, I should think.

Miss Mordaunt. I am sure I very often pity you poor unhappy men, sitting with your hands before you. Now a woman has twenty resources, such as knitting, netting, spangling, making tea, or looking in the glass; and when conversation is heavy, there is no conceiving the comfort one feels in making one's fingers pay for the idleness of one's brains! Shall I give you tea or coffee,

Lady Caroline? Either of them is here, if you will but give it a name, as the people say.

Give it a name, cried Sir Henry Rushwood! Give it a name? Why, Lady Caroline, will you stand godmother to a coffee-pot?

There now, said Anna Mordaunt, is a proof how useful employment is! If one gave you something to do, you would not be so satirical upon us unfortunate innocent girls.—Robert, you may take away the tea things.

Mrs. Meade. Now tea is over, suppose we play at some game by way of employment, since employment seems so popular among you all. What say you to cross questions and answers?

Lord Belmont. Cross questions, if you please, my dear aunt, but not cross answers. Come, begin with me, and let the questions and answers go round as we sit.

Now at this game each lady or gentleman is asked a question by his or her left hand neighbour, to which he or she returns an answer, and, in turn, has the privilege of interrogating the neighbour on the right. So, when the questions and answers have thus gone round the circle, each relates the question put to him or her by

the left hand neighbour, and the answer returned to his or her own question by the neighbour on the right; suppressing the answer made and the question put by himself or herself. Thus a whimsical and heterogeneous answer to each question appears for the diversion of the company. When every body had answered and asked,

Lord Belmont said, the question asked me by *Mrs. Meade* was, what is the honour of a peer? and the answer made was, a star.

Colonel Fairfax. *Lord Belmont's* question to me was, what is Mars? and the answer was, a flash in the pan.

Miss Mordaunt. The question was, what is snapdragon? and the answer, good reasons with spirit and fire.

Lady Belmont. The question was, what is most difficult for a lady to get over? and the answer was, an attack on our sex.

Captain Colclough. *Lady Belmont* asked me what is coquetry? and the answer of *Dr. Abington* to me was, vane.

Dr. Abington. I was asked, is there any synonymy for a weathercock? and the answer was popularity.

Mr. Conolly. The question asked me was, what is the object of an orator? and the answer made was, place.

Mrs. Ovey. I was asked, what unity was oftenest dispensed with? and I was answered, marriage.

Lady Caroline Howard. I was asked, what is love? and I was answered, a profession.

Sir Henry Rushwood. I was asked, which is better, a profession or a trade; and the answer was, in these times, a trade.

Mr. Frederick. The question was, what is the stage? and the answer was, a looking-glass.

Miss Abington. The question was, what pleases a lady most? and the answer was, a secret.

Mr. Ovey. I was asked, what is the Venetian system of colouring? and the answer was, an imposture.

Mrs. Meade. The question was, what do you think of a ghost? and the answer was, a shadow.—Upon my word these questions and answers have turned out in a most whimsical manner—let us try some fresh game.

Miss Mordaunt. Shall we play at what is my thought like?—First, I will think of something which you must none of you know till you have all mentioned something which you guess it to resemble; then I shall tell you my thought, and you must each give a reason why my thought is like yours. Whoever makes the best guess has a right to chuse the next game. Now, *Colonel Fairfax*, what is my thought like?

Colonel Fairfax. It is like—it is like an old coat.

Miss Mordaunt. *Lady Belmont*, what say you?

Lady Belmont. Why, I will say a coffin.

Sir Henry Rushwood. A Swiss.

Mrs. Meade. A supper ticket.

Dr. Abington. A plaister.

Lord Belmont. The Irish Parliament.

Lady Caroline Howard. A lady's toilette.

Mr. Ovey. A picture, like a man taking a walk.

Miss Abington. A pin.

Captain Colclough. Dancing.

Mr. Frederick. Garrick.

Mrs. Ovey. A novel.

Mr. Conolly. Gunpowder.

Miss Mordaunt. My thought is patriotism. Now, *Colonel*, why is patriotism like an old coat. Not, I should suppose, because it has been worn out.

Colonel Fairfax. Indeed you have found out a much better reason for difference than I am afraid I shall find out for resemblance. I was going to say, patriotism is like an old coat, because it is out of fashion.

Miss Mordaunt. Very well, *Colonel*. *Lady Belmont*, you compare patriotism to a coffin. Now as patriotism is only a jest, it seems very difficult to trace in the absurd any connexion with the grave.

Lady Belmont. And yet patriotism is like a coffin in this respect, that it is generally the last refuge.

Miss Mordaunt. Such a sarcasm from your ladyship's gentle lips! *Sir Henry Rushwood*, the eloquent and the severe, patriotism is the qualification of a Swiss; now tell me why it is his likeness.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Because with all its roughness and austerity, with all its zeal for liberty, it will fight for any party that chuses to be at the trouble and expence of bribing it.

Miss Mordaunt. Oh you scorpion! *Mrs. Meade*, why is it like a supper ticket?

Mrs. Meade. Because it leads to the loaves and fishes; but I am afraid that reason is not convincing in these times, when it is so lean and hungry. Indeed the moment it is fed, it loses its original nature, and forfeits the very name of patriotism.

Miss Mordaunt. Nay, I am supreme judge now, and will hear no such melancholy pleas against the soundness of your reason. *Dr. Abington*, have you the skill to heal the bruises that every body has been inflicting upon poor patriotism, who has been standing still like a game-cock on Shrove-Tuesday, as a mark for all the cudgels of malice and wit? You told us of a plaister.

Dr. Abington. Why, indeed, patriotism is in the body politic, a little like what some kinds of plaisters are in the body natural; for it irritates where it is meant to cure.

Miss Mordaunt. Nay, patriotism shall come no more to you for a cure. Lord Belmont, why is it like the Irish Parliament? Is there any analogy between Parliaments and patriotism?

Lord Belmont. Between patriotism and the Irish Parliament there is—for both are now no more.

Miss Mordaunt. So there is an end of poor patriotism, my patient. Dr. Abington refuses to cure it, and you kill it at once. But I defy you all. By my magic power I restore it to life, and it shall run the gauntlet through the seat of its enemies.—Lady Caroline, can you tell in what respect it is like a lady's toilette?

Lady Caroline. Why, yes? it is so full of patches and paint, you know.

Miss Mordaunt. Hush, do not betray the secrets of our prison-houses.—Mr. Ovey, what was your thought?

Mr. Ovey. A picture; and indeed patriotism, like painting, is seldom without colour, or without design.

Miss Mordaunt. It seems, indeed, the perfection of art. My dear Miss Abington, you thought of a pin; and as punning seems all the fashion this evening, I must say I shall expect a point in your explication.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Whatever it was Miss Abington's intention to explain, you have saved her some trouble by making a point of it.

Miss Abington. I think both a pin and patriotism may serve sometimes to conceal a hole.

Miss Mordaunt. Captain Colclough, I wait for you. Patriotism, like dancing, is all fiddle-dee-dee.

Captain Colclough. Indeed, Miss Mordaunt, as to dancing, you are wrong in *to to*. The real reason is because they both make a man warm.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Honestly spoken, Captain, and like an Irishman.

Miss Mordaunt. Mr. Frederick, the ball is in your hands. Why is it like Garrick?

Mr. Frederick. Because it is in its nature versatile; and besides, in its outward appearance, it is sometimes Tragedy and sometimes Comedy.

Miss Mordaunt. Yes; and sometimes off, and sometimes on. But, Mrs. Ovey, I must call on you for your clue.

Mrs. Ovey. Nothing can be plainer than the likeness between patriotism and a novel: the one is a story, and so is the other.

Miss Mordaunt. Now for the last, Mr. Conolly, my client, patriotism looks to you as its last resort. You compared it to gunpowder.

Is it for the brilliancy of its fire, or the might of its effects?

Mr. Conolly. Why, patriotism, in its birth, life, and death, is nothing but gunpowder. It begins in flash, goes on in noise, and ends in smoke!

Miss Mordaunt. When the tournament was finished, say the romances, the fair lady who sat upon the throne, was entitled to bestow the prize on the victorious knight. I am the lady; and you, Mr. Conolly, I consecrate as my favoured and victorious knight.

Mr. Conolly. I must pray for moderation to bear my great honours meekly. Now, as I am to invent a game for you, I will tell you a diverting play enough. Lady Caroline, if you will step out of the room, we will think of something which you must guess on your return.

Lady Caroline. How am I to guess it if I go out of the room.

Mr. Conolly. Why, thus. Every body shall tell you what he would do with the thing of which we speak, if it were his to do as he chose with.

So Lady Caroline went out of the room, and we settled among ourselves the article which she was to discover. When she returned, Mr. Conolly said, perhaps I should discover it.

Mrs. Ovey. I should conceal it.

Lord Belmont. I would put it on you.

Colonel Fairfax. I would pull it off you.

Miss Abington. It would be too warm.

Miss Mordaunt. It might be too cold.

Captain Colclough. I would keep it.

Mrs. Meade. I would give it away.

Mr. Lansdowne. I would keep it near me.

Sir Henry Rushwood. I would hang it on the curtain-rod out of the way at once.

Mr. Frederick. I would love the giver.

Dr. Abington. I cannot help laughing at it.

Lady Belmont. I should look upon it as a net spread for me.

Mr. Ovey. Nay, your Ladyship uses it hardly—it is worsted; and as I am bound to say something, I only quote the proverb—great cry and little wool.

Lady Caroline. Is it love? which one would discover and another conceal? which one thinks too warm and another too cold?

Miss Mordaunt. No, it cannot be that—for Colonel Fairfax talked about pulling it off, and I know he will not abandon love, though some malicious people say the ungrateful urchin has long since abandoned him.

Colonel Fairfax. I hope I am not sunk so low in the opinion of the fair. I shall take your abuse by way of contraries.

Miss Mordaunt. Pray do. Lady Caroline, you must guess again, I am afraid.

Lady Caroline. Why, what can it be? Is it flattery? that one would hang up, of which another would love the giver, which a third would laugh at, and a fourth consider as a net?

Mrs. Meade. Indeed you are extremely ingenious. Try again; I hardly think it possible to guess a third time without guessing right.

Lady Caroline. Perhaps it is prudence; for Mrs. Meade could impart it, and Mr. Lansdowne would keep it; Lord Belmont would put it on, and Colonel Fairfax only would now venture to pull off; while Sir Henry, who has long since cast it away, is determined to hang it up at once; but then Dr. Abington would not be very likely to laugh at it.

Mr. Conolly. Admirably imagined, indeed. I am tempted to say of your ladyship what a friend of mine used jocosely to tell all his acquaintance, your wit is to be equalled only by your beauty, which is very conspicuous.

Lady Caroline. Pray spare me, my dear Sir, and tell me, in short, what is it that I ought to guess.

Mr. Conolly. Indeed you deserve to be told. In short, then, it is an invisible petticoat—which I should perhaps discover, but which Mrs.

Ovey very wisely intends to conceal; Lord Belmont's gallantry would lead him to assist you in putting it on, and Colonel Fairfax's gallantry would urge him to pull it off you. Miss Abington might find it too warm, but Miss Mordaunt, whose prudence has encumbered her with too much cloathing, thinks it, on the other hand, a little too cold. Captain Colclough would keep it as a relic; and Mrs. Meade, who, I suppose, has plenty of her own, would generously make it a present to her maid. Mr. Lansdowne would keep it near him as a constant memorial; and Sir Henry would make it the constant inhabitant of his chamber, by assigning to it a place upon the bed. Mr. Frederick loves the giver; and my satirical friend, the doctor, laughs at it. Lady Belmont, considering its texture, regards it as a net; and as worsted has assumed the place of flannel in the composition of petticoats, Mr. Ovey's puns are justifiable.

Lady Caroline. Oh, I see it all clearly now.

Supper was announced, and we all went down stairs. I came away at half after eleven, and wrote this account, to which I now subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

F. L.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 298.]

OF the Sheshians! exclaimed Shah Gebal; methinks I know that name. Is it not that Sheshian of which Hiauf-Teles-Tantzai was king, whose cursed skimming ladle you lately wanted me to swallow, if I had not as stoutly struggled against it as the high priest Saugrenutio?

Probably, Sir, said the black-eyed Circassian, who for some time had now ceased to be young, but from the decay of her charms, had reaped, among other advantages, that of an agreeable voice, and had thence taken occasion to amuse the Sultan as well as circumstances on both sides would admit; doubtless, Sir, said she, it is that very Sheshian; for nothing obliges us to suppose two of them, as we may be very well satisfied with one; which, by the account of certain ancient geographers, in the times of its greatest

prosperity, was nearly as large as the kingdom of your majesty*, and eastwards—

The geography of it is nothing to the purpose, interrupted Shah Gebal, if thou wilt only vouch for it, Nurmahal, that where thy history begins the times were past when the fairies governed the world; for I declare, once for all, that I will hear nothing of disastrous wedding-nights, of old withered cucumbers, with their impudent arithmetic, of blind moles, which, with fine turned periods, and in the most flowery language in the

* The truth is, that it was a great deal larger; but the fair Circassian had too much knowledge of the world to be guilty of such a piece of rudeness to the Sultan as to say so. Nearly as large, is as much as one may venture to say on such occasions.—*Remark of the Chinese translator.*

world, say nothing at all; and, in short, let me have nothing about love affairs, like the witty Mustacheos and her dull Cormoran, who makes such fine epigrams, and strikes such famous circles; in one word, Nurmahal, and I speak it in downright earnestness, no Neadarnes, and no skimming ladles!

Your majesty may depend upon it, returned Nurmahal, that the fairies shall have nothing to do in this history; and as to genii, your majesty knows that we may usually reckon six or seven kings, in regular succession, before we can light on one that has any pretensions to that name.

Nor any satires, madam, if you please; begin your history without further perambulation. And you (said he to a young mirza that had the honour to sit at the foot of his bed), do you mind how often I yawn; as soon as I have yawned three times, then shut the book, and good night.

For any nation (thus began the fair Nurmahal to read) to endeavour to investigate the history of its remotest condition, is as if we should require of a man to remember what happened to him in his mother's womb, or during the first years of his infancy.

The inhabitants of Sheshian formed no exception to this rule; they, like all other nations in the world, filled up the gulf that lay between their origin and the epocha of their authentic history with fables; and these fables with all nations are so like one another that we may suppose them the invention of beings on the first step of humanity. He among them who first made the discovery that an ananas had a better flavour than a pumpkin, was a deity in the eyes of his descendants.

The old Sheshianese believed that a great monkey had taken the trouble to communicate to their ancestors the first intimation of convenience, of the arts, and of social life.

A monkey! cried the Sultan; your Sheshianese are very humble to attribute to monkeys this advantage over them.

They who entertained this belief probably thought not so deeply, replied the beautiful Nurmahal.

Doubtless, said the Sultan; but what I want to know, is exactly what sort of people they were who could entertain such a belief?

On this head, Sir, the chronicle says nothing; but if a person of my sex may be permitted to hazard a supposition on so learned a subject, I should say, that nothing seems more comprehensible to me. No article of belief was ever so absurd that had not something true for its basis. Might not a monkey have taught the ancient Sheshianese something, if it were but the art of climbing a tree and cracking nuts;

for easy as these arts may appear to us, yet it is much rather to be supposed that mankind learned them of monkeys, than that monkeys were taught them by men.

The fair Sultana reasons very justly, said the doctor, Danishmende, who, of all the philosophers of the court, the Sultan could most endure to have about him, as indeed he was one of the best hearted souls in the world, and who therefore enjoyed the grace of being present at these readings, with the before-mentioned mirza. It is not to be imagined, added he, that the primitive men in Sheshian were more sharp-witted than Isanagi-No-Micotto, one of the deified kings of Japan, of whom their history asserts, that he had learned the art of proceeding with his consort, Ysanami, after the manner of mortals, from the bird Isiatadakki †.

Shah Gebal (nobody knows why) shook his head at this remark; and Nurmahal, without vouchsafing one blush at the conceit of the philosopher Danishmende, proceeded thus:

In the first period, when the history of Sheshian begins to be authentic, the nation was partitioned into a multitude of petty states, with each of them a subordinate prince at its head. Two or three of these potentates were constantly combining to plunder a fourth; when they had finished him, they as usually quarrelled about the division of the spoil; and then a fifth generally interfered to terminate the dispute, by taking the object of their dispute into his custody.

These confederacies lasted, to the great detriment of the poor Sheshianese, till some of the weakest proposed that all the khans and rajahs should, for the general safety, submit to one common chief. The most powerful approved of this proposal, as each entertained a hope that the choice would fall upon himself; but scarcely was the election over ere they declared that the best means for restoring tranquillity had not been adopted.

The new king was deserving of the preference conferred on him by the nation. The esteem in which his personal merits were held during a considerable time, supported his endeavours, and Sheshian enjoyed a temporary happiness, which he employed in framing laws, that emulated even those of Confucius himself; laws deficient in nothing except, as was said of the statues of a certain artist of antiquity, that they would not go of themselves; that is, that it was in the choice of the subjects whether they would keep them or not. For though severe penalties were annexed to the transgression of those on

† See Kempfer's description of the kingdom of Japan, Vol. i. cap. 7. sect. 112.

the observance whereof the peace and welfare of the nation absolutely depended, the king had no authority to enforce them. If one of his rajahs was to be reduced to obedience, he was obliged to commission another to compel him; and accordingly the most righteous sentences were constantly left unexecuted. For no crow will peck another's eyes out, said king Dagobert*.

Who was this king Dagobert? said the Sultan to the philosopher Danishmende.

Danishmende, with all his pretended or real excellencies, had one fault, which, however insignificant in itself, yet in particular circumstances is enough to confuse the strongest head; never could he find an answer to a question in which he was not mistaken. This failing might perhaps have been overlooked in him, but he commonly magnified it by another, which, indeed, was not to be pardoned in a man of his talents. For instance, if the Sultan asked him any thing that was unknown to him, he stammered, blushed, opened his mouth, and stared, as if he was thinking on it; it was expected, from one moment to another, that he was about to break forth, and it was thought the less pardonable in him, as at last he disappointed the expectations that had been kept up so long, by a poor—"that I cannot tell;" because it was thought he might as well have said it at the first moment. This was now exactly the case in which he was; no man in the world was more unknown to him than king Dagobert.

I was in the wrong to put such a question to a philosopher, said the Sultan, somewhat displeased; let somebody fetch my Chancellor.

The Chancellor was a huge thick man, who, among other honourable qualities, had just so much wit as was necessary for always having an answer ready for any question.

Lord Chancellor, who was king Dagobert? interrogated the Sultan.

Sir, answered the Chancellor, with great gravity, placing his right hand on his waist, and with the left stroking his whiskers, he was a king, who, in days of yore, reigned in a certain country that is not to be found in any map of Indostan, probably because it was so small that

it was not possible to say which was the north, and which was the south side of it.

Very well, Lord Chancellor. And what said king Dagobert?

Generally nothing, replied the Chancellor, unless it was in his sleep, which sometimes happened to him in his divan. His Chancellor, being short-sighted, was not always aware whether the king was awake or asleep, and sometimes took what he had said in his sleep for commands, and executed them on the spot; and what is most remarkable, the historians assure us, that these very ordinances were the wisest of all he published during the whole of his reign.

Good night, Lord Chancellor, said Shah Gebal.

(It must be confessed that at times Sultans ask curious questions.)

It is a fine thing to have a sensible chancellor, continued the Sultan, when he had dismissed him. I know, Nurmahal, that you never liked him; and if I think more favourably of him, it is certainly not because I am unacquainted with him. I know that, with all the rotund formality of his person, which is a living compendium of all the laws, ordinances, ancient usages, and modern abuses of my kingdom, he is at bottom only an intriguer, a false, restless, insatiable, vindictive fellow, and a secret enemy to all whom his instinct tells him are more deserving than himself. Moreover, I know that he suffers himself to be governed by a rascally little fakir, who has made him believe that he possesses a secret of carrying him safe over the bridge which is no broader than the edge of a razor. But even though he were ten times worse than he is, I must be gracious to him, on account of the talent he has of shaking an answer out of his sleeve to any question, however unexpected and inconvenient, which he gives you for a good one with such gravity and effrontery, that, whether one will or not, it is impossible not to be satisfied with it. But while we are so complaisant to king Dagobert and my chancellor, we are forgetting the poor king of Sheshian; and that is not right. I pity the good man; though, in fact, it was his own fault if his people made sport of him, as the frogs did of king Log. How could he consent to be king on such terms?

Your Highness, said Nurmahal, would perhaps think better of him, were you to recollect that the nation would have a king, and that, all things considered, it is always better to be king than to leave the office to another. It might, with some probability, be expected that opportunities would not be wanting for extending and confirming his authority, how limited soever it might be at first; besides, he was a man of more than ordinary capacity, his own principality was

* Either the beautiful Nurmahal, or her chronicle, is mistaken in the person. If she had been pleased to have taken the pains to turn to honest Gregory of Tours, she would have found in the sixth book (we do not recollect in what chapter) that it was king Chilperic; though it must be owned, that to her, and to Sultan Gebal, and to all India, it might be of no consequence whether it were Dagobert or Chilperic.—*Remark of the Latin translator.*

one of the most considerable; and, at the head of the party that placed him on the throne, he might reasonably hope to succeed in whatever he might attempt.

And yet he was too sanguine in his hopes, said the Sultan.

How could it happen otherwise, replied the Sultana. His adherents expected greater rewards than he had to give; their demands knew no bounds. He thought he had a right to require services and submission from those who had made him king; and yet for that very reason they thought he owed all to them. Such a difference of opinions must be attended with consequences that would render both king and people equally unhappy. Being resolved to act well the part he had undertaken, he must necessarily be at variance with his rajahs, who would rather see him play any other part than that of king. His whole reign was turbulent, weak, and confused. But under his successors matters went on still worse. Every new advantage the princes gained over their kings increased their arrogance, and raised their demands. Under pretext of securing their liberty (of which, however, they seem never to have had any determinate idea), and the rights of the nation (which were never properly defined) against arbitrary pretensions, the royal authority was gradually so narrowed, that, as we read in the fable of a certain nymph, it dwindled at length into a mere shadow. (Here the Sultan yawned for the first time.) Till at last even of this shadow nothing remained but an empty voice, that had just power enough to re-echo what was said to it.

Sheshian during this period was in a most wretched condition. Of more than three hundred districts of various dimensions, the far greater part resembled a country recently desolated by war, famine, pestilence, and drought; nature exhibited not that smiling aspect, that charming diversity, that inviting face of happiness and plenty with which she captivates the senses and the heart in every country that is governed by the paternal care of a wise prince.

Here the countenance of the Sultan brightened up again; he thought of his pleasure-houses, his delightful gardens, the lovely prospects that extended on all sides round them, the walks laid with mosaic pavement, and bordered on each side with a double row of orange-trees, and for some moments enjoyed the delightful sentiment of being perfectly satisfied with himself.

This was not what the two omrahs wished him to think of on this occasion! Proceed, Nurmahal; said the delighted Sultan.

On every side the heart of every traveller that was not entirely destitute of feeling for the condition of his fellow-creatures, ached at beholding

sad pictures of want and pitiless oppression.—The petty tyrants, to whom the king of Sheshian was obliged to give up nineteen out of twenty of his subjects, as a prey, had, in regard to the administration of their charge, a way of thinking like that of certain savages of whom we read, that they know of no readier way of gathering the fruit than cutting down the tree. Their first maxim seemed to be to use the present moment for the gratification of their irregular appetites, without concerning themselves for the consequences that must naturally follow. These gentlemen found neither in their heads nor in their hearts, that poor humanity had any thing to plead. In their eyes the people had no rights, and the prince no duties. They treated them as a herd of living machines, who, like other brute animals, were cast forth by nature to work for them, and had no claim to rest, convenience, or pleasure. Difficult as it may be to conceive so unnatural a mode of thinking possible, yet nothing is more certain, than that they at length considered themselves as a superior class of beings, who, like the gods of Epicurus, had not blood, but only somewhat resembling blood flowing in their veins; to whose arbitrary commands every thing ought to submit; to whom all was lawful, and of whom no one could demand the performance of any obligation. The slavery of the wretches who sighed under their yoke was so great, that when, by a particular exception, the most common rights of mankind were granted them, they were obliged to consider it as an unmerited favour. The consequences of so senseless a conduct naturally arise to the mind. A general listlessness gradually relaxed all the springs of improvement; genius was stifled in the bud, industry dismayed, and the place of the passions, by whose animating breath nature unfolds the man, and makes him the instrument of her great designs, was occupied by corroding grief and stupifying despair*.

* Here, says the Chinese translator, I found a remark of the Indian editor of this work, which I cannot persuade myself to omit, though my reader can make no immediate use of it. I wish (these are the words of the Indian) that all our grandees and nobles would condescend to make the application of this sentence (from the words, "A general," to "stupefying despair"), in examining the fakirs to whom they intend to entrust the education of their sons. To this end they have nothing farther to do than to read the sentence to the fakir, and to require of him an explanation of it, with a development of the ideas contained therein. In order to be more sure of their aim, they might invite some philosopher of undoubted sagacity to be present at

Slaves, who have no hope of rising above their misery, otherwise than by some singular chance that scarcely happens to one in ten thousand, only work while they are forced to it, and cannot be forced to do any thing well; they lose all sentiment of the dignity of their nature, all sentiment of the generous and beautiful, all consciousness of their inherent rights,—(The Sultan here yawned for the second time.)—and sink in their sentiments and manners to a level with the cattle with whom they are obliged to share the stall and the provender; nay, under the impossibility of bettering their condition, they at length lose the very idea of such a condition, and consider happiness no otherwise than as a mysterious prerogative of the deities and their

masters, to make the slightest claim to which would be impiety and high treason.

This was the abject state of humiliation and misery in which the poor inhabitants of Sheshian were immersed. They would shortly have fallen into the savage state from whence the great monkey, according to their traditional conceit, had delivered their progenitors, a state wherein they might at least have comforted themselves with the impossibility of falling lower, had not an unexpected revolution in the government—

Here the mirza made signs to the beautiful Nurmahal, that the Sultan, during the last periods, was fallen fast asleep.

[To be continued.] *page 47*

AN ACCOUNT OF A SUTTEE AT BARODA.

WE have been obligingly favoured by a correspondent with the following curious and authentic account of a SUTTEE, which took place at Baroda on the 28th of July, 1805:

The victim's husband was a Bramin of the Desust cast, an inhabitant of Nasick, but removed his family to Baroda about two years ago. He was invited by the Rajah of Kota to visit Malwa, for the purpose of reading to his Highness the Bhagwat, or Shaster. Having executed this task to the satisfaction of the Rajah, he was dismissed from the Durbar with rich presents of shawls, &c. and 1500 rupees in money, for which he obtained a bill of exchange on Baroda. He then took the road to Guzerat, but on coming into the Grassiahs' country, he was attacked by a party of these depredators, plundered of all his wardrobe, &c. and thrown into a dungeon. In a miserable state of imprisonment he remained for three months, receiving one seer of grain each day, and constantly undergoing the most severe and cruel tortures, till he consented to pay a fine, and give security for 1500 rupees (the little sum he had earned during fourteen months absence from his family) and which he fondly expected to enjoy with them on his return. He was however obliged to go to Rutlam, where he sold his bill of exchange, and paid to the Grassiahs the

extorted fine. The treatment he had met with produced a fever, of which he died within seven days after his arrival at that place.

Some time before his unhappy wife was informed of his death, she had a dream, in which she beheld many women approach, and present her with the red stuff called coonkoo; in consequence of which she regularly dedicated her prayers to the pempul tree, and walked round it one hundred times during the day; on her returning from thence one afternoon, a crow perched upon her head, and carried away her string of beads.—On this she declared to her cast, she was persuaded her husband was dead, and that she was determined to burn herself the moment she received confirmation.

She did not long survive her unfortunate husband, for on the 27th ultimo, she heard of his decease by letters from Rutlam.

Having summoned all her acquaintance she applied to prayer, and addressed Seetaram Rowjee, the Guicawar's Dewan, requesting he would immediately give orders for the necessary preparations to be made for her burning.

On the 28th, the pile was erected at the pagoda adjoining the cantonments. A concourse of people were present. She went to the river with her attendants, called a Bramin, and made an image of wheat-flour representing her husband. She returned to the pile—made the usual presents, and having walked round it five times, stood upon a stone called Dhurram Sella. She looked at her face in a glass, and exclaimed she was burning with her husband! She received the usual compliments and congratulations for herself as well as for friends above.

this examination. If the fakir understands the period;—well! if he understands it not, or reasons upon it like a buzzard, then your excellency, your grace, your lordship, your worship, &c. may rely upon it that he is an excellent object of your choice, if your design be that your son should not be too wise.

She entered—placed the image on her lap; and with her own hands, set fire to the pile.

The victim was about thirty years of age, her eyes black and sparkling; with a mild countenance, expressive of lively anguish and interesting simplicity.

The firmness she displayed is beyond description. Her mind glowed in the hope of meeting her beloved husband, where no tyranny or oppression could reach him. She did not drop a tear, and if she had, it would have been the tear of joy, and not of sorrow.

It must however be said, that although the Suttee is a strong example of fortitude and affection, a custom prevalent with the Bramin cast, and not uncommon with Hindoos in general, it is a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and to the credit of humanity it is now less frequently complied with than formerly.

It has been supposed by many that this sacrifice is not voluntary, and that the wife suffers disgrace in not coming forward; but this is a most erroneous idea; for on the decease of a Hindoo personage at Baroda, that worthy and highly respected character who by the suavity of his manners, his justice and wisdom, is so truly beloved by the natives, and to whom we may apply from Terence *Home sum—nihil humani a me alienum puto*—apprehensive that the wife, from the high rank which her husband held, would have devoted her self to his manes, sent his Dewan to endeavour to dissuade her from the act. The Dewan went to her house, but on finding her in tears, immediately returned, and afforded no small degree of satisfaction in declaring, that giving vent to her grief, was a certain proof she had no intention of devoting herself. She is now living, and passes

her time in prayer and meditation. To argue against this Braminical religious tenet with the male part of the cast, would only excite their indignation and surprize; but might we not ask them, if the children have no claim to their mother's protection? Is it more praise-worthy for a wife to burn with her husband, than to remain and afford consolation to her disconsolate children?

The gallant Macduff being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out with an exclamation of four words, the most expressive perhaps that ever was uttered,

"He has no Children."

This is, as Goldsmith says, "the energetic language of simple nature;" but that nature, pure and refined as it is, in the point alluded to, has no influence.

We were present at a Suttee last year, when the daughter of the devotee attended her mother to the pile. The tears and lamentations of the unhappy girl moved every one. The very priests seemed touched with her agony; but her affliction was treated by her mother with a smile, as much as to say "why grieve for me; I am going to enjoy happiness." She had not

The dread of something after death—

That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns;

She did not believe

The Everlasting fixed his canon 'gainst self-murder.

Baroda, July 29th, 1805.

SINGULAR NARRATIVE OF MARSHAL TURRENE.

THE celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word; it was his constant maxim, that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous and to be happy. He did not confine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical theory,—he understood happiness as the world, and not as the philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition he gave it free vent; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

He used to relate with much pleasure a kind

of adventure which had occurred to him upon his first introduction into the great world—the court of Louis XIV. We here translate it freely as it is given in a French work of much literary reputation, which has just appeared in Paris, and attracted much attention.

The father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young Chevalier. Will it be credited that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV. for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne?

Accordingly, with ten Louis d'Ors in his pocket, the young Turrene was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings left him on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow-passenger; and there being in the vehicle but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they had passed the whole of their lives together. Turrene himself was always noted for his candour and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow-passenger, seemed much of the same character. There were no limits, therefore, to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life, that they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty, to endeavour to unite their families; expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier?" said Turrene.

"Never;" replied the young Dupaty.

"Nor the old gentleman;" rejoined Turrene.

"Never, my friend;" re-added the Chevalier.

"It will be a singular union then," said Turrene; "but perhaps these things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose perhaps as well as ourselves."

In this conversation between the young friends passed the whole interval of the journey till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the two companions, that they should stop at the same Inn. But scarcely had they reached this Inn, and were left alone in their chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent complaint in

his bowels. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so violent, and instantaneous in its effect, that Turrene had scarcely time to call for help before his companion had expired!

There is a help for every thing but death.—Turrene retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day, and his journey. Turrene was at an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turrene rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased Chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing the five hundred crowns, sallies forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention, that, by the regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after their decease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St. George, Turrene ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, Sir," said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the meantime Turrene, left by himself in a large parlour, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of those houses, or rather palaces, which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turrene. Turrene returned his embraces with equal warmth. The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son-in-law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid communication of his deceased friend had enabled Turrene to return most satisfactory answers. Turrene delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turrene replied to this interrogatory by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter, did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness

of setting you going. I am a plain man, young gentleman, your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell; and, upon the entrance of a servant, commanded him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turrene was accordingly conducted to the drawing-room, and introduced to a matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who, after the ceremony of introduction, left the young Chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turrene so effectually succeeded, that, by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turrene equally recommended himself during the dinner and desert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprize, how his old friend, the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb of negligently economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turrene, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprize, obeyed.

Turrene descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant enquired whither he was going? Turrene waved his hand.—The merchant, more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening, it was foggy and dark as midnight. Turrene, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him into the cloisters of the Monastery of the Benedictines, when, suddenly stopping, "My friend," said he, "it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the Spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Matre, at six o'clock yesterday evening, and died of the cholic about half an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived

my speech, and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return safe into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of the grave,—suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death.—The permission was granted me.—The thing is done, and the money safe.—I must now return to be buried.—This very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave.—Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turrene disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some moments of mute surprise, the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him. Turrene, as we have said, had disappeared.—The merchant called,—no one answered. In a word, the merchant became horror-struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home and relate the terrible adventure to his wife and daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door, and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded from whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre."

"From whom there?" demanded the merchant eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave by this time," replied the carter. "The bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the burial as I left the Inn."

"What, the Chevalier is really dead then?" said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened; he stayed not to ask another question, but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turrene was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant St. George, as has been related.

L. H.

SELICO; AN AFRICAN NOVEL.

If we might suppose, as the Parsis say, that this universe is submitted to two principles, of which one performs the little good we find in it, and the other, all the evil with which it abounds, we should be tempted to believe that, above all in Africa, the evil principle exerts its power. No country produces so many poisonous plants, wild beasts, and venomous reptiles. The little we know of the history of Morocco, of the negroes of Ardra, of the Jaggas, of other nations along the coast down to the country of the Hot-tentots, must singularly resemble the history of lions, panthers, serpents, so worthy to share that burning soil with those cannibal kings who send the flesh of their prisoners to the shambles.

In the midst of these disgusting horrors, amongst those sanguinary monsters, of whom some sell their children, and others eat their captives, there is sometimes a natural justice found, real virtue, constancy in torments, and a generous contempt of death. Such examples, however rare, are sufficient to interest us for those degraded beings, to remind us that they are men: thus, in a parched desert, two or three patches of verdure, which the traveller discovers from afar, console him and remind him he is still on earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of Three Points, not far from the city of Sabi, its capital, there lived, in 1727, a poor widow named Darina. She was mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness, happily common in nature, but rare in those climates, where children are regarded as an object of commerce, and sold for slaves by their unnatural parents. The eldest of these sons was named Gubéri, the second Teloué, the last Selico. All three were good and sensible: they adored their good mother, who, grown old and infirm, lived only by their care.—The riches of that family consisted in a cottage where they lived together, and a small contiguous field which produced the maize they fed on. Every morning, each in his turn, one of the three brothers went a hunting, the other laboured in the field, the third remained with his mother. In the evening they all met. The hunter brought home partridges, parrots, and sometimes a honeycomb; the cultivator returned with plantains, bananas, yams, and other roots, with cocoa-nuts, and fruits. He who had remained at home had prepared the common repast: they supped all four together, and strove

who should be most attentive to their mother; they afterwards received her blessing, and lying down on straw, resigned themselves to sleep till the day-break.

Selico, the youngest brother, often went to the city to carry the first fruits of the crops, the offerings of this poor family, to the temple of the principal God of the country. That God, as is well known, is a great serpent, of the species of those named *Fetiches*, which have no venom, do no harm, but on the contrary devour the venomous serpents, and are so greatly venerated in Juida, that to kill a single one would be looked on as a horrible crime: so that the number of those sacred serpents is infinitely multiplied; in the midst of towns and villages, in every part of the houses, these Gods are found, who come familiarly and eat at the same table with their adorers, sleep near their hearth, and bring forth young in their bed; which last favour is esteemed as a most fortunate pre-sage.

Among the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best shaped, and the most amiable: he had seen in the temple of the grand serpent, the young Berissa, daughter of the high priest, who, by her figure, her beauty, her graces, surpassed all her companions. Selico burnt for her, and Selico was beloved: every Wednesday, the day consecrated by the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover went to the temple, he spent the day near his dear Berissa; he talked to her about his mother, about his love, and the happiness they would enjoy when united. Berissa did not conceal from him that she longed for that time; and her father, the old Farulho, who approved those tender ties, and promised, while embracing them, very soon to crown their tenderness.

At last the so much wished for period approached; the day was fixed; the mother of Selico, and his two brothers, had already prepared the cabin for the happy pair, when the famous Turo Audati, King of Dahomai, whose rapid conquests have been celebrated even in Europe, invaded the kingdom of Ardra, exterminated its inhabitants; and, advancing at the head of his formidable army, he only halted at the border of the great river which separated him from the King of Juida, who, being a feeble and cowardly prince, governed by his women and his ministers, did not even think of opposing any troops to those of the conqueror: he fancied

that the gods of the country were able to guard it from invasion, and ordered all the *Fetiche* serpents that could be found to be conveyed to the river's brink. The Dahomai King surprised, and irritated at having only reptiles to combat, swims across the river with his soldiers, gains the opposite shore; and in a short time all the gods, from whom miracles were expected, are cut to pieces, broiled on charcoal, and devoured by the vanquishers. Upon which the King of Juida, having no hope of being saved by any effort he might make, abandoned his capital, and fled to a distant island, where he secreted himself; and the warriors of Audati, spreading over all his states, with fire and sword, burnt the harvests, the villages, the towns, and without the least pity, massacred every thing they found alive.

Terror had dispersed the few natives who had escaped the slaughter: the three brothers, as the conquerors drew near, had carried off their mother, and hidden themselves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she remained exposed to danger; but he no sooner found her placed in safety, than, trembling for Berissa, he ran back to Sabi, to save her, or to perish with her. Sabi had just been taken by the Dahomais; the streets flowed with blood, the houses were plundered and destroyed; the king's palace, the temple of the serpent, were now only smouldering ruins, covered with scattered carcasses, of which the barbarians, as is their custom, had carried away the heads. The unfortunate Sélico, desperate, wishing for death, braved it a thousand times among the soldiers drunk with brandy and blood; Sélico traversed the frightful ruins, seeking Berissa and Farulho, calling them with lamentable cries, yet was not able to recognise their bodies among so many mutilated trunks.

After having devoted five days to this horrid search, and no longer doubting that Berissa and her father had been the victims of the ferocious Dahomais, Selico returned to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The gloomy sorrow of Selico, his air, his wild looks, terrified the afflicted family. Darina deplored his ill fortune; she attempted consolation, to which he appeared insensible; he rejected all food, and resolved to starve himself to death.

Gubéri and Teloué did not seek to dissuade him by reasons or caresses; but they showed him their ancient mother, who had no longer house, nor bread, who had nothing in the world but her children; and asked, if at this sight he did not still feel courage to live.

Sélico promised it: Sélico strove to think on nothing but on sharing with his two brothers the tender care they took of the old woman.

They retired deeper into the woods, to a greater

distance from Sabi; built themselves a cabin in a remote valley; and by hunting supplied as well as they could their want of maize, and of garden vegetables.

Bereft of their bows, their arrows, and other necessities which they had not time to take with them, they very soon felt the wants of misery. Fruits were very scarce in that forest, and what little there grew, was contended for by the prodigious number of apes and monkeys. The earth produced only grass. They had no instruments to till it with, no seed to sow in it.

The rainy season set in, and horrible famine attacked them. The poor mother, always suffering on a bed of dried leaves, did not complain, but she lay dying. Her sons, extenuated through hunger, were no longer able to go into the woods which were deluged: they set snares for the small birds which came near their cabin; and when they happened to catch one, which was very rarely, as they had not even a bait, they carried it to their mother, and offered it to her, attempting to smile; and the mother would not touch it because she could not share it with her children.

Three months passed without bringing any alteration in this terrible situation. Forced at last to contrive something, the three brothers deliberated unknown to Darina. Gubéri first proposed to journey towards the coast, and there, at the first European factory, one of them should sell himself for a slave, in order to purchase with the money maize, bread, instruments of agriculture, bows, arrows, and what might be necessary for their mother. The two brothers remained in sullen silence.

To part, to quit each other for ever, to become a slave to the whites! those ideas made them shudder. Who shall be sold? cried Teloué, with a sorrowful accent. Chance shall decide it, replied Gubéri; let us cast three unequal pebbles into this clay vase; let us mix them together; he who draws the smallest shall be the unfortunate.—No, brother, interrupted Selico: chance has already pronounced; it is I whom it rendered the most unfortunate: you forget, then, that I have lost Berissa, that you hindered me from dying, by telling me that I should be useful to my mother. Keep your word; now is the time; sell me.

Gubéri and Teloué in vain opposed the generous design of their brother: Sélico repelled their prayers, refused to draw lots, and threatened to set off alone, if they would not accompany him. The two eldest at last yielded. It was agreed that Gubéri should stay with his mother, that Teloué should go with Sélico to the Dutch fort, where he would receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he should afterwards re-

turn with the provisions and other things which were necessary.

During this agreement, Sélico was the only one who did not weep; but what pains did he not take to retain, to hide his tears, when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal farewell, embrace her for the last time, and yet deceive her, in swearing he would soon return with Teloué; that they only went to visit their old dwelling, and see whether they might return thither.

The good old woman believed them; she could not however tear herself from the arms of her sons; she already trembled at the dangers they were going to brave; and, from an involuntary foresight, she attempted to run after Selico when he was out of sight.

The two young brothers, of which it was not easy to distinguish the most to be pitied, arrived in a few days at the city of Sabi. Murders had ceased, peace began to be restored; the King of Dahomai, now the tranquil possessor of the states of Juida, was desirous of making the trade with the Europeans flourish, and for that purpose invited them within his walls. Many English and French merchants were admitted to the court of the monarch, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided the lands of the vanquished among his soldiers.

Teloué soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother.

Whilst he was hesitating, trembling in all his members, and disputing about this horrible bargain, a trumpet is heard in the square, and a public crier proclaims, with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promises four hundred ounces of gold, to whoever would deliver up, living, a strange unknown negro, who, the preceding night, had dared to profane the Seraglio of the monarch, and had towards day-break escaped through the arrows of his guards.

Sélico hears this proclamation, makes a sign to Taloué not to conclude with the merchant; and, drawing his brother aside, says to him, in a firm tone:

Thou art to sell me; and I have willed it, to enable my mother to live; but the moderate sum that white man has offered thee, cannot make her rich. Four hundred ounces of gold would insure a handsome fortune to Darina and you: we must earn them, brother; you must immediately bind me, and take me to the king, as the culprit he seeks. Do not be frightened; I know as well as thou dost, what cruel punishment awaits me, I have calculated its duration, it can hardly exceed an hour: when my mother brought me into the world, she suffered longer.

Teloué, trembling, could make no answer;

penetrated with terror, with tenderness, he falls on his knees, presses him, supplicates him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he ever loved, to renounce that terrible design. Of whom speakest thou? replies Sélico, with a ghastly smile. I have lost Berissa; I wish to rejoin her; I save my mother, I enrich my brothers for ever, I spare myself a slavery which may last forty years. My choice is made, do not thwart me any longer, or I shall go and surrender myself. Thou wilt lose the fruit of my death, and thou wilt cause the misery of her to whom we owe life.

Intimidated by the air and the tone with which Sélico pronounced these last words, Teloué dares not reply; he obeys his brother, procures cords, fastens both his arms behind his back, and in tying the knots waters them with his tears; and then marches with him to the king's palace.

Stopped by the outer guard, he demands to speak to the monarch. He is introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a sofa between two of his favourite women, who were dressed in petticoats of brocade, and from the waist upwards naked. The ministers, the grantees, the captains superbly clothed, were lying prostrate about twenty paces from the king; the bravest were distinguished by necklaces of human teeth, every one of which testified a victory; many women, with muskets on their shoulders, stood sentry at the doors of the apartment: large jars of gold, filled with palm-wine, brandy, and other strong liquors, were placed confusedly at a little distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the skulls of his enemies.

Sovereign of the world, said Teloué, bending his forehead to the earth, I am come according to thy sacred commands to surrender into thy hands —. He cannot proceed, his voice expires on his lips. The king interrogates him, he is not able to answer: Selico then speaks.

King of Dahomai, says he, thou seest before thee the culprit who, hurried on by a fatal passion, penetrated last night into thy Seraglio. He who holds me in chains, was for a long time my friend, so that I trusted him with my secret. Out of zeal for thy service, he has betrayed friendship; he surprised me in my sleep, loaded me with bonds, and is come to demand his reward; give it to him, the wretch has earned it.

The king, without deigning to answer him, makes a sign to one of his ministers, who seizes him, delivers him to the armed women, and gives the four hundred ounces of gold to Teloué; who thus loaded with gold which he shudders at touching, runs to purchase provisions, and

returns precipitately to carry them to his mother. —Already, by the monarch's order, preparations were made for the dreadful punishment which in Juida is inflicted on those who commit adultery with any of the king's wives. Two wide ditches are dug close together. In that which is intended for the guilty spouse, the unfortunate woman is bound to a stake, and all the women of the Seraglio, in their best array, carrying large jugs of boiling water, empty them all over her head, to the music of flutes and drums, till she expires. The other ditch contains a pile of wood, over which is fixed a long iron bar, supported by two elevated posts: the criminal is chained along that bar, this pile is set fire to; and as the flames only just reach him, he perishes in extreme torment, gradually burning.

The place was full of people. The whole military force, armed with guns and darts, formed a square battalion. The priests were waiting for the two victims, in order to impose hands on them, and devote them to death. They arrived from different parts, conducted by the armed women. Sélico, calm and resigned, walked with upright head. When he got near the priest, he could not refrain from casting his eyes on his unfortunate partner. With what surprise, with what grief did he not recognise Berissa! He cried out, attempts to rush towards her, but is prevented by the executioners.

This movement soon gives place to indignation. Wretch! says he to himself, whilst I was bewailing her, whilst I sought death, with the hope of rejoining her, she was of the number of those vile mistresses who contend for the heart of a tyrant! Not contented with betraying love, she was at the same time unfaithful to her master, she deserved the opprobrious appellation of adulteress, and the punishment which awaits her crime! Oh, my mother! for thee only I die, I think only on thee.

At that moment, the miserable Berissa, who has just recognised Sélico, shrieks, calls the priests, and with a loud voice declares that the young man who is going to suffer is not he who penetrated into the Seraglio! she swears it, in the face of Heaven, by the mountains, by the thunder, the most sacred of their oaths. The intimidated priests suspend the execution, and send to acquaint the king with the event, who immediately repairs to the place.

The monarch approached Berissa with anger and indignation: Slave, says he, with a terrible voice, thou who disdainest the love of thy master, thou whom I wished to elevate to the rank of my favourite spouse, and whom I have suffered to live, notwithstanding thy refusal, what can be thy intention in daring to deny the crime of thy accomplice? Dost thou hope to save him?

If he be not thy lover, discover him, guilty woman; surrender him to my justice and I will release the innocent.

King of Dahomai, replies Berissa, already tied to the fatal stake, I could not accept thy heart; I had none to bestow: I did not fear telling thee so. Thinkest thou that she who has not told a falsity to share a crown, can tell one on the point of dying: No, I have owned every thing; I renew my avowal. A man last night did penetrate into my apartment, and did not retire till day-break, but it was not this man. Thou requirest me to name him. I ought not, nor will I: I am prepared to die: I know that nothing can save me, and I only prolong these terrible moments to hinder thee from committing a crime. I again swear to thee, King of Dahomai, the blood of this innocent will be upon thy head. Let him be freed, and punish me. I have nothing more to say.

The king was struck with the words of Berissa, with the tone in which they were spoken; he gave no orders, he hung his head down, and was surprised at the secret repugnance which for once he felt to shed a little blood. But reflecting that the negro had accused himself; attributing the interest which Berissa had testified for him, to her love, his fury is rekindled. He makes a sign to the executioners: the pile is set fire to, the women approach with their vessels of boiling water; when an old man, panting, out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, suddenly breaks his way through the crowd, and falls at the feet of the king.

Stop, says he, stop; it is I that am the culprit, I scaled the walls of thy Seraglio to carry off my daughter. I was formerly the chief priest of the God who was adored here; my daughter was torn from my arms, and conducted to thy palace. I have ever since sought an opportunity to see her again. Last night I attained my end. She in vain attempted to follow me, thy guards perceived us. I escaped alone from among the arrows which have wounded me as thou seest. I offer thee thy victim, and am come to die with her, for whose sake only I wished to live.

He had hardly concluded, when the king commands the priests to loosen the two supposed criminals, and bring them before him. He interrogates Sélico; he wants to know what powerful motive could engage him to seek such a painful death. Sélico, whose heart palpitated with joy to find Berissa constant, boldly reveals every thing to the monarch: he recounts his misfortunes, the indigence of his mother, and his resolution to gain the four hundred ounces of gold for her. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of admiration; the chiefs, the soldiers, the populace were affected; the king felt tears flow-

ing, which had never before bathed his cheeks: such is the charm of virtue, it is adored even by barbarians.

After having heard Sélico, the king holds out his hand to him, raises him up; and turning himself towards the European merchants who were present at this spectacle; you, says he, whom wisdom, experience, the lights of a long state of civilization, have so well taught how much, within a crown-piece, a man may be worth, at how much do you estimate that man? The merchants blushed at that question. A young Frenchman boldly cried out: ten thousand crowns of gold.

Let them be given to Berissa, replied the king

directly, and with that sum not purchase, but espouse Sélico.

After these orders, the King of Dahomai retired, wondering at feeling a pleasure which he had never before known?

Farulho on the same day gave his daughter to Sélico. The happy pair accompanied him the next day with their treasure on their return to Darina. She thought she should die with joy, as did the two brothers of Sélico. That virtuous family was never more parted; enjoyed its riches, and, in a barbarous country, were long the most noble example which Heaven can bestow upon earth, that of opulence and happiness produced solely by virtue.

CHARACTER OF MR. NATHANIEL JEFFERYS.

A View of the Character of Mr. Nathaniel Jefferys, as it is exhibited to the Public by himself, through the medium of a Pamphlet, entitled "A Review of the Conduct of the Prince of Wales in his various Transactions with Mr. Jefferys," &c. &c.

THE character of a man can never be accurately and fairly estimated, unless we can by his conduct ascertain how far he is influenced by motives in preference to principles. Every investigation that is undertaken with a view to estimate the value of character ought to be conducted with all possible candour, accompanied with the strictest attention to truth. To trifle with character betrays a spirit of mischievous wantonness that nothing can justify. To misrepresent it bespeaks a very high degree of moral turpitude; but to vilify and defame it exhibits the very highest pitch of mental depravity that a rational being can possibly be capable of arriving at. Little, indeed, does that man know of the human heart who perceives not that when he forsakes truth and candour he forsakes himself, and is preparing for his own back a punishment ten fold greater than any one else could inflict on him.

Properly to estimate character, nothing more is absolutely requisite than a knowledge of motives, professions, and actions. And never was a knowledge of these more clearly revealed to the world, than in the pamphlet published by Mr. Jefferys. Here we perceive that interest was the first object of the author's consideration. And from the moment he was honoured with the smile of his Prince, he vainly imagined his fortune was made.

That depth of enterprize had often led to destructive consequences Mr. Jefferys must have

been well aware of. But it assuredly does not often happen that an enterprising genius is so entirely devoid of all generosity as to place the blame of his failure, and to attribute the cause of it, whatever might be the object of his pursuit, on those who were his earliest patrons and benefactors.

Negligence of general business may indeed account, and that very rationally, for many unpleasant circumstances and events on the part of Mr. Jefferys; but it can never be admitted as a plea in his favour, nor as an evidence against the conduct or character of his employer.

Because the constant and encouraging approbation and praises of a Prince diverted Mr. Jefferys from the benefit of profiting by the advice of friends more experienced and prudent than himself, it cannot in any way be inferred that the charge of misconduct in this particular is to be laid at any one's door but his own. He who at noon-day is resolutely determined to encounter difficulties which he might with ease have avoided, must expect to reap the punishment due to courage unaccompanied with skill, with judgment, and with discretion. Of the consequences of such conduct, however fatal, the wonder is how a man should have the effrontery to complain!

Every strong hope of security, which is unfounded in principle, is vain and fallacious, and must eventually lead to disappointment and ruin. The general consequences attached to immo-

rality, neither rank nor station, neither prince nor people, can possibly counteract. Their impetuosity may be diminished; and their arrival in some degree protracted; but neither can be ultimately avoided. Whereas true respectability of character rests on a foundation that is permanent;—that is, neither to be shaken by the storms of adversity, corrupted by the adulations of praise, influenced by a desire of gain, abashed by the tongue of censure, nor misled by the power of ambition.

Delusions flow not from principles. Had Mr. Jefferys held this truth in the high estimation it deserves to be held in, he would not have been induced to have unnecessarily exposed his indiscretions to the eye of the world. Acting as he has done, he has most cruelly condemned himself. By him the salutary influence of principle was rejected. The utility of prudence was superseded by the hope of patronage; and the necessity of diligence by expressions of approbation and encouragement. Substances were readily rejected for shadows. And the prospect of arriving at greatness and at power, by sacrificing the plainest principles of honour and of duty in the pursuit of wealth and of patronage, shew, in colours the most glaring and forcible, the weakness of the head, the unsoundness of the mind, and the corruption of the heart. For the honour of human nature, of which we are all partakers, let us hope and believe “that under similar circumstances” NONE “would have acted a similar part.”

Honour is founded in principle. It is the guardian of confidence. The publication of private confidential conversations, or transactions, is the highest breach of honour that a man can possibly be guilty of. The very nature of the conversation that took place between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Mr. Jefferys, concerning Mrs. Fitzherbert's embarrassment, was of itself sufficient to denominate it to be a confidential communication and request. Whether the application then made had been granted or rejected, it was equally the bounden duty of Mr. Jefferys, and would have been also equally the bounden duty of any one else to whom the Prince might have condescended to have mentioned the circumstance, and to have preferred the application, to have kept both the one and the other faithfully and devotedly recorded in his own breast. No subsequent behaviour of any man living can justify a breach of confidence. To a man of principle and of honour, what is thus reposed in him must die with him. What is the burthen of poverty, what is the power of contempt, what is the sting of ingratitude, what are the revilings of the malicious, the envious, and the scornful, when compared to a defalcation of

principle like this? How could the grossest improprieties of Mrs. Fitzherbert, how could the most unbounded indiscretions of the Prince of Wales; how could the most consummate virtues, and amiability of character, of the Princess of Wales, palliate guilt like this? In every subsequent page of the pamphlet, this enormity of guilt forces itself on our recollection in a manner truly odious and disgusting. It implies a temerity that bids defiance to justice, and scorns the obtrusions of candour.

“Inclined,” as Mr. Jefferys is, “to think that the repayment of money borrowed will not be considered by the world as discharging the obligation, however it might do the debt,” I cannot but believe he will find himself mistaken. The interest of the world is the interest of the majority of its inhabitants. And it is to the interest of this majority that no obligations whatever should be returned, or considered as due, for money borrowed, over and above what justice and the law demands. As members of a community, our privileges, as to the obtaining of money by the way of a loan, should be in every respect the same. This principle was happily recognized and acted upon when a rate of interest not to be exceeded, for money borrowed, was passed into a law. But the men who could penetrate into the events of futurity, from the countenance of a lady, might with equal ease and certainty have anticipated misfortunes from the consciousness of demerit.

Unbounded promises of future support, limited to no precise period of time, should only have been considered as additional motives and incitements to diligence, patience, perseverance, and secrecy. Throughout the whole pamphlet, I cannot but observe, with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction, that nothing like duplicity, treachery, deceit, or falsehood attaches, in any way whatever, to the character of the Prince of Wales. Either of these would indeed have sunk him in the esteem of the wise and the good of every denomination.

Great as might be, in Mr. Jefferys' estimation, the favour he had conferred on the Prince, it cannot but be admitted, that the moment that the favour thus conferred had passed the door of the lips of Mr. Jefferys, that moment both the favour conferred, and the consequent obligation, totally ceased.

To relieve the mind of another from anxiety must, to a mind rightly formed, afford the highest degree of pleasure. But when the relief that is thus administered has interest for its motive, it ceases to be an act of virtue, and is consequently devoid of all merit, unentitled to any obligation, and becomes merely a matter of speculation.

"Can it be said," asks Mr. Jefferys, "that I have not been deceived, and most cruelly and ungenerously disappointed?" The man who expects more for his services than he has a right to demand, will always be deceived if he receives less than he desires. And he who acts from motives instead of principles, must always be prepared for disappointment when his character is properly analyzed and correctly ascertained. In every concern, and in every occurrence and transaction of life, the secure and the honourable side is the side of duty. Arm in arm with virtue and diligence, neither misfortunes nor disgrace can appal or terrify. And he who complains of events in consequence of having departed from the line of duty cannot certainly complain without a cause; nor can such a challenge be urged against him with fairness and truth.

A public statement of *private*, social, or domestic concerns, with a view to depreciate particular characters, discovers a littleness of mind, and a maliciousness of disposition, that no language has words sufficiently strong properly and significantly to reprobate.

The observations and the knowledge which we may derive from individuals, in their private intercourse with us, as professional men, or as tradesmen, we may with great propriety convert to our own use and advantage, as far as may relate to the improvement of our own moral and religious character; but purposely to expose to the world any information, circumstance, or transaction, that has so come to our knowledge, is most assuredly demonstrative of an inherent disposition to mischief. Nor does the publication of what transpired between Mr. Jefferys as a tradesman, and Mrs. Fitzherbert as a customer, reflect any credit whatever on the character of the former. If a practice of this kind was to be generally adopted by tradesmen, I presume the sale and disposal of many of the luxuries, the ornaments, and the gaieties of life, would cease to take place. Many there are who object not to the very high profits that are sometimes charged on articles, by way of interest, for an expected length of credit, who would never condescend, by giving an order, to make themselves liable to have their name ushered into the world in consequence of the non-payment of their bills within a certain limited period; or if paid by any one else, have the particulars of the circumstance published to the world. Credit and secrecy, or reciprocal confidence, ought ever to go hand in hand. Nor should any thing be suffered to disunite them as long as the claims of justice are fully recoverable, but an actual detection of deceit, treachery, or fraud.

As charges conscientiously made will never be rigorously disputed, so neither will favours

virtuously and honourably conferred, ever be construed into obligations of unbounded value. And when a disposition to confer favours is accompanied with views of obtaining patronage or interest, it ceases to be an object of public enquiry whether a man, on such occasions, is aggrieved or not? Favours so conferred are destitute of all public utility, and are, of course, no object of public investigation. In the instance before us, the enterprize was a voluntary one; and it is published only because it did not prove to be a fortunate and a successful one. It is to the interest of the country at large to hope that all similar enterprizes will meet with a similar termination.

In tracing the character of Mr. Jefferys, as exhibited in his own colours, and in his own language, we clearly perceive it to rest on no solid foundation. As a tradesman, his hopes were founded on calculations of a visionary kind; as a Member of Parliament, his conduct was regulated by his motives; and these were both of an ambitious and an interested nature. As a rational being, we behold him pursuing a conduct diametrically opposite to the acknowledged rules of prudence and discretion. In all his transactions, we behold the animal without the mind. The dignity of moral excellence never once appears to have been an object of his slightest concern. He seems not to have recollected that the short but expressive character, "Honest man, in the ear of wisdom, is a grander name, is a more high-sounding title than peer of the realm, or than prince of the blood."* And if character is to be estimated by virtue, it may fairly be doubted whether Mr. Jefferys can possibly appear far advanced on the list of precedence.

Almost at the commencement of Mr. Jefferys' pamphlet, (page 9†), we find him bewailing, as a most unfortunate circumstance, the favour his Royal Highness had conferred on him by honouring him with orders for goods to a large amount; and in page 30, after a lapse of ten years, we find him soliciting his Royal Highness's favour and protection. If there is truth contained in the assertion of Mr. Jefferys, page 9, there must evidently be much imprudence and inconsistency exhibited in the application contained in a letter addressed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, dated the twenty-fifth of October, 1799.

As all subsequent applications to the Prince proved to be equally unsuccessful with the one just now alluded to, it will be unnecessary to notice them with any other view than to elucidate the political integrity and patriotic zeal of the neglected applicant.

* Fawcett.

† Eighth edition.

Where it is the first wish of a man's heart to pay his debts, it will be the first wish of his heart to acknowledge his obligations. And although he may be, from necessity, unable to discharge the former, he can never experience a treatment which will justify him in disavowing the latter. The patronage of a Prince can be valuable in expectancy only in proportion as it is actually and voluntarily attracted by merit. When it is exacted as a return for favours conferred, it ought ever to be withheld. The patronage of Princes should be extended to none but to men of principle and integrity. The country requires this at their hands; and the permanent welfare, security, and good order of its inhabitants demand it.—Were a contrary system to be adopted and persisted in, nothing less than a general depravity of conduct and corruption of manners could be expected to ensue. Favours of a temporary nature would be easily conferred with a view of obtaining a tenfold advantage, which advantage must be ultimately derived from the contributions of the public. For such advantages, no man can possibly have the least right or pretensions whatever to prefer a claim who has not faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty to that public from whom he expects favours, reward, and protection. And the man who professedly acts with a view to his future interest, in preference to the good of his country, and the proper discharge of his duty, is, of all others, the least entitled to its notice and attention.

He who, as a senator, is capable of always dividing with the opposition upon every occasion, except where instructions from his constituents demanded a different line of conduct, is entitled to neither patronage, countenance, nor support. To him his country owes no obligation; to him it is indebted for no assistance. A character like this sacrifices judgment to expectation, duty to interest, and honour to servitude. The moment a man is made choice of for a representative in parliament, and is sworn in, he becomes a guardian of the whole country, and not of any particular part of it. He ought from that moment to be subservient to no authority or interest on earth. He ought zealously to study the general welfare of his country; and the particular welfare of the place he represents should be no further an object of his preference and attention than is consistent with that general welfare. A member of parliament ought ever to enter the House of Commons unfettered by the commands of any one; and uninfluenced by any motives but those that flow from the operation of principles calculated for the universal and substantial welfare of his country; according to the best of his judgment and opinion, founded on the most accurate knowledge he can possibly ob-

tain, with respect to the possible and probable effects which the adoption of any particular proposals that may be offered for consideration, may, if determined on, ultimately lead to, or be productive of. The bounden duty of a senator is not merely to say *yes* or *no*, as may be requested of him, or as may be agreeable to any particular party or set of men. He should endeavour to obtain as full an insight as he possibly can into the subject in discussion, in order that he may know and understand whether *yes* or *no* will be the most likely to procure peace, harmony, prosperity, security, honour, and liberty to the people at large, whose representative he is; and to exercise the privileges delegated to him for the express purposes of public advantages. His duty, as a senator, is of a public and general, and not of a private, a local, or an individual nature. And the man who is not fit to be trusted with a power of free-agency, as a senator, is not a proper person to be chosen as a representative. And those constituents who should attempt to bind a man to act under the influence of their direction, would be but rightly served if the privilege of voting for representatives were in future for ever denied them. Let them make choice of men of principle only, and they will never have reason to regret that they have delegated their power to another. A man of principle will submit to no restrictions on his knowledge, his understanding, his judgment, or his liberty. Nothing thus base and dishonourable will ever darken the amiable brightness of his character. Virtue is the nobility of the mind. And the leading effort of virtue will ever be to retain its own liberty, dignity, and consequence. The moment this effort ceases, danger becomes perceptible. And the sooner it is provided against, the less pernicious and the less dangerous will be the consequences flowing from it.—*If you will serve me on this occasion, I will serve you on a future one*, is a proposition derogatory to every thing that wears the character of virtue and honesty. As well may a petty juryman compromise and vote away, as far as in him lies, the life of a prisoner at the bar, as a senator compromise and vote away, as far as his power goes, the duty he owes to himself and to his country.

Had Mr. Jefferys, as a senator, acted from principle, and by so doing conscientiously discharged his duty to himself and his country, he would indeed, under misfortunes more especially, have had a real and a fair claim to the notice, the assistance, and the protection of that country which he had been assiduously striving to serve, without aiming at favour, preferment, or reward. The proper and diligent discharge of duty should ever be the first object of attention with every

one. Where this is not the case there is something wrong within. Some hope of reward, some expectation of patronage, some peculiar bent of inclination, some latent seeds of ambition that may not be easily detected, may imperceptibly have gotten the mastery of us, and subjected judgment to the influence of motives undervived from principles. And all such influence must inevitably destroy all true patriotism.

From a careful perusal and re-perusal of the pamphlet before me, I cannot view the character of Mr. Jefferys in any point of representation that can entitle him to the favourable notice, the respect, or the protection of the public. And it is with the most heart-felt concern that I find it necessary to remark that one principal object of his publication appears to have originated from a determined resolution to place the character of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the very worst point of view that he was capable of placing it in. How far such a resolution, and the manner in which he has executed it, will add to his income, I shall not attempt to enquire; but sure I am that it can add nothing to his popularity, his honour, or his reputation. No candid, ingenuous, and impartial reader can,

from the examination of his pamphlet, help conceiving a much more unfavourable opinion of Mr. Jefferys than he would have done had no such pamphlet appeared in the world. Had Mr. Jefferys given only a simple, candid, plain, accurate narrative of facts, without comments or reflections of any description, and without betraying a confidence reposed in him, or unnecessarily advertent to transactions of a public nature not strictly within the line of his duty, or connected with the subject of his grievances, he might have obtained the commiseration and the assistance of many affluent and well-disposed persons; but acting as he has done, I know not with what pretensions he can either at present or in future, expect the attention he so strenuously solicits.

A change of administration appears to have given hopes which disappointment has converted into malignity. And as long as the influence of example can be of any service to the world, let us hope that a conduct like Mr. Jefferys' will find neither patrons nor imitators in this or any succeeding age.

L. C.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

FROM THE

WONDERFUL WORKS OF NATURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AUG. CHATEAUBRIAND; BY F. SHOBERL.

This book which, as the title expresses, is a translation from the French of Chateaubriand, is thus commended by the worthy Prelate to whom it is dedicated by the author:

"The work (says he) is not calculated for the instruction of philosophers, but it will enlarge the views of the ignorant, it will arrest the attention of the thoughtless, and it will give an impulse to the piety of sober-minded men: there are passages in it which emulate the eloquence of Bossuet."

It is translated in a manner at once correct, elegant, and flowing; and does great credit to the taste of the gentleman who undertook it. We flatter ourselves we shall deserve the thanks of our readers for the following extract:—

PHYSICAL MAN.

"To complete these views of final causes, or proofs of the existence of God, deduced from the wonders of Nature, nothing more remains for us than to consider physical man. We shall here permit those masters to speak who have profoundly studied this subject.

"Cicero describes the human body in the following terms:

"With respect to the senses, by which exterior objects are conveyed to the knowledge of the soul, their structure corresponds wonderfully with their destination, and they have their seat in the head as in a fortified town. The eyes, like sentinels, occupy the most elevated place, whence, on discovering objects, they may give the alarm. An

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eminent station was suitable to the ears, because they are destined to receive sounds which naturally ascend. The nostrils required a similar situation because odors likewise ascend, and it was necessary that they should be near the mouth, because they greatly assist us to judge of our meat and drink. Taste, by which we are apprized of the quality of the food we take, resides in that part of the mouth, through which Nature gives a passage to solids and to liquids. As for the touch, it is diffused generally over the whole body, that we might neither receive any impression, nor be attacked by cold or heat without feeling it. And as an architect will not place the sewer of a house before the eyes or under the nose of his employer, so Nature has removed from our senses every thing of a similar kind in the human body.

"But what other artist than Nature, whose dexterity is incomparable, could have formed our senses with such exquisite skill? She has covered the eyes with very delicate tunics, transparent before, that we might see through them, and close in their texture to keep the eyes in their proper situation. She has made them smooth and moveable, to enable them to avoid every thing by which they might be injured, and to look with facility to whatever side they please. The pupil, in which is united all that constitutes the faculty of sight, is so small, that it escapes without difficulty from every object that is capable of doing it mischief. The eye-lids, which are the coverings of the eyes, have a soft and polished surface, that they may not hurt the latter. Whether the fear of some accident obliges us to shut them, or we choose to open them, the eye-lids are formed in such a manner, as to adapt themselves to either of these motions, which are performed in an instant; they are, if we may so express it, fortified with palisades of hair, which serve to repel whatever would attack the eyes when they are open, and to envelop them that they may repose in peace when sleep closes and renders them useless to us. Our eyes possess the additional advantage of being concealed and defended by eminences; for, on the one hand, to stop the sweat that trickles down from the head and forehead, they have projecting eye-brows; and on the other, to preserve them from below, they have checks, which likewise advance a little.—The nose is placed between both like a partition wall.

"With respect to the ear, it remains continually open, because we have occasion for its services, even when asleep. If any sound then strikes it, we are awakened. It has winding channels, lest, if they were straight and level, any object might introduce itself into them.

"And then our hands, how convenient are

they, and how useful in the arts! The fingers are extended or contracted without the least difficulty, so extremely flexible are their joints. With their assistance the hands use the pencil and the chisel; they play on the lyre and on the lute—so much for the agreeable. As to what is necessary, they cultivate the earth, build houses, manufacture stuffs, make clothes, and utensils of copper and iron. The imagination invents, the senses examine, the hand executes. So that if we are lodged, clothed, and sheltered, if we have cities, walls, habitations, temples, it is to our hands that we are indebted for all these."

"It must be allowed that matter alone could no more have fashioned the human body for so many admirable purposes, than this beautiful discourse of the Roman orator could have been composed by a writer destitute of eloquence and of skill.

"Various authors, and Dr Nieuwentyt in particular, have proved that the bounds within which our senses are confined, are the very limits that are best adapted to them, and that we should be exposed to a great number of inconveniencies and dangers, were these senses more or less enlarged. *Galen*, struck with admiration in the midst of an anatomical analysis of a human body, suddenly drops the scalpel, and exclaims:

"O thou who hast made us! in composing a discourse so sacred, I think that I am chanting a hymn to thy glory! I honour thee more by unfolding the beauty of thy works, than by sacrificing to thee whole hecatombs of bulls, or by burning in thy temples the most precious incense. True piety consists in first learning to know myself, and then in teaching others the greatness of thy bounty, thy power, and thy wisdom. Thy bounty is manifested in an equal distribution of thy presents, having allotted to each man the organs which are necessary for him; thy wisdom is seen in the excellence of thy gifts, and thy power is displayed in the execution of thy designs."

INSTINCT OF COUNTRY.

"As we have considered the instincts of animals, it is necessary that we should take some notice of those of physical man; but as he combines in himself the sentiments of different classes of the creation, such as paternal tenderness, and many others, we must select from among them one that is peculiar to him.

Now this instinct with which man is pre-eminently endued, the most beautiful, the most moral of instincts is the love of country. If this law were not maintained by a never ceasing miracle, to which, as to many others, we pay not the smallest attention, all mankind would crowd

together into the temperate zones, leaving the rest of the globe deserted. To prevent this calamity, Providence has affixed the feet of each individual to his native soil by an invincible magnet, so that neither the ices of Greenland nor the burning sands of Africa are destitute of inhabitants.

"Nay, farther, it is worthy of remark, that the more sterile is the soil, and the more rude is the climate of a country, or what amounts to the same thing, the greater is the injustice and the more severe the persecution we have suffered in that country, the more strongly we are attached to it. 'O strange and sublime effect! that misery should create attachment, and that those who have lost but a cottage should most feelingly regret the paternal habitation! The reason of this phenomenon is, that the profusion of a too fertile soil destroys, by enriching us, the simplicity of the natural ties arising from our wants; when we cease to love our parents and our relations because they are no longer necessary to us, we actually cease also to love our country.

"Every thing tends to confirm the truth of this remark. A savage is more powerfully attached to his hut than a prince to his palace, and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks, than the inhabitant of the plain with his golden corn-fields. Ask a Scotch highlander if he would exchange his lot with the first potentate of the earth. When far removed from his beloved mountains, he carries with him the recollection of them wherever he goes; he sighs for his flocks, his torrents, and his clouds. He longs to eat again his barley-bread, to drink goat's milk, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung also by his forefathers. He pines if he is prevented from returning to his native clime. It is a mountain plant which must be rooted among rocks; it cannot thrive unless it be battered by the winds and by the rain; in the soil, the shelter, and the sun-shine of the plain, it soon droops and dies.

"With what joy will he again fly to his roof of furze! with what delight will he visit all the sacred relics of his indigence! And who can be more happy than the Esquimaux, in his frightful country? What to him are all the flowers of our climates compared to the snows of Labrador, and all our palaces to his smoky cabin? He embarks in spring with his wife on a fragment of floating ice. Hurried along by the currents, he advances into the open sea on this throne of the God of tempests. The mountain waves on the deep its luminous peaks and its trees of snow, the sea-wolves resign themselves to the influence of love in its vallies, and the whales accompany it over the black bosom of Ocean. The hardy sa-

vage, on his moving rock covered with the spray of the billows, amid tempestuous whirlwinds and driving snows, presses to his heart the wife whom God has given him, and finds with her unknown joys in this mixture of perils and of pleasures.

"Think not, however, that this savage has not very good reasons for preferring his country and his condition to yours. Degraded as his nature appears to you, still you may discover either in him, or in the arts he practises, something that displays the dignity of man. The European is lost every day in a vast ship, the master-piece of human industry, on the same shores where the Esquimaux, floating in a seal's skin, laughs at dangers of every kind. Sometimes he hears the ocean which covers him roaring a hundred feet above his head: sometimes mountain-billows bear him aloft to the skies; he sports among the surges, as a child balances himself on tufted branches in the peaceful recesses of the forest. When God placed man in this region of tempests, he impressed upon him a mark of royalty: "Go," said he to him from amidst the whirlwind; "go, wretched mortal; I cast thee naked on the earth; but that, miserable as thou art, it may be impossible to misapprehend thy high destinies, thou shalt subdue the monsters of the deep with a reed, and thou shalt trample the tempests under thy feet."

"Thus in attaching us to our native land, Providence justifies its dealings towards us, and we have a thousand and a thousand reasons for loving our country. The Arab never forgets the well of the camels, the antelope, and the horse, the companions of his journeys in his paternal deserts; the negro never ceases to remember his cottage, his javelin, his banana, and the track of the tiger and of the elephant in his native sands.

"It is related that an English cabin-boy had conceived such an attachment to the ship in which he was born, that he could never be induced to leave her for a single moment.—The greatest punishment the captain could inflict was to threaten to send him ashore; on these occasions he would run with loud shrieks and conceal himself in the hold. What inspired the little mariner with such an extraordinary affection for a plank battered by the winds? Assuredly not consonances purely local and physical. Was it a certain moral conformity between the destinies of man and those of a ship; or did he perhaps find a pleasure in concentrating his joys and his sorrows in what we may justly denominate his cradle? The heart is naturally fond of concentrating itself; the more it is compressed, the smaller is the surface it presents to wounds: this is the reason why persons of delicate sensibility, such as the unfortunate in general, love to inhabit humble retreats. What

sentiment gains in energy, it loses in extent.—When the Roman republic was bounded by Mount Aventine, her children sacrificed their lives for her with joy; they ceased to love her, when the Alps and Mount Taurus were the limits of her territory. It was undoubtedly some reason of this kind which cherished in the heart of the English youth that predilection for his paternal vessel. An unknown passenger on the ocean of life, he beheld whole seas placed between him and our afflictions; happy in viewing only from a distance the melancholy shores of the world!

“Among civilized nations the love of country has performed prodigies. In the plans of God there is always an end; he has grounded upon Nature this affection for the place of our nativity; the animal partakes, in a certain degree, of this instinct with man; but man carries it farther, and transforms into a virtue what was only a sentiment of universal conformity: thus the physical and moral laws of the universe are linked together in an admirable chain. We even doubt whether it be possible to possess one genuine virtue, one real talent, without the love of a country. In war this passion performs prodigies; in literature it produced a Homer and a Virgil.—The blind bard delineates in preference the manners of Ionia, where he drew his first breath, and the Mantuan swan feasted on the remembrance of his native place. Born in a cottage, and expelled from the inheritance of his ancestors, these two circumstances seem to have had an extraordinary influence on his genius; they gave it that melancholy tint which is one of its principal charms. His memory is continually recalling these events, and you perceive that he never forgets that Argos where he passed the years of his youth.

Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

“But it is the Christian religion which has imparted to the love of the country its proper measure and its real beauty. This sentiment produced crimes among the ancients, because it was carried to excess. Christianity has made it a principal love and not an exclusive love; it enjoins us above all things to be just; it commands us to cherish the whole family of Adam, since we ourselves belong to it, though our countrymen have the first claim to our attachment.—This morality was unknown before the mission of the legislator of Christians, who has been unjustly accused of attempting to extirpate the passions: God destroys not his own work. The gospel is not the death of the heart, but its rule. It is to our sentiments what taste is to the fine arts; it retrenches all that is exaggerated, false, common, and trivial; it leaves them all that is

fair, and good, and true. The Christian religion, rightly understood, is only primitive nature washed from original pollution.

“It is when we are at a distance from our country that we feel the full force of the instinct by which we are attached to it. For want of the reality, we seek to feed ourselves with dreams; for the heart is expert in deception, and there is not one who has sucked the breast of woman, but has drank of the cup of illusions. Sometimes it is a cottage which is arranged like the paternal habitation; sometimes it is a wood, a valley, a hill, on which we bestow some of the sweet appellations of our native land. Andromache gives the name of Simois to a brook. And what affecting truth in this little rill, which recalls the idea of a mighty river of her native country! Far away from the soil which gave us birth all nature is diminished, and is but the shadow of that which we have lost.

“Another artifice of the instinct of country, is to attach a great value to an object of little intrinsic worth, but which comes from our native land, and which we have brought with us into exile. The soul seems to cherish even the inanimate things which have shared our destiny: a portion of life remains attached to the down on which our prosperity slumbered, and still more to the straw which counted the vigils of our adversity: the wounds of the soul, like those of the body, leave their impression upon whatever they touch. The vulgar have an energetic expression to describe that languor which oppresses the soul, when away from our country. “That man,” say they, “is home-sick.” A sickness it really is, and there is no cure for it but returning. If, however, we have been absent a few years, what do we find in the place of our nativity? How many of those whom we left behind in the vigour of health are still alive? Here are tombs where once stood palaces; there rise palaces where we left tombs; the paternal field is overgrown with briars, or cultivated by the plough of a stranger; and the tree beneath which we were bred is cut down.

“In Louisiana there was a negro woman and a savage, slaves to two neighbouring planters.—The two women had each a child; the negress a little girl two years old, and the Indian a boy of the same age: the latter died. The two unfortunate women having agreed to meet at a certain place in the desert, repaired thither three successive nights. The one brought her dead child, the other her living child; the one her *Manitou*, the other her *Fetiche*. They were not surprised thus to find themselves of the same religion, both being wretched. The Indian performed the honours of the solitude: “This is the tree of my

country," said she; "sit down beneath it to weep." They then placed their children on a branch of catalpa, and rocked them together, singing airs of their respective countries. Alas! these maternal sports which had oft lulled innocence to sleep, were incapable of awaking death! It was thus these two women consoled themselves; the one had lost her child and her liberty, the other her liberty and her country? we derive comfort even from affliction itself.

"It is said that a French man, who was obliged to withdraw during the reign of terror, purchased with the little he had left a boat upon the Rhine. Here he lived with his wife and two children. Having no money there was no hospitality for him. When he was driven from one shore he passed without complaining to the other: and being often persecuted from both banks, he was obliged to cast anchor in the middle of the river. He fished for the support of his family; but men disputed with him the relief sent by Providence, and grudged him a few little fishes which had fed his hungry children. At night he went to collect dry grass to make a fire, and his wife remained in cruel anxiety till his return. This family, which could be reproached with nothing but their misfortunes, had not on the vast globe a single spot of ground on which they durst set their feet. Obligated to lead a savage life, be-

tween four great civilized nations, their only consolation was, that while they wandered in the vicinity of France, they could sometimes inhale the breeze which passed over their native land.

"If we were to be asked: What are then those powerful ties by which we are bound to the place of our nativity: those ties, which are such a strong proof of the goodness of God, and consequently of his existence? we confess we should be at a loss for a reply. It is, perhaps, the smile of a mother, of a father, of a sister; it is, perhaps, the recollection of the old preceptor who instructed us, and of the young companions of our childhood; it is, perhaps, the care bestowed upon us by a tender nurse, by an aged servant; finally, it is circumstances the most simple, or, if you please, the most trivial; a dog which barked a night in the fields; a nightingale which returned every year to the orchard; the nest of the swallow over the window; the village clock which appeared above the trees, the church-yard yew, the Gothic tomb, and nothing more. Yet the insignificance of these means demonstrates so much the more clearly the reality of a Providence, as they could not possibly be the source of great patriotic virtues, unless by the ordination of the Almighty himself."

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

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

[Continued from Page 375.]

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I have gathered a plant, whose stem and leaves are so soft and cottony, that it might be compared to a fine white fur on green satin.

This plant is called German Wondwourt, *Stachis Germanicus*; it is a labiate, and belongs to the didynamia gymnospermia.

The stem is lignous, thick, square, and fluted on the four sides.

B. de St. Pierre thinks that the flutings are as many channels to facilitate the watering of the root; without these the foot of the plant might remain dry, for I believe its leaves would be impenetrable even to the storm; they are notched regularly round the edges, veined, like all thick

leaves, doubtlessly for the circulation of the nourishing moisture which abounds in their texture; they grow opposite, on large petioles, flat, cottony, and, while they embrace the stem, almost form a part of the leaf.

The flowers are verticillate, and supported by soft floral leaves; two leaves, alternately opposed, also support each ring of flowers up to the summit.

These flowers, raised in a bed of cotton, are small and delicate; their colours are pink and white.

I tear off the calyx, with the silk with which it is covered, and I discover five notches; the one in the centre is larger and longer than the rest; the other four notches are slit a little in the front.

The superior lip of the flower is slightly bent; the inside is of a bright pink, and the outside is covered with a thick fur.

The inferior lip advances; it has two little wings, and is folded in the middle, striped with red on each side, and has more white than red except on the edges; it is this lip that is lowered when the flower is expanded.

The four stamina have little anthers, which resemble small yellow brushes; they stand erect in a species of little niche formed by the upper lip; the pistil lies respectfully at their feet, but as it is extremely short, the stamina, in their turn, are obliged to bend. Little women have often great power; and those who appear the most humble are often very absolute in their own families.

The four uncovered seeds remain at the bottom of the calyx, where they grow, like Indian children, who rock themselves in their own hammocks. Each stamen knows her own offspring, and no jealousy subsists between them.

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I yesterday saw a nasturtium, or *tropæolum majus*, in bloom; I will now endeavour to describe it.

The nasturtium, like all plants which need support, has round stems, which entwine and bend round every thing that comes in its way.

A flower deprived of its necessary support would fall to the earth, and be broken and destroyed by the damp; once fastened it is forever, like a young pair, the fate of each is fixed during the rest of their existence.

The nasturtium comes from Peru, whose cresses are interesting emblems of the Virgins of the Sun, it always turns to that luminary. Sow some on your window, and from the interior of the house you will only be able to see the under part of the leaves and the spur of the flowers.

After the fall of the sun, and in the morning before it is risen; lightnings have been discovered on the flower of the nasturtium.

Mademoiselle Linneus was the first who made this observation; many of the learned have passed nights in the expectation of desecrating these lightnings, and days in describing it. It has been observed also on other plants, but they must be of a fiery red. Is it that this colour being analogous to the rays, partakes of their brightness? The fact is, that the lightnings have been seen; it is thus that the resemblance of the divinity shines by reflection on some of his works.

The nasturtium, like all plants which entwine, has a determined course, either towards, or in a contrary direction from the sun. A plant of hops and one of kidney-beans, placed beside each other, would grow in the form of a cross. The crooked branches of my nasturtium part from the stem, and each supports a leaf or a flower.

The leaves at the base are much larger than the others.

These leaves are very much like a pretty parasol, only the stick is not quite so straight nor in the middle; the parasol is not perfectly round either. From where the branch springs there are several principal veins, which are afterwards ramified. The leaf, or parasol, is cut straight on the side formed by the position of the stem; it hangs over the flower, and, without entirely covering it, shelters it from the heat, almost like the parasol which tends better to keep off the sun.

The flower is exquisitely wrought; and you cannot look at it without experiencing a great admiration.

Supported by a stiff branch, rather long and perpendicular, though a little crooked, it is laid as I suppose the Roman eagle was on the spike by which it was carried.

It opens facing our eyes, and presents five petals well expanded, large, but becoming shorter so as to be supported on a large claw.

The nasturtium has a broad calyx, divided into five parts, and terminating behind the stem upon which it lays, in a species of hollow cornucopia, which is the sectary of the flower, that is to say, the depot of its honied treasures.

The calyx is of a fiery hue, mixed with green. The three superior parts of the calyx, the texture of which is solid and close, are much longer than the other two; the two last are singularly separated from the rest, and also from each other.

These three inferior petals seem to be entirely supported on these two divisions, and to lean upon the stem, while the two superior petals appear to be stuck by their claws to the superior division of the calyx.

The three inferior petals are entirely of one colour, and almost round. At the top of the calyx they are contracted, and form a species of little split tube, about the thickness of a pin. The petal appears at the entrance of this kind of tube, and three small curled bands make a sort of frill to the bottom of the flower, formed by its expanding.

The two superior petals have no frill, and do not terminate in a tube, but diminish into a claw. From these claws spring a great number of brown stripes, which extend on the petal like the sticks of a fan, and which add to the brightness of its hue.

The three parts of the calyx which support the two petals, are also regularly marked with brown stripes in the inside.

The under part of these petals, upon which the sun never shines, is of light colour.

It is on the extremity of the stem that the parts of fructification are disposed.

The little pistil bifid is so situated that it cannot escape. It has eight stamina, whose various attitudes are truly remarkable; two, folded on

each side, appear to chain the foot; three suspend their anthers over its head; three others pass theirs between the balustrade formed by the tubes, the three inferior petals, and the two divisions of the calyx. They appear like sentinels at the gate; but I suppose these positions are accidental, and subject to frequent changes.

Look for the nasturtium, *tropæolum majus*, in the octandria monogynia.

[To be continued.]

THE FEMALE LECTURER.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

SIR,

YOUR letter convinces me you are really desirous of supplying, by your *La Belle Assemblée*, what has long been a desideratum in a periodical publication; and I shall be happy to forward so laudable a design in any way that a tolerably general knowledge of science and literature, and the advantage of a noble private library, to which I have free access, can enable me. I send you, within about a dozen lines, the whole of the first section coming under the head MECHANICS. At the end of this, and of most of the other sections, are a few questions to exercise the young student in the principles he has been made acquainted with: such as, What is the depth of a well whose bottom a stone dropped from the hand is eight seconds in descending?

This section will suffice to shew you the plan and style of my little MS. which I think you will allow is as concise and familiar as the memory or capacity of any of your readers can require. You will perceive, that to prevent the orderly detail of principles and their results being interrupted, I have given in the form of notes, such matter as is merely curious or entertaining, without offering a necessary illustration of any fact or rule. My little introduction to, or grammar of, philosophy, embraces the following subjects:—Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Astronomy, Electricity, and Optics. Which heads are divided into the following sections:—of the nature and properties of matter; of the centre of gravity; of motion; of the mechanic powers; weight and pressure of air; resistance of air as a medium; barometer and thermometer; on sound; of echoes; of the pyrometer, and rain gauge; of the diving bell; of the weight and pressure of fluids; of hydraulics; of siphons; of pumps; of specific gravity; of the fixed stars; of the solar system; of the earth and moon; of changes in the moon; of electricity; of thunder,

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lightning, rain, and hail, &c.; of light and colours; of refraction; of lenses; of the camera obscura, magic lantern, &c.; of telescopes; of catoptics, or the reflection of light.

As some of these sections are much shorter than the one I have sent, I imagine three of them might be inserted in one of your Numbers. My introduction to chemistry is about half the size of that to natural philosophy, which it ought always to follow, from the near connection of the two sciences. Allow me to say, that I think you might give one very pleasing paper on the orders of architecture, and their origin, and that you might make your readers so far acquainted with heraldry as to enable them to emblazon a common coat of arms. I am, &c.

M. S.

MECHANICS.

SECTION I.—DEFINITIONS.

Mechanics is that branch of philosophy which comprehends all that relates to motion.

Matter is a term applied to every thing that is the object of our senses; hence, whatever we can see or touch is composed of matter.

Capillary tubes, are tubes of so small a bore as scarcely to admit the passage of a hair through them.

The velocity of a body is another term for its swiftness. A cannon ball that passes through a space of 800 feet in the time that an arrow takes to pass through a space of 100 feet, has eight times the velocity of the arrow.

The capacity of any vessel, signifies the room it has to receive another body within it. A vessel that contains four times as much water as another vessel, has four times its capacity.

The volume of a body is another term for its magnitude; a body is said to have twice the

volume of another body, when it occupies twice as much space.

OF THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF MOTION.

The properties common to all matter are solidity, extension, divisibility, attraction, motion, and rest.

Whatever possesses length, breadth, or thickness, furnishes proof of the extension of matter. Its solidity is manifested by the resistance which it makes to the touch.

Gold-beaters afford us the means of demonstrating the minute diversibility of matter; they can spread a grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches; which leaf may be readily divided into 500,000 parts, each of which is visible to the naked eye. The natural divisions of matter are, however, far more surprizingly minute: there are more animals in the melt of a single cod-fish than men on the whole earth*.

The attraction of matter has been exemplified in five different ways, which philosophers have called the attraction of cohesion, of gravitation, of combination, of electricity, and the magnetic attraction.

The attraction of cohesion may be observed in the most common objects; it is that power which keeps the parts of all bodies together when they touch, and prevents their separation when they are united. Thus the parts of a plate, chair, or table, are held together by cohesion; and when either of these is broken or cut, the attraction of cohesion is overcome by the power that breaks or cuts.

If two leaden bullets, having a flat, smooth surface, be pressed firmly together, they will cohere almost as strongly as if united by fusion. If a piece of smooth wood be laid on the surface of water, the two bodies will be so strongly drawn together by the attraction of cohesion, that a force equal to six times the weight of the wood, will be required to take it up perpendicularly. Drops of quicksilver, or water, placed near each other, will unite and form one large drop. The globular form of drops of rain is caused by the mutual attraction of the particles which compose them.

What is termed capillary attraction, is a species of that of cohesion; this attraction is displayed in a variety of common operations; as in the

ascent of water in a lump of sugar, of oil, or tallow, in the wick of a lamp or candle, &c. If several pieces of sewing cotton have one extremity put into a tumbler glass half filled with water, and the other extremity into an empty glass, the fluid will ascend through the capillary tubes of the cotton, till half of it is conveyed into this last glass; for every porous, or capillary substance serves as a conductor of fluids*.

The attraction of gravitation, or, as it is often called, gravity, is that power by which distant bodies are attracted towards each other; this power is illustrated in the falling of bodies to the earth, towards which, owing to the principle of gravitation, all substances whatever have a tendency.

The power of gravity acts alike on all bodies, whatever may be their shape or their size; for this attraction being proportioned to the quantity of matter which the attracted body contains, twenty times more force of gravity is exerted upon a substance weighing twenty pounds, than upon one weighing but a pound; thence all bodies at equal distances from the earth fall with equal velocity.

This velocity encreases in a regular degree as they approach the earth's surface; for the force of gravity is continually increasing in the same degree, which, by giving every instant a fresh impulse to the falling body, accelerates its velocity. A body descending freely from any elevation, by the power of gravity, will fall through 16 feet in the first second of time, through three times 16 feet the next second, and so on according to the odd number, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, &c. A ready method of calculating the space passed

* In nothing is capillary attraction more beautifully or more curiously displayed, than in the animal and vegetable frame. Capillary tubes of various capacity, and in great number, make part of the construction of all animals and plants. These tubes attract the fluids upward through them, according to the square of their diameter; that is, a tube whose diameter is twice as small as that of another, will rise the fluid four times higher than the tube of larger capacity. By means of these minute tubes, circulation is extended to parts at which it could never arrive by the ordinary motion of the fluids. When the earth receives rain on its surface, the fluid is attracted through all the contiguous parts; it is then absorbed by the roots of plants, trees, &c. and afterwards carried by capillary attraction to the more distant parts of these bodies. Thus is the nutriment suited to each plant conveyed from its parent earth, and thus is the wisdom and goodness of God manifested even in the grass of the field.

* It is said that a single grain of sand is larger than four millions of these animals; yet each of them possesses a heart, stomach, bowels, muscles, tendons, nerves, glands, veins, &c. It has been calculated that a particle of the blood of one of these animalcula, is as much smaller than a globe one-tenth of an inch in diameter, as that globe is smaller than the whole earth.

through by a falling body, is comprized in the following rule: *that the space passed through by a falling body encrease as the square of the time encreases.** Thus if a ball dropped from any eminence reach the ground in five seconds, then the square of 5, which is 25, multiplied by 16, the number of feet through which the ball fell in the first second, will give 400, which is the number of feet through which it descended in the whole 5 seconds.

The attraction of gravity retards the ascent of bodies that are thrown upwards, in the same proportion that it accelerates the descent of those which fall; so that the times of ascent and descent are equal, to and from the same height. Thus if a ball be thrown upwards, the attraction of the earth will retard its velocity according to the odd numbers 1, 3, 5, &c. taken backwards; or, as the square of the times encreases, the space

passed through by the ascending body decreases. Hence if the bullet be 6 seconds in ascending and descending, it will have risen to the height of 144 feet, that number being the square of 12, the time of the descent, multiplied by 16, the number of feet fallen through in the first second of time.

All bodies are attractive of each other, but the superior attraction of the earth prevents our perceiving it. If two bodies would be removed out of the sphere of this attraction, they would tend towards each other, and approach with a velocity that would be accelerated as they came nearer. If they were of equal weight, the point of contact would be as much nearer the larger body, as that body contained a larger quantity of matter than the other. Hence if balls suspended by lines were placed on different sides of a high mountain, they would be found to gravitate towards its centre.

MUSIC.

As it is our constant study to render this Magazine as interesting as we possibly can, and the musical department, is very important not only to the fashionable world, but also to every person of knowledge and education, we intend in future to give miscellaneous musical articles, on subjects which we shall think interesting to our readers. For it has been long and universally allowed, that though music is in the highest state of cultivation in this country, a source of information is yet wanted, by which musical persons may become acquainted with the most remarkable musical occurrences, as well as with new distinguished musical authors, performers, publications, performances, and so forth, in a more general manner than they have hitherto had an opportunity. And this we now propose to give in the present Magazine, with intermixed articles of instruction, similar to that with which we make the beginning, in the present number. But as music is cultivated in the greatest part of all Europe; and foreign publications, as well as foreign virtuosos of both sexes, are admired and encouraged in this country, we shall not confine our musical articles merely to what passes at home, but also give as much foreign information as the limits of our pages will permit. And as the field from which we are to glean is so very extensive, and so richly strewed with an abundance of choice productions of all

kinds, we have to fear nothing more than the want of room, to take in all that we may find acceptable to the public, and hope never to be found intruding on their attention, by musical articles of no importance.

ON SINGING.

No art can be more valuable, as well as delightful, than that of singing.

For painting expresses only scenes of a moment, though it renders them as lasting as the picture itself; and the same it is with sculpture. So dancing shews only graceful attitudes and motions of the human body, but even when combined with pantomimic action without words, it cannot express distinct sentiments.—Instrumental music is only an extravagant imitation of vocal sounds; and poetry, when merely perused silently, or spoken without a melodious declamation, is nothing to what it becomes by reciting or singing it melodiously. But a fine argument, recited or sung in a true musical manner, is so much heightened in effect, that it captivates the soul, and tunes our feelings, passions, and even sentiment, in a similar manner as it delights us.

This has been felt in all ages, and perhaps by all nations; for the greatest political and religious leaders of nations have used the art of singing as a principal means of instructing, persuading, and guiding them, according to their purposes; and the abuse of it, for mere voluptuous, or perhaps even bad purposes, cannot prove any thing to the contrary.

Singing, therefore, ought to be considered as

* The square of any number is that number multiplied into itself; thus the square of 2 is 4; the square of 4, 16. The square of time or distance is found in the same way: thus the square of 5 hours, or miles is 25.

one of the most important branches of a fine education; and yet nothing seems to be so little regarded as that very art; for when hardly any child in the meanest boarding school is without her dancing-master, and few young ladies without her playing-master, the art of singing seems to be considered either as a natural gift that requires no teaching, like a native language, or as being sufficiently understood by those who can play.

But the mistake of the latter is too striking to those who pay attention to it. For though any person who has a musical ear and good singing organs, may pronounce the words of a vocal piece with the true notes of its melody (particularly a person that can play), there is a vast difference between mere pretended and real, or between vulgar and refined singing, according to the rules of an art. This we shall endeavour to shew as distinctly as the room we can spare will permit.

The first and principal object in the art of singing is the forming and preserving of the voice. The human voice may be compared to a musical instrument which has its own particular sound, but that sound may be rendered more full, or clear, or sweet, by one sort of managing the instrument than by another. To perceive this we need only hear different players perform the same succession of slow and quick notes on the same instrument; where we shall find that (particularly on the violin or violincello) one produces a ringing fullness, even in the piano, when another cannot exceed a faint thinness, even in a shrieking forte.

But the proper method by which a voice may be formed is not so generally known as it might be supposed, from the number of those who not only sing, but also teach to sing. For we have heard some teachers recommend singing much, and loud, particularly the higher and lower notes, which method they consider as useful for making the voice clear, as well as for extending its compass; but it is the very thing by which it can be, and almost infallibly must be, ruined for ever. Others think that the best forming of a voice consists in practising shakes, graces, and figurative passages; but how can they be practised with the least propriety, before the use of the voice itself is perfectly understood, and carefully attended to. And still others recommend the swallowing of a raw new laid egg before breakfast, and the frequent use of barley sugar, as the best manner of forming the voice; but though such things may soften and clear the throat for a short time, they have no more to do with the improvement of the voice, than the wiping of a wine-glass has with the quality of the wine that shall be poured into it.

The true method of forming a voice consists

in the art of making it produce with facility the best sort of sounds for which it is calculated, and these in all the different passages that are useful in singing. To demonstrate this, it must be observed, that the Italians distinguish three sorts of voice, viz. the *voce di petto*, *voce di testa*, and *voce di falsetto*. The first, or *voce di petto*, denotes in English the breast voice, or that sort of voice which originates in the chest, and makes the whole throat partake in the sound. We shall call it the full voice. To fix and practise this sort of voice, so that a singer can sustain any note in the compass of his voice, with a body of fullness, in the softest piano as well as in a forte, and in the most figurative passages the same as in the *adagio*, is the principal art of teaching to sing. But to describe the true full voice, with all its gradations or *mezza voce* (half or moderate voice), *sotto voce* (under or suppressed voice), piano, and pianissimo, without shewing by singing itself, is as impossible as to describe colours in words to one who has never seen them. We must therefore content ourselves with having given as clear a description of it as was in our power.

A degeneration of the *voce di petto*, or full voice, is the *voce di testa*, or head voice. It is that sort of voice, in which only part of the throat seems to act, and which, instead of originating in the chest, and making the whole throat sound, seems to have its seat merely in that part of the throat which is nearest to the head. It may be compared to a playing on the violin or violincello, by which the bow touches the string in so indistinct a manner, that no fullness of the sound is heard. To describe this sort of voice more clearly, without shewing it in practice, we also find no distinct terms. But we are sorry to observe, that it is the sort of voice met with in more singers than it might be wished or expected.

The *voce di falsetto* mentioned before, is that sort of voice called the feint voice. It arises, when a singer takes some notes higher than the full voice will give them; and as it is of another quality than the full voice, the rule for it is, that it should not be used without necessity; but that if it must be used, it should be joined to the full voice on those notes where the latter is not yet quite spent, and where the transition is least perceptible.

A vulgar degeneration of the full voice, which the Italians seem to have no technical name for, at least not as a singing voice, may be called the bawling voice. This also is but too frequently met with in singing, and perhaps even more than the head voice, explained above.

[To be concluded in our next.]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ANACREONTIC.

THE Paphian Boy, my Blooming Fair,
Nestles within this heart of mine;
And feel how warm he trembles there,
Awaken'd by that touch of thine.

Have you not mark'd when infants weep,
As fears their little breasts alarm,
How soon their murmurs sink to sleep,
When folded fast in Beauty's arm?

Love is a child, my girl, you know,
Then take him to thy breast of snow;
And on that Heaven of Beauty blest,
Oh! let him tremble into rest!

B.

SONNET,

TO THE CALDER.

POETIC River! where the Muses walk,
And watch the current gliding 'neath the trees,
Where oft I steal to hear their lovely talk,
And catch the sounds as borne upon the breeze;

More dear to me to sit beside thy stream,
Than all the pleasures pride and pow'r enjoy,
For here with Gray, with Watts, with Thom-
son's theme,

I taste the bliss which time can ne'er destroy.

O come, Selina, let us wander here,
Where rosy Health and Friendship oft are seen,
Telling the tale to Truth—to Science dear,
Gazing with rapture on the varied scene.

Let us recal the hour to both our spirits dear,
When on thy dewy cheek I dropt the parting tear.

ACHATES.

IMITATION.

HOR. ODE VIII. LIB. 2.

*"Ulla si juris tibi perjerati
"Pena, Barine, &c. &c."*

Yes, would the Gods, with vengeance due,
Thy vainly-plighted faith pursue,
Again I might thy oaths believe,
And, once more trusted, thou deceive.

Could Falsehood rob thee of one grace,
Or oaths plant wrinkles in thy face;
Could Heav'n thy forfeit pledges seek,
Or bleach thy hair, or scar thy cheek.

But, no! derided Gods forbear
To scar thy cheek, or bleach thy hair;
And thou, by some peculiar doom,
More fair, as more forsworn, become!

Proceed, tooauteous to be true,
Thy vows still break, and still renew;
In peerless charms while thus you shine,
This bright prerogative is thine.

Let pedants, with their saws uncouth,
And vulgar charms, delight in truth;
'Tis to thy brighter beauty due,
A very debt—to be untrue.

ANACREONTIC.

Come reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
For wintry snows are lowering near,
And soon shall chill th' autumnal fire
That gleams on life's declining year.

Then let me wake the rapturous shell,
With chords of sweet remembrance stung;
While grateful age delights to tell
Of joys that glow'd when life was young.

And, lest the languid pulse forego
The throb that Fancy's flight inspires,
Anacreon's flowing cup bestow,
And urge with wine the waning fires.

But temper me the Teian bowl!
And chasten me the Teian shell!
The visions that in memory roll
Are such as Nature's bosom swell.

Yet, Nature! thine the votive string,
To no polluted ear address;
That of no blooming boys can sing,
But boys that hang on Beauty's breast.

Nor lawless thro' the realms of love,
Where native Venus lights the way,
Shall yet excursive Fancy rove,
Inebriate with the wanton lay.

If, while the mantling goblet flows,
I sing of Beauty's charms divine;—
The breast that heaves, the cheek that glows,
And beaming eyes, like stars that shine;—

The draft on Memory's tablet true
That pictures each entrancing grace,
Without a frown shall Stella view,
Or there some lov'd memorial trace.

And when with high-enraptur'd air
My lavish verse shall most commend,
She'll find her youthful image there,
Or in each portrait own a friend.

Then reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
And temper me Anacreon's bowl;
That youthful joy's remember'd fire
May Age's numbing frost controul.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

On! thou, the Nymph of soul serene,
With tranquil look and placid mien
In fortune's adverse day;
Who calmly sit'st amid the storm
That bursts around thy angel-form,
Nor murmur'st at its sway:

Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd
To ease the wretch's woes,
As resignation lifts on high,
Not vainly rais'd, the trusting eye,
And soothes him to repose.

Methinks I see thee, even now,
With hands compos'd and balcyon brow,
While, watchful, near thee stand
(Undaunted thou beholdest them wait)
The vengeful Ministers of Fate,
A dreadful, num'rous band!

There stern Misfortune sullen low'rs,
And chills the heavy passing hours,
Mad anguish writhing nigh;
And weeping Misery, and Scorn,
And wretched Poverty forlorn,
Their diff'rent efforts try!

There curst Ingratitude, and, lo!
Base Falsehood, aiming oft the blow
In Friendship's specious guise;
Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
By sad experience fully tried,
The guarded, nor the wise!

Tho' ne'er invoked before, thy aid
Refuse not thou, propitious Maid!
This warmly-votive hour!
A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
By many a cruel wrong to bleed,
Implores thy gentle pow'r.
With pious Hope, thy sister-friend,
Oh! hither come, thy succour lend
To quell this anxious strife;
And teach me, Maid, with humble thought,
And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
To bear the ills of life.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ON thee, blest youth! a father's hand confers
The Maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew:
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due,

As on she moves, with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the
choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tend'rest claim;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that en-
dears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh:
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion
blend!

Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah! soon, thine own confest, extatic thought!
That hand shall strew each flinty path with
flow'rs;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bowed down with
pain,

I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
I hid'd to the Home of my Fathers again,
But the Home of my Fathers no longer was
mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome, was
gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no
more.

A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eyes as I entered his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn:
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I
fled,
And my beating heart vow'd never more to
return.

What Home shall receive me! One Home yet I
know;
O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine branches
wave!

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The grey moist-
ened walls,
Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay:
The gate, off its hinge, and half-opening, calls,
"Approach most unhappy, thy dwelling of
clay!"

Alas, thou soledwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augured my breast!
From a wanderer accept, oh my Fathers, this tear,
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.

LUBIN AND ANNA.

ALL silver'd o'er with morning dew,
While yet the flow'ry low-lands lay;
And hills, just tipt with golden hue,

Confess'd the rising beam of day;
Sad Lubin left his sleepless home,
Along the misty rill to roam;
And, where the willows arching hung,
Of Anna, faithless Anna, sung.

"Ah! me," he cry'd, "unhappy swain!

"Who fancy'd Anna's vows sincere;

"To Thenot's flocks and hoarded grain,

"She yields the heart to me so dear.

"His are her smiles, her tender talk,

"She shares with him the ev'ning walk;

"While I, fond fool! at distance pine

"For Anna, now no longer mine."

Just then awak'd from troubled rest,

Poor Anna rose, to grief a prey;

And all with anxious cares oppress'd,

Bent to the lowly rill her way:

There breath'd the sigh of tender woe,

There pour'd the tear, Love taught to flow;

And, on the banks all wildly flung,

Of Lubin, faithless Lubin, sung,

"Alas;" the soft complainer cries,

"Why did I Lubin's vows believe?—

"Why trust his looks,—his mournful sighs,—

"Intended only to deceive?

"Some richer maid he now pursues,

"Perhaps some fairer rival woe;

"While, teaz'd with Thenot's suit, I pine,

"For Lubin's now no longer mine."

Not half so sweet the morning lay

Of larks, who high in ether float;

Not half so sweet, at close of day,

Fond Philomela's warbled note;

As Anna's piteous plaints appear

To Lubin, slyly list'ning near;

Unseen by her, whose fault'ring tongue

Of Lubin, faithless Lubin sung.

"Ah! me," he cry'd, "thrice happy swain,

"To find my Anna's vows sincere;

"That neither flocks, nor hoarded grain,

"Could win her heart from me so dear!

"Mine now 'twill be with her to talk,

"To share alone her ev'ning walk;

"While Thenot shall at distance pine,

"To see my Anna ever mine!"

Now through the embow'ring boughs he prest,

Where, drown'd in grief, the mourner lay;

And clasp'd her fondly to his breast,

And kiss'd the trickling tears away.

THE EVE OF HYMEN.

'Tis night, and my Delia now hastens to rest;
Rapt into sweet visions, I wander alone;
Love soothes the fond wishes that glow in my
breast,

With transports to Wealth, and to Grandeur
unknown.

Soft, soft be thy slumbers, dear, innocent Fair!
Descend smiling Peace on my bosom's delight,
Hope sheds her pure beams on each long-
nourish'd care,

As day brightly dawns on the shadows of night.

Reclin'd on her pillow, now mute is that voice
Whose sounds my affection insensibly stole;
And clos'd are those eyes, in whose beams I re-
joice;

And veil'd are those lips, which enrapture my
soul:

Conceal'd are those cheeks, where luxuriantly
glow

The tenderest graces of beauty and youth;

And hidden from me is that bosom of snow,

The mansion of Purity, Virtue, and Truth.

She's absent:—yet, lovely and graceful to view,

Kind Fancy restores the fair pride of my heart:

Spring calls forth the verdure of nature anew,

Her smiles to the seasons new glory impart.

No longer soft sorrow my verse shall inspire;

Despondence has clouded my spirits too long;

In extacy sweeping the soul-breathing lyre,

Love, Hymen, and Delia awaken my song.

W.

LOVE, A CHILD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUFFLERS.

My mother, dear good creature, says
That Love, with all his coaxing ways,
Is fierce as any ferret;

But Lord, she'll never prove to me

That such a little child as he,

Can hurt a girl of spirit.

I'm sure, the ev'ning before last,

The choicest, sweetest whispers pass'd

Between—but that's no matter:

I know, I thought Love very charming,

And not by any means alarming,

For all my mother's clatter.

However, just to ease my mind,

(Though we must keep my mother blind)

I'll search for Love with Thomas;

For even if her fears are true,

An infant is no match for two;

He'd meet with something from us.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

ON A PRECAUTIONARY PEACE.

IN our last Number, we entered into the examination of the spirit of a French peace, as exemplified in the conduct of France to Europe, from the period of the treaty of Luneville to the commencement of the present war. We have distributed this subject into three heads:

1. Violations of the peace of Luneville, by the usurpations in Germany.

2. More treacherous infractions of the same peace, with regard to Switzerland.

3. Usurpations in Italy.

The two first points have been already amply discussed; we have now to call the attention of our readers to the last,—the conduct of France towards Italy.

There is here a preliminary observation which should not be passed over. The treaty of Luneville was concluded in the circumstances of the moment,—indeed almost on the field of battle. Hence a characteristic of this treaty,—a peculiar vagueness, and indistinct precipitation in many of the most important points. As in some of its provisions it said too much,—was too sweeping and general, so in others it was almost as fatally too silent.

A question therefore here occurs of some importance, how far were the former public rights affected by this silence?

Surely this question does not admit the doubt of a moment; though many, from some unaccountable absurdity, and amongst others the eloquent Gentz himself, have deemed it necessary to write volumes upon this single point.—The mere statement appears to us to contain the whole argument,—what was omitted could not be considered as conceded,—and the treaty could not affect that which, by mutual consent, it passed over even without mention.—If treaties were to be construed by this large inference,—if silence were to be considered as provision, and all absence of mention as regulation,—the next treaty would be a blank, and all negotiation but so much lost time.—There is one inference from this which it will be necessary to remember during the following statement,—that is to say, that France could have no rights in Italy beyond what were given her by the treaty,—that she could found no claims upon its silence.—It was not silent that she might be unlimited in her construction.

We now proceed to the facts of direct violation of the peace of Luneville by the conduct of France in Italy.

1. With regard to Piedmont.—At the conclusion of the peace of Luneville the King of Sardinia was the true and legitimate Sovereign of all Piedmont.—It was true indeed that from the fortune of war he was in exile, but there was nothing in this exile which could give the French the right of dethroning him.

The treaty of Luneville made no mention of him.—Why so—because the necessity of Austria was imminent, and she could think of nothing but her own safety.—Another more satisfactory reason was in the expected interposition of Russia. Russia had as much as said,—leave Sardinia to me,—make no mention of her in your compulsory treaty,—you will but injure the cause which you embrace,—my mediation will be more effectual.

It will be here remembered, that the relative situation of France and Russia at that time was such as to encourage every expectation of benefit from her interposition.—Paul was dead,—Alexander seemed resolved on a new system. France evidently expected to number Russia amongst her Allies. Surely there was nothing in a silence thus caused which could give any right to France with regard to Piedmont. France, however as will be seen, was of an opinion totally different.

Two months had scarcely elapsed after the treaty, when General Jourdan issued a Manifesto as General and Administrator of Piedmont. As one of the most singular productions of the war of the Revolution we here give it:—

“Men of Piedmont,

“You have been found *worthy* of being governed by Republican laws, and Piedmont shall in future enjoy the happiness of constituting a part of the Republic. Yes, Gentlemen, your virtue has merited this distinction. Though born Piedmontese you shall become Frenchmen. France knows how to distinguish and reward virtue.”

This promise was accordingly executed the same day,—Piedmont was divided into departments,—the former provisional Government was dissolved, and the virtue of the Piedmontese rewarded by being declared citizens of the French Republic, and partakers in its glory and its liberty.

This day of union and congratulation was the 19th of April, 1801. It was scarcely concluded

before Russia came forward in her character as a mediator, asserting the cause of the King of Sardinia, and requiring the restitution of his states, as necessary to the repose of Europe.

From what we have before said, it will be understood that Russia was at that time in a situation which commanded respect, something therefore was to be done in consequence of her mediation. It was necessary to shift the ground. This was accordingly done. On the 1st of May, 1804, that is to say, ten days after the preceding declaration, Jourdan issued another.—

“The provision of the 19th April is to be considered but as temporary. Piedmont is not united with the French Republic. Be consoled, however, worthy citizens of Piedmont. The French nation are generous, and your virtue will not exist in vain.”

Three months passed over, and the face of things had changed. The fatal peace of Amiens had been concluded. Russia, considering herself as deserted by England, gave herself up to the lethargy of a new reign. Vienna was occupied in military commissions of enquiry upon her unsuccessful generals.

This was the desired opportunity for France. The minister of the King of Sardinia was in the instant ordered to leave Paris. The Piedmontese troops were incorporated with the French.—The convents were abolished, and the laws of France substituted for those of the country. After these preliminaries the *coup de Grace* was at length struck by a formal *Senatus Consultum*, declaring Piedmont a department of France.

Thus, without any diplomatic formality,—as if Austria and England, (at that time in peace with France) had no existence,—as if Russia had nothing to do in Europe, and France alone was the *rerum dominus*,—as if public law had ceased, and the common consent of nations concurred that the will of France should supplant it,—was the King of Sardinia dethroned, the territory of France extended beyond the Alps, and Italy and Switzerland rendered for ever dependent upon the French Monarchy.

So much with regard to Piedmont.

2. With regard to Parma and Placentia, the conduct of France was yet more profligate.

The treaty of Luneville said nothing as to Parma and Placentia—Why so? certainly, not because the possession of these places was indifferent to the peace of Europe, and the immediate safety of Austria, but because Parma and Placentia were actually possessed by their Duke, and no one could have suspected that any change would have occurred. Had such an event been expected, it would doubtless have been provided against. Thus the security of these States was in the spirit, if not in the letter, of these treaties.

What, therefore, was the astonishment of Europe, and the confusion of Austria, when in about three months after the treaty of Luneville, in the beginning of the year 1802, a Convention was announced between France and Spain, by which the Court of Madrid renounced for the Duke of Parma and his heirs the Dutchies of Parma and Placentia, and gave them for ever to France, receiving Tuscany in exchange.

What right had the King of Spain to make this renunciation for the Duke of Parma? What right had France to receive it? Is there no such thing as public law? Has one nation any right to appropriate to itself that which must render it dangerous to others? Has not every nation in Europe its two characters, that of an independent nation in its municipal regulations, and as a member of a system, in its federal relation? Parma and Placentia were given to the Dukes by those public and general treaties which established the system of Europe and Italy in particular. By renouncing them, and yielding them to France, he overthrew that system, and subjected Italy to France. He broke the compact upon which he received them. He certainly did not receive them to give them to France against whom they were originally established as a barrier. If he were weary of remaining one of the members and guardians of the public system, he would have doubtless renounced its Dutchies, but he should have surrendered them to the power from which he received them, to the Congress of the States of Europe. Their new disposal should have been the subject of a treaty ratified by general consent.

Again, the reversionary rights to these Dutchies of Parma and Placentia were in the House of Austria. By giving them up for ever to France without consulting Austria, the Court of Madrid committed a manifest fraud, that of depriving Austria of her reversion.

There is moreover another consideration. It appears by the papers of this treaty which have been published, that it was actually almost concluded before the treaty of Luneville. Lucien Bonaparte had managed it in person. Why was not this mentioned during the negotiations at Luneville. There could be but two possible reasons, either because the French negotiators deemed it might be some impediment to that treaty, or because the French Chief had previously resolved to carry it through by dint of his power. In the one case it is a confessed infraction of the spirit of the treaty of Luneville, as in the other it is an avowed contempt of all treaties, an arrogant confidence in the right of the sword.

Such has been the conduct of the French with regard to Parma and Placentia. It is somewhat

singular that the Duke of Parma died within two months after the conclusion of the treaty, and that the French had possessed themselves of this Dutchy. Many of these singular coincidents happened during the period of the Revolution, and from the peculiar felicity of the Emperor, we have no doubt will happen again. It is something to be a favourite of Fortune's. It is well said by the satyrist, Cæsar was a favourite of Fortune, and reigned; Catiline was in less favour, and died as a criminal—there was all the difference.

3. The violation of Tuscan independence. Tuscany was given as an indemnity to the Prince of Parma, for his renunciation of his paternal estates. It had thus the rank of a kingdom, and in every point of view, should have been independent.—Was it so?—No, never in the most slight degree. Never for a moment was this independent kingdom treated in any other way than as a French province. It was compelled to support the French armies at the time that the native people were perishing in heaps by famine.

To the ruin of its commerce it was compelled to shut its ports and markets against the enemies of France, and, in violation of all the laws of hospitality, to arrest all the English travellers who had held its territory as sacred. Spain was not at that time at war with England, yet was Leghorn, even during the peace of England and France, possessed solely by French troops.—Upon the commencement of the present war it was in the instant declared in a state of siege, and a French cordon drawn along the sea-coast. The island of Elba belonged to France, and in consequence of usurpation on usurpation, the whole of Tuscany was about to follow. In this manner did the French treat an independent kingdom even of their own creation.

We have now examined the conduct of the French with regard to Italy under the three divisions, of Piedmont, Parma, and Tuscany. There remains two more,—their conduct with respect to Lombardy and Genoa. The necessary length of this detail compels us to defer it to our next Number.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday, September 13th, this Theatre opened for the season. The entertainments were *The Honeymoon*, and *No Song No Supper*. They are too well known to require any criticism; and the public are equally well acquainted with the merits of the several performers in these popular pieces.

The old favourites of the town were received with the usual liberality and demonstrations of kindness by the audience.

A gentleman of the name of Penley, from the Liverpool theatre, made his appearance in *Jacques*; his talents are creditable.

The house has been, in parts, freshly painted and lacquered. It had a brilliant appearance, though the audience was not numerous.

COVENT-GARDEN.

This Theatre, on its opening for the season, exhibited some novelty. The play was *John Bull*, and the after-piece *The Miser*. In the first Mr. Pope was the substitute for Mr. Cooke, in *Peregrine*.

Mr. Mara, from Bath, was the *Dennis Bulgruddery* of the evening; and when he has divested himself of a superabundance of provincial

airs and grimaces, he may be able to delineate the character with considerable humour. But the principal attraction was a Miss Logan, who performed *Mary Thornberry* with much sweetness and simplicity, and afterwards *Lappel* in the farce, with no less vivacity. Her figure is rather elegant, her features animated and expressive, and her action is unembarrassed.

HAYMARKET.

This Theatre closed on Monday night, the 15th, for the season. Mr. Winston came forward, and delivered the following address:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“This night concludes a season, the success of which has strongly proved the continuance of that ample encouragement so long bestowed by a liberal public on this theatre; and calls for the warmest acknowledgments from the Proprietors.

“The honour devolves on me to express to you your gratitude for your past favour, and to assure you that it will be their pride and study to merit it in future.

“The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg you to accept their humble thanks for the generous support you have given to their efforts, and we most respectfully take our leave.”

Parisian Fashions in August 1806.



*Engraved, expressly for La Belle Mode
& Printed for John Bell at the Weekly Melting*

London Fashions for September. 1806.

taken Authentically from the full & half Dresses of the Dutches of Devonport
as worn by her Grace on her Marriage in August last.

4.



The Court & Fashionable Magazine.

Southampton Street, Strand, October 1. 1806.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For OCTOBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

PARISIAN FIGURES.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A plain muslin frock, a walking length; front and sleeves rather full; the latter gathered into a plain band of muslin the size of the arm; and finished at the edge of the gathers with a bow of narrow ribband. Bonnet of the cottage form; the front of straw, or chip, with a round sarsnet crown of lavender blossom, terminated behind with a small bow of ribband; a silk handkerchief of the same colour crosses the crown, and is brought under the chin, where it is tied in a bow. The hair in simple curls on the forehead, and a small round cap, with a plaiting of lace, is seen under the bonnet in front. Sash to correspond with the trimmings of the bonnet, tied in a small bow behind; a *pelerine* formed of three deep falls of finely plaited, or crimped muslin. India silk scarf of pale green, with narrow coloured border. Buff gloves, above the elbow. High shoes of the same colour, laced with ribband of lavender blossom; amber necklace and earrings.

No. 2.—FULL Dress.

White crape dress over white sarsnet; the back high, and bosom low, adapted to the antique ruff of bouffooned lace which meets it, and which is sloped to a point in front, and terminated with the clasp which confines the *cestus*; the sleeve is quite plain, with a white satin ribband at the edge. An Imperial helmet, or cap of the jockey form, with full *tiara* front, of pale pink satin, ornamented with pearl crescent in front. A plain lace veil of the clearest texture, with a rich border in colours, falls from the centre of the crown on each side, and terminates below the knee, with tassels to correspond with the border. A sea-green shawl of fine mohair, with a rich border of various shades and colours, is negligently thrown over the back of the figure, and is only confined in front by the diversified and natural attitude of the hands. Necklace, bracelets, and earrings, of pearl, with emerald studs; *cestus* and

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armlet of gold. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 3.—DUCHESS OF ROXBOROUGH'S FULL DRESS—AS WORN BY HER GRACE ON HER LATE MARRIAGE.

Robe of the finest India muslin, embroidered in small sprigs, and worn over a white satin slip. Drapery of lace, falling from the left shoulder in front, and terminating on the right side of the waist behind with a silk tassel; the sleeves formed of three falls of lace, with antique, or puckered tops, of white satin. Drawn tucker to correspond, terminating on the shoulders; simple wrap front, fastened with a single diamond pin. The hair formed in full bands on the forehead, and turned up simply behind, with the ends in loose curls, falling over the bands in front, fastened behind with a diamond comb, and ornamented before with a broach and star of brilliants. Maltese cross of diamonds, suspended from a row of large pearl. Pearl earrings and bracelets, with diamond studs. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

No. 4.—DUCHESS OF ROXBOROUGH'S HALF-DRESS.

A Tunic jacket, and train petticoat, of striped leno, worn over a primrose sarsnet slip; short sleeve, full on the top, and formed to sit high on the shoulder; long sleeve of plain net, or leno, with a lace let in at the wrist, and tied with primrose ribband; a plain square front, very high, and fastened at each corner of the bosom with antique broaches. A hat of fancy straw, without any trimmings, turned up on the left side immediately over the eye, the rest of the rim slouched. A plain lace veil of the scarf form, with a narrow border all round, fastened on the top of the crown with a small antique stud, and left open in front. Gloves, shoes, and parasol of primrose.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

AT this season of the year, when the Goddess of Fashion is generally allowed to slumber, it is with no small triumph that we exhibit to our fair correspondents a specimen of our having taken advantage of those bright flashes of her genius which have occasionally darted forth amidst frequent fits of supineness.

We have watched her with the eyes of an Argus, and sought her with perseverance and intrepidity in all her various haunts.

Sometimes we have found her reclined in the *boudoir* of a fair elected bride, aiding, by her witcheries, the enchantment of beauty, and decorating loveliness in the garb of grace and elegance. We have pursued her on the Steyne at Brighton. We have watched her in each varying fascination, at the public dinner-parties of Lord and Lady D—, at L—. We have chased her to Tunbridge—to Cheltenham—to the Hot Wells—to Yarmouth—to Scarborough, &c. &c. In short, during all the whimsies and caprices which have succeeded the lassitude and inertness of this her annual attack, we confess ourselves to have been a strict observer of her movements, and her most determined spies.—With these means of information in our power, we are enabled to display (both in the costume of our fashionable figures, as well as in our verbal description) a greater variety, and more enlarged delineation of taste, and elegance, than might be expected from the general stagnation of the season.

The improved style, universal neatness, correctness, and grace, which distinguishes the costume of our present race of British fair, have very justly and naturally rendered them objects of admiration and imitation to neighbouring nations.

The formal habits, and cumbrous ornaments of their ancestors, have long and happily given place to the Grecian drapery and gently-flowing robes of softest texture. Nature and simplicity are now in unison with taste and fashion, and need only to be accompanied by their hand-maid, modesty, to ensure them universal pre-eminence.

It is with satisfaction, therefore, that we remark, the bosoms of our *belles* to be more shaded of late.

Most prudent this! and most discerning she Who thus the secret keeps of pleasing.

The sated eye now keeps its proper bounds, that, like the heart, tires with unlimited indulgence, and on imagination loves to rest.

The round bosom, high in front, is now a most successful rival of the square one described in

our last Number. The backs are, however, still low, and the shoulders exposed. This display may be admitted, so long as it is confined to a fair, young, or plump person; and while they are meliorated by the flowing veil, whose sheltering delicacy heightens the beauty which it seeks to shade. This ornament (ever the subject of our commendation) is more general than ever; but it is now usually formed of an entire square of lace or net, bordered all round with a rich pattern; it is worn in various directions. Sometimes on the head, forming both cap and cloak at once, and others suspended from the crown of the hat, and covering the front of the figure. Round dresses of plain or worked muslin, with frock bodies of white satin, and a sash of the same the length of the train, are esteemed chastely elegant. Though the train will always be considered as graceful, and consistent in full dress, yet of late short dresses of clear muslin, or leno, with a rich embroidered or tamboured border all round, continued in the form of a wrap across the figure, and fastened with a silk cord and tassel on one side, is frequently seen on women of acknowledged taste and fashion. A slender, or at least a tall figure, can however alone adopt it with advantage. Plain muslin gowns, with embroidered back, sleeves, and border, are also very much esteemed.

Amidst the most elegant dresses noticed since our last communication, was one which decorated a celebrated beauty, at the fete given last week in the neighbourhood of Brighton. It was composed of white crape, embroidered round the bottom and up the front in links of gold, formed in a chain about the size of a half-crown piece. The bosom was so high as to require no neckerchief, the back and shoulders very low, and a short frock sleeve, with a cuff turned up in the form of a vandyke, each trimmed with a narrow chain of gold to correspond with the bottom. A purple scarf, with deep crimson border, with sprigs of gold dispersed all over it, fell over one shoulder, and the other end intermingled with the train. A small lace veil shaded negligently the most beautiful bright brown hair, and a large gold brooch, formed to represent a laurel leaf, with diamond berries, parted the hair in front, and corresponded with the comb which secured the hind tresses, and which glittered like stars through a thin mist beneath the transparent veil.

The *Maiden* spencer, or jacket *à la Stuart*, is at this moment unanimously called for by our fashionable *belles*. It is formed of white or coloured satin or sarsnet, and sometimes of muslin. The four little flaps which terminate it at the bottom of the waist behind, are not more than one-eighth deep, trimmed round with gold or silver

fringe. If the jacket is made of muslin or cambric, it is then ornamented with a Turkish ribband laid flat, or a border of embroidery in coloured silks. The lappels in front are left open; but a clasp of gold, silver, or steel, is seen at each end, bespeaking the intention of closing it over the bosom, as taste or inclination may direct.

Coloured foil borders are making rapid advances in the sphere of fashion. And we have seldom witnessed any thing more animated, or simply elegant, than a painted border of jay's feathers, on a plain muslin dress: it had a most novel effect. The sarsnet spenser, though a useful habit for the autumn, it is too general to be considered genteel. But the sarsnet scarf, formed of a long square, lined throughout, and trimmed all round with a Turkish ribband, is a new and distinguishing ornament. It is generally wrapped round the figure, agreeably to the fancy of the wearer; and its colour is commonly that of lead, dove, or light brown. The *pelice à la Turk* is a comfortable and consistent covering for the season.

Morning dresses continue to be made high in the neck, with a narrow collar the size of the throat, trimmed at each edge with muslin *à la corkscrew*. White satin ribband, or plain net lace, let in round the bottom between a regular division of tucks, and a white satin spenser waist, has a very elegant appearance.

It is impossible to compress the hair into too small a compass for the present mode. The double *tiara* is much adopted in full dress, and we have seldom seen a better suited or more becoming ornament.

The head is otherwise adorned simply, with its own native tresses, fastened with a steel, gold, or tortoiseshell comb, with or without a broach in front. Caps of various descriptions are still much worn, and are certainly a most becoming and consistent appendage to the morning dress.

Two new shirts have made their appearance since our last observations. The one open before, embroidered on each side and across the shoulders; a fall of lace or plaiting of net round the throat; but no collar. The other is embroidered on the bosom in the form of a triangle; a band of the same pattern is continued tight round the throat, uniting to the shirt as a collar; but has a much more novel effect. The top and bottom of the band is edged with a very narrow net.—This shirt is particularly adapted for the Turkish robe, or flowing spenser, as it forms a pretty front of a dress, and with a petticoat bordered with needle-work, has the appearance of a complete short dress.

Brown beaver hats, of various shades, and slouched, have been much worn at the watering-

places this autumn; but the sarsnet hat and bonnet still prevail. Chip and straw hats are on the decline; those of the gipsy form are the only ones seen on fashionable women. Shoes of tea-colour, brown, or grey, are generally esteemed for undress; but in full dress those of white satin take place of white kid; and with a silk stocking of French white, with transparent clocks, are the most elegant and chaste dress for the leg and foot we have witnessed for some time.

The fashion of trinkets have undergone little alteration since our last Number; except that the Maltese cross, formed of diamonds, pearl, ivory, and gold, is considered as a new and very elegant ornament. It is suspended from chains of diamond, pearl, or gold. The armlet of hair, and bracelet of the same, with the new patent clasp, is a most pleasing and interesting ornament.—Broaches are more than ever in request, and are used to fasten the shirt at the collar, the gown at the bosom, and to divide the hair in front. Natural flowers are adopted by females of discriminating taste; and refreshers, on a new construction, are invented to perpetuate their bloom and freshness.

The prevailing colours for the season are, pale rose, yellow, violet, and green; though the summer colours, of fainter hues, are not entirely laid aside.

PICTURE OF THE MANNERS OF MODERN PARIS.

Paris, Sept. 6.

It appears extraordinary, that no one, either in France or in any other country, has undertaken to exhibit, in a complete picture, the result of the French Revolution. That part of the picture, for which it will be necessary to wait forty or fifty years, will not prevent the execution of the other, which may, without danger, afford our cotemporaries wholesome instruction and amusement.

Our beloved Paris has recently improved, in an extraordinary degree, in internal morality, without, however, losing the smallest portion of its internal depravity.

With respect to our marriages, the lawyers and divorce-mongers find scarcely any employment; for the justices of the peace treat a husband or a wife, when they first bring their complaints before them, too much in the style of moral censors; and besides this, they deter the parties, by drawing a terrible picture of the expences, chicanery, and long delay, of law proceedings. The complainants take the matter once more into consideration; and, rather than make the scandal still more public, agree to an apparent reconciliation, that they may conduct themselves the

more shameless in private. A simple wife, who is informed by some malicious gossip of the dancing hall where her husband spends the Sunday evening with an acquaintance, as it is termed, and in the first impulse of her passion, hurries to the spot, and overwhelms the loving pair with her scolding and complaints—such a woman is greatly to blame: out of respect to public decency, she should have kept the matter private; she should have recollected, that her kind lord and master takes only one Sunday in the whole month for himself, and that he passes the three others in her company; at any rate, she should not have made any noise about such a trifle. When the woman goes to the Magistrate, he does not tell her that she is wrong with regard to the principal point, but he finds fault with the form; he says, that in such cases people ought not to cut off their nose to be revenged of their face; that is, confirm their shame by witnesses. The Confessor will exhort her to reconciliation, at least for the sake of her children, that they may not be made acquainted with their father's faults. Hence it is extremely easy to conceive, why a jealous husband, at Paris, has almost every body against him; and why, out of respect to good morals, he ought to give himself very little concern about those of his wife. The most important duty is not to refrain from sin, but to conceal it.

In the relations between parents and children, a similar system prevails. The law renders it extremely difficult, and almost impossible, to marry contrary to the will of parents. The law, however, has not prohibited the procreation of children; and it is quite sufficient, if it be not obvious to the public eye, whether the young progeny are legitimate or illegitimate, and if they do not come into the world before the face of their parents. There is no violation of morals, as long as the children have not polluted the paternal habitation. Thus, in spite of the difficulty of marrying without the consent of parents, it is the more easy to form an illegitimate connection; and a regular housekeeping between persons, the eldest of whom is not eighteen, is the more common. These connections deprive the parents of not the smallest portion of their former respect; the children are not acting against their consent, as long as that consent has neither been demanded nor refused. With many parents, such an establishment is a desirable ob-

ject; it relieves them from the burden of a dowry: the two young people maintain themselves; nay, they have perhaps been sent away at the age of 13 or 14 from their fathers' houses, in order to procure their own subsistence. The grandmother then speaks publicly, and without reserve, not indeed of her grandchildren, but she calls them children of her son, who is not married: the father, whose daughter lives in this kind of illegal union, calls her companion, not her husband, but her man.

The magnitude of the city, the multitudes in every quarter, and even in every house, prevent what would, strictly speaking, constitute the immoral side of the business in Paris: that is, nobody takes any notice of the affair; and, when a child comes into the world, every one supposes that it has a father, and he who fetched the midwife pass among the neighbours not only for the person who actually begot the child, but likewise for as good a husband as the best of them.

In the more licentious pleasures, of every description, there is no occasion to pay attention to any thing but to keep up appearances. A handsome woman, who dresses better than her circumstances would admit, and on that account justly incurs suspicion, is not an object of censure, as long as she manages her matters with decorum. Nay, what is still more remarkable, a pretty woman, of the middling class, who is neither rich nor advantageously married, has not even the right to conduct herself virtuously. If she complain of the hardness of the times, she is called a simpleton, or a stupid creature, who does not know how to observe exterior decorum; she is reproached with the meanness of her dress, and is told to her face, that in an age in which men know how to do justice to the sex, a woman must be a downright fool, or a haughty prude, not to profit by circumstances. Thus a lady who has a natural propensity to dissipation, may gratify it with the utmost decency; she is the more amiable, the more she possesses the talent of passing certain limits with ease; she has so much the more understanding and wit, the more delicate are the traces in which her deviations are discovered; that is, the more capable she is of living in high style, and in that portion of the higher class of society which values itself not on purity, but on refinement of manners.