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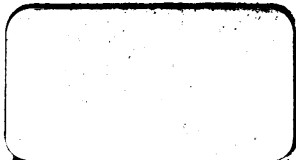


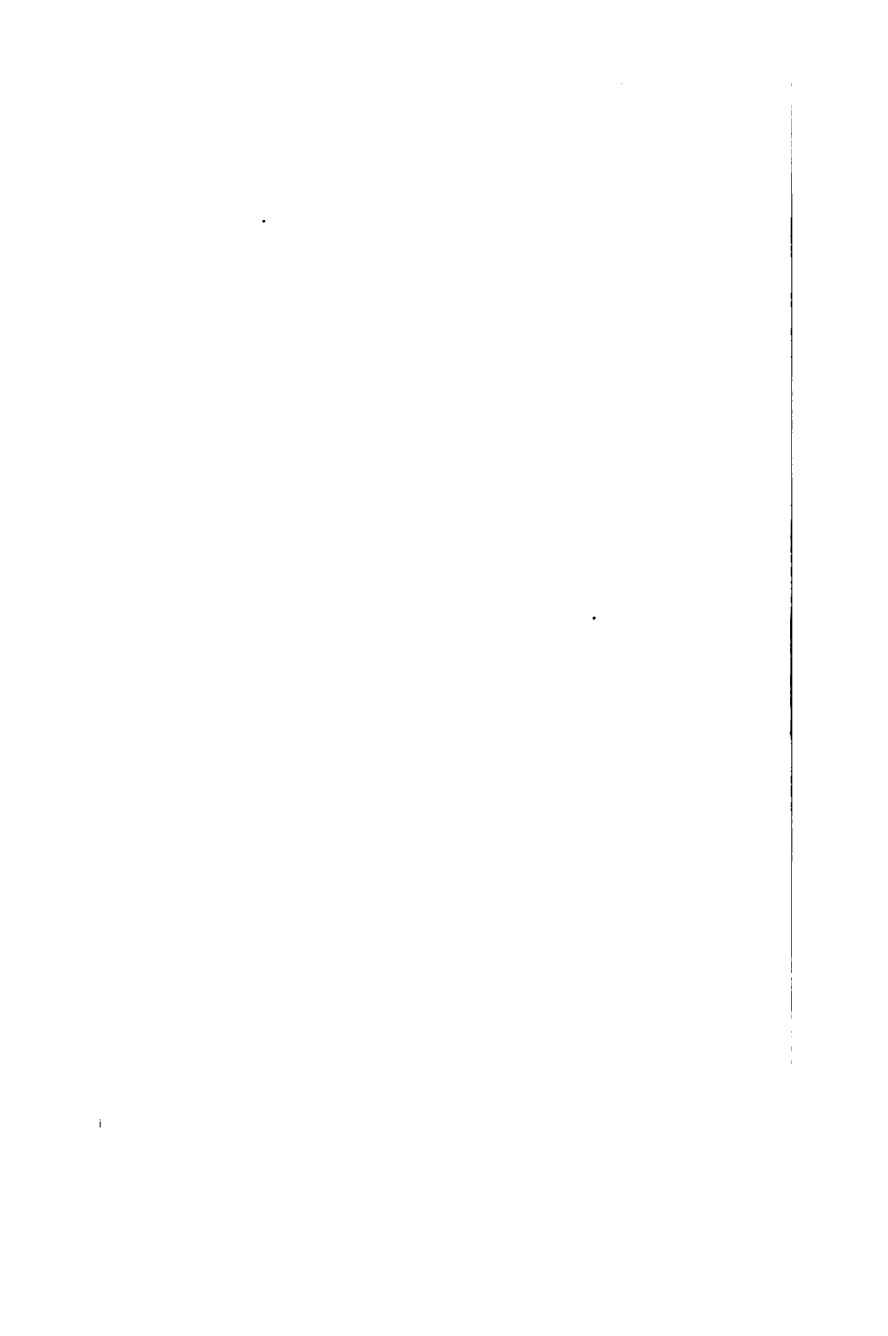
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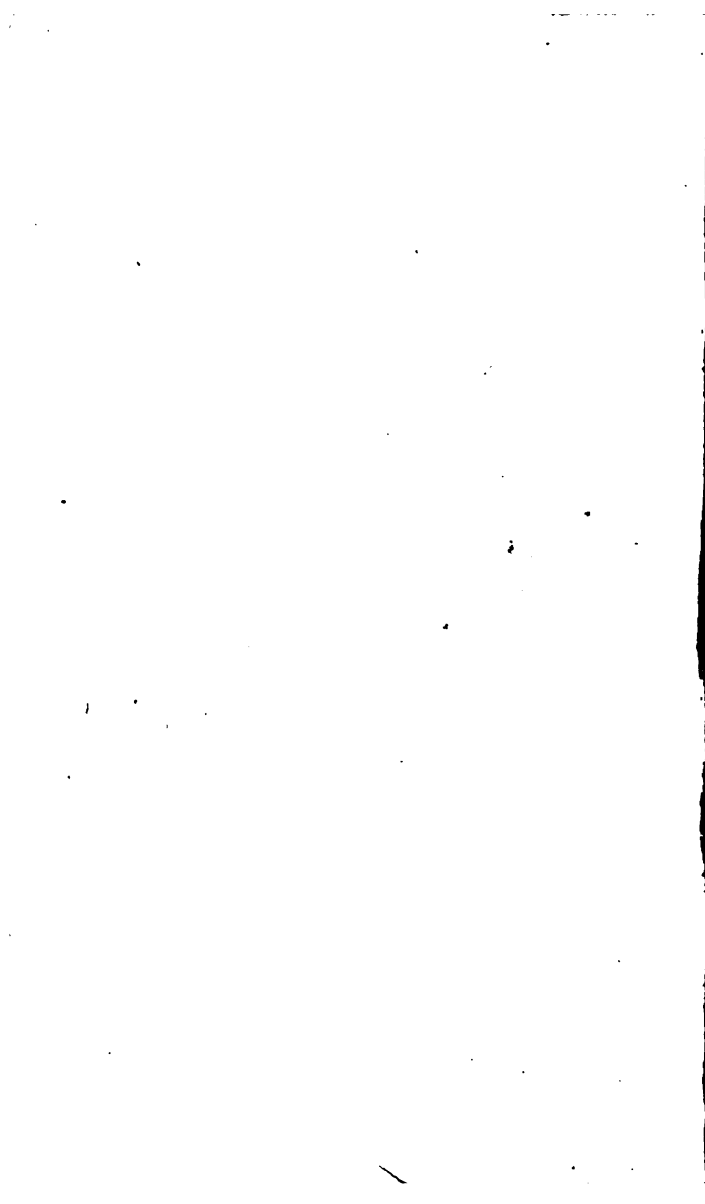
CLASS OF 1882

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A
SATIRICAL VIEW
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A
SATIRICAL VIEW
OF
LONDON.

BY JOHN CORRY,
Author of the Detector of Quackery,
&c. &c. &c.

..... London is by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital in all the world—
By riot and incontinence the worst.

COWPER.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

London.

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TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
SPENCER PERCEVAL,
 CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
 &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

In an age remarkable for that laxity of principle which evidently aims at the combination of virtue and vice, I have been induced to re-publish a work, the direct tendency of which is the correction of error. On a review of the many estimable individuals, illustrious for their uniform adherence to rectitude, even in this age, I find none to whom I can with greater propriety inscribe the subsequent pages than yourself.

I also feel gratified at this opportunity of testifying my personal respect for a character at once amiable and benign; at the same time that I felicitate my country on the acquisition of a statesman equally respectable for his public and private virtues.

I have the honour to be 132

Your very obliged 145

And obedient humble servant, 157

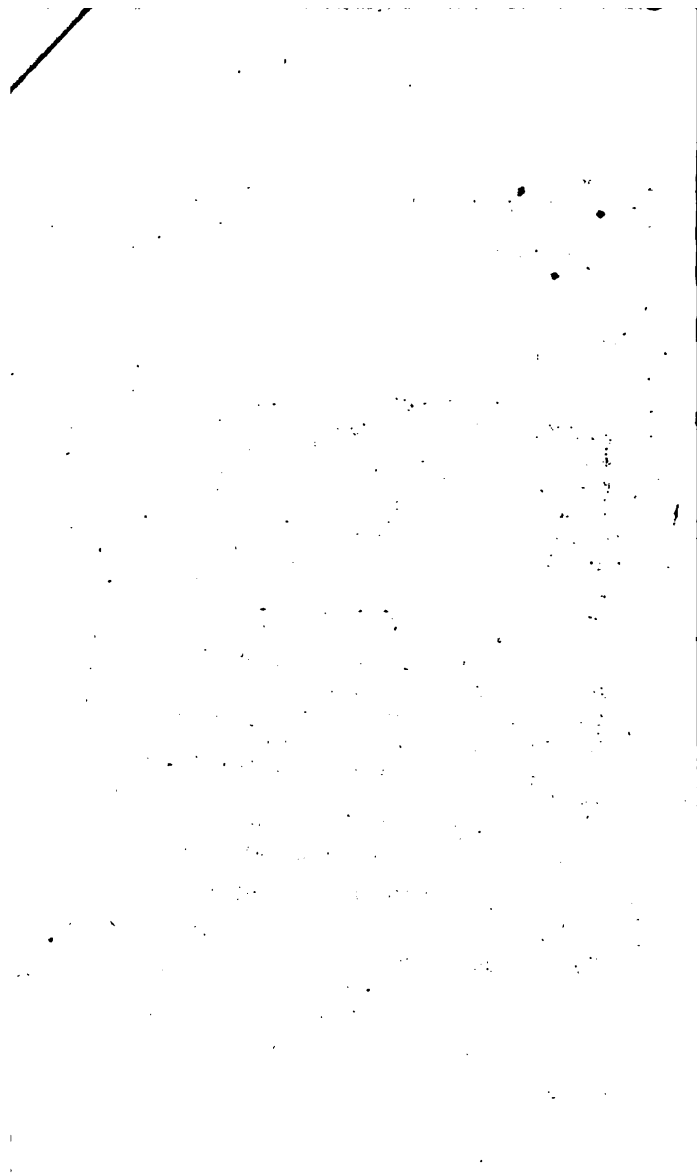
JOHN A... 169

Bristol, Jan. 1, 1809.

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A very entertaining and well-written performance; the author of which appears to be a man of extensive knowledge, and just observation, possessing also an acute discrimination of characters and manners. We say that it is well-written, and so it certainly is.

Monthly Review for June, 1801.

INTRODUCTION.



AMONG those cities celebrated in history for extent, magnificence, and population, London has for ages been conspicuous. The very name of this renowned capital excites a sublime emotion in the youthful and adventurous individual who, emulous of distinction, pants to realize the expectations inspired by the fame of London. Nor is this ambition peculiar to the inhabitants of the British isles; adventurers from every civilized nation have also aspired to eminence in the English metropolis, where public patronage is impartially conferred on every meritorious candidate.

Paris has indeed disputed the pre-eminence of London, but the pretensions of those rival cities to distinction are very different: for while the French capital is enriched by the plunder of surrounding nations, and even tyranny itself derives a temporary lustre from martial achievement, the English metropolis supports her opulence, dignity, and glory, by commercial enterprize.

In this immense capital, including a circumference of twenty-six miles, and containing many myriads of human beings, the observant mind is gratified with an inexhaustible variety of interesting objects. Society, in all its gradations, from regal dignity to the depression of indigence, affords a rich fund of amusement and instruction. The enjoyments and the evils of life exist in this great city in all their varieties; and the pursuits and manners of the busy, the gay, and the dissipated, who successively appear in this world in miniature, present complex views of human nature which puzzle the speculative philosopher, and afford ample gratification to curiosity.

Admiration is the first emotion which arises in the mind of a stranger on his arrival in London. The extent of the squares, the residence of wealth and grandeur; the magnificence of the bridges, unequalled by any other effort of human labour; and the splendour of the principal streets, with shops and warehouses overflowing with every necessary of life, every elegance of inventive genius, and every production of nature and art for the gratification of luxury; overwhelm the imagination. A healthy and active population crowd the streets; the footways present an animated scene of passengers, moving along the same pavement like two different streams;

the air is filled with the noise, and the earth trembles beneath the pressure of various carriages, some for the accommodation of the opulent, drawn by fleet horses with the velocity of the wind, and others conveying articles of commerce, with a slow and regular motion, to the place of their destination.

A general and cursory survey of the streets of London might induce the stranger to imagine that he had arrived in a perfect paradise. The beauty of elegant women moving with graceful ease in the public streets, the air of satisfaction with which numbers of tradesmen hasten along, eager for the completion of some important transaction, and the complacent smile of groups of young gentlemen sauntering arm in arm, might mislead the visitor into an opinion that London was the spot which happiness had chosen for a perpetual residence.

The experience of a few days will, however, effectually remove the illusion; all the false lustre diffused by novelty will vanish, and London and its inhabitants appear as they are. Then will the visitor, no longer the dupe of his own good-nature, be ready to exclaim with the poet—

" Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
 Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
 And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,
 And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
 That pleasest and yet shock'st me; I can laugh,
 And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
 Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!"

London has, indeed, since the revival of letters, been an inexhaustible theme, on which panegyric and censure have equally been employed, according to the views of the describer; for while the man of warm imagination expatiated with rapture on the delights of life which abound in this vast capital, the moralist discovered so much of error and depravity, that his picture of the English metropolis was a picture of deformity. Perhaps a medium between these extremes would present a more accurate portraiture of the manners and characters most notorious in London, a city which is in the most extensive sense of the word the *capital* of the united kingdom. It is, indeed, the attractive centre of science, intelligence, and opulence; the important spot where legislators enact, and sovereigns give activity to the laws; the depository of the national wealth, and the citadel of national glory; the school of genius, and the temple of intellectual refinement.

▼

Whatever can amuse the fancy or improve the taste in the most finished productions of human ingenuity, may be found in this emporium of commerce, knowledge, and elegance. In London the intellectual powers of man are excited by the animating motives of competition, emolument, and reputation, to a degree of energetic vigour unattainable in the seclusion of retirement.—Hence, whatever is excellent in those polished arts which contribute to refinement, is to be found in this celebrated city—a city more worthy of the attention of the philosopher than ancient Rome in the zenith of her glory.

It may be asserted, that a publication like the present is superfluous, because morality has been recommended by the elegant essays of Addison and others; but every age has its peculiar follies and fashions, which require the correction of the satirist, nor is the present day deficient in subjects of animadversion. Though the liveliest exertions of intellect are incompetent to depict the ever-varying lights and shades that form a picture of London, yet the attempt may afford an agreeable amusement both to the writer and the reader. To combine cheerfulness with reflection, and candour with satire, has been the design of the Author, and the public patronage has crowned his efforts with success.

The two most powerful motives that keep this vast community in continual agitation, like the undulations of the ocean, are the love of pleasure and the love of gain. Venus and her auxiliary, Bacchus, reign in the fashionable circles. Masquerades, balls, fêtes, public and private theatres, and all the luxurious delights that fancy can devise, minister to the passions and appetites of those sons and daughters of dissipation. Assignations, seduction, adultery, and elopements, engage the attention of the voluptuous throng; and were a temple erected in honour of Cytherea, those numerous votaries who worship her in private would doubtless form a long procession to offer their gifts upon her altars.

In the city, Plutus has a great proportion of worshippers, insomuch, that were a golden image like that of Nebuchadnezzar to be erected, numbers would surround the precious idol, and, with uplifted hands and admiring eyes, exclaim, "Gold, thou art the object of our constant devotion, thy influence has extinguished the light of justice and humanity in our minds!"

London being inhabited by a medley of various nations, must consequently exhibit a curious diversity of characters. To delineate these with the pencil of satire; to trace deception and vice to their secret haunts, and

expose them to public ridicule and detestation, wherever they may be found; is the proper business of the honest satirist. It has ever been his privilege to "*shoot folly as it flies,*" and if some readers feel that they are exhibited in colours too glaring, let them relinquish those follies which are subjects of ridicule, and the censure will be no longer applicable to them.

This work contains not only characteristics of the native citizens, but of people from different countries now resident in the English metropolis; remarks on public amusements and modern literature; animadversions on existing follies and vices; and a satirical description of some persons of distinction conspicuous for their career of dissipation.

The Appendix contains a plan for the melioration of morals, and institution of parochial associations for the encouragement of industry and virtue. Let the opulent inhabitants of this great city consider all the human beings resident here as the inmates of one immense mansion, in which there are apartments appropriated to different persons, according to their rank, and where it must be for the general good that each should be comfortably accommodated, so that none shall feel any temptation to infringe the rights or pro-

perty of another. . A little reflection will convince us that at most this noble emporium is merely a heritage occupied by successive generations, in which each individual should be solicitous to make such lasting improvements as may render his memory dear to posterity.



THE
FIRST
PART
OF
THE
SATIRICAL
VIEW
OF
LONDON.

SATIRICAL

VIEW OF LONDON.



Characteristics of the Inhabitants of London.

THE first order of citizens which claims our attention is the merchants, who are undoubtedly the most opulent and respectable in the world, whether considered as men of business, or private individuals. Many of the merchants who have received a liberal education, and travelled to form commercial connections, are intelligent and enterprising men; but it must be confessed that the greater number are rather confined in their ideas, and consider the art of accumulating wealth as the principal excellence. Dr. Johnson says, "there is nothing in trade connected with greatness of mind;" on

the other hand, it may safely be asserted, that commerce is essentially instrumental to the diffusion of knowledge. The same ship that comes freighted with merchandise, may import a still more valuable acquisition to the state, in the person of the traveller or philosopher, who comes to communicate new discoveries in science.

In consequence of their frequent intermarriages with the nobility, the higher order of citizens are not only more refined, but more luxurious than their ancestors. Many of them are possessed of elegant villas in the circumjacent counties, to which they occasionally retire from the bustle of business; but the love of rural scenes, which is so natural to man, seldom predominates in the mind of the merchant, till he has realised an immense fortune. Indeed, the desire of gain has become so habitual to several citizens, that they continue to deal in stock long after they have resigned the more arduous toils of commerce. The darling pursuit of the citizen of London is wealth, and he cheerfully devotes the energies of his mind to the attainment of that object.

The amusements of the higher class of citizens are similar to those of the great, whose fashions and follies the city dames and belles are emulous to imitate. They tread in the path defined by the arbitresses of the mode;

and their expensive and crowded routs prove their strong propensity to pleasurable extravagance.

Another trait of their increasing passion for dissipation, is the eagerness with which the wives and daughters of the rich citizens annually visit the watering places. There, freed from the restraints of domestic propriety, they boldly launch into the stream of *high life*; where steered by passion, they are often shipwrecked on the shoals of levity, or engulfed by the quicksands of vice.

“ Your prudent grand-mamas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,
When health requir'd it would consent to roam;
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys;
And all impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea ”

The principal foible of the more respectable order of citizens is self-importance, assumed from a consciousness of the possession of riches. Their most shining qualities are probity and benevolence.

A great proportion of the opulent tradesmen not having country seats, and their amusements being limited

by the locality of their sphere of action, they naturally turn their attention to the enjoyment of domestic comfort. In this respect they are undoubtedly happier than any other mercantile people upon the globe. Indeed the elegance and convenience of their houses and furniture, the excellence of their food, and their cleanliness of person and dress, are indescribable.

With respect to the generality of those artists, tradesmen, and mechanics, who inhabit the city, they are a self-opinionated people. Accustomed to behold the magnificence of the public buildings, and the abundance of merchandise which fills the shops and warehouses, they by an absurd association of ideas consider themselves connected with this grandeur and opulence, and hold every foreigner in contempt.

Their pride, however, seldom originates in a consciousness of personal merit; in that respect it must be acknowledged they are unassuming. They form a much more judicious estimate of the value of things; and are proud of their riches, the opulence of their relatives, comparatively brisk trade, and other accidental circumstances. Their knowledge is very limited, inso-much that they would prefer a good dinner, or even a pot of porter and clean pipe, to the circle of the sciences,

In consequence of this too general neglect of learning, many of them remain in a state of ignorance, which notwithstanding their cleverness in trade, renders them liable to be duped by quack doctors and impostors of every description. Indeed, their self love is highly gratified by these gentleman-like foreigners who come smiling and bowing to impose on their credulity. They imagine that these strangers are drawn hither by the fame of the capital, and come to admire its inhabitants.

Their mental attainments are generally confined to a knowledge of trade, and the calculation of money, and they really consider themselves as the greatest people in the world. A citizen of London, enviable pre-eminence! of which no deficiency of genius can deprive the happy possessor. This alone confers an imaginary dignity on every rank of citizens, from the smutty sweep-chimney to the gambling stock-jobber.

While the citizen beholds men of various nations throng to London, his estimation of himself, and his contempt of the adventurers who come to partake of his bounty, are both raised to the highest pitch. On the other hand, the ingenious and the knavish who assemble here are attracted by the fame of the metropolis, and consider the natives as a dull, plodding, mercantile race,

incapable of generous sentiments, and liable to be duped by a variety of artifices.

Their wives and daughters sometimes visit the theatres, where they make a rapid progress in refinement. Wonderful indeed must be the improvement of the youthful females who frequent those elegant temples of the Graces, where nonsense is so often substituted for wit, and pantomime for tragedy. Yet these are the public places where our gay young women obtain refined sentiments, which, with the aid of novels and romances, confine the mind to girlish attainments, ferment impure desires, and inflate female pride.

One characteristic of the female citizens is the freedom with which they analyse the actions of their neighbours. They liberally censure each other, not from any gratification which they receive from satire, but purely for mutual edification. This love of scandal, which so generally prevails among the natives of London, is cherished by their circumscribed situation: great minds like theirs, unwilling to remain inactive, must have some interesting object to contemplate and expatiate on. In this point of view, every tea-table conversation may be considered as a lecture of moral philosophy,

where the auditors are instructed in the best mode of tracing the defects of others.

The clubs of different denominations into which the lower classes of mechanics and tradesmen form themselves, often prove detrimental to domestic comfort. Profusion at the alehouse is productive of want at home.—Discontent and discord interrupt matrimonial happiness; and the husband, stung with the reproaches of his wife, and alienated by the joyous gratifications of conviviality with his pot-companions, neglects his family and his business; consequently he is either arrested for debt, or enlists, leaving his wife and children to be supported by the parish.

Benefit societies, however, are useful and excellent institutions, by which a subsistence is secured to each member during indisposition; and were they to become general throughout the empire, they would have the most salutary effects both on the health and morals of the people, by promoting industry and beneficence.

During their Sunday rambles, the Cockneys often turn to gaze upon the dear town; and doubtless several of them would be afraid to lose sight of the spire of St. Paul's, lest they should not find their way home. The

architect who erected that magnificent cathedral, would have conceived an exalted idea of the religion of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, had he known that the superb dome, so justly admired by all lovers of architecture, would serve merely as a finger-post to the gay citizens in their pedestrian excursions.

On a general survey it appears that the grand characteristics of the inhabitants of London are an indefatigable pursuit of business or pleasure, a ridiculous passion for notoriety among the higher, and an affectation of gentility among the subordinate classes of the community. Indeed a passion for "pleasure, fame, or pelf," agitates the bosom of the multitude, from the titled fool of quality and his extravagant mistress, down through the various gradations of society, to the rout of the washerwoman and the Sunday evening musical party of the hackney-coachman.

ENGLISHMEN.

A considerable part of this great community is composed of the natives of England, who come from the different provinces to reside in London. They are in general healthy, active, industrious men, whose assistance in the more laborious avocations is highly conducive to the ease and comfort of the citizens.

Many of them are shopkeepers, whose probity requires no eulogium. Mechanics form another division of those settlers; and almost the whole weight of the drudgery of London rests on stout young men from the country, who are allured to town by the expectation of higher wages than the farmers can afford to give. These adventurers find ample scope for the exercise of their corporeal and mental powers in this metropolis, into which they incessantly flow like streams into a reservoir.

They are distinguishable by the peculiarity of their provincial dialect, so different from the language of the Cockney; while their florid countenances, and muscular forms, sufficiently evince that they are not natives of a city.

That *good sense* which has ever been the characteristic of the English nation, is the most conspicuous trait of these honest men, whose activity contributes so much to the prosperity of London. A firmness which sometimes borders on obstinacy marks the unsophisticated countryman, who is more sincere, though less polished, than the luxurious citizen.

Goldsmith has distinctly characterised this description of Englishmen in the following lines:—

—————A thoughtful band,
 “ By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand !
 “ Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 “ True to imagin'd right—above controul.
 “ While e'en the peasant boasts those rights to scan,
 “ And learns to venerate himself as man.”

WELCHMEN.

Most of the Welch residents in London have imperceptibly adopted the manners of their English neighbours, yet their characteristic sincerity is still perceptible to the reflecting observer.

Honest in their dealings, proud of their ancestry, and inflated with an imaginary superiority which they feel as ancient Britons, they are too apt to have a contemptuous opinion of the rest of mankind; but they are generally distinguished by that simple dignity of conduct which is ever the companion of integrity.

Among our modern writers, the name of Pennant appears with honour to himself and his birth-place; and Wales can boast of a lawyer who has perhaps never been

excelled in adherence to justice. Lord Kenyon was indeed an ornament to his country, and entitled to the applause of every honest man. Unawed by those vicious characters in high life who encourage licentiousness by their voice and example, his virtue was too exalted to associate or coincide with titled voluptuaries, and his name will be celebrated by the historian, when Lord W*****, now M. of L—, the M. of B—, and the rest of the elegant circle of modern adulterers and adulteresses, with **** himself at their head, will only be recorded as instances of profligacy.

SCOTCHMEN.

The principal motive of a North Briton's visit to London is a desire to profit by his learning and genius.—Frugal, temperate, and religious, his natural sagacity is preserved amidst the enervating allurements of the town; hence he pursues his avocations with steadiness, and appropriates the fruits of his industry with the strictest economy. His success is facilitated by that national partiality for which Scotchmen are remarkable. Their readiness to promote a reciprocation of benefits is like the brotherly-love of the Quakers, and highly praise-worthy; though it has a tendency to suppress that universal benevolence which should ever actuate the human mind.

Scotchmen have been long reproached with national prejudice; but, as that is a species of self-love which exists in different degrees in every mind, perhaps they are not more reprehensible in that respect than the people of other nations. Indeed the resentment which they generally express against the most elegant tourist who ever explored their country is irrational.

Dr. Johnson travelled to observe the appearance of the country, and the manners of its inhabitants; every unprejudiced mind is delighted with his narrative, but unfortunately, as he was defective in the organs of vision, many of the majestic woods of Caledonia escaped his observation.

To compensate for this deficiency, however, another tourist, professor St. Fond, has described Scotland in such a manner as must be very gratifying to every lover of natural history. As the French philosophers have ever been remarkable for their adherence to *truth*, and aversion to *hyperbolical description*, we may conclude that St. Fond's account is accurate. According to him, the face of the country is much improved since Dr. Johnson visited it. He describes the soil as fertile, and the people remarkable for their hospitality, learning, piety, and refinement of manners. This ac-

count is corroborated by a modern description of Scotland, published at Edinburgh, which is written in a kind of poetical prose, replete with all the imagery of a fine invention.

The Scotchmen resident in London are industrious, frugal people, punctual in their dealings, and indefatigable in the acquisition of wealth.

With respect to their merit as authors, Scotchmen have often distinguished themselves as historians, critics, moralists, divines, and physicians.

In polemical divinity they have made a conspicuous figure, yet the pernicious principles of modern philosophy have made some inroads among them. It is remarkable that those Scotchmen who degenerate into sceptics and deists, revile Christianity with more malignancy than the unbelievers of any other nation. These apostates had received a religious education which enjoined moral purity and self-denial, consequently when they became *lovers of pleasure*, their hatred of the truth was greater from the remorse which accompanied their defection;—as weak eyes are pained by the vivid rays of solar light.

The natives of Scotland now resident in this metropolis may be divided into four classes:—nobility and gentry; merchants and tradesmen; literary adventurers; and labourers: all of whom we shall describe indiscriminately under the general heads. At the same time it is but just to observe, that in all these different classes, Scotchmen will bear an honourable competition with the men of any other nation.

Among other moral qualities which adorn the North Briton, his honesty and veracity are the most conspicuous. The Scotch nation has for many ages been illustrious for a steady adherence to Christianity. Their writers have indeed rather represented truth with the solemn air of a recluse, than the more animated demeanour of a smiling grace, but the people have nevertheless proved their attachment to her dictates even to martyrdom! To use the words of the pious Dr. Beattie, his countrymen are *inflexible in faith*; and though those resident in London may have relaxed somewhat of the austerity enjoined by a religious education, yet they are generally a worthy people, whose integrity is founded on the imperishable basis of Revelation.

IRISHMEN.

No people of any nation now resident in London present such a curious diversity of character as the Irish.

We shall first classify and delineate those Irishmen most remarkable for their oddities, or foibles, and conclude with the most estimable.

Among the other qualifications of young Irishmen who migrate to this city their eloquence is the most remarkable. From their constitutional vivacity they are generally possessed of such a superabundance of animal spirits that their loquacity is astonishing. In almost every tavern or coffee-house we meet with one or more of these orators, whose wit and fluency are exerted for the amusement of the company.

Whatever be the topic—philosophy, politics, or the news of the day—the Irish orator speaks with impressive energy; and this communicative disposition is doubtless sometimes pleasing, and sometimes tiresome to his auditory.

Our most sensible poet observes, that

“ Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.”

This simile is sometimes applicable to the Irish orator, but the true cause of his volubility is the sprightliness of

his imagination. This is also the reason why lively Irishmen so often commit blunders, as they generally speak without much reflection or arrangement of ideas. Were we to account physically for this *flux of sounds*, it might be asserted that it is necessary both for the health of the individual and the peace of society that the volatile Irishman should be privileged to talk as much as he thinks proper—whether sense, nonsense, or, as is too often the case, an intermixture of both. For is it not probable that those vivid animal spirits which when volatilised fly off from the tip of the tongue, would if retained, operate like heated quicksilver; and, by taking some other course, agitate the limbs, and discharge themselves in kicks and cuffs to the great annoyance of the community? This hypothesis deserves the attention of the faculty; and if duly investigated by a Scotch or German medical writer, might form a valuable treatise of four or five hundred pages quarto!

Another singular class of Irishmen consists of those adventurers who repair to London as fortune-hunters, and assume the character of gentlemen. They are generally handsome well-made men, and decorate their natural comeliness with a fashionable dress. Thus equipped, they frequent the theatres, masquerades, and public walks; and eagerly seize every opportunity to ingratiate

themselves with the fair sex. Their assiduity and lively conversation are accomplishments of the highest order in the estimation of the ladies, who, charmed with their humorous compliments, and the earnestness with which they urge their suit, often terminate the amour by an elopement, and a trip to Grefna-green.

A little reflection, however, must convince a young woman that the man who feels an honourable attachment will ever be willing to receive her hand from her parent or guardian; and she ought to reject the proffered love of every suitor, however amiable, who hesitates to avow his sentiments to her friends.

Another class of Irishmen are those labourers who principally inhabit the noisome lanes and alleys of St. Giles's, and whose depravity exhibits a picture of human nature from which the philanthropist turns mournfully away, however gratifying it might be to the misanthrope. Yet the immorality of these beings is not so great as it has been represented; the seeds of virtue remain uncultivated in their hearts, while their follies and vices germinate in the foul atmosphere of obscenity. Their absurdities, though many, are generally ludicrous; and their actions form a tragi-comic series, indicative of feeling and humour. For instance, they have a great

réverence for Saint Pancras' church-yard, as ground consecrated by the remains of good catholics from time immemorial. On the death of any of their fraternity, they carry the deceased on a bier to that repository, having previously cheered themselves with a dram to dissipate gloomy ideas. By the time the corpœ is interred, the liquor having begun to operate, after several agreeable jests, some man of nicer feelings than the rest takes offence at another, loud sounds of discord are vociferated in the Irish language by the opponents, blows succeed, and a battle royal of perhaps a dozen of combatants presents an animated scene in the field opposite the cemetery.

When they have vented their passion, and bestowed a number of contusions on each other with the greatest liberality, they shake hands, and march off the field of battle to the next alehouse, where they drown their animosity in generous liquor; and on their return to town, one of the party exerts his vocal powers in some humorous Irish song, while his companions join in chorus.

Having sketched a description of the foibles of those young Irishmen who come to London to *cut a dash*, and also given a picture of the manners of the Irish labourers in this city, it would be illiberal not to characterise their

countrymen who are distinguishable for more dignity of mind.

It is among the highest classes of the Irish that we are to look for the brighter tints of character, and no people possess more exalted ideas of honour and magnanimity. The Irish nobility and gentry are perhaps reprehensible in a patriotic point of view for drawing the cash from their tenantry in Ireland, but this metropolis derives a manifest advantage from that circumstance.

The foible of the Irish nobility and gentry resident in London is a passion for luxurious pleasures; and the virtues which they possess in an eminent degree are candour, hospitality, and generosity. These amiable traits of mind are indeed hereditary among every class of the Irish nation: even their enemies confess the truth of the assertion. But undoubtedly their candour too often degenerates into insolence, and their generosity becomes profusion. Could they pursue the golden mean equally remote from extremes, they possess those social qualities of the heart which are essential to the happiness of society.

The middle, and indeed the most estimable, class of Irish residents in the English metropolis, is composed of

merchants and tradesmen, and perhaps no men evince more honour, candour, and generosity, in all their transactions. These are the Irishmen who, by avoiding the vortex of dissipation, become some of the greatest ornaments of society.

Comparison of the English, Scotch, and Irish, now resident in London.

“ Though black and white blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, are there no black and white?”

POPE.

It is amusing to develop the distinguishing traits of the natives of these three kingdoms, now united in one mighty empire.

The *love* of the Englishman, though often intense, is commonly influenced by some secondary consideration, such as riches, convenience, or the benefit of a respectable connection. The North Briton loves a *bonnie lassie* dearly, and his affection is not diminished by the expectation of a dowry: while the Hibernian, though often reproached as a fortune-hunter, generally loves his mistress for her beauty and accomplishments.

The *friendship* of the Englishman is cordial and consistent; the Scotchman is also a sincere friend: the

friendship of the Irishman, though more fervid, is like the blaze of a taper, too often liable to be extinguished by the first gust of his anger.

In *religion*, the Englishman is as systematic as in the regulation of his business; the Scotchman is still more strict in performing the duties of his faith; and the Irishman, who loves God and his neighbour as well as either, is seldom solicitous to appear religious.

In *literature*, as in commerce, the Englishman has a large capital, which he improves to the greatest advantage: the Scotchman, who derives part of his intellectual wealth from others as it were by inheritance, applies the rich bequest of Homer, Virgil, and other illustrious ancients, to his own use with propriety; but he rather lives on the interest than increases the stock. On the contrary, the Irishman inherits but little from the ancients. His literary wealth consists in the rich, but unrefined ore of his own genius, with which he adventures to almost every part of the globe, and is often unsuccessful, though sometimes his bullion is coined into current money.

For solid learning, sound philosophy, and the happiest flights of the epic and the dramatic muse, the Eng-

lish may hazard a comparison with any other nation.— The Scotch literati, with less claim to originality, successfully pursue the useful researches of divinity, history, and criticism; while the Irish, without either the extensive knowledge of the former, or the discriminating sagacity of the latter, often excel in genuine wit, ironical humour which commands risibility, and that pathos of sensibility which melts the heart. In support of this assertion, England has produced a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakspeare; Scotland can boast of a Blair, a Robertson, and a Beattie; and Ireland, as a proof of the justice of her pretensions, can bring forward a Swift, a Goldsmith, and a Sterne.

With respect to *pride*, the Englishman glories in the superiority of his country in wealth, trade, and civilization; and his opinion is confirmed by beholding people from all nations in London. The ambition of the North Briton is cherished by his learning, and the antiquity of his family; and the pride of the Irishman is generally confined to his own endowments, the beauty of his mistress or wife, or the accomplishments of his friend.

Both the Scotch and Irish residents in London seem pretty unanimous in their preference of the productions of their respective countries to those of England.—

From their eulogiums it should appear, that the oat-cakes of the former were, like the heavenly manna, delicious to every palate; and the potatoes of the latter, at least equal in flavour to pine-apples! What renders this species of vanity the more censurable is, the conviction which they must feel of the present superiority of England in cultivation and produce. The causes of this are obvious to every comprehensive mind. London has long been the seat of government, consequently its progress in arts and refinement must have had a powerful effect on the improvement of the country. Hither the most ingenious men of both Scotland and Ireland repair for patronage, and the nation that rewards them naturally receives the first benefit of their improvements in agriculture, or any other of the useful arts.

The hereditary ill-will which has for ages existed between the people of Great Britain and Ireland deserves the investigation of the philanthropist. Britons have been accustomed to consider the Irish as barbarians, and to hate them with the most unfeigned sincerity; while the Irish are not ungrateful for the contempt shewn by their neighbouring islanders; and to do them justice, their animosity has been equally malignant.

What renders this disposition still more rational is, that the people of both countries profess a religion

which inculcates *peace and good-will* among men! but they seem to have forgot this precept, or rather they act in direct contrariety to it, as witches are said to repeat their prayers backwards.

This disposition has doubtless been cherished by the rivalry of commerce, and perhaps it is a happy circumstance for our continental enemies. Were the people of those islands to act with cordial unanimity, their competitors might despair of success: is it not, therefore, very disinterested and laudable in them to counteract the happiness of each other, that their enemies may profit by their animosity?

It would, however, be much to the mutual interest, not only of the residents in London, but the inhabitants of the empire, if each individual would endeavour by repeated efforts to divest himself of those narrow prejudices which are so injurious to the general welfare.— However amiable a predilection for our native country may appear, it ever impedes the expansion of intellect, as ivy clings to the trunk of the oak, and while it seems to beautify, prevents the growth of its supporter.

These hints are particularly applicable to the lower classes of both islands, as it is not uncommon for Eng-

lish mechanics to treat emigrant workmen of the sister isle with the most inhospitable coldness and austerity, under the impression that they are intruders, who come to circumvent them in business.

The higher classes of both countries, however, have long manifested a reciprocal esteem, as is evident from their frequent intermarriages, and the most amicable intercourse. Perhaps the blissful era will come when all animosities will cease among mankind, and the intervention of a strait, a river, or a mountain, will no longer be considered as a pretext for selfish distinctions among men.

“ Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friends, parents, kindred, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next, all human race :
Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Takes ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ;
Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.”

GERMANS.

The Germans resident in the English metropolis may be comprehended in three classes : the first consists of

learned naturalists, physicians, and chymists; the second comprises a number of artists, and youthful adventurers; and the third class is composed of tradesmen and mechanics.

Among the truly estimable characters, it would appear invidious to mention any individual as pre-eminent; and they all know, by pleasing experience, that the British public is willing to discriminate and patronise genius and merit, from whatever climate they come with just claims.

It must be confessed, indeed, that some young adventurers, who mistake the effervescence of the mind for the sublime conceptions of reason, sometimes arrogate a superiority in literature, which exists only in their own imagination. On the other hand, many intelligent Germans complain, that only the most frivolous and absurd productions of their countrymen have been translated into English, while the best works of their poets and philosophers continue neglected. This assertion is doubtless just; and it would be meritorious in our male and female translators to introduce continental science to the English reader, instead of those ridiculous and incongruous dramas, romances, and poems, with which they have so long abused our patience.

Of all the adventurers who migrate from Germany to this capital, the quack doctors are most censurable. These empirics, without hesitation, boldly propose to work miracles. One restores sight to the blind, and another counteracts nature, by the restoration of health to the emaciated valetudinarian. Despairing of success on the continent, they come hither to profit by the honest credulity of a people who have ever been too easily duped by impostors.

Those German tradesmen and artificers who have emigrated to this capital, are in general very honest and industrious; consequently they are valuable members of the community. Indeed, every class of Germans is distinguishable by a pleasing frankness of address and demeanour, which forms a medium between the distant, but dignified, manners and deportment of the English, and the lively, but intrusive, flippancy of the French.— At the same time it must be acknowledged, that our continental visitors are not without foibles and peculiarities. They are too ready to cavil at our manners and customs, even when time has familiarised them; but whether this propensity arises from the pursuit of ideal perfection, or from that inclination to censure, so general among mankind, is unknown. Certain it is, that some Germans satirise our unskilfulness in architecture,

because our doors and windows admit a little of the pure air; and wish us to drink coffee, study the Kantian philosophy, and substitute the plays of Kotzebue for those of Shakespeare;—thus evincing to the world our refinement of taste!

There are, however, many exceptions among every order of the Germans who now reside in this capital; men who would be an honour to any country. When will that selfish and contracted principle mis-named patriotism give place to universal philanthropy, which, embracing all mankind as brethren, will feel no peculiar partiality, except for those enviable mortals who possess superior talents and virtues? When will mankind agree to promote mutual peace and happiness on the earth, instead of the homicide which attends competitions for wealth and power?

FRENCHMEN.

Several Frenchmen, who have sought an asylum in London during the present contest, endeavour to make themselves, not only agreeable, but in some respects necessary. Witness the literary productions of the Abbé Barreul and others, who have written with all the poignancy of sarcastic satire against the French republic.

Literary Frenchmen formerly visited London from motives of curiosity, and a desire to enlarge their minds; but those who now reside here repay their protectors by writing against their persecutors. Thus they have saved us the drudgery of invective against our enemies: but, however they may reconcile this conduct to their own feelings, it renders their principles questionable in the estimation of unprejudiced men.

The Frenchmen now resident among us are well known to be emigrant noblesse, priests, and persons of an inferior class. They are in general very inoffensive, intelligent men, but mostly tinctured with that national vanity which accompanies a Frenchman like his shadow.

We may form some idea of the seductive manners of the French, from the account publicly stated as a fact, that the emigrant priests have, since their arrival among us, *converted* two thousand maid servants to the *catholic faith!*

Several French ladies who accompanied their fugitive friends, have contributed in some degree to the improvement of our countrywomen. The broad stare, the waving arm, and the tripping gait, are strong indications of the decency of French manners; and to do our fair

females justice, especially those of the higher classes, they seem to have successfully imitated their polished visitors.

It is almost impossible to exclude the pernicious and atheistical opinions of the French, that (like the sirocco which withers the bloom of Sicilian fields) depraves the morals of those who imbibe them; and it behoves us, both as men and christians, to prevent the inroads of this baleful *philosophisme* with as much energy as we would repel their invading armies.

The precept of the Grecian philosopher '*reverence thyself*' seems in *one* sense to be the favourite maxim of the French. This amiable self-love, which they indulge to such excess, is thus described by Goldsmith: "Every thing that belongs to them and their nation is great; magnificent, beyond expression; quite romantic! Every garden is a paradise; every hovel is a palace; and every woman an angel. They shut their eyes close, throw their mouths wide open, and cry out in rapture, *Sacre! what beauty! O ciel! what taste! Mort de ma vie! what grandeur!* was ever any people like ourselves? we are the nation of men, and all the rest no better than two-legged barbarians." If this whimsical account be compared with the hyperbolical proclamations and other

public papers of the *great nation*, as they have most ridiculously denominated themselves, it will be found a faithful portrait of French vanity, which is still increased by our childish imitation of their follies and fashions.— Our propensity to adopt foreign amusements and sentiments is a most odious degradation of our own original genius. The names of Marmontel, De Lille, La Harpe, Madame de Genlis, Mercier, and several other distinguished contemporaries, will survive the little prejudices of this age; and when the blissful reign of peace shall be re-established in Europe, we shall derive much useful knowledge from the acute researches of our great rivals in arts and arms.

To explore the regions of nature in quest of useful discoveries, is the honourable task of the true naturalist; and to promote the welfare of society by the unerring principles of revelation, is the province of the moralist. May we ever be able to sustain a generous competition with the French nation in every art that can contribute to the safety and happiness of society!

SPANIARDS, DUTCHMEN, JEWS.

With respect to the Spaniards and Dutch who have settled in London, their number is too inconsiderable to

require a particular description. The Spanish merchants retain their characteristic honour in all their commercial transactions; and the Dutch are as indefatigable in pursuit of wealth here as in Amsterdam.

A very distinct class of the inhabitants of London consists of Jews. It is computed that they amount to twenty thousand; and though a few of them are respectable characters, the majority are notorious sharpers.— Their adherence to the Mosaic law prevents them from mixing with the rest of their fellow-citizens; hence they absolutely subsist on the industry of others, and become public nuisances. The Jewish dealers in wearing apparel, gold, and silver, purchase these articles at an under-value without scruple; hence they are the principal receivers of stolen goods, while the itinerant Jew-boys circulate base money in every direction.

A classification of the different gradations of rank which constitute a populous community, is extremely difficult; for though pride may inflate the nobleman or the merchant with preposterous ideas of an unapproachable superiority, reason will never admit artificial distinctions as paramount to the claims of genius. Yet even the pretensions of impostors are often successful in London; nay, a very recent instance of an impudent

upstart having accidentally obtained the honour of knighthood, is illustrative of the fact. To render this presumption more glaring, it is well known that the egotist, but a few years ago, was condemned by the laws of his country to solitary imprisonment, for the dissemination of seditious principles. The forgiveness of injuries is doubtless magnanimous, and honours conferred on a traitor, may transform him into a loyal subject; yet the loyalty of the knight of the brazen vizor is questionable, and his exaltation reminds us of the following epigram:—

“ When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.”

NOBILITY.

Honour or shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

Pope.

Our nobility are entitled to observation, both in consequence of their exalted station in society, and the influence of their example on the manners of the age.—Some persons of rank are as remarkable for their virtues as others are for their follies; but the dissolute being ambitious of public notice, and their vices having a per-

nicious effect in the contamination of public morals, their most prominent foibles shall be first investigated.*

A little observation will convince us that both the virtues and vices of persons of quality are imitated by the subordinate classes. Is the nobleman a voluptuary?—his menials are also devoted to pleasure; and the luxurious manners of the fine lady are imbibed by her *femme-de-chambre*. If such be the force of example, would not decency of deportment and the practice of virtue by persons of quality be imitated by their various dependants?

* The following instances will demonstrate the present profligacy which pervades high life:—

Court of King's Bench, May 27, 1801.

Mr. C. Sturt brought an action of damages for £10,000, against the Marquis of Blandford, for criminal conversation with his wife.

The Attorney General, as leading counsel for the Noble Marquis, put his defence on two points. First, that the plaintiff had been accessory to that dishonour of which he complained. Secondly, that Mr. Sturt had been living for several years past in adulterous concubinage with Madame Krumpholtz, who played upon the harp, and by whom he had five children. The Attorney General contended, that a man so conducting himself, had no right to stand in a court of justice, and to call upon a jury for damages.

Lord Kenyon reprobated the conduct of all parties.

Damages one hundred pounds.

With respect to the gay part of our nobility, who are the arbiters of fashion, and by whose caprice not only our dress, but our amusements are regulated, they generally spend the winter in London. These refined mortals may be compared to birds of passage, as they migrate in the summer, and go about "*seeking rest but finding none.*" Happiness is their idol, but they pursue her in the semblance of selfish pleasure, a form in which she will never be found. True happiness consists in beneficence; and did those exalted votaries of vanity take

Court of King's Bench, May 28, 1801.

The Hon. Fr Wyndham, against the Earl of Wycombe, for £10,000 damages, for a criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, during their residence in Italy.

Mrs. Wyndham, on account of the illness of some of her children, went to Bologna; when Lord Wycombe met her, he accompanied her thence to Turin, and afterwards to Lausanne; at the latter place they lodged in the same hotel, and a woman named Sombolina proved the offence of adultery. The defence was, that the plaintiff had not only been guilty of gross inattention and neglect towards his wife, but also of incontinence. That he lived in open concubinage with a Madame Bartoli; and kept another lady named Mari, and took furniture, &c. from the house of his wife for the accommodation of his mistress, whom he had taken from two gentlemen who had previously maintained her. After some observations from Lord Kenyon, the Attorney General consented to a nonsuit, which issued accordingly.

half the pains to be useful that they do to be prejudicial to the community, they would act up to the dignity of that high rank in which they were placed by Providence, and be at once the ornament of London and the glory of their country!

The wealth, superb mansions, and splendid equipages, of our dissipated nobility, and the alacrity with which all their commands are obeyed by obsequious menials, are powerful stimulants to their pride. A multitude of ingenious heads and busy hands are continually employed for their gratification; every elegance that art can bestow is theirs, and their path is smoothed to the enjoyment of every delight. Can such elevated beings, exulting on the summit of pleasure, look down and sympathise with the miseries of the indigent?—Shall wretchedness approach the habitation of grandeur?—Can sorrow or pain invade the “*rich and perfumed chambers of the great?*” Yes, sometimes these intruders will pay a temporary visit; nay, even death itself violates human happiness in those delicious abodes!

When the beauties of spring invite our nobility to the country, the citizen feels all the regret of selfishness at their temporary absence. He explores his ledger with a heavy heart, and beholds the accumulated account un-

paid, while his noble customers are flying away from him on horses fleet as the wind. Well may he censure the tardiness of *honourable men* in the payment of their bills!

“ Anticipated rents and bills unpaid
 Force many a shining youth into the shade;
 Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
 And play the fool—but at a cheaper rate.”

The dealers in lace, millinery, perfumery, and cosmetics, have most reason to repine at the annual excursions of the fashionable and gay. Our nobility, indeed, like the genial sun, give existence to the various insect tribes of effeminacy that thrive only in their fostering smiles.

If the votaries of pleasure pay a transient visit to the antique castles of their ancestors, where hospitality once reigned, they soon grow listless, and all the charms of Flora's musky tribes afford them little amusement. Impatient of solitude, and unable to bear the presence of reflection, they hasten to some watering place, where they purify the exterior by frequent ablutions. Can vice exist where external purity prevails?—alas! the cold-bath is too often resorted to as a preparative for the repetition of new excesses during the next winter's cam-

paign in the metropolis; and though our modern goddesses rise like Venus irresistibly charming from the sea, yet few of them are possessed of the chastity of Diana.

A variety of amusements gratify the fancy of the frequenters of watering-places:—the morning ride or walk along the winding shore: the agreeable trip in a pleasure-boat; the newest publications at the circulating libraries; and the exhibition of pantomimes and farces at the temporary theatres. The whispers of scandal, and the sighs of wantonness, vibrate in unison, as the gay throng wander through the deceptive labyrinth of unreal pleasure—

“ That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, and as they follow flies.”

In this vortex of dissipation, the fair sex are made giddy with the flattery of their beaux: here the kept-mistress rears her supercilious front with unblushing confidence; and wantonness, sanctioned by the approving smile of the great, appears amiable! What an excellent school for the youthful modest virgin! Here the modish rake will exercise every artifice to effect her seduction. His graceful form, elegant manners, and the ease attained by having seen the world, render this accomplished lover irresistibly; insomuch that, allured by his seduc-

five wives, she elopes with her betrayer, mars her own happiness, and blasts the hope of her fond parents.

When the man of fashion revisits the metropolis, he commences his winter campaign by an intrigue. Some beautiful young maid-servant, or milliner, has attracted him: her vanity is gratified by the flattery of my lord: she has often read in novels of noblemen marrying for love, and why should not she be a lady? Seduced by his promises, she elopes: her satiated betrayer soon turns her out of doors, or consigns her to that inhuman monster a *bawd*. After a nauseous course of excess, disease, and misery, an untimely death closes the scene, and the charming creature, who might have been happy in a life of innocence, perishes by the artifices of an exalted villain.

Yet this atrocity is considered by the world as a mere act of gallantry; and while we hang a wretch for stealing a trifling article, we smile on the elegant man who robs an unprotected virgin of honour and happiness!

That class of men commonly denominated *old bachelors* are the greatest violaters of female chastity; and many of them who are opulent continue in a state of celibacy, under the supposition that they enjoy a greater

degree of liberty than they would in wedlock. But while they continue slaves to their appetites, where is their boasted freedom? Would not the sincere endearments of a wife be infinitely more felicitous than the capricious blandishments of a kept-mistress; the proud contemplation of a legitimate progeny be more satisfactory and respectable than that of children reared under the stigma of illegitimacy?

One of the most pernicious nuisances of London is the insolence of voluptuaries, who, relying on the respectability of their rank, and the weight of their purse, endeavour *in open day* to seduce young women who attract their attention in the public streets!

Lord G. well known for his amours, one day in passing through Throgmorton-street, observed a beautiful young woman standing at a merchant's door. After viewing her attentively, he went to a coffee-house and wrote a note, which he sent to her by his footman, with an offer of *twenty guineas* a week as the price of her virtue. The girl, though only a servant, happening to be a methodist, consulted a religious friend on the occasion, who dissuaded her from the acceptance of his Lordship's proposal. But though she so nobly withstood this ordeal, the accident made an impression on

her mind unfavourable to virtue, insomuch that in a few months afterwards she actually eloped with a married man, and thus became the victim of seduction.

This species of delinquency may be denominated *femicide*; for the monster who betrays a credulous virgin, and consigns her to infamy, is in reality a most relentless murderer!

GENTRY.

——— Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

SHAKESPEARE.

From their freedom of intercourse, contiguity of residence, and frequent inter-marriages, our nobility and gentry may be considered as one great body. The constitution has, indeed, distinguished them into separate classes, by conferring on the former the honour of being legislators by hereditary succession, while the latter are appointed by election. But in a moral light their virtues and vices, manners and amusements, are the same, with a few slight shades of difference.

When our country gentlemen first arrive in London they undergo a complete metamorphosis. The transition from the cool breezes that ventilate their rural retreat, to the warm atmosphere of the metropolis, affects those rustics with a malady which may be termed a *brain-fever*; under its influence they become delirious, and madly rush into the vortex of fashionable dissipation.— The facility with which the *squire* adopts the modish dress, phraseology, effeminacy, and vices, of the town-bred rake, is almost incredible. On his arrival the novelty of the scene, and the extent, population, and magnificence, of the city, filled him with astonishment.— Ashamed of his vulgarity of manners and dialect, he was silent and reserved, till an introduction to a few polite *men of the world* taught him to overcome his uncouth bashfulness. Once initiated in modish follies, he boldly divests himself of decency; frequents taverns and stews; stares at passing females in the streets; and, in consequence of his vigorous constitution, becomes a more vociferous and outrageous *blood* than the feeble *cit* who had been practising from his infancy.

Boldly independent in principle, he proves by his actions that pleasure is his idol, and the shafts of his ridicule, forged by obscenity on the anvil of dulness, are directed by modern philosophy against that religion which his ancestors held in due veneration.

It must be confessed, that the fine arts owe their present perfection to the munificence of our nobility and gentry; and the theatres may be said to exist in consequence of the annual visits of the gay and the opulent to London. Besides, what a number of perfumers, hair-dressers, and other creatures of fashion, would be destitute if deprived of the patronage of the great? Nay, do not the taverns, gaming-houses, and bagnios, owe their chief support to the profusion of young men of fashion?

One characteristic which denotes the accomplished modern fine gentleman is, his skill in the arts of seduction. To allure a thoughtless girl by presents and professions of love, and afterwards relinquish her to infamy, is such an heroic achievement, that the man of gallantry is prouder of his conquest over the credulity of a maiden, "*and the rich plunder of a taken heart,*" than a hero would be of the wreath of victory. The moralist may censure the conduct of the seducer, as infamous, not considering that fashion can make vice appear amiable.*

* The meanness attendant on intrigue, and the unwillingness, which the most refined voluptuary would feel to have his amours recorded, is strikingly manifested by the following anecdote:

Racine, the celebrated French writer, soon after his appointment to the place of historiographer to Louis XIV. re-

Still, however, there are many illustrious exceptions to the predominant depravity so prevalent among the higher classes; and if our nobility and gentry would seriously reflect on their influence in society, they would discover, that an imitation of their follies and vices has pervaded every subordinate class of the community. Divines may preach, and moralists write in vain, if the affluent practice and encourage vice. But the dissolute exclaim, "Can the example of a few individuals reclaim the world?—must we forego our pleasures to promote public happiness? Let the parsons inculcate morality, they are paid for it: but we will live, while we live! Such are the suggestions of selfish dissipation. But were our persons of distinction to return to the

quested an audience: "Sire," said he, "an historian ought not to flatter; he is bound to represent his hero exactly as he is: in what way does your majesty choose that I should speak of your gallantries?"—"Pass them over," replied the king coolly. "But, alas! sire, what I omit the reader will supply."—"Pass them over, I tell you," cried Louis impatiently. "As there are many incredible things in the life of your majesty, the sincerity with which I should avow the weaknesses of my hero to my reader will persuade him that I regard the truth; and this regard to truth will, in his mind, be a passport for my history."—"I am not yet decided in my opinion what you ought to do," replied Louis with a look of inquietude; "all that I can tell you at present is, to pass over my intrigues."

luminous orbit or virtue, whence, like *wandering stars*, they are making continual aberrations—were they to shine like a benign constellation, they would; at once, beautify and harmonise society.

But now, alas!

“ To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
They charm down care and frolic it along;
With mad rapidity and unconcern,
Down to the gulph, from whence is no return.”

And the luxurious fashionable world may be compared to the North-American Indian, who is lulled asleep in his canoe above the cataract of Niagara, and dreams of illusory happiness, till awaking, too late, he feels himself precipitated by the roaring waters into the tremendous and foaming abyss!

MERCHANTS.

Heav'n speed the canvas gallantly unfurl'd,
To furnish and accommodate a world!
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.

COWPER.

Our merchants have long been justly considered as essential to our political existence. To their enterprise we are indebted for the delicacies of every clime; consequently they are instrumental to the comfort of society, though they have contributed to the effeminacy of the age, by the importation of exotic luxuries.

As public characters, the punctuality and credit of our merchants have long been established; and when any national exigence requires a contribution, the generosity of the mercantile body excels even that of the nobility.

In private life they generally are amiable characters. But, however estimable when detached from business, they seem to consider many evils connected with commerce as necessary consequences, and therefore venial. Commerce, that empress of luxury and dissipation, pours her treasures into this city; the people become selfish; and while Trade liberally rewards her votaries, she laughs at the scruples of conscience. What was oncè stigmatised with the name of *extortion*, is now softened into *speculation*. Speculation is a sonorous word, applied with great success both in trade and philosophy; but its true meaning in plain English is IMPOSITION. The speculating merchant looks forward, and perceives that there will probably be a scarcity of an article of commerce: he

hastens to purchase: the event justifies his expectation, and he sells his merchandise for perhaps double the price it cost.

But this is a very moderate monopoly. Let us for a moment turn our eyes towards the East, and we will behold an inoffensive people deprived of their possessions by men whom they never injured, and who live in affluence and luxury on the spoils of the widow and the fatherless. What says Commerce?—they are *all honourable men*.

The spirit of enterprise in this vast city is astonishing. Cornfactors monopolise our grain; and even dairymen prevent the waste of milk and butter by enhancing the price of these necessaries!

Many slight deviations from rectitude are overlooked in civilised society. Perhaps the most pernicious evil which accompanies wealth is, the idea that every thing is purchaseable; that the integrity and talents of men, and the chastity of women, may be sacrificed on the altars of Mammon; nay, that love and even friendship are venal. This assertion, though plausible, and in too many instances applicable, is not true; and it were much to be wished, for the honour of human nature, that its

fallacy should be exposed by every lover of social happiness.

Those moralists who contend that mankind are happier in a state of agricultural and pastoral simplicity than in communities where commerce prevails, seem to have forgot that "*strength of mind is exercise, not rest;*" and that we enjoy a thousand conveniences and elegances unknown to the untutored agriculturists of Otaheite, or even the Western isles of Scotland.

The merchant, indeed, whose whole life is spent in the bustle of trade, has but little time for reflection; and, however censurable his traffic may appear, perhaps his business came into his hands by hereditary succession, and consequently habit has reconciled him even to the slave-trade. But, had he time to moralise, his conscious heart would tell him, that to communicate happiness to the bosom of oppressed humanity, would be of more value than the freight of his homeward-bound fleet; he would awake from his golden dreams of unreal felicity, and burst those chains so long rivetted on the limbs of men by hard-hearted Avarice.

Still, however, it will be found, that the cavils of mankind against the business of the merchant originates

rather in envy at his prosperity, than a desire to promote virtue. When the wisdom of our Legislature shall abolish the traffic to Africa for slaves,* and when monopoly shall be prevented by restrictive laws, the merchants of this city will doubtless continue to manifest their superiority to those of every other nation, and contribute very essentially to the general happiness of the community.

MANNERS OF THE GREAT.

Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth;
 Wealth, luxury; and luxury, excess :
 That seizes first the opulent, descends
 To the next rank contagious, and in time
 Taints downward all the graduated scale
 Of order, from the chariot to the plough.

COWPER.

Plato, speaking of immorality, observes, that the moral intemperance of cities, and the corruption of manners, originate in the bad example of others to youth; and when we reflect on the powerful influence of *the great*, we must be convinced that the public mind will ever be strongly biased by their conduct.

* That inhuman traffic has happily been abolished. May our merchants never again attempt to "carry trade at the sword's point, or dye the white-robe of innocent commercial justice red."

The dissipation which not only prevails in the fashionable world, but has spread through all ranks, is the creature of female extravagance: yes, many of our ladies of rank are at once the arbitresses of fashion, and the disseminators of folly, profusion, and licentiousness!

An emulation to outvie each other inspires the great and the gay. Private theatres resound with the affecting sonnets of wanton love. By an imitation of the unblushing matrons of fashion, the blooming virgin soon assumes a sufficient degree of confidence to participate their orgies: it is so vulgar to be reserved, or to have the smallest respect for modesty or religion! And, O how charming and spirited to whirl through the convolutions of a Scotch reel, as recommended by an arbitress of vanity!—how noble to excel in equestrian exercises like Lady L***, our modern Diana!—and how decorous and characteristic of maiden reserve to make the vaulted roofs of pleasure resound the ear-piercing music of the cymbal, so often practised and recommended by the modest Mrs. B*****!

A polite writer observes, that “the utmost of a woman’s character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she

has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother;—all these may be performed, though a lady should not be the very first woman at an opera or an assembly." These precepts, however just, are inimical to the pursuits and sentiments of our modern females. The woman of fashion thinks it more spirited to overlook the boundaries of morality, and boldly participates the varied amusements of the gaming-table, the masquerade, and all the gratifications of sense. What signifies the loss of character, health, and beauty?—" *Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to pleasure!*" Nobly independent in principle, with passions stimulated by luxury, and sanctioned in their indulgence by the glozing sophistry of modern *philosophisme*, the illustrious fair-one emulates the voluptuousness of the most luxurious dames, of antiquity.

It must be very mortifying, however, for persons of quality to see themselves outdone by the *apes* of society. For instance, a certain lady, long celebrated for her introduction of reels into the circle of fashion, and who has successfully endeavoured to render the heads of young ladies *giddy*, finds that, after all her laudable exertions, she is excelled in agility and grace by an opera dancer!—" *Illweaved ambition, how much art thou*

struck!" It must be pitiable to reflect, that this amiable desire of the great, to excel in frivolous accomplishments, has been but too often unsuccessful. That *polished* and *human* Roman emperor, Nero, entered into a competition with buffoons and fiddlers; but he was obliged to relinquish the pursuit, from a consciousness of his inferiority of talents: and probably our young ladies, who now practise wanton dances and lessons on tambourines and cymbals, will eventually leave the cultivation of those polite arts to actresses.

But while private theatres and fêtes are sanctioned by the presence of the most dignified characters, it is vain to hope for a reformation of fashionable manners.— This absurd indulgence of vanity seems to authorise and enforce the necessity of young ladies being educated like actresses; nay, at the fête of a person of quality, a number of our young nobility of both sexes actually performed a farce for the entertainment of the company! We are told by an eye-witness, that " This fairy group rivalled the Opera-house and Drury-lane in correctness and spirit. Lady C.—— was wonderfully happy in her character as a clown! Hilligsberg had instructed her to turn in her toes, and adopt awkward gestures, in which she was so successful, that a stranger could scarcely have believed her to be so *graceful* and accom-

plished as she really is in her own character. Miss B—— astonished every one by her accurate performance of the *old man*." We here see an amiable young creature, divested of that modesty which nature intended to be both her ornament and defence, disguised in the dress of the other sex! and even her very manners and actions assumed; and the farther she departed from her natural delicacy by the successful imitation of vulgarity, the more loud and reiterated were the plaudits of those titled GOTHAMITES, who disgraced both the dignity of her sex and their own rank by their sanction of such absurdity. The other young lady who personated the *old man* with so much cleverness, must have been much improved in her ideas of decorum, and the respect due to the aged. Venerable old age was once held sacred among us, but it seems to be the wish, nay, the ambition, of the polite world to invert the order of things; to attach ridicule to the most meritorious characters; and laugh with pleasurable glee at propriety, virtue, and religion.

In order to place the irreligion of persons of quality in a proper point of view, let us enquire into the principles instilled by a boarding-school education. Is not the adornment of the person the principal object? and would not a fashionable lady blush if she were caught

reading a Bible, or a Prayer-book? Would she not hide, or fling away the unfashionable volume? But if the object of her study should happen to be a novel or play, she would present it to her visitor with a smile of satisfaction.

Among other proofs of self-importance, the confident air with which *high-bred ladies* contemplate the other sex in their morning rambles, is a sufficient indication of their modesty. This apparent superiority of demeanour may be the companion of purity of heart, but few men would wish to see their wives and daughters sauntering in the public walks, half dressed, and gazing at every man that passed. The observant eye can easily discern affectation in their deportment, and the studied adjustment of their light flowing robes. These capricious fair-ones are so vain, that their eyes claim the homage of every man they meet, and they seem dissatisfied if we pass them without gratifying their self-love by apparent admiration.

Many of our *grey-haired matrons* are decorated with such a profusion of ornaments, that they attract the eye; as the foliage of the trees in autumn exhibit a more gaudy variety of tints than even the fresh beauties of spring.

But it is at our theatres that the modish fair display their charms to most advantage; there they imbibe refined sentiments, and sympathise with such virtuous characters as the adulteresses and blustering heroes of Kotzebue, to the melioration of their morals! Indeed, the principal advantage to be derived from our modern dramas is, that soothing relaxation which they afford the mind. When the *fine lady* returns home fatigued after a succession of important morning visits, and the exhaustion of her vivid spirits, in the useful employment of tumbling over a multitude of silks, laces, and muslins; the selection of china, or cheapening of perfumery, how gratifying must be the amusement of the theatre!— There the unwelcome visitor Reflection will not intrude, but, surrounded by admirers, the fair idol may indulge her fancy in reveries of vanity. The concatenation of her *sublime ideas* will seldom be broken either by the witticisms of her attendant beaux, or the drivellings of licentiousness and dullness; so often *said* or *sung* on the stage.

If our ladies prefer the fête, or the masquerade, gaiety attends their steps; and the power of gold throws open every door on their approach. At these amusements they pass the hours in a feverish medium between pleasure and pain, and return home in splendid

vehicles, fatigued and unhappy. Delirious dreams fill up the measure of their vanity; and every successive day presents an insipid round of similar gratifications.—Is this frantic misapplication of health, fortune, and time, agreeable to the dictates of reason, or the feelings of a conscious heart? No: but who can summon fortitude enough to break the magic chain of fashion, or endure the frantic revivings of a dissipated throng, involved in the charybdis of extravagance?

It must be mortifying to our modern arbitresses of taste to reflect, that they have not even the merit of *originality* in their amusements, as every species of excess in dress and intrigue have been formerly practised by Cleopatra, and other celebrated nymphs of antiquity. There remains only one unexplored path by which our ladies may arrive at a degree of refinement which will surpass the elegance of former ages. Listen, ye lovely directors of our amusements—listen to the voice of prudence; let your dress, deportment, and conversation, be regulated by the secret dictates of your natural delicacy, and no longer sacrifice your noblest feelings to the slavish foppery of fashion; or rather, by your example, render it fashionable to be virtuous. Recal your misguided countrywomen to the path of decorum, from which so many of them have widely strayed:—now, alas!

you wander like benighted travellers amid the quagmires of pleasure, allured by the *ignis fatuus* of dissipation, and the next step may overwhelm you in the abyss of infamy:— expend the treasure which you now lavish on fêtes and other amusements, in the institution of public seminaries for the children of the indigent, and asylums for the protection of female-innocence.

If we wish to contemplate the insipidity of fashionable life, let us visit the squares and streets inhabited by the nobility and gentry. There coaches and lacqueys attend before their doors every morning with all the ostentation of *pride*. Footmen strut, proud of the badges of their servitude, like the bird with borrowed feathers. The clown, who was usefully employed at the plough or cart in the country, is here metamorphosed into a beau, and attends the steps of his lady with an air of self-conceit. Perhaps a few traces of his former rustic bashfulness yet remain, but he will soon learn to suppress his feelings, and glory in his progress in depravity.

The mansions of the great may, indeed, be called schools of affectation. There the waiting-maid imitates the ridiculous airs of her lady; and the valet assumes

the insolent authority of his master over the menial gradations of servility below him. Throughout those receptacles of pride, no hospitable door is opened to admit the necessitous stranger—no accommodations for the weary sojourner—no shelter for the houseless wretch; all is formality and forbidding grandeur, while the social passions languish in lethargic torpor.

Let us take a cursory view of what is called a liberal education, such as is generally bestowed on a youth born to the inheritance of titles and a large estate. From his earliest years our young nobleman's wants are administered to with servile attention; he is not permitted to learn "*one earthly thing of use*:" for how is it possible that my Lord can ever be under the necessity of exerting his faculties? The years of infancy elapsed, he is committed to the care of a tutor, who studies his disposition with a view to his own future emolument, rather than the improvement of his pupil. Hence, the youth grows up with a mind confused by an imperfect attainment of the learned languages, and his person is improved by practising the gymnastic arts usually taught in our public seminaries.

" We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek,
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week;
And having done, we think the best we can,
Praise his proficiency, and dub him—man."

The natural transition from school is to college, where, by the magic influence of gold, even the wrinkled brow of philosophy is smoothed to complacency, and learning greets him with smiles. Here the noble youth lives at perfect ease:—some needy and ingenious young student will gladly supply him with themes for a few pieces; and while he receives the praise of ingenuity without exertion, he passes the pleasurable and inglorious hours in dalliance with some frail fair-one, or at the tavern or gaming-table.

Our Phaeton now ascends the chariot of his ancestors with a determination to illumine the fashionable world. Emulous to excel his youthful competitors in extravagance, his dress, conversation, and demeanour, are under the influence of affectation. The ladies give his mind the finishing polish of polite education, by initiating him in all the modish follies of the day. Those fair instructors, the female philosophers, teach their lively pupil to deride religion as the old-fashioned superstition of our fusty ancestors. He eagerly imbibes their sublime principles, learns their peculiar phrases, and, as a reward, is received by the complacent smiles of beauty in every fashionable circle.

He now keeps a mistress, and becomes a regular man of fashion; or, in other words, he lives not in confor-

mity to the dictates of reason, but under the capricious influence of every change in *dress, taste, or principles*, however egregious, if sanctioned by the ladies.

During winter he riots in every species of indulgence which the metropolis can afford, and he passes the summer at some fashionable watering-place.

It may be asserted by the moralist, that this mode of life is at once abominable, and pernicious to society; and that it would be more patriotic in men of fortune to reside on their estates, and encourage agriculture and manufactures among their tenantry. But though building and peopling towns and encouraging the arts were considered as god-like achievements by the ancients, our modern nobility in general are actuated by very different ideas. The turf, the gaming-table, and the brothel, occupy the attention and drain the coffers of those who prefer present enjoyments, however grovelling, to the reversionary glories of fame, or even eternal happiness!

But, perhaps, this apparent degeneracy of so many of our nobility and gentry originates in nobler motives than mere self-gratification. Wisely reflecting, that if they circulated their money among their tenantry, the consequences might be injurious to agriculture, as the far-

mers might grow too rich and neglect their business, our patriotic landholders draw the superfluous cash from the country to promote the prosperity of the metropolis. Thus they preserve the agricultural body in health and activity, as the sanity of the animal frame is promoted by insensible perspiration.

Having expatiated so long on the foibles of the dissolute part of our nobility, let us now turn our attention to a more agreeable subject, and celebrate those who are as conspicuous for their virtues as they are illustrious by rank.

The virtues of generosity and valour, for which our ancient nobility were deservedly renowned, are not yet extinguished among their successors, and the present age has witnessed several instances of their munificence and patriotism.

Many of our nobility might be mentioned who are entitled to praise for their public spirit and private virtues; but we must regret that the number bears a small proportion to that of the licentious.

Were persons of quality unanimous in promoting virtue and decency, we might soon hope to see a favourable

change in the manners of the people. But where are those magnanimous individuals who will, with a noble fortitude and self-denial, begin the work of public reformation by their example? Where is that gigantic mind, that, rising superior to the derision of fashionable vanity, and contemning the childish vagaries of a disordered imagination, wisely prefers the approbation of the *Deity*, and the "*sunshine of the breast*," to the fantastic joys of effeminacy and profligacy?

Let such truly great minds shine on the world of fashion like light rising out of chaos, and by their brightness expose the deformity of vice and the misery of dissipation. Such benign beings may yet, like ministering angels, cherish the good propensities of the human heart, and convince the rest of our nobility, gentry, nay, the whole community, that decency of dress and manners, purity of heart, charity to man, and piety to God, only, can conduct mortals to the blissful regions of eternal felicity.

DRESS.

Her women insolent and self-caress'd,
 By vanity's unwearied finger dress'd;
 Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
 To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;

Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
 As silly pride and idleness produce;
 Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounc'd around,
 With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
 They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
 And sigh'd for every fool that flutter'd by.

GOWPER.

Such were the ladies of Jerusalem, as described by a sublime poet; but can their levity, by a parity of circumstances, be applied to our more beautiful and perhaps more luxurious countrywomen?

In many respects the similarity is striking; but we might as well think to describe the various convolutions and grotesque developments of a cloud driven by the wind, as to give an accurate description of the various forms assumed by fashion. Every gradation of hue has been successively exhibited to allure the beaux. When we behold the most beautiful female forms gliding in our public walks, robed in white, and with the most lovely necks decorated with chains of gold—apt emblem of their power of captivation—we can scarcely forbear exclaiming, “Really, ladies, this is too much to attack us at once with the united attractions of gold and beauty, the two most powerful objects of man’s desire; for pity’s sake divest yourselves of those glittering chains, and

decently conceal those bosoms which should not be exposed to the public gaze!"

But lessons of prudence are beneath the attention of our titled dames, whose flowing robes, of a texture unfit to resist the slightest shower, are at once typical of their understanding, and a proof of their refined taste. Their fair tresses have been sacrificed on the altars of fashion, or concealed like masked batteries beneath their head-dress. The Circassian sleeve, the unzoned waist, the pendent workbag instead of pockets, and that preposterous custom of concealing the purse in the bosom, present such a combination of absurdity and indecency to the feeling mind, that we are ready to controvert the fact, and exclaim, *are these things so!*

A fair moralist,* who is as emulous to promote the happiness of her sex as the vain-glorious slaves of fashion are to excel in frivolity, thus animadverts on the dress of our ladies:—"The unchaste *costume*, the impure style of dress, and that indelicate statue-like exhibition of the female figure, which, by its artfully disposed folds, its seemingly wet and adhesive drapery, so defines the form as to prevent covering itself from becoming a veil." This licentious mode, as the acute Montesquieu

* Miss Hannah More.

observed on the dances of the Spartan virgins, has taught us "to strip chastity itself of modesty." This elegant satirist is certainly too severe; for much benefit may be derived from the dress of our fashionable females! Let us only reflect on the rapid improvements which will be made in the fine arts, while such perfect models present themselves to the observation of the artist. The liberal, nay, profuse display of their beauties, with which our modish dames and virgins gratify the eye in the public walks and theatres, will doubtless improve the imagination of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. The elegant symmetry of form for which our countrywomen are celebrated, is exhibited by the light transparency of their flowing raiment, so as to present the most exquisite beauties shining like a constellation to irradiate the path of genius! With what accuracy may the artist depict those graces which *court the eye!* How infinitely superior are those *animated originals* of feminine perfection, which communicate the most distinct and delightful ideas of *form, hue, and motion*, when compared with the *unanimated* beauties of even the Venus of Medici! Rejoice, ye men of genius! beauty will aid and patronise your efforts; our modern Phrynes and Laises, our gay matrons, even the delicate graces of the shame-faced virgin, are presented to your keen inspection by the liberality of fashion.

Nor is this vanity of dress and deportment confined to our women of rank. The wives and daughters of our gentry and merchants, nay, of our shopkeepers and mechanics, are as perfectly similar as circumstances will permit.

Among the different inventions for the convenience of the ladies, the *wig* is perhaps the greatest improvement ever adopted. We have only to regret, that, like other temporary advantages, it will probably soon be sacrificed to some other whim of fashion.

This beautiful ornament was doubtless suggested by some fair philosopher, whose lucubrations were devoted to the happiness of her sex; and though some fastidious mortal may object to it as indelicate, it has many advantages over the natural hair.

It prevents the inroads of vermin which annoyed the belles when high heads and hair-powder were the *ton*.— Besides, it is a great saving of that time which is so precious to the ladies in this age of philosophic research. A lady can now take off her head in a moment, place it upon her toilette, and replace it next morning in a few seconds. In hot weather the wig is very convenient to ladies who are naturally *hot headed*, and are apt to per-

pire freely, as they may take off their head-dress in the public street, and refrigerate their bare polls by rubbing them gently with a handkerchief.

The superiority of the wig over the natural hair at masquerades must be obvious, as in changing dresses, wigs of different colours may be used in personating different characters. In sitting for their portraits, too, the ladies find that wigs facilitate the progress of the artist. *Lady Levity*, so well known for ingenious devices, actually left her wig with an eminent portrait painter the other morning, and put on another which she had brought in her pocket, and which served to decorate her head for the remainder of the day!

In compliance with the mode, those ladies who are favoured by nature with beautiful locks, submit them to the scissars of the hair-dresser, and not only pay him for his trouble, but generously present him with the spoil, which he manufactures into a wig for some bald-pated dame of quality.

On a general survey of the dress of our ladies, and, indeed, of females of every class, they seem universally to agree with a witty female writer, who asserts that "if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would

hardly be observed; and if they continue to undress in proportion as they have done for some time past, we may expect to behold them shining in the unveiled effulgence of natural beauty!

That the ladies, however, have not totally relinquished all ideas of modesty, is evident from their liberal use of the parasol and the veil. The parasol may be denominated the modern fig-leaf, which conceals the beauties of the fair, who have ingeniously contrived to make it a very formidable weapon. When that elegant class of society the fops contemplate the varieties of female beauty with as much pleasure as ever florists did a favourite carnation, the modest maiden is screened from their prying-eyes by the intervening parasol. On the other hand, the coquet can render this little implement not only attractive, but dangerous. By various motions she can first allure her beau, on his approach she may conceal her face, or if she is determined to make an entire conquest she may suddenly remove her parasol, and break out upon him in the irresistible splendour of beauty, like the sun from behind a cloud. Indeed, the fair sex seem well convinced of the power of this engine. Nor are the seductive attractions of the veil unknown; for, strange as it may appear, the very emblems of modesty itself are metamorphosed into the

most powerful auxiliaries of gallantry by our modern fine ladies!

When winter compels our pedestrian beauties to resume the muff and the tippet, they very judiciously contrive to render these comfortable appendages useless, by the thinness of the rest of their dress. A Portuguese or Spaniard, on his first arrival in town, might conjecture that our fine women were penitents, whom the priest had punished for some peccadillo, by obliging them to wear muffs, to keep the hand and *lower* part of the arm warm, while the *upper* part of that elegant limb was exposed to the frigid influence of the season.

Our ladies, indeed, seem to be adepts in the art of decoration; and, like the painter, have studied the power of contrast, by an artful distribution of light and shade. This is evident, from their skilful display of formidable curls on the polished forehead; and the august dignity which their soft charms derive from the furs of different ferocious animals.

In one respect, however, they seem sadly deficient, for neither time nor experience can convince them that

“ The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, whilst she hides reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.”

They still persevere in the display of their persons, in spite of the animadversions of satire. But perhaps this proceeds from conscious innocence; and every blooming—painted or unpainted—charmer would wish, if it were possible, that she had a window in her breast to exhibit her most secret thoughts. Still, however, the moralist has reason to suspect, from the significant glances, the artful gestures, and wanton attire of beautiful women in their perambulations through the streets, that licentiousness is the directress of fashion.

All the enchantment of feminine charms is evanescent as the resplendent rainbow that swells its magnificent arch in the majesty of light! The most delicate complexion, the most animated bloom that smiles in the richness of youthful luxuriance on the polished cheek, and the fair light that emanates from the eyes of beauty, must languish and expire! But, though the lilies and roses of love must fade, the mental charms of modesty, sincerity, and virtuous love, are immortal.

We shall now recommend to the attention of the ladies a sentiment of our sweetest poet:

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sense, but merit wins the soul!

FEMALE EDUCATION.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
 Our most important are our earliest years:
 The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
 Imbibes, and copies what she hears and sees:
 And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
 That *education* gives her, false or true.

COWPER.

Paradoxical as it may appear, we are at this moment assailed by vice under the guise of refinement, and the morals of the people are vitiated at their source by the improper education of females. It is the duty of every patriot to watch over those amiable young creatures on whose virtue the honour, safety, and happiness of the community so essentially depend; and to preserve them from the pestilential contagion of vice, which now blights the first bloom of their mental beauties. The following letter from an indulgent, but disappointed parent, will illustrate this:

SIR,

I am a widower, and the chief pride and delight of my life would be my two daughters, were they endued with discretion. But, alas! all my fond hopes have been blasted, by giving them a fashionable education.

Being an opulent merchant, I resolved to spare no expence in the instruction of my children. Accordingly when the eldest, whose name is Mary, had attained the age of ten years, and her sister Elizabeth nine, I visited a distant female relation, who kept a boarding-school in a village adjacent to the metropolis, and proposed to place my daughters under her care. Mrs. Marall assured me that the greatest pains should be taken to render them accomplished.

In a few days I accompanied my blooming cherubs to the boarding-school, and afterwards in my occasional visits I had reason to be pleased with their progress in the French language, music, and similar accomplishments, which are now considered as indispensable. I thought, however, that I perceived a mixture of levity in their manners, and expostulated with Mrs. Marall.— She lulled my apprehensions, by saying, “My dear sir, you may rely on my attention to the morals of your daughters—my school has long been celebrated for decorum. ’Tis true, I have several young ladies of distinction entrusted to my care; and you know, cousin, we must not be too austere with persons of quality, who allow themselves a greater latitude of action than would be proper for people of inferior rank.” “Madam,” replied I, “no station can sanction levity, and I request

that my daughters may not be permitted to imitate the follies which you think pardonable in high life." "Cousin," rejoined she, in a soothing tone, "the morals of your girls shall be preserved like jewels; they shall be consigned to their worthy father pure as innocence itself."

When my daughters had continued five years under the care of their preceptress, I conducted them home.— Their education had cost me upwards of a thousand pounds, and I was delighted with their proficiency in polite attainments. But though their gentility of deportment, and easiness of manners, were admirable, I looked in vain for that angelic smile of simplicity which had once played on their lips, and glistened in their eyes; nay, I remarked a passion for finery, which appeared to originate in pride; but I forbore expostulation during the first evening after their return home, lest they should be terrified at any appearance of austerity.

Next morning after breakfast I desired my footman to attend them when they should be disposed to walk.— In the course of the morning I had occasion to pass through St. James's-park, where the fine weather had invited a numerous assemblage of polite pedestrians.— Although I was delighted with the beauty and gaiety of

several groupes of young ladies, I could not suppress a sentiment of pity, on observing the very indecent manner in which they were attired. But what appeared still more censurable was, their haughty demeanour, and the satisfaction with which they seemed to enjoy the homage of the men as they passed.

I entered into conversation with a gentleman, and expressed my disapprobation of the licentiousness of fashion; he replied, "Your observations are just, but what can the poor girls do? they must dress and behave like others, or they will be entirely neglected." While we conversed I beheld two young ladies approach, dressed in the light drapery of the *ton*, and attended by a servant. They stepped together with the most sprightly air, and often varied their posture to excite the attention of others. I contemplated the levity of these young creatures with secret pity; but what was my astonishment to find that they were my own daughters! They blushed, appeared disconcerted at this unexpected meeting, and proposed to accompany me home. The gentleman with whom I had been conversing, with a significant smile, wished me a good morning, and I left the public walk, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow, at the indiscretion of my children.

I expostulated with my dear girls on the impropriety of their conduct. They assured me that they had been taught to dress according to the fashion, and thought it no crime to appear like others. While I expatiated on the indelicacy of young virgins being habited like women of the town, and the folly of supposing that they would gain admirers by walking the streets half-naked, they appeared to feel the force of conviction. Their dress is now perfectly genteel, modest, and becoming, yet I perceive with infinite regret that the seeds of levity sown by a boarding-school education will scarcely ever be eradicated. My lovely girls have, indeed, eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and, like Eve, have thereby lost their primitive simplicity.

I am, &c.

PRUDENTIUS.

From the pernicious tendency of excessive refinement, as described by Prudentius, it is evident that our public seminaries are improperly conducted.—Nor is the private education of females among the higher classes more productive of felicity. Even from her infancy, the young lady is habituated to the unrestrained gratification of her most capricious whims — praised, idolized!—in this ungovernable state of petulance she proceeds with little advantage through the usual grada-

tions of education. Masters attend to teach her different languages; she acquires a smattering of each; and, like the swallow, just sips the surface of the stream, and flies off to some more alluring object. The lighter female accomplishments of dancing, music, and drawing, are the principal objects of her attention, and her personal charms are cultivated with such solicitude, that the very air of heaven is not suffered to *visit her face too roughly*.

When perfectly accomplished, this charming creature is introduced to the fashionable world, where her beauties emanate like the first rays of morning, to the delight of the admiring beaux. She enters the temple of Affectation with a palpitating bosom, but her fears soon subside, and she participates the varied pleasures of the ball, the fête, and the masquerade, with as much glee as the Duchess of —— herself. Gratified by the fulsome flattery and flippant wit of the titled coxcomb, the beautiful *tyro* feels an emulation to obtain universal admiration, and learns to wield the sonorous cymbals with all the agility and grace imaginable. Those brazen emblems of female modesty must be highly conducive to the harmony of polished society, and enable the fair performer to suppress the small remains of bashfulness, so incommodious in *high life*.

Such accomplishments are doubtless considered by our modish ladies as indispensable, especially if they hope to rival the actresses, and recal the wandering hearts of those lovers who are attracted by theatric graces. Our men of fashion, indeed, have the example of English peers to countenance their attachment to the beauties of the green-room; and we may expect, if the *mania* continues, to see those heroines transplac'd from their fictitious greatness into the superb mansions of our nobility, to preside over the varying freaks of vanity and extravagance.

But it is among the middle classes that the effects of mismanaged boarding-schools are most severely felt.—The ambition of parents to see their children exalted occasions them to lavish that money on superfluous accomplishments, which would have been much better applied to purchase more solid benefits. The wives of merchants and tradesmen, viewing the infantine graces of their daughters with maternal delight, vainly think that to initiate them in modish qualifications, will be their certain exaltation, if not to a title, at least to a higher rank in society than that in which they have been born.

For this purpose miss is entrusted to the governess of a boarding-school, and no recruit ever suffered more on

drill than she is obliged to undergo. Her form is moulded according to the correct ideas which her preceptress has of grace; she is taught to look, sit, move, and speak by rule; and to play upon various instruments of music, dance and speak French, by masters whose insignificance is only equalled by their adulatory impertinence.

Unaccustomed to the conversation of men of sense, the poor girl soon imbibes the flippant nonsense of her teachers, and should any of those coxcombs happen to be an agreeable man, an intrigue is probably commenced with his pupil, which terminates in an elopement.

The History of Miss Wentworth.

When the *skipping-rope* was first introduced at a boarding-school for young ladies, near London, Maria Wentworth, a fine sprightly girl, aged fifteen, was ambitious to excel her school-fellows by superior agility and grace, in that species of amusement. Maria could swing the skipping-rope backwards, forwards, or transversely, with inimitable dexterity, and her health was improved by the exercise; but she lost that delicate sensation of modesty which formerly suffused her beautiful face on the slightest occasion. She grew more confident, and, charmed by the adulation of her dancing-

master, she became the victim of delusion. This wretch, whose name was Mansel, was the pander of a young nobleman, and practised on the credulity of unthinking girls in the different seminaries in which he was employed. He had long witnessed the vivacity of Miss Wentworth, but did not attempt to seduce her, till she became a *skipping-girl*. From that moment he resolves to profit by her imprudence!

Maria commonly amused herself with her favourite rope in the garden belonging to the boarding-school, and one delightful morning in September, when Mansel came to teach her a lesson, he found her in a retired walk, tripping along with all the playfulness of a Grace. He praised the fresh glow which beautified her cheeks, and the spirit that sparkled in her eyes, from the salubrious effects of exercise in the open air, and hinted that she had made a conquest of a noble lord. Maria blushed, her heart palpitated, but the plausible tale of her deceiver soothed her apprehensions. She consented to indulge her admirer with an interview; he came at the time appointed, and breathed a rhapsody of tender nonsense, such as she had often met with in novels, but had never before heard from the lips of a lover. In a few days she eloped with Lord V*****, who having no object but sensuality in view, first led his mistress through

the fantastic round of illusory pleasures, and then abandoned her to want, infamy, and despair? When Maria reflected on the former innocence and happiness of her life; the tenderness of her parents and friends, whose esteem was for ever lost; and the sweet society of her amiable inmates, who now regretted her absence and exclusion; she became frantic, and in that deplorable state was conveyed to a receptacle of the insane, where she now remains absorbed in melancholy, a sad monument of female indiscretion.

Such are the beneficial consequences of an indulgencè in those modish amusements, the skipping-rope, and the tambourine, so highly recommended as conducive to the health of our youthful females. Those young ladies who now so egregiously prefer an imitation of the wanton contortions of a painted actress, to the modesty and good-nature which can render them truly charming, ought, as a warning against levity and seduction, to remember the fate of poor Maria Wentworth.

Is there a father or mother feelingly solicitous for the future honour and happiness of their daughter, who would entrust her into one of those modern temples of affectation, called boarding-schools? No; rather let the loveliest part of our species be educated at home,

Beneath a mother's guardian eye; or if the mother be incompetent to the task, let a modest preceptress instruct the blooming girl beneath that paternal roof where *seduction* will not presume to appear under the assumed name of *refinement*. This mode of education will preserve the morals of the virgin, and be particularly useful and practicable among those in the middle classes of society; as girls can not only make a regular progress in useful and ornamental knowledge, which renders even beauty more amiable, but they may also be initiated in those easily acquired arts of domestic economy peculiar to their sex. Thus the daughters of shopkeepers can occasionally assist in the sale of goods, and at once learn an useful and profitable business, while they repay the cares of their parents, by grateful exertions for their mutual welfare, at the same time that *home* may be considered as a sanctuary, where the demon *vice* can have no influence.

By the present preposterous ambition to educate young women of the subordinate classes with the profusion of those in the highest ranks, many girls are utterly disqualified to fill their place and perform their duties in society, and in a manner prepared for seduction!

An elegant young woman, long accustomed to the homage of a train of coxcombs, will expect similar

attention from her husband, and feel her pride mortified when she finds herself treated as a mere woman.— From the frivolity of her mind, she is not possessed of that modest dignity so essential to command the esteem of her partner;—hence bickerings, jealousies, and often mutual infidelity, terminated by a separation.

Good sense is as much superior to the levity of wit as the light of the sun is to the momentary glare of a meteor; and an accomplished female mind is infinitely more estimable in the eyes of reflecting men than those exhibitions of feminine charms obtruded on our fancy by fashion. Such beautiful creatures as glide along the streets, decorated in showy apparel, may amuse the passenger; but would he wish to see his wife in the loose attire of a woman of the town? Then let us discountenance this violation of public decency, so abominable to the virtuous mind, and endeavour to persuade the fair sex, that modesty and purity of manners are the true ornaments that render their beauty at once amiable and inestimable.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
 And wisdom falls before exterior grace,
 A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,
 Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
 Are qualities that seem to comprehend
 Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend :
 Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind ;—
 Though busy, trifling ; empty, though refin'd.

In contemplating the importance of education, and its influence on the present and future happiness of man, the mind is warmed with philanthropic enthusiasm. We behold the docile youth pass in review, with lively minds, which, like germinating plants, require the skill of the experienced to prune their luxuriance, and direct their growth. We behold their passions ready to rebel against the authority of their sovereign reason, which is yet in its infancy, unable to restrain them, and looking to us for aid. Their untaught and unsophisticated minds are like simple water, equally susceptible of the rich tincture of virtue, or the rank infusion of vice. They seem to look up to us with an eye of supplication, and to cry emphatically—*Who will shew us any good?*—Who will direct us how we may become the ornaments, and not the disgrace, of our nature and our nation?

The youth of all the higher and middle classes in society have a manifest advantage over those in a lower station, yet it will be found that, in consequence of injudicious management, they derive little benefit from contingent circumstances. The indulgence of infantine caprice, so prevalent in this metropolis, is one great source of folly and vice. From a ridiculous affectation of tenderness, many mothers lay the foundation of the future obstinacy of their sons, by gratifying their childish passions. Such falsely good-natured beings will exclaim, "I cannot bear to make my child unhappy, even for a moment; poor fellow, he will have trouble enough when he grows up—sorrow will come too soon." This absurd idea is very common among parents, who imagine their children will be taught the regulation of their passions by experience.

Boys are indulged, lest severe restrictions should break their spirit, and render them timid: hence they become assuming and impudent, and on their entrance into life are like a luxuriant tree, whose superabundance of branches and foliage prevents it from producing any good fruit, till the severe hand of experience lops its redundancies.

How irrational are those parents who permit their sons to attain maturity, with only a few fashionable

accomplishments!—They step into life with all their passions and desires in full vigour; where, impatient of contradiction, and unaccustomed to control, they are often involved in embarrassments and quarrels. In-
 charmed by the smile of pleasure, the giddy youth revels in her illicit enjoyments. Fascinated by public amusements, and misled by dissolute companions, he pursues the phantom of happiness without reflection. The stews, the gaming-table, and the tavern, consume his health and fortune; till ruined, emaciated, and forsaken, the wretch is left to pine in hopeless despondency; or, unable to meet his *naked heart alone*, he terminates his vain-glorious career by suicide! Such, alas! are too often the fruits of an improper or imperfect education.

Under the head “Manners of the Great,” we have taken a cursory view of what is called a liberal education: let us now investigate the mode of instruction usually pursued with children of the lower classes. The sons of tradesmen are generally taught a smattering of Latin, which they seldom find of any real utility during their progress through life, while their morals are overlooked, and the mind,

“ Like a neglected forester, runs wild.”

Still more objectionable is the present education of the children of mechanics. It being the principal object of the school-master to increase the number of his pupils, at the same time that he is disqualified for the important charge, both from his ignorance of human nature, and his imperfect knowledge of the elements of science.

We often hear parents complain that their children in a few months forget all that they had learned at school ; the fact is, they had learned nothing except a smattering of grammar and arithmetic ; and the principles of these useful sciences had been impressed so feebly on their memories, that, like the visions of the night, they were forgotten with the return of more vivid objects.— Many school-masters are shamefully negligent in the inculcation of the first principles of religion and morality, and commonly leave that most important branch of instruction to the management of a vain and irreligious usher. Such are the most obvious defects in some of our seminaries ; let us now suggest a few improvements.

The law formerly made to prevent the growth of popery, which required that every teacher of youth should be authorised by a licence from the bishop of the diocese, might be revived as a check to the alarming spread of immorality and infidelity. By a revision of

this law, every pastor might not only be empowered, but obliged to grant such licence, after having previously scrutinised the abilities and character of every schoolmaster and schoolmistress in his parish. No prohibition, however, ought to be issued against Christian teachers of any denomination. We have so many avowed enemies in those deists and atheists who arrogate to themselves the name of philosophers, that we should cooperate in the general promulgation of the great truths of the gospel.

To limit either religion or science within the pale of any particular sect, is derogatory to that sublime brotherly love enjoined by Christ. Let the future competition among Christians be, who shall do most to promote the universal happiness of mankind. This simple, benign, and godlike principle of charity will more effectually suppress immorality, and counteract the insidious paradoxes of infidels, than the pen of satire, or the sword of justice.

Young clergymen would be the most proper instructors of youth. Being well-taught themselves, and coming fresh from classic ground, with their faculties invigorated by polite learning, they are fully competent to the task of inculcating knowledge; and from their prepara-

tory study of ethics, they are proper guardians of the morals of others.

Men of genius would find ample room for their active minds to expatiate in tracing and aiding the development of the human understanding. Nor will any man of sense object to the avocation, who will take the trouble to recollect that some illustrious writers have presided over youth as masters and assistants in academies.—Milton, Johnson, and Goldsmith, “*poured the fresh instruction o’er the mind;*” nor can we rationally consider that employment as a degradation of talents, which contributes so essentially to the diffusion of knowledge.

When the pupil has been initiated in the elements of useful science, and while the susceptible heart throbs with generous feelings, the beauty of morality should be exhibited in the most engaging garb. The simple and sublime precepts of Christ will awaken that benevolence which is the source of human felicity on earth. The tutor will have an opportunity to contrast the fanciful doctrines of the heathen with the elevated and godlike dignity of Christianity, and the unerring precept, “*whatsoever ye would that all men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,*” will, by making an early and permanent impression, guide the happy being in the path of justice.

Elegant literature, such as poetry, history, biography, and natural philosophy, may be studied with success.— With a mind thus imbued with divine and human knowledge, the youth when he steps into the world will feel and act up to the dignity of a rational being. He will be a column at once to adorn and strengthen the fabric of society; he will perceive his dignified situation in the order of created beings, and rejoice in the honourable privileges of a man and a Christian.

This sketch is submitted to the consideration of the middle and lower classes of the community, whose very imperfect mode of education requires improvement, especially as many of the school-masters are incompetent to a trust on which so much of the happiness of the present and future generations depends! Happy, thrice happy, would London soon be, if those miserable children who are now taught the arts of deceit and thievery, were taught to read and write, and had their minds early fortified with pious precepts, to enable them to resist the influence of evil communications.

The human soul comes pure and innocent from the hand of its holy Creator; by its union with the body it acquires propensities which, under proper regulations,

are productive of good ; while its exquisite susceptibility renders it liable to receive continual impressions from surrounding objects. Hence the vast importance of our infantine years, and the necessity of the early and gradual inculcation of the moral duties.

Parents, look around ! behold the little blooming creatures whom Providence has committed to your charge. Ah, cultivate their hearts, rectify their judgments, and their grateful reverence will reward your love ! Do not imagine that your duty to your offspring is confined to supplying them with mere necessaries. That is, indeed, indispensable ; but their minds require a much more important kind of nutriment. Instil piety to God, and love to mankind, as the two great principles of human felicity. Teach them to regard the whole creation as the production of one great and good Being, whose wisdom is unbounded. As their faculties expand, let them be initiated in the principles of useful science, and taught some art conducive to the common good. Then shall your daughters be celebrated for their modesty and virtue, and your sons become honest, industrious, and intelligent men, the glory of their parents, and an honour to their country.

CLERGY.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause. COWPER.

Long have the various opinions respecting religion, and the sanguinary persecutions of men who called themselves Christians, employed the sarcastic wit of the unbeliever. The luxury, pride, and negligence, of many of our modern clergy, has induced malignant infidels to point their ridicule against the whole clerical body; and though it must be confessed that the dissipation of some pastors is a degradation of the robe they wear, yet we can boast of many clergymen of the different sects of Christians who are ornaments of human nature.

Several of our benefice clergymen, indeed, by employing curates at a low salary, seem to think that their proxies are like the military, better disciplined, and more attentive to their duty, in proportion to the smallness of their pay. Hence the curate is so far from being prepared for his sabbatical avocation, that he is often engaged during the week in some worldly pursuit, for the subsistence of his family; and instead of the

zeal he should feel for the happiness of his flock, he too often attends on Sunday merely as an hireling, and with a mind pre-occupied with business.

But if the Reverend Doctor himself condescends to preach, his parishioners must doubtless be much edified. And so they would, did he not substitute affectation for simplicity, and a few sweet-sounding aphorisms, equally refined and unintelligible, instead of the perspicacious and affecting doctrine of Christ.

Such pastors are well pourtrayed by the satirist in the following lines:

“ The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and, reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work;
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!”

Yet even these fashionable and flimsey orators are pardonable, compared with the avaricious pluralist, who combines the deceit of the hypocrite with the covetousness of the miser, while his meanness reflects an odium on our holy religion.

Some clergymen go still farther, and convert the sacred avocation into a sinecure. A recent instance,

however, has occurred, in which this shameful omission has been punished: we are informed by the public papers, that at the last Summer Assizes, held at Durham, the Rev. Mr. W——, vicar of that city, was fined ten pounds a month for non-residence during the nine preceding months; though he was proved to be actually building a house for the purpose of residence.

Notwithstanding these negligences, the Christian church in this country can boast of many faithful champions. Men whose piety is embellished by genius, and sanctioned by truth. Such is the elegant author of "An Apology for the Bible;" such the bishop of this metropolis, who unites the imagination of the poet, with the understanding of the philosopher; and such the incomparable Paley, whose elegance as a writer, and purity as a moralist, are equally worthy of eulogium. There never was an era, since the establishment of Christianity, when its enemies appeared so numerous, or so audacious; and when peace, that precious gift of Heaven shall be restored to Europe, it will require the combined exertions of our divines and moralists to counteract the influence of French philosophy.

Think then, ye ministers of the gospel, on the importance of your sacred trust; beware, lest you im-

mingle the leaven of human prejudice with the bread of life. Instead of holding up the particular tenets of any sect of Christians as exclusively excellent, imitate the Saviour of man, who commanded his disciples to love one another.

View yourselves in the true light, merely as agents of your divine master, authorised by his word to distribute the fruit of the tree of life to his household, and prepared by a life of sanctity to preach his gospel, which is able to make us *wise unto salvation*. Under this impression of sanctified humility, and Christian charity, the blessing of JEHOVAH will accompany your pious labours in the cause of truth; and the animative inspiration of his spirit will renovate the love of religion in the hearts of many who are misled by the illusions of infidelity, and the sophisms of atheism,

LAWYERS.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch, and not their terror.

SHAKSPEARE.

Among the various sciences, jurisprudence is entitled to a conspicuous place. The complexity and fitness of

the law to almost every case deserves the reverence of the public. By its subtlety, right and wrong can be separated out of the chaos in which they are involved beneath the wig of a serjeant, or in the still more intricate labyrinth of an attorney's brain; nay, by the power of eloquence, equity can be metamorphosed into injustice.

High-spirited people, instead of appealing to honest neighbours as arbitrators of a dispute, wisely seek redress from the civil law, which very civilly disburthens them of their superfluous cash, leaving them to enjoy the pleasing reflection, that they have effected the ruin of one another. The litigious disposition has been stigmatised by the name of *obstinacy*; but, if traced to its origin, it will be found to spring from benevolence! Let us only consider what a multitude of serjeants, counsellors, attornies, and their coadjutors the catch-poles, would be destitute of employment did not their good-natured countrymen contribute to their support by law-suits.

Pope says, "All discord's harmony;" and doubtless the apparent discord in our courts of justice is conducive to the social harmony and happiness of numbers, whose time is occupied by the litigations of others. Indeed the patriotic exertions of our lawyers are wonderful.

With what zeal do they espouse the cause of the client, not for the trifling customary fee, but a godlike love of justice! Our Court of Equity may be truly denominated the temple of Astrea, where the lawyers, like sacred priests, attend in solemn robes to dispense her blessings to the community. A foreigner, unacquainted with our laws, would feel the greatest veneration for those excellent men whose deportment accords so well with their innate integrity; but how great would be his astonishment, when informed, that the respectable body was wholly supported by the folly and vices of their countrymen; and that the pride and phrensy which stimulates to litigation, enriched thousands of virtuous men, who were educated purposely to assist in the administration of justice.*

But as the most sacred institutions are not exempted from censure, it has been asserted that bribery misleads even some of these advocates of equity. History indeed affords a memorable instance of the fallibility of a great lawyer. Lord Bacon pleaded against the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who had formerly been his patron; and

* The number of the Courts of Justice in the metropolis amounts to 61; the Prisons 14; besides four Houses of Correction, and the number of persons employed in the different departments of the law are estimated at 7040.

he was afterwards degraded from his exalted situation in consequence of bribery and corruption.

Some attorneys act in the double capacity of lawyers and bankers. These ingenious gentlemen, reflecting that a man who is mad enough to go to law is incapable of managing his own affairs, on the successful issue of a suit, prudently lock up the money for the client's future purposes.

This excellent device is sometimes aided by coincident circumstances. A person employed his attorney to recover a debt, which the latter effected, and appropriated the money to his own use, amusing his client from time to time with promises that the affair should be brought to a favourable termination. Meanwhile the person died who had paid the debt, and the attorney now looked upon the cash as his own in reality! The papers of the deceased indeed discovered the fraud, but, in vain, for who would enter a suit against an attorney?

This solitary instance of ingenuity, however, is inapplicable to that respectable class at large;—for is not the integrity of an attorney proverbial?

Superstition in religion has given place to that worst of mental diseases, *infidelity*; but the superstitions of

law and physic yet maintain their ground. When will quackery in both, that so often deprive men of their lives and fortunes—when will these gigantic evils be removed from society? When mankind prefer temperance to excess, and exercise to indolence, health will be promoted. And when the natural beneficence of the human heart is directed by prudence, men will not involve themselves and families in want and ruin by law-suits.

PHYSICIANS.

The first physicians by *debauch* were made,
Excess began, and *sloth* sustains the trade.
 By toil our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food—
 Toil strung their nerves and purified their blood.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend:
 God never made his works for *man* to mend.

DRYDEN.

Health and length of days are such inestimable blessings, that whoever can contribute to their enjoyments will be considered as a public benefactor. Hence, physicians have, in all ages, been treated with respect and confidence. Many of the medical men, whose skill and experience contribute to the happiness of their fellow-citizens by the removal of disease, have also enriched

the world of literature, not only with practical treatises on the healing art, but with useful productions in other departments of science.

A very ingenious and indefatigable philosopher, in what he calls his "*Medical pneumatic Institution*," informs us, that he has made a discovery which bids fair to ensure the duration, if not the perfectibility, of man. How much superior is this effort of English genius to any improvement hitherto made on the Continent! A modern French chemist, indeed, has found out a mode of preserving *dead* bodies; but our more enlightened countryman can preserve bodies alive.

As mere existence, however, would not confer happiness, this sage has found, by blissful experience, that his *panacea* can, at once, revivify the frame, and fill the mind with the most delightful ideas. Lest the reader should feel an unpleasing impatience to learn the name of this wonderful restorative, be it known to all whom it may concern, that this universal medicine is air!—yes, my good-natured friends, it is air:—but not that common effluvia of butchers' stalls or cheesemongers' shops which you have been so long necessitated to inhale in your excursions through this capital;—it is air in its

most unadulterate and spirituous state, purified by chemistry from every particle of corruption !

This invaluable oxygen gas, or rather quintessence of air, will, when it comes into general use, promote temperance, sobriety, and industry, in our populous towns, especially the metropolis ; and the time now occupied in short excursions to the country, for the benefit of pure air, may be employed to more advantage at home, as the valetudinarian may soon recover his health by the daily inspiration of a small quantity of this aërial cordial.

This excellent medicine will be more efficacious than all the other famous remedies of the age. The botanical syrup ; the balm of gilead ; the lozenges of steel ; with the rest of the *miraculous nostrums* of the day, will soon fall into disrepute when put in competition with refined ether. We must regret, indeed, that this invaluable remedy bids fair to ruin all those benign quacks who have so long devoted their researches to the good of the public. Poor men ! what will become of them ?— It would be worthy of the national munificence to raise a subscription for the purpose of building a receptacle for those destitute beings, to be called the *Asylum for Unfortunate Quacks*.

Might not the general use of this joy-inspiring ether render our expensive public amusements unnecessary? Its titillating effect far excels our modern farces in raising pleasurable ideas. Risibility may now be studied as a science; and by the administration of different quantities of the doctor's *merry gas*, every gradation of mirth may be attained from the gentle titter of the coquet, to the obstreperous roar of the country 'squire.

Perhaps the philosophic discoverer of this cordial may, by farther experiments, obtain an ethereal substance sufficiently invigorating to support animal existence without having recourse to the grosser elements for subsistence. Then indeed, like the cameleon, we might be said to *live* on air, nor would there be any danger of riots on account of the high price of provisions.

Our epicures, however, might object to this light food, and still prefer gross turtle, venison, or even roast beef, to the doctor's ambrosia. But when we reflect how our gaiety is suspended during the process of concoction, we must rejoice that there is a sage in existence able to provide aliment which, instead of promoting indolence, stimulates to activity, and exhilarates to mirth.

The doctor says, that "under a certain administration of this gas, sleep may possibly be dispensed with;"

he intends to oppose it to the decays of nature, and he is himself so much re-invigorated by this grand restorative, that "his morning alertness equals that of a healthy boy." It must be evident to every intelligent reader, that this sage far excels all other chemists; if he has not, like Prometheus, brought down celestial fire to animate the human form, he may justly claim the merit of a discovery which will effectually prevent dissolution. We may now hope to enjoy the *terrestrial immortality* hinted at by modern sages; while old age and death are for ever banished from the haunts of man!

But, however delightful the prolongation of life may be to the community in general, there are a few selfish individuals who will be little obliged to the doctor for his discovery. Young heirs who are impatiently waiting for the decease of their parents, and hen-pecked husbands who wear the galling chains of matrimony, will, doubtless, execrate that philosophy which disappoints their hopes of the removal of those inimical to their happiness. But such partial grievances are inconsiderable, when compared with the universality of the benefit held out to mankind.

By inhaling this ecstatic ether, the most delicate bloom will adorn the cheeks of our ladies, who now in vain

lavish so much time and money in the purchase and application of paints and lotions; at the same time that its exhilarating influence will brace the nerves and cheer the heart.

After having expatiated on the benign effects of this medicine, the reader might suppose that health was as universal as air in this city;—alas! it is not;—many now languish in lingering torture, from which death alone can release them. Nevertheless, above three-fourths of the diseases of London are ideal, and numbers of patients contribute to the support of the physician, and pay him liberally for regular attendance, at the same time that they labour, not under bodily indisposition, but the imaginary ailments of a *mind diseased*. Many an athletic hypochondriac, whose sanity would be restored in a few days by exercise, now imagines himself at the point of dissolution, though he will probably outlive his physician. The revelry and excess of those unhappy beings has produced such a total relaxation of body and imbecility of mind, that they tremble at the momentary gloom occasioned by every passing cloud: the sight of a hearse fills them with horror; and the mournful knell thrills through every fibre with excruciating torture.

Were we to investigate the origin of those diseases that *really* exist in the capital, they would be found to proceed from gluttony, indolence, and sensuality; consequently, not only the *preventive* but the cure may be found in an adherence to temperance, activity, and moderation.

QUACK DOCTORS.

Amongst the improvements in science of which this age can boast, the art of healing has been brought to the greatest perfection: Cures little less than miraculous are *said* to be daily performed by the administration of nostrums, such as De Velno's Vegetable Syrup; the Nervous Cordial, and the Balm of Gilead. It appears that health and longevity may now be purchased for a few shillings; and nothing but obstinate incredulity can prevent the belief that some sage will suddenly arise, to dispense immortality to the human species.

Indeed, Dr. Beddoes has made a gigantic stride towards immortality. His oxygen gas, if taken in sufficient quantity, will counteract the decays of nature; and as there is little doubt that a man will live as long as he can breathe this pure ether, the Doctor bids fair to restore the longevity of the antideluvians. But even *vital air* itself is less powerful in its effects than galvanism.

By the application of metallic substances, zinc, &c. to the muscular parts of cold-blooded animals, such as frogs, and warm-blooded animals, such as geese, asses, men, women, and children, the most wonderful *distortions* are produced. Nay, we are told, that in an experiment made on a malefactor who was executed at Newgate, he immediately opened his mouth;—doubtless, another application would have made him speak, but the operators, Aldini, Wilkinson, and Co. were so much affrighted, that they threw down their instruments and took to their heels.

The galvanic *Battery* is very different from that used by the military. The latter destroys the living, but the former, directed by an adept like Mr. Wilkinson, may be brought to raise the dead.

Having thus paid a tribute of approbation to those *disinterested* and *modest* philosophers who labour incessantly for the public good, let us now turn our attention to a still more extraordinary class of men, the *modest* and *just* Doctors Brodum, Solomon, and Gardener.—These extraordinary men, without either education or genius, have contrived to persuade the public to purchase their medicines; in consequence of which they are

enabled to live in a style of grandeur: Is it not wonderful, that while the industrious tradesman struggles hard to obtain a well-taxed subsistence, such beings as Solomon should be sanctioned by a patent in the practice of imposture! Nay, such is the public credulity, that those persons who exclaim against the smallest rise in the price of necessaries, are among the first to give their money for mixtures of treacle, water, urine, and a variety of nauseous ingredients, under the well-sounding names of Balm of Gilead, Nervous Cordial, and Vegetable Syrup. Alas! how many sonorous names have the poisoners of mankind bestowed upon Death!

Will it be believed by posterity, that at the commencement of the nineteenth century Quack Doctors were enabled, by the credulity of Englishmen, to amass wealth; nay, that any pretender to the art of healing might for a few pounds *purchase* the academic degree of M. D. in a Scotch university, and afterwards obtain a patent to slay his thousands and tens of thousands according to law! It may, indeed, be asserted in vindication of patents, that since people will venture to swallow nostrums, the State ought to profit by their credulity and folly.

Brodum or Sanozem with physis,
 Like Death, dispatch the wretch that is sick ;
 Pursue a sure and thriving trade—
 Though patients die, the Doctor's paid !
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
 For what another mounts a gallows !

Dr. Brodum is a German Jew; he attended Dr. Bossy in quality of a footman, when that beneficent sage came over to enlighten the eyes of the English, and with him made the tour of England. Having obtained the knowledge of several medical terms, by being present at the lectures of his eloquent master, this enterprising little lacquey resolved to commence Doctor himself. We are not certain whether the love of gain, or a desire to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, first induced Dr. Brodum to give up the science of shaving, dressing a wig, and brushing a coat, for the more elegant art of preparing the *Nervous Cordial* and *Botanical Syrup*—two medicines which, from the Doctor's knowledge of the Linnæan system of botany, we may consider as grand restoratives of nature. Perhaps his medical skill was communicated in a vision by some *demon* of the German *Illuminati*. But it is not improbable, that the secret of preparing the above-mentioned medicines is hereditary in his family, as the Doctor himself seems to insinuate, when he tells us in his "*Guide to Old Age*," that "there

is no other person of the name of Brodum in England." Many are the different media by which wisdom can be imparted to others. Count Cagliostro may have bequeathed to the Doctor the secret of *manufacturing his Baum de Vie*; or, perhaps, the famous Count de St. Germaine communicated his recipe for the preparation of his *Tea for prolonging Life*.

The talisman, however, which metamorphosed a Jacquey into a physician, was the diploma which the *benevolent and disinterested* professors in the Marischal College of Aberdeen sent to this enterprising foreigner. But whether that learned body accepted a pecuniary compensation of one pound thirteen shillings and three pence three farthings sterling, as *Dr. Panglos* says they did from him, or whether the little German was liberal enough to send them a larger sum, is only known to the parties concerned.

Soon after the commencement of his medical career, the Doctor found a powerful auxiliary in the person of the late Quack Doctor Freeman's widow. His union to this *sapient female* contributed much to his *physical knowledge*; and if she prove a fruitful vine, their illustrious progeny, by a timely initiation into the principles of medical imposture, may be able to supply all the *dupes* and *fools* in Europe with remedies for every disease.

Having travelled through different parts of England, like a public benefactor, generously dispensing medicines for a small compensation, the Doctor at length resolved to become a resident in the metropolis.

That merit such as his should go unrewarded, would be an extraordinary instance of degeneracy in the English nation. A man who raised himself from the humble situation of a menial servant to the honourable avocation of working miracles, and who, without either genius or education, has been the author of a work which (he says) has already passed through upwards of fifty editions, must be a most wonderful being!

A person with such multifarious endowments must be fully adequate to the important task of producing a treatise fraught with instruction, and calculated to guide the aspiring youth of *Old England* to the desirable attainment of a *premature old age*; a consummation which they appear to be ambitious of arriving at with all possible celerity, if we may judge from the dissoluteness of their lives.

The compiler of *Literary Memoirs of Living Authors*, speaking of Dr. Brodum, calls him "one of those empirics in physic and newspaper puffers, whose

machinations are graphs to the current of life? How illiberal! Can a man who devotes his studies to the benefit of the public and himself deserve so hard a censure? Nay, was it not insidious in the critic to omit the name of Dr. Solomon, whose pamphlet was equally entitled to his observation? Dr. Boddam in this and every other instance of insidious animadversion on his public services, may console himself with the reflection, that great men have ever been subject to the embittered shafts of calumny, and that censure is a tax which a partisanist pays to the public for being eminent.

When we reflect, however, on the national benefit of universal health bestowed by those *retailers of sanity*, or *miracle-mongers*, we must rejoice in the idea that agriculture, manufactures, and every art and science, may now be pursued without the interruption of sickness. Public spirited men, like our *advertising physicians*, have a claim on the national gratitude, and are justly entitled to civic honours. If a Roman who saved the life of a citizen was considered as a benefactor to the state, how much more should such men as Dr. Boddam and Dr. Solomon, who have saved thousands, be rewarded and honoured? Would it not be worthy of British generosity to open a subscription for the purpose of erecting statues of these *good men*. The statues might be placed

as ornaments to the front of Newgate; one on the right side, and the other on the left, of that awful spot: whence so many youthful heroes take their flight to the world unknown. The victim of vice, whom the laws of his country had doomed to an antient grave, might then point to the statues, and moralize with his last breath on the beneficial effect of *nostrums*, while he acknowledged, that the promise of *renovated health* had induced him to continue his *career of depravity*, and to wander through the haunts of impurity and disease, till excess, like a flame to the oil, *exhausted his constitution*, and pernicious habits drove him to an open violation of the laws of that society which had "*cast him off like a detested sin!*"

Next to Brodum, the most noted advertising Quack of which England may justly boast, is the disinterested Doctor Solomon, of Liverpool, who has been authorised by the *generous* Professors of the Marischal College of Aberdeen to kill or cure *secundum artem*.

According to the most authentic documents it appears, that the sage Solomon is a Jew, who in his youthful days earned an *honest livelihood* by hawking black-ball thro the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His advancement is remarkable; for it appears, that he has since turned his attention from blacking the boots of the gentlemen to

varnishing the faces of the ladies. His *Abstergent Lotion* will doubtless *cleanse* the skin of any fair-one who has the folly to apply it to her epidermis. Poor Solomon has passed through almost as many changes as a butterfly. He endeavoured to establish a newspaper in Liverpool, but the good sense of the people prevailed, the aspiring Jew was obliged to seek a more friendly soil; and he actually had the *honesty* and *modesty* to propose to sell his unestablished newspaper to a young bookseller in Castle-street, Liverpool!

Dr. Solomon does not tell us by what means the wonderful secret of mingling gold with the balm of Mecca was first communicated to him. Perhaps the *inspiring dove* of Mahomet flew from Mecca to the Doctor with the healing balm on its wings, and incited him to impose upon the vile Christians of England; thus by a combination of *Jewish* and *Mahometan wisdom*, enabling the sage to work miracles.

Cavillers may say, that the Doctor's pretensions to a new discovery in medicine is only a revival of the *chimerical* experiments of former deluded alchymists; but, from his general professions of benevolence, it must be evident, that he not only means well, but is convinced of the efficacy of his *Anti-Impetigines*. This *hard word*

reminds us of the observations of a Spanish satyrist on Quack medicines:—"To hear Quacks call over their *simples*," says he, "would make you swear they were raising so many devils;—such as Opopanex, Buphtalmas, Alectorolophos, Ophioseroden, and a great many more. And by all this formidable bombast is meant nothing in the world but a few simple roots, such as carrots, turnips, radishes, and the like. But they keep the old proverb in remembrance—*He that knows thee will never buy thee*: and, therefore, every thing must be made a mystery to hold the public in ignorance."

It has been mentioned in the former part of this work, that the Doctor has adorned his elegant Treatise with his portrait. Besides this embellishment, he has favoured the public with an engraving of his mansion in Liverpool. Hence the happy *few* who have been so fortunate as to outlive the effects of his *Cardial Balm* and *Anti-Impetigines*, may view the residence of their benefactor. A scale is annexed, by which it appears, that the body of this *consecrated tenement* is seventy feet long; and undoubtedly, were the philanthropic proprietor exalted according to his merit, he would be placed by public justice in a situation as eminent and conspicuous as *that which conferred immortality on HAMAN!*

Some years ago, Dr. Solomon made a trip to Dublin, supposing that a people who had been so long in the habit of swallowing liquid poison, under the name of Whisky, would rarely be persuaded to purchase his nostrum. On his arrival in the Irish capital, he called upon a vender of patent medicines, and enquired whether he sold the excellent panacea of the celebrated and far-renowned Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool. The man replied in the negative;—"O, sir," said the quack, "Dr. Solomon is one of the most skilful physicians in Europe, his Cordial Balm of Gilead is an universal restorative." "I now recollect," said the shopkeeper, "that a friend of mine who resides in this neighbourhood, is very loud in his praise of that medicine; if you please, sir, I will send for him."

The Doctor bowed assent; the person came, and after the introductory compliments, the self-conceited egotist exclaimed, "I understand, sir, that you approve of Dr. Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead." "I do indeed," replied the other, "I have received very great benefit from it; and shall ever consider it as one of the most excellent medicines in the world. A few weeks since a rich old aunt of mine thought proper to purchase a bottle of Dr. Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead, or Anti-Impetigines, I don't exactly know which; the con-

sequence was, that before she used half the contents of the bottle, she died, leaving me heir to her estate.—For my part I shall ever approve of that excellent medicine to which I am indebted for my fortune.”

The disconcerted Quack sneaked away, leaving the Hibernians to enjoy the laugh at his expence, and he returned to Old England, the true soil for the successful practice of quackery.

One benefit will in time be derived by the community from quack medicines. The people by repeated experiments of the inefficacy of Brodum's, Solomon's, Swainson's, and Gardner's nostrums, will at length find them operate as a cure for credulity.

With regard to the respective merit of the German and English Quacks, it would be difficult to determine which is best entitled to our approbation. Solomon being a Jew of our own growth, probably considers Brodum as an interloper. We do not hear that either of these practitioners are popular among their brethren. The children of Abraham are too cunning to give their monies for either the Nervous Cordial or even the Balm of Gilead itself! Indeed, the incredulity of the Irraelites is proverbial. Dr. Solomon is doubtless skilled in the

virtues of every simple. "from the cedar that grows in Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall;" and he even seems to excel the German empire by experiments upon those *essentia bipeds* who swallow his cordial. Fair dames, who are desirous to imbibe instruction at the fountain-head, have now a fine opportunity to gratify their curiosity; and we may expect to hear some *depreps* visiting the *wise man* of Liverpool, as the Queen of Sheba did his namesake at Jerusalem.

Dr. Senate, like a benevolent philosopher, has endeavoured to remedy the waste occasioned by the sword, by *Lozenges of Steel*, which will render even sterility itself prolific. It is remarkable that the Quack should think it necessary, in a public advertisement, to "declare *solemnly*, that no person living, except himself and another person, ever saw or has any knowledge of the preparation with which *Les Pastilles Martiales de Montpellier*, or *Aromatic Lozenges of Steel*, are prepared." Steel has ever been either an excellent friend or formidable enemy to the human race, according to the use to which it is applied. The Poet says,

"What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like man, submit to fate;
Steel could the labours of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial tow'rs of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground:
 What wonder then, fair dame, thy health should feel
 The conqu'ring force of anresisted steel!

Indeed there is the greatest probability that such ladies as are rash enough to swallow the *metallic tonic* of Dr. S. will have but too much reason to agree with the poet.

Few persons will have the hardihood to deny the power of steel. As a *political medicine* it has been pretty liberally dispensed on the Continent, to the destruction of myriads of the human species; but how pills of the same metal can be conducive to population is extremely paradoxical indeed.

THE QUACK.—AN EPIGRAM.

Ne'er doubt my pretensions, I am a physician,
 See, here's my *diploma*, and in good condition;
 From Aberdeen sent by the coach, on my honour,
 I paid English gold to the generous donor.
 If that won't suffice, here's my prostitute patent,
 To cure all diseases, apparent or latent.
 Perhaps you suspected, I was but a poacher
 On the right of physicians, a frontless encroacher;
 But my *qualification's* like theirs, without flaw,
 And I kill my game fairly according to law!

COSMETICS.

————— Roses for the cheeks.

And lilies for the brows of faded age;

Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;

Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets:

Néctareous essences, Olympian dews!

GOETHE.

Next to the quack doctors, may be classed, those beautifiers of the human countenance—the *inventors of cosmetics*. Aided by the miraculous power of lotions and tinctures, new beauties reanimate the face, and we behold the roseate bloom of youth smile like morning light on the varnished visage of age.

While a superabundance of paints and lotions renovate beauty, the fair artist daily improves in taste; she guides the pencil with such skill over every line of her face, and imitates nature with such elegance, that we may soon be able to boast of female portrait-painters who will excel even Sir Joshua Reynolds himself! One great advantage in favour of female genius, in this instance, is the superior texture of the skin to canvas, or any other artificial ground. It is to be regretted, however, that too many of our female artists grow negligent after marriage, and, reflecting that the portrait is sold,

take little pains to improve its tint; nay, it is asserted, that they often become hideously deformed in a few years. This is certainly a great imperfection, for the works of the most eminent male artists have generally become more estimable in the eyes of the connoisseur in proportion to their age.

How are we to solve this problem? Is it because Nature always counteracts any violation of her precepts, that the fair sex, who assume artificial beauties, thus fall a sacrifice to their own imprudence?—the moralist would add—their INFIRITY.

One of our ethical writers says, that there are “no better *cosmetics* than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit; no true beauty without the signatures of these graces in the very countenance.” Such puritanical precepts might have been esteemed in the days of yore; but what woman of spirit would now submit to such philosophic self-denial? Severe temperance, modesty, and humility, indeed! No, no, our modish fair ones are too *knowing*, to venerate the slavish restrictions of morality:—

“Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
“ And think no pleasure can be bought too dear!”

In this enlightened age, the visage that time had tinted with a philomat hue now assumes the mellow blush of Hebe herself. Circassia sends her bloom to animate the face of English beauty: exotic blushes are imported as superior to those suffusions formerly celebrated by our poets; and art, wonder-working art, is the creator of fashionable beauty. Hoary locks and wrinkles are banished from this happy metropolis: and washes which render the ladies "ever fair and ever young," may be obtained for gold.

Those irresistible arms of the ladies of London are chiefly compounded of ingenious chymical preparations. Mercury, that conqueror of the sons of pleasure, and lead, that destroyer of heroes, form the principal ingredients with which the fair-sex so plentifully lacker their epidermis!* Ah! spare our beaux, ye fascinating matrons and ever-blooming virgins, nor thus incase yourselves in a *coat of mail* that at once allures and destroys!

The curiosity of our mother Eve first introduced knowledge to the human race, and it may rationally be supposed that the first woman has been excelled by her

* As hard words are often unintelligible to the *innocent* part of the fair sex, it may be proper to inform them, that the epidermis is the outermost skin of the human body. As for the FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS, they knew every thing!!!

daughters in useful and excellent discoveries. Indeed, from what we can learn, Eve had but a very imperfect idea of dress; nor did she require the aid of cosmetics, for her face and form were already superlatively charming. At length time deprived our lovely mother of her graces, and death triumphed over the fairest part of the visible creation. Our modern belles, on the contrary, have invented tints that set the assaults of time at defiance: their happy skill can adorn the palest cheek with a permanent vermeil hue, and prevent the decays of old age from becoming visible; nay, it is not improbable that their wonderful inventive powers will eventually overcome the ghastly horrors of death, and shine with undiminished charms even in the shroud.

The superiority of *artificial* to *natural* beauty will appear in all its dignity, if we contrast the permanent bloom of the former with the unfashionable flushings of the latter. A truly modest woman, whose delicate organization delineates every strong emotion in her expressive face, must appear a singular being in the eyes of those modish females, whose faces wear one unchangeable smile. The aspect of the modest woman is like the *aurora borealis*, while her blushes alternately flash and fade; but the countenance of the accomplished

lady, decorated with **COSMETICS**, resembles the sun, and shines with unfading glory.

CARICATURE AND PRINTSHOPS.

The caricature and printshops, which are so gratifying to the fancy of the idle and licentious, must necessarily have a powerful influence on the morals and industry of the people. Caricaturists are certainly entitled to the reward which a well-regulated police will ever bestow on the promoters of immorality and profaneness. Their indefatigable study to ridicule oddities of character might be overlooked, and in a few instances their exhibition of vice to derision may be useful, but the general effect of their productions is the proper standard by which we can duly estimate their merit or demerit.—When brought to the tribunal of reason, it will be found that the greater part of such caricatures, prints, and paintings, as appear in the windows of our print-sellers, are injurious to virtue.

This humorous mode of satirising folly is very prejudicial to the multitude in many respects:—in the loss of time to those who stop to contemplate the different figures; the opportunities given to pickpockets to exercise their art; and that incitement to licentiousness oc-

casioned by the sight of voluptuous paintings. The indecent attitudes, obscene labels, and similar decorations, must have a powerful effect on the feelings of susceptible youth; and it is an authenticated fact, that girls often go in parties to visit the windows of printshops, that they may amuse themselves with the view of naked figures in the most indecent postures.

Before these windows, the apprentice loiters unmindful of his master's business; and thither the prostitutes hasten, and with fascinating glances endeavour to allure the giddy and the vain who stop to gaze on *the sleeping Venus*, the *British Venus*, and a variety of seductive representations of feminine beauty.

Are these witty but prophan and indecent labels, and this display of nudities, productive of any good?—do they not rather tend to the depravation of mind, and contribute to relax the moral ties of society? If such be their tendency, the magistracy would deserve the gratitude, not only of the present generation, but of millions yet unborn, by the suppression of those libidinous paintings and engravings, which, through the medium of the eye, empoison the purity of the human heart, and mislead the laughing victim into the paths of folly and vice.

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

We nobly take the high *priori* road,
 And reason downward till we doubt of God :
 Make *Nature* still encroach upon his plan,
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some *mechanic cause* into his place ;
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.

POPE.

This enlightened and inquisitive age will be distinguished in history as remarkable for refined and ingenious speculations.—Among our contemporary authors, those theorists who have modestly assumed the name of philosophers have excited the most general attention.

These sages may be divided into two classes : the first consisting of metaphysicians, and ethical writers ; and the second comprising those more dangerous innovators who introduce sophistry in the garb of elegant literature, and promulge their opinions through the medium of romances, and the drama. Grave sages, having culled the best moral precepts from the works of the ancients, propose to improve mankind by a better system than any hitherto devised. Their doctrine inculcates the idea of the *perfectibility* of the human mind in this life ; and they profess to reform the abuses which have crept into all human institutions. The Utopian speculations of

these sages, however, have not even the merit of originality ; and, happily for mankind, their theories are conceived so much under the influence of dulness as to be unintelligible.

Inflated with arrogance, they ascribe the slow progress of their doctrine to the obstinate and indocile ignorance of mankind, whose prejudices, like clouds, obscure the light of the *new philosophy*. Foreseeing the opposition which their abstruse theories must encounter, they have defended themselves by the very pertinent remark; that metaphysics are above the capacity of the common reader. For whom then are such books published ?—certainly not for the exclusive information of philosophers, but the general instruction of mankind: for, as a modern writer observes, “ Metaphysics is in truth nothing more than the employment of good sense, in observing our own thoughts, feelings, and actions; and when the facts which are thus observed are expressed, as they ought to be, in plain language, it is perhaps, above all other sciences, most on a level with the capacity and information of the generality of thinking men. When it is thus expressed, it requires no previous qualification, but a sound judgment, perfectly to comprehend it; and those who wrap it up in a *technical* and mysterious jargon, always give us strong reason to suspect that they are not *philosophers*, but *impostors*.”

Were we to enquire why so many new systems of metaphysics and ethics are promulgated among mankind, we should find that they originate in the pride of aspiring individuals. Learned pride in the philosopher and the flattered vanity of his votaries, are the origin of all those abstruse systems of human knowledge that now militate against revelation, and the happiness of mankind; but the voluminous productions of French and German and English freethinkers and atheists will, when brought to the test of truth, be found to consist of a few impious ideas, expanded into long dissertations. These ærial castles, like immense columns of clouds, will, when exposed to the pervading rays of common sense, evaporate into thin air.

Without a God, the universe would be as dreary as our system without a sun. The comfortable idea of his presiding Providence enables the believer to struggle with adversity, and to hope amid the most discouraging circumstances. On the other hand, the atheist, who has erected for himself a fanciful edifice of human perfection, and who, trusting to his own sagacity and exertions, finds to his inexpressible woe that his proud notions were unfounded, either sinks into the torpor of imbecility, or rises to the phrensy of despair, and often flies to *self-murder* as a refuge from reflection!

What says the Christian?—

———— There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

What says the atheist? "Nature produced all things." Atheists! look around, behold the wonders of creative wisdom in the heavens and the earth; contemplate the structure of the human frame—the faculties of the mind; and exclaim with David, "Fearfully and wonderfully am I made!" Ah! do not impiously employ your endowments in opposition to the revealed will of the beneficent Giver of life and reason! Act not so ungratefully; but, with melting hearts, fall prostrate and repenting before your omnipresent Creator.

Those atheistical metaphysicians, however, are not so dangerous as might at first be apprehended. Their researches in the labyrinth of ratiocination has imperceptibly carried them so far into the bottomless abyss of delusion, that they are alike unintelligible to themselves and others. Their lamp of reason emits a brilliant light at the outset; but as they proceed, it gradually becomes dim, and eventually expires, leaving them overwhelmed in eternal darkness.

A more formidable and ingenious sect of speculatists has emerged into public observation. These sages adapt their systems to the natural propensities of the human heart. By rejecting and deriding the moral precepts, which enjoin self-denial, and by artfully cherishing the passions, they enchant their votaries, who extol them as demi-gods.

Our modish sages, with an ingenuity and effrontery unknown to the ancients, have combined the pride of the stoic with the voluptuousness of the epicurean ; and at once gratify their proselytes with the idea that they are pursuing the dictates of virtue, while yielding to the impulse of every desire. Hence their popularity, and the pernicious effects of their sophistry on the morals of the community.

Thus vice has not only assumed the garb, but even the sentiments of virtue ! Under the plausible name of refinement, the most abominable sensuality allures the unsuspecting mind, both in the closet and the theatre—in the dramas, novels, and philosophical publications of the day. Did our fashionable infidels allow themselves to exercise their own reason, they would discover, that instead of thinking independently, they are the most superstitious of mortals ! Misled by the eloquent so-

phistry of a few proud modern *illuminati*, they are neither free in thought nor action, but led captive by their tyrannic appetites.

The new philosophy is little more than a revival of the obsolete opinions of Bolingbroke, Tindal, and other free-thinkers, who initiated Voltaire in the first principles of infidelity. By the activity and perseverance of Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Diderot, scepticism was promulgated over the continent with astonishing rapidity.— Those great men, glorying in their enterprise, employed all their powers to subvert Christianity, and the French Encyclopédie proved a most powerful engine of infidelity.

Affecting a most philosophic benignity, those cunning sophisters rang all the changes on *toleration* and *reason*. The contagion of irreligion and immorality was communicated to the public mind under the insinuating forms of history, natural philosophy, poetry, and romances; and Voltaire was particularly successful in the administration of those empoisoned potions. Having exercised his wit in the ridicule of various human institutions, he attacked revelation with all the malignancy of satire.— There was something so spirited and noble in laughing at what others considered as sacred, that multitudes

joined in the frantic roar, and this laughing sage became the favourite of the people.

Having passed through the medium of French genius, like gold refined in the crucible, this precious philosophy has recently been introduced in 'The Age of Reason.' But its author unwarily exposed the malignancy of his own heart, with such scurrility, that he disgusted and alarmed the reader. The task of enlightening the public mind has since been undertaken by men of more refined manners, and superior genius, who have united elegance with sophistry. Indeed the fine-spun theory of perfectibility appears amusing, but its sophisms are impracticable; while Christianity enjoins no precept that is not practical and conducive to happiness. The gorgeous and luxuriant hues of the rainbow may delight for a moment, but we soon turn from its fading magnificence to enjoy the agreeable and permanent light of the sun.

It is much to be regretted, that the deist whose penetration has discovered such errors in the religion of our ancestors, should be so successful in the depravation of his fellow-creatures. When Addison flourished, this metropolis could boast of only a few free-thinkers; "but we are polished now," and the attorney's clerk, the man

milliner, nay, even the waiting-maid and footman, embracing the modern philosophy, deride the faith which led their parents to heaven. From the tribunal of impious wit there is no appeal;—ridicule is her sword, sophistry her shield, and vain-glory her reward. In short, the modish deist denies the authority, and execrates the precepts of the Bible, because it prohibits the indulgence of his passions; while, by his affectation of humanity and sentiment, he passes through life with the character of an accomplished gentleman, though destitute of that modest dignity which ever accompanies merit.

Tell me, ye deists, do you ingeniously peruse the Bible for instruction? Do you not rather gratify your pride, by criticising that sacred volume, and rejoice when you find a passage which you can wasp so as to exercise your wit at the expence of revelation? Are you not ashamed of such artifice, exerted to deceive others, and excite their admiration of your sagacity, while thus opposing the feeble glimmer of your reason to the meridian glory of divine truth?

Were we to trace this fashionable infidelity to its source, we should find that it originated in an injudi-

vious mode of education. Indulgence in infancy leads to foppery in youth and pride in manhood: an inordinate gratification of the appetites depraves the heart, and bewilders the imagination: a continual succession of illicit pleasures corrupts the morals;—the next step is scepticism, which leads to atheism. Glad to catch at any twig that will save him from sinking into the ocean of reflection, the voluptuary, who dare not *meet his naked heart alone*, lulls his conscience in the soporific gloom of annihilation, till remorse, rending the delusive veil of infidelity, exhibits to his terrified mind the infernal brood of vices, hatched and cherished by depravity.

A modern prelate, alike respectable for his eloquence and piety, says, “Whoever has passed any time in the world, and has observed with any degree of attention the manners, the habits, the prejudices, and the reasonings, of those who are enemies to Christianity, must have discovered that infidelity is in general a disease not of the *understanding*, but of the *heart*. By far the greatest part of those who reject revelation are against the gospel because the gospel is against them;—because it condemns and prohibits certain practices, gratifications, and pursuits, which they are determined not to relinquish. It is not, in short, the want of *evidence*,

but the want of *principle*, and of a fair and upright mind, which makes them sceptics and unbelievers." *

Shaftsbury, Mandville, and the free-thinkers of the last age, artfully endeavoured to depreciate religion, by asserting that it was merely an invention of statesmen, to overawe the credulous multitude, and render them obedient to the laws. For this purpose it was necessary that it should be connected with morals; but the infidels of the present day have gone farther, and, like the impious Spinoza, contend that religion is subversive of morality! It is indeed astonishing to contemplate the pains taken by atheists to subvert the Christian doctrine. The intercourse of the sexes is considered by them as liable to no restriction, but merely a matter of choice; and consequently they condemn marriage as a tyrannic restriction of the human will.

Such is the accommodating nature of this fashionable epicurism, that it excludes abstruse reflection, and leaves the mind, disencumbered with intrusive thought, vacant, and ready to embrace every joy. Hence the voluptuary will ever be its strenuous advocate.

* Vide a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the diocese of London, in 1798 and 1799.

Still, however, there are myriads of singular beings in this great metropolis, whose principles, being founded on the Christian religion, enable them to lead unblemished lives, in direct opposition to the practice of the multitude. How long these singular mortals will persist in their unfashionable opposition to the refined sensuality of the times is uncertain. Their obstinacy will not submit to embrace the doctrine of materialism and eternal sleep—they believe in a future state of superior happiness to that of this world; and they think they ought to act up to the dignity of man, by a love of justice. These opinions they have adopted from an almost obsolete book called the BIBLE; and they often aver that it communicates more true knowledge of the moral state and relative duties of man than all the ingenious and fanciful systems of human invention. This superstitious attachment to *truth* and *revelation* is the more unpardonable in the eyes of modern philosophers, and their votaries, when brought in competition with the sublime and witty productions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Gibbon, Volney, and their abettors.

But those odd mortals who have persisted in opposition to the persuasions of human wisdom will, to some fauatics, appear blameable in another respect. For while they reject the theories of metaphysics, they also

avoid a participation in the orgies of enthusiasm. They look up to the Deity with filial reverence and love, and have no idea of being terrified into the love of piety. Hence they endeavour to keep in that medium of morality, that equipoise of faith, that steers clear of the scylla and charybdis both of modern *philosophisme*, and modern *fanaticism*.

“ No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest
Till half the world was, like himself, possessed.
Philosophers, who darken and put out
Eternal truth with everlasting doubt ;
Church quacks, with passions under no command,
Who fill the world with doctrines contraband ;
Discov’ers of they know not what, confin’d
Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind :
Fresh confidence the speculatist takes
From ev’ry hairbrain’d proselyte he makes ;
And therefore prints—himself but half deceiv’d—
Till others have the soothing tale believ’d.”

Our deistical writers, like the French theophilantropists, first cull some of the purest morals from Christianity, and afterwards ungratefully depreciate its benign influence, and stigmatise it as the cause of war and contention among mankind. By such plausible assertions, and their artful adulation of human perfection, those innovators have insinuated themselves into the favour of the fashionable world. They “ *speak*

smooth things, and prophecy deceits," for the gratification of the great, whose example must ever have a powerful influence on the morals of the community.

But suppose, ye laughter-loving dames, and philosophic beaux, that you had discovered a combination of assassins, ready to lift their empoisoned stiletos against your hearts; would you not shrink?—Such, indeed, are your instructors in those ingenious principles, inimical to truth. Under the semblance of friendship, they are your worst enemies—the malignant destroyers of your *present* and *future* happiness! They first deprive you of your best hopes by their vain-glorious opposition of the subtle reflections of reason to the revelation of the DEITY; and then, by sarcasms against the imperfection of human institutions, endeavour to overturn the order of civilised society. Investigate their fine-spun reasonings, and they vanish into air—"into thin air;" and, like the delusions of magic—instead of the superb edifice, the beautiful and perfumed pavilion of delight, erected by reason—you will find yourselves wandering amidst the sulphureous stench, the hideous pitfalls of error and despair.

FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS.

How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not sour and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.

MILTON.

“ There is nothing new under the sun,” was the observation of a Jewish sage; but had he lived in this age of refinement, he would probably have embraced another opinion. Instead of ladies travelling from the most distant regions to learn wisdom of him, he might have obtained from our FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS some new ideas on *the natural equality of the sexes!*

Our fair sages, armed with the triple panoply of reason, wit, and beauty, have boldly entered the list of competition to assert their native rights. They have already proved to a demonstration, that there is no superiority of the male over the female sex; but that the former, by some accidental advantage, not content with equality, had, by a tyrannic assumption, violated the privileges of the latter.

It is worthy of remark, that the founder of this new sect, like the fabled Luna of old, descended from her

luminous elevation to caress her favourite Endymion. Cavillers may say, that in this instance she behaved like a frail woman, but her disciples are convinced that she was actuated by the most philosophic and benign philanthropy ; and thus with inexpressible energy enforced her precepts by example :

“ Strange to tell, she practised what she preach'd.”

Indeed, it is evident, that she imitated the learned and delicate Eloisa, and adopted her sublime and excellent sentiments :

“ Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame ;
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame.
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove :—
 No : make me mistress to the man I love.”

But Eloisa's philosophy had long been neglected by the world ; and though her principles had been adopted by that generous and disinterested class of females called kept-mistresses, yet it required the genius of a modern heroine to establish this system. London, which, like the sun, irradiates the world of science, only required this sect of female philosophers to claim the palm in every kind of intellectual pre-eminence.

The literary productions of our fair sages, and their polite auxiliaries the modern PHILOSOPHISTS, have contributed much to the success of the sect. A moralist whose views of human happiness were bounded by the love of propriety and rectitude, would be apt to assert, that the philosophism of the day is the child of sensuality, and that its abettors owe their success to the latitude which they give their disciples in the indulgence of their appetites. He would contend that the principles inculcated by the Monk, and the German plays and novels of the day, have almost given a mortal wound to British taste and morality.

But to return to our subject. The noble struggles for independence so often made by every class of our fair countrywomen, from the duchess to the retailer of oranges; the curtain lectures of the former, and the liberal epithets and contusions bestowed by the latter upon their beloved yoke-fellows; seem to prove, that they have an equal claim to equality. The contest for equal rights may sometimes be productive of momentary bickerings, but must eventually establish the beautiful claimant in her pristine independence. This event will harmonise the passions of both sexes, and, by a reciprocation of endearments, a nobler affection will arise. Woman, no longer looking on her partner as

superior in talents or resolution, will be equally ready, nay, perhaps, the first, to defend the honour of both if called in question; and we may soon expect to hear of frequent challenges given by the ladies to that formidable and respectable body of men the fops.

This sect, when perfectly established, will prevent many litigations; and the male and female philosophers, being bound by no tie but their own caprice, can, after a tender intercourse for years, voluntarily separate without the formality of a divorce!

The beneficial consequences of these modern refinements must be obvious:

“ Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother,”

will soon be forgotten, and, like the Spartan youth, the rising generation will be the children of the state.

Such of our female philosophers as are blest with high spirits and activity, may with emulative ardour cope with the men in gymnastic exercises. They may learn to rein the fiery charger, wield the firelock, brandish the sabre; and demonstrate, by their puissance and intrepidity, the natural equality of the sexes.

Let a young heroine only reflect what an amiable figure she will make decorated with a helmet, and charging the battalions of the enemy at the head of a squadron of cavalry! Thus, like Minerva herself, the glorious fair-one will gain the conqueror's wreath; and if her character should be slandered, she can challenge her calumniator to single combat.*

Those fair philosophers who are not ambitious to share the "pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war," may rival their male competitors in the softer arts of peace, such as navigation and agriculture. How characteristic of the delicacy of the sex must it be to see a lovely woman steering a ship in a storm, and vociferating through a speaking trumpet to the sailors, while the tempest howls

"With deafning clamour in the slipp'ry shrouds!"

Or in husbandry, how delightful must the charming

* The idea of the equality of the sexes is truly ridiculous. Man is the natural protector of woman; and the shade of subordination is so delicate as to be almost imperceptible. Let the fair-sex meekly enjoy their privileges, and leave imperial man in possession of his prerogatives. They may believe a friend who begs leave to assure them, that Venus appears more amiable encircled with her *costus*, than Minerva armed with her *helm* and *shield*.

farmer appear while guiding the plough through the stubborn fallows, or directing her labourers in their daily task!*

In literature, the fair-sex have monopolised almost all the wit and genius of the age. Witness the sublime instructive novels of the day, in which the fair operators have confused the vision of the reader by the coruscations of magic, and have artfully made the insatiable craving of the public mind for something new subservient to their philosophic speculations. Instead of the unintelligible jargon of the schools, those inge-

* Lavater defines the characteristic difference between the sexes with great precision.—“The female,” says he “thinks not profoundly; profound thought is the power of man. Women feel more; sensibility is the power of woman: men must embrace the whole; women-remark individually. Man hears the bursting thunder, views the destructive bolt with serene aspect, and stands erect amidst the fearful majesty of the streaming clouds; woman trembles at the lightning and the voice of distant thunder, and shrinks into herself, or sinks into the arms of man. A ray of light is singly received by man; woman delights to view it through a prism, in all its dazzling colours: she contemplates the rainbow as the promise of peace; he extends his enquiring eye over the whole horizon. Woman laughs, man smiles; woman weeps, man remains silent. Woman is in anguish when man weeps, and in despair when man is in anguish; yet she has often more faith than man.”

various scribes have cunningly made *romance* the vehicle of *sophistry*. Thus the thoughtless reader is allured by the rich prospect of a terrestrial paradise, and caught by the birdlime of delusion.

Our modern Sappho has successfully employed her talents to the edification of the age. May the lovely daughters of Britain never imitate the practical philosophy of the voluptuous syren !

We have reason to apprehend that the works of Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Boyle, will be neglected for the elegant conceptions of our fair writers in this "*age of reason*." How puerile are the poetic flights of Shakspeare, Dryden, Milton, and Pope, to the inspiring melody, and *chaste sentiments*, of our modern poetesses ! How vapid the productions of Swift, Butler, and Sterne, when compared with the effervescence of female genius ! and how inconclusive the morality of Addison, Steel, and Johnson, when opposed to those perspicuous emanations of mind so liberally diffused by our female philosophers for the improvement of their disciples !

The virtuous woman, who, in conformity to the wise institutions of her ancestors, is obedient to her husband,

and presides with maternal solicitude over her children, inculcating the purest principles of morality, must appear an insipid being compared with those spirited dames who share with their male friends all those pleasurable indulgences which set propriety and religion at defiance.

Among the improvements of this enlightened age, may be reckoned the general practice of mothers in the higher classes, who intrust their infants to the care of hireling nurses. This fashionable violation of maternal duty generally proceeds from indolence, and a desire to be disencumbered in the pursuit of favourite amusements; but surely every mother, endued with that exquisite sensibility which is the ornament of virtuous women, will suckle her child unless prevented by indisposition.

That the female votaries of Minerva, however, should be exempted, not only from this, but every other domestic duty, is a privilege to which they are entitled by their superior endowments. Would it not be prejudicial to the interests of science, were a fair astronomer necessitated to descend from the contemplation of the heavens to chant a lullaby? What an irreparable injury would it be to public morals, if the

female translators of *chaste* and *elegant* German dramas were obliged to attend to the nursery! Nor could it rationally be expected, that such of our fair philosophers as were engaged in metaphysical, or ethical research, could, amid their abstraction, recollect that such beings as children existed. Indeed, those literary ladies are fully entitled to commit their offspring to the protection of others, and thus act in conformity to their other innovations.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague was an advocate for sending children to nurse, and she defends her opinion with her usual wit and vivacity. "You tell," says she, in one of her letters, "that our friend Mrs. —— is blessed with a son, and that her husband insists upon her suckling it herself. I grant that nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. Indeed, if she was a buxom sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions, she might be a good nurse for her child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratifia, nor frets at quadrille, nor

sits up till three in the morning elated with gain, or dejected with loss—I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that comes as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young 'squire much better than here."

These sprightly remarks are certainly just; but why should mothers lead such dissolute lives, as incapacitates them to supply their offspring with wholesome nutriment? This immoral deviation is not confined to high life, for even tradesmen's wives, nay, the wives of mechanics, resign their infants without scruple to the care of strangers; and the natural consequence is that estrangement, and a negligence in the fulfilment of the filial duties, so observable in the youth of both sexes.

Lavater observes, that "without religion man is a diseased creature, that would persuade himself he is well, and needs no physician; but woman without religion is raging and monstrous. A woman with a beard is not so disgusting as a woman who acts the free-thinker;—her sex is formed to piety and religion." How inimical are such sentiments to the views and the wishes of our modern heroines, who, spring the confident air of the prostitute, and exposing their salamandrine virtue to the ordeal of masquerades, theatres, and excursions with their minions, boldly overleap the boundaries of decorum!

The following dialogue between a witty author and a female philosopher, will shew the propriety of young ladies indulging in metaphysical speculations. "Madame de V—— told me she believed nothing. I told Madame de V—— it might be her principle, but I was sure it could not be for her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as hers could be defended. That there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist. We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand; and there is need of all restraints till age in his own time steals in and lays them on us. But, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand, 'tis too—too soon. I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V——. She affirmed to Mons. D——, and the Abbé M——, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion than all the Encyclopedia had said against it."

One of the most egregious follies of the present age is, that affected politeness by which coxcombs cherish the ridiculous assumption of equality in the other sex. Alas, ye lovely young women? your obsequious and *enlightened* beaux, who would raise you to a fantastic pre-eminence by the depreciation of man, aim only at your destruction. They first, through the medium of

flattery, insinuate themselves into your favour; they extol the superior beauties, finer sensibilities, and nobler virtues, of woman; they expatiate on the happiness arising from an unlimited freedom of thought and action; and while they assert the equality, they effect the seduction of the credulous fair. They hold the Circean cup of philosophic sophistry to your lips, you drink, and giving a loose to your passions, indulge in sensuality, till, when too late, you find that your momentary elevation was like being placed on the pinnacle of ambition, whence you are precipitated headlong into the abyss of misery.

Ye amiable maidens, the ornament and glory of society, beware of the insidious suggestions of delusive fancy! Now, while your hearts bound with gaiety, and your beauties illumine the social circles, reflect that on *your* virtue depends the happiness of the community. Remember that the duties of woman are comprised in her tenderness to her relatives, as a daughter, a wife, and a mother. Reflect, that the influence of a virtuous woman is absolute over the mind of man, and that her endearing manners, her modest smiles, are irresistibly eloquent; that to arrogate an equality with the other sex will render you ridiculous and unamiable; and that due respect for yourselves, sanctioned by the unaffected

Dignity of female chastity, will command the esteem, and ensure the admiration, of mankind.

SEDUCTION.

How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance! Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory?

STERNE.

Of all the crimes which contribute to human infelicity, seduction is looked upon with the most favourable eye. Even some persons of irreproachable morals seem to think it a venial offence, nay, merely obedience to the dictates of nature! They do not consider that female chastity is the true foundation of national honour; and that licentiousness, should it become universal among us, would, like an earthquake, overturn the social edifice.

Men of pleasure often triumph over the modest, by a repetition of those witticisms which have been adopted as maxims by voluptuaries, from time immemorial.—But what is still more reprehensible, the fair sex, by a

simper of complacency, countenance the loose sallies of the libertine, while he exclaims—"I hate a prude! give me a girl whose freedom of dress and mien declare a mind disposed to gaiety and pleasure:—surely it can be no crime to love a pretty girl:—were not the sexes created for mutual love?" "Ye witiings! Suppose you rambled through a flower garden, would you wantonly pluck the beautiful blooms, and after having gazed at each a moment, and inhaled their balmy odours, cast them at your feet to wither?" "No, certainly:—no man of taste would behave so brutishly." Then just such a monster is the sensualist who robs the virgin of her honour—then flings her from his arms '*like a detested sin*;' and leaves her to perish. Yet this votary of Venus is admitted to an intercourse with women of rank and character, who affect to consider these blemishes merely as spots in the sun.

Let any man who thoughtlessly proceeds in the career of intrigue, pause a moment, and laying his hand upon his breast, question himself—"Can I bear the idea of my sister, or any female relation, being seduced?"—No:—the enormity of the dishonour instantly presents itself, and every generous and delicate feeling rises in opposition to it. This is natural—this is noble; and on the same principle, no man has a right to seduce a wo-

man of even the lowest class. She also has a father, a brother, or a kinsman, to whom her innocence and happiness are dear! Why would you add to the mass of human misery by her seduction—why detach a blameless individual from society, and condemn her to associate with those wretched outcasts, who, in their turn, prey on their betrayers?

The man who gains the affections of an amiable young woman, and, forgetful that he is her natural protector, sacrifices her chastity to his capricious desires, is a more detestable monster than the guard who robs the traveller whom he was paid to protect;—more brutal than the ferocious tyger, who instinctively destroys the unresisting deer.

Is it not superlatively treacherous in the seducer to address his mistress in a voice attuned by tenderness, and with the smile of love, at the very moment he meditates her ruin?

Pause and reflect, ye generous and brave youth of Britain, ere you violate the chastity of the maiden—it is her only treasure, and renders her truly desirable. Conscious virtue gives lustre to her eye, delicacy to her demeanour: it adorns her charming features with the

smile of modesty, attunes her affecting voice to the social affections, and renders her at once the ornament, the pride, and the delight of society. Why would you reduce this angelic creature to guilt and wretchedness?— Ah! love, but do not betray her!

Commiseration for an unhappy young lady suggested these reflections; but her own simple tale will best illustrate the necessity of an adherence to virtue. A regard for the survivors of the catastrophe requires that the characters should be disguised under fictitious names.

The History of Eliza.

Eliza was the daughter of a clergyman in Devonshire; she was educated under the eye of her mother, who, as well as her father, was particularly solicitous to form her mind to the love of rectitude. She was docile and good-natured; and as she grew up, the beauty of her person and her elegant attainments were the delight of her friends. In the sixteenth year of her age her father died, leaving his widow and three daughters in possession of a small estate.

Soon after this mournful event, William Benson, the son of a rich farmer, was captivated by the charms of

Eliza, and declared his passion with all the simplicity of honourable love. As he was very amiable, he soon inspired his mistress with reciprocal tenderness, but their union was deferred on account of their youth and inexperience.

Meanwhile, Miss Anderson, a distant relation from London, paid Mrs. Warner a visit; in the course of which she was so much delighted with the conversation and accomplishments of her cousin Eliza, that she proposed to take her into partnership in the millinery and perfumery business. After some hesitation, Mrs. Warner agreed to the proposal, but her daughter felt some reluctance at the idea of a separation from William. He heard of her designation with all the anguish of true love; and in an interview he besought her with tears in his eyes to relinquish the offer of her friend, and crown his wishes by marriage. Eliza listened and wept; she told him that obedience to the will of an affectionate mother was an indispensable duty;—but she assured him of her constancy. They parted with mutual vows of fidelity, unconscious that it was a last adieu; and Eliza soon afterwards accompanied her relative to London.

For some months after her arrival in the capital, Eliza's hours glided away in uninterrupted cheerfulness.

The variety of customers, the elegance of the town and its amusements, and the kind attention of Miss Anderson, compensated the lovely girl for the relinquishment of the peaceful rural bowers where she had so often tasted the sweets of domestic felicity, and listened to the voice of her tender William. She kept up a correspondence with him and her mother, which served at once to amuse and enliven her leisure hours.

Eliza Warner was a beautiful young woman; she had now attained her eighteenth year, and her graceful form was moulded by the hand of perfection. Her blue eyes effused the lustre of health, her complexion was delicately fair, and her soft voice irresistibly affecting. As her cousin's shop was in Bond-street, it became the resort of several men of fashion, some of whom tried various arts to seduce the lovely girl, but her modest yet dignified behaviour abashed and awed even the brazen visage of the libertine.

A fever which raged in the neighbourhood seized Miss Anderson, who died after an illness of four days, leaving Eliza at once mistress of a small property and unprotected. Her anguish for the loss of a beloved relative was only the prelude to greater misfortunes. Her friendless situation, which ought to have commanded the pity

and esteem, only served to raise the dishonourable hopes, of the debauchee. The pretty milliner of Bond-street was often the toast at an adjacent tavern, nor could her utmost circumspection escape the shafts of calumny.

Many were the artifices of dissipated young men of fashion to allure the lovely Eliza from the path of rectitude. Her virtue, like a shield, defended her from the attacks of flattery, the glances of wantonness, and the sighs of desire. But, though neither manly beauty, accomplished manners, nor all the splendour of wealth, could subvert her virtue, she was betrayed through a much more insidious and fatal medium—the mental cantharides of modern philosophy, as administered in novels and other popular productions of genius. Deceived by the sophistical reasoning of certain adepts in depravity, she was taught to consider an *ideal justice* as paramount to the social affections; consequently any man possessed of greater merit than William was entitled to the preference in her esteem.

While she indulged this pernicious opinion, the accomplished and witty Feignlove professed an honourable attachment, and as his affectation of passion had all the appearance of sincerity, the deluded Eliza listened

to him with complacency, forgetful of her rustic lover, William. Overcome by the soothing entreaties of her admirer, her bosom palpitated with the fondest emotions, and the treacherous Feignlove triumphed over her virtue.

On reflection, the consciousness of dishonour roused her to phrensy, and her seducer, to allay her perturbation, promised to marry her. Day after day did Eliza urge her betrayer to lead her to the altar, while he constantly framed some plausible pretext for delay.

Meanwhile she received letters from her mother and her lover, entreating her to return to the country: these proofs of their friendship only served to render her wretchedness more intolerable. She threw them from her in an agony of desperation; and Feignlove, who entered the apartment at the moment, and perceived the cause of her grief, hastily perused them, and committed them to the flames. Eliza importuned him in the most solemn manner to make her reparation by marriage. She mentioned her having relinquished her lover and friends for his sake: he appeared affected, calmed her mind by promises, but left her house with a determination never to return!

Alarmed at his absence during the whole of the next day, she sent her maid-servant to his lodgings, who, on

enquiry, found that he had removed to another quarter of the town, and that his trunks were to be sent in a hackney-coach at nine o'clock the following night.—Maddened by this intelligence, the unhappy Eliza hastened to end her misery by the destruction of her seducer and herself. With this determination she left the shop to the care of her servant, went to the former lodgings of Feignlove, and when the coachman came to take away the trunks, she bribed him to convey her secretly into her lover's apartments. The coachman, who looked on the adventure as a mere frolic or intrigue, conducted the business with so much address, that he conveyed Eliza into Feignlove's bed-chamber.

After she had remained about two hours in concealment, she heard the voice of her seducer in the adjacent room. He had invited a number of gay young inmates to supper, and as they sat round the festive board vaunting of their conquests over female credulity, Feignlove amused them with the history of his recent amour, and concluded with saying, "She is a charming girl, but I was completely satiated: let her now console herself in the arms of her rustic lover. She is not destitute, having a small shop; which is a lucky circumstance, for I'm so confoundedly involved in debt that I could not have made any provision for her." "D——n it, Jack," cried

one of the company. " why did you not introduce me?" " No, faith," rejoined Feignlove, " I durst not have made that experiment: I really rejoice that my connection with her is ended, for her temper is so violent, that I sometimes trembled for my personal safety in her presence."

Eliza, who had listened with agonising attention, felt her brain fired with a sudden phrensy. She burst out of the bed-chamber before the astonished company, rushed forward to the table, and seizing a carving-knife, exclaimed, " Well might you tremble, villain!—well might you fear in the presence of her you had injured! for the vengeance of violated honour now pursues you!"

She then sprung upon Feignlove, plunged the knife into his heart, and instantly turned the point upon herself, but she was disarmed and secured. Feignlove expired in a few minutes, begging her pardon with his last breath. The phrensy of the wretched Eliza now subsided into melancholy, and she was removed to Bedlam, where, alas! no physician " *could minister medicine to her mind diseased!*"

While these calamities befel Eliza, her lover, Mr. Benson, was suddenly enriched by a legacy of two thou-

sand pounds, left him by an uncle. Overjoyed at his good fortune, he hastened to Mrs. Warner, and prevailed upon her to consent to his union with his ever-dear Eliza. He hired a post-chaise, and hastened to the capital: on his arrival, he went to Eliza's shop, but she was not there. Her maid-servant, who had waited with painful solicitude for the return of her mistress, informed him that she had been missing about a fortnight, and was prevailed on by his entreaties to discover all she knew about the seduction of his beloved mistress. The unhappy young man was overwhelmed with affliction; but, though an impenetrable gloom of mystery hung over her fate, he resolved to discover her if possible. His fond heart still languished for her, degraded as she was! He took lodgings in the house of a distant relation, who good-naturedly soothed his grief, and accompanied him to view the curiosities of London.

After having visited Westminster-abbey, St. Paul's, and the Tower, they proceeded to Bedlam, where they surveyed the insane with commiseration. Their guide through this asylum of misery rendered the pitiable scene still more affecting, by relating anecdotes of several of the patients; and as they proceeded to a remote apartment, he said, "We are now going to see an object truly entitled to our pity. The patient is a beautiful young

woman who was seduced, and abandoned by her seducer whom she pursued, and, in the madness of revenge, murdered. She was a most lovely creature when brought hither a few days ago ; but, as she will take scarcely any nourishment, she is reduced to a skeleton, notwithstanding our care. Poor thing, she is almost continually talking—tread softly, that we may observe her undisturbed.” William felt a sudden qualm, and his heart sickened at the recollection of his lost Eliza, while his eyes glistened with sympathy for the sufferer.

They entered the room so silently, that the maniac, who was seated on a chair with her back towards the door, did not perceive them. She appeared as if talking to another person, with her right hand extended in the attitude of entreaty. “ Ah ! my dear Feignlove,” cried she in a low tremulous voice, “ I see—I see the wound in your side !—forgive me !—but why did you deceive me ? ” “ Gracious Providence,” exclaimed William, “ it is my Eliza ! ” The maniac turned her head :—it was, indeed, Eliza :—but so altered, that her lover started back as if from a spectre !—Her once blooming cheek was pale—her eyes were sunk—her lips livid—the gleam of moody melancholy frowned on her once polished and serene brow. She viewed William with a wild and vacant glare :—he approached, and a feeble

ray of recognition for a moment animated her visage. She started up with a smile of ecstasy, and outstretched arms, but in a moment her countenance changed—she uttered a shriek of horror, and sunk back into the chair. William supported her in his arms, while his generous heart was bursting with sorrow to meet his beloved Eliza thus unexpectedly—deprived of honour—and of reason—and sinking to the grave? While he strove to restore her to life, the tears of faithful love gushed from his eyes, and besprinkled her face as he bent mournfully over her. She revived for a moment—opened her eyes, gazed affectionately on his face, and instantly expired. Medical aid was called in, but life was gone—for ever gone—beyond the power of resuscitation.

THE TEMPLE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A VISION.

Ruminating the other evening upon the numerous discoveries which the ingenious are daily making in philosophy, I was led by a train of thought to an anticipation of the future fame of our sages and literati. While I continued absorbed in these reflections I fell asleep, and a wonderful vision presented itself to my imagination.

I thought I found myself travelling on a wide road, accompanied by several persons of both sexes, whose

looks betrayed ardour and impatience. As they proceeded, I found by their conversation that they were going to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, to receive from the Goddess the reward of their services. I felt an inclination to turn back, from a consciousness that I had done nothing to merit her favour; but my companions excited my curiosity, by describing the magnificence of the Temple and the benignity of the Goddess, insomuch that I resolved to proceed.

We soon arrived at the entrance of the Temple, which was grand beyond description. Triumphal arches, adorned with festoons, and dedicated to the honour of VOLTAIRE, BOLINGBROKE, SHAFTESBURY, ROUSSEAU, HUME, and GIBBON, led to the portico, which was supported by the most magnificent columns of white marble; they were of the elegant Corinthian order. The portico was open, emblematic of the philanthropy of the *new* philosophy, who unfolds her mysteries to the human race.

My companions, who had disputed during our journey with all the eagerness of competition, were now silent.— A sacred awe seemed to pervade the assembly, as we slowly advanced into the body of the Temple. A vast azure curtain of silk bespangled with diamonds, reflect-

ing the rays of several lustres which illuminated the lofty dome, was suddenly raised, and we beheld Philosophy seated on a throne of gold, adorned with gems, "*in all the hues reflected light can give.*" She was a majestic figure; her countenance exhibited the delicate bloom of youth, dignified with the intelligence of riper years, and enlivened by a seductive smile that fascinated the beholder. Her robe was purple; she wore a crown of gold, inscribed with the words NECESSITY, REASON, VIRTUE, in the three primitive colours of nature. On her right hand sat PRIDE, adorned with jewels, and inflated with the idea of self-importance; on her left, VANITY appeared in a garment of many colours, continually varying her posture, and viewing herself, with smiles, in a mirror.

Before the throne stood SOPHISTRY; whose robe changed its hue every moment; an insidious smile played over her features, and she held in her right hand a cup filled with intoxicating nectar. FASHION stood behind Sophistry, with her eyes turned alternately on the goddess and her votaries.

The wall of the temple, behind the throne, was composed of one entire prismatic substance, through which the most enchanting perspective views delighted the eye.

Shady groves, sunny glades, trees bending with fruitage, flowers of variegated bloom, clear fountains, sprightly cascades, embellished with sunshine from an unclouded sky, presented a most inviting paradise.

We gazed with mute admiration: the Goddess waved her silver sceptre, and instantly the Temple was filled with harmony. The music was quite in the modern taste, of that lively kind which excludes the strong passions, and excites to mirth by a gentle titillation. Philosophy again waved her sceptre; the music ceased; and, while our bosoms were thrilling with pleasurable sensations, she thus addressed us:—

“My beloved votaries! welcome, thrice welcome to all the delights of wisdom! You shall all participate the bounty of Philosophy; but the metaphysician, as the most profoundly versed in my *arcana*, is entitled to the most distinguished honours. Sophistry! lead the venerable KANT to my throne; I long to reward a veteran who has so often contended against my enemies.”

The sage was led forward by Sophistry, who presented her cordial to his lips. Having taken an exhilarating draught, he thus addressed Philosophy:—

Great Goddess, who hast been adored in every age under different names, behold an aged man, who, for a

series of years, has studied the mysteries. Like thy adorers among the ancients, I have described thee as the child of Nature; and, by inculcating the doctrine of *necessity*, I have demonstrated, that it is to thee alone we are to look for the developement of human faculties; that under thy influence the morals of society are in a state of progressive improvement towards that *perfectibility* which is attainable by reason. The simplicity of this system excludes future retribution, and I have imperceptibly induced numbers of proselytes to consider thee as *the first and only fair*. Convinced of the propensity of the human mind to superstition, and aware of the charms of novelty, I denominated thy doctrine the *Critical Philosophy*, as one that investigated the imperfections of all other institutions. Finally, O Goddess! I have argued, that with thy aid the generations of mankind will attain perfection. Thy handmaid, Sophistry, has often visited and inspired me with *sublime and profound* ideas; and, with the aid of the witty who have become proselytes to thy system, I hope to establish thy dominion over mankind. Myriads of *Illuminati*, of both sexes, irradiate the Continent, and the people of Britain seem well inclined to the adoption of thy precepts: It must be the study of thy disciples to effect a revolution in morals: and, by indulging the human passions and appetites, persuade the nations that pleasure is the reward of thy votaries."

When the Philosopher ceased, the Goddess smiled with ineffable affection, and, extending her right hand, the sage kissed it with the utmost devotion. Sophistry then led him to a seat on the right side of the throne, where he immediately sunk into slumber.

The next person singled from the crowd was the redoubtable dramatist, KOTZEBUE. There was a wild and impetuous ardour in his eye, the effect of an effervescent genius. He came forward with a confident look, like a man of the world, who considered effrontery as a proof of his good-breeding. Sophistry offered him her newly-replenished cup; but he declined it, and, with an arch smile, whispered, "No, my dear friend, I have so long been accustomed to quaff your nectar, that it has become insipid to me; but I have persuaded thousands to drink so deeply of it as to produce complete intoxication."

He then looked up to Philosophy with a vivacious air, and thus expressed his pretensions to her favour:—

"All-beauteous idol, behold thy warmest advocate, who comes to lay the wreath of genius at thy feet. 'Tis to thy irresistible influence, O Philosophy! that I owe the success of my endeavours to immortalize Europe! I

have disseminated thy doctrine among the higher classes of mankind, many of whom have adored thee as their tutelary divinity ; by my ridicule of religion and the artful exhibition of sensuality, under the guise of nobleness of mind, I have at once effected the depravation of taste and morals. In Germany, France, and England, my dramas have, in co-operation with deism and atheism, turned the current of popular opinion in thy favour. In France I found but little difficulty to establish my sentiments, as that nation has ever preferred pompous processions and extravagant ideas to simplicity and good sense ; but in England I met, and still continue to meet, with several obstacles, among a people, who have hitherto been accustomed to consider the passions as the auxiliaries of Virtue. The genius of my translators, however, has partly triumphed over the obstinate taste of their countrymen, and prejudice is vanishing before thy effulgence."

The Goddess replied, " My dear Kotzebue, thou hast been an active and indefatigable servant :—receive thy reward." She then touched him with her sceptre, and his raiment was suddenly changed to a purple robe, bestudded with brilliants. Fashion then led him to a seat beside that of his countryman.

Several other candidates for reward now came forward, among whom I recognised PAINÉ, and a celebrated modern Lyrist. The Goddess gave them all a most gracious reception; but she conferred particular honours on the facetious bard. "Welcome," said she, "my witty, my incomparable son! to thy genius am I indebted for the progress of my power in Britain. Thy more than Orphean lyre has transformed many who were formerly discreet into satyrs of dissipation. Fashion, crown thy favourite poet with his well-earned laurel, and let the wreath be sufficiently thick to defend his venerable head from the *cane* of an insolent adversary. Place him beside his illustrious compeer Kotzebue."

A whimsical-looking individual, apparently intoxicated, now approached the throne. I discovered that he was a *Senator*, who had written a *Romance* which was prejudicial to the cause of virtue. The Goddess beckoned to Sophistry, who conducted him to a seat beside the Poet.

A party of females now entered the Temple.—Their dress was in the extreme of the mode; each wore a wig, and seemed to take a pride in the exposure of the neck and bosom. One of the train bore a standard,

with this inscription, EQUALITY OF THE SEXES. The air of self-sufficiency, the broad and scrutinising stare, the authoritative brow, and masculine stride, of these ladies, excited my surprise; and although I did not see any offensive weapons, I fancied for a moment that they were a detachment of Amazons.

The Standard-bearer thus addressed the Goddess:—
 “ We are come, O celestial Philosophy! to worship in thy Temple; to prefer our vows, and supplicate thy inspiration. We have formed a new class of intelligent beings, and are known by the denomination of FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS. Our enemies have stigmatised us with the name of Voluptuaries, because we inculcate the unrestrained indulgence of the passions, and invite mankind to enjoy the pleasures of life, but the feeble opposition of our calumniators must shrink into non-existence before the enchanting delights which thou hast prepared for thy votaries. To prove our claim to thy protection, we have disseminated thy principles by every means which wit could suggest or genius promote. We have written poems, romances, and novels, for this purpose, and translated every work that we conceived would tend to inflame the heart and corrupt the morals of others; and we have been successful beyond our most sanguine hopes.

It remains for thee, O beloved Philosophy! to reward us according to our respective merits; and when each claimant has detailed her achievements in thy service, we hope that thou wilt *at least* place us upon an equality with the other sex, and realise our long-wished-for love of power."

When this fair orator had concluded her speech, another female advanced with a most graceful and theatric air; but she was prevented from the exertion of her eloquence by the Goddess, who expressed her approbation of the party with smiles of triumph. "Glorious æra!" she exclaimed; "when woman has assumed her natural equality, and demonstrated, that '*the love of pleasure and the love of sway*' predominate in every exhausted female mind. Yes, my beautiful votaries, you shall be placed upon an equality with your admirers, who sit at my right hand. There is no necessity for each of you to mention her claims; for, though I have long been convinced of the eloquence of the sex, and doubt not that your orations on this occasion would fill a folio volume, I would recommend it to you to reserve your rhetoric to persuade your husbands, lovers, and mankind at large, of my superior title to their devotion."

Although the ladies seemed disappointed at not being permitted to speak successively, yet, when Sophistry

conducted them to a seat equally elevated with that of the male philosophers, and when they surveyed the superb canopy above their heads, I could observe their eyes sparkle with pleasure.

These distinguished female philosophers being seated, Sophistry addressed the motley throng which filled the area before the throne, and whom I discovered, by their discourse, to be Pamphleteers, who had written in favour of the Goddess.

“Beloved auxiliaries!” cried Sophistry, “none of you shall go unrewarded. Philosophy is ever beneficent to her adorers. You shall” Here she was interrupted by a confused noise from without, and a female, called Terror, rushed into the Temple, vociferating, with frantic gestures, “The enemy is coming!” These dreadful sounds produced dismay throughout the assembly. Even the Goddess trembled on her throne, and all her worshippers seemed thunderstruck. A vivid splendor now illumined the portico, and the next moment RELIGION entered. Her stature was tall, her countenance majestic and serene; a diadem of the three hues of the rainbow surrounded her head, and her robe was light azure of the most delicate tint of the celestial regions, whence she had descended. On her right appeared her faithful at-

-ty guar-

attendant Truth, who held a burning-glass in her left hand, and a fiery sword in her right. The other attendant of Religion was Morality, who appeared on her left, clothed in white, and holding in her left hand a Bible, into which she looked with reverential love.

Religion now approached the throne of her enemy, and, with a voice at once melodious and impressive, thus addressed the assembly:—"Unhappy beings! your enmity against me has effected your own destruction. By embracing the delusive pleasures of *Sensuality*, whom you misnamed *Philosophy*, your minds are incapacitated for the enjoyment of my simple but permanent delights; it only remains, in obedience to the dictates of immutable justice, that you should be punished for your impious writings, which have misled such numbers of your fellow-creatures—Advance, O Truth! my faithful attendant, and with thy resistless sword destroy these *soul-slayers*, and let their influence cease from this moment."

Truth instantly touched the throne of the NEW PHILOSOPHY with her fiery sword, and a wonderful metamorphosis took place throughout the Temple. Philosophy fell from her throne, and was changed into a viper; the Metaphysician was transformed into a mole; the Dramatist into a goat; and the other sages into monkeys.

of different kinds. The female Philosophers were changed into parrots, and the Pamphleteers who surrounded me shrunk into the form of toads.

My heart fainted with horror as I gazed on these prodigies, and I every moment expected some dreadful change would befall myself for my temerity in visiting this odious place. While I stood speechless and trembling, Truth touched the floor with her sword, and a sudden concussion overturned the Temple from its foundation. The throne vanished in a thin vapour; the vitreous wall disappeared; and beyond, where it had expanded its deceptive medium, instead of a rich landscape, I beheld a blasted heath overgrown with thorns and thistles.

At this scene of desolation my fears increased; I turned towards Religion, and was going to prostrate myself before her, when Morality prevented me, and putting the Bible into my hand, whispered, "You are now safe; that book will direct you to the Temple of Religion, which is on the road to Salvation." My spirits were revived, and a new hope animated my heart, as I clasped the treasure of Divine Knowledge in my hands. Religion turned upon me her majestic eyes, beaming with philanthropy: "Fear not, O Man!" said she, "I will ever be thy guar-

dian while thou pursuest the path pointed out by Revelation. Go, feeble mortal! reform thy manners; correct thy passions by the vigilance and authority of Reason; remember that Christianity is the *true Philosophy*, and that happiness consists in piety to the Creator, and universal benevolence."

While Religion was speaking, I felt unusual transport animate my heart, insomuch that I awoke and beheld the sun just rising. The vision of the night enlightened and purified my soul, and incited me to that activity in the performance of the social virtues, which alone can render the life of man valuable to himself and beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

LITERATURE.

Literature is a kind of intellectual light, which, like the light of the sun, may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like; but who would wish to escape displeasing objects, by condemning himself to perpetual darkness?

JOHNSON.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, English literature, in addition to the sublimity of Milton, and the pathos of Shakspeare, received a more finished polish, both in prose and verse, from Addison and Pope.

That glorious and ever-to-be-admired constellation of genius which irradiated the reigns of Anne and George the First, diffused a lustre over our language, which time cannot diminish! While the dulcet strains of Pope are expressive of the very soul of harmony, the elegant essays of Addison unite the sprightliness of wit with the dignified serenity of morality and religion.

Sterne was the first successful author of what has been termed sentimental writing. By a profound knowledge of the passions, combined with an effervescence of genius seldom equalled, this singular author overpowered the heart, and led captive the fancy of his reader. His "Tristram Shandy" and "Sentimental Journey" raised a number of imitators; and since that period, all our novels, and even our newspapers, have been tinctured with sentiment.

But, alas! the eccentricities of genius, like the aberrations of a comet, are often injurious to that system which they might embellish. While the volumes of Sterne abounded with the energetic pathos which dissolved the heart of the reader, like the song of the Sirens, they communicated the contagion of depravity.—In his humorous delineations of character, he too often degraded his wit by an intermixture of licentiousness;

and while his philanthropy and sensibility rendered his works a treasure to the enthusiastic feeling heart, they were prejudicial to that purity of mind which constitutes the basis of true happiness.

Lord Chesterfield also contributed to the laxity of morals, especially among the great. His celebrated "Letters," written in a familiar style, and abounding with pertinent remarks which evinced the man of the world, at once captivated and contaminated the heart. Accustomed himself to revel in scenes of voluptuous pleasure, where all was artifice and delusion, he recommended gallantry and suavity of manners in preference to sincerity and *manly integrity*. The effects of his writings are thus energetically described by Cowper:—

"Thou polish'd and high-finish'd foe to truth,
 Grey-beard corruptor of our list'ning youth!
 To purge and skin away the filth of vice,
 That, so refin'd, it might the more entice,
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son,
 To taint his heart, was worthy of thine own!"

Hume's metaphysical essays were calculated to introduce that scepticism which has since been too successfully promulged among us; but their baneful efforts were

ably counteracted by a phalanx of moralists, who arose in succession to "*vindicate the ways of God to man.*"

At the head of these elegant writers appeared Dr. Johnson, whose comprehensive intellect analysed the relative duties of mankind, and recommended the practice of virtue with resistless eloquence. Sometimes, indeed, melancholy begloomed his mind, like a cloud intercepting the rays of the sun; but on most subjects his intellectual radiations delight the reader, who is animated and instructed by his sublime essays.

Dr. Hawkesworth and other moralists also studied to promote the improvement of public morals, but the labours of those excellent men have been partly counteracted by several of our contemporaries of both sexes, who have ingloriously prostituted their talents to vice.

Many of our modern female writers, both of poetry and romance, have contributed to the deprivation of the national taste, by their caricatures of the passions. To amuse is the object of these writers; and they care not how much the heart of the reader is inflamed by voluptuous descriptions, if they can but amuse. When these handmaids of licentiousness assume a more solemn tone, the demon of melancholy is conjured up to terrify the

imagination; the sympathy of the reader is excited for some offender against the social virtues; and while the unsuspecting bosom swells with a sigh of pity, the fatal taint of depravity infects the heart under the semblance of commiseration. The general pernicious tendency of novels and romances is thus energetically satirised by a modern poet:—

“Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,
And cover'd with a fine-spun, specious veil,
Such writers and such readers owe the gust
And relish of their pleasure all to lust.”

Doubtless many a virtuous matron and virgin will be surprised at this assertion, and blush to find that what they had considered as a rational amusement, was in reality a most dangerous engine of corruption.

These lighter productions of genius, however, are not wholly engrossed by female writers. Men of distinguished talents have added their names to the list of novelists. Reflecting that novels might be converted into a medium of philosophic speculation, they have introduced scepticism to the reader under the semblance of romance. Indeed, the generality of our novels abound either with dangerous sophistry, or girlish insignificance; and, like several of our modern dramas, are but too well calculated to vitiate the public taste.

Among the constellation of our contemporary wits, Peter Pindar* has long shone as a star of the first mag-

* The recent misfortune of this aged bard ought to excite the commiseration of his admirers, but the lovers of jocularly seldom sympathise with the wretched. Those who have been so often amused with his humorous satires, may be compared to children, who, when their favourite toyman can no longer supply them with some new bauble, hasten in pursuit of novelty to some other shop.

In his inauspicious rencontre the poor bard seems to have suffered an utter extinction of his inventive faculty; and, as a still greater aggravation of his misery, the very case which had so often supported him was, in the hand of his opponent, changed into a magic wand, one stroke of which exercised the demon of licentious wit. This accident militates strongly against the supposed *perfectibility* of man.

It appears, indeed, that this exterior suffered only a blight injury; but, alas! the sensorium of his delectable wit underwent a dreadful concussion. This struggle for the mastery between two satirists, indicates a revival of ancient heroism. Genius and valour have, indeed, often been combined; though some persons ridicule this coalescence, and maintain that men are always more ready to risk their lives in proportion to the weakness of their understanding.

History can furnish many proofs that the hero may also be an accomplished scholar; and in modern times we have a remarkable instance in our literary colossus, Dr. Johnson, whose puissance overthrew a blockhead by a single blow of a folio!

Authors must henceforward be doubly armed, not only with that tremendous weapon a pointed *goose-quill*, but with a

nitude. His humorous descriptions of licentiousness, and his indirect sarcasms against religion and morality, have, perhaps, contributed more to the depravity of the age, than all the cold speculations of the philosophic fraternity. The nostrums of this poetical quack have long been swallowed as an antidote against the spleen, that destroyer of imaginary happiness. The great and the gay wished for amusement;—an author who could make them laugh was the man;—and the facetious Peter, by a combination of sarcasms against modesty and piety, with personal satire, and by making his curious verses tinkle prettily in rhyme, became the favourite poet of the day. The fairest dames laughed with convulsive glee, and beardless libertines treasured up his Ode to Lais in their memory.

The later effusions of this merry bard are comparatively dull; they do not contain so many oaths and impious allusions as his former productions. Wonderful is the energy communicated to dull verses by the interspersion of exclamations. Had Peter (instead of the name of Miss More) adorned his *Nil Admirari* with an equal number of vulgar execrations, boys and fools

sword, or a cane; nay, they must pursue their labours like the ancient Jews, who, when rebuilding their city, held a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other.

would, as usual, have continued to praise his wit and humour.

We are told that Waller employed the greatest part of a summer in composing and correcting ten verses!—Happy would it be for the readers of the present day, did our modern poets and prose-writers proceed with equal circumspection. Novels would then be novel indeed; and paper, which has been enhanced by the quantity required for those voluminous productions, would be purchasable at a moderate price, and might again be used for the more valuable purpose of disseminating knowledge.

Mediocrity is truly said to be the distinguishing character of our modern poetry, which in general is rather *pretty* than *beautiful*. There are few of those extravagant but sublime flights of Milton or Shakespeare to be found in the favourite poetry of the day, which

“ We cannot blame indeed, but we may sleep.”

It is at once amusing and instructive to trace the revolutions of the public taste since the time of Addison.—When he wrote, elegant literature became popular, and only a few of the *higher* orders of society preferred the

sweet-sounding absurdities of the Italian opera to the sublime display of human passions produced by the tragic muse, or the genuine sallies of humour inspired by Thalia.

The national taste, like a vigorous constitution, continued unimpaired till the poetical nostrums of the Della Crusca empirics, caused a temporary vitiation of taste.— This attempt to introduce a false refinement into modern poetry, was corrected by the author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, whose well-tuned satire operated like an alterative.

When the public taste had recovered from this temporary delirium, the still more ridiculous story of *Leonora* was translated from the German, and soon obtained the palm; being, “*In all the realms of nonsense, absolute.*” It gleamed, like an ominous meteor of the night, for a moment, then vanished, and was soon forgotten.

But even the absurd novels and romances translated from other languages have been exceeded in impiety and extravagance by “*The Monk.*” It has been observed that this abominable romance displays marks of genius.—

“Woe to the man whose wit disclaims its use,
Sparkling in vain, or only to seduce.”

The turpitude of an immoral publication is aggravated in proportion to the talents misapplied by the author; and few productions of an effervescent imagination have done more injury than this.

If examined by the eye of criticism, several blemishes will appear in this celebrated work:—the style is animated, but the incidents are improbable; and the high-wrought descriptions of human depravity are not natural—they are diabolical! The termination of the story is ridiculous, puerile, and nonsensical; no school-boy could be induced to believe it: and the coltish genius of the author has wantonly overleaped the boundaries of common sense, taste, and virtue! The poetical tale of “Alonzo and Imogene” seems to have been written purposely to cherish that depravity of taste which delights in marvellous and chimerical romance. As a poem, it has many beauties; though that tripping measure, with the accent on every third syllable, seems ill adapted to the subject. This poem is a very proper companion for Bruger’s *Leonora*, and Southey’s *Old Woman riding post with the Devil*. Indeed, they form a *trio* unequalled by any writer, ancient or modern.

Licentious novels, romances, and poems, may be compared to poisonous plants, which are cherished by the

same sun which ripens nutritious grain; and those individuals who are capable of writing should pause, and reflect with the poet when speaking of the pen—

“ The sacred implement I now employ
 May prove a mischief, or at best a toy;
 A trifle if it move but to amuse,
 But if to *wrong* the judgment, or *abuse*,
 Worse than a poniard in the basest hand,
 It stabs at once the morals of a land !”

We can boast of living authors whose works will delight and instruct posterity. Far be it from the candid satirist to cherish for a moment that unfounded prejudice, which would exalt the merit of our ancestors by the depreciation of contemporary genius; at the same time it must be acknowledged with regret, that our most estimable are not always our most popular writers.— Those authors who stoop to amuse the giddy throng at the expence of their principles, are too often successful; but sterling merit will survive such temporary productions, as the ever-green flourishes in perennial beauty amid the decays of surrounding vegetation.

Let not a passion for fame tempt the man of genius from the path of rectitude into the wild regions of licentious fancy. The task of an author is the most impor-

tant that can be imagined ;—it is his duty to ameliorate the morals of society: but errors disseminated by his seductive eloquence, may deprave thousands of intelligent beings!—Let him reflect, that his most secret studies are open to the eye of an omnipresent Creator, to whom he must be accountable for the use he makes of his talents. Under this impression he will consecrate the energies of his mind to Virtue, convinced that “ It is always a writer’s duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time and place.”

REVIEWERS.

He that refines the public taste is a public benefactor
JOHNSON.

Monthly Review.

The most valuable work of periodical criticism which this, or any other, nation has produced, is the *Monthly Review*, which is evidently conducted on the most independent principles. As moralists, the reviewers merit the esteem of good men ; for though in a moment of vivacity they may sanction the general laugh raised by the humorous description of Peter Pindar, yet they are neither the abettors of licentiousness, bigotry, nor infidelity.

From their decisions, sanctioned by taste, it will be dangerous to appeal, as is sometimes done, to the judgment of a people whom they have so long amused and instructed.

Critical Review.

As a strenuous and successful defender of morality and taste, the *Critical Review* is respectable and elegant. The strictures of its conductors are indeed of a graver cast than those of the *Monthly Review*, which it seems, however, to excel in abstracted and metaphysical disquisition. They have both been so long the coadjutors of science, that we feel a similar veneration for their decisions which a pupil does for those of his preceptor.

For nearly half a century this valuable review has given criticisms on new publications, as they appeared in succession; and although its pages have been accused of partiality to certain booksellers, yet the general tenour of its criticisms will endure the scrutinising eye of the investigator.—Alarmed by the animadversions of this review on the works of others, many a young author has paused in his progress towards absurdity: and by turning into the path of propriety, smoothed by criticism, he eventually arrived at the temple of Fame, which would have been inaccessible by any other road.

British Critic.

This publication has contributed to the rectification of youthful judgment when employed in classical pursuits. It is to be regretted, indeed, that its pages have sometimes been subservient to prejudice. Impartiality in a review is, like generosity in an individual, the most exalted virtue; but though this review has in some instances decided with too much severity against writers of opposite political and religious opinions, it has been a formidable opponent to infidelity—a most eloquent and puissant defender of Christianity. In this light, the *British Critic* is entitled to the veneration of pious men, who, while they approve and admire the acuteness with which sophistry is analysed and confuted in its pages, will readily overlook its imperfections.

Antijacobin Review.

This formidable adversary to innovators and theorists of every description which militates against the present establishment in church and state, excites a mixture of esteem and disapprobation in most unprejudiced readers. The acrimony, nay, the scurrility, with which it satirises democratical writers, is virulent in the extreme; and more frequently raises disgust, than enforces con-

viction. Like Jupiter Tonans, the reviewer hurls his thunderbolts at the head of opposition.

It would be absurd to expect impartial criticism from a publication apparently devoted to a party. Even its very denomination bears evidence of its *end and aim*.— Its pages abound with energetic and elaborate investigations of political works, and when disposed to bestow approbation, the critic can do it with a good grace.

The Antijacobin Review has encountered immorality and impiety with considerable success in its honourable warfare against vice: it deserves the good wishes and the aid of every virtuous mind; and where politics are not mentioned, perhaps no periodical work is better adapted to the improvement of youth, in the principles of sound morality. Ever vigilant, and jealous of innovation, its editor, like the angel with the fiery sword, guards that *Tree of Life*, the doctrine of Divine Revelation, and discomfits its enemies.

This "literary censor" has successfully opposed the invasions of the *new philosophy*; and though he has sometimes attacked the Monthly Reviewers in a very illiberal manner, yet there is a coincidence in their reprobation of German dramas and French infidelity.

And now, most awful censors, as the author has frankly published his opinion of your merit, he entreats you to *censure* or *praise* his work so as to make an impression on your readers. Do not, O venerable arbiters of our taste!

“ Damn with faint praise.”

No, rather condescend to call this volume *nonsensical*, *stupid*, *illiberal*, or any other epithet of blame in your *critical vocabulary*. On your decision, “ most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,” depends its success. Look down with complacency from your sublime situation, where, like the fabled gods on Olympus, you sit enthroned amid the thunder-clouds of science, and behold the struggles of an Observer in this bustling scene below ; analyse his publication with the generosity of Britons, and do not assassinate his happiness with that empoisoned stiletto of literature—a pen dipped in *the tincture of gall*.

NEWSPAPERS.

— To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature ; to shew
Virtue her own feature ; Scorn, her own image ; and the very
age and body of the Time, his form and pressure.

SHAKSPEARE.

Among the numerous advantages bestowed on civilised nations by the art of printing, newspapers have long formed an excellent medium of universal intelligence. Before the establishment of these paper mercuries, the generality of mankind continued in a state of ignorance respecting each other, and the globe which they inhabited, excepting the vague knowledge communicated by the imperfect accounts of travellers.

may be able to form some idea of the indistinctness of newspapers, let us only consider their circulation ; their useful communications on commerce, politics, new discoveries in the sciences, improvements in agriculture, and additions of new publications. In this point of view, they are said to convey information conducive to the health of the social body, as the blood circulates in the animal for the invigoration of its members.

Advertisements on different subjects not only amuse but instruct the reader : but in this respect, it must be

acknowledged, that many of our public prints disseminate pernicious intelligence. False attestations in favour of nostrums often disgrace their columns ; and the modesty of the reader is sometimes offended by meeting advertisements by which assassinations and intrigues are carried on under fictitious names. This is the more reprehensible, as we often in the next column find a spirited and well-timed satire on some recent immoral transaction.

Thus, like every other human institution, our public prints are tinctured with imperfection, though of general utility ; as the same fertile soil is at once productive of nutritious grain and poisonous plants. Till the legislature shall deem it proper to suppress quackery, the editors of our journals will accept money from empirics for the publication of their advertisements.

Our newspapers exhibit a lively and interesting view of the busy and the gay world ; nor are the ridiculous freaks of fashion overlooked by news-writers. The foibles of the vain and the great are commonly too light to be corrected by serious admonitions from the pulpit, and too evanescent to allow the satirist time to attack them in a volume ; but our ephemeral censors, like eagles on the wing, instantly perceive and pursue their quarry, which is seldom able to elude or survive their grasp. A

newspaper is indeed a tremendous inquisitorial instrument, and the most abandoned character in high life would tremble at the idea of being publicly exposed through its magnifying medium. By them we obtain general ideas of the state of the civilised world ; affecting incidents which exhibit new views of human nature ; and the perpetual vicissitudes of the nations of the earth.

Newspapers are confessedly the best vehicles of political information, and as such will ever be highly prized in all free countries. Their suppression might therefore be considered as a preliminary step towards despotism ; for it is a well-authenticated fact, that among those unhappy nations subjugated by tyranny, newspapers are either unknown, or those in circulation are under the influence of the crown.

In free countries, the case is happily different. Here newspapers become important and of general utility. The report of the day may sometimes be artfully raised by stock-jobbers, and even the defamation of individuals may defile the press ; but such rumours and slanders are soon superseded by the authoritative investigation of truth.

Whoever suspects that newspapers are not the best registers of facts relative to the progress of civilization,

arts, and sciences, would do well to enquire whence the materials of our annals are supplied, which furnish the historian with a regular series of interesting facts arranged in chronological order?—certainly from newspapers. Thus a combination of materials collected from the quarry, the mine, and the forest, in the hands of a skilful architect, is reared into a magnificent temple that will endure for ages.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

POPE.

Public amusements, especially those of the Drama, are peculiarly calculated to give us an insight into the manners and taste of a nation ; as comedies are often satires on existing follies, and from the tenour of popular tragedies we may trace the refinement of the passions. Even farces and pantomimes are not to be overlooked, as they generally exhibit caricatures of the fashionable frivolities of the day.

Theatric exhibitions present so many gratifications to the mind, that they will ever be favourites with a polished people. The eye is delighted with a variety of graceful forms decorated in characteristic dresses, and displaying the affecting gestures of passion, or the more pleasing agility and grace of motion in the sprightly dance ; the ear is charmed with the harmony of vocal and instrumental music : the magic influence of sympathy pervades the mind in unison with the dignified woe of the tragic muse, or the animating sallies of Thalia provoke irresistible mirth. To these charms may be superadded the interesting variety of graceful forms and animated countenances of the audience, while appropriate scenery and the splendour of taper-light give the whole an air of gaiety and pleasure.

With all these attractions, however, it is questionable whether the stage has not contributed to immorality. Under proper regulations it would, as the poet has described it, be a powerful monitor—

“ To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To mend the genius, and inform the heart ;
 To make mankind in *conscious* virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and *be* what they behold.”

But a candid enquiry will convince us that our most popular plays have a pernicious effect on the mind. Shakspeare's best tragedies, Othello, Hamlet, and Richard the Third, contain several indecent passages and allusions, at once *puerile* and *obscene*. Those dictates of lewd wit were written to gratify the infant taste of the English nation; but now, when it has confessedly attained maturity, let us reject such passages which have a much greater affinity to *dulness*, than the idolizers of the Avonian bard would admit.

The recent introduction of the German drama may be considered as a phenomenon in the world of dissipation. That the good sense of the English nation should tamely submit to this revolution of taste, is altogether inexplicable.

When the *Stranger* was introduced to the public, many of our fair dames welcomed him to this hospitable metropolis. Their sympathy for the poor adultress, so ably defended by Kotzebue, was a striking proof of their sensibility;—"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:" and from the recent instances of crim. con. it may be conjectured, that the system of our male and female *misogamists* is daily obtaining new proselytes!

As Kotzebue eloquently pleaded the cause of the adul-
tress in *The Stranger*, so in his *Natural Son* (or as it has
been styled by an English play-wright, his *Lovers' Vows*)
he has placed a kind unwedded fair-one in an equally
affecting and amiable point of view. The *Noble Lie*,
written by the same dramatist, is another proof of the
felicity of his invention in the extenuation of guilt.

It has been asserted, and with truth, that though our
modern comedies are inferior in humour to those of Con-
greve and Farquhar, they are more chaste and delicate
in sentiment. The obscene allusion, the impious witti-
cism, and indecent gesture, are gradually vanishing from
the English stage ; yet enough remains to deserve the
animadversions of the moralist. Indeed, with all our
boasted refinement, the morality of our theatres seems to
consist in varnishing the haggard face of vice with cos-
metics. Their purity, like the cleanliness of our fashion-
able belles, is not the *removal* of dirt, but the putting it
artfully on as a beautifier !

Some dramatic writers complain of the neglect of ma-
nagers ; but if we may judge from those rejected pieces
which have been published by the authors, there is little
reason to regret the fastidiousness of theatrical criticism,
as probably most of the plays which have been refused

were unworthy of representation. Let it be remembered too, that some of the managers are men of acknowledged genius; and it is but reasonable that they should give their own productions the preference.

With respect to the actors and actresses of the principal theatres, several of them possess considerable talents, but one general defect is, their apparent consciousness of performing in the presence of an audience. This gives them an affected air in different characters and situations, while it destroys that pleasing illusion which ought to predominate in the mind of the spectator.—Another defect is, the profusion of paint which they use. In their dress too, the actresses are censurable for a liberal display of person, which occupies too much of the spectator's imagination. Modern pantomimes are reprehensible in several respects; for though the frolics of Harlequin and Columbine display a most pleasing variety of motion, the appearance of giants, bears, pumps emitting flame, &c. are ridiculous and puerile.

An absurdity in the audience, especially those in the galleries, is the requiring a song to be repeated, of which, from the distance, they cannot understand a single syllable. All that an actress has to do on this occasion, is to come forward, and articulate a variety of musical

sounds, accompanied with a smile, and a graceful attitude. She may save herself the trouble of expressing one word. Were a favourite singer to make the experiment, she would not only receive plaudits, but hear the exhilarating *encore* resounded from the celestial regions; and on a repetition of the *tune*, she might rely on being dismissed with the loudest plaudits of those excellent critics!

Having paid our respects to the two principal theatres, the next in gradation is the summer theatre, which is certainly conducted with considerable ability and address. To enumerate the defects, or expatiate on the merits of the pieces represented there, would be almost a repetition of what has already been said, excepting that it is more peculiarly devoted to Thalia, and of course light and airy productions are generally represented. In many instances during the last season, wit and humour were happily combined for the amusement of the town; but some of the after-pieces were deficient in every respect.

Whatever be the present defects of our theatres, still they furnish the most rational and elegant of all amusements to the public; and though they may have a tendency to *effeminize*, they at the same time *humanize* the

heart. The abolition of theatric exhibitions would render men more unsocial, illiberal, and rude. To use the words of an elegant author, "If men of wit who write for the stage would turn their thoughts upon exciting such good natural impulsès as are in the audience, but are choaked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time." Hence it is evident, that the representation of immoral dramas must be injurious to public happiness, while the display of Virtue in her native loveliness would engage the admiration, and purify the heart of the spectator.

Italian Opera.

Almost every rank of society participates the amusements of the theatres and public gardens ; but the Italian Opera is almost exclusively appropriated to the nobility. It would be a happy circumstance indeed for the rest of the community, did persons of quality engross all other frivolous and expensive amusements, such as routs, masquerades, and private theatricals, which, by a most absurd passion for imitation, several of our merchants and tradesmen's wives and children have pursued with frantic eagerness.

The sum of two hundred guineas, or upwards, is annually subscribed by several of the nobility for a box at the

Opera-house, where, together with their wives and daughters, they are contented to assemble twice a week to enjoy sweet *sounds*;—*sense* is out of the question. The affectation of a knowledge of Italian assumed by this refined audience; the ecstasy to which they are apparently raised by dulcet airs; and the pleasure they seem to feel at the convolutions and contortions of the dancers, are childish and ridiculous.

From the ardour with which some of our titled countrymen patronise this exotic species of amusement, we might imagine that their mansions were infested by the *tarantula*, and that they were obliged to resort to music as a remedy for its bite. But the truth is, much more dangerous diseases invade their repose:—remorse for time and treasure mispent; splenetic vapours generated by luxury; and the imbecility of indolence, require the temporary anodyne of music.

The patronage which this frivolous amusement has received in this country during the last century, affords a sufficient proof, that obstinacy, combined with wealth, is sometimes invincible. Satirists have in vain ridiculed this preposterous waste of time and money; for, like other hereditary diseases of some of the great, a depraved taste seems to have descended from sire to son.

Masquerades.

The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

GOLDSMITH.

A masquerade may be denominated the principal festival of licentiousness. There Pleasure presides;—“That reeling goddess with a zoneless waist;”—and leading the young, the gay, and the dissolute, into her favourite recesses, she bids them revel in delights, unabashed by the scrutinising eye of Decency, who is excluded from a participation of those enchaining orgies.

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APPENDIX.

God and Nature link'd the general frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

POPE.

FROM the foregoing sketch of the present state of London, it must be evident, that there are defects in its police, which nothing less than legislative wisdom and authority can rectify. Our moral body requires an *alterative* rather than a *corrective*;—an antidote against the poison of vice, instead of an opiate to increase its lethargy. Humanity entreats the prevention of offences, which, if committed, justice must punish, and even mercy must not spare.

How often do we all, in moments when our natural beneficence predominates, feel a fervent desire to contribute to the comfort of the miserable, and a philanthropic ardour to promote the universal happiness of mankind!—A generous and sympathising wish that there was no misery in the world! How naturally do we participate the joys and the sorrows of those around us, from that exquisite sympathy implanted in man, by the

Divine Being ! Let us cherish those generous, those god-like propensities, by obedience to the dictates of benevolence ; by the alleviation of human misery ; and the steady practice of that justice and charity, which will in the end exalt our "*self-love to social, to divine.*"

Under these impressions, the author begs leave to present the following hints to the reader's consideration ; and if they should, even in the smallest degree, contribute to the amelioration of society, he shall think that he has not lived, or written, in vain.

1. *The punishment of seduction.*—At present this violation of social happiness is rather promoted than prevented : for as the only penalty is pecuniary, some depraved beings have been tempted to connive at the dishonour of their female relatives, from the desire to profit by it !—Hence the necessity of a more severe law ; suppose the infliction of the pillory, and solitary imprisonment for a limited time. This would undoubtedly deter many a brutal debauchee from a pursuit the most pernicious to the population, health, and morals, of the people ; for seduction is generally the precursor of prostitution.

2. As a preventive of female misery, a public building might be appropriated for the reception of maid-servants

out of place, where they might be supplied with needle-work, the manufacture of fans, gloves, artificial flowers, &c. which might be disposed of to shopkeepers. This institution would contribute to the welfare of many a beautiful and virtuous young woman.

3. The institution of *several asylums* for prostitutes. It is a well-known and melancholy fact, that the present limited receptacles for those unhappy beings are inadequate. Without exaggeration, we may venture to estimate the number of prostitutes in this capital at ten thousand; and their disconsolate and friendless state renders them particularly worthy of commiseration. The feeling heart shudders with sympathy, and a mournful sensation, nearly allied to despondency, fills the bosom of the passenger, who nightly beholds those poor victims of seduction stand shivering, and exposed to the inclemency of the wintry atmosphere. Sometimes, where a group of them stand together, vociferating obscene expressions, responding hysteric fits of laughter, or assuming an air of gaiety, and humming songs which once amused their days of innocence, the querulous voice of woe is heard amid their feeble affectation of jollity, and the starting tears of anguish roll down those cheeks which once bloomed with health, but are now hollow with disease, and flord with the tints of art. Were those poor,

those beautiful outcasts of society, reclaimed, they might yet become as they were intended by the Giver of all good—the ornaments of the community. Let the philanthropist only reflect on the national advantage which might be derived from the restoration of so great a number of our fellow-creatures to the paths of virtue! Let him consider the accession of happiness and increase of population, in consequence of *ten thousand* young women being reclaimed from vice, happily married, and cherishing a numerous and healthy offspring. Does not the human bosom swell and palpitate with an earnest wish to facilitate this grand and important national benefit?

4. *A house of industry for convicts, instead of banishment.*—The utility of such an institution is too obvious to require any illustration.

5. The total suppression of pawnbrokers, and the abolition of state-lotteries.

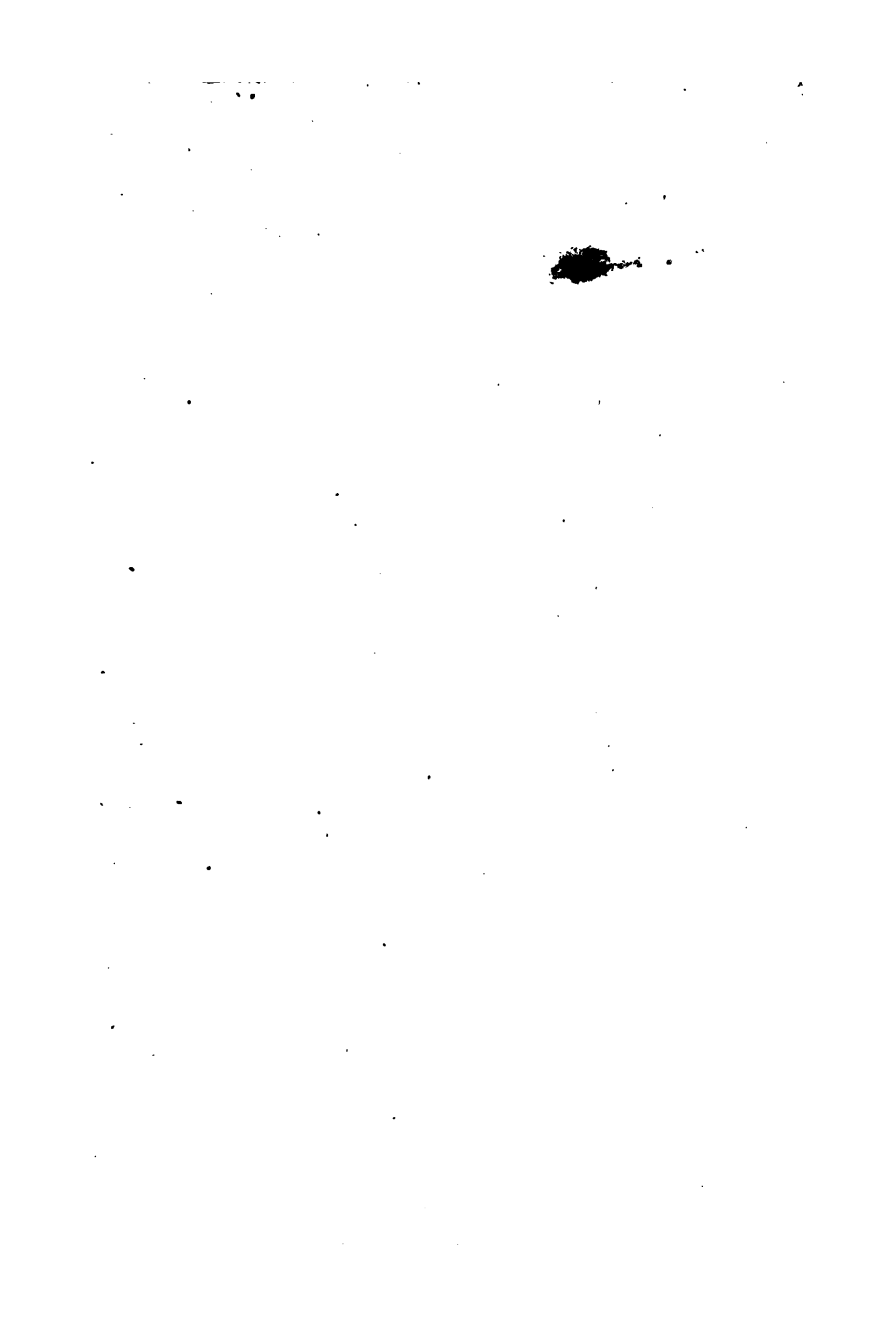
6. *Limitation of taverns and alehouses.*—It appears that there are upwards of *five thousand* alehouses in this capital, and that many of them are kept by immoral characters. On the other hand, several worthy men obtain a comfortable livelihood, by vending beer, ale, &c. and

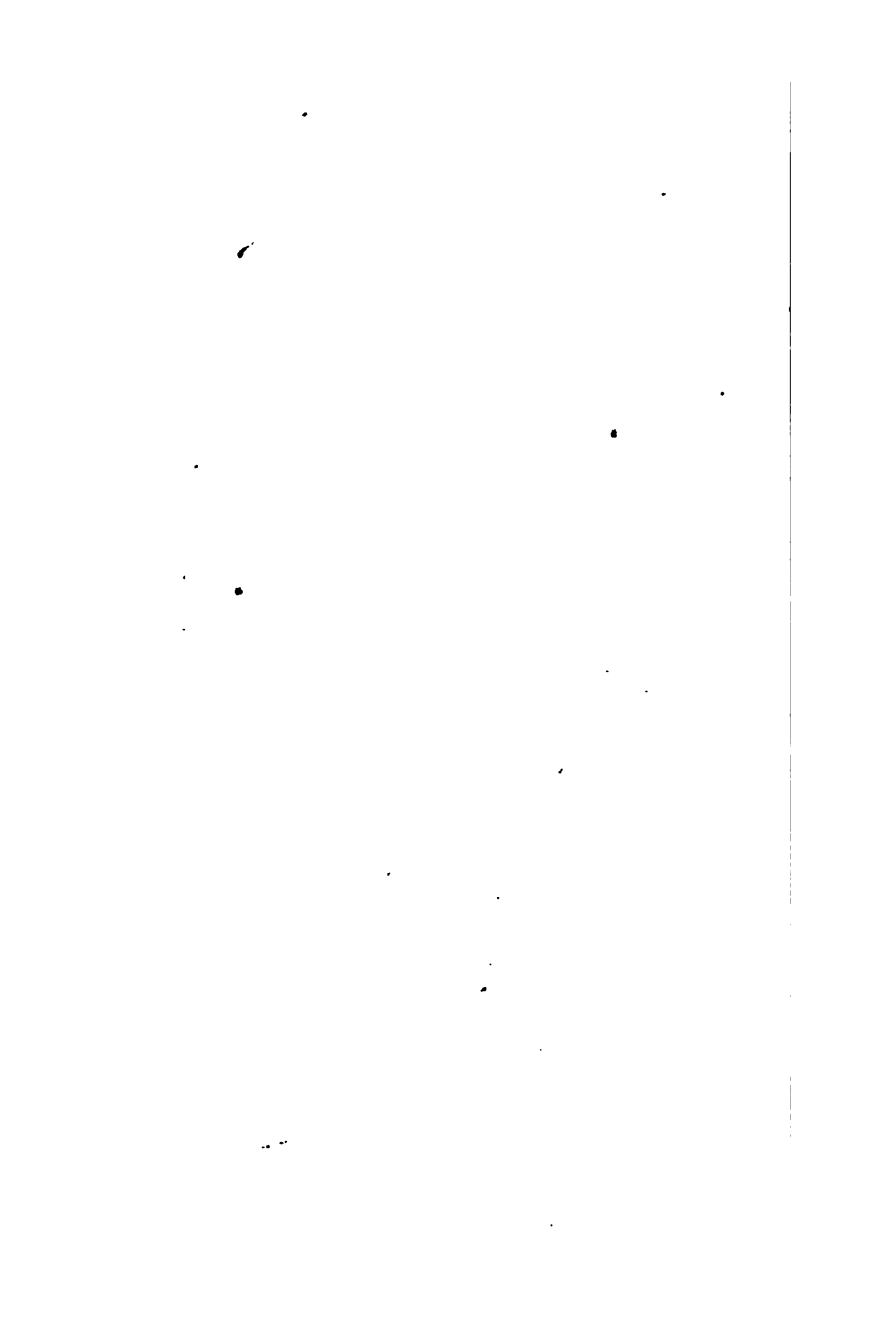
public-houses are indispensable ; but surely less than half the present number would be sufficient, while the suppression of those most objectionable would promote sobriety and industry among the laborious classes of the community.

7. It would be a glorious act of beneficence in the Imperial parliament, to authorise the before-mentioned improvements ; and still more worthy of their munificence to enact a law for the pulling down and rebuilding many of those filthy lanes and courts, in different parts of the capital, where vice is now taught with systematic and fatal accuracy. Let our benevolent legislators condescend to rescue thousands of our fellow-creatures from those dens of immorality, from which, like the progeny of death and sin, they issue to infest the community, till the arm of the law arrests their dire career. In order to render such a measure truly and permanently efficacious, it would be necessary to take up all the beggars, and convey them from their present wretched hovels to receptacles where they might end their days in peace. Their children might be taken under the protection of government, and educated so as to qualify them for an industrious progress through life. By such regulations, delinquencies would gradually diminish ; a sufficient degree of knowledge would enable those miserable children who

are now initiated in the mysteries of fraud, to appreciate the only true source of contentment and health—the pursuit of some handicraft art—which would enable them to realise an honest livelihood. For, however questionable it may appear to such misanthropic philosophers as Mandeville, man is naturally an active, intelligent, and virtuous being ; to suppose the reverse is an indirect imputation of imperfection in the omniscient Creator, who undoubtedly made all things *very good* ! At the same time it must be acknowledged, that the influence of evil example is but too powerful over the untaught mind. Happiness is the natural wish of the human heart ; but while the vicious pursue it in self-gratification, the virtuous find it in the regulation of the passions, and the practice of beneficence.

J. Agg, Printer, Bristol.











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