The Indiscreet Jewels

by Denis Diderot

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LES BIJOUX INDISCRETS, OR, THE INDISCREET TOYS ***

Les Bijoux Indiscrets.

OR,

The Indiscreet Toys.

By

Denis Diderot.

Translated from the Congese Language. Printed at Monomotapa.

In Two Volumes. Adorned with Copper-Plates.

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Frontispiece French edition 1749

TO ZIMA.

Zima, embrace the moment. The Aga Narkis entertains your mother, and your governess is upon the watch in a balcony for your father's return: take, read, fear nothing. But even tho' the Bijoux indiscrets should be found behind your toilet, do you think it would be a matter of wonder? No, Zima, no; it is well known, that the Sopha, the Tanzai, and the Confessions have been under your pillow. Do you hesitate still? Know then, that Aglaé has not disdained to set her hand to the work, which you blush to accept. "Aglaé," say you, "the sober Aglaé!"—The same. While Zima was straying with, or perhaps contriving how to get rid of the young Bonza Alleluia; Aglaé amused herself innocently, by relating to me the adventures of Zaide, Alphana, Fannia, &c.—furnished me with the few strokes, which please me

in the history of Mangogul, revised it, and pointed me out the means of making it better: for if Aglaé is one of the most virtuous and least edifying women in Congo; she is likewise one of the least jealous of wit, and one of the most witty. Can Zima now think, that it becomes her to play the scrupulous? Once more, Zima, take, read, read all; even without excepting the narrative of the Rambling Toy, which may be interpreted to you, without any expence to your virtue, provided the interpreter be neither your spiritual director nor your lover.

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[Transcribers' Note: Chapters I.-XXI. of the second volume of the 1749 publication have been renumbered XXXI.-LI. Illustrations weren't present in the copy of the English edition we used, we added those from the original French (at Gallica, Bibliothèque nationale de France.]

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1.Cupid in Bed (frontispiece). 2.Man, Woman and Cupid, or Folly, Imagination, and Love. 3.Evocation of the Genius. 4.Dogs and Lady in Bed. 5.The Mare, &c. 6.The Bubble-blower. 7.Women walking on their hands. 8.Man and Lady on a Sopha (Zuleiman).

Imagination takes the feather from the hand of folly, and love dictates.

The Indiscreet Toys.

CHAP. I.

Birth of Mangogul.

Hiaouf Zeles Tanzai had already reigned long in great Chechianea, and this voluptuous prince still continued to be the delight of his subjects. Acajou king of Minutia had undergone the fate predicted by his father: Zulmis was no more: the Count De —— was still living: Splendidus, Angola, Misapouf and some other potentates of the Indies and Asia were carried off by sudden deaths. The people tired of obeying weak sovereigns, had shaken off the yoke of their posterity; and the descendants of those unfortunate monarchs rambled unknown, or not regarded, in the provinces of their empires. The grandson of the illustrious Scheherazad was the only one who maintain'd his throne: and he was obeyed in Indostan by the name of Schach Baam, at the time when Mangogul was born in Congo. Thus it appears, that the death of several sovereigns was the mournful epoch of his birth.

His father Erguebzed did not summon the Fairies round the cradle of his son; because he had observed, that most of the princes of his time, who had been educated by these female intelligences, were no better than fools. He contented himself with ordering his nativity to be calculated by one Codindo, a person fitter for a portrait than an acquaintance.

Codindo, was head of the college of Soothsayers at Banza, the ancient capital of the empire. Erguebzed had settled a large pension on him, and had granted to him and his descendants, on account of the merit of their great uncle, who was an excellent cook, a magnificent castle on the frontiers of Congo. Codindo was appointed to observe the flight of birds, and the state of the heavens, and to make a report thereof at court: which office he executed very indifferently. If it be true, that they had at Banza the best theatrical pieces, and the worst play-houses in all Africa; in return they had the most beautiful college in the world, and the most wretched predictions.

Codindo, informed of the business for which he was summoned to Erguebzed's palace, set out much embarrassed; for the poor man could no more read the stars

than you or I. He was expected with impatience. The principal lords of the court were assembled in the appartment of the great Sultana. The ladies, magnificently dress'd, stood round the infant's cradle. The courtiers were hurrying to congratulate with Erguebzed on the great things, which he was undoubtedly on the point of hearing concerning his son. Erguebzed was a father, and thought it quite natural, to discern in the unform'd lines of an infant, what he was to be. In fine, Codindo arrived. "Draw near," says Erguebzed to him: "as soon as heaven had granted me the prince before you, I ordered the instant of his birth to be exactly registered, and without doubt you have been informed of it. Speak sincerely to your Master, and tell him boldly the destiny which heaven has reserved for his Son."

"Most magnanimous Sultan," answered Codindo, "the prince, born of parents equally illustrious and happy, can have no other than a great and fortunate destiny: but I should impose on your highness, if I plumed myself with a science which I do not possess. The stars rise and set for me as for the rest of mankind; and I am not more enlightened in futurity by their means, than the most ignorant of your subjects."

"But," replied the Sultan, "are you not an astrologer?" "Magnanimous prince," answered Codindo, "I have not that honour."

"What the devil are you then?" says the old, but passionate Erguebzed. "An Aruspex! By the heavens I did not imagine, that you had so much as thought of it. Believe me, Seigneur Codindo, suffer your poultry to feed in quiet, and pronounce on the fate of my son, as you lately did on the cold of my wife's parrot."

Codindo immediately drew a glass out of his pocket, took the infant's left ear, rubb'd his eyes, turn'd his spectacles again and again, peep'd at that ear, did the like to the right ear, and pronounced, "that the young prince's reign would be happy, if it proved long."

"I understand you," replied Erguebzed: "my son will do the finest things in the

world, if he has time. But, zounds! what I want to have told me is, that he will have time. What matter is it to me, after he is dead, that he would have been the greatest prince upon earth, had he lived. I have sent for you to cast my son's horoscope, and you make me his funeral oration."

Codindo assured the prince, that he was sorry he was not more knowing; but beseeched his highness to consider, that his knowledge was sufficient for the little time he had been a conjurer. In effect, the moment before, what was Codindo?

CHAP. II.

Education of Mangogul.

I will pass lightly over Mangogul's first years. The infancy of princes is the same with that of the rest of mankind; with this difference, however, that princes have the gift of saying a thousand pretty things, before they can speak. Thus before Erguebzed's son was full four years old, he furnished matter for a volume of Mangogulana. Erguebzed, who was a man of sense, and was resolved that his son's education should not be so much neglected as his own had been, sent betimes for all the great men in Congo; as, painters, philosophers, poets, musicians, architects, masters of dancing, mathematicks, history, fencing, &c. Thanks to the happy dispositions of Mangogul, and to the constant lessons of his masters, he was ignorant in nothing of what a young prince is wont to learn the first fifteen years of his life; and at the age of twenty he could eat, drink, and sleep, as completely as any potentate of his age.

Erguebzed, whose weight of years began to make him feel the weight of his crown, tired with holding the reins of the empire, frighted at the disturbances which threatened it, full of confidence in the superior qualifications of Mangogul, and urged by sentiments of religion, sure prognostics of the approaching death or imbecility of the great, descended from the throne, to seat his son thereon: and this good prince thought he was under an obligation of expiating, by a retirement, the

crimes of the most just administration, of which there is any account in the annals of Congo.

Thus it was, that in the year of the world 15,000,000,032,000,021, of the empire of Congo 390,000,070,003, began the reign of Mangogul, the 1,234,500 of his race in a direct line. Frequent conferences with his ministers, wars carried on, and the management of affairs, taught him in a very short time what remained for him to know at getting out of the hands of his pedagogues; and that was somewhat.

However, in less than ten years Mangogul acquired the reputation of a great man. He gained battles, stormed towns, enlarged his empire, quieted his provinces, repaired the disorder of his finances, restored arts and sciences, raised edifices, immortalized himself by useful establishments, strengthened and corrected the legislative power, even founded academies; and, what his university could never comprehend, he executed all these great things, without knowing one word of Latin.

Mangogul was not less amiable in his Seraglio than great on the throne. He did not take it into his head to regulate his conduct by the ridiculous customs of his country. He broke the gates of the palaces inhabited by his women; he drove out those injurious guards of their virtue; he prudently confided in themselves for their fidelity: the entrance into their appartments was as free for men as into those of the canonesses of Flanders; and doubtless their behaviour as decent. Oh! how good a Sultan he was! There never was his equal, but in some French romance. He was mild, affable, chearful, gallant, of a charming figure, a lover of pleasures, cut out for them, and contained more wit and sense in his head, than had been in those of all his predecessors put together.

'Tis easy to judge that, with such uncommon merit, a number of the sex aspired to make him their conquest: Some few succeeded. Those who miss'd his heart, endeavour'd to console themselves with the grandees of the court. Young Mirzoza was of the number of the former. I shall not amuse myself with detailing the

qualities and charms of Mirzoza: the work would be without end, and I am resolved that this history shall have one.

CHAP. III.

Which may be regarded as the first of this history.

Mirzoza had already fixed Mangogul for some years. These lovers had said, and a thousand times repeated, all that a violent passion suggests to persons who have the most wit. They were got as far as confidences, and they would impute it to themselves as a crime, to conceal the most minute circumstance of their lives from each other. These singular suppositions, "If heaven, which has placed me on the throne, had given me an obscure low birth, would you have deign'd to descend down to me, would Mirzoza have crown'd me?" "Should Mirzoza happen to lose the few charms which she is thought to have, would Mangogul love her still?" These suppositions, I say, which exercise the fancy of ingenious lovers, which sometimes make tender lovers quarrel, and frequently oblige the most sincere lovers to tell untruths, were quite worn out between our pair.

The favorite, who possess'd in a supreme degree, the necessary and uncommon talent of making a good narrative, had drained the scandalous history of Banza. As she had not the best constitution, she was not always disposed to receive the Sultan's caresses, nor he always in the humour of offering them. In short, there were some days, in which Mangogul and Mirzoza had little to say, hardly any thing to do, and in which, without any diminution of love, they amused themselves but indifferently. Those days were rare indeed, but there were some; and this was one of them.

The Sultan was carelessly stretch'd on a sopha, opposite to the favorite, who was knotting in silence. The weather did not permit them to take a walk. Mangogul would not venture to propose a party of piquet; and this posture had lasted near a quarter of an hour, when the Sultan, yawning several times, said, "It must be allowed, that Geliotta sung like an angel." "And that your highness is tired to death,"

answered the favorite. "No, Madam," replied Mangogul, endeavouring to smother a yawn, "the minute that one sees you, is not that of tiresomeness." "If that is not a polite compliment, 'tis no body's fault but your own," rejoin'd Mirzoza: "but you ponder, you are absent, you yawn. Prince, what ails you?" "I know not," said the Sultan. "But I guess," continued the favorite. "I was eighteen, when I had the good fortune to please you. It is full four years since you began to love me. Eighteen and four make twenty-two. Therefore I am now very old." Mangogul smiled at this calculation. "But if I am no longer worth any thing for pleasure," added Mirzoza, "I will at least demonstrate that I am very good for advice. The variety of amusements which attend you, has not been able to secure you against disgust. You are disgusted. Prince, there is your disease." "I do not allow, that you have hit it off," says Mangogul: "but supposing you have, do you know a remedy?" Mirzoza answered the Sultan, after a moment's pause, that his highness seem'd to take so much pleasure at the narratives she made him of the gallantries of the town, that she was sorry she had no more to relate to him, or that she was not better informed of those of the court; that she would have tried that expedient, till she thought of somewhat better. "I think it a good one," says Mangogul: "But who knows the stories of all those fools; and tho' they were known to any, who could relate them like you?" "Let us learn them however," replied Mirzoza. "Whosoever it be that tells them, I am certain that your highness will gain more by the matter, than you will lose by the form." "I shall join with you, if you please, in fancying the adventures of the court ladies very diverting," says Mangogul: "but tho' they were to be a hundred times more so, what does that avail, if it be impossible to come at them?" "There may be a difficulty in it," answers Mirzoza, "but in my opinion, that is all. The Genius Cucufa, your relation and friend, has done greater things. Why do you not consult him?" "Ah, joy of my heart!" cried the Sultan, "you are an admirable Creature. I make no doubt but the Genius will employ all his power in my favour. This moment I shut myself up in my closet, and invoke him."

Accordingly Mangogul arose, kissed the favorite on the left eye, pursuant to the custom of Congo, and departed.

Evocation of the Genius.

CHAP. IV.

Evocation of the Genius.

The Genius Cucufa is an old hypochondriac, who fearing lest the concerns of the world, and dealings with the rest of the genii, might prove an obstacle to his salvation, took refuge in the Void; in order to employ himself quite at leisure on the infinite perfections of the great Pagoda, to pinch, scratch and make notches in his flesh, to fret himself into madness, and starve himself to death. In that place he lies on a straw mat, his body tuck'd up in a sack, his flanks squeez'd with a cord, his arms crossed on his breast, and his head sunk into a hood, which suffers nothing to issue but the end of his beard. He sleeps, but one would think him in contemplation. All his company is an owl which nods at his feet, some rats which gnaw his mat, and bats which hover round his head. The manner of evoking him, is, by repeating, to the sound of a bell, the first verse of the nocturnal office of the Bramins: then he lifts up his hood, rubs his eyes, puts on his sandals, and sets out. Figure to yourself an old Camaldolian Monk carried in the air by two large horn-owls, which he holds by the legs. In this equipage it was, that Cucufa appear'd to the Sultan. "May the blessing of Brama be within these walls," says he, bowing. "Amen," answered the prince. "What do you want, my son?" "A very small matter," says Mangogul; "to procure me some pleasure at the expence of the court ladies." "Oh, my son!" replied Cucufa, "you have a larger appetite than a whole monastery of Bramins. What do you pretend to do with this troop of extravagants?" "To learn from themselves their present and past adventures, that is all." "But that is impossible," says the Genius. "To have women confess their adventures, is a thing that never was, nor ever will be." "Yet it must be," added the Sultan. At these words, the Genius scratching his ear, and combing

his long beard with his fingers, fell to thinking. His meditation was short. "My child," said he to Mangogul, "I love you, you shall be satisfied." Instantly he plunged his right hand into a deep pocket made under his arm-pit on the left side of his frock, and, together with images, bless'd beads, little leaden pagoda's, and musty sweatmeats, drew out a silver ring, which Mangogul at first took for one of St. Hubert's rings. "You see this ring," said he to the Sultan, "put it on your finger, my child: every woman, at whom you shall level the stone, will relate her intrigues in a plain, audible voice. Do not imagine however, that 'tis by the mouth that they are to speak." "By what then will they speak?" says Mangogul. "By the frankest part about them, and the best instructed in those things which you desire to know," says Cucufa; "by their Toys." "By their Toys," replies Mangogul bursting into laughter; "that is particular. Talking Toys! That is an unheard extravagance." "My son," said the Genius, "I have performed many greater prodigies for your grandfather: therefore depend on my word. Go, and may Brama bless you. Make a good use of your secret, and remember that there are ill-placed curiosities." This said, the old hypocrite nodded his head, pull'd his hood over his face, took his horn-owls by the legs, and vanish'd in the air.

CHAP. V.

Mangogul's dangerous Temptation.

Scarcely was Mangogul in possession of Cucufa's mysterious ring, when he was tempted to make the first trial of it on the favorite. I forgot to mention, that besides the vertue of obliging the Toys of those women, on whom he turn'd the stone, to speak, it had that also of rendering the person invisible, who wore it on the little finger. Thus could Mangogul transport himself in the twinkling of an eye to a thousand places where he was not expected, and with his own eyes see many things, which are frequently transacted without witnesses. He had nothing more to do than to put on his ring, and say "I desire to be in such a place," and he was there in an

instant. Behold him then in Mirzoza's bed-chamber.

Mirzoza, who gave over all hopes of the Sultan's company, was in bed. Mangogul approach'd her pillow softly, and saw by the glimmering light of a night taper, that she was asleep. "Good," say he, "she sleeps, let us quickly shift the ring on another finger, resume our natural shape, turn the stone on this fair sleeper, and awake her Toy a little while.—But what stops me?—I tremble.—Is it possible that Mirzoza?—No, it is not possible, Mirzoza is faithful to me. Fly from me, injurious suspicions, I will not, I ought not to heed ye." He said, and put his fingers on the ring: but taking them off as hastily as if it had been fire, he cried within himself. "What do I do, wretched man! I insult Cucufa's advice. For the sake of satisfying a silly curiosity, I am going to run the hazard of losing my mistress and my life. If her Toy should be in the humor of talking extravagantly, I should never see her more, and I should dye of grief. And who knows what a Toy may have in its soul?" Mangogul's agitation made him in some measure forget himself: he pronounced these last words pretty loud, and the favorite awoke. "Ah, Prince," said she, less surprized than charmed at his presence, "you are here. Why did you not send me notice? Must you condescend to wait for my awaking?"

Mangogul answered the favorite by relating the success of his interview with Cucufa, shew'd her the ring, and did not conceal one of its properties from her. "Ah! what a diabolical secret has he given you!" cry'd Mirzoza. "But pray, Prince, do you intend to make any use of it." "How," said the Sultan, "do I intend to use it? I shall begin by you, if you argue with me." At these terrible words the favorite turn'd pale, trembled, recover'd herself, and conjured the Sultan by Brama, and all the Pagoda's of the Indies and Congo, not to try the experiment on her of a secret power, which indicated a diffidence of her fidelity. "If I have been constantly honest," continued she, "my Toy will not speak a word, and you will have done me such an injury as I shall never forgive. If it happens to speak, I shall lose your esteem and heart, and that will make you run distracted. Hitherto you have, in my opinion, found your

account in our connection; why would you run the risk of breaking it off? Prince, believe me. Follow the advice of the Genius; he has had great experience, and advices of Genius are always good to follow."

"This is exactly what I was saying to myself," answered Mangogul, "when you awoke. And yet if you had slept two minutes longer, I cannot answer for what might have happened."

"What would have happened," says Mirzoza, "is, that my Toy would have given you no information, and that you would have lost me for ever."

"That may be," replied Mangogul; "but now that I have a full view of the danger which I incurred, I solemnly swear to you by the eternal Pagoda, that you shall be excepted from the number of those, on whom I shall turn the ring."

At these words Mirzoza brightened up, and fell to joking at the expence of the Toys which the Prince should hereafter interrogate. "Cydalisa's Toy," said she, "has many stories to tell, and if it be as indiscreet as its mistress, it will not require much intreaty. Haria's Toy is no longer of this world, and your highness will obtain no tales from it of fresher date than the days of my grandmother. As for that of Glauce, I believe it is a proper one to be consulted. She is a coquet and pretty." "And for that reason precisely it is," replied the Sultan, "that her Toy will be mute." "Why then," said the Sultana, "apply to that of Phedima, she is ugly, and loves gallantry." "Yes," continued the Sultan; "and so ugly, that one must be as ill-natured as you, to accuse her of gallantry. Phedima is sober; 'tis I who say it, and who know something of the matter." "As sober as you please," replied the favorite, "but she has a sort of grey eyes that speak the contrary." "Her eyes belye her," said the Sultan warmly. "You tire my patience with your Phedima. Might not one say, that there is no other Toy but this to examine." "But may I presume, without offending your highness," added Mirzoza, "to ask which is the first you intend to honour with your choice." "We shall see anon," said Mangogul, "in the circle of the Manimonbanda, (the Congese name

of the great Sultana). We shall have a good deal of work upon our hands and when we happen to be tired of the Toys of my court, we may chance make a tour thro' Banza. Possibly we may find those of the city women more reasonable than those of dutchesses." "Prince," said Mirzoza, "I have some acquaintance with the former, and can assure you, that they are only more circumspect." "We shall soon hear from them: but I cannot refrain from laughter," continued Mangogul, "when I think on the confusion and surprize of these women at the first words of their Toys, ha, ha, ha! Remember, delight of my soul, that I shall expect you at the great Sultana's, and that I shall make no use of my ring till you are come." "Prince," said Mirzoza, "I rely on the promise you have made me." Mangogul smiled at her allarm, reiterated his promise, sealed them with kisses, and retired.

CHAP. VI.

First Trial of the Ring.

Alcina.

Mangogul arrived before her at the great Sultana's, and found all the ladies very busy at cards. He survey'd all those, whose reputation was established, fully resolved to try his ring on one of them, and his only difficulty was in the choice. While, he was in suspence by whom to begin, he spied a young lady of the household of the Manimonbanda in a window. She was toying with her husband; which appear'd singular to the Sultan, inasmuch as they had been married above eight days. They had made their appearance in the same box at the Opera, in the same coach at the Bois de Boulogne, they had finished their visits; and the fashion of the times exempted them from loving or even meeting each other. "If this Toy," says Mangogul, "is as silly as its mistress, we shall have a diverting soliloquy." At this instant the favorite appear'd. "Welcome," said the Sultan to her in a whisper. "I have cast my lead, waiting for you." "And on whom?" ask'd Mirzoza. "On that couple which you see sporting in that window," answer'd Mangogul with a wink. "Well set

out," replied the favorite.

Alcina, for that was the young lady's name, was sprightly and pretty. The Sultan's court had few women more amiable, and not one of a gayer disposition. One of the Sultan's Emirs had filled his head with her. He was not left in ignorance of what the chronicle had published concerning Alcina: the report alarm'd him, but he followed the custom: he consulted his mistress about it. Alcina swore, that it was pure calumny invented by some coxcombs, who would have been silent, if they had had any reason for talking; but however, that there was no harm done, and that he was at full liberty to believe it or not, as he thought proper. This answer, delivered with an air of confidence, convinced the amorous Emir of his mistress's innocence. He closed the affair, and assumed the title of Alcina's husband with all its prerogatives.

The Sultan levelled his ring at her. A loud burst of laughter, which seized Alcina at some comical saying of her husband, was suddenly cut short by the operation of the ring; and immediately a murmuring noise was heard under her petticoats. "Well, now I am titled. Truly I am glad on't. Nothing like having a rank. If my first advices had been heeded, I should have been provided with something better than an Emir: but yet an Emir is better than nothing." At these words all the ladies quitted the game, to seek from what quarter the voice issued. This movement made a great noise. "Silence," says Mangogul, "this deserves attention." They obeyed, and the Toy continued. "One would be apt to think, that a husband is a guest of great importance, by the precautions which are taken to receive him. What preparatives! What profusion of myrtle water! Another fortnight of this regimen would have demolished me. I had disappear'd, and the Emir might have sought lodgings elsewhere, or have shipped me off for the island Jonquille." Here my author says, that all the ladies grew pale, look'd at each other in deep silence, and grew vastly serious; which he ascribes to their fear, lest the conversation should grow warm, and become general. "Yet," continued Alcina's Toy, "in my opinion the Emir did neither require nor stand in need of so many formalities: but I must still acknowledge the

prudence of my mistress. She guarded against the worst, and I was treated for the great lord as for his little page."

The Toy was on the point of continuing its extravagant harangue, when the Sultan, observing that this strange scene shock'd the modest Manimonbanda, interrupted the orator by turning off the ring. The Emir had vanish'd at the first words of his wife's Toy. Alcina, without being disconcerted, pretended to take a nap: mean while the ladies whispered that she had the vapours. "Yes," says a Petit-maitre, "—— Vapours: Ch——y calls them hysterics, as much as to say, things which come from the lower region. For this case he has a divine elixir; it is a principle, principiating, principiated, which revives——which——I will propose it to the lady." The company laugh'd at this gibberish, and our Cynic resumed. "Nothing more true, ladies: I, who speak, have used it for a deperdition of substance." "A deperdition of substance, good marquiss," said a young person, "pray what is that?" "Madam," replied the marquiss, "it is one of those casual accidents which happen——but every body knows it."

By this time the pretended drowziness went off. Alcina sat down to play with as much intrepidity as if her Toy either had not spoken a word, or had made the finest speech in the world. Nay, she was the only lady that play'd without distraction. This sitting was worth a considerable sum to her. The rest did not know what they were about, could not count the dots on the cards, forgot their reckonings, neglected their good luck, dealt wrong, and committed a hundred other mistakes, of which Alcina took the advantage. In fine, they broke up play, and every one withdrew.

This adventure made great noise not only at court and in town, but all over Congo. Epigrams were handed about on it. The discourse of Alcina's Toy was published, revised, corrected, enlarged and commented by the Agreeables of the court. The Emir was lampoon'd, and his wife immortalized. She was pointed at in the play-house, and followed in the public walks. People flock'd about her, and she

heard them buzzing: "Yes, 'tis she: her Toy made a discourse two hours long." Alcina bore her new reputation with admirable tranquillity. She listened to these expressions, and many more, with a serenity, which the rest of the women could not shew. They were every moment under apprehensions of some indiscretions being committed by their Toys: but the adventure of the following chapter compleated their confusion.

As soon as the company had broke up, Mangogul gave his hand to the favorite, and conduced her to her appartment. She was far from having that lively chearful air, which seldom quitted her. She had lost considerably at play, and the effect of the dreadful ring had plunged her into a pensiveness, out of which she was not yet thoroughly recovered. She knew the Sultan's curiosity, and she had not sufficient confidence in the promises of a man less amorous than despotic, to be free from uneasiness. "What ails you, my soul's delight?" said Mangogul. "You are pensive." "I played with bad luck without example," answered Mirzoza. "I lost the possibility. I had twelve tableaux, and I don't think I mark'd three times." "That is vexatious," replied Mangogul; "but what think you of my secret?" "Prince," said the favorite, "I persist in deeming it diabolical. Doubtless it will amuse you, but that amusement will be attended with dismal consequences. You are going to spread discord in every family, undeceive husbands, throw lovers into despair, ruin wives, dishonour daughters, and raise a thousand other hurly-burlys. Ah! Prince, I conjure you.——" "By the light," said Mangogul, "you moralize like Nicole! I would be glad to know why the concern for your neighbour touches you so to the quick. No, no, madam; I will keep my ring. And what do I matter those husbands undeceived, those lovers thrown into despair, those wives ruined, those daughters dishonoured, provided I amuse myself. Am I then a Sultan for nothing? Good night, madam, we must hope that future scenes will be more comic than the first, and that you will take more pleasure in them by degrees." "I do not believe it, sir," replied Mirzoza. "And for my part, I promise you, that you will find pleasant Toys, nay, so pleasant, that you

cannot refuse giving them audience. And what would you do, if I sent them to you in quality of ambassadors? I will if you desire it, spare you the trouble of their harangues; but as to the recital of their adventures, you shall hear it either from their own mouths or mine. 'Tis a determined point; and I can abate nothing of it. Resolve to familiarize yourself with these new speech-makers." At these words he embraced her, and went into his closet, reflecting on the trial he had made, and devoutly thanking the Genius Cucufa.

CHAP. VII.

Second trial of the Ring.

The Altars.

The next evening there was to be a private supper in Mirzoza's appartment. The persons invited came early. Before the prodigy of the preceding day, people came by inclination; this night they came purely out of politeness. All the ladies had an air of constraint, and spoke in monosyllables. They were upon the watch, and expected every moment, that some Toy would join in conversation. Notwithstanding their itch of bringing Alcina's odd adventure on the carpet, none of them dared to undertake opening the topic. Not that they were restrained by her presence: tho' included in the supper-list, she did not appear; it was judged that she had a swimming in her head. However, whether it was that they became less apprehensive of danger, as the whole day long they had heard no body speak but from the mouth; or whether they affected to appear courageous, the conversation revived, the women most suspected composed their countenances, put on an air of assurance, and Mirzoza ask'd the courtier Zegris, if he knew any entertaining news. "Madam," replied Zegris, "you have been informed of a match between the Aga Chazour and young Siberina: I assure you it is broke off." "Upon what account?" interrupted the favorite. "On account of a strange voice," continued Zegris, "which Chazour says he heard at the toilet of his princess. Since yesterday, the Sultan's court is full of people, who go

with their ears cock'd, in hopes of catching, I can't say how, such declarations, as most certainly the persons concerned have no inclination to make them."

"That is silly," replied the favorite. "Alcina's misfortune, if it be one, is far from being averred. We have not got to the bottom——"

"Madam," interrupted Zelmaida, "I have heard her most distinctly. She spoke without opening her mouth. The facts were well articulated, and it was not very difficult to guess whence this extraordinary sound issued. I assure you, that I should have died, were I in her place."

"Died!" replied Zegris. "Folks survive other sorts of accidents." "How?" cried Zelmaida. "Can there be a more dreadful one than the indiscretion of a Toy? Well, there is no medium left. One must either renounce gallantry, or resolve to pass for a woman of pleasure." "Indeed," said Mirzoza, "the option is severe." "No, no, madam," replied another lady, "you will see that women will fix their resolution. They will allow Toys to prate as much as they please; and will go their own way, without troubling themselves with what the world shall say. And after all, what does it signify, whether it be a woman's Toy or her lover that proves indiscreet? Are things less exposed?"

"Upon a serious consideration of the whole affair," continued a third, "if a woman's adventures must be divulged, 'tis better it should happen by her Toy than her lover."

"The notion is singular," said the favorite; "and true," replied she who had broach'd it: "for, pray, observe that a lover is generally dissatisfied, before he becomes indiscreet, and therefore tempted to be revenged by exaggerating every thing: whereas a Toy talks without passion, and adds nothing to the truth."

"For my part," said Zelmaida, "I am not of that opinion. In this case it is not so much the importance of the depositions, as the strength of the evidence, that ruins the criminal. A lover, who by his discourse dishonours the Altar, on which he has sacrificed, is a kind of impious person, who deserves no credit: but if the altar lifts

up its voice, what answer can be made."

"That the altar knows not what it says," replied the second. Monima, hitherto mute, broke silence, in order to say in a dragging, lazy tone: "Ah! let my Altar, since you call it so, speak or be silent, I fear nothing from its talk."

Mangogul enter'd that very instant, and Monima's last words did not escape him. He levell'd his Ring at her, and her Toy was heard to cry out: "Do not believe her, she lies." Her female neighbours, gazing at each other, ask'd whose Toy it was that made this answer. "'Tis not mine," said Zelmaida; "nor mine," said another; "nor mine," said Monima; "nor mine," said the Sultan. Every one, and the favorite among the rest, persisted in the negative.

The Sultan, taking the advantage of this incertainty, and addressing the ladies, said: "You have Altars then? Pray, how are they feasted?" As he was speaking, he nimbly turn'd his Ring successively on all the women except Mirzoza; and every one of their Toys answering in its turn, these words were heard in different tones. "I am frequented, batter'd, abandon'd, perfum'd, fatigu'd, ill serv'd, disgusted, &c." They all spoke their word, but so precipitately, that no just application could be made. Their jargon, sometimes rumbling, sometimes yelping, accompanied with loud laughs of Mangogul and his courtiers, made a noise of a new kind. The ladies agreed with a very grave air, that it was very diverting. "How," said the Sultan, "sure we are too happy, that the Toys deign to speak our language, and furnish half the expence of the conversation. Society must be a considerable gainer by this duplication of organs. Possibly we men shall speak also in our turn, by something else besides our mouths. Who knows? What agrees so perfectly well with Toys, may happen to be destin'd to make questions and responses to them: nevertheless my anatomist is of a different opinion."

CHAP. VIII.

Third trial of the Ring.

The Private Supper.

Supper was served up, the company sate down at table, and at first they diverted themselves at Monima's charge: all the women unanimously agreed that her Toy had spoke first; and she must have sunk under this confederacy, had not the Sultan taken her part. "I do not pretend," said he, "that Monima is less gallant than Zelmaida; but I believe her Toy has more discretion. Besides, when the mouth and Toy of a woman contradict each other, which to believe?" "Sir," replied a courtier, "I know not what Toys will say hereafter; but hitherto they have explain'd themselves on a subject, which is very familiar to them. As long as they shall have the prudence to speak of nothing but what they understand, I shall believe them as so many oracles." "Others," said Mirzoza, "of greater authenticity might be consulted." "Pray, madam," replied Mangogul, "what interest can these have in disguising the truth? Nothing but a chimæra of honour could be their motive: but a Toy has none of these chimæras. That is not the place of prejudices." "A chimera of honour," said Mirzoza, "prejudices! If your highness had been exposed to the same inconveniences with us, you would become sensible, that whatever touches virtue, is far from being chimærical." All the ladies, encouraged by the Sultana's answer, insisted that it was superfluous to put them to certain proofs; and Mangogul, that these proofs were generally dangerous at least.

This conversation ushered in the champagne: it moved briskly round, they plied it close, and it warmed the Toys. Then it was that Mangogul had intended to resume his frolicks. He turn'd his ring on a very gay sprightly young lady, who sate pretty near him, and directly opposite to her husband: and immediately issued from under the table a plaintive noise, a weak languishing voice, which said: "Oh, how I am harrassed! I can bear it no longer, I am at death's door." "How, by the Pagoda Pongo Sabiam," cried Husseim, "my wife's Toy speaks, and what can it say?" "We are going to hear," answered the Sultan.——"Prince, you will permit me not to be of the number of its auditors," replied Husseim; "for if any thing ridiculous drop'd from it,

do you think?"——"I think you are a fool," said the Sultan, "to alarm yourself at the prattle of a Toy: do we not know a good part of what it can say, and may we not guess the rest? Sit down, then, and endeavour to divert yourself."

Husseim sat down, and his wife's Toy began to prate like a magpye. "Shall I eternally have this huge Flandrian Valanto? I have seen some who have made an end; but this man"——At these words Husseim arose in a fury, snatch'd up a knife, sprang to the other side of the table; and would have pierced his wife's breast, if his neighbours had not prevented him. "Husseim," said the Sultan, "you make too much noise: the company cannot hear. Might not one say, that your wife's Toy is the only one that has not common sense? And what would become of these ladies, if their husbands were of your humour? How! you are out of your wits for a pitiful little adventure of one Valanto, who never made an end. Return to your seat, behave like a man of honour; see that you watch yourself, and not commit a second failure before a prince, who admits you to his pleasures."

While Husseim, stifling his rage, was leaning on the back of a chair, his eyes shut, and his hand on his forehead; the Sultan dexterously levell'd his Ring, and the Toy went on. "Valanto's young page would suit me pretty well: but I know not when he will begin. In the mean time till the one begins, and the other makes an end, I practise patience with the Bramin Egon. He is a frightful figure, I must own: but his talent is to make an end and begin again. Oh, what a great man a Bramin is!"

By the time the Toy had got as far as this exclamation, Husseim blush'd to fret for a woman who was so unworthy, and fell a laughing with the rest of the company; but he kept something in reserve for his spouse. The entertainment being over, every one went home directly, except Husseim, who conducted his wife into a house of veiled maidens, and there shut her up. Mangogul being inform'd of her disgrace paid her a visit. He found the whole community busy in comforting her, but still more in trying to get the secret of her exile from her. "'Tis for a mere trifle," said she, "that I

am here. Being last night at supper with the Sultan, the Champagne was whip'd about, the Tokay gallop'd, people hardly knew what they said, when my Toy must needs fall to prating. I do not remember on what subject it talk'd, but it made my husband take dudgeon."

"To be sure, Madam, he is in the wrong," replied the nuns: "people ought not to put themselves into such passions for trifles!——How! your Toy has spoke. Pray does it speak still? How charm'd we should be to hear it! It must certainly express itself with wit and a good grace." They were gratified: for the Sultan turn'd his ring on the poor recluse, and her Toy thank'd them for their civilities; protesting to them at the same time, that how pleased soever it was with their company, that of a Bramin would suit it better.

The Sultan embraced the opportunity, to learn some particulars of the life of these virgins. His Ring interrogated the Toy of a young recluse, whose name was Cleanthis; and the pretended virgin-Toy confessed two gardeners, a Bramin, and three cavaliers; and related how by the assistance of a purging draught and two bleedings, she had escaped giving scandal. Zephirina owned, by the organ of her Toy, that she was indebted to the errand-boy of the house, for the honourable title of mother. But one thing that astonish'd the Sultan, was, that tho' those sequester'd Toys expressed themselves in very indecent terms; the virgins, to whom they belong'd, heard them without blushing: which made him conjecture, that if they failed of the practical part in those retreats, they had in return a large share of speculation.

In order to clear up this point, he turn'd his ring on a novice between fifteen and sixteen years of age. "Flora," said her Toy, "has more than once ogled a young officer thro' the grate. I am certain that she had an inclination for him. Her little finger told me so." This was a mortifying stroke for Flora. The ancient ladies condemned her to two months silence and discipline; and ordered prayers, that the

Toys of the community might remain mute.

CHAP. IX.

The state of the academy of sciences at Banza.

Mangogul had scarcely quitted the recluses, among whom I left him, when a report was spread thro' Banza, that the virgins of the congregation of Brama's Coccyx, spoke by their Toys. This report, to which Husseim's violent proceedings had given credit, rouzed the curiosity of the learned. The phænomenon was thoroughly examined and allowed: and the freethinkers began to seek in the properties of matter, the reasons of a fact, which they had at first deemed impossible. The tattle of the Toys gave birth to a great number of excellent works; and this important subject swell'd the collections of the academies with several memoirs, which may be esteemed the utmost efforts of human understanding.

In order to model and perpetuate that of Banza, invitations with suitable encouragement had been, and still continued to be, given to all persons of the brightest parts in Congo, Monoémugi, Beleguanza, and the circumjacent kingdoms. It took in, under different titles, all those who had distinguished themselves in natural history, natural philosophy, mathematicks, and the greatest part of those, who promised to make a figure in them one time or other. This swarm of indefatigable bees labour'd incessantly in the research of truth, and every year the public reaped the fruits of their labours in a volume full of discoveries.

It was at that time divided into two factions, the one composed of Vorticists, and the other of Attractionists. Olibrio, an able geometrician and great natural philosopher, founded the sect of the Vorticists. Circino, an able natural philosopher and great geometrician, was the first Attractionist. Both Olibrio and Circino proposed to explain nature. Olibrio's principles have at first sight a certain air of simplicity, which seduces: in the gross they account for the principal phænomena, but they contradict themselves in the detail. As for Circino, he seems to set out upon an

absurdity; but 'tis the first step alone that is expensive. The minute details, which ruin Olibrio's system, establish his. He follows a road, dark at entrance, but which grows more lightsome according as a person advances. On the contrary, that of Olibrio, lightsome at entrance, grows darker and darker. The philosophy of the latter requires less study than understanding. One cannot be a disciple of the former, without a large share of understanding and study. One enters without preparation into Olibrio's school; every body has the key of it. That of Circino is open to none but geometricians of the first class. Olibrio's Vortices are within the reach of all capacities. Circino's central powers are made for first rate Algebraists only. Wherefore there will always be an hundred Vorticists for one Attractionist; and one Attractionist will always be worth an hundred Vorticists. Such was the state of the academy of sciences at Banza, when it handled the subject of the indiscreet Toys.

This phænomenon was very slippery: it dodged the attraction, and the subtile matter could not come within reach of it. In vain did the president summon all those who had any notions, to communicate them: a profound silence reigned in the assembly. At length Persiflo the Vorticist, who had published treatises on many subjects, which he did not understand, rose up and said: "The fact, gentlemen, might well agree with the system of the world. I should suspect that it has in general the same cause with the tides. For pray take notice, that this day is the equinoctial full moon. But before I can depend on my conjecture, I must wait to hear what the Toys will say next month."

The company shrug'd their shoulders: they dared not remonstrate to him, that he reasoned like a Toy; but as he is a man of penetration he perceived in an instant that they thought as much.

The Attractionist Reciproco opened, and said: "Gentlemen, I have tables calculated by a theory on the highth of the tides in every port of the kingdom. True it is, that observations somewhat bely my calculations: but I flatter myself that this small

inconvenience will be repaired by the advantage that will result from them, if the tattle of Toys continues to square with the phænomena of the ebb and flow."

A third person started up, went to the board, traced his figure, and said "let a Toy be A B, and——"

Here the ignorance of the translators has deprived us of a demonstration, which without doubt the African author had preserv'd. After a blank of about two pages, we read: Reciproco's reasoning was thought demonstrative; and it was unanimously agreed, from the essays he had given on dialectics, that he would be able one day or other to make this deduction: women have from time immemorial heard with their ears: therefore they ought at this day to speak by their Toys.

Doctor Orcotomus, of the tribe of Anatomists, spoke next, and said: "Gentlemen, I am of opinion, that it would be properer to drop a phænomenon, than to seek its cause in vapory hypotheses. For my part, I would not have open'd my mouth, if I had nought but trifling conjectures to offer: but I have examined, studied, meditated. I have seen Toys in the paroxysm, and I am got so far, by means of my knowledge of the parts, and experience, as to be convinced, that that which in Greek we call Delphys, has all the properties of the windpipe, and that there are some who can speak as well by the Toy as by the mouth. Yes, gentlemen, the Delphys is a string and wind instrument; but much more a string than a wind one. The outward air, which lights on it, properly does the office of a bow on the tendinous fibres of the wings, which I shall call ribbons or vocal strings. The gentle collision of this air and the vocal strings puts them into a trembling motion; and it is by their quicker or slower vibrations, that they utter different sounds. The person modifies these sounds at discretion, speaks, and even might sing.

"As there are but two ribbons or vocal strings, and as they are to the eye of equal length, it will doubtless be ask'd, how they suffice to give the multitude of sounds, grave and acute, strong and weak, of which the human voice is capable. I answer, in

pursuing the comparison of this organ with musical instruments, that their lengthening and shortening are sufficient to produce these effects.

"That these parts are capable of distention and contraction, is needless to be demonstrated in an assembly of Literati of your rank: but that in consequence of this distention and contraction, the Delphys can utter sounds more or less acute; in a word, all the inflexions of the voice, and modulation of singing; is a fact, which I flatter myself I shall put out of doubt. My appeal is to experiments. Yes, gentlemen, I engage to make both a Delphys and a Toy reason, speak, nay, and sing too, before ye."

Thus harangued Orcotomus, promising to himself nothing less than to raise the Toys to the level of the windpipes of one of his learned brethren, whose success jealousy had attack'd in vain.

CHAP. X.

Less learned and less tedious than the preceding. Continuation of the academical sitting.

By the difficulties started against Orcotomus, before he could make his experiments, it appeared, that his notions were judged to have less of solidity than ingenuity. "If Toys have the faculty of speech naturally," say they, "why have they not made use of it till now? If it was an effect of the goodness of Brama, who has been pleased to endow women with so strong a desire of talking, to double the organs of speech in them; it is very strange, that they have so long been ignorant of, or at least neglected this valuable gift of nature. Why has not the same Toy spoke more than once? Why has none of them spoke of aught but the same subject? By what mechanism does it fall out, that one of the mouths is forcibly kept shut, while the other speaks? Moreover," added they, "if we judge of the prattle of Toys by the circumstances, in which most of them have spoken, and by the things they have told; there is all the reason in the world to believe it involuntary, and that those parts would continue

mute, if it had been in the power of their possessors to impose silence on them."

Orcotomus arose to answer these objections, and insisted that Toys talk'd in all ages; but so low, that what they said was hardly heard, even by those to whom they belonged. That it is not surprizing, that they have raised their voice in our days, when the freedom of conversation is carried so high, that one may without impudence and indiscretion converse on those things, which are the most familiar to them: that if they have spoke audibly but once, we are not to infer that that will be the only time. That there is a vast difference between being mute and keeping silence; that if they have talk'd but on one and the same subject only, probably the reason is, that it is the only one, of which they have ideas. That those who have not spoke as yet, will speak. That if they remain silent, it is because they have nothing to say, or that they are ill made, or want ideas and terms.

"In a word," continued he, "to pretend that it was an effect of the goodness of Brama to grant to women the means of gratifying their strong desire of talking, by multiplying in them the organs of speech; is to grant, that if this benefaction drag'd any inconveniences after it, it was an effect of his wisdom to prevent them: and this he has done, by compelling one of the mouths to keep silence, while the other speaks. It is already but too inconvenient for us, that women change their mind from one instant to another: what then would it have been, if Brama had left them the power of being of two contradictory sentiments at the same time? Further, the gift of speech has been given, purely in order to be understood; but the women, who find it a difficult talk to understand one another with a single mouth each, how could they possibly do it, if they spoke with two at a time?"

Thus Orcotomus answered several things, and thought he had given satisfactory solutions to all difficulties: but he was mistaken. New doubts were raised, and he was on the point of sinking under them; when Cimonazes came to his assistance. Then the dispute became tumultuous. They stray'd wide of the question, they

bewilder'd themselves, they return'd, they bewilder'd themselves a second time, they grew angry, they brawled; from brawling they pass'd to injurious words, and the academical sitting ended.

CHAP. XI.

Fourth trial of the Ring.

The Echo.

While the prattle of the Toys employed the academy, in other companies it became the news of the day, and the subject of the morrow, and of several succeeding days. It was an inexhaustible text. True facts were blended with false; every thing went down, the prodigy had removed all incredulity. In conversation people lived on it upwards of six months.

The Sultan had made but three trials of his ring; and yet, in a circle of ladies who were allowed a stool at the Manimonbanda's, one of them related a discourse held by the Toy of a president's lady, next that of a marchioness, then she disclosed the pious secrets of a devotee, in fine those of several women who were not there: and God knows the stories that were father'd on their Toys; nor was there any parcimony of smutty tales. From facts they came to reflections. "I must confess," says one of those ladies, "that this witchcraft (for it is a spell cast on Toys) keeps us in a cruel state. How! to be eternally under apprehensions of hearing an impertinent voice issuing from one's self." "But madam," answered another, "this fright astonishes us with regard to you. When a Toy has nothing ridiculous to tell, what does it signify, whether it be silent or speak?" "It signifies so much," replied the first, "that I would freely give half my jewels, to be assured that mine will never speak." "Surely," replied the second, "there must be substantial reasons for keeping measures with people, to purchase their discretion at so high a price." "I have not better reasons than another," said Cephisa: "and yet I do not eat my words. Twenty thousand crowns, is not too large a sum to buy tranquillity: for I will frankly own, that I have

not more confidence in my Toy than in my mouth, and many silly things have slipt from me in my life. I hear every day so many incredible adventures unveiled, attested, detailed by Toys, that even retrenching three fourths, the remaining part is sufficient to destroy a reputation. If mine should prove but half so great a lyer as all those, I should be ruined. Was it not enough then that our conduct was in the power of our Toys, without our reputation being dependent on their discourses?" "For my part," answered Ismene smartly, without entering into endless arguments, "I allow things to go their own way. If it be Brama, that has given the faculty of speech to Toys, as my Bramin has convinced me, he will not suffer them to lye. It would be impious to assert the contrary. Wherefore my Toy may talk as often and much as it will. But after all what will it say?"

Then was heard a hollow voice, which seemed to come out of the ground, and answered by way of Echo: Many things. Ismene, not imagining whence the answer proceeded, flew into a passion, attack'd her neighbours, and increased the diversion of the company. The Sultan, charmed with her mistake, quitted his minister, with whom he was in conference in a corner, went to her, and said: "I am afraid, madam, you have heretofore admitted some one of these ladies into your confidence, and that their Toys are so malicious as to recollect histories, which your own might have forgot."

At the same time, by moving his ring up and down with dexterity, Mangogul caused a very singular dialogue between the lady and her Toy. Ismene, who had always conducted her little affairs well enough, and had never had a confidante, answer'd the Sultan, that all the art of calumniators would be ineffectual. "Perhaps," answer'd the unknown voice. "How, perhaps," reply'd Ismene, piqued at this injurious doubt, "what have I to fear from them?" "Every thing, if they knew as much as I." "And what do you know?" "Many things, I tell you." "Many things, that says much, but means nothing. Can you tell any particulars?" "Without doubt." "And of what nature? Have I been really in Love?" "No." "Have I had intrigues, adventures?"

"Exactly." "And with whom, pray? With Petits-maitres, military men, senators?" "No." "Comedians?" "No." "You shall see, it was with my pages, my footmen, my confessor, or my husband's chaplain." "No." "Mr Impostor, you are at your wits end?" "Not quite." "Yet I can see no other person, with whom one can possibly have adventures. Was it before, was it after my marriage? Answer me then, impertinent." "Ah, madam, spare invectives, if you please. Compel not the best of your friends to take some disagreeable steps." "Speak, my dear, tell, tell all. I value your services as little as I fear your indiscretion. Explain your self: I not only give you full permission, but even dare you to it." "To what do you reduce me, Ismene?" said the Toy, breathing a deep sigh. "To render justice to vertue." "Well then, virtuous Ismene, have you quite forgot young Osmin, the sangiac Zegris, your dancing master Alaziel, your music master Almoura?" "Ah! what horrid calumnies," cried Ismene. "I had a mother, who was too vigilant to expose me to such irregularities: and my husband, were he here, would testify that he found me just such as he could wish." "Very true," replied the Toy, "thanks to the secret of your intimate friend Alcina."

"This is so extravagantly and so grossly ridiculous," said Ismene, "that it deserves no refutation. I cannot say," continued she, "which of these ladies Toys it is, that pretends to be so knowing in my affairs: but it has related things, of which my own does not know a syllable." "Madam," answered Cephisa, "I can assure you, that mine has gone no farther than giving ear." The rest said as much, and they sate down to play, without precisely knowing the interlocutor of the conversation above related.

CHAP. XII.

Fifth Trial of the Ring.

Play.

Most of the ladies who made the party with the Manimonbanda, play'd with great

eagerness; and it was not necessary to have Mangogul's sagacity, to perceive it. The passion of gaming is one of those that puts on the least disguise. It shews itself, whether in winning or losing, by strong symptoms. "But whence proceeds this fury?" said he within himself. "How can the ladies bear to pass whole nights round a Pharaoh table, to tremble in expectation of an ace or a seven? This phrensy injures their health and beauty, when they have any: without reckoning the disorders into which I am sure it precipitates them. I have a great desire," said he to Mirzoza in the ear, "to execute here a thought just come into my head." "And what is this fine thought, which you meditate?" said the favorite. "It is," answered Mangogul, "to turn my ring on the most unbridled of these brelandiers, to interrogate her Toy, and to transmit by that organ, a good advice to all those weak husbands, who allow their wives to stake the honour and fortune of their house on a card or a dye."

"I like this notion mightily," replied Mirzoza; "but know, Prince, that the Manimonbanda has just now sworn by her Pagoda's, that she would keep no more drawing-room nights, if ever she found herself again exposed to the impudence of Engastrimuthes." "What have you said, my soul's delight?" interrupted the Sultan. "I have," answered the favorite, "made use of the name, which the modest Manimonbanda gives to all those, whose Toys have the faculty of speech." "It is of the invention of her stupid Bramin, who values himself upon knowing the Greek, and being ignorant of the Congese language," replied the Sultan. "However, with the Manimonbanda's leave, and that of her chaplain too, I would desire to question Manilla's Toy; and it would be proper to make the interrogatories here, for the edification of the neighbours." "Prince," said Mirzoza, "if you take my word, you will spare the Manimonbanda the uneasiness this proceeding must give her: which you may do, without balking your own curiosity or mine. Why do you not go to Manilla's house?" "I will go, since you advise," said Mangogul. "But at what hour?" said the Sultana. "About midnight," answered the Sultan. "At midnight she is at play," said the favorite. "I will put off my visit then till two in the morning," replied

Mangogul. "Prince, you don't consider," rejoined the favorite: "'tis the most pleasant hour of the four and twenty for female gamesters. If your highness will be led by me, you will take Manilla in her first sleep, between seven and eight."

Mangogul followed Mirzoza's advice, and visited Manilla about seven. Her women were going to put her to bed. He judged by the sadness predominant in her countenance, that she had play'd with bad luck. She walk'd to and fro, stopp'd, lifted her eyes to heaven, stamp'd with her foot, cover'd her eyes with her hands, and muttered somewhat, which the Sultan could not understand. Her women, who were undressing her, followed all these motions in panicks; and if they at length compassed getting her into bed, it was not done without receiving harsh language and something worse. Now Manilla is in bed, having made no other night prayer, but some curses against a damned ace, which came seven times successively to her loss. Scarcely had she closed her eyes, when Mangogul levell'd his ring at her. Instantly her Toy exclaimed in a sorrowful tone: "Now I am repiqued and capotted." The Sultan smiled to hear that every thing about Manilla, even to her Toy, spoke gaming. "No," continued the Toy, "I will never play against Abidul: he knows nothing but tricking. Speak to me no more of Dares: with him one runs the risq of some unlucky hits. Ismal is a pretty fair player, but every body has him not that would. Mazulim was a treasure, before he fell into the hands of Crissa. I don't know a more whimsical player than Zulmis. Rica is less so; but the poor lad is run dry. What can one do with Lazuli? The prettiest woman of Banza could not make him play high. What a piddling player Mollius is! In truth, desolation has spread among the gamesters: and e'er long we shall not know with whom to make a party."

After this Jeremiad, the Toy fell to relating uncommon strokes, of which it had been a witness; and excessively extoll'd the constancy and resources of its mistress in bad luck. "Were it not for me," it said, "Manilla would have ruin'd herself twenty times over. All the Sultan's treasures would not have discharged the debts that I have paid. In one match at breland she lost to a farmer of the revenue and an abbé, above ten

thousand ducats. She had nothing left but her jewels: but her husband had so lately redeem'd them, that she dared not to venture them. Nevertheless she took the cards, and had one of those seducing hands, which fortune sends, when she is on the point of cutting your throat. They urged her to speak. Manilla look'd at her cards, put her hand into her purse, whence she was sure to pull nothing, return'd to her cards, examined them again, but without determining. 'Does madam stand it at last?' said the farmer. 'Yes; I stake,' said she,—'I stake—I stake my Toy.' 'For what value?' replied Turcares. 'For a hundred ducats,' said Manilla. The abbé withdrew, esteeming the Toy too high rated. Turcares declared at it: Manilla lost and paid.

"The silly vanity of possessing a titled Toy got the better of Turcares. He offered to supply my mistress with play-money, on condition that I should be subservient to his pleasures. The bargain was struck in a moment. But as Manilla play'd high, and the farmer was not inexhaustible, we soon saw the bottom of his coffers.

"My mistress had appointed a most brilliant party at Pharaoh. All her acquaintance were invited. They were to punt with nothing under ducats. We depended on the purse of Turcares. But the morning of this great day, the rascal wrote us word that he had not a penny, and left us in the utmost consternation. However, we must extricate ourselves, and there was not a moment to be lost. We pitch'd on an old chief of the Bramins, to whom we sold at a dear rate some complaisances, which he had sollicited a long time. This sitting cost him double the income of his ecclesiastical preferment.

"Turcares returned notwithstanding, in a few days. He said he was excessively concerned that madam had taken him at a nonplus: he still reckon'd on her goodness. 'Indeed you reckon ill, my dear,' replied Manilla: 'I cannot with decency receive you more. When you were in a condition to lend, the world knew why I admitted you: but now that you are good for nothing, you would blast my honour.'

"Turcares was piqued at this discourse, and so was I: for he was perhaps the best lad

in Banza. He waved his usual politeness, and gave Manilla to understand, that she cost him more than three opera girls, who would have amused him better, 'Alas!' cried he most mournfully, 'why did I not stick to my little milliner? She loved me to folly. I made her so happy with a silk gown.'——Manilla, who did not relish comparisons, interrupted him in a tone, eno' to make one tremble, and bade him begone in an instant. Turcares knew her, and chose rather to return peaceably down stairs, than to leap thro' the window.

"After that, Manilla borrowed of another Bramin, who came, said she, to administer comfort in her afflictions. The holy man succeeded the farmer of the revenue, and we reimbursed him his comforts in the same coin. She lost me several times more, and 'tis well known that play-debts are the only ones that are paid among the Beau Monde.

"If Manilla happens to play with good luck, she is the most regular woman in Congo. Excepting her play, she takes surprising care of her conduct: she is never heard to swear an oath: she entertains well: she pays her mercer and other tradesmen, is liberal to her servants, redeems her nicknacks sometimes, and caresses her lap dog and her husband: but thirty times a month she risks these happy dispositions and her money on an ace of spades. Such is the life she leads, and will lead: and God knows how many times yet I shall be pawn'd."

Here the Toy ceased, and Mangogul went to take repose. He was awaken'd at five in the afternoon, and went to the opera, according to a promise made to the favorite.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the opera at Banza.

Sixth trial of the Ring.

Of all the public diversions of Banza, none supported itself but the opera. Utmiutsol and Utremifasolasiutututut, two celebrated musicians, one of whom was growing old, and the other was but just new-fledged, alternately occupied the lyric scene. Each of

these two original authors had his partisans. The ignorant and the grey-bearded dotards stood up for Utmiutsol; the smart young fellows and the Virtuosi were for Utremifasolasiutututut: and the people of taste, as well young as old, held them both in high esteem. Utremifasolasiutututut, said the latter, is excellent when he is good, but he sleeps at times; and, pray, to whom does not that happen? Utmiutsol holds up better, and is more uniform. He is full of beauties; yet he has not one, of which there are not examples to be found, and even more striking, in his rival; in whom there are strokes to be observed, which are entirely his own, and are not to be met with any where but in his works. Old Utmiutsol is simple, natural, smooth, sometimes too smooth, and that is his fault. Young Utremifasolasiutututut is singular, brilliant, composed, learned, sometimes too learned: but perhaps that is his hearer's fault. The one has but one opening, beautiful indeed, but repeated at the head of all his pieces. The other has made as many openings as pieces, and they all pass for masterpieces. Nature guided Utmiutsol in the ways of melody; study and experience discovered the sources of harmony to Utremifasolasiutututut. Who ever knew how to declaim, and who will ever speak a part like the old man? Who will compose light catches, voluptuous airs, and symphonies in character like the young one? Utmiutsol is the only person who understood dialogue. Before Utremifasolasiutututut no body distinguished the delicate touches, which separate the tender from the voluptuous, the voluptuous from the passionate, the passionate from the lascivious. Nay some partisans of the latter pretend, that if Utmiutsol's dialogue is superior to his, this is not so much owing to the inequality of their talents, as to the difference of the poets, whom they made use of. "Read, read," cried they, "the scene of Dardanus, and you will be convinced, that if we give good words to Utremifasolasiutututut, Utmiutsol's charming scenes will be revived." However that be, in my time, the whole town flock'd to the tragedies of the latter, and people stifled one another at the interludes of the former.

They were just then exhibiting in Banza an excellent piece of Utremifasolasiutututut,

which would never have been represented but in nightcaps, had not the favorite Sultana had the curiosity to see it. And besides, the periodical indisposition of Toys favored the jealousy of the fiddles, and made the principal actress flinch. She, who supplied her place, had not so good a voice, but as she made amends by her manner of acting, nothing hindered the Sultan and the favorite from honouring the piece with their presence.

Mirzoza was already come, Mangogul comes, the curtain is raised, they begin. Every thing went on marvellously well: Miss Chevalier had effaced the memory of Miss le Maure, and they were at the fourth act, when the Sultan bethought himself, in the middle of a chorus, which he thought lasted too long, and had already cost the favorite two yawns, to point his ring on all the singers. Never was there seen on the stage so odd and comical a sight. Thirty women were struck dumb on a sudden. Their mouths were wide open, and they kept the same theatrical attitudes they held before. And at the same time their Toys made their throats sore with the violence of singing, this a Pont-neuf, that a Vaudeville polisson, another a very indecent parody, and all of them extravagances relative to their characters. On one hand was heard, oh vraiment ma comere, oui; on the other, quoi douze fois? Here, qui me baise, est-ce Blaise? There, rien, Pere Cyprien, ne vous retient. In fine, they all wound themselves up into a strain, so high, so rude, and so mad, that they formed the most extravagant brawling ridiculous choir, that had been heard before and since that of——no——d——on——

Here the manuscript was worm-eaten.

All this while the Orchestra went on, and the loud laughs of the pit and boxes joined to the sound of the instruments, and the singing of the Toys, compleated the cacophony.

Some of the actresses, fearing lest their Toys, tired with quavering impertinences, might resolve to speak them out, ran behind the scenes: but they escaped with the

fright only. Mangogul being perswaded that the public would learn nothing new, turn'd off his ring. In an instant all the Toys were silent, the bursts of laughter ceased, the audience grew calm, the play was resumed and finished peaceably. The curtain drop'd, the Sultana and Sultan went off, and the Toys of our actresses went to their several appointments, where they were to have a different employment from singing.

This affair made a great noise. The men laugh'd, the women were alarmed, the Bonza's were scandalized, the academicians rack'd their brains about it. But what did Orcotomus say? Orcotomus triumph'd. He had hinted in one of his memoirs, that the Toys would infallibly sing: they had sung accordingly, and this phænomenon, which disconcerted his brethren, was to him a new ray of light, and compleated the confirmation of his system.

CHAP. XIV.

Orcotomus's experiments.

It was on the fifteenth of the moon of ——, that Orcotomus had read his memoir to the academy, and communicated his thoughts on the tattle of the Toys. As he then did with the greatest assurance promise to produce infallible experiments, which he had repeated several times, and always with success; the majority of people was struck with his doctrine. For some time the public preserved the favorable impressions they had received: and for full six weeks Orcotomus pass'd for having made considerable discoveries.

Nothing was wanting to complete his triumph, but performing before the academy the famous experiments, which he had preached so loudly. The assembly that met on this occasion was extremely brilliant. The ministers of state graced the meeting: the Sultan himself did not disdain to be there, but invisible.

As Mangogul was a great Monologue maker, and the futility of the conversations of his time had tainted him with the habitude of soliloquy: "Either Orcotomus," said he,

"must be an arrant quack, or the Genius my protector, a great fool. If the academician, who certainly is not a conjurer, can restore speech to dead Toys; the Genius who protects me was in the wrong to make a compact, and sell his soul to the devil, for the sake of communicating it to Toys full of life."

Mangogul was puzzling himself with such reflections, when he found himself in the middle of his academy. Orcotomus had for spectators, as appears, all those in Banza, who were knowing in the subject of Toys. In order to be satisfied with his audience, all he wanted was to give them satisfaction: but the issue of his experiments proved very unhappy. Orcotomus took up a Toy, put his mouth to it, blew into it till he was out of breath, quieted it, returned, tried another: for he had brought a variety of them with him, of all ages, sizes, conditions and colours: but in vain did he blow; nothing was heard but inarticulate sounds, vastly different from what he had promised.

Then ran a buzzing murmur thro' the company, which disconcerted him for a moment: but he recovered himself, and alledged that such experiments were not easy to be made before so great a number of people: and he was right.

Mangogul got up in wrath, went away, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the favorite Sultana's appartment. "Well, prince," said she upon seeing him, "who has won the day, you or Orcotomus? For his Toys have performed wonders to be sure." The Sultan took some turns about the room without a word of answer. "But," resumed the favorite, "your highness seems dissatisfied." "Oh! madam, the impudence of that Orcotomus is not to be match'd. Pray, do not so much as mention him from this moment—What will you say, O future generations, when you shall be informed, that the great Mangogul allowed a hundred thousand crowns in yearly pensions to such fellows; while gallant officers, who with their blood had watered the laurels that surround his brow, were reduced to twenty pound a year?——By Jove, the thought distracts me: I shall be out of humor this month to come."

Here Mangogul broke off, and continued to walk about the room. He hung down his

head, marched to and fro, stop'd, and now and then stamp'd the floor with his foot. He sat down a moment, rose up in a hurry, took his leave of Mirzoza, forgot to kiss her, and retir'd to his own appartment.

The African author, who has immortalized himself by the history of the high and marvellous exploits of Erguebzed and Mangogul, continues in these words:

By Mangogul's ill humor it was thought, that he was on the point of banishing all the learned out of his dominions. Far from it, the next day he arose in a gay mood, performed his exercises at the riding-house in the morning, in the evening supp'd with Mirzoza and some favorites, under a magnificent tent in the gardens of the Seraglio, and never appeared more disengaged from affairs of state.

The dissatisfied and the disaffected of Congo, and the newsmongers of Banza, did not fail to spread their reports of this conduct. For what do not people of this stamp find fault with? "Is this," said they in the public walks and coffee-houses, "is this governing a state? To spend the day in tilting, and the night at table." "Well, if I was Sultan," cried a little Senator ruined by gaming, parted from his wife, and whose children had the worst of education, "if I was Sultan, I would make Congo a flourishing empire. I would be the terror of my enemies, and the darling of my subjects. Within six months I would reestablish the Police, the laws, the army and the navy in their full vigour. I would have a hundred ships of the line. Our heaths should soon be grub'd up, and our high-ways repair'd. I would abolish the taxes, or at least reduce them to one half. As for pensions, gentlemen of sublime wit, by my faith, ye should but just taste them with the tip of your tongues. Good officers, Pongo Sabiam, good officers, old soldiers, magistrates like us, who devote our labours and night studies to dealing out justice to the people; these are the men on whom I would shed my bounty."

"Gentlemen," said an old toothless politician, with greasy flat hair, a coat worn out at elbows, and ragged ruffles, "have ye quite forgot our great emperor Abdelmalek,

of the Dynasty of the Abyssinians, who reigned two thousand three hundred and eighty five years ago? Have ye forgot how he caused two astronomers to be impaled, for an error of three minutes in their prediction of an eclipse; and his first physician and surgeon to be dissected alive, for having ordered him a dose of manna at an improper time?"

"Moreover I ask you," continued another, "what are those idle Bramins good for, that vermin who suck our blood, and grow fat on it. Would not their immense overflowing riches better become honest folks like us."

From another quarter was heard: "Forty years ago, were the new cookery and the liquors of Lorraine so much as known? Our rulers are plung'd deep into luxury, which threatens approaching destruction to the empire, a necessary consequence of the contempt of the Pagoda's and dissolution of morals. At the time when people eat but coarse meats, and drank but sherbet at Kanaglou's table; what regard would be paid to the cut-paper ornaments, to Martin's varnishes, and to Rameau's music? The opera girls were not more cruel then than at present, and were to be had much cheaper. The prince, you see, spoils many good things. But if I was Sultan——"

"If thou wert Sultan," answered in wrath an old officer, who had escaped the dangers of the battle of Fontenoy, and had lost an arm close to his prince in the fight of Laufelt; "thou wouldst commit greater impertinences than thou now dealst out. Eh, friend, thou can'st not govern thy tongue, and thou wouldst willingly rule an empire: thou hast not sense to manage thy family, and thou pretendst to guide a state. Respect the powers of the earth, and thank the Gods for having given thee birth in the empire, and in the reign of a prince, whose prudence instructs his ministers, and whose soldiery admire his valor; who has made himself dreaded by his enemies, and beloved by his people; and whose only fault is the lenity with which persons of thy stamp are treated under his government."

CHAP. XV.

The Bramins.

After the learned had spent themselves on the Toys, the Bramins took possession of them. Religion laid claim to their chit-chat, as a subject that came within its jurisdiction, and its ministers pretended that the hand of Brama manifested itself in that work.

There was held a general assembly of Pontiffs, and a resolution was taken to employ the best pens to prove in form, that the thing was supernatural, and that, till their works could be published, it should be defended by way of theses in the schools, in private conversations, in the direction of consciences, and in public harangues.

Now, altho' they unanimously agreed that the thing was supernatural; yet as the people of Congo admitted two principles, and professed a sort of Manicheism, they were divided in opinion, to which of these two principles the chit-chat of the Toys ought to be attributed.

Those who had seldom or never been out of their cells, and had turned over nothing but their books, ascribed the prodigy to Brama. "There is none but he," said they, "that can interrupt the course of nature; and time will shew, that in all this he has most profound views."

Those on the contrary, who frequented the toilets, and were oftner surprized at bed-sides than in their closets, fearing lest some indiscreet Toy or other might unveil their hypocrisy, laid their prattle to the charge of Cadabra, a mischief-making deity, and a sworn enemy to Brama and his servants. This latter system was exposed to terrible objections, and had not so direct a tendency towards the reformation of morals. Nay, its defenders did not impose on themselves about it. But the business was, to screen themselves: and in order to compass that, religion had not a single minister, who would not have sacrificed the Pagodas and their Altars a hundred times over.

Mangogul and Mirzoza assisted regularly at the religious service of Brama, and the

whole empire was informed thereof by the news-papers. On a certain day appointed for celebrating one of the principal solemnities in the great Mosq, they were present. The Bramin, whose turn it was to explain the law, mounted the rostrum, pour'd forth a volley of affected phrases and fulsome compliments on the Sultan and his favorite; and made an eloquent peroration on the manner of sitting orthodoxly in company. He had already demonstrated the necessity thereof by numberless authorities, when being instantaneously seized with a fit of sacred enthusiasm, he spoke this declamation, which had the greater effect, as it came in quite unexpected.

"What do I hear in all assemblies? a confused murmur, an unheard noise strikes my ears. All things are turn'd topsy-turvy, and the faculty of speech, which the goodness of Brama had hitherto appropriated to the tongue, is now by an effect of his vengeance transported to other organs. And what organs? You know, gentlemen. O ungrateful people, was there a necessity for a new prodigy, to rouze ye from your lethargy; and had not your crimes witnesses enough, but their principal instruments must raise their voice? Doubtless their measure is filled up; since the wrath of heaven has sought new chastisements. In vain did you envelop yourself in darkness, in vain did you choose mute accomplices: do you not hear them at present? They have given depositions against ye from every quarter, and revealed your baseness to the universe. O thou who governest by thy wisdom! O Brama! just are thy judgments. Thy law condemns theft, perjury, lying and adultery: it proscribes the blackness of calumny, the intrigues of ambition, the fury of hatred, and the artifices of insincerity. Thy faithful ministers have not ceased declaring these truths to thy children, and threatening them with the chastisements, which thou in thy just anger reservedst for prevaricators: but in vain; the fools have delivered themselves up to the tide of their passions, they followed the torrent, they have despised our admonitions, they have laughed at our threats, they have regarded our anathema's as empty noise; their vices are accumulated, strengthen'd, multiplied; the voice of their impiety has ascended even to thy throne, and we have not been able to prevent the

tremendous scourge, with which thou hast smote them. After having long implored thy mercy, let us now extoll thy justice. Overwhelmed by thy strokes, doubtless they will return to thee, and acknowledge the hand which is laid heavy on them. But O prodigy of hardheartedness! O excess of blindness! They have imputed the effect of thy power to the blind mechanism of nature. They have said in their hearts, Brama is not. All the properties of matter are not known to us, and the new proof of its existence is but a proof of the ignorance and credulity of those, who object it to us. On this foundation they have raised systems, invented hypotheses, tried experiments: but from the highth of his eternal habitation, Brama has laugh'd at their vain projects. He has confounded audacious knowledge, and the Toys have broke, as glass, the impotent obstacles opposed to their loquacity. Wherefore let those vainglorious worms confess the weakness of their reason, and the vanity of their efforts. Let them cease to deny the existence of Brama, or to prescribe limits to his power. Brama is, he is almighty, and he does not shew himself to us more visibly in his dreadful scourges, than in his ineffable favours.

"But who has drawn down these scourges on this wretched country? Is it not thy injustice, greedy incredulous man? Thy gallantries and silly amours, worldly immodest woman! Thy excesses and shameful debaucheries, infamous man of pleasure! Thy hardheartedness for our monasteries, miser! Thy injustice, corrupt magistrate! Thy usuries, insatiable money-dealer! Thy effeminacy and irreligion, impious and sycophant courtier.

"And you, on whom this scourge is particularly fallen, women and maidens plunged into licentiousness; tho' we, renouncing the duties of our calling, should keep profound silence with regard to your irregularities, you carry about you a more importunate voice than ours: it accompanies you, and will every where rebuke you for your impure desires, your equivocal connections, your criminal conversations, such excessive care to please, so many artifices to engage, so much address to fix, and the impetuosity of your transports, and the fury of your jealousy. Why then do

you delay to shake off the yoke of Cadabra, and return under the mild laws of Brama? But let us return to our subject. Well then I was saying that worldlings sit down heretically, and that for nine reasons; the first, &c."

This discourse made very different impressions. Mangogul and the Sultana, who were the only persons that knew the secret of the ring, were convinced that the Bramin had as happily hit off the tattle of Toys by the assistance of religion, as Orcotomus by the light of reason. The court ladies and petits-maitres declared the sermon seditious, and the preacher a visionary. The rest of the audience esteem'd him a prophet, shed tears, fell to prayers, and even flagellations, and did not change their courses of life.

The noise of this sermon spread to the very coffee-houses. A wit pronounced in a decisive tone, that the Bramin had but very superficially handled the subject, and that his discourse was but a cold insipid declamation: but in the opinion of the devout women and the enlightened, it was the most solid piece of eloquence that had been delivered in the temples these hundred years. And in mine, both the wit and the devout women were in the right.

CHAP. XVI.

The Muzzles.

While the Bramins were making Brama speak, airing their Pagoda's by processions, and exhorting the people to repentance; others were thinking how to reap benefit by the prattle of Toys.

Great cities swarm with persons, whom misery renders industrious.—They neither rob nor pick pockets: but they are to pick-pockets, what pick-pockets are to gamblers. They know every thing, they do every thing. They go up and down, they insinuate themselves. They are found at court, in the city, at Westminster hall, at church, at the play, at ladies toilets, in coffee-houses, at balls, opera's and in academies. They are any thing that you would have them be. Do you sollicit a

pension, they have the minister's ear. Have you a law-suit, they will sollicite for you. Do you love gaming, they will make a party with you; good chear, they keep a good kitchen; women, they will introduce you to Amina or Acaris. From which of the two would you please to purchase the distemper? Take your choice, they will undertake your cure. Their chief occupation is to find the ridicules of private persons, and to make advantage of the follies of the public. From them it is, that papers are distributed in the streets, at the gates of temples, at the play-house doors, and other public places, by which you are advertised gratis, that such an one living at the Louvre, St. John's, the temple, or the abby, at such a sign, dupes mankind at home from nine in the morning to noon, and abroad the rest of the day.

Scarce had the Toys began to speak, when one of these sharpers fill'd the houses of Banza with a printed bill of this form and tenor.——Advertisement to the ladies. And underneath in small Italic, by permission of my lord the great Seneschal, and with the approbation of the gentlemen of the royal academy of sciences. And lower down: The Sieur Eolipila of the royal academy of Banza, Member of the royal society of Monoémugi, of the imperial academy of Biafara, of the academy of the curious of Loango, of the society of Camur in Monomotapa, of the institute of Ereeco, and of the royal academies of Beleguanza and Angola; who has for many years given courses of baubles, with the applause of the court, the town, and the province; has, in favour of the fair sex, invented muzzles or portable gags, which deprive Toys of the use of speech, without obstructing their natural functions. They are neat and convenient. He has some of all sizes, of all prices, and for all ages: and he has had the honour to serve persons of the highest distinction with them.

There is nothing like being a member of a body of men. Be a work ever so ridiculous, it is puff'd into success. Thus it was, that Eolipila's invention gain'd ground. People flock'd to his house. The gay ladies went thither in their own equipages, prudent women in hackney-coaches; the devouts sent their confessors or footmen, and nuns their door-keepers. Every body must have a muzzle, so that not

one from the dutchess down to the cobler's Joan, but had one either for the fashion or for reasons.

The Bramins, who had declared the prattle of Toys to be a divine punishment, and flatter'd themselves with a reformation of manners and other advantages from it, could not without horror see a machine, which eluded the vengeance of heaven and their hopes. Scarcely had they come down from their pulpits, but they mount again, thunder, roar, make the oracles to speak, and pronounce that a muzzle is an infernal machine, and that there is no salvation for those who shall use them. "Carnal women, quit your muzzles; submit," cried they, "to the will of Brama. Permit the voice of your Toys to awaken that of your consciences, and blush not to acknowledge crimes, which you have not been ashamed to commit."

But their exclamations were of little avail: the same fate attended muzzles, that had formerly attended the gowns without sleeves. The preachers were left to catch cold in the temples. All the women took gags, and quitted them not, either till they found them useless, or were tired of them.

CHAP. XVII.

The two Devouts.

For some days past the Sultan left the Toys at rest. Important affairs, on which he was busy, suspended the effects of his ring. In this interval it was, that two women of Banza made diversion for the whole town.

They were professed devouts. They had managed their intrigues with all possible discretion, and were in full enjoyment of a reputation, which even the malice of those of their own class paid respect to. In the mosques nothing was talk'd of but their virtue. Mothers proposed them as patterns to their daughters, and husbands to their wives. The principal maxim of both was, that scandal is the greatest of all sins. This conformity of sentiments, but above all, the difficulty of edifying a clear-sighted and crafty neighbour at an easy expence, had got the better of the

difference of their tempers, and they were very good friends.

Zelida received Sophia's Bramin: and it was at Sophia's house that Zelida confer'd with her director; and by a little self-examination, the one could hardly be ignorant of what concerned the other's Toy: but the whimsical indiscretion of these Toys kept them both in cruel apprehensions. They held themselves as on the point of being unmask'd, and of losing that reputation of virtue, which had cost them fifteen years dissimulation and management, and which now embarassed them very much.

At some moments they would even forfeit their lives, especially Zelida, to be as much blasted as the greatest part of their acquaintance. "What will the world say? What will my husband do?——What! that woman so reserved, so modest, so virtuous, that Zelida, like others, is but——Alas! this thought distracts me!——Yes, I wish I never had any reputation," cried Zelida in a passion.

She was then with her female friend, who was making the same reflections, but without such violent commotion. Zelida's last words made her smile. "Laugh, madam, without constraint. Burst out," said Zelida, touched to the quick. "To be sure you have good cause." "I am as sensible of the impending danger, as you can be," answered Sophia, with an air of indifference; "but how to shun it? For you will agree with me, that there is no likelyhood that your wish will be accomplish'd."

"Contrive an expedient then," replied Zelida: "Oh!" said Sophia, "I am tired of rummaging my brain, I can find none.——To bury one's self in a country seat, is one way; but to abandon the pleasures of Banza, and renounce life, is what I will never do. I perceive that my Toy will never approve it." "What is to be done then?" "What! to leave all to providence, and laugh, as I do, at what the world will say. I have tried all shifts to reconcile reputation with pleasures: but since it is decreed that we must renounce reputation, let us at least preserve pleasures. We were uniques: but now, my dear, we shall be like a hundred thousand others; do you look on this as a hard fate?"

"Yes, without doubt," replied Zelida; "to me it seems hard to be like those, for whom I had put on a sovereign contempt. In order to avoid this mortification, methinks I would fly to the world's end."

"Set out, my dear," continued Sophia; "for my part, I stay—But à propos, I advise you to furnish yourself with some secret, to prevent your Toy from blabbing on the road."

"Indeed," replied Zelida, "pleasantry here has a very ill grace, and your intrepidity——"

"You are mistaken, Zelida, there is not a grain of intrepidity in my proceeding. To let things go their own way, when we cannot stop them, is resignation. I see that I am to be dishonoured: well then, dishonour for dishonour, I shall spare myself as much of the uneasiness as I can."

"Dishonour'd!" replied Zelida, bursting into tears. "Dishonour'd! What a shock! I cannot bear it.—Oh! accursed Bonza, 'tis thou that hast ruin'd me. I loved my husband, I was born virtuous; I should have loved him still, if thou hadst not made a wicked use of thy ministry and my confidence. Dishonour'd, dear Sophia!——"

She had not power to make an end. Sobs intercepted her words, and she fell on the carpet, quite in despair. As soon as Zelida recovered her speech, she cried out in a lamentable tone: "Alas! my dear Sophia, I shall die——I must die. No, I shall never survive my reputation."

"But Zelida, my dear Zelida, do not be in a hurry to die: perhaps," said Sophia——"No perhaps shall stop me, I must dye."——"But perhaps one might"——"One might do nothing, I tell you"——"But speak, my dear, what might one do?"——"Perhaps one might hinder a Toy from talking." "Ah! Sophia, you endeavour to comfort me by false hopes, you deceive me." "No, no, I do not deceive you; only hear me, instead of distracting yourself like a mad creature. I have heard talk of Frenicol, Eolipila, gags and muzzles." "Pray, what connexion is there

between Frenicol, Eolipila, muzzles, and the danger which threatens us? What business has my Toyman here, and what is a muzzle?"

"It is this, my dear. A muzzle is a machine invented by Frenicol, approved by the academy, and improved by Eolipila, who claims the honour of the invention." "But pray, this machine invented by Frenicol, approved by the academy, and improved by that silly fellow Eolipila."——"Oh! you are of a vivacity that surpasses imagination. Well then, this machine being applied to a Toy, renders it discreet in spite of its teeth."——"Can this be true, my dear?" "It is so said." "We must know it," replied Zelida, "and immediately too."

She rang, one of her women appeared, and she sent for Frenicol. "Why not for Eolipila?" said Sophia. "Frenicol is less taken notice of," answered Zelida.

The Toyman came away with the messenger. "Ah! Frenicol, are you there," said Zelida, "you are welcome. Make haste, my friend, to extricate two women out of cruel anxiety."—"What is the business, ladies? Would you please to have some rare Toys?"—"No, we have two already, and we would willingly"—"Part with them, I suppose. Pray, ladies, let me see them, I will take them, or we will make an exchange."—"You are mistaken, Mr. Frenicol, we have nothing to truck."—"Well, I understand you, you have some ear-rings, which you would desire to lose, so as that your husbands may find them in my shop."——"Not that neither; pray, Sophia, inform him of the matter." "Frenicol," continued Sophia, "we want two——What, don't you understand?" "No, madam: how would you have me understand, when you say nothing?"——"'Tis," said Sophia, "because when a woman is modest, it gives her pain to speak plain on certain things." "But yet," replied Frenicol, "she must speak plain. I am a Toyman, not a Conjuror."——"You must guess however."——"Faith, ladies, the more I look on ye, the less I comprehend ye. When a lady is young, rich, and pretty as you are, she is not reduced to artifice: moreover, I declare sincerely, that I sell them no longer. I have left the dealing in those baubles

to young beginners in the trade."

Our devouts found the Toyman's mistake so ridiculous, that they both burst out into a violent fit of laughter, which disconcerted him. "Permit me, ladies, to make my bow, and withdraw. You might well have spared yourselves the trouble of sending for me three miles off, to divert yourselves at my cost." "Stop, stop, friend," said Zelida, still laughing on. "That was not our intention. But by your misapprehending us, such ridiculous notions came into your head."——"'Tis in your power, ladies, to put juster into it. What is the business?" "Oh! Mr. Frenicol, let me laugh at ease, before I answer you."

Zelida laugh'd till she panted for breath. The Toyman thought within himself that she had the vapors, or was out of her senses, and had patience. At length Zelida ceased.——"Well," said she, "the business relates to our Toys, our own Toys, do you understand me, Mr. Frenicol? To be sure you cannot be ignorant, that for some time past several Toys have prattled like magpyes: now we would be very glad that ours would not follow this bad example." "Ah! now I take it, that is to say," replied Frenicol, "that you want a muzzle each."——"Very right, you have hit it off truly. I have been told that Mr. Frenicol was no fool." "Madam, your goodness is very great. As to what you require, I have of all sorts, I go this moment to bring you some."

Frenicol went accordingly: in the mean while Zelida embraced her friend, and thank'd her for her expedient: and I, says the African author, went to take a nap, waiting his return.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Toyman's return.

The Toyman returned, and presented the ladies with two muzzles of the best sort.——"Ah! mercy!" cried Zelida. "What enormous muzzles are these! And who are the unhappy women, whom these will fit? This is an ell long. Indeed, friend, you must certainly have taken measure by the Sultan's mare."——"Yes," said Sophia

indolently, after having measured them with her fingers, "you are in the right; and there is but the Sultan's mare and old Rimosa, for whom these can do."——"I protest, ladies, that they are of the common size; and that Zelmaida, Zyrphila, Amiana, and a hundred other ladies, have of the same sort." "That is impossible," said Zelida.——"'Tis actually so however," replied Frenicol: "but they all said the same thing as ye have: and as they have, so may you undeceive yourselves by trying them on." "Mr. Frenicol may say what he will; but he shall never perswade me that this will fit me," said Zelida, "nor this me," said Sophia. "Let him shew us others, if he has any."

Frenicol, who had often experienced that women are not to be converted on that article, shew'd them muzzles for the age of thirteen. "Well," cried both at the same time, "these are such as we want." "I wish they may prove so," whisper'd Frenicol aside. "How do you sell them?" said Zelida. "But ten ducats a piece, madam."——"Ten ducats, you forget yourself, Frenicol."——"Madam, that is the price in conscience."——"You make us pay for the novelty."——"I protest, ladies, 'tis but two sixpences for a shilling." "I must own they are neatly made, but ten ducats are a great deal of money."——"I'll abate nothing."——"We will go to Eolipila's."——"You may, ladies: but there are workmen and workmen, muzzles and muzzles." Frenicol held firm, and Zelida came to. She paid for the two muzzles, and the Toyman went back, fully perswaded that they would be too little for them, and would soon be returned on his hands for a fourth part of the price he received for them. He was mistaken. Mangogul not happening to come within reach of turning his ring on those two women, their Toys were not seized with the humor of talking louder than ordinary; and happily for them: for Zelida having tried her muzzle, found it too little by one half. However, she did not part with it, fancying that it would be pretty near as inconvenient to change it, as not to make use of it at all.

These circumstances came to light from one of her women, who told them in

confidence to her lover, who related them in confidence to others, who spread them all over Banza under the seal of secresy. Nor was Frenicol silent: the adventure of the devouts became public, and for sometime afforded employment to the calumniators of Congo.

Zelida became inconsolable upon it. This woman, more to be pitied than blamed, conceived an aversion for her Bramin, quitted her husband, and shut herself up in a convent. As for Sophia, she threw off the mask, despised censures, patch'd and painted, frequented public places, and had adventures.

CHAP. XIX.

Seventh trial of the Ring.

The stifled Toy.

Tho' the female cits of Banza doubted whether Toys of their rank would be honoured with the gift of speech; yet they all furnish'd themselves with muzzles. In Banza muzzles became as common, as a general court mourning in this country.

Here the African author observes with astonishment, that neither the lowness of the price, nor the commonness of muzzles put them out of fashion in the Seraglio. "This once," says he, "utility got the better of prejudice." So trite a reflection was not worth the pains of repeating: but to me it seems as if it was the defect of all the ancient authors of Congo, to fall into repetitions; whether they thereby hoped to give a greater air of truth and facility to their productions; or that they were far from having as much fecundity of invention as their admirers ascribe to them.

However that be, one day Mangogul, walking in his gardens, attended by his whole court, took the maggot to level his ring at Zelais. She was handsome, and suspected of several adventures: yet her Toy did no more than stammer, and utter'd only some few mangled words, which had no meaning, and which the Blasters interpreted as they thought fit.——"Pshuh!" says the Sultan, "here is a Toy that has a vast impediment of speech. Most certainly there must be somewhat that impedes its

respiration." Wherefore he applied his ring more intensely. The Toy made a second effort to speak; and in some measure surmounting the obstacle, that stop'd its mouth, these words were heard very distinctly. "Alas! alas!—I am—I am—I am stifled. I can no more.—Alas! alas! I am stifled."

Immediately Zelais found herself going: she grew pale, her neck swell'd, and she fell, with her eyes shut and mouth half open, between the arms of those who stood around her.

Any where else Zelais would have been speedily relieved. 'Twas only debarrassing her of her muzzle, and allowing her Toy a freedom of respiration: but how to lend the helping hand in Mangogul's presence. "Quick, quick, physicians," cried the Sultan, "Zelais is dying."

Some pages ran to the palace, and returned, with the doctors gravely marching after them. Orcotomus was at their head. Some gave their opinion for bleeding, others for the kermes mineral; but the penetrating Orcotomus ordered Zelais to be carried to a neighbouring closet, examined her, and cut the braces of her harness. This muzzled Toy was one of those, which he boasted to have seen in the paroxysm.

However, the bloating was excessive, and Zelais would have continued to suffer, had not the Sultan had pity on her condition. He turn'd off his ring, the fluids return'd to their equilibrium. Zelais came to herself, and Orcotomus assumed the honour of this miraculous cure.

Zelais's accident and her physician's indiscretion, made the muzzles lose much of their credit. Orcotomus, without any regard to Eolipila's interest, proposed to himself to raise his own fortune on the ruins of the others; advertised himself as a patentee physician of Toys that had caught cold: and some of his bills are to be seen at this day in the by-streets. He began by getting money, and ended by falling into contempt. The Sultan took pleasure in lowering the presumption of the empiric. Did Orcotomus boast of silencing a Toy that had never utter'd a word? Mangogul had the

cruelty to make it speak. People went so far as to remark, that any Toy that was tired of silence, need only have two or three visits from Orcotomus. In a little time he was rank'd with Eolipila in the class of quacks; and they will both continue therein, until it shall please Brama to take them out.

Shame was preferred to the apoplexy. "The one kills," said the women, "the other does not." Wherefore they renounced their muzzles; let their Toys talk on; and no body died thereby.

CHAP. XX.

Eighth trial of the Ring.

The Vapors.

There was a time, as we have seen, when the women dreaded the prating of their Toys, were stifled, and died away; but another succeeded, when they set themselves above this dread, threw away their muzzles, and had nothing beyond the vapors.

The favorite, among her attendants, had a very singular young lady. Her humour was charming, tho' uneven. She changed countenance ten times a day; but whatever face she put on, was pleasing. Unique in her melancholy, as well as in her gaiety, there slip'd from her, in her most extravagant moments, things of exquisite sense; and in her fits of sadness she uttered very diverting extravagances.

Mirzoza was so used to Callirhoe (for that is the name of this young mad girl) that she could hardly be without her. One time that the Sultan complain'd to the favorite of somewhat restless and cold, which he remark'd in her; "Prince," said she, embarrassed at his reproach, "without my three beasts, my nightingale, my lap-dog and Callirhoe, I am good for nothing; and you see that I have not the last." "And why is she not here?" said Mangogul. "I can't tell," answered Mirzoza; "but I remember, that some months ago she told me, that if Mazul made the campaign, she could not avoid having the vapors; and Mazul set out yesterday." "I easily excuse her," said the Sultan: "for I look on her vapors to be well grounded. But upon what

account do a hundred other women take it into their heads to be vapor'd, who have young husbands, and besides take care to be well provided with lovers?" "Prince," answered a courtier, "'tis a fashionable disease. It is genteel in a woman to have the vapors. Without a lover and the vapors, she knows nothing of the world: and there is not a citizen's wife in Banza, who does not affect to have them."

Mangogul smiled, and resolved to visit some of these vaporish women immediately. He went directly to Salica's house, and found her in bed, with her neck quite bare, her eyes flaming, and her hair dishevel'd; and at her bed's side the little stammering hump-back'd physician Farfadi, telling her stories: while she was stretching out, now one arm, then another, yawning, sighing, putting her hand to her head, and exclaiming bitterly: "Alas I can't bear it—throw the windows open—give me air—I shall faint, I shall dye.——"

Mangogul took advantage of the moment that her affrighted women were assisting Farfadi in lightening the bed-cloaths, to turn his ring on her, and instantly these words were heard: "Oh! how tired I am of this humor! behold, madam has taken into her noddle to have the vapors. This farce will last eight days at least, and may I dye, if I know the cause: for after Farfadi's efforts to ferret out this disease, I think it is in the wrong to continue."—"Good," said the Sultan turning off his ring, "I understand. This dame has the vapors in favor of her physician. Let us try elsewhere."

He went from Salica's house to that of Arsinoe, which is not far from it. On entering her chambers he heard loud bursts of laughter, and advanced, thinking to find her in company: but she was alone; and Mangogul was not much surprized. "A woman who gives herself the vapors," says he, "gives them melancholy or merry, as is most convenient." He turn'd his ring on her, and presently her Toy began to laugh unmercifully. From these immoderate laughing fits it made a sudden transition to ridiculous lamentations on the absence of Narces, whom it advised as a friend to hasten his return; and continued to sob, weep, groan, sigh, and be comfortless, as if

it had buried all its relations.

The Sultan, who could hardly refrain from laughing aloud at so whimsical an affliction, turn'd off his ring and departed; leaving Arsinoe and her Toy to lament at leisure, and inferring the falsity of the proverb.

CHAP. XXI.

Ninth Trial of the Ring.

Of Things lost and found.

To serve as a Supplement to the learned Treatise of Pancirollus, and to the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions.

Mangogul returning to his palace, pondering on the ridiculous airs which women give themselves, found himself, whether thro' absence of mind, or some blunder of his ring, under the portico of the sumptuous building, which Thelis has decorated with the rich spoils of her lovers. He embraced the opportunity, to interrogate her Toy.

Thelis was the wife of the Emir Sambuco, whose ancestors had reign'd in Guinea. Sambuco had acquired a high reputation in Congo, by five or six signal victories, which he had gain'd over Erguebzed's enemies. As he was not a less able negotiator than a great captain, he had been employ'd in embassies of the greatest consequence, and executed his high trust with superior talents. On his return from Loango he saw Thelis, and was smitten. He was then upon the brink of fifty, and Thelis was not above twenty-five. She was rather agreeable than a beauty: the women said she was well enough, and the men thought her charming. Powerful matches sought her; but whether she had already fix'd her notions, or that there was too great a disproportion of fortune between her and her admirers, they were all rejected. Sambuco saw her, laid at her feet immense riches, a great name, laurels, and titles inferior to none but those of sovereigns, and obtain'd her.

Thelis was, or appear'd virtuous for six whole weeks after her marriage. But a Toy

born voluptuous, seldom conquers itself; and a quinquagenarian husband, tho' otherwise ever so great a hero, is a madman, if he flatters himself with conquering such an enemy. Altho' Thelis mix'd prudence with her conduct, her first adventures were not unknown. This was sufficient for supposing afterwards, that she had others undisclosed: and Mangogul, desirous of full information, hastened to pass from the porch of her palace into her appartment.

It was then the middle of summer. The heat was excessive, and Thelis, after dining, had thrown herself on a couch, in a back closet adorned with glasses and paintings. She was a-sleep, her hand leaning on a collection of Persian tales, which had lull'd her to repose.

Mangogul view'd her some time, allowed that she had charms, and turn'd his ring on her. "I remember it as perfectly as if it had been yesterday: nine proofs of love in four hours. Ah! what moments! Zermounzaid is a divine man! He is not the old frozen Sambuco.—Dear Zermounzaid, I had been ignorant of true pleasures, real good: you alone made me sensible of them."

Mangogul, desirous of learning the particulars of Thelis's commerce with Zermounzaid, which the Toy kept from him, by dwelling on what affects a Toy the most feelingly, rubb'd the stone of his ring for some time against his waistcoat, and levell'd it, quite sparkling with light, at Thelis. Its influence soon reach'd her Toy, which being thereby better informed of what was required of it, re-assumed its discourse in a more historical strain.

"Sambuco commanded the Monoémugian army, and I followed him to the field. Zermounzaid served under him in quality of a colonel, and the general, who honoured him with his confidence, had put us under his escort. The zealous Zermounzaid did not abandon his post: he thought it too pleasing, to resign it: and the danger of losing it was the only one he fear'd during the whole campaign.

"While we were in winter quarters, I entertained a few new guests; Cacil, Jekia,

Almamoun, Jasub, Selim, Manzora, Nereskim, all military men, who were commended by Zermounzaid, but were inferior to him. The credulous Sambuco relied for his wife's virtue on herself, and on Zermounzaid's care: and being entirely taken up with the immense business of the war, and the great operations which he was meditating for the glory of Congo, he never had the least suspicion either of the treachery of Zermounzaid, or the infidelity of Thelis.

"The war continued; the armies took the field, and we our litters. As they went a very slow pace, the main body of the army gain'd ground of us, and we found ourselves in the rear, which Zermounzaid commanded. This gallant youth, whom the sight of the greatest dangers had never made to swerve a foot from the path of glory, could not resist that of pleasure. He entrusted a subaltern with the care of watching the motions of the enemy, who harrassed us; and got up into our litter: but he was hardly there, when we heard a confused noise of arms and outcries. Zermounzaid, leaving his business half done, attempts to jump out: but he is level'd with the ground, and we become a prey to the conqueror.

"Thus I began by swallowing up the honor and services of an officer, who from his valour and merit might have expected the highest military employments, if he had never known his general's wife. Upwards of three thousand men fell in this action; and therefore of so many good subjects have we robb'd the nation."

Let any one, if he can, imagine Mangogul's surprize at this discourse. He had heard Zermounzaid's funeral oration, and did not know him by these features. His father Erguebzed had regretted this officer: the news-papers, after lavishing the highest eulogies on his fine retreat, had attributed his defeat and death to the enemy's superior numbers, which, as they said, were found to be six to one. All Congo had lamented a man, who had done his duty so well. His wife obtain'd a pension: his regiment was given to his eldest son, and an ecclesiastical preferment promised to his younger.

"What horror!" cried Mangogul, but softly. "A husband dishonor'd, the state betray'd, subjects sacrificed, crimes not only concealed, but even rewarded as virtues: and all that for a Toy."

Thelis's Toy, which had stopt to take breath, continued: "Thus am I abandoned to the enemy's discretion. A regiment of dragoons was ready to fall upon us. Thelis seem'd quite frighted, and yet wish'd nothing more ardently: but the charms of the prey sowed discord among the plunderers. The scimiters were drawn, and thirty or forty men were massacred in the twinkling of an eye. The noise of this disorder reach'd the general officer. He ran thither, calmed the furious soldiers, and sequestrated us under a tent; where we had not time to know ourselves, when he came and demanded the price of his good services. 'Woe to the vanquished,' cried Thelis, falling backward on a bed: and the whole night was spent in feeling her misfortune.

"The next day we found ourselves on the banks of the Niger. A saick was waiting for us, and my mistress and I set out, in order to be presented to the emperor of Benin. In this twenty-four hours voyage the captain of the vessel offer'd himself to Thelis, and was accepted: and I found by experience, that the sea service is infinitely brisker than the land service.

"We saw the emperor of Benin. He was young, ardent, voluptuous. Thelis made a conquest of him: but those of her husband affrighted the monarch. He demanded peace: and the price, at which he purchased it, was but three provinces and my ransom.

"Different times, different fatigues. Sambuco came to know, I can't tell how, the reason of the misfortunes of the preceding campaign; and during this, he deposited me with a friend of his, a chief of the Bramins, on the frontiers. The holy man made but a weak defence: he was ensnared by the wiles of Thelis, and in less than six months devoured his immense income, three lakes and two forests."

"Mercy," cried Mangogul, "three lakes and two forests! What an appetite for a Toy!"

"'Tis a mere trifle," resumed the Toy. "Peace was made, and Thelis accompanied her husband in his embassy to Monomotapa. She gamed, and very fairly lost a hundred thousand sequins in one day, which I won back again in an hour. A minister, whose master's affairs did not fill up all his time, fell into my clutches; and in three or four months I eat him up a fine landed estate, together with his castle well furnish'd, a park, and equipage, with the little pyed horses. A favor of four minutes duration, but well spun out, brought us in feasts, presents and jewels: and the blind or politic Sambuco did not disturb us.

"I shall not bring into the accompt," added the Toy, "the marquisats, counties, titles, coats of arms, &c. which have been eclipsed at my appearance. Apply to my secretary, who will tell you what is become of them. I have close-pared the horns of the dominions of Biafara, and am in possession of an entire province of Beleguanza. Erguebzed made overtures to me a little before his death." At these words Mangogul turn'd off his ring, and silenced this gulph: he respected his father's memory, and would hear nothing that might tarnish the splendor of the great qualities, which he knew were in him.

Returning to the seraglio, he entertained the favorite with the vapored ladies, and with the trial of his ring on Thelis. "You admit this woman," said he, "to your familiarity: but in all probability you do not know her as well as I." "I understand you, sir," answered the Sultana. "Her Toy has perhaps been foolish enough to give you a narrative of her adventures with the general Micokof, the Emir Feridour, the senator Marsupha, and the great Bramin Ramanadanutio. But pray, who is ignorant, that she keeps young Alamir, and that old Sambuco, who speaks not a word, is as well apprized of it as you."

"You have not hit the mark," replied Mangogul. "I have compell'd her Toy to make a full discharge." "Had it swallowed any thing of yours," said Mirzoza. "No," said the Sultan, "but much belonging to my subjects, to the grandees of my empire, to the

neighbouring potentates; as estates, provinces, castles, lakes, forests, diamonds, equipages, with the little pyed horses." "Without reckoning their reputation and virtue, sir," added Mirzoza. "I cannot tell what benefit you will reap by your ring; but the more you try it, the more odious my sex becomes to me: even those, whom I thought I justly held in some esteem, are not expected. They have thrown me me into such an humor, that I beg your highness will allow me to indulge it alone for some moments." Mangogul, who knew that the favorite was an enemy to all constraint, kiss'd her right ear thrice, and retired.

CHAP. XXII.

A Sketch of Mangogul's moral Philosophy.

Mangogul, impatient to see the favorite again, slept little, arose earlier than usual, and was in her appartment before sun-rising. She had already rung the bell: a servant had just opened the curtains, and her women were preparing to dress her. The Sultan look'd narrowly around her, and seeing never a dog, he asked her the reason of this oddity. "I see," answered Mirzoza, "that you think me singular in this article, but there is nothing in it." "I assure you," replied the Sultan, "that I see dogs about all the women of my court, and you will oblige me in informing me why they have them, or why you have none. Most of them have several, and not one of them but lavishes such caresses on her own, as she seems not to bestow on her lover without some difficulty. How come these beasts to deserve the preference? What use is made of them?"

Mirzoza was puzzled at these questions: however, she made this answer. "To be sure, one keeps a dog as a parrot or a canary bird. It may be ridiculous to set one's heart on these animals; but there is nothing wonderful in having them: they sometimes amuse, and never injure. If they are caressed, 'tis because such caresses are of no consequence. Besides, do you believe, prince, that a lover is satisfied with a kiss, such as a woman bestows on her pug-dog?" "Doubtless, I believe it," says the

Sultan. "By Jupiter the man must be very nice, who would not be satisfied."

One of Mirzoza's women, who had gain'd the good will of the Sultan and his favorite by sweetness of temper, good parts, and zeal, said: "These animals are inconvenient and nasty: they dirty one's clothes, spoil the furniture, tare laces, and do more mischief in a quarter of an hour, than would be sufficient to throw the most faithful lady's woman into disgrace: and yet they are kept."

"Tho', according to madam, they are good for nothing but that," added the Sultan.

"Prince," said Mirzoza, "we stick to our fancies, and the keeping of dogs must be one, like many others, which would be no longer fancies, if we could give a reason for them. The reign of monkeys is past, the parrots still support themselves. Dogs fell, and now they rise again. Squirrels have had their time: and it is with animals, as it has successively been with Italian, English, geometry, farthingales, and furbela's."

"Mirzoza," replied the Sultan, shaking his head, "has not all the knowledge that may be acquired on this subject; and the Toys——"

"Is not your highness going to imagine," said the favorite, "that you will be inform'd by Haria's Toy, why that woman, who saw her son, one of her daughters, and her husband, die without shedding a tear, wept the loss of her lap-dog for a whole fortnight."

"Why not?" replied Mangogul.

"Truly," says Mirzoza, "if our Toys could explain all our whims, they would be more knowing than ourselves."

"Pray, who disputes that with you?" replied the Sultan. "For my part I believe that the Toy makes a woman do a hundred things, without her perceiving it: and I have remark'd on more occasions than one, that a woman, who thought she was following her head, was obeying her Toy. A great philosopher placed the soul, I mean ours, in the pineal gland. If I allowed women to have one, I well know where I would place it."

"I excuse you from informing me," rejoin'd Mirzoza hastily. "But you will permit me at least," said Mangogul, "to communicate some notions to you, which my ring has suggested to me concerning women, upon a supposition that they have a soul. The experiments, which I have made with my ring, have made me a great moralist. I have neither the wit of La Bruyere, nor the logic of Port Royal, nor the imagination of Montaigne, nor the wisdom of Charron: but I have collected facts, to which perhaps they were strangers."

"Speak, prince," answered Mirzoza ironically, "I will hear you with all my ears. Moral essays of a Sultan of your age must be something curious."

"The system of Orcotomus is extravagant, with the leave of his fellow academician Hiragu: yet I find some sense in the answers which he gave to the objections started against it. If I allowed a soul to women, I would willingly suppose with him, that Toys have spoken from the beginning, but softly: and that the effect of the Genius Cucufa's ring is reduced to raising their voice. Upon this foundation nothing can be more easy than to define the whole sex.

"The sober woman, for example, would be she whose Toy is silent, or is not attended to.

"The prude, she who pretends not to listen to her Toy.

"The intriguing woman, she whose Toy desires a great deal, and who allows it too much.

"The voluptuous, she who gives ear to her Toy with complaisance.

"The courtezan, she on whom her Toy is making demands every moment, and who refuses it nothing.

"The coquette, she whose Toy is mute, or is not attended to; but who gives hopes to all the men that come near her, that her Toy will speak one day or other, and it may happen that she will not lend it a deaf ear.

"Well, delight of my soul, what do you think of my definitions?" "I think," said the favorite, "that your highness has forgot the tender woman."

"If I have not mentioned her," answered the Sultan, "'tis because I don't know what the term means; and that some able men pretend, that the word tender, abstracting from all connection with the Toy, is void of sense."

"How, void of sense," cried Mirzoza. "What! there is no medium then; and a woman must absolutely be a prude, an intriguer, a coquette, a voluptuous woman, or a libertin."

"Delight of my soul," said the Sultan, "I am willing to own the inaccuracy of my enumeration, and will add the tender woman to the preceding characters; but on condition that you will furnish me with a definition of her, which will not coincide with any of mine."

"Most willingly," said Mirzoza. "I hope to compass it without quitting your system."

"Let us see," added Mangogul.

"Well then," replied the favorite—"a tender woman is she——"

"Courage, Mirzoza," said Mangogul.

"Oh! I beg you won't disturb me. The tender woman is she——who has loved without a word utter'd by her Toy, or——whose Toy has never spoke, but in favor of the single man whom she loved."

It would not have been polite in the Sultan to chicane the favorite, and ask her what she understood by love: wherefore he avoided it. Mirzoza took his silence for consent, and proceeded, proud of having extricated herself from a difficulty, which to her appeared considerable. "Ye men believe, because we do not argue in form, that we do not reason. Know once for all, that we could as easily discover the falsity of your paradoxes, as ye that of our reasonings, if we would give ourselves the trouble. If your highness was less in a hurry to satisfy your curiosity on the subject

of lap-dogs, I would in my turn give you a scrap of my philosophy. But it shall not be lost: I will reserve it for one of those days, that you will have more time to bestow on me."

Mangogul assured her that he had no better business, than to profit of her philosophical notions; that the metaphysics of a Sultana of twenty two, ought not to be less singular than the morals of a Sultan of his age.

But Mirzoza apprehending that this was pure complaisance in Mangogul, begg'd some time to prepare, and thus gave the Sultan a pretext for flying whither his impatience might call him.

Sultan Mangogul in Haria's chamber.

CHAP. XXIII.

Tenth trial of the Ring.

The Dogs.

Mangogul went immediately to Haria's house; and as he took pleasure in soliloquy, he said within himself: "This woman never goes to bed without her four dogs, and either Toys know nothing of those animals, or her's will give me some account of them; for, thank God, 'tis well known that she loves her dogs to admiration." At the end of this monology he found himself in Haria's anti-chamber, and his olfactory organ already informed him of madam having her usual company in bed with her. These were a little shag-dog, a spaniel, and two pug-dogs. The Sultan drew out his snuff-box, took two pinches of Spanish by way of preservative, and approached Haria. She was asleep, but the pack, who were upon the watch, hearing some noise, fell to barking, and woke her. "Peace, my children," said she, but in so mild a tone, that she could not be suspected of speaking to her daughters, "go to sleep, go to sleep, and don't disturb my rest nor your own."

Haria was formerly young and pretty. She had had lovers of her own rank, but they all disappear'd even sooner than her charms. By way of comforting herself for this

desertion, she gave into a whimsical sort of pomp, and her footmen were the handsomest fellows in Banza. She grew older and older, and years threw her into oeconomy: she restrained herself to four dogs and two Bramins, and became a model of edification. And surely the most envenom'd satyr could find no room to carp at this management; and for above ten years Haria was in peaceful possession of a high reputation of virtue, and of those animals. Nay, her tenderness for the pug-dogs was so well known, that the Bramins were no longer suspected of sharing it.

Haria renewed her intreaty to those beasts, and they had the complaisance to obey. Then Mangogul applied his ring, and the superannuated Toy set about relating the last of its adventures. It was such a vast while since the first were atchieved, that it had almost lost the very remembrance of them. "Withdraw, Pompey," it said with a hoarse voice, "you fatigue me. I like Dido better; I find her more gentle." Pompey, who was absolutely ignorant of the Toy's voice, went on in his own way: but Haria awaking, continued. "Get away, then, you little rogue, you hinder me from taking rest. That is well some times: but too much is too much." Pompey withdrew. Dido took his place, and Haria fell asleep.

Mangogul, who had suspended the energy of his ring, turn'd it on, and the antiquated Toy, uttering a deep, sigh, fell to jabbering, and said: "Alas! how I am grieved for the death of my large grey-hound; she was the best little wife, the most caressing creature: she never ceased giving amusement. She was so sensible, so genteel. Ye are but beasts in comparison of her. That naughty master of mine killed her.——Poor Zinzolina, I never think of her, without watering my plants. I thought it would have been the death of my mistress. She neither eat nor drank for two days, and narrowly escaped losing her senses. Judge of her sorrow: her director, her friends, nay her very pug-dogs were kept from me. Orders were issued to her women to refuse the door of her appartment to my master, under the penalty of being turn'd off.——'That monster has robb'd me of my dear Zinzolina,' cried she; 'let him not

appear before me, I am resolved never to see him more.'"

Mangogul, curious of learning the circumstances of Zinzolina's death, revived the electrical power of his ring by rubbing it on the skirt of his doublet, pointed it at Haria, and the Toy resumed: "Haria, Ramadec's widow, coiffed herself with Sindor. This youth was of good birth, had no other fortune, but a certain merit which pleases the sex, and was, after dogs, Haria's predominant taste. Sindor's indigence conquered his repugnance to Haria's years and dogs. Twenty thousand crowns a year blinded his eyes with regard to the wrinkles of his mistress, and the inconveniency of the pug-dogs; and he married her.

"He was in hopes of getting the better of our beasts by his talents, and complaisant behavior; and to bring them into disgrace from the very commencement of his reign; but he was deceived. After the expiration of some months, when he thought he had merited much by his services; he took into his head to remonstrate to madam, that her dogs were not as good company in bed for him as for her; that it was ridiculous to have more than three; and that to admit more than one at a time, was turning the nuptial bed into a kennel.

"'I advise you,' said Haria, in a furious tone, 'to attack me with such speeches. Truly it well becomes a pitiful younger son from Gascony, whom I have taken from a garret, which was not good enough for my dogs, to give himself airs of nicety! To be sure, your sheets were perfumed, my little squire, when you dwelt in furnish'd lodgings. Know this once for all, that my dogs were long before you in possession of my bed, and that you may choose either to quit it, or be content to share it with them.'

"The declaration was peremptory, and our dogs remain'd masters of their post. But one night, as we were all asleep, Sindor, in turning unluckily kick'd Zinzolina. The hound, not used to such treatment, bit the calf of his leg; and madam was immediately awaked by Sindor's cries. 'What is the matter with you, Sir, one would

think your throat was cutting: you dream.' 'It is your dogs, madam, that devour me, and your grey-hound has just torn off a piece of my leg.' 'Is that all?' says Haria, turning from him. 'You make a vast noise for nothing.'

"Sindor, piqued at this discourse, jump'd out of bed, swearing that he would never set his foot in it again, till the pack was banish'd thence. He employ'd friends, in order to obtain the exile of the dogs: but they all failed in that important negotiation. Haria's answer to them was, that Sindor was a knight of the post, whom she had drawn out of a cock-loft, which he shared with rats and mice; that it ill became him to be so nice; that he slept the whole night long; that she loved her dogs; that they amused her; that from her infancy she had taken a liking to their caresses; and that she was resolved never to deprive herself of them till death. 'Tell him besides,' continued she, addressing the mediators, 'that if he does not humbly submit to my will, he will repent it while he lives; that I will retract the donation I have made him, and will add it to the sums which I have bequeathed by my will, for the support of my dear children.'

"Between you and me," added the Toy, "Sindor must have been a great fool, to hope that she would do for him, what could not be obtained by twenty lovers, a director, a confessor, with a legion of Bramins, who had all lost their Latin on that head. Mean while, as often as Sindor met our animals, he was seized with such fits of passion, as he could hardly conquer. One day the unfortunate Zinzolina fell in his way. He took her by the neck, and threw her out of the window. The poor creature was kill'd by the fall. Then it was, that a fine noise was made. Haria, with inflamed countenance, and eyes bathed in tears——"

The Toy was going to repeat what it had already told; for Toys willingly fall into repetitions: but Mangogul cut its words short. Its silence was not of long duration: when the prince thought he had put this doting Toy out of its road, he restored it the freedom of speech; and the Tatler, bursting out into a loud laugh, resumed by way of

recollection: "But à propos, I forgot to tell you what pass'd on Haria's wedding-night. I have seen a power of ridiculous things in my life, but never one that came up to this. After a splendid supper, the bride and bridegroom were conduced to their appartment. Every body retired except madam's women who undress her: she is undress'd, put to bed, and Sindor alone remains with her. Observing that the shag-dog, the two pugs, and the grey-hound, more alert than himself, were taking possession of his bride; 'permit me, madam,' he said, 'to remove these rivals a little.' 'My dear, do what you can,' answered Haria: 'for my part, I have not the courage to drive them away; these little animals are so attached to me; and I have been so long without any other company.' 'Perhaps,' replied Sindor, 'they will have the politeness this night to surrender the fort to me, which I must take possession of.' 'Try, sir,' said Haria.

"At first Sindor tried gentle means, and pray'd Zinzolina to retire to a corner. But the untractable animal fell to growling: the allarm spread among the rest of the troop; and the pug-dogs and shag-dog bark'd as if their mistress's throat was cutting. Sindor, losing all patience at this noise, tosses away one of the pugs, drives off the other, and seizes Pompey by the paw. Pompey, the faithful Pompey, abandoned by his allies, endeavour'd to repair this loss by the advantages of the post. Fix'd on his mistress's thighs, with eyes inflamed, hair standing an end, and open mouth, he grin'd, and shew'd the enemy two rows of very sharp teeth. Sindor made several assaults on him, and Pompey repell'd him as often, with bitten fingers and torn ruffles. The action lasted above a quarter of an hour with an obstinacy which gave diversion to none but Haria; when Sindor had recourse to a stratagem against an enemy, whom he despaired conquering by force. He provoked Pompey with the right hand. Pompey watching this motion, did not observe that of the left, and was seized by the neck. He made most vigorous efforts to disengage himself, but in vain. He was obliged to quit the field of battle, and surrender up Haria. Sindor took possession of her, but not without effusion of blood: in all likelihood Haria had

resolved that her wedding-night should be a bloody one: her animals made a good defence, and disappointed not her expectations."

"There," says Mangogul, "is a Toy, that could write a Gazette better than my secretary." And now well knowing what notions to form of lap dogs, he return'd to the favorite.

"Prepare yourself," said he, as soon as he saw her, "to hear the most extravagant things in the world. 'Tis much worse than the baboons of Palabria. Could you believe, that Haria's four dogs were the rivals, and the preferred rivals of her husband; and that the death of a greyhound has raised a quarrel between that couple, never to be made up."

"What do you say," replied the favorite, "of rivals and dogs. I am quite in the dark. I know that Haria loves her dogs excessively; but I know at the same time that Sindor is a hot-temper'd man, who perhaps did not use all that complaisance, which women require, to whom a man owes his fortune. But yet, whatever has been his conduct, I cannot conceive that it has drawn rivals on him. Haria is so venerable, that I could wish your highness would vouchsafe to explain yourself more intelligibly."

"Listen," says Mangogul, "and agree that women have excessively whimsical tastes, to say nothing worse;" then he related Haria's history to her word for word, as the Toy had told it. Mirzoza could not refrain from laughter at the first night's battle: but presently resuming a serious air: "I can't tell," said she to Mangogul, "what indignation seizes me. I shall have an aversion for these animals and all those who keep any, and I shall declare to my women that I will turn off the first, who shall be even suspected of having a lap-dog."

"Pray," replied the Sultan, "why will you extend your hatred so far? You women are always upon extremes. These animals are good for hunting, are necessary in the country, and have many other uses, without reckoning that which Haria makes of them."

"In truth," said Mirzoza, "I begin to believe that your highness will find it a difficult task to light on a virtuous woman."

"I told you so," answered Mangogul; "but let us not be over hasty: you may one time or other upbraid me with being indebted to your want of patience for a declaration, which I pretend to owe entirely to the trials of my ring. I have some in my mind, which will astonish you. All secrets are not yet unveiled; and I expect to draw more important discoveries from those Toys, which remain to be consulted."

Mirzoza was in perpetual apprehensions for her own. Mangogul's discourse threw her into such uneasiness, as she was not able to conceal from him: but the Sultan, who had bound himself by an oath, and in his heart had a regard for religion, used his best endeavours to calm her mind, gave her some very tender kisses, and went to his council, whither affairs of moment called him.

CHAP. XXIV.

Eleventh trial of the Ring.

The Pensions.

Congo had been disturbed by bloody wars in the reigns of Kanaglou and Erguebzed; and those two monarchs had immortalized themselves by the conquests they had made over their neighbours. The emperors of Abex and Angola look'd on the youth of Mangogul and the beginning of his reign, as favourable conjunctures to recover the provinces that had been taken from them. Wherefore they declared war against Congo, and attacked it on every side. Mangogul had the best council in all Africa: and old Sambuco and the Emir Mirzala, who were train'd up in the former wars, were placed at the head of the troops, gain'd victories on victories, and formed generals capable of succeeding them; an advantage of greater importance than even their successes.

Thanks to the activity of the council, and the good conduct of the generals, the enemy, who thought themselves sure of overcoming the empire, did not advance as

far as the frontiers, made a poor defence of their own, and saw their fortified towns and provinces ravaged. But, such constant and glorious successes notwithstanding, Congo grew weaker by aggrandizing itself: the frequent raising of troops unpeopled the towns and country: and the treasury was exhausted.

The sieges and battles had cost a vast number of lives: the grand Visir, very lavish of the blood of the soldiery, was accused of having hazarded battles that tended to nothing. Every family was in mourning: not one, but wept a father, a brother, or a friend. The number of officers slain was prodigious; and could be compared to naught but their wives, who sollicited pensions. The closets of the ministers were beset with them. They pestered the Sultan himself with petitions, in which the merit and services of the deceased, the grief of their widows, the dismal condition of their children, and other moving motives were not forgotten. Nothing seemed more equitable than their requests: but on what fund to ground pensions which amounted to millions?

The ministers, after having exhausted speeches, and sometimes peevishness and rough language, were obliged to deliberate on the means of bringing this affair to a final issue: but they had an excellent reason for concluding nothing: there was not a penny left.

Mangogul, tired with the false reasonings of his ministers and the lamentations of the widows, hit upon the expedient, which his ministry had been so long hunting after. "Gentlemen," said he to his council, "I am of opinion that, before any pensions are granted, it would be proper to examine if they are lawfully due." "This examination," answered the great Seneschal, "will be immense, and of prodigious discussion. Yet how to resist the clamors and persecution of these women, by whom you, sir, are particularly teazed?" "It will not be as difficult a talk as you imagine, Mr. Seneschal," replied the Sultan; "and I promise you that by to morrow noon the whole affair shall be terminated, by the laws of the strictest equity. Do you only

bring them to my audience chamber by nine in the morning."

The council broke up, the Seneschal went into his office, pondered profoundly, and drew up the following proclamation; which in three hours time was printed, published by sound of trumpet, and fixed up at all the most public places of Banza.

By the Sultan's most excellent majesty, and my lord the grand Seneschal,

We Gander-beak, grand Seneschal of Congo, visir of the first bench, train-bearer to the great Manimonbanda, chief and super-intendant of the sweepers of the divan, give notice, that to-morrow morning at nine of the clock, the magnanimous Sultan will give audience to the widows of the officers slain in his service, in order to decree, on sight of their pretensions, what to him shall seem meet. Given at our office the twelfth of the moon of Regeb, in the year 147200000009.

All the distressed women of Congo, and a great number of them there was, did not fail to read the proclamation, or to send their footmen to read it; and less still to be at the appointed hour, in the lobby of the audience chamber. "In order to avoid a crowd, let no more enter," said the Sultan, "than six of these ladies at once. When we have heard them, let them pass thro' the back door, which leads to the outward courts. You, gentlemen, be attentive, and pronounce on their demands."

This said, he made a signal to the first gentleman usher of the audiences; and the six, who happen'd to be next the door, were introduced. They entered in long mourning robes, and made low reverences to his highness. Mangogul addressed the youngest and handsomest of them, whose name was Ifec. "Madam," said he, "how long is it since you have lost your husband?" "Three months," answered Ifec weeping. "He was lieutenant general in your highness's service. He was kill'd in the last battle, and six children are the only legacy he left me"—"He left you?" interrupted a voice, which, tho' issuing from Ifec, was not exactly in the same tone with her's. "Madam knows better than she says. They were all begun and finished by a young Bramin, who daily came to comfort her, while my master was in the field."

'Tis easy to guess, whence proceeded the indiscreet voice, which pronounced this answer. Poor Ifec, being put out of countenance, grew pale, trembled, fainted. "Madam is subject to the vapors," said Mangogul with an air of tranquillity: "let her be carried into an appartment of the Seraglio, and be taken care of." Then immediately addressing Phenice: "Madam," said he, "was not your husband a Pacha?" "Yes, sir," answered Phenice in a trembling voice. "And how have you lost him?" "Sir, he died in his bed, quite exhausted with the fatigues of the last campaign"—"With the fatigues of the last campaign," replied Phenice's Toy. "Go, madam, your husband brought a firm and vigorous state of health from the camp; and he would still enjoy it, had not two or three scoundrel players,—you understand me, take care of yourself." "Write," says the Sultan, "that Phenice demands a pension, for the good services, which she has rendered to the state and her husband."

A third was interrogated on her husband's age and name, who was said to have died in the army of the small-pox. "Of the small pox," said the Toy, "a fine story indeed: say, madam, of two good strokes of a scymeter which he received from the Sangiac Cavaglio, because he took it ill, that his eldest son was said to be as like the Sangiac, as one egg is to another: and madam knows as well as I," added the Toy, "that a likeness was never better grounded."

The fourth was going to speak without being interrogated by Mangogul, when her Toy was heard to cry out from the lower regions, that these ten years part, which the war had lasted, she had made pretty good use of her time; that two pages and a huge scoundrel of a footman had supplied her husband's place; and that without doubt she designed the pension, which she was solliciting, for keeping an actor of the comic opera.

A fifth stept forward with intrepidity, and with an air of confidence demanded the reward of her late husband's services, who was an aga of the Janissaries, and lost his life under the walls of Matatras. The Sultan turn'd his ring on her, but to no purpose.

Her Toy was mute. "I must own," says the African author, who had seen her, "that she was so ugly, that the by-standers would be astonished, if her Toy had any thing to say."

Mangogul was got to the sixth, and here are the express words of her Toy. "Truly, it well becomes madam," meaning her, whose Toy was obstinately silent, "to sollicite pensions, while she lives upon the poule, keeps a breland table which brings her in three thousand sequins a year, makes private suppers at the expence of the gamesters, and received six hundred sequins from Osman, to draw me to one of these suppers, where the treacherous Osman——"

"Due regard shall be paid to your petitions, ladies," said the Sultan: "for the present ye may withdraw." Then directing his words to his counsellors, he ask'd them, if it did not seem ridiculous to them to grant pensions to a herd of little bastards of Bramins and others, and to women whose employment it was to dishonor brave men, who had enter'd into his service in quest of glory, at the expence of their lives.

The Seneschal stood up, answered, declaimed, resumed, and gave his opinion obscurely as usual. While he was yet speaking, Ifec recovered from her fit, quite enraged at her adventure; and, as she expected no pension for herself, and would run distracted, if any other obtain'd one, which would have happened in all likelihood, she went directly into the antichamber, and whispered to two or three of her female friends, that they were summoned thither purely to hear their Toys chatter; that she herself heard one deliver horrid things in the audience chamber; that she would not name it for the world; but that they must be fools, to expose themselves to the same danger.

This advice passed from hand to hand, and dispersed the crowd of widows. When the gentleman usher opened the door to let in a second parcel, not one was there. "Well, Seneschal, will you believe me another time?" said Mangogul informed of the desertion, to the good man, clapping him on the shoulder. "I promised to rid you

of these female weepers, and I have done it. Yet they were very assiduous in making court to you, notwithstanding your fourscore and fifteen years of age. But whatever pretensions you may possibly have: for I am not ignorant of the facility you had to form pretensions on these ladies, I fancy you are obliged to me for their retreat. They gave you more embarras than pleasure."

The African author informs us, that the remembrance of this trial is kept up in Congo; and for that reason it is, that the government is so sparing of granting pensions: but this was not the only good effect of Cucufa's ring, as we shall see in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXV.

Twelfth Trial of the Ring.

A Law Case.

Rapes were severely punished in Congo: and there happened a most notorious one in Mangogul's reign. This prince, at his accession to the crown, had sworn, like all his predecessors, never to grant a pardon for that crime: but be laws ever so severe, they seldom curb those, whom a considerable advantage urges to infringe them. The criminal was condemned to lose that part of him, by which he had sinned; a cruel operation, of which he generally died; as the person who performed it, used less precaution than B——ll.

Kerfael, a young man of a good family, had now languished six months in a dungeon, waiting for the day of execution. Fatme, a young pretty woman, was his Lucretia and accuser. Every body knew, that they had been very well together: Fatme's indulgent husband took no exceptions against it: therefore it would be ungenteel in the public to intermeddle in their affairs.

After an undisturbed commerce of two years, whether thro' inconstancy or disgust, Kerfael took to a dancer at the opera of Banza, and grew cold towards Fatme, yet without coming to an open rupture. He resolved to make a decent retreat; which

obliged him to continue his visits in the house. Fatme enraged for being thus forsaken, meditated revenge, and made use of this remnant of his assiduities to destroy her unfaithful lover.

One day, that the convenient husband had left them tête à tête, and that Kerfael, having ungirt his scymeter, was endeavouring to allay Fatme's suspicions by protestations, which cost nothing to lovers, but never surprize the credulity of a jealous woman; she assumed an affrighted air, and having tore her dress at five or six pulls, shriek'd out horridly, and call'd to her husband and domestics for help; who ran immediately, and became witnesses to the injury, which Fatme said she received from Kerfael; and shewing the scymeter, added: "This the infamous villain lifted at my head ten times to make me submit to his will."

The young man, struck dumb at the blackness of the accusation, had not power either to answer or make his escape. He was seiz'd, dragg'd to prison, and deliver'd up to justice and the prosecution of the Cadilesker.

The laws ordained that Fatme should be visited. Accordingly she was; and the report of the matrons proved very unfavourable to the accused. They had an original standard, by which they could determine the condition of a violated woman; and every circumstance concurred against Kerfael. The judges examined him, Fatme was confronted with him, and the evidence was heard. In vain did he plead innocence, deny the fact, and demonstrate by the commerce which he held with his accuser above two years, that she was not a woman to be ravished. The circumstance of the scymeter, the tête à tête solitude, Kerfael's confusion at the sight of the husband and domestics; taken all together formed, in the opinion of the judges, violent presumptions. Fatme on her side, far from owning that she had granted him favors, would not even allow that she gave him the least glimmering of hopes; and maintain'd that her obstinate adherence to her duty, from which she had never flinch'd, was without doubt what urged Kerfael to acquire by force, what he

despair'd obtaining by craft. The verbal process drawn up by the commissaries was another terrible piece. Nothing more was requisite, than to run it over, and compare it with the articles of the Criminal Code, to read unhappy Kerfael's condemnation therein. He lost all expectations of life either by his defence, or the credit of his family; the magistrates had fixed the definitive sentence to the thirteenth of the month of Rebeg: and this was even published by sound of trumpet, according to custom.

This affair became the topic of conversations, and people were divided upon it for a good while. Some old hags, who had always been very safe from any apprehensions of a rape, ran about crying: "That Kerfael's attack was enormous; that unless a severe example were made of him, innocence would be no longer in security; and that an honest woman would be exposed to insults, even at the horns of the Altar." Then they cited instances of little impertinent puppies having attack'd the virtue of several respectable ladies: and the circumstances left no room to doubt, but that those respectable ladies mentioned by them were themselves: and all these speeches were made to Bramins less innocent than Kerfael, and by devotes as chaste as Fatme, by way of edifying conversations.

The Petits-Maitres on the contrary, and even some Petites-Maitresses, asserted that a rape was a chimæra, that a woman never surrendered but by capitulation; and that, if a fort was defended, tho' ever so little, it was absolutely impossible to take it by storm. Examples were alledged in support of this reasoning: the women knew some; the Petits-Maitres invented others; and there was no end of quoting instances of women, who had not been ravished. "Poor Kerfael," said they, "what the devil had he in his head, to take to little Bimbreloqua," which was the dancer's name, "why did he not stick to Fatme? They were extremely well together, and the husband left them at full liberty: what a blessing——Those witches the matrons put on their spectacles to no purpose, for they saw nothing. And indeed, who is the person that can see clear in that place? And besides, the senators are going to deprive him of his joy, for

having burst an open door. The poor lad will die of it, no doubt. After that, pray consider, what will not dissatisfied women be authorized to do."——"If this execution takes place," interrupted another, "I will make myself a free mason."

Mirzoza, naturally compassionate, remonstrated to Mangogul, who was joking her on Kerfael's case, that if the laws spoke against Kerfael, good sense deposed against Fatme. "Moreover," added she, "it has never been heard, that, in a wise government, the letter of the law should be so closely adhered to, that the simple allegation of a female accuser should be sufficient to endanger the life of a subject. The reality of a rape cannot be too clearly proved; and you will allow, Sir, that this fact is as much at least within the province of your ring as of your senators. It would be very singular, that the matrons should be more knowing on this head than the Toys themselves. Hitherto your highness's ring has done little more than satisfy your curiosity. Might not the Genius, from whom you had it, have intended some more important end? If you employ it for the discovery of truth, and the happiness of your subjects, can you think the Genius will be offended? Try. You are in possession of an infallible method of drawing from Fatme a confession of her crime, or a proof of her innocence." "You are in the right," replied Mangogul, "and you shall be satisfied."

The Sultan departed immediately: and indeed there was no time to lose: for it was the night of the twelfth of the moon Rebeg, and the senate was to pronounce sentence on the thirteenth. Fatme was just got into bed, the curtains were not quite closed. A night taper threw a dull light on her countenance. The Sultan thought her beautiful, notwithstanding the violent commotions which disfigured her. Compassion and hatred, grief and revenge, audaciousness and shame were painted in her eyes, according as they succeeded each other in her heart. She uttered deep sighs, shed tears, wiped them off, shed fresh ones, remained some moments with her head drooping and eyes dejected, then suddenly raised them, and darted furious looks towards the heavens. What was Mangogul doing all this time? He was talking to himself, and saying. "These are the symptoms of despair. Her former tenderness

for Kerfael has revived in all its violence. She has lost sight of the offence he committed, and has nothing in view but the punishment reserved for her lover." As soon as he had finished these words, he turned the fatal ring on Fatme, and her Toy cried out with vehemence.

"Twelve hours more, and we shall be revenged. The treacherous ingrateful man shall perish, and his blood shall be shed." Fatme affrighted at the extraordinary motion which she felt within her, and shock'd at the buzzing voice of her Toy, clapt both hands on it, and put herself upon duty to stop its mouth. But the powerful ring continued to act, and the ungovernable Toy breaking thro' every obstacle, added: "Yes, we shall be revenged. O! thou who hast betray'd me, wretched Kerfael, dye, and thou, whom he has preferred to me, O Bimbreloqua, despair!——Twelve hours more! Alas! how tedious will this time appear to me. Hasten, sweet moments, when I shall see the treacherous, the ingrateful Kerfael under the executioner's knife, his blood trickling down——Ah! Wretch, what have I said? Can I without horror see the dearest object of my love perish? Can I see the fatal weapon lifted up?——Ah! far from me this cruel thought.—He hates me, 'tis true; he has quitted me for Bimbreloqua, but perhaps some time or other——why do I say, perhaps? Love will certainly recall him under my yoke. That little Bimbreloqua is a fancy that will fly off; he must sooner or later be sensible of the injustice of his preference, and the ridiculousness of his new choice. Comfort thyself, Fatme, thou shalt see thy Kerfael again. Yes, thou shalt see him again. Arise quickly, run, fly to remove the dreadful danger which threatens him. Dost thou not tremble to come too late?—But whither shall I run, mean wretch that I am. Does not Kerfael's disdain foretel me, that he has abandoned me for ever. Bimbreloqua enjoys him, and 'tis for her that I was going to save him: ah! let him rather dye a thousand deaths. If he lives no more for me, why should I be concerned for his death?—Yes, I am now convinced that my wrath is just. The ingrateful Kerfael has deserved all my hatred. I no longer have any remorse. I had done every thing to keep him, I will do every thing to destroy him.

Yet one day later, and my revenge was disappointed. But his evil genius delivered him up to me, the very moment that he thought to escape me. He is fallen into the snare which I laid for him. I have him fast. The appointment, to which I contrived to bring thee, was the last which thou intendedst for me: but thou wilt not so soon forget it.—With what address did you bring him to your beck? Fatme, how well concerted was your disorder? Your shrieks, your grief, your tears, your confusion, every thing, even to your silence, has ruin'd Kerfael. Nothing can snatch him from his impending fate. Kerfael is dead—You weep, wretched woman. He loved another, of what consequence is his life to you."

Mangogul, filled with horror at this discourse, turned off his ring; and while Fatme was recruiting her spirits, he flew back to the Sultana. "Well, prince," said she, "what have you heard? Is Kerfael still guilty, and the chast Fatme"—"I beseech you to excuse me," answered the Sultan, "from repeating the abominations which I come from hearing. How an exasperated woman is to be dreaded! Who could believe, that a body formed by the graces, sometimes enclosed a heart molded by the furies? But the sun shall not set to-morrow on my dominions, before they be purged of a monster more dangerous than those which are produced in my deserts."

The Sultan immediately sent for the Seneschal, and commanded him to seize Fatme, to remove Kerfael into one of the appartments of the seraglio, and to inform the Senate, that he reserved to himself the cognizance of his affair. His orders were executed that very night.

The next morning at dawn of day, the Sultan attended by the Seneschal and an Effendi, went to Mirzoza's appartment, and had Fatme brought thither. This unfortunate woman threw herself at Mangogul's feet, confessed her crime with all its circumstances, and conjured Mirzoza to intercede for her. Mean while Kerfael was conducted in. He expected nothing but death: however he made his appearance with that composed assurance, which innocence alone can give. Some ill-natured wags

said, that he would be in greater consternation, if what he was threaten'd to lose, was worth preserving. The women were upon the tenters to know the issue. He prostrated himself respectuously before his highness. Mangogul made him a signal to arise, and giving him his hand, "You are innocent," said he, "be free. Render thanks to Brama for your preservation. In order to make amends for the misery you have suffered, I grant you a pension of two thousand sequins on my exchequer, and the first commandery that shall fall in the order of the Crocodile."

The more favors were bestowed on Kerfael, the more Fatme dreaded punishment. The great Seneschal gave his opinion for death, grounded upon the law: Si foemina ff. de vi C. calumniatrix. The Sultan was inclined for perpetual imprisonment. Mirzoza finding too much rigor in one of these judgments, and too much indulgence in the other, condemned Fatme's Toy to the padlock. The Florentine machine was publickly clapt on, upon the same scaffold that had been erected for Kerfael's execution. Thence she was conducted to a house of correction, together with the matrons who had given their decisive opinions with so much knowledge.

CHAP. XXVI.

Mirzoza's Metaphysics.

The Souls.

While Mangogul was interrogating the Toys of Haria, the widows, and Fatme, Mirzoza had full time to prepare her philosophical lecture. One evening, that the Manimonbanda was performing her devotions, that there was neither play nor drawing room at court, and that the favorite was almost certain of a visit from the Sultan; she took two black petticoats, put one on in the usual manner, and the other over her shoulders, passed her hands thro' the two slits, put on the peruke of Mangogul's Seneschal, and his chaplain's square cap; and thought herself equipped as a philosopher, whereas she had disguised herself into a bat.

In this masquerade dress, she walked up and down her appartments, as a professor of

the royal college waiting for his scholars. She affected even to the gloomy pensive physiognomy of a learned man in meditation. Mirzoza did not hold this forced gravity long. The Sultan entered with some of his courtiers, and made a low bow to the new philosopher; whose gravity disconcerted her audience, and was in its turn disconcerted by the loud laughter it occasioned. "Madam," said Mangogul, "have you not advantage enough by your wit and figure, without taking the robe to your aid? without which your words would have all the weight that you could have desired." "It seems to me, sir," answered Mirzoza, "that you do not much respect this robe, and that a disciple should pay more regard to what constitutes half the merit at least of his master." "I perceive," replied the Sultan, "that you have already acquired the spirit and tone of your new condition. I make no doubt at present, but your capacity answers to the dignity of your dress, and I impatiently expect a proof of it."—"You shall be satisfied this minute," said Mirzoza, sitting down in the center of a large carpet. The Sultan and courtiers placed themselves around her, and she began.

"Have the philosophers, who presided over your highness's education, ever entertain'd you on the nature of the soul?" "Oh! very often," said Mangogul; "but all their systems had no other end, but giving me uncertain notions of it; and were it not for an inward sentiment, which seems to suggest to me, that it is a substance different from matter, I should either have denied its existence, or confounded it with the body. Would you undertake to clear up this chaos?"

"So far from it," replied Mirzoza, "that I am not farther advanced on that head than your pedagogues. The only difference between them and me, is that I suppose the existence of a substance different from matter, and that they hold it demonstrated. But this substance, if it exists, must be lodged somewhere. Have they not preached many extravagances to you on that article?"

"No," said Mangogul: "they all pretty generally agreed, that it resides in the head;

and this opinion to me seemed probable. 'Tis the head that thinks, imagines, reflects, judges, disposes, commands; and we say every day of a man who does not think, that he has no brains, or that he wants a head."

"Well then," replied the Sultana, "the result of your long studies and of all your philosophy, is, to suppose a fact, and to ground it on popular expressions. Prince, what would you say of your first geographer, if he presented your highness with a map of your dominions, in which he had put the east in the west, and the north in the south?"

"That is too gross an error," answered Mangogul, "for any geographer to have ever committed."

"That may be," continued the favorite; "and in the case before us, your philosophers are greater bunglers, than the most bungling geographer can be. They had not a vast empire to survey; the business was not to fix the limits of the four parts of the world: all they had to do, was to enter into themselves, and there mark the true seat of their soul. Yet they have placed the east in the west, and the south in the north. They have pronounced that the soul is in the head, whereas the greatest part of mankind dye, without it's ever inhabiting that appartment; and its first residence is in the feet."

"In the feet!" interrupted the Sultan. "That is the most empty notion that I have ever heard."

"Yes, in the feet," replied Mirzoza, "and this opinion, which to you seems so silly, will, upon thoroughly examining it, become rational; contrary to all those, which you allow as true, and which upon a thorough examination are found to be false. Your highness agreed with me just now, that the existence of our soul was founded on the interior testimony alone, which it bore to itself; and I will now demonstrate, that all the proofs imaginable of sense concur to fix the soul in the seat which I have assigned it."

"There we expect you," said Mangogul.

"I desire no favor," continued she; "and I invite ye all to propose your difficulties. Well then, I was saying that the soul takes up its first residence in the feet, that there it begins to exist, and from the feet it advances into the body. To experience I appeal for this fact; and perhaps I am going to lay the first foundations of experimental metaphysics.

"We have all experienced in our infancy, that the benumbed soul remains whole months in a state of sleepiness. At that time the eyes open without seeing, the mouth without speaking, and the ears without hearing. 'Tis elsewhere that the soul endeavours to stretch itself and awake; 'tis in other members that she practises her first functions. 'Tis by the feet that a child gives notice of his formation. His body, head and arms are immoveable in the mother's womb; but his feet unfold and extend themselves, and give proofs of his existence, and perhaps of his exigences. When he is on the point of birth, what would become of his head, body and arms? They would never come out of their confinement, had they not been assisted by the feet: here the feet act the principal part, and drive the rest of the body before them. Such is the order of nature; and whenever any other member attempts to lead the van; when the head, for example, takes the place of the feet; every thing goes wrong, and God knows what is the consequence sometimes, both to the mother and the child.

"Is the child born? 'tis still in the feet that the chief motions are performed. We are obliged to confine them: and this is never done without some reluctance on their part. The head is a block, with which we do what we will; but the feet are sensible of, shake off the yoke, and seem jealous of the liberty, of which they are deprived.

"Is the child able to stand alone? the feet make a thousand efforts to move; they put every thing into action: they command the other members, and the obedient hands lean against the walls, and advance forward to prevent or break the falls, and facilitate the action of the feet.

"Whither do all the thoughts of a child tend, what are his pleasures, when, secure on

his legs, his feet have acquired the habit of moving? To exercise them, to go to and fro', to run, to leap, to bounce. This turbulence pleases us, we take it for a mark of sense; and we predict the future stupidity of the child, when we see him indolent and sullen. Have you a mind to vex a child of four years old? make him sit down for a quarter of an hour, or imprison him between four chairs: he will grow peevish and ill-humor'd: for 'tis not his legs alone that you deprive of exercise, 'tis his soul that you hold in captivity.

"The soul remains in the feet to the age of two or three years; at four it inhabits the legs; it gets up to the knees and thighs at fifteen. Then we love dancing, fencing, riding, and the other violent bodily exercises. This is the predominant passion of all young folks, and the madness of some. What! does not the soul reside in those places, where she almost only manifests herself, and where she feels the most agreeable sensations? But if her residence varies in infancy and youth, why should it not vary thro' every stage of life?"

Mirzoza pronounced this discourse with such rapidity as made her pant. Selim, one of the Sultan's favorites, embraced the moment while she was taking breath, and said to her: "Madam, I will make use of the liberty you have granted the company, of proposing their objections. Your system is ingenious, and you have delivered it with equal grace and clearness: but I am not so far seduced by it, as to think it stands demonstrated. Methinks one may say, that even in infancy 'tis the head that commands the feet, and from thence the spirits flow, which, by means of the nerves, running into all the members, stop or move them at the will of the soul seated on the pineal gland: just as we see his highness's orders issuing from the sublime Porte, which set all his subjects in action."

"Doubtless," replied Mirzoza, "but one would tell me a very obscure thing; to which I should give no other answer than by an experienced fact. In infancy we have no certainty that the head thinks; and even you, my lord, who have so good an one, and

who in your tender years passed for a prodigy of reason, do you remember that you thought at that time? But you might well assert, that when you gamboled about like a little Dæmon, so as to drive your governants out of their wits, your feet then governed your head."

"That proves nothing," said the Sultan. "Selim was lively, and so are a thousand other children. They do not reflect, but they think: time slips away, the remembrance of things wears out, and they remember not that they thought."

"But by what part did they think," replied Mirzoza: "for that is the point in dispute?"

"By the head," answered Selim.

"What! always this head, into which one cannot peep," replied the Sultana. "Pray, drop your dark lanthorn, in which you suppose a light, that is seen by none but by him who carries it: hear my experiment, and own the truth of my hypothesis. It is so constantly true, that the soul begins its progress in the body by the feet, that there are some of both sexes, in whom it never rose higher. My lord, you have admired Nini's nimbleness and Saligo's feats of activity a thousand times: answer me then sincerely, do you think that these creatures have their souls any where else but in their legs? And have you not remarked, that in Volucer and Zelindor the head is submissive to the feet? The eternal temptation of a dancer is to contemplate his legs. At every step his attentive eye follows his paces, and his head bows respectuously before his feet, as do before his highness his invincible Pacha's."

"I allow the observation," said Selim: "but I deny that it is a general one."

"Nor do I pretend," replied Mirzoza, "that the soul always fixes in the feet: she advances, she travels, she quits a part, returns to it, and quits it again; but I maintain that the other members are subordinate to that which she inhabits. All this varies according to the age, temper and circumstances; and thence arises the difference of tastes, the diversity of inclinations and characters. Do you not admire the fecundity of my principle? And is not its certainty evinced by the number of phænomena, to

which it extends?"

"Madam," answered Selim, "if you applied it to some in particular, perhaps it might give us a degree of conviction, which we have not yet acquired."

"Most willingly," replied Mirzoza, who began to be sensible of the advantages she gain'd: "you shall be satisfied, only follow the chain of my notions. I do not pretend to make arguments in form. I speak from my heart; this is the philosophy of our sex, and you understand it almost as well as we. It is probable enough," added she, "that the soul occupies the feet and legs to the age of eight or ten: but about that time, or rather later, she quits that lodging, either of her own free motion, or by force. By force, when a tutor employs certain machines to drive her out of her native place, and lead her into the brain; where she is metamorphosed generally into memory, and seldom or never into judgment. This is the fate of school-boys. In like manner, if a weak governant labours hard to form a young girl, stuffs her mind with knowledge, and neglects the heart and morals; the soul rapidly flies towards the head, stops on the tongue, or fixes in the eyes; and her scholar is but a tiresome pratler, or a coquet.

"Thus the voluptuous woman is she whose soul occupies her Toy, and never strays from it.

"The woman of gallantry, she whose soul is sometimes in her Toy, and sometimes in her eyes.

"The affectionate woman, she whose soul is habitually in the heart, but sometimes also in her Toy.

"The virtuous woman, she whose soul is sometimes in her head, sometimes in her heart, but never any where else.

"If the soul fixes in the heart, she forms the characters of sensibility, compassion, truth, generosity. If she quits the heart without returning thither, and retires to the head; then she forms those whom we call hardhearted, ungrateful, deceitful, cruel men.

"The class of those, in whom the soul visits the head merely as a country-house, where its stay is short, is very numerous. It is composed of Petits-Maitres, coquets, musicians, poets, romancers, courtiers, and all those who are called pretty women. Listen to the reasoning of these entities, and you will instantly discern vagabond souls, which are influenced by the different climes they inhabit."

"If that be the case," said Selim, "nature has formed many useless things. And yet our sages hold as a constant maxim, that she has produced nothing in vain."

"Drop your sages and their lofty expressions," answered Mirzoza; "and as to nature, let us consider her with the eyes of experience only, and we shall learn from her, that she has placed the soul in the body of man, as in a spacious palace, of which she does not always occupy the most beautiful appartment. The head and heart are principally destined for her, as the center of virtue, and the residence of truth: but most commonly she stops on the road, and prefers a garret, a suspicious place, a miserable inn, where she drops asleep in perpetual drunkenness. Ah! If I were allowed for twenty-four hours only, to settle the world according to my fancy, I would divert you with a very strange sight: in a moment I would deprive each soul of the superfluous parts of its habitation; and you would see each individual characterised by the part left him. Thus dancers would be reduced to two feet, or two legs at most; singers to a throat; most women to a Toy; hero's and prize-fighters to an armed hand; certain learned men to a skull without brains; a female gamester should be stinted to two hands incessantly shuffling the cards; a glutton to two jaws always in motion; a coquet to two eyes; a rake to the sole instrument of his passion; the ignorant and lazy to nothing."

"If you leave the women any hands at all," interrupted the Sultan, "those men whom you would reduce to the sole instrument of their passions, would be pursued. This chace would be a pleasant sight: and if the sex was as greedy of this game every where else as in Congo, the species would soon be extinct."

"But," said Selim to the favorite, "of what would you compose affectionate and sensible women, constant and faithful lovers?"

"Of a heart," answered Mirzoza; "and I well know," added she, darting a tender glance on Mangogul, "that, to which mine would wish to be united."

The Sultan could not stand against this declaration: he sprung from his seat to the favorite: the courtiers disappear'd, and the new philosopher's chair became the theatre of their pleasures: he gave her repeated proofs that he was not less charmed with her sentiments than with her discourse; and the philosophic equipage was thrown into disorder. Mirzoza return'd the black petticoats to her women, sent my lord Seneschal his enormous peruke, and to Monsieur l'Abbé his square cap, with assurances that he should be on the list at the next nomination. What would he not have attained, if he had been a genius? A seat in the academy was the least reward that he could expect: but unluckily he knew but two or three hundred words, and had never been able from that stock, to compass the composing of two Ritournelles.

CHAP. XXVII.

Sequel of the preceding conversation.

Mangogul was the only person that had given attention to Mirzoza's philosophic lecture without interrupting her; and as he was pretty much inclined to contradict, she was astonish'd at it. "Does the Sultan allow my system from beginning to end?" said she within herself. "No, that is not probable: has he found it too bad to deign to attack it? that may be. My notions are not the most just that have been broach'd to this day; I grant it: but neither are they the most false; and I am apt to think that worse have been invented."

In order to clear up this doubt, the favorite resolved to ask some questions of Mangogul. "Well, prince," said she, "what are your thoughts of my system?" "It is admirable," answered the Sultan; "I find but one defect in it." "What defect is that?" replied the favorite. "It is," said Mangogul, "that it is as false as false can be.

Pursuant to your notions, we must all be endowed with souls: now observe, my soul's delight, that there is not common sense in this supposition. I have a soul: there is an animal that acts most part of the time as if he had none; and perhaps in reality he has none, even while he acts as if he had one. But he has a nose made like mine; I feel that I have a soul, and that I think: therefore that animal has a soul, and thinks likewise. This argument has been made use of above a thousand years, and it has been impertinent full as long."

"I own," said the favorite, "that it is not always evident that others think." "And add," replied Mangogul, "that it is evident on an hundred occasions that they do not think." "But in my opinion," says Mirzoza, "it would be going a great length, to infer from thence, that they never have or ever will think. A person is not always a beast, for having been so sometimes; and your highness——"

Mirzoza, fearing to offend the Sultan, stopt short. "Continue, madam," said Mangogul, "I understand you; would you not have said, has my highness never acted the beast? I answer you, that I have now and then, and that even I excused others for taking me for such: for you may easily imagine, that they did not fail so to do, tho' they dared not to speak out."——"Ah! prince," cried the favorite, "if men refused a soul to the greatest monarch upon earth, to whom could they allow one?"

"Pray, forbear compliments," says Mangogul. "I have for a moment laid down the crown and scepter. I have ceased to be Sultan, in order to be a philosopher, and I can hear and speak the truth. I believe I have given you proofs of the one; and you have hinted to me, without offending me, and quite at your ease, that I have been sometimes no better than a beast. Permit me thoroughly to fulfil the duties of my new character.

"Far from agreeing with you," continued he, "that every creature that has legs, arms, hands, eyes and ears as I have, possesses a soul like me; I declare to you, that I am absolutely perswaded, that three fourths of the men and all the women are but mere

machines."

"There may possibly be as much truth," answered the favorite, "as politeness in what you say."

"Oh!" says the Sultan, "madam seems to be angry: and why the devil do you take it into your head to philosophize, if you will not allow one to speak the truth? Is it in the schools that politeness is to be sought for? I have left you full elbow-room; pray, allow me the same, if you please. Well, then, I was saying, that ye are all beasts."

"Yes, prince; and this is what remained to be proved," added Mirzoza.

"Nothing more easy," answered the Sultan. Then he set about detailing all the impertinences which had been said over and over, with as little wit and delicacy as possible, against a sex which possesses both these qualities in a sovereign degree. Never was Mirzoza's patience put to a greater trial; and you would never be so tired in your whole life, as if I related all Mangogul's reasonings. This prince, who did not want good sense, was that day absurd beyond all comprehension: of which you shall be a judge. "It is so true, by Jupiter," said he, "that a woman is but an animal, that I'll wager, if I turn Cucufa's ring on my mare, I shall make her speak like a woman."

"Without doubt," answered Mirzoza, "there is the strongest argument that has ever been, or ever will be made against us." Then she burst out into a loud fit of laughter. Mangogul, vexed to see no end to her laughter, went out in a hurry, resolved to try the whimsical experiment, which occur'd to his imagination.

The mare of Sultan Mangogul.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Thirteenth trial of the Ring.

The Little Mare.

I am not a great portrait-maker. I have exempted the reader from that of the favorite Sultana; but I can never condescend to remit him that of the Sultan's mare. She was

of a middling size, and had a pretty good gait; the chief fault found with her in that regard was, that she did not bridle her head sufficiently. Her colour was white, with blue eyes, small hoofs, clean legs, firm hams, and light haunches. She had been taught to dance for a long time, and she made her bows like a master of the ceremonies. Upon the whole she was a pretty beast enough, and remarkably gentle: she was easily mounted, but one must be an excellent horseman to be able to keep the saddle. She had belong'd to the senator Aaron: but on a fine evening the skittish creature took fright, threw the judge, and ran full speed to the Sultan's studs, carrying with her the saddle, bridle, furniture, housings and caparisons of value; which became her so well, that it was not thought proper to send them back.

Mangogul went into his stables, accompanied by his first secretary Ziguezague. "Listen attentively," said he, "and write."——That very instant he turn'd his ring on the mare, which fell to leaping, prancing, kicking, bouncing, and neighing under the tail.——"Where are your thoughts," said the prince to his secretary, "write then."——"Sultan," replied Ziguezague, "I wait till your highness begins."——"My mare," says Mangogul, "will dictate to you this once, write."

Ziguezague, whom this order reduced too low in his own opinion, assumed the liberty of representing to the Sultan, that he would always esteem it a high honour to be his secretary, but not that of his mare. "Write, I tell you," said the Sultan again. "Prince, I cannot," replied Ziguezague: "I know not the orthography of this sort of words."——"Write however," said the Sultan once more——"I am excessively mortified, to be obliged to disobey your highness," added Ziguezague; "but"——"But you are a scoundrel," interrupted Mangogul, incensed at a refusal so much out of place; "quit my palace, and never appear there more."

Poor Ziguezague disappear'd, having learn'd by experience, that a man of spirit ought not to enter the palaces of most part of the great, without leaving his sentiments at the gate. His deputy was called. He was a Provencal, frank, honest,

and thoroughly disinterested. He flew whither he thought his duty and fortune called him, made a low bow to the Sultan, a lower still to his mare, and wrote every thing that the beast vouchsafed to dictate.

I must beg leave to refer those, who are curious to know her discourse, to the archives of Congo. This prince immediately ordered copies of it to be distributed among all his interpreters and professors of foreign languages, both ancient and modern. One said, that it was a scene of some old Greek tragedy, which to him appear'd very moving; another, by the strength of his genius discovered, that it was an important fragment of Egyptian theology: a third pretended, that it was the Exordium of Hannibal's funeral oration in the Punic language; and a fourth asserted, that the piece was writ in Chinese, and that it was a very devout prayer to Confucius.

While the Litterati were trying the Sultan's patience with their learned conjectures, he recollected Gulliver's travels, and made no doubt, but that a person, who had lived so long as this Englishman, in an island, where horses have a government, laws, kings, gods, priests, a religion, temples and altars, and who seemed so perfectly well instructed in their manners and customs, was a thorough master of their language. Accordingly Gulliver read and interpreted the mare's discourse off hand, notwithstanding the orthographical errors, with which it abounded. Nay, it is the only good translation of it in all Congo. Mangogul learned for his own private satisfaction, and for the honour of his system, that it was an historical abridgment of the amours of an old Pacha of three tails with the little mare, which had been attack'd by an infinite number of jack-asses before him: a singular anecdote, the truth of which however was not unknown, either to the Sultan, or to any other person at court, at Banza, and in the rest of the empire.

The dream of Sultan Mangogul.

CHAP. XXIX.

The best perhaps, and the least read of this history.

Mangogul's dream, or a voyage into the region of hypotheses.

"Waa," says Mangogul, yawning and rubbing his eyes, "my head achs. Let nobody evermore talk philosophy to me. Such conversations are unwholsome. Last night I lay on empty ideas; and instead of sleeping like a Sultan, my brain work'd more than those of my ministers do in a year. You laugh; but to convince you that I do not exaggerate, and to take my revenge for the bad night which your reasonings gave me, I enjoin you the penance of hearing my dream in its full extent.

"As soon as I began to nod, and my imagination to take its flight, I saw an odd animal bounce by my side. He had the head of an eagle, the feet of a griffon, the body of a horse, and the tail of a lion. I seized him, notwithstanding his prancing; and holding by his mane, I nimbly sprung on his back. Immediately he spread out long wings, which issued from his flanks, and I felt myself carried in the air with incredible swiftness.

"After driving a vast way, I espied, in the emptiness of space, a building suspended as by enchantment. It was a vast one. I will not say that it was faulty in its foundation; for it had none. Its columns, which were not half a foot in diameter, ran up out of sight, and supported arches, which would not have been visible, were it not for the symmetrical lights made in them.

"At the entrance into this edifice it was that my beast first stop'd. At first I was in a doubt whether I should alight: for I apprehended less danger in sitting on my hippogriffon, than in walking under this portico. However, encouraged by the multitude of its inhabitants, and by a remarkable security, which was predominant in their countenances, I alight, go forward, mix with the crowd, and make my observations on those that composed it.

"They were old men, either bloated or feeble; without Embonpoint and strength, and almost all deform'd. The head of one was too little, the arms of another too short. One was hump-back'd, another bandy-legg'd. Most of them had no feet, and walk'd

on crutches. A breath threw them down, and they remain'd on the ground, till some new comer was pleased to lift them up. All these defects notwithstanding, they pleased at first sight. They had in their physiognomy somewhat engaging and confident. They were almost naked: for all their cloathing consisted of a small rag of stuff, which did not cover the hundredth part of their body.

"I continued to pierce the crowd, and got to the foot of a rostrum, for which a cobweb served as a canopy. The boldness of this rostrum was of a piece with that of the building. To me it seemed placed on the point of a needle, and to support itself there in æquilibrio. I trembled a hundred times for the person, who was in it. He was an old man, with a long beard, as wither'd and naked as any of his disciples: he had a cup full of a subtil fluid before him, into which he dipp'd a straw-pipe; then put it to his mouth, and blew bubbles to a crowd of spectators around him, who were using their utmost endeavours to drive them up to the clouds.

"'Where am I?' said I to myself, all in confusion at these childish tricks. 'What means this blower of bubbles, and all these decrepit infants employ'd in making them fly about? Who will let me into the secret of these things?'—Besides, the little scraps of stuff had struck me; and I observed that the larger they were, the less those that wore them interested themselves in the bubbles. This singular remark embolden'd me to accost him, who was the least undress'd of the company.

"I saw one, whose shoulders were half covered with pieces so well fitted together, that the seams were not to be seen. He walk'd forward and backward in the crowd, with very little concern for what they were doing. He had an affable air, a smiling mouth, a noble gait, a mild look; and I went directly to him, and asked him without ceremony: 'Who are you? Where am I? And who are all these folks?'—He answered, 'I am Plato. You are in the region of hypotheses, and these folks are systematics.' 'But by what chance,' replied I, 'is the divine Plato here, and what does he do among these madmen?'—'Raising recruits,' said he. 'At a distance from this Portico I have a

sanctuary, whither I conduct those who abandon systems.' 'And how do you employ them?' 'In knowing man, practising virtue, and sacrificing to the graces'—'These are noble employments: but what mean these shreds of fluff, whereby you look more like beggers than philosophers?'—'Oh! what a question do you propose to me,' said he with a sigh, 'and what thoughts do you bring back to my mind? This temple was formerly that of philosophy. Alas! how much this place is changed! The chair of Socrates was here.'—'How,' said I, interrupting him, 'had Socrates a straw, and did he blow bubbles?'—'No, no,' replied Plato, 'it was not by such means that he merited of the Gods the name of the wisest of men. His constant occupation, during life, was forming heads and hearts. The secret was lost at his death. Socrates died, and the bright days of philosophy were no more. These pieces of stuff, which those very systematics think it an honour to wear, are scraps of his garment. Scarcely had his eyes been closed, when those, who aspired to the title of philosophers, seized his robe, and tore it in pieces.' 'I understand,' said I, 'these pieces served as tickets both to them and their long posterity.'—'Who will collect these scraps,' continued Plato, 'and restore us Socrates's robe?

"While he was uttering these words, I saw at a distance a child walking towards us in a slow but sure pace. He had a little head, slender body, weak arms and short legs: but all these parts increased in all dimensions, according as he came forward. In the progress of his successive growth, he appear'd to me under a hundred different forms; I saw him directing a long telescope towards the heavens, estimating the fall of bodies by means of a pendulum, determining the weight of the air by a tube fill'd with quicksilver, and discomposing light with a prism. He was now become an enormous Colossus: his head touch'd the heavens, his feet were lost in the abyss, and his arms reach'd from one to the other pole. With his right hand he brandished a torch, whose light spread a vast way in the sky, enlightened even the bottom of the waters, and penetrated into the entrails of the earth. I ask'd Plato, what that gigantic figure was, that was coming towards us. 'It is experience,' said he. Scarcely had he

made me this short answer, when I saw experience draw near, and the columns of the portico of hypotheses to shake, its arches to sink in, and its pavement to crack under our feet. 'Let us fly,' said Plato, 'let us fly: this edifice has but a moment to stand.' At these words he departs, and I follow him. The Colossus arrives, strikes the portico, it tumbles down with a frightful noise, and I awake."

"Ah! Prince," cried Mirzoza, "'tis you that ought to dream. I would indeed be very glad, that you had had a good night: but now that I know your dream, I should be very sorry that you had not dream'd it."

"Madam," said Mangogul, "I could point out nights better spent than that of this dream, which gives you so much pleasure; and if I had been master of making the journey, or not; it is very probable, that, not hoping to find you in the country of hypotheses, I should have bent my course elsewhere. And then, either I should not have the head-ach, which I actually feel, or at least I should have reason to make myself easy under it."

"Prince," replied Mirzoza, "it is to be hoped, that it will soon go off; and that one or two experiments of your ring will rid you of it." "I must try," said Mangogul. The conversation lasted some time longer between the Sultan and Mirzoza; so that he did not quit her till eleven, when he went upon the expedition related in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXX.

Fourteenth trial of the Ring.

The mute Toy.

Of all the ladies, who shone at the Sultan's court, none had more charms and wit than young Egle, the wife of his highness's great cupbearer. She was of all Mangogul's parties, who was much taken with the chearfulness of her conversation: and as if there could be neither pleasure nor amusement without Egle, she was also of all the parties of the grandees of his court. Balls, public diversions, drawing

rooms, feasts, private suppers, hunting matches, play, every where Egle was invited, and every where she appear'd: it seem'd as if the taste of amusements multiplied her, according to the will of those who desired her company. Wherefore it is needless to say, that if no woman was as much sought after as Egle, there was none so diffused.

She had been always pursued by a crowd of lovers, and people were persuaded that she had not treated them all with severity. Whether it were inadvertence, or thorough good nature, her common politeness frequently resembled premeditated regard: and those who endeavour'd to gain her, sometimes read affection in her eyes, when she never intended more than affability. Neither caustic, nor detracting, she never open'd her mouth but to say pleasing things: which she did with such spirit and vivacity, that on several occasions, her encomiums raised a suspicion that she had a choice to justify. Thus it appears, that those, of whom Egle was the ornament and delight, were unworthy of her.

It was natural to think, that a woman, in whom no fault perhaps was to be found, but an excess of goodness, ought to have no enemies. Yet she had some, and very bitter ones. The devouts of Banza found that she had too free an air, and somewhat too loose in her carriage; saw nothing in her conduct but a rage of worldly pleasures; inferred thence, that her morals were equivocal at least, and charitably insinuated this to all those that would hear them.

The court ladies did not treat Egle with greater tenderness. They suspected her intimacies, gave her gallants, even honored her with some great adventures, made her a party concerned in others: they knew particulars, and quoted witnesses. "Good," whispered they, "she has been surprized tête à tête with Melraim in one of the groves of the great park. Egle does not want wit," added they; "but Melraim has too much good sense to be amused with her speeches alone, at ten at night, in a grove."—"You are mistaken," said a Petit-Maitre, "I have walked with her a hundred times in the dusk of the evening, and found my account in it. But à propos, do you

know that Zulemar is daily at her toilette?"—"Doubtless, we know it, and that she has no toilette but when her husband is in waiting at court."——"Poor Celebi," continued another, "indeed his wife advertises him by the aigrette and diamond buckles, which she received of the pacha Ismael."——"Is that true, madam?"——"It is strict truth, I have it from her own mouth: but in the name of Brama let this go no farther. Egle is my friend, and I should be very sorry"——"Alas," cried a third sorrowfully, "the poor little creature ruins herself very chearfully. A great pity truly. But twenty intrigues at a time, that seems rather too much."

The Petits-Maitres were not more sparing of her. One related a hunting match, in which she and he lost themselves together. Another, out of respect for the sex, suppress'd the consequences of a very smart conversation he held with her at a masquerade, where he met her. A third made a panegyric on her wit and charms, and ended it by shewing her portrait, which he declared he had from the best hands. "This portrait," said a fourth, "is more like her than that, of which she made a present to Jenaki."

These stories at length came to her husband's ears. Celebi loved his wife, but still with such decency, that no body had the least suspicion of it. He repulsed the first reports, but they return'd to the charge from so many quarters, that he thought his friends more clear-sighted than himself: and the more liberty he had granted to Egle, the more he suspected that she had abused it. Jealousy took possession of his soul. He began by cramping his wife. Egle bore this change of behaviour with the greater impatience, as she was conscious of her innocence. Her vivacity and the advices of her female friends, hurried her into inconsiderate deportment, which made all the appearances turn against her, and had like to cost her her life. The violent Celebi for some time rack'd his brain with a thousand projects of revenge, steel, poison, the fatal noose, &c. and at length resolved on a slower and more cruel punishment, by confining her to his country seat: which is death indeed to a court lady. In a word, orders are given: Egle is inform'd of her destiny: he is insensible to her tears and

deaf to her reasons, and she is banish'd two hundred miles from Banza, to an old castle, where she is allowed no other company than two maids and four black eunuchs, who continually watch her.

Scarcely was she set out, when she was innocent. The Petits-Maitres forgot her adventures; the women forgave her her wit and charms, and all the world bemoaned her. Mangogul was apprized, from Celebi's own mouth, of his motives for the dreadful resolution he had taken against his wife, and seem'd to be the only person that approved it.

The wretched Egle had already groaned near six months under her exile, when Kerfael's adventure happened. Mirzoza wish'd she might prove innocent, but durst not indulge those flattering hopes. However, she one day said to the Sultan: "Prince, might not your ring, which has saved Kerfael's life, put an end to Egle's banishment? But I forget myself: in order to that, her Toy should be consulted; and the poor recluse is dying with grief two hundred miles hence."——"You interest yourself much," answered Mangogul, "in Egle's fate." "Yes Prince," said Mirzoza; "especially if she is innocent." "You shall have tydings of this affair within an hour," replied Mangogul. "Do you not remember the properties of my ring?"——At these words, he went into the garden, turn'd his ring, and in less than fifteen minutes was in the park of the castle wherein Egle dwelt.

There he espied Egle alone and overwhelm'd with sorrow: her head was leaning on her hand, she was tenderly repeating her husband's name, and with her tears she was watering the green turf, on which she sate. Mangogul drawing near turn'd his ring on her, and Egle's Toy said in a mournful strain: "I love Celebi." The Sultan waited for the sequel; but as it came not, he had recourse to his ring, which he rubb'd two or three times against his hat, before he levell'd it on Egle: but his labour was vain. The Toy repeated: "I love Celebi," and stop'd short. "There is a very discreet Toy," said the Sultan. "Let us try once more, and ply it closer." Whereupon he gave to his ring

all the energy, which it was capable of receiving, and turn'd it nimbly on Egle: but her Toy continued mute. It either constantly kept silence, or broke it only by repeating these plaintive words: "I love Celebi, and have never loved any other man."

Mangogul, being thoroughly satisfied, returned to Mirzoza in fifteen minutes. "What, Prince," said she, "return'd already. Well, what have you learnt? Do you bring fresh matter for our conversations?" "I bring nothing," answered the Sultan. "What! nothing?"—"Nothing at all. I never knew a Toy so silent: I could get nothing from it but these words. 'I love Celebi, I love Celebi, and have never loved any other man.'" "Ah! Prince," replied Mirzoza with vivacity, "what do you tell me? What happy news! There is one virtuous woman found at last. Will you suffer her to remain longer miserable?" "No," answered Mangogul: "her banishment shall be at an end, but have you no apprehensions that it may be at the expence of her virtue? Egle is chaste, but consider, my heart's delight, what you require of me; to re-call her to my court, in order that she may continue so: however you shall be satisfied."

The Sultan sent for Celebi immediately, and told him; that having made a strict inquiry into the reports spread abroad concerning Egle, he had found them false and calumnious, and commanded him to bring her back to court. Celebi obey'd, and presented his wife to Mangogul: she was going to throw herself at his highness's feet, but the Sultan stopping her said: "Madam, thank Mirzoza. Her friendship for you determined me to clear up the truth of the facts imputed to you. Continue to embellish my court; but remember that a pretty woman sometimes does herself as much mischief by acts of imprudence, as by adventures."

The very next day Egle waited on the Manimonbanda, who received her with a smile. The Petits-Maitres redoubled their insipidities towards her, and the women all ran to embrace and give her joy, and began again to tear her in pieces.

End of the First Volume.

CHAP. XXXI.

Was Mangogul in the right?

From the time that Mangogul had received the fatal present of Cucufa, the ridicules and vices of the sex were become the eternal subject of his jokes: he was never done with them, and his favorite's patience was frequently quite tired out. Now, two cruel effects of this teizing on her, as well as on many others, was to put her into a bad humor, and to sour her temper. At those times woe to him that came near her: she made no distinction of persons, and the Sultan himself was not spared.

"Prince," said she to him, in one of these peevish fits, "tho' you are so knowing in many things, perhaps you do not know the news of the day."——"What is it?" said Mangogul.——"It is, that every morning you get by heart three pages of Brantome, or of Ouville: people do not determine which of these two profound writers you prefer"——"They are mistaken, madam," answered Mangogul, "'tis Crebillon, that"——"O, pray don't excuse yourself from that sort of reading," interrupted the favorite. "The new calumnies that are invented on us, are so insipid, that it is better to revive the old. Truly there are very good things in this same Brantome: if to these little stories you add three or four chapters of Bayle, you alone will in a thrice have as much wit as the marquiss D'——, and the Chevalier de Mouhi. That would spread a surprising variety on your conversation. When you have equipped the ladies from head to foot, you might then fall on the Pagoda's; and from the Pagoda's you might return on the women. In truth, all that you want to make you quite diverting, is a small collection of impieties."

"You are in the right, madam," answered Mangogul, "and I will take care to lay in a good stock. He who is afraid of being duped in this world and the next, cannot be too much upon his guard against the power of the Pagoda's, the probity of men, and virtue of women."

"Then, in your opinion, this virtue is a very ambiguous thing?" replied Mirzoza.

"More so than you imagine," answered Mangogul.

"Prince," returned Mirzoza, "you have a hundred times talk'd to me of your ministers as the honestest men in Congo. I have so often patiently heard the praises of your Seneschal, of the governors of your provinces, of your secretaries, of your treasurer, in a word, of all your officers, that I am able to repeat them by memory word for word. It is strange, that the object of your tenderness should be the only person excepted from the good opinion, which you have conceived of those who have the honor of being near your person."

"And who told you that it is so?" replied the Sultan. "Be perswaded, madam, that the discourses, true or false, which I make on women, do by no means concern you, unless you think proper to represent the sex in general.——"

"I should not advise madam to that," added Selim, who was present at this conversation. "She would gain nothing by it but defects."

"I do not," answered Mirzoza, "relish compliments which are addressed to me at the expence of my sex. When any one takes it into his head to praise me, I could wish that nobody suffered by it. Most of the fine speeches which are offered to us, are like the sumptuous entertainments which your highness receives from your Pacha's: they are always at the expence of the public."

"Let us pass that by," said Mangogul. "But sincerely, are you not convinced that the virtue of the women of Congo is but a mere chimæra? Pray observe, my soul's delight, what the present fashionable education is, what examples mothers set to their daughters, and how the head of a pretty woman is filled with the notion, that to confine herself to domestic affairs, to manage her family, and keep to her husband, is to lead a dismal life, to be eat up with vapors, and to bury herself alive. And at the same time we men are so forward, and a young unexperienced girl is so raptured with being attack'd. I have said that virtuous women were rare, excessively rare; and far from changing my sentiment, I might add freely, that 'tis surprizing they are not

more so. Ask Selim what he thinks of the matter."

"Prince," answered Mirzoza, "Selim has too great obligations to our sex, to tear them in pieces without mercy."

"Madam," said Selim, "his highness, who could not possibly meet with cruel women, ought naturally to think of the sex as he does: and you, who have the good nature to judge of others by yourself, can hardly have any other sentiments than those which you defend. I will own however, that I am apt to believe there are women of sense, to whom the benefits of virtue are known by experience, and whom a serious reflection has convinced of the ill consequences of an irregular life; women happily born, well educated, who have learn'd to feel their duty, who love it, and will never swerve from it."

"And not to lose ourselves in speculative reasoning," added the favorite, "is not Egle, with all her sprightliness and charms, a model of virtue? Prince, you cannot doubt it, and all Banza knows it from your mouth: now, if there be one virtuous woman, there may be a thousand."

"Oh! as to the possibility," said Mangogul, "I dispute it not."

"But if you allow it possible," replied Mirzoza, "who has revealed to you, that they do not actually exist?"

"Nothing but their Toys," answered the Sultan. "And yet I grant that this evidence does not come up to the strength of your argument. May I be transform'd into a mole, if you have not borrowed it from some Bramin. Order the Manimonbanda's chaplain to be called, and he will tell you that you have proved the existence of virtuous women, much as he demonstrates that of Brama, in Braminology. A propos, have you not taken a course in that sublime school, before you entered the Seraglio?"

"No ill-natured jokes," replied Mirzoza. "I do not draw my conclusion from possibility: I ground it on a fact, on an experiment."

"Yes," continued Mangogul, "on a lame fact, on a single experiment; while, to your certain knowledge, I have a multitude of trials for my opinion: but I will not sour your temper by farther contradictions."

"It is a favor," said Mirzoza, "that after two hours teizing, you cease to persecute me."

"If I have committed the fault," answered Mangogul, "I will endeavour to make amends for it. Madam, I give up all my past advantages; and if, in the trials which I shall hereafter make, I light on a single woman really and constantly virtuous."——"What will you do?" interrupted Mirzoza smartly.

"I will declare to the world, if you require it, that I am charmed with your reasoning on the possibility of virtuous women; I will support the reputation of your logic with all my might; and will give you my castle of Amara, with all the Saxon Porcelaines which adorn it; even without excepting the little Sapajou, or red-faced monkey in Enamel, and the other valuable nick-nacks, which I had out of the cabinet of Madame de Verue."

"Prince," says Mirzoza, "I will be content with the Porcelaines of the castle, and the little monkey."

"A bargain," replies the Sultan, "Selim shall be our judge. I only desire a little respite before I examine Egle's Toy. The court air, and her husband's jealousy, must be allowed time to operate."

Mirzoza granted a month to Mangogul; which was double the time he required: and they parted equally filled with hope.

The city of Banza also would have been full of wagers on either side, if the Sultan's promise had been divulged. But Selim kept the secret, and Mangogul clandestinely prepared for winning or losing. As he was quitting the favorite's appartment, he heard her call out to him from her closet: "Prince, and the little monkey." "And the little monkey," answered Mangogul, and went out. He was going directly to the

private lodge of a senator, whither we will attend him.

CHAP. XXXII.

The fifteenth trial of the Ring.

Alphana.

The Sultan was not ignorant, that the young lords of the court had private lodges; but he was lately informed, that those retreats were likewise used by some senators. He was much surprized at this. "What do they do there?" said he to himself. (For in this volume he will keep up the custom of monology, which he contracted in the first.) "I should think, that a man, whom I have entrusted with the tranquillity, fortune, liberty, and lives of my people, ought not to have a private lodge. But perhaps a senator's private lodge is quite different from that of a Petit-Maitre. Can a magistrate, before whom the interests of the greatest of my subjects are discussed, who holds the fatal urn, out of which he is to draw the widow's lot, can he, I say, forget the dignity of his state, and the importance of his duty; and while Cochin fatigues his lungs in vain by carrying the cries of the orphan to his ear, can he be studying subjects of gallantry, which are to be ornaments over the door of a place of secret debauchery? That cannot be.——However, let us see."

He said, and departed for Alcanto, where the senator Hippomanes has his private lodge. He enters, walks round the appartments, and examines the furniture. Every thing has a gay appearance. The private lodge of Agefilas, the nicest and most voluptuous of his courtiers, is not more elegant. He was on the point of resolving to leave it, without knowing what to think; (for besides all the rich beds, the looking-glass alcoves, the soft sofa's; the cabinet of exquisite liquors, and every thing else, were silent witnesses of what he desired to know:) when he espied a corpulent figure stretched on a couch, and sunk in a deep sleep. He turn'd his ring on her, and from her Toy he obtained the following anecdotes.

"Alphana is the daughter of a senator. If her mother's life had been shorter than it

was, I should not have been here. The immense wealth of the family was squandered by the old fool: and she left little or nothing to her four children, three boys and a girl, whose Toy I am, alas! to my great misfortune, and to be sure for my sins. How many indignities have I suffered! How many more still remain to be borne! The world said, that the cloister agreed very well with the fortune and figure of my mistress; but I found it did not suit with me: I preferred the military art to the monastic state, and I made my first campaigns under the Emir Azalaph. I perfected myself under the great Nangazaki. But the ingratitude of the service disgusted me, and made me quit the sword for the gown. Thus I am upon the point of belonging to a little scoundrel of a senator, quite bloated with his talents, his wit, his figure, his equipage, and his birth. I am now two hours in waiting for him. To be sure he will come, because his gentleman has apprized me, that when he comes, it is his madness to let people wait a long time."

Alphana's Toy was thus far advanced, when Hippomanes arrived. At the bustle of his train, and the caresses he bestowed on his favorite grey-hound, Alphana awoke. "Oh! are you there, my queen?" says the little president. "'Tis very difficult to come at you. How do you like my little lodge; it is as good as some others, is it not?"

Alphana putting on a bashful, shy, distressed air, "as if we had never seen a private lodge before," says her Toy, "and as if I had no share in her adventures," cried out in a mournful manner. "My lord president, I take an unaccountable step for you. The passion that drags me to you must surely be very violent, since it shuts my eyes to the dangers which I incur. For what would the world say, if there was any suspicion of my being here?"

"You are right," answered Hippomanes; "your proceeding is liable to misinterpretations. But you may rely on my discretion."

"But," replied Alphana, "I rely also on your conduct."

"Oh! as to that," says Hippomanes, "I shall be very modest: and how is it possible

not to be as devote as an angel in a private lodge? In truth, you have a charming neck——"

"Ha' done," says Alphana, "you break your word already."

"Not at all," replies the president: "but you have not answered my question. What do you think of this furniture?" And then turning to his grey-hound, "come hither, Folly, give me thy paw, my child. Folly is a good girl.——Will madam be pleased to take a turn in the garden? Let us walk on my terrass, it is a charming one. I am overlooked by some of my neighbours, but possibly they will not know you.—"

"My lord president, I am not curious," says Alphana with an air of dudgeon. "I think we are better here."

"Just as you please," answers Hippomanes. "If you are tired, there is a bed. If you have the least inclination, I advise you to try it. Young Asteria, and little Phenice, who are great judges, assure me that it is a good one." While Hippomanes was talking thus impertinently to Alphana, he pull'd off her gown by the sleeves, unlaced her stays, untied her petticoats, and disengaged her two clumsy feet from two little slippers.

When Alphana was almost naked, then did she perceive that Hippomanes was undressing her.—"What are you doing?" cryed she quite surprized. "President, you don't consider. I shall be angry in earnest."

"Ah, my queen," answered Hippomanes, "to be angry with a man who loves you as I do, would be such an oddity as you are not capable of. May I presume to entreat you to walk to this bed?"

"To this bed," replied Alphana. "Ah! my lord president, you abuse my tenderness. I to go into a bed! I, into a bed!"

"No, no, my queen," answered Hippomanes. "That is not the thing, who desires you to go to it. But you must, if you please, suffer yourself to be conducted to it: for you may easily conclude from your size, that I cannot be in the humor of carrying you to

it."—Nevertheless he grasped her about the waist, and making some efforts, "Oh how weighty she is," says he. "But, my child, if you do not lend a helping hand, we shall never reach it."

Alphana was sensible that he spoke truth, lent her assistance, compassed getting on her legs, advanced towards that bed, at which she had been so scared, partly on her own feet, and partly on the shoulders of Hippomanes, to whom she pantingly said: "Surely I must have been a great fool to come hither. I confided in your good conduct, and your extravagance is quite unreasonable."—"Not at all," answered the president, "not at all. You see that what I do is decent, very decent."

'Tis probable that they said many other genteel things of this sort; but as the Sultan did not think proper to spend more time in attending their conversation, those things are lost to posterity. What a pity!

CHAP. XXXIII.

Sixteenth trial of the Ring.

The Petits-Maitres.

Twice a week the favorite kept a drawing room. The preceding evening she named the women whom she would willingly see, and the Sultan gave the list of the men. The company always came richly dress'd. The conversation was either general, or particular. When the amorous history of the court fail'd of furnishing real diverting adventures, stories were invented, and necessity sometimes compelled them to run into bad tales; which were called a continuation of the Arabian nights entertainments. The men had the privilege of saying all the extravagant things that came into their heads, and the women that of knotting, while they gave ear to them. At these meetings, the Sultan and his favorite put themselves on a level with their subjects: their presence gave no sort of check to whatever could amuse; and people seldom found the time tedious. Mangogul had learned early in his life, that pleasures are not to be found above the foot of the throne; and no man descended from it with

better grace, or knew how to put off majesty more à propos.

While he was surveying the private lodge of the Senator Hippomanes, Mirzoza waited for him in the rose-colour'd salon, with the youthful Zaide, the chearful Leocris, the lively Serica, Amina and Benzaira, the wives of two Emirs, Orphisa the prude, and Vetula the great Seneschal's lady, temporal mother of all the Bramins. It was not long before he appeared. He enter'd attended by count Hannetillon and the chevalier Fadaes. Alciphenor an old rake, and his disciple young Marmolin followed him; and two minutes after, arrived the Pacha Grifgrif, the Aga Fortimbek, and the Selictar Velvet-Paw. These were the most absolute Petits-Maitres of the court. Mangogul call'd them together designedly. Having heard a thousand stories of their gallant exploits, he resolved to be informed in such a manner as might banish all future doubt. "Well, gentlemen," says he to them, "ye whom nothing escapes, that passes in the empire of gallantry, what news from thence? how far are the Speaking Toys got."

"Sir," replied Alciphenor, "the racket they make encreases daily; and if it continues, we shall soon not be able to hear ourselves. But nothing is so diverting as the indiscretion of Zobeida's Toy. It has given her husband a catalogue of her adventures." "And a prodigious one," says Marmolin: "it mentions five aga's, twenty captains, almost an entire company of janissaries, twelve Bramins: and they say that I am named too, but that is a mere joke." "The best past of the affair is," added Grifgrif, "that the affrighted husband ran away with his fingers in his ears."

"This is quite horrible," said Mirzoza. "Yes, madam," interrupted Fortimbek, "horrible, frightful, execrable." "More than all that, if you please," replied the favorite, "to dishonor a woman upon hearsay."

"Madam, it is literally true, Marmolin has not added one word to the story," says Velvet-Paw. "It is fact," says Grifgrif. "Good," says Hannetillon, "there is an epigram already handed about concerning it, and an epigram is not made for

nothing." "But why should Marmolin be safe from the prattle of the Toys? Cynara's Toy has insisted on speaking in its turn, and to blend me with people, who do not stake their all. But how to help that? The right thing is not, to be disturbed at it," says Velvet-Paw. "You are right," answered Hannetillon, and instantly fell to singing:

"Mon bonheur fut si grand, que j'ai peine à le croire." My fortune was so great, that I can scarce believe it.

"Count," says Mangogul to Hannetillon, "then you have been particularly acquainted with Cynara?"

"Sir," answered Velvet-Paw, "who doubts, it? He has walk'd with her for more moons than one? they have been song'd; and all this would have lasted to this day, if he had not at length discovered that she was not handsome, and that she had a large mouth." "Allowed," replied Hannetillon; "but that imperfection was ballanced by an uncommon agreeableness."

"How long since this adventure?" ask'd the prude Orphisa. "Madam," replied Hannetillon, "its epoch is not present to my memory. I must have recourse to the chronological tables of my good fortune. There may be seen the day and minute: but 'tis a large volume, with which my servants amuse themselves in the antichamber."

"Hold," says Alciphenor; "I recollect that it was precisely a year after Grifgrif fell out with Madam la Seneschale. She has the memory of an angel, and can tell you exactly."—"That nothing is more false than your date," answered the Seneschal's lady gravely. "'Tis well known that blockheads were never of my taste." "Yet, madam," replied Alciphenor, "you will never persuade us, that Marmolin was excessively wise, when he was conducted into your appartment by the back stairs, whenever his highness summoned the Seneschal to council." "There can be no greater extravagance in my opinion," added Velvet-Paw, "than to enter into a woman's chamber by stealth, for nothing at all; for people thought nothing more of

his visits than what was really fact, and madam was already in full enjoyment of that reputation of virtue, which she has so well supported since that time."

"But that is an age ago," says Fadaes. "It was pretty much about that same time that Zulica made a slip from the Selictar, who was her humble servant, to take possession of Grifgrif, whom she drop'd six months after; she is now got as far as Fortimbek. I am not sorry for my friend's little stroke of good luck; I see her, I admire her, but entirely without any pretensions."

"Yet Zulica," says the favorite, "is very amiable. She has wit, taste, and something, I know not how, engaging in her countenance, which I should prefer to charms." "I grant that, madam," answer'd Fadaes: "but she is maigre, has no neck, and her thigh is so skinny, that it raises one's pity."

"You are well acquainted with it, to be sure," added the Sultana. "Oh! madam," replied Hannetillon, "you may guess that. I have visited Zulica but seldom, and yet I know as much of that affair as Fadaes." "I can easily believe you," says the favorite.

"But à propos, might one ask Grifgrif," says the Selictar, "if he has been long in possession of Zirphila. There is what you may call a pretty woman. She has an admirable shape." "And who doubts it!" added Marmolin.

"How happy is the Selictar," continued Fadaes. "I give you Fadaes," interrupted the Selictar, "for the best provided gallant of the court. To my knowledge he has the Visir's wife, the two prettiest actresses of the opera, and an adorable Grisette, whom he keeps in his private lodge." "And I," replied Fadaes, "would give up the Visir's wife, the two actresses and the Grisette, for one glance from a certain woman, with whom the Selictar is very well, and who has not the least suspicion that the world knows it;" and then stepping up to Leocris, says, "your blushes are ravishing.——"

"Hannetillon was a long time wavering," says Marmolin, "between Melissa and Fatima, two charming women. One day he was for Melissa the fair, the next for Fatima the nut-brown." "The poor man," continues Fadaes, "was strangely

embarassed: why did he not take them both?" "So he did," says Alciphenor.

Our Petits-Maitres were, as you see, in a right cue not to stop here, when Zobeida, Cynara, Zulica, Melissa, Fatima and Zirphila sent in their names. This ill-timed circumstance disconcerted them for a moment; but they soon recover'd from their ruffle, and fell on other women, whom their detraction had hitherto spared, only because they had not time to tear them to pieces.

Mirzoza, quite out of patience at their discourses, said: "Gentlemen, considering the merit and probity in particular, which must needs be allowed ye, it cannot be doubted but that you have enjoyed all the good fortunes of which you boast. I must own nevertheless, that I would be very glad to hear the Toys of these ladies on this head; and that I would most heartily thank Brama, if he would deign to render justice to truth by their mouths."

"That is to say," replies Hannetillon, "that madam would desire to hear the same things twice over: well, to oblige her, we'll repeat them."

But Mangogul set about applying his ring in order of seniority: he began by Madame la Seneschale, whose Toy cough'd three times, and with a trembling and broken voice said: "To the great Seneschal I am indebted for the first fruits of my pleasures: but I had not been his property above six months, when a young Bramin gave my mistress to understand, that a woman can do no injury to her husband, while she thinks on him. I relished the moral, and thenceforward thought I might with a safe conscience admit a senator, then a privy counsellor, then a pontif, then one or two masters of Requests, then a musician"——"And Marmolin?" says Fadaes.——"Marmolin," replies the Toy, "I know him not, unless it be that young coxcomb, whom my lady ordered to be kick'd out of her house, for some insolence, the particulars of which I have forgot.——"

Cynara's Toy took up the discourse, and said: "Do you interrogate me concerning Alciphenor, Fadaes, and Grifgrif? I have indeed been pretty well served; but this is

the first time that I ever heard these folks named. However, I shall get some account of them from Amalek the Emir, Telenor the Financier, or the Visir Abdiram, who know the whole world, and are my good friends."

"Cynara's Toy is discreet," says Hannetillon: "it mentions not Zarafis, Ahiram, the old Trebister, and the young Mahmoud, who is not made to be forgotten; nor does it accuse the least Bramin, tho' it has been running thro' the monasteries these twelve years."

"I have received some visits in my life," says Melissa's Toy, "but not one from Grifgrif or Fortimbek, and much less still from Hannetillon."

"My little heart of a Toy," replied Grifgrif, "you are mistaken. You may disclaim Fortimbek and me, but as to Hannetillon, he is better with you than you allow. He has told me a word or two on the subject, and he is a spark of the greatest veracity in Congo, a better man than any of those whom you have known, and is still capable of establishing the reputation of a Toy."

"The reputation of an impostor can no more escape him than his friend Fadaes," says Fatima's Toy with a sob. "What have I done to these monsters to dishonour me? The son of the Abyssinian Emperor came to Erguebzed's court: I pleased him; he pursued me; but he would have fail'd of success, and I should have continued faithful to my husband whom I loved; had not the traitor Velvet-Paw and his base accomplice Fadaes corrupted my women, and introduced the young prince into my bath."

The Toys of Zirphila and Zulica, who had the same cause to defend, spoke both at the same time, but with such rapidity, that it was extremely difficult to render each of them its due.—"Favors!" cried one——"To Velvet-Paw!" says the other——"Something may be said for Zinzim"——"Cerbelon"——"Bemengel"——"Agarias"——"the French slave Riqueli"——"the young Ethiopian Thezaca"——"But as for the insipid

Velvet-Paw"——"the insolent Fadaes"——"I swear by Brama"——"I call the great Pagoda and the Genius Cucufa to witness"——"I know them not"——"I never had the least dealings with them.——"

Zirphila and Zulica would have run on, God knows how far, if Mangogul had not turn'd off his ring: but as this magic ring ceased acting on them, their Toys closed their lips, and a profound silence succeeded the noise they made. Then the Sultan rose up, and darting furious looks on our young blockheads, said: "You have taken the liberty to defame women whom you never had the honour of coming near, and who hardly know your names. Who has made ye insolent enough to lie in my presence? Tremble, wretches." At these words he grasped his cymeter: but the screams of the affrighted ladies stop'd his hand. "I was going," says Mangogul, "to give ye the death which you have merited: but the ladies, whom you have injured, have a right to determine your fate: it shall depend on them, either to crush ye, or to let ye live. Speak, ladies, what are your commands?"

"That they live," says Mirzoza, "and hold their tongues, if possible."

"Live," replies the Sultan, "these ladies permit it: but if ever you forget on what condition, I swear by my father's soul——"

Mangogul did not complete his oath; being interrupted by one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, who inform'd him that the comedians were ready. This prince had imposed it on himself as a law never to retard the public diversions. "Let them begin," says he, and immediately gave his hand to the favorite, whom he accompanied to her box.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Seventeenth trial of the Ring.

The Comedy.

Had the taste of good declamation been known in Congo, there were some comedians who might well be spared. Of thirty persons which composed the band,

there was but one great actor, and two tolerable actresses. The genius of authors was obliged to comply with the mediocrity of the greatest number; and there was no room to hope, that a play would be performed with any tolerable success, without taking care to model the characters on the defects of the comedians. This is what was meant in my time by the custom of the stage. Formerly the actors were made for the pieces; but now the pieces were made for the actors. If you offer'd a new play, to be sure it underwent an examination, to know whether the subject was engaging, the intrigue well connected, the characters supported, and the diction pure and flowing: but if there were no parts for Roscius and Amiana, it was refused.

The Kislar Agasi, superintendant of the Sultan's pleasures, had packed a company of players together, as he could find them; and this was the first representation of a new tragedy at the Seraglio. It was composed by a modern author, who had gain'd such reputation, that tho' his piece had been but a string of impertinences, it would assuredly have met with a favorable reception. But he did not debase his character. His work was well written, his scenes conducted with art, his incidents managed with dexterity, the interest went on increasing, and the passions in being developed. The acts, naturally link'd together, and full, constantly held the audience in suspence with regard to the sequel, and satisfied with what was past: and they were got to the fourth act of this master-piece, to a very moving scene, which was a preparation to another still more interesting; when Mangogul, in order to save himself from the ridicule of listening to the tender parts, pull'd out his glass, and acting the inattentive, surveyed the several boxes. In the front box he observed a woman in great emotion, but of an ill-timed sort, as having no relation to the piece. His ring was instantly levelled at her, and in the midst of most pathetic commendations, a Toy, panting for breath, was heard addressing the player in these terms:

"Ah!——Ah!——Pray stop, Orgogli;——you melt me excessively——Ah!——Ah!——There's no bearing it.——"

The audience listened, and look'd towards the place whence the voice proceeded: and the word ran thro' the pit, that it was a Toy that made the speech. "Which Toy," says one, "and what has it said?" And without waiting for an answer, there was a general clap and cry: Encore, encore. The author, who was behind the scenes, fearing that this unlucky accident might interrupt the representation of his piece, foamed with rage, and gave the whole race of Toys to Belzebub. The noise was great and lasting; and had it not been for the respect due to the Sultan, the play would have stop'd short at this incident: but Mangogul made a sign for silence; the actors resumed their parts, and went thro' the play.

The Sultan, curious to know the consequences of so public a declaration, caused the Toy that made it, to be observed. Word was soon brought him, that the player was to go from the stage to Eriphila's house. He prevented him, thanks to the power of his ring, and was in this lady's appartment when Orgogli sent in his name.

Eriphila was under arms, that is, in an amorous deshabillé, and wantonly stretch'd on a couch. The comedian entered with a solemn, haughty, insipid air of a conqueror. With the left hand he waved a plain hat with a white feather in it, and caressed his nostrils and upper lip with the tops of the fingers of his right hand, a very theatrical gesture, which was admired by Connoisseurs. His bow was cavalier, and his compliment familiar. "Oh! my queen," cried he, in an affected tone, stooping to Eriphila, "what a trim you are in! But do you know that in that careless garb you are adorable.——"

The tone of this scoundrel shock'd Mangogul. The prince was young, and might possibly be ignorant of certain customs——"Then you like me, my dear," answered Eriphila. "To ravishment, I tell you."—"That gives me great joy. I wish you would repeat that passage which raised such emotions in me a while ago. That passage——there——yes——it is that same——How seducing a rogue he is?——But go on; that moves me strangely."

In pronouncing these words, Eriphila darted such glances on her hero, as bespoke every thing, and stretch'd out her hand to him, which the impertinent Orgogli kissed by way of acquittance. Prouder of his talent than of his conquest, he declaimed with emphasis, and the lady was so enraptur'd, that one minute she conjur'd him to continue, and the next to stop. Mangogul judging by her looks, that her Toy would willingly play its part in this rehearsal, chose rather to guess at the rest of the scene, than to be present at it. He disappear'd, and return'd to the favorite, who expected him.

On the recital which the Sultan made her of this adventure,——"Prince, what do you say?" cried she. "Then the women are fallen into the lowest degree of meanness! A comedian, the slave of the public! A buffoon! Well, if those folks had nothing against them but their state of life: but most of them have neither morals nor sentiments; and even among them, that Orgogli is but a machine. He has never thought, and if he had not learn'd some parts in plays, perhaps he would never have spoken.——"

"Delight of my heart," replied Mangogul, "you run into lamentations without considering the matter sufficiently. Then have you forgot Haria's pack? By Jove, a comedian, I think, is as good as a pug-dog."

"You say right, prince," resumed the favorite. "I am a fool for interesting myself for creatures that do not deserve it. Let Palabria idolize her boobies! Let Salica have her vapors treated by Farfadi in her own way! Let Haria live and dye among her dogs! Let Eriphila abandon herself to all the buffoons of Congo! What is all this to me? I only risque a castle thereby. Nay, I perceive that I must have no thoughts of it, and I have taken my resolution accordingly."

"Farewell then the little monkey," says Mangogul.

"Farewell the little monkey," replies Mirzoza; "and the good opinion which I had conceived of my sex; I believe I shall never resume it. Prince, you will allow me not

to suffer a women to enter these doors this fortnight at least."

"But you must have some company," added the Sultan.

"I shall enjoy your company, or please myself in expecting it," replied the favourite: "and if any moments remain on my hands, I shall dispose of them in favor of Ricaric and Selim, who are attached to me, and whose conversation I love. When I happen to be tired of the erudition of my lecturer, your courtier will divert me with the adventures of his youth."

CHAP. XXXV.

Conversation on literature.

The favorite loved men of genius, without pretending to be a genius herself. On her toilette, among jewels and other female ornaments, the novels and pamphlets of the time were to be met with, and she talk'd of them wonderfully well. From a Cavagnol and Biribi she passed with ease and propriety to the course of an academician, or other learned man: and every body confessed, that the natural delicacy of her understanding made her discover beauties or defects in those several works, which had sometimes escaped their lucubrations. Mirzoza astonished them by her penetration, embarrassed them by her questions; but never abused the advantages which her wit and beauty gave her: and people were not sorry for being detected in the wrong by her. Towards the close of an evening, which she had passed with Mangogul, Selim came, and she sent for Ricaric. The African author has reserved Selim's character for another place: but he informs us here, that Ricaric was a member of the academy of Congo; that his erudition had not hindered him from being a man of wit; that he had acquired a profound knowledge of former ages; that he had a scrupulous attachment to the ancient rules which he cited eternally; that he was a machine by principles; and that it was impossible to be a more zealous partisan of the first writers of Congo; but more especially of one Miroufla, who, about 3040 years before, had composed a sublime poem in the Caffrian language, on

the conquest of a great forest, out of which the Caffres expelled the monkeys, who were in possession of it from time immemorial. Ricaric had translated it into Congese, and published a very beautiful edition of it, illustrated with notes, Scholia, various readings, and all the embellishments of a Benedictine edition. Besides, they had of him two bad tragedies writ according to all the rules, a panegyric on crocodiles, and some opera's.

"I bring you, madam," says Ricaric with a low bow, "a novel, which is ascribed to the marchioness Tamazi; but in which we unluckily discover the hand of Mulhazen, the answer of our president Lambadago to the discourse of the poet Tuxigraphus, which we received yesterday; and the Tamerlan of this last."

"This is admirable!" says Mangogul. "The press goes on incessantly; and if the husbands of Congo performed their duty as well as the writers, in less than ten years I might be enabled to set sixteen hundred thousand men on foot, and promise myself the conquest of Monoémugi. We will read the novel at leisure. Now let us see the harangue, especially that part which relates to me."

Ricaric turn'd it over, and light on this passage. "The ancestors of our august emperor have rendered themselves illustrious without doubt. But Mangogul, greater than they, has prepared quite different subjects of admiration for future ages. What do I say of admiration? Let us speak more accurately; of incredulity. If our ancestors had cause to assert, that posterity would esteem as fables the wonders of Kanaglou's reign; how much more reason have we to think, that our descendants will refuse credit to the prodigies of wisdom and valor, of which we are witnesses?"

"My poor Mr. Lambadago," says the Sultan, "you are but retailer of phrases. What I have reason to believe, is that your successors will one day eclipse my glory by that of my son, as you make my father's vanish before mine; and so on, as long as there will be one academician left. What think you, Mr. Ricaric?"

"Prince, all that I can say," answered Ricaric, "is, that the passage which I have read

to your highness, was extremely relished by the public."

"So much the worse," replied Mangogul. "Then the true taste of eloquence is lost in Congo? It was not thus that the sublime Homilogo praised the great Aben."

"Prince," said Ricaric, "true eloquence is nothing but the art of speaking in a noble, and at the same time agreeable and perswasive manner."

"Add, and sensible," continued the Sultan, "and upon this principle judge your friend Lambadago. With all the respect that I have for modern eloquence, he is but a false declaimer."

"But, prince," answered Ricaric, "without passing the bounds of that, which I owe your highness, will you permit me——"

"What I give you full permission to do," replied Mangogul smartly, "is to respect good sense beyond my highness, and to tell me sincerely, if an eloquent man can ever dispense himself from shewing some signs of it."

"No, prince," answered Ricaric, and he was going to string up a long bead-roll of authorities, and cite all the rhetoricians of Afric, the two Arabia's, and China, in order to prove the most incontestable thing in the world, when he was interrupted by Selim.

"All your authors," said the courtier, "will never prove that Lambadago is not a very awkward and indecent haranguer. Pray, Mr. Ricaric, excuse these expressions. I honour you in a singular manner; but indeed, laying aside the prejudice of confraternity, can you avoid allowing with us, that, as the Sultan now reigning is just, amiable, beneficent, and a great warrior, he does not stand in need of the embroidery of your rhetoricians, to be as great as his ancestors; and that a son, who is exalted by depressing his father and grandfather, would be very ridiculously vain, if he were not sensible, that in embellishing him with one hand, he is disfigured by the other. In order to prove that Mangogul is as well-made a man as any of his predecessors, do you think it necessary to knock off the heads of the statues of

Erguebzed and Kanaglou?"

"Mr. Ricaric," says Mirzoza, "Selim is in the right. Let every one enjoy what belongs to him, and let us not make the public suspect, that our panegyrics are a sort of robberies committed on the memory of our fathers: declare this from me in the next full meeting of the academy."

"People are too long in possession of this custom," replied Selim, "to expect any benefit from this advice."

"I believe, Sir, that you are mistaken," said Ricaric to Selim. "The academy is still the sanctuary of good taste; and its best times do not afford us either philosophers or poets, whom we cannot match at this day. Our stage has passed, and may still pass for the first stage of Africa. Oh! what a work is the Tamerlane of Tuxigraphus! 'Tis the pathetic of Eurisope, and the loftiness of Azopha. 'Tis antiquity quite pure."

"I saw," said the favorite, "the first representation of Tamerlane; and join with you in thinking the work well conducted, the dialogue elegant, and the propriety of characters well observed."

"What difference, madam," interrupted Ricaric, "between such an author as Tuxigraphus, fatted with the perusal of the ancients, and most part of our moderns."

"Yet these moderns," said Selim, "whom you demolish here at your ease, are not so contemptible as you pretend. What, don't you find genius, invention, fire, details, characters, and fine strokes of wit in them? And of what importance are rules to me, provided a writer pleases me? Certainly it is neither the observations of the wise Almudir and the learned Abaldok, nor the art of poetry of the deep-read Facardin, which I have never perused, that makes me admire the pieces of Aboulcazem, Muhardar, Albaboukre, and many other Sarracens! Is there any other rule but the imitation of nature; and have we not as good eyes as those who studied her?"

"Nature," answered Ricaric, "presents us with different faces every instant. They are all true, but all are not equally beautiful. It is in these works, on which you seem not

to set any great value, that we should learn to choose. They are collections of their own experiments, and also of those which had been made before them. Whatever strength of understanding a person may have, things must be observed successively; and one man cannot hope to see in the short course of his life, all that had been discovered to his time. Otherwise we may assert, that any one science might owe its birth, progress, and utmost perfection to one head: which is contrary to experience."

"Mr. Ricaric," replied Selim, "the only consequence that I can draw from your argument is, that as the moderns are in possession of treasures amassed up to their times, they must be richer than the ancients; or, if this comparison displeases you, that as they are raised on the shoulders of those giants, they ought to see farther than them. And in fact, what is their natural philosophy, their astronomy, their navigation, their mechanics, their calculations, in comparison of ours? And why may not our eloquence and poesy have the superiority likewise?"

"Selim," said the Sultana, "Ricaric will, at some proper time, give you the reasons of this difference. He will tell you why our tragedy is inferior to that of the ancients: for my part, I willingly undertake to shew you, that it is so. I will not accuse you," continued she, "of not having read the ancients. Your mind is too well adorned, to be ignorant of their stage. Now, abstracting from certain notions relative to their customs, manners and religion, which shock you purely because circumstances are changed; you will allow that their subjects are noble, well-chosen, and interesting; that the action naturally develops itself; that their dialogue is simple, and very near nature; that the unravelling of their plot is not strained; that the interest is not divided, nor the action overloaded with episodes. Transport yourself in idea to the isle of Alindala; examine every thing that passes there; attend to all that is said, from the moment that young Ibrahim and the crafty Forfanti landed thereon: approach the cave of the wretched Polipsile; lose not a word of her complaints; and then tell me, if any one circumstance draws you out of the illusion. Name me a modern piece that can bear the same examination, and pretend to the same degree of perfection; and I

grant you the victory."

"By Brama," cried the Sultan, yawning, "madam has made an academical dissertation."

"I do not understand the rules," continued the favorite; "and much less the learned words, in which they are expressed: but I know that nothing but the True can please and touch. I also know that the perfection of a dramatic piece consists in the exact imitation of an action, so that the spectator, continually deceived, imagines he is present at the very action. Now, pray, is there any thing like this in the tragedies which you extol to us?

"Do you admire the manner in which they are conducted? It is generally so complicated, that it must be a miracle, that so many things should happen in so little time. The ruin or preservation of an empire, the marriage of a princess, the loss of a prince; all this is done with the turn of a hand. Is the subject a conspiracy? It is sketch'd out in the first act; it is connected and strengthened in the second; all the measures are taken, the obstacles removed, the conspirators are quite ready for action in the third; immediately there shall be a revolt, an engagement, perhaps a pitch'd battle; and you will call this conduct, interest, fire, verisimilitude: I can never excuse it, in you especially, who are not ignorant, what it sometimes costs to put an end to a pitiful intrigue; and how much time the smallest political affair absorbs in taking measures, in previous meetings, and in deliberations."

"I grant, madam," answered Selim, "that our pieces are a little overcharged; but it is a necessary evil: without the assistance of episodes, the audience would be chill'd."

"That is to say, that in order to give spirit to the representation of a fact, it must be made such as it neither is, nor ought to be. This is ridiculous in the highest degree; unless it be still more absurd to make the violins play up rigadoons and country-dances, while the audience are in deep concern for a prince, who is on the point of losing his mistress, his throne and his life."

"Madam, you are are in the right," said Mangogul: "the music should be mournful on those occasions; and I go to order you some of that kind." Mangogul rose up, went out, and the conversation was continued between Selim, Ricaric, and the favorite.

"At least, madam," replied Selim, "you will not deny, that if the episodes draw us out of the illusion, the dialogue leads us back into it. I see none who understand it like our tragic writers."

"Then, nobody understands it," resumed Mirzoza. "The emphasis, wit and affected decorations, which predominate in it, are a thousand leagues distant from nature. In vain does the author endeavour to conceal himself, my eyes are penetrating and I discover him incessantly behind the persons of the drama. Cinna, Sertorius, Maximus, and Æmilius, are Corneille's speaking trumpets in almost every page. This is not the way that people converse in our ancient Sarracen authors. Ricaric will, if you desire it, translate you some scenes out of them; and then you will hear pure nature speaking by their mouths. I could willingly say to the moderns: 'Gentlemen, instead of dealing out wit to your personages on every occasion, put them into such circumstances as must inspire them with some.'"

"After what madam has declared on the management and the dialogue of our drama's; there is no great probability," says Selim; "that she will shew indulgence to the plots."

"No certainly," replied the favorite: "there are a hundred bad for one good. This is not brought on properly, that is quite miraculous. Is an author encumbered with a personage, which he has drag'd from scene to scene thro' five acts, he dispatches him with a stab of a ponyard: every body falls to crying, and I burst into laughter. Besides, did mortals ever speak as we declaim? Do kings and princes walk otherwise than a well-bred man? Have they ever gesticulated like persons possessed or raging mad? Do princesses speak in a shrill squeaking tone? It is generally

supposed that we have carried tragedy to a high degree of perfection; and I on the contrary think it is next to demonstration, that of all the kinds of literary works, to which the Africans have applied themselves in these latter ages, this is the most imperfect."

The favorite was advanced thus far in her sally against our theatrical pieces, when Mangogul returned. "Madam," said he, "you will oblige me in continuing. You see I have a secret to abridge a poetical subject, when I find it tedious."

"I suppose," continued the favorite, "a person just arrived from Angola, who had never heard a play mentioned, but otherwise does not want good sense and breeding, has some acquaintance with the courts of princes, the intrigues of courtiers, the jealousies of ministers, and the double dealings of women; to whom I say in confidence 'My friend, there are terrible commotions actually in the Seraglio. The prince, dissatisfied with his son, in whom he suspects a passion for the Manimonbanda, is a man capable of taking the most cruel vengeance of them both. This adventure will, in all probability, be attended with dismal consequences. If you choose it, I will make you an eye-witness of all that passes.' He accepts my offer, and I carry him into a box screen'd by a blind, from whence he sees the stage, which he takes for the Sultan's palace, Do you believe, notwithstanding the serious air I put on, that this person's illusion can last a moment? Will you not rather agree with me, that the stiff-affected carriage of the actors, the oddity of their dress, the extravagance of their gestures, the emphasis of a singular language in rhyme and cadence, and a thousand other shocking dissonances, must make him laugh in my face before the first scene is over, and tell me either that I make game of him, or that the prince and all his court are mad."

"I own," said Selim, "that this supposition strikes me: but may I not observe to you, that people go to the play-house, fully perswaded that they are to see the imitation of an event, and not the event itself."

"And ought that perswasion," replied Mirzoza, "to hinder the players from representing the event in the most natural manner?"

"All this means, madam," interrupted Mangogul, "that you put yourself at the head of the censors."

"And if your opinion be received," continued Selim, "the empire is threatened with the decay of good taste; barbarism will revive, and we are in danger of relapsing into the ignorance of the ages of Mamurrha and Orondado."

"My lord, pray have no such apprehensions. I hate peevish humors, and will not add to their number. Besides, I have the glory of his highness too much at heart, to think of ever attempting to tarnish the splendor of his reign. But if credit were given to us, is it not true, Mr. Ricaric, that literature would shine with greater lustre?"

"How," said Mangogul, "have you not a memorial on this subject to present to my Seneschal?"

"No, sir," answered Ricaric; "but after having thanked your highness in behalf of the Literati, for the new inspector, which you have given them; I would most humbly remonstrate to your Seneschal, that the choice of learned men appointed to revise manuscripts is an affair of great nicety: that this trust is committed to persons, who seem to me very much inferior to their employ; and from thence results a crowd of evil effects, such as curtailing good works, cramping the best genius's, who not being at liberty to write in their own way, either write not at all, or send their productions with considerable sums to foreigners; giving a bad opinion of those topicks which are prohibited to be discussed, and a thousand other inconveniencies, which it would be too tedious to mention to your highness. I would advise him to retrench the pensions of certain literary leaches, who are always craving unmercifully; I mean glossators, antiquaries, commentators, and others of this stamp, who would be very useful, if they did their business well; but who are got into the wretched custom of passing over obscure places, and of dwelling upon

passages that admit of no difficulty. I would have him be very attentive to suppress almost all posthumous works; and not to suffer the memory of a great author to be tarnished by the covetousness of a bookseller, who collects and publishes, a long time after a man's death, such works as he had condemned to oblivion in his lifetime." "And I," continued the favorite, "would point out to him a small number of men of distinguished merit, such as Mr. Ricaric, on whom he may bestow your benefactions. Is it not somewhat surprising, that the poor man has no provision made for him, while the precious chiromancer of the Manimonbanda receives a thousand sequins a year from your treasury."

"Well, madam,", answered Mangogul, "I assign Mr. Ricaric the like sum on my coffers, in consideration of the wonderful things you tell me of him."

"Mr. Ricaric," said the favorite, "I also must do something for you: in your favor I sacrifice the small resentment of my self-love; and in consideration of the recompence which Mangogul has granted to your merit, I forget the injury he has done me."

"Pray, madam, may I ask you what that injury is?" replied Mangogul.

"You may, Sir, and I will tell you. You yourself make us embark in a conversation on the Belles-Lettres: you begin by a piece of modern eloquence, which is not extraordinary; and when, to oblige you, we prepare to pursue the disagreeable argument which you have started, you are seized with uneasiness and yawning, you teize yourself in your seat, you change your posture a hundred times, without finding one easy one: tired in fine of keeping your countenance, tho' a sad one, you come to a sudden resolution, you get up and disappear: and then, whither do you go? Perhaps to give ear to a Toy!"

"I own the fact, madam, but I see nothing in it that should give offence. If a man happens to be disgusted at fine things, and amuse himself with hearing bad, so much the worse for him. This unjust preference takes nothing from the merit of what he

has quitted: he only declares himself a bad judge. To this I could add, madam, that while you were labouring hard at Selim's conversion, I was working with no better success to procure you a castle. In fine, if I must be culpable, since you have pronounc'd me so, I can assure you that you have had your revenge at the very time."

"Pray, how that?" said the favorite. "Thus it is," answered the Sultan. "In order to refresh myself from the fatigue of the academical sitting which I had undergone, I went to examine some Toys."——"Well, prince"——"Well, I never heard such insipid creatures as the two which I light upon."——"This gives me the highest joy," replied the favorite.——They both fell to talking an unintelligible language. I have perfectly well retained every thing they said; but let me die, if I understand a word of it.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Eighteenth and nineteenth trials of the Ring.

The flatted Spheroïd, and Girgiro the entangled: catch who can.

"That is singular," continued the favorite. "Till this moment, I always imagined, that the chief fault found with Toys, was their speaking too plainly." "Oh! madam," replied Mangogul, "these two are not of that tribe; understand them who can.

"You know that little crumpling of woman, whose head is sunk into her shoulders, whose arms are hardly to be seen, and whose legs are so short, and her belly so lank, that one might mistake her for a hedge-hog, for a clumsy ill-develop'd embryo, who bears the the nick-name of the flatted Spheroïd; who has filled her head with a notion that Brama called her to the study of geometry, because he has given her the figure of a bowl; and who consequently might have chosen the profession of artillery: for considering her make, she must have issued out of nature's bosom, as a bullet out of the mouth of a cannon.

"Willing to receive informations from her Toy, I examined it. But the vorticose

creature spoke in terms of such sublime geometry, that I did not understand one word, nor perhaps did it understand its own language. It was nothing but right lines, concave surfaces, given quantities, longitude, latitude, profundity, solids, living forces, dead forces, cone, cylinder, conic sections, curves, elastic curves, curve re-entring into itself, with its point conjugated——"

"I pray your highness to excuse me from the rest," cried the favorite mournfully. "You have a cruel memory, enough to put one to death. It has raised a swimming in my head, which I dare say I shall not get rid of these eight days. But was the other so diverting?"

"You shall be the judge," replied Mangogul. "By Brama's great toe, I have performed a prodigy. I have retain'd its motly gibberish word for word, tho' it be so thoroughly void of sense and perspicuity, that if you give me a subtile and critical explanation of it, madam, you will make me an acceptable present."

"How have you said, prince?" cried Mirzoza. "Let me die, if you have not stolen that phrase from somebody."

"I can't tell how it has happened," replied Mangogul: "for these two Toys are the only persons to whom I have given audience this day. The last, on whom I turned my ring, after a moment's silence, said, as if addressing an audience,

"'Gentlemen,

"'I shall take the liberty to avoid seeking, to the contempt of my own reason, a model of thinking and expressing myself. But yet if I advance any thing new, it shall not be affectation, but the subject shall have furnished me with it: if I repeat what has been already said, it will be my own thought, as well as it has been that of others. Let not irony come to turn this preamble into ridicule, and accuse me of either not having read, or of having read to no purpose. A Toy like me is not made for reading, or profiting by its reading, or foreseeing an objection, or answering it.

"'I shall not debar myself of reflections and ornaments proportioned to my subject;

the rather because in this regard it is extremely modest, and will not admit of any great quantity or brilliancy. But I will avoid sinking into those little minute details, which fall to the share of the barren orator. It would be cause of great grief to me to be suspected of this defect.

"'After having informed ye, gentlemen, of what you are to expect from my discoveries and elocution, some few strokes of the pencil will be sufficient, to sketch you out my character.

"'You know, gentlemen, as well as I, that there are two sorts of Toys: proud Toys and modest Toys. The former are haughty, and always expect the place of honour. The latter affect to be courteous, and present themselves with an air of submission. These two intentions appear manifestly in the execution of their projects, and determine both sorts to act according to the genius that guides them.

"'I imagined, thro' attachment to the prejudices of my first education, that I should open to myself a safer, easier, and more agreeable career, if I preferr'd the part of humility to that of pride; and I offered myself with infantile bashfulness and winning supplications to all, whom I had the good fortune to meet.

"'But oh! how unhappy are the times. After ten times more buts and ifs and ands than were sufficient to make the most unemployed Toy lose all patience, my services were accepted. Alas! this job was of short duration. My first possessor giving himself up to the flattering glory of a new conquest, discarded me, and I found myself all at once out of employment.

"'My treasure was gone, and I did not flatter myself that fortune would make me amends for it. In effect the vacant place was occupied, but not filled by a Sexagenarian, to whom good will was less wanting than the means.

"'He laboured with all his might to make me forget my past state. He had for me all that behavior, which is esteemed polite and engaging in the career that I pursued: but his efforts did not conquer my regret.

"'If industry, which is said never to fall short, made him find in the treasures of the natural faculty some abatement to my grief; this compensation to me appeared insufficient, in spite of my imagination, which was daily on the rack to find new resemblances, and even to suppose imaginary ones, but to no purpose.

"'Such is the advantage of primacy, that it seizes the idea, and forms a barrier against every thing that would afterwards present itself under other forms: and such is, shall I say it, to our shame, the ungrateful nature of Toys, that they never take the good-will for the deed.

"'This remark seems to me so natural, that, without being indebted to any body for it, I cannot think that I am the only one who has made it. But if any person before me has been struck with it; at least, gentlemen I am the first who undertake, by demonstrating it, to set its full value in a proper light.

"'I am far from laying the least blame to the charge of those who have raised their voice hitherto, for having let this stroke escape them; my self-love being abundantly satisfied, to be able, after so great a number of orators, to present my observation as something new.—"'

"Ah! prince," cried Mirzoza smartly, "I fancy I hear the chiromancer of the Manimonbanda. Apply to him, and you will have the subtile and critical explanation, of which you would in vain expect the agreeable present from any other person."

The African author says, that Mangogul smiled, and continued. "But I do not intend," says he, "to relate the rest of his discourse. If this beginning has not given as much amusement as the first pages of La Fée Taupe, the sequel would be more tiresome than the last pages of the Fée Moustache."

CHAP. XXXVII.

Mirzoza's dream.

By the time that Mangogul had finished the academical discourse of Girgiro the

entangled, night came on, and the company went to bed.

That night the favorite might well flatter herself with sleeping soundly: but the evening's conversation ran in her head while asleep: and its ideas mixing with others, produced an odd dream, which she did not fail relating to the Sultan, in these words.

"I was in my first sleep, when I imagined that I was transported into an immense gallery quite full of books. I shall say nothing of their contents: they were to me at that time, what they are to many others, who are not asleep. I did not so much as look at one title-page: a more striking sight attracted my whole attention.

"From space to space between the presses, that contain'd the books, there were pedestals, on which were placed most beautiful busto's of marble and Bronze. The injury of time had spared them; and some little defects excepted, they were entire and perfect. That nobleness and elegance which characterized the works of the ancients, were stamped on them. Most of them had long beards, large foreheads like yours, and engaging countenances.

"I was anxious to learn their names, and know their merit, when a woman came thro' the casement of a window, and accosted me. Her shape was genteel, her gait majestic, and her carriage noble, sweetness and loftiness were blended in her looks, and her voice had some inexpressible charm that delighted. A helmet, a coat of mail, and a flowing petticoat, made up all her attire. 'I know your anxiety,' said she to me, 'and am going to satisfy your curiosity: the men whose busto's have struck you, were my favorites. They consecrated their studies to the perfection of the elegant arts, whereof the invention is due to me. They lived in the most polite countries of the world, and their writings, which were the delight of their contemporaries, are the admiration of the present age. Draw near, and you will see carved on the several pedestals in Basso relievo, some remarkable subjects, which will at least point out to you the character of their writings.'

"The first busto which I examined, was that of a majestic old man, who seem'd to have been blind. In all probability he had sung of battles: for such were the subjects on the sides of his pedestal. The front was all taken up with a single figure, which was that of a young hero. His hand grasped the handle of his cymeter, and a woman's arm appear'd holding him back by the hair of the head, who seem'd to moderate his wrath.

"Opposite to this bust was placed that of a young man: he was the picture of modesty. His looks were turned on the old man with uncommon attention. He had also sung of wars and combats: but these were not the only subjects that employed him: for of the Basso relievo's which surrounded him, the principal one represented on one side husbandmen stooping on their ploughs, and tilling the ground; on the other, shepheards stretched on the grass, and played on their flutes amidst their herds and dogs.

"The busto placed below the old man on the same side, had a wild look. His eye seem'd to pursue some object that was flying from him: and under him were represented a lyre carelessly thrown aside, scattered laurels, broken chariots, and fiery horses running away in a vast plain.

"Fronting this I saw a busto, which made so deep an impression on me, that I fancy I see him still. He had a fine air, an aquiline pointed nose, a steady look, and an arch smile. The Basso relievo's, which adorned his pedestal, were so full of matter, that it would be an endless task to undertake the description of them.

"After examining some others, I began to ask some questions of my guide.

"'Who is that,' said I, 'who bears truth on his lips, and probity on his countenance.' 'He was,' replied she, 'the friend and victim to both. He spent his life in improving his fellow citizens in knowledge and virtue, and these ingrateful citizens put him to death.'

"'And this busto placed below him?' 'Which? That which appears supported by the

graces carved on the sides of his pedestal?' 'The same.'—'He is the disciple and inheriter of the sense and principles of the unfortunate virtuous man above mentioned.'

"'And this lusty jolly fellow, crowned, with vine branches and myrtle, who is he?'—'A lovely philosopher, who made it his sole business to sing and taste pleasure. He died in the arms of voluptuousness.'

"'And this other blind man?'—'He is,' said she——But I waited not for her answer. I imagined I was got among my acquaintance, and hurried to a busto placed opposite to him. This was posed on a trophy of different attributes of arts and sciences: Cupids sported among them on one of the sides of the pedestal: on another was a group of the Genii of politics, history, and philosophy. On the third, on one hand appear'd two armies drawn up in battle-array; astonishment and horror dwelt on every countenance, blended with marks of admiration and pity. These passions were probably excited by an object, which was there express'd. It was a young man expiring, and by his side an aged warrior, who pointed his sword to his own breast. These figures were exquisitely beautiful, and nothing could be more artfully touch'd than the despair of the one, and the mortal languor spread throughout the limbs of the other. I drew nearer, and under it I read this inscription in gold letters: Alas! this was his son.

"On the other hand was carved a furious Sultan, plunging a ponyard into the breast of a young person, in sight of a multitude of people. Some turn'd their heads aside, others melted in tears: and round this relievo were these words engraved: Is it you, Nerestan?

"As I was passing to other busto's, a sudden noise made me look back. It was made by a band of men cloath'd in long black gowns. Some carried censers, which exhaled a gross vapor; others had garlands of flowers in their hands, gather'd without choice, and disposed without taste. They march'd up to the busto's, and offered incense to

them, singing hymns in two unknown languages. The smoak of their incense stuck to the busto's, and the crowns of flowers put on them made a most ridiculous sight. But the antiques soon resumed their beauty, and I saw the crowns wither and fall shriveled on the ground. There arose a quarrel amongst this set of barbarians, because some of them had not bent the knee low enough in the opinion of others; and they were on the point of coming to blows, when my guide dispersed them with one look, and re-established tranquillity in her habitation.

"Scarcely were they eclipsed, when I saw a long train of pigmies entering by an opposite door. These little men were not two cubits high, but in recompense they had very sharp teeth and very long nails. They divided into several bands, and fell on the busto's. Some endeavour'd to scratch the basso relievo's, and the floor was strewed with the broken pieces of their nails. Others, with greater insolence, mounted on one another's shoulders, to the highth of the heads, and gave them raps with their fists. But what diverted me much, was that these raps, instead of reaching the nose of the bust, rebounded on that of the pigmy; in consequence of which, upon a close inspection, I found most of them to be flat-nosed.

"'You see,' says my guide, 'the impudence and chastisements of these myrmidons. This war has lasted a long while, and always to their disadvantage. I use them with less severity than the black gowns. The incense of the latter might possibly disfigure the busto's; but the efforts of the former generally end in augmenting their beauty. But as you have not above an hour or two to remain here, I advise you to pass to other objects.'

"A great curtain opened that instant, and I saw a work shop occupied by a different sort of pigmies. These had neither teeth nor nails; but in return they were armed with razors and scissers. In their hands they held heads, which seemed animated; and they were very busy with these heads, in cutting off the hair of one, pulling off the nose and ears of another; putting out the right eye of this, the left of that, and in dissecting

almost all of them. After this fine operation, they viewed them attentively, and smiled, as if they thought them the prettiest heads in the world. In vain did the heads send forth loud cries, they scarcely deign'd to make them any answer. I heard one begging back its nose, and remonstrating that it could not possibly appear in public without that piece. 'My friend, head,' replied the pigmy, 'you are a fool. That nose, which you regret, disfigured you. It was long, long—You never would have made your fortune with it. But since it has been curtail'd and pared, you are charming, and you will have many a spark after you.'

"While the fate of those heads moved my compassion, at a distance I saw other more charitable pigmies, who were crawling on the ground with spectacles on. They were picking up noses and ears, and fitting them to some old heads, from which time had disengaged them. There were some of them, but those were few in number, who succeeded: the rest fixed the nose where the ear should be, and the ear where the nose: and this rendered the heads more disfigured than before.

"Being very desirous to know what all those things meant, I ask'd my guide: and she had just open'd her lips, in order to give me an answer, when I awoke in a fright."

"That was cruel," says Mangogul: "this female would have revealed a number of mysteries to you. But in her stead, I am of opinion that we ought to address ourselves to my juggler Bloculocus." "Who?" replied the favorite. "That silly fellow, to whom you have granted the sole privilege of shewing the magic lanthorn in your court." "The same," answered the Sultan. "He will interpret your dream, or no body can. Let Bloculocus be called," says Mangogul.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Twenty-first and twenty-second Trials of the Ring.

Fricamona and Callipiga.

The African author does not inform us what became of Mangogul, while he waited for Bloculocus. 'Tis very probable that he went out, catechized some Toys; and that

satisfied with the intelligence he received from them, he returned to the favorite, sending forth shouts of joy, which begin this chapter. "Victory, victory!" cried he. "You triumph, madam; the castle, the porcelains, and the little Sapajou are yours."

"'Tis Egle, without doubt?" replied the favorite. "No, madam, no, 'tis not Egle," interrupted the Sultan, "but another female." "Prince," says the favorite, "envy me no longer the comfort of knowing this Phoenix."——"Well, 'tis: who would have thought it?" "It is?" says the favorite——"Fricamona," replies Mangogul.——"Fricamona!" says Mirzoza: "I see no impossibility in that. This woman has spent the greatest part of her youth in a convent; and since she left it, she has led the most edifying and most retired life imaginable. No man has set his foot within her doors, and she has, in some measure, made herself the abbess of a troop of young devotees, whom she trains up to a state of perfection, and of whom her house does not grow thin. There was nothing there to answer your purpose," added the favorite, smiling and nodding her head.

"Madam, you are in the right," says Mangogul. "I have interrogated her Toy, but no answer. I doubled the virtue of my ring, by rubbing it once and again. Nothing came of it. 'To be sure,' said I to myself, 'this Toy must be deaf:' and I was preparing to leave Fricamona on the couch where I found her, when she began to speak, by the mouth I mean.

"'Dear Acaris,' cried she, 'how happy am I in those moments, which I snatch from every thing that employs me, to deliver myself up to thee. After those which I pass in thy arms, these are the sweetest of my life.——Nothing disturbs me; around me all is silence: my curtains not quite closed, let in but just as much day as is necessary for moving me to tenderness, and gazing on thee. I command my imagination: it calls thee forth, and immediately I see thee. Dear Acaris, how beautiful thou appear'st to me!——Yes, those are thy eyes, thy smile, thy mouth. Hide not that growing bosom from me——Let me kiss it——I have not sufficiently gazed on

it.—Let me kiss it again. Ah! let me die on it——What fury seizes me?——Acaris, dear Acaris, where art thou?——Come then, dear Acaris. Ah! dear and tender friend, I swear to thee, that unknown sentiments have taken possession of my soul. It is filled with them, it is astonished at them, it is not able to contain them.——Flow, delightful tears, flow, and ease the ardor which devours me.——No, dear Acaris, no; that Alizali, whom thou prefer'st to me, will not love thee as I do—-But I hear a noise—Ah! 'tis Acaris without doubt——Come, dear female friend, come——'

"Fricamona was not deceived," continued Mangogul; "for it was Acaris herself. I left them to entertain each other; and firmly perswaded that Fricamona's Toy would persevere in its discretion, I hurried to let you know that I have lost my wager." "But," replied the Sultana, "I am quite in the dark with regard to this Fricamona. Either she must be mad, or she is cruelly afflicted with vapors. No, prince, no, I have more conscience than you may imagine. I have nothing to object to this experiment: but yet I perceive somewhat in it, that hinders me from reaping any advantage by it: and I am resolved to reap none. If ever I accept your castle and porcelaines, it must be upon a better title."

"Madam," answered Mangogul, "I do not comprehend you. You are inconceivably difficult. Sure you have not well examined the little Sapajou."

"Prince, I have thoroughly viewed it," replied Mirzoza. "I know it is a charming thing. But I suspect that this Fricamona is not the person I seek. If you desire that I should enjoy it one day or other, apply elsewhere."

"Faith, madam," says Mangogul after mature consideration, "I see none but Mirolo's mistress that can make you win the wager."

"Ah! prince, you dream," answered the favorite. "I am not acquainted with your Mirolo; but whosoever he be, since he has a mistress, he does not keep her for nothing."

"Very true," says Mangogul; "and yet I would lay another wager, that Callipiga's

Toy knows nothing at all."

"Pray be consistent with yourself," continued the favorite. "Of two things one must happen, either that Callipiga's Toy——But I was embarking in a ridiculous argument—-Prince, do whatever you think proper: consult Callipiga's Toy; if it keep silence, so much the worse for Mirolo, and the better for me."

Mangogul departed, and found himself in an instant close to the jonquil Sopha, embroidered with silver, on which Callipiga was reposing. Scarcely had he turned his ring on her, but he heard an obscure voice, which mutter'd out the following discourse. "What do you ask me? I do not comprehend your questions. I am not as much as thought of: and yet I fancy I am as good as another. Mirolo, it is true, often passes by my door, but——"

There is a considerable deficiency in this place. The Republic of Letters would certainty have great obligations to the person, who would restore the discourse of Callipiga's Toy, of which we have only the two last lines remaining. We invite the learned to study them, and consider whether this deficiency be not a voluntary omission of the author, dissatisfied with what he had said, and who yet found nothing better to say.

——"It is said that my rival has altars beyond the Alps. Alas! were it not for Mirolo, the whole universe would erect some to me."

Mangogul returned immediately to the seraglio, and repeated to the favorite the complaint of Callipiga's Toy, word for word: for he had a wonderful memory. "Every circumstance of this story, madam," said he, "concurs to make you win: I give up the whole wager; and you will thank Callipiga when you shall think proper."

"Sir," answered Mirzoza seriously, "'tis to the most confirmed virtue that I am resolved to be obliged for the wager, and not——"

"But, madam," replied the Sultan, "I know of none better confirmed than that which has seen the enemy so near."

"And for my part, prince," replied the favorite, "I understand my own meaning well: and here come Selim and Bloculocus, who shall be our judges."

Selim and Bloculocus entered: Mangogul stated the case to them, and they both gave judgment in Mirzoza's favor.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Dreams.

"My lord," said the favorite to Bloculocus, "you must render me another piece of service. Last night a crowd of extravagant fancies disturbed my head. It was a dream of a very odd kind: and I have been assured that you are the most able person of Congo in decyphering dreams. Then give me quickly the interpretation of this;" and withal she related her own.

"Madam," answered Bloculocus, "I am but a middling Oneirocritic"——"Pray spare these terms of art," cried the favorite: "drop your learning, and talk reason to me."

"Madam, you shall be obeyed. I have some singular notions relating to dreams: and to this alone perhaps I am indebted for the honour of conversing with you, and for the epithet of Saturnine. I will explain them to you with all the perspicuity I am capable of.

"You are not ignorant, madam," continued he, "of what the bulk of philosophers, with the rest of mankind, deliver on that subject. They say, that the objects which most sensibly struck us the preceding day, employ our soul in the night. The traces which they imprinted on the fibres of our brain, subsist. The animal spirits, accustomed to flow to certain places, pursue a course which is become familiar to them: and thence arise these involuntary images which afflict or rejoice us. In this system I should think, that a happy lover ought always to be well served by his dreams. Nevertheless it frequently happens that a person who is not cruel to him, while he is awake, in his sleep treats him like a slave; or that instead of enjoying a charming woman, he finds a little deformed monster in his arms."

"That is exactly my adventure of last night," interrupted Mangogul: "for I seldom pass a night without dreaming. It is a family disease; and we dream from father to son, since the Sultan Togrul, who dream'd in 743500000002, and began the custom. Now, madam, last night you appeared to me," says he to Mirzoza. "'Twas your skin, your arms, your breast, your neck, your shoulders, this firm flesh, this easy shape, this incomparable Embonpoint, in a word it was yourself; excepting this circumstance, that instead of that charming face, that adorable head which I expected to find, I found myself nose to nose with the snout of a Dutch pug.

"I scream'd out dreadfully; my chamberlain Kotluk ran to me, and ask'd me what was the matter. 'Mirzoza,' answered I, half asleep, 'has just now undergone the most hideous metamorphosis. She is become a Dutch dog.' Kotluk did not think proper to awake me: he withdrew, and I fell asleep again: but I can assure you that I knew you wonderfully well, your body with a dog's head. Will Bloculocus give me the explanation of this phænomenon?"

"I do not despair of doing it," answered Bloculocus, "provided your highness will agree with me in one very plain principle; which is, that all beings have many conformities one with another, by qualities which are common to them: and that it is a certain combination of qualities which characterizes and distinguishes them."

"That is evident," replies Mirzoza. "Ipsiphila has feet, hands, and a mouth, like a woman of sense;" "and Pharasmena," adds Mangogul, "wears her sword like a man of courage."

"If a person is not sufficiently acquainted with the qualities, the combination of which characterizes this or that species; or if he passes a hasty judgment, that this combination does or does not belong to this or that individual; he runs the risque of mistaking copper for gold, a paste for a brillant, a calculator for a geometrician, a retailer of phrases for a wit, Crito for an honest man, and Phedima for a pretty woman," added the Sultana.

"Well, madam," replies Bloculocus, "do you know what might be said of those who pass these judgments?"

"That they dream wide awake," says Mirzoza.

"Very well, madam," continued Bloculocus; "and nothing is more philosophical or more exact in a thousand circumstances than this familiar expression: I believe you dream: for nothing is more common than men who fancy that they reason, and in reality only dream with their eyes open."

'"Tis of those," interrupted the favorite, "one may literally say, that their whole life is but a dream."

"I cannot too much admire, madam," replied Bloculocus, "the ease with which you comprehend such abstruse notions. Our dreams are but precipitate judgments which succeed each other with incredible rapidity, and by bringing objects together, whose sole connexion is by very distant qualities, compose one whimsical image."

"If I understand you right," said Mirzoza, "as I think I do, a dream is a piece of patch-work, the patches of which are more in number, more regularly fitted, according as the dreamer has a more lively turn of thought, a more rapid imagination, and a more faithful memory. Might not madness also consist in this? And when an inhabitant of the Petites Maisons cries out that he sees lightning, hears the rattling of thunder, and that gulphs gape under his feet; or when Ariadne at her glass smiles at herself, finds her eyes sparkling, her complexion charming, her teeth white, and her mouth little; might not one justly say, that these two disordered brains, deceived by very distant affinities, look on imaginary objects as present and real?"

"You have hit it off, madam: yes, a due examination of mad folks will convince any body, that their condition is but a continual dream."

"I have," says Selim addressing himself to Bloculocus, "some facts by me, to which your notions are very applicable; which makes me resolve to adopt them. Once I

dream'd that I heard some brayings, and that I saw two parallel rows of singular animals coming out of the great mosque; they walk'd gravely on their hinder feet: the hoods in which their snouts were muffled up, had two holes in each, thro' which issued two long moveable hairy ears; and very long sleeves envelopped their fore feet. I rack'd my brain at the time, to find some meaning, in this vision: but I now recollect that I had been at Montmartre[1] the preceding evening."

[1] A hill near Paris famous for asses.

"Another time, while we were in the field, commanded by the great Sultan Erguebzed in person, and I, harassed by a forced march, was taking a nap in my tent, I thought I had the conclusion of an important affair to sollicite in the divan: I went to appear before the council of regency: but you may judge how much I had reason to be surprized. I found the hall full of racks, troughs, mangers, and coops for fowls; in the great Seneschal's easy chair I saw but an ox chewing the cud; in the Seraskier's place, a Barbary sheep; on the Testesdar's bench, an eagle with a hooked bill and long talons; instead of the Kiaja and Kadilesker, two large owls cloathed in fur; and for Visirs, geese with peacocks tails. I presented my petition, and instantly heard a horrible racket, which awaked me."

"Is that a dream of very difficult interpretation?" said Mangogul, "you had at that time some affair in the divan, and before you went thither, you took a walk to the Menagerie: but Signor Bloculocus, you tell me nothing concerning my dog's head."

"Prince," answer'd Bloculocus, "'tis a hundred to one, that madam wore, or you had observed some other lady wear a sable tippet; and that the first Dutch dog, which you saw, struck your imagination. There you have ten times more connections than is requisite to employ your mind during your sleep: the resemblance of colour made you substitute hair for a tippet, and in an instant you planted an ugly dog's head in the place of a very beautiful woman's head."

"Your notions to me appear just," replied Mangogul: "why do you not publish them?

they may contribute to the progress of divination by dreams, an important science, which was much cultivated two thousand years ago; and has since been too much neglected. Another advantage of your system is, that it would not fail throwing light on several works, both ancient and modern, which are but a string of dreams; such as Plato's treatise of idea's, the fragments of Hermes Trismegistus, the literary paradoxes of father Harduin, the Newton, the optic of colours, and the universal mathematicks of a certain Bramin. For example, would you not inform us, Mr. Conjurer, what Orcotomus had seen in the daytime, when he dream'd his Hypothesis; what father C—— had dreamt, when he set about constructing his organ of colours; and what was Cleobulus's dream, when he composed his tragedy?"

"With a little meditation, Sir," answered Bloculocus, "I might compass all that: but I reserve these nice phænomena for the time, when I shall put out my translation of Philoxenus, for which I beseech your highness to grant me the privilege."

"With all my heart," says Mangogul: "but who is this same Philoxenus?"——"Prince," replies Bloculocus, "he is a Greek author, who was very knowing in the subject of dreams."——"Then you understand Greek?"——"Who I, Sir, not a syllable."——"Have you not told me that you are translating Philoxenus, and that he wrote in Greek?" "Yes, Sir; but in order to translate a language, it is not necessary to understand it: because translations are made for those only, who understand it not."

"That is wonderful," says the Sultan; "Signor Bloculocus, well then translate Greek without understanding it. I give you my word, that I will keep the secret, and it shall not make me honour you one jot the less."

CHAP. XL.

Twenty-third Trial of the Ring.

Fannia.

There still remain'd a good part of the day, when this conversation was closed:

which determined Mangogul to make one trial of his ring, before he retired to his appartment; tho' it were purely to fall asleep on more chearful idea's than those which had hitherto employ'd him. He went directly to Fannia's house; but found her not. He return'd thither after supper; she was still absent. Wherefore he put off his experiment to the next morning.

Mangogul, says the African author, whose Journal we translate, was at Fannia's house by half an hour after nine this morning. She was but just put to bed. The Sultan drew near her pillow, view'd her for some time, and could not conceive how, with so few charms, she had run through so many adventures.

Fannia is fair even to insipidity, tall, ungainly, with an indecent gait, no features, few Agrémens, and an air of intrepidity, intolerable any where but at court. As for wit, she is allowed to have just as much as gallantry can communicate: and a woman must be born very weak, if she has not acquired a stock of jargon after a score of intrigues; for Fannia was advanced thus far.

At this time she was possessed by a man suited to her character. He gave himself little or no concern about her infidelities; tho' indeed he was not as well informed as the public, how far she carried them. He had taken Fannia by caprice, and kept her by habit; like a piece of furniture. They had spent the night at the ball, went to bed at nine, and fell asleep without ceremony. Alonzo's indifference would not have suited Fannia, were it not for her easy humour. Thus our couple were sleeping soundly back to back, when the Sultan turn'd his ring on Fannia's Toy. It instantly began to speak, its mistress to snoar, and Alonzo to awake.

After yawning several times; "this is not Alonzo, what's o'clock, who wants me? your business," said the Toy. "I think I have not been long in bed, let me take another nap."

The Toy was preparing to compose itself to rest accordingly; but that was not the Sultan's intention. "What persecution," resumed the Toy. "Once more who wants

me, and for what? 'tis a misfortune to be born of illustrious ancestors: how unhappy is the condition of a titled Toy! if any thing could console me for the fatigues of my state, it would be the goodness of the nobleman, whose property I am. Oh! he is certainly the best man in the world in that regard. He has never given us the least uneasiness: and in return we have made great use of the liberty he granted us. What would have become of me, great Brama, if I had fallen to the share of one of those insipid wretches, who are always upon the watch? what a fine life we should have led!"

Here the Toy added some words, which Mangogul understood not, and then with surprising rapidity fell to sketching out a crowd of heroic, comic, burlesque, and tragicomic adventures: and it was almost out of breath, when it continued in these terms. "You see I have some memory. But I am like all others; I have retained but the smallest part of what I have been intrusted with. Be satisfied therefore with what I have related to you, I can recollect no more at present."

"'Tis pretty well," said Mangogul within himself; but still he urged afresh. "Lud, how teizing you are," resumed the Toy: "As if one had nothing better to do than to prate. Come then, since it must be so, let us prate on: perhaps when I have told all, I shall be permitted to do something else.

"My Mistress Fannia," continued the Toy, "thro' an inconceivable spirit of retirement, quitted the court, to shut her self up in her house at Banza. It was then the beginning of autumn, and every body was out of town. And if you ask me what she did there; Faith, I can't tell. But Fannia never did but one thing; and if she had been employ'd that way, I should have known it. Probably she was out of work: true, I now recollect, we spent a day and a half in perfect idleness, which threw us into a cruel fit of the vapors.

"I was heart-sick of this sort of life, when Amisadar was so good to relieve us from it.—-'Ah! you are there, my poor Amisadar, indeed you give me great pleasure. You

come to me very opportunely.'——'And who knew that you were at Banza?' replied Amisadar.—'No body truly; and neither you nor any one else will ever imagine what brought me hither. Don't you guess at the cause?'——'No, really, I cannot comprehend it.'—'Not at all?'—'No, not at all.'—'Well then know, my dear, that I resolved to be converted'—'You, to be converted?'——'Yes, I'——'Look on me a little: but you are as charming as ever, and I see nothing in that countenance that bespeaks conversion. This is all pleasantry'——'No, faith, I am serious. I am determined to renounce the world. I am tired of it'——'This is a whim, that will soon fly off. Let me die, if ever you run into devotion'——'I will, I tell you: there is no sincerity in man'——'Pray has Mazul fail'd you?'——'I have not seen him this age.'——'Then it must be Zumpholo?'——'Less still, I have ceased seeing him, I can't tell how, without thinking about it.'——'Ah! I have it, 'tis young Imola?'—'Good, who can fix such fribbles?'—'What is it then?'——'I can't tell, I am angry with the whole earth?'——'Ah! Madam, you are in the wrong; for this earth, at which you are angry, might furnish you wherewithal to repair your losses.'——'Then, Amisadar, you sincerely believe that there are still some good souls, who have escaped from the corruption of the age, and are capable of love?'——'How, love! Is it possible that you give into those pitiful notions? you expect to be loved, you?'——'And why not?'——'But reflect, madam, that a man who loves, pretends to be loved, and alone too. You have too much good sense, to enslave your self to the jealousies and caprices of a tender and faithful lover. Nothing so fatiguing as these folks. To see but them, to love but them, to dream of none but them, to have no wit, humour, or charms but for them; all this most certainly does not suit you. It would be pleasant to see you stive yourself up in, what is called, the noble passion, and give your self all the awkward airs of a little female cit.' 'Well, Amisadar, you seem to be in the right. I verily think it would ill become us to run into fawning love. Let us change then, since it must be so. Besides, I do not see, that those loving women, whom they set us as models, are happier than

others'——'Who told you so, madam?'——'No body, but it is easily foreseen.'——'Trust not to such foresight? A loving woman constitutes her own, and her lover's happiness: but this part is not suited to all women.'——'Faith, my dear, it is suited to none: for all, who attempt it, are sufferers. What advantage is there in fixing to one?'——'A thousand, a woman, who fixes her affections, will preserve her reputation; will be sovereignly esteemed by the man she loves; and you cannot imagine, how much love owes to esteem.'——'I do not comprehend your meaning, you make a jumble of reputation, love, esteem, and I can't tell what besides. Would you be understood, that inconstancy must dishonour a woman? How, I take a man, and find he does not answer my expectations: I take another, and am still disappointed: I change him for a third, who does not turn out a jot better: and because I have had the misfortune to make a score of wrong choices, instead of pitying me, you would'——'I would, madam, advise a woman who has been deceived in her first choice, not to make a second; for fear of being deceived again, and running from one error into another.'——'Good God, what strange morality! I fancy, my dear, that you preached me a quite different sort just now. Might one be informed what sort of woman would hit your taste?'——'Most willingly, madam but 'tis late, and the discourse would run into too great a length.'——'So much the better: I am alone, and you will be company for me. Thus the affair is settled, is it not? Seat yourself on this couch, and go on: I shall hear you more at ease.'

"Amisadar obey'd, and sate down by Fannia. 'That mantelet of yours, madam,' says he, leaning towards her, and uncovering her bosom, 'wraps you up strangely.'—'You say right.'——'Why then do you hide such beautiful things?' added he, kissing them.——'Come, ha' done. Do you know that you are mad? You are become intolerably impudent. Mr. Moralist, resume the conversation which you began.'

"'Well then,' said Amisadar, 'I would be glad to find in my mistress a good figure, good sense, good sentiments, and decency above all. I would have her approve my attendance; not deceive me by looks; make me thoroughly sensible, once at least,

that I am agreeable to her; and even inform me how I may become still more so; not conceal from me the progress I make in her heart; give ear to none but me, have no eyes but for me; neither think, nor even dream, but of me; love but me; busy herself about nothing but me; do nothing but what may tend to convince me of all this: and at length yielding herself up to my transports, let me plainly perceive that I owe every thing to my love and to hers. Oh, what a triumph, madam! And how happy is the man who possesses such a woman!'——'Alas, my poor Amisadar, you are certainly out of your senses. You have drawn the portrait of woman who does not exist.'——'Pardon me, madam, there are some in being. I own that they are rare; but yet I have had the good fortune to light of one. Alas! If death had not snatch'd her from me, for 'tis death alone that ever robs one of such women, perhaps I should be in her arms at present'——'But how then did you behave with her?'—'I loved to distraction, and miss'd no opportunity of giving her proofs of my passion. I had the sweet satisfaction of seeing that they were well received. I was scrupulously faithful to her, and she to me. The only disputes between us were, whose love was strongest; and in these little debates it was, that we laid our hearts open. We were never so fond as after this scrutiny of our souls. Our caresses always became more tender and vigorous after our explanations. Oh! what love and truth were then in our looks! I read in her eyes, and she in mine, that we burned with equal and mutual ardor.'——'And whither did all this lead ye?'——'To pleasures unknown to all mortals less amorous and sincere than us.'——'You enjoyed?'——'Yes I enjoyed, but a good on which I set an infinite value. If esteem does not intoxicate, at least it hightens the intoxication considerably. We unbosom'd ourselves without reserve, and you can't imagine how much it strengthened our passion. The more I examined, the more perfections I discovered, and the greater were my transports. I spent half my time at her feet, and I regretted the loss of the rest. I made her happiness, and she filled up the measure of mine. I always saw her with pleasure, and always quitted her with pain. Thus we lived together: and now, madam, you may judge if loving

women are so much to be pitied'——'No they are not, if what you tell me be true; but I can scarcely believe it. There is no such love as you describe. Nay, I imagine, that such a passion as you have felt, must make a man purchase the pleasures it affords at the expence of great uneasinesses.'——'I had some, madam, but I was fond of them. I felt some twitches of jealousy. The least alteration which I remarked in her countenance, spread the alarm all over my soul.'——'What extravagance! Upon mature consideration, I conclude that it is better to love in the present fashionable way; to take a lover at one's ease, keep to him while he amuses, quit him when he becomes tiresome, or that our fancy speaks for another. Inconstancy affords a variety of pleasures unknown to you languishing folks.'——'I grant that that method may be proper enough for little kept mistresses and common women; but does not suit with a man of tenderness and delicacy. At most it may amuse him, when his heart is disengaged, and he is willing to make comparisons. In a word, a woman of gallantry is by no means of my taste.'——'You are in the right, my dear Amisadar, you have a ravishing way of thinking. But do you love any thing at present?'——'Nothing, madam, but yourself; and I dare not tell you so neither.'——'Ah! my dear, dare on: you may continue,' replied Fannia, gazing on him stedfastly.

"Amisadar understood this reply thoroughly well, moved forward on the couch, fell to playing with a ribbon, which hung down on Fannia's breast, and he was not interrupted. His hand, meeting with no obstacle, slipt down lower. She continued to fire him with glances, which he did not misinterpret. For my part," says the Toy, "I found, he was a sensible man. He took a kiss on that neck, on which he had bestowed so many encomiums. He was desired to stop, but in such a tone as plainly shewed that she would take it ill, if he obeyed; and accordingly he did not. He kissed her hands, returned to her neck, passed to her mouth: nothing resisted him. Insensibly Fannia's leg was on Amisadar's thighs. He put his hand on it: it was soft, and Amisadar did not fail to remark it. His elogy was heard with an air of

distraction. By favor of this inattention, Amisadar's hand advanced, and with rapidity reached her knees. The absence of mind still continued; and Amisadar was preparing for the charge, when Fannia came to herself. She accused the little philosopher of want of respect; but he became so absent in his turn, that he did not hear one word, or at least made no other answer to the reproaches she threw on him, but by compleating his happiness.

"What a charming man he appear'd to me! Of the multitude of those, who preceded and followed him, not one was ever so much to my taste. I cannot mention him without panting. Pray suffer me to recover breath! I think I have spoken a pretty sufficient time, considering it is my first speech."

Alonzo did not lose one single Word of Fannia's Toy; and he was no less impatient than Mangogul to hear the remaining part of the adventure: but neither of them had time to be out of patience, when the tale-telling Toy resumed in these words.

"All that I can comprehend after serious consideration, is, that in some few days Amisadar went to the country, that he was asked the reason of his stay in town, and that he related his adventure with my mistress. For somebody of Amisadar's and her acquaintance, passing by our door, enquired either by chance or design, if madam was at home, sent in his name, and went up.——'Ah! madam, who could imagine you were in Banza? and how long are you here?'——'An age, my dear, this fortnight, that I have renounced society.' 'May I presume to ask, madam, upon what account?'——'Alas! because I was tired of it. Women are become such strange libertines, that there is no bearing them. One must either do as they do, or pass for a silly creature; and sincerely, I think both extremes should be avoided.'——'Indeed, madam, you are become quite edifying. Pray, is it the conversation of the Bramin Brelibibi, that has wrought your conversion?'——'No, 'tis a squall of philosophy, 'tis a quint of devotion. It seized me suddenly; and it is not poor Amisadar's fault that I am not at present practising the highest austerity.'——'Then madam has seen him

lately?'——'Yes, once or twice.'——'And you have seen no body else.'——'No, truly. He is the only thinking, reasoning, active being, that has entered my doors during the eternity of my retreat.'——'That is singular'——'And what singularity is there in it?'——'Nothing but an adventure which he had the other day with a lady of Banza, alone like you, devout like you, retired from the world like you. But I must tell you the story: perhaps it will amuse you.'——'Without doubt,' replied Fannia: and immediately Amisadar's friend set about relating his adventure word for word, as I have done," says the Toy: "and when he was advanced as far as I am now.——'Well, madam,' said he, 'what do you think? Is not Amisadar a lucky man?'——'But,' answered Fannia, 'Amisadar is a lier perhaps: do you imagine that there are women so daring as to abandon themselves without shame?'——'But consider, madam,' replied Maruspha, 'that Amisadar has named no body, and it is very improbable that he has imposed'——'I begin to see thro' the affair,' says Fannia: 'Amisadar has wit, and is a handsome man, he has, to be sure, infused some notions of sensual pleasure sure into this poor recluse, which have mastered her. Yes, this must be it: this sort of folks are dangerous to hear, and Amisadar is matchless in that way.'——'How, madam,' interrupted Marsupha, 'is Amisadar the only man that has the art of perswading, and will you not do justice to others, who deserve, as much as he, a share in your esteem?—-'Pray, whom do you mean?'——'Myself, madam, who think you a charming woman, and'——'I fancy you joke. Look at me then, Marsupha. I have neither paint nor patches. My night-cap does not become me. I make a frightful figure.'——'You are mistaken, madam: that undress sets you off surprisingly. It gives you so winning and kind an air!'——

"To these gallantries Marsupha added others. I insensibly joined in the conversation; and when Marsupha had finished with me, he resumed with my mistress. 'Seriously, Amisadar has attempted your conversion; he has an admirable hand at conversions. Could you give me a sample of his morals? I would lay a wager they are much the same with mine.'——'We have thoroughly handled some points of gallantry. We

have analysed the difference between an affectionate woman and a woman of gallantry. He is for the affectionate women'——'And you too without doubt?'——'Not at all, my dear. I took great pains to demonstrate to him, that we were all alike, and that we acted upon the same principles: but he is not of this opinion. He establishes an infinity of distinctions, which, I think, exist nowhere but in his imagination. He has formed to himself, I can't tell what ideal creature, a chimæra of a woman, a non-entity in a coif.'——'Madam,' answered Marsupha, 'I know Amisadar. He is a lad of good sense, and has been very conversant with the sex. If he has told you that there were such'——'Oh! whether there are such or not,' interrupted Fannia, 'I could never conform to their customs.'——'I believe it,' said Marsupha: 'and accordingly you have chosen another sort of conduct more suitable to your birth and merit. Those silly creatures are to be abandoned to philosophers: they would never be look'd on at court.——"

Here Fannia's Toy stopt short. One of the principal perfections of these orators was to break off their discourse à propos. They talk'd as if they had never done any thing else: whence some authors have inferr'd, that they were pure machines. In this place the African author specifies all the metaphysical arguments of the Cartesians against the soul of brutes, which he applies with all possible sagacity to the prating of Toys. In a word, his opinion is, that Toys speak as birds sing; that is to say, so perfectly without having been taught, that, to be sure, they are prompted by some superior intelligence.

But you ask me how he disposes of his prince. He sends him to dine with the favorite: at least 'tis there we shall find him in the following chapter.

CHAP. XLI.

The history of Selim's travels.

Mangogul, whose thoughts ran solely on diversifying his pleasures, and multiplying the trials of his ring; after having interrogated the most interesting Toys of the court,

had the curiosity to hear some of the city Toys. But as he had no advantageous opinion of what his should learn from them, he would willingly consult them at his ease, and save himself the trouble of going to find them out.

How to bring them to him, was what embarassed him. "You are in great pain for a trifle," says Mirzoza. "Sir, you have only to give a ball, and I promise you this very night a greater number of those speech-makers than you will covet to hear."

"My heart's joy, you say right," replied Mangogul; "and your contrivance is the better still, because we shall certainly have none but those whom we have occasion for." In a moment an order was dispatch'd to the Kislar-Agasi, and the master of the revels, to prepare the ball, and to distribute no more than four thousand tickets. They were probably better judges in that country than elsewhere, of the room that six thousand persons would take up.

To amuse themselves till the hour of the ball, Selim, Mangogul, and the favorite set about telling news. "Does madam know," says Selim to the favorite, "that poor Codindo is dead?" "This is the first word I heard of it, but what did he the of?" says the favorite. "Alas, madam," answered Selim, "he fell a victim to attraction. He filled his head with this system in his youth, and it turn'd his brain in his old days." "How so?" says the favorite.

"He had found," continued Selim, "by the methods of Halley and Circino, two celebrated astronomers of Monoémugi, that a certain comet, which made so much noise towards the end of Kanaglou's reign, was to return the day before yesterday; and fearing lest it might double its steps, and he should not have the happiness of being the first to see it; he resolved to spend the night in his observatory, and yesterday morning at nine o'clock he had still his eye clung to the telescope.

"His son apprehending the consequences of so long a sitting, went to him at eight, pull'd him by the sleeve, and called him several times: Father, Father. Not a word of answer. Father, Father, repeated the young Codindo. 'It is just going to appear,'

replied Codindo: 'it will appear; zounds! I shall see it.' 'But you do not consider, dear father, that there is a dismal fog'——'I must see it, I will see it, I tell thee.'

"The young man, convinced by these answers, that the fog had got into his father's head, called out for help. The family ran to him, and sent for Farfadi; and I was with him (for he is my physician) when Codindo's servant came.——'Quick, quick, Sir, make haste, old Codindo, my master'——'Well, what is the matter, Champagne? What has befallen your master?'——'Sir, he is run mad.'——'Thy master is run mad'——'Oh! yes, Sir. He cries out that he must see beasts, that he will see beasts; that they will come. The apothecary is with him already, and they wait for you. Come quickly.'——'Maniacal,' says Farfadi, putting on his gown, and hunting for his square-cap; 'Maniacal, a terrible maniacal fit.' Then turning to the servant, he ask'd: 'Does not thy master see butterflies? Does he not pick the ends of his coverlid?'——'Oh! no, Sir,' replied Champagne. 'The poor man is on the top of his observatory, where his wife, daughters and son have much ado to hold him. Come quickly, you will find your square-cap to-morrow.'

"Codindo's disease seemed to me to be of an odd kind: I took Farfadi in my coach, and we drove to the observatory. At the bottom of the stairs we heard Codindo crying out in a furious tone: 'I must see the comet, I will see it: withdraw ye rascals and jades.'

"In all probability his family, finding that they could not prevail on him to go down to his bed-chamber, had ordered his bed up to him: for we found him lying in bed at the top of his observatory. An apothecary of the neighbourhood, and the Bramin of the parish had been called before we arrived. The latter was trumpeting into his ear: 'Brother, dear brother, your salvation is at stake: you cannot with a safe conscience expect a comet at this hour of the day: you damn yourself.'——'That is my business,' said Codindo. 'What answer will you give to Brama, before whom you are going to appear?' replied the Bramin.——'Mr. Rector,' says Codindo, without stirring his eye

from the telescope, 'my answer shall be, that it is your trade to exhort me for my money, and the apothecary's there, to extol his warm water to me; that the physician does his duty of feeling my pulse, and learning nothing from it; and I my own, of waiting for the comet.'——In vain did they teize him, they drew nothing more from him: he continued to observe with heroic courage; and he died on the leads, his left hand on his eye of that side, his right laid on the tube of the telescope, and his right eye applied close to the eye-glass; between his son, who cried that he made a false calculation; his apothecary, who proposed him a clyster, his physician, who with a toss of his head pronounced, that there was nothing more to be done; and his priest, who said to him: 'brother, make an act of contrition, and recommend yourself to Brama.——'"

"That is," says Mangogul, "what they call dying in the bed of honour." "Let us leave poor Codindo," added the favorite, "to rest in peace, and pass to some more agreeable subject." Then addressing herself to Selim, "my lord," says she, "as you are so gallant at this time of life, have so much wit, talents, and so good a mien, and lived in a court devoted to pleasures; it is no wonder if the Toys have formerly celebrated your fame. But yet I suspect that they have not told all they knew of you. I do not require this supplement: you may have good reasons for refusing it. But after all the adventures, with which this gentry have honoured you, you ought to know womankind: and this is one of those things of no consequence, which you may safely own."

"This compliment, madam," replied Selim, "would have flattered my self-love at the age of twenty: but I have gained some experience, and one of my first reflections is, that the more one practises this business, the less knowledge he obtains. I, to know women! that I have studied them much, may be allowed." "Well, what do you think of them?" said the favorite. "Madam," answered Selim, "whatsoever their Toys might have published concerning them, I esteem the whole sex as most respectable."

"Indeed, my friend," says the Sultan, "you deserve to be a Toy; you would have no occasion for a muzzle." "Selim," added the Sultana, "abandon the satyrical strain, and speak the truth." "Madam," replied the courtier, "I may possibly mix some disagreeable strokes with my narrative: do not impose the task on me of offending a sex, which has always used me well enough, and which I revere by"——"What, always veneration! I know nothing so caustic as those sweet-tongued folks, when they set on," intermitted Mirzoza; and imagining that it was through regard for her that Selim excused himself, "Let not my presence restrain you," added she: "we are contriving to amuse ourselves; and I promise upon my honour to apply to myself all the obliging things you shall say of my sex, and to leave the rest to other women. Well, you have studied women much? Pray, give us an account of the course of your studies: it must have been very brilliant, if I may judge of it by what is known of the success: and it is reasonable to presume, that this will not be contradicted by what is unknown." The old courtier complied with her desire, and began thus.

"The Toys, I own, have talked a good deal of me: but they have not told all. Those who were capable of completing my history, either are no more, or are not in our climate: and those who have begun it, have but lightly touched the subject. I have hitherto inviolably kept the secret which I had promised them; although I was better made to speak than they: but since they have broke silence, I think they have dispensed me from the obligation of keeping it.

"Born with a fiery constitution, I loved almost as soon as I knew what a beautiful woman was. I had governants which I detested; but in return I was much pleased with my mother's waiting-women. They were for the most part young and pretty: they conversed, dressed, and undressed before me without ceremony; they have even enticed me to take liberties with them, and my temper naturally inclining to gallantry, turned every thing to advantage. With these elements of instruction, at five or six years of age I was put under the care of men; and God knows how forward I was in improving them, when the ancient authors were put into my hands, and my

tutors explained certain passages, of which possibly they themselves did not penetrate into the sense. My father's pages taught me some pretty college tricks: and the perusal of Aloysia, which they lent me, gave me a vehement desire of becoming perfect. I was then fourteen years of age.

"I cast my eyes around, seeking among the women who frequented the house, one to whom I might make my addresses: but they all appeared equally proper to ease me of my irksome load of innocence. A commenced acquaintance, and still more the courage I felt to attack a person of my own age, and which failed me with regard to others, determined my choice in favor of one of my cousins. Emilia was young, and so was I: I thought her pretty, and she liked me: she was not difficult, and I was enterprizing: I had a mind to learn, and she was not less curious to know. We frequently asked one another very frank and strong questions: and one day she deceived the vigilance of her governants, and we instructed each other. Ah! how great a master is nature! it soon set us in the high road of pleasure, and we abandoned ourselves to its impulse, without the least thought of the consequences: and this was not the way to prevent them. Emilia had indispositions, which she took the less pains to hide, as she did not suspect the cause. Her mother examined her, extorted a confession of our commerce, and my father was informed of it. He made me some reprimands blended with an air of satisfaction; and it was immediately resolved that I should travel. I set out with a governor, who was charged to watch my conduct attentively, but not to put me under any restraint: and five months after, the gazette informed me, that Emilia died of the small pox; and a letter from my father, that her tenderness for me had cost her her life. The first fruit of my love serves with distinction in the Sultan's army: I have always supported him by my credit, and to this day he knows me solely as his protector.

"We were at Tunis, when I received the news of his birth and his mother's death. Her fate touched me to the quick, and I believe I should have been inconsolable, had I not embarked in an intrigue with a sea-captain's wife, who did not afford me time to

run into despair. The Tunetine was intrepid, and I was fool-hardy: for with the assistance of a rope-ladder, which she threw to me, I passed every night from my lodging on her terrass, and thence into a closet, where she put the finishing hand to my instructions; Emilia having only made a beginning. Her husband return'd from a cruize, just at the time, that my governor, who had received his instructions, urged me to cross over into Europe. I embarked on board a vessel bound for Lisbon, but not without several times taking leave of Elvira, from whom I received this diamond.

"The vessel, in which we sailed, was laden with merchandise; but the most valuable commodity on board, to my taste, was the captain's wife. She was not quite twenty: and her husband was as jealous of her as a tyger, and not quite without cause. We all soon understood one another: Donna Velina perceived that I had a liking for her; I, that I was not indifferent to her; and her husband, that he incommoded us. The sailor resolved not to lose sight of us till we were landed at Lisbon. I read in the eyes of his dear wife, how much she fretted at her husband's assiduity: mine testified the same things to her, and the husband understood us wonderfully well. We spent two whole days in an inconceivable thirst of pleasure; which would certainly have kill'd us, had not heaven assisted us: but it always assists souls in pain. Just upon our passing the Streights of Gibraltar, a furious tempest arose. I would not fail, madam, to raise the winds about your ears, and make thunder rattle over your head; to set the heavens on fire with lightning; raise the billows up to the clouds, and describe the most horrid tempest which you have ever met with in any romance; were I not giving you a history. I shall only tell you, that the captain was compelled by the sailors cries to quit his room, and expose himself to one danger for fear of another. He went up on deck together with my governor, and I threw myself without hesitation into the arms of my fair Portuguese; quite forgetting that there was any such thing in nature as a sea, storms, or tempests; that we were on board a tottering vessel; and abandoning myself without reserve to the perfidious element. Our course was rapid, and you

may well judge, madam, by the weather at that time, that I saw a great deal of land in a few hours. We put in at Cadiz, where I left a promise with the Signora to meet her at Lisbon, if my Mentor agreed to it, whose design was to go directly to Madrid.

"The Spanish women are more closely confined, and more amorous than ours. Love is managed in that country by a sort of ambassadresses, who have orders to catechize strangers, to make proposals to them, to conduct them forward and backward; and the ladies undertake the task of making them happy. I was not obliged to go through this ceremony, thanks to the conjuncture. A great revolution had lately placed a prince of the blood royal of France on the throne of this kingdom: his arrival and coronation occasioned festivals at the court, where I then appeared. I was accosted at a masquerade; and a meeting was proposed me for the next day: I accepted the challenge, and went into a little house, where I found only one man mask'd, his nose wrapp'd in his cloak, who delivered me a letter, in which Donna Oropeza put off the party to the next day at the same hour. I returned, and was introduced into an appartment sumptuously furnish'd, and well illuminated with wax tapers. My goddess did not make me wait long. She enter'd just at my heels, and rush'd into my arms without speaking a word, or taking off her mask. Was she ugly? Was she handsome? was what I knew not. I only perceived on the couch, to which she drew me, that she was young, well-made, and loved pleasure. When she found herself satisfied with my panegyricks, she unmask'd, and shewed me the original of this picture, which you see in my snuff-box."

Selim open'd, and at the same time presented the favorite with a gold box, of exquisite work, and richly adorn'd with jewels. "The present is gallant," says Mangogul: "what I esteem most in it," added the favorite, "is the portrait. What eyes! What a mouth! what a neck! But is not all this hightened?" "So little, madam," replied Selim, "that Oropeza would probably have fixed me at Madrid, if her husband, informed of our commerce, had not disturbed it by his threats. I loved Oropeza, but I loved life better still. Besides, my governor was not of opinion, that I

should expose myself to be poniarded by the husband, for the sake of enjoying his wife some few months more. Wherefore I wrote to the fair Spanish Donna a very moving farewel letter, which I stole out of some romance of that country, and set out for France.

"The monarch, who then reigned in France, was the king of Spain's grandfather, and his court was justly esteemed the most magnificent, most polite, and most gallant in Europe. I appeared there as a phænomenon. 'A young lord of Congo,' says a beautiful marquise. 'That must be surely very diverting: those men are better then ours. I think Congo is not far from Morocco.' Suppers were given, to which I was invited. Let my discourse have ever so little sense in it, it was found fine, admirable: people retracted, who had at first done me the honour to suspect that I had not common sense. 'He is a charming man,' says another court lady briskly: 'it would be murther to suffer so pretty a figure to return into a wretched country, where the women are narrowly watched by men who are no longer so. Is it true, sir? 'Tis said, that they have nothing. That is very unseemly in a man.'——'But,' adds another, 'we must keep this great boy here, (for he is well born) tho' he were only made a knight of Malta. I engage, if you will, to procure him an employment; and the dutchess Victoria, my old friend, will speak to the king in his favor, if it be requisite.'

"I soon had indubitable proofs of their good-will, and I put the marquise into a condition of pronouncing on the merit of the inhabitants of Morocco and Congo. I found that the employment, which the dutchess and her friend had promised me, was difficult to execute, and therefore gave it up. It was in this recess that I learned to form those noble passions of twenty-four hours. I circulated during six months in a vortex, where the beginning of an adventure did not wait for the end of another; because enjoyment was the only thing intended. Or if that was slow in coming, or as soon as it was obtained, we ran upon the scent of new pleasures." "What do you tell me, Selim?" interrupted the favorite. "Decency is then unknown in those countries?" "Pardon me, madam," replied the old courtier. "They have scarcely any other word

in their mouths. But the French women are no more slaves to the thing than their neighbors." "What neighbors?" says Mirzoza. "The English women," replied Selim, "who are cold and scornful in appearance, but passionate, voluptuous, vindictive; less witty and more rational than the French women. These love the jargon of sentiment, those prefer the expression of pleasure. But at London as at Paris, people love, separate, rejoin to separate again. From the daughter of a lord bishop (these are a sort of Bramins who do not keep celibacy) I passed to a baronet's wife. While he was warmly supporting the interest of the nation in the house of commons, against the attempts of the court; his wife and I had quite different debates in his house. But the session was closed, and madam was obliged to attend her knight to his manor. I then light upon a colonel's wife, whose regiment was quartered along the sea-coast: I afterwards belong'd to the lady mayoress. Ah, what a woman! I should never have seen Congo again, if the prudence of my governor, who saw me wasting away, had not redeemed me from this gally. He counterfeited letters from my family, which recalled me with all possible expedition, and we embarked for Holland: our design was to travel through Germany into Italy, where we expected frequent opportunities of vessels to carry us to Afric.

"We saw Holland only in riding post; and did not tarry much longer in Germany. All the women of rank there resemble important citadels, which must be besieged in form. They are to be reduced, but the approaches require so many measures, there are so many ifs and buts, when the articles of capitulation are to be settled, that those conquests soon tired me.

"I shall never forget the expression of a German lady of the first quality, on the subject of granting me what she had not refused to several others. 'Alas!' cried she mournfully, 'what would my father the great Alkizi say, if he knew that I abandon myself to such a low creature as a Congese.' 'He shall say nothing, madam,' replied I: 'so much grandeur affrights me, and I withdraw.' It was wisely done of me; for if my mediocrity had compromised with her highness, I might have repented it.

Brama, who protects the wholesome climes, which we inhabit, inspired me without doubt in this critical moment.

"The Italian ladies, whom we frequented afterwards, are not mounted on so high a pin. It was with them that I learned the modes of pleasure. There is indeed much caprice and whim in those refinements; but you will pardon me, ladies, if I say, that sometimes there is no pleasing you without them. From Venice and Rome I brought some merry receipts before my time unknown in our barbarous country. But I restore all the glory of them to the Italian women, who communicated them to me.

"I spent about four years in Europe, and returned through Egypt into this empire, modelled as you see, and stock'd with the rare secrets of Italy, which I soon divulged."

Here, says the African author, Selim perceiving that the common place language, which he held to the favorite on his adventures in Europe, and on the characters of the women of the countries through which he passed, had plunged Mangogul into a deep sleep, was afraid of awaking him; and therefore drew near to the favorite, and continued in a lower voice.

"Madam," said he, "were I not apprehensive that I have tired you by a narrative, which has perhaps been already too long; I would relate you the adventure, by which I commenced my operations on my arrival at Paris: I cannot think how it has escaped me."

"Tell it, my good friend," answered the favorite; "I will double my attention, and make amends, as much as I am able, for the Sultan's inattention, who sleeps."

"At Madrid," continued Selim, "we had taken recommendations for some lords of the court of France, and at our setting foot in Paris we found ourselves loaded with protestations of friendship. It was then the pleasant season of the year, and in the evenings my governor and I went to walk in the gardens of the Palais Royal. One day we were joined there by some Petits-Maitres, who shewed us the most

celebrated beauties, and gave us their history, true, or false, not forgetting themselves on every occasion, as you may well imagine. The garden was already stock'd by a great number of women; but there arrived a considerable reinforcement about eight o'clock. By the quantity of their jewels, the magnificence of their dress, and the crowd of their attendants, I took them for dutchesses at least. I spoke my thoughts to one of the young lords of the company, whose answer was, that he found I was a connoisseur; and if I was inclined, I should have the pleasure of supping that very night with some of the most lovely of them. I accepted his offer, and in an instant he slipt a word into the ears of two or three of his friends, who dispersed themselves into different parts of the walks, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned to give us an account of their negotiation. 'Gentlemen,' said they to us, 'you are expected this night to supper at the dutchess Asteria's.' Those who were not of the party, congratulated us on our good fortune: and after some turns in the gardens, they left us, and we went into our coach, in order to reap the benefit of it.

"We alight at a little door, at the foot of a very narrow pair of stairs, where we climbed up to a second floor; and I found the appartments more spacious and better furnished than they would appear to me at present. I was presented to the mistress of the house, to whom I made one of the most profound reverences, which I accompanied with so respectuous a compliment, that she was almost unhinged. Supper was served up, and I was seated next to a little charming person, who fell to acting the dutchess to admiration. Truly I can't tell how I dared to fall in love with her: but so it was."

"Then you have loved once in your life," interrupted the favorite. "Oh! yes, madam," replied Selim, "as people love at eighteen years of age, with extreme impatience to conclude an affair just broach'd. I had not a wink of sleep all that night, and at dawn of day I set about composing a most gallant letter to my Belle. I sent it, received an answer, and obtained a meeting. Neither the style of the answer, nor the yielding temper of the lady, did undeceive me; and I flew to the place of assignation, strongly

perswaded that I was going to enjoy the wife or daughter of a prime minister. My goddess was waiting for me on a grand couch: I threw myself at her feet, took her hand, kissed it with uncommon eagerness, and felicitated myself on the favor which she condescended to grant me. 'Is it true,' said I, 'that you permit Selim to love you, and to tell you so; and that he may, without offending you, flatter himself with the sweetest hope?' On ending these words, I snatch'd a kiss from her neck; and as she was recumbent I was preparing to support the attack with vigor, when she stop'd me, and said: 'Hold, my friend, you are a pretty lad, you have wit at will, you talk like an angel; but I must have four Louis d'or's.' 'What do you say,' interrupted I.——'I tell you,' replied she, 'there is nothing to be done, if you have not brought four Louis'——'How, miss,' said I quite amazed, 'is that your full value? It was well worth my while, to be sure, to come from Congo for such a trifle.' And in a moment I put myself in order, hurried down stairs, and left her.

"I began, madam, as you see, to mistake actresses for princesses." "I am quite astonished at it," replied Mirzoza, "surely the difference is very great." "I doubt not," said Selim, "but they were guilty of a hundred impertinences. But what then? A young man, and a stranger too, is not so nice an observer. And I had heard so many bad stories in Congo, on the liberties taken by the European women.——"

Here Mangogul awak'd, and yawning and rubbing his eyes, said: "By the L—d, he is still at Paris. Might one ask you, good Mr. Story-teller, when you expect to be return'd to Banza, and how long I am doomed to sleep: for 'tis proper you should know, my friend, that it is not possible to broach an account of travels without throwing me into yawnings. It is a bad habit, which I contracted in reading Tavernier and other travellers."

"Prince," answered Selim, "it is above an hour since I am come back to Banza."

"I congratulate you thereupon," replied the Sultan; and then turning to the Sultana, "madam," said he, "the hour appointed for the masquerade is come: we will set out,

if the fatigue of the journey permits you."

"Prince," answered Mirzoza, "I am ready." Mangogul and Selim slipt on their Domino's, and the favorite took hers likewise: the Sultan handed her to the ball-room where they separated, in order to mix in the crowd. Selim followed them, "and so did I," says the African author; "tho' I had a stronger inclination to take a nap than to see the dancing."

CHAP. XLII.

Twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth trial of the ring.

Masquerade, and sequel of the masquerade.

The most extravagant Toys of Banza did not fail flocking whither pleasure called them. Some came in city-coaches, some in public vehicles, and some few on foot. "I should never finish," says the African author, whose trainbearer I have the honour to be, "if I enter'd into a detail of the tricks which Mangogul play'd on them." He gave more exercise to his ring that night alone, than it ever had had, since the Genius presented him with it. He turn'd it sometimes on one, sometimes on another, and frequently on twenty together; and then it was, that the noise they made was ravishing; One cried out with a squeaking voice, "Violins, pray give us le Carillon de Dunkerque;" another in a hoarse voice, "I will have the Sautriots;" "and I the Tricotets," said a third: and a multitude at once call'd for old country-dances, such as la Bourée, les quatre faces, la Calotine, la Chaine, le Pistolet, la Mariée, le Pistolet, le Pistolet, le Pistolet. All these cries were interlarded with a million of extravagances. On one side was heard: Plague take the noodle, let him be sent to school. On another, Must I return then without my earnest? Here, who pays my coach? There, he has slipt away from me, but I'll hunt him till I find him. And again, till to-morrow; but twenty Louis's at least, or there's nothing to be done. And every where in short, speeches, which expressed desires or exploits.

In the crowd, a citizen's daughter, young and pretty, singled out Mangogul, pursued

him, and provoked him so, that he turned his ring on her. Then was her Toy heard to cry out: "Why do you fly me? Stop, charming mask, be not insensible to the ardor of a Toy, which burns for you." The Sultan shock'd at this rash declaration, was determined to punish the forward creature. He disappear'd, and sought among his guards some one who was pretty much of his make, gave him his mask and Domino, and abandoned him to the pursuits of the little female cit; who being still deceived by appearances, continued to say a thousand ridiculous things to him, whom she took for Mangogul.

The sham Sultan was no fool, he was one of those who could talk by signs: he made one, which drew the Belle into a lonesome place, where, for above an hour, she imagined herself the favorite Sultana, and God knows what mighty projects were working in her brain. But the enchantment lasted not long. After she had surfeited the pretended Sultan with caresses, she pray'd him to unmask; which he did, and shewed a physiognomy armed with a large pair of whiskers, which did not belong to Mangogul. "Oh! fy," cried the little wench, "fie"—"Fell mine little Shoul," answered the Swiss, "fat you ail? Me tought mee done you kood services enof, dat you no be angry at nowing mee." But his goddess, without answering him, slipt nimbly thro' his hands, and was lost in the crowd.

But even such of the Toys as did not aspire to so great honours, did not fail of lighting on pleasure: and they all took the road back to Banza, thoroughly satisfied with their journey.

As the company was withdrawing, Mangogul overheard two of his principal officers at high words. "She is my mistress," says one, "I have kept her these twelve months, and you are the first who has taken it into his head to tread on my heels. Why do you make me uneasy? Nasses, my friend, apply elsewhere; you will find a hundred lovely women, who will think themselves too happy to possess you." "I love Amina," replied Nasses. "I see none but her, who takes my fancy. She has given me

hopes, and you will give me leave to pursue them." "Hopes!" replied Alibeg——"Yes, hopes"——"Zounds, that is not"——"I tell you, Sir, that it is, and I expect satisfaction this moment for the lye you give me." Down they went immediately into the court yard; their scymeters were already drawn, and they were on the point of ending their dispute in a tragical manner, when the Sultan stop'd them, and forbid them to fight, before they had consulted their Helena.

They obeyed, and went to Amina's house, and Mangogul close after them. "The ball has quite spent me," said she: "my eyes are dropping out of my head. You are very cruel folks, to come the moment I was ready to get into bed: but both of ye look very oddly. May I be informed what brings ye hither?"——"A trifle," replied Alibeg. "This gentleman boasts, and even loftily," added he, shewing his friend, "that you give him hopes. Madam, how stands this matter?"—Amina was opening her mouth, but the Sultan turning his ring that very instant, she closed it, and her Toy answered for her——"In my opinion Nasses is mistaken: no, it is not he that madam chooses. Has he not a lusty footman who is a better man? Oh! how foolish these men are in imagining that dignities, honours, titles, names, words void of meaning, impose on Toys. Every one has his own philosophy, and ours consists in distinguishing personal merit, true merit, from that which is but imaginary. With Monsieur de Claville's leave, he knows less of that subject than we; which I will prove.

"You are both acquainted," continued the Toy, "with the marchioness Bibicosa. You know her amours with Cleandor, as also her disgrace, and the high devotion she professes at this day. Amina is a good friend; she has constantly kept up her former intimacy with Bibicosa, and has not ceased frequenting her house, where all sorts of Bramins are met with. On a certain day one of these pressed my mistress to speak to Bibicosa in his favor. 'Pray, what would you have me ask of her?' replied Amina. 'She is a drowned woman, who can do nothing for herself. To be sure, she will be much obliged to you for treating her still as a person of consequence. Believe me, my friend, prince Cleandor and Mangogul will never do any thing for her, and you

may freeze in the anti-chambers.'——'But, madam,' replied the Bramin, 'the affair is but a trifle, which entirely depends on the marchioness: and this it is. She has built a little chapel in her house, doubtless for the Sala, which supposes an Iman: and 'tis this place which I ask'——'What say you?' says Amina. 'An Iman: you don't consider: the marchioness wants only a Marabou, whom she will call from time to time, when it rains, or when she chooses to have the Sala, before she goes to bed: but an Iman lodged, cloathed, dieted in her house, with a salary, does not suit Bibicosa. I know her affairs. The poor woman has not six thousand Zecchins a year, and you expert her to give two thousand of it to an Iman. Surely this is a strange fancy.'——'By Brama,' replied the holy man, 'I am sorry for it: for if I had once got to be her Iman, I should soon become more necessary to her; and when one is got thus far, it rains gold and pensions. Howsoever I may appear to you, I am of Monomotapa, and do my duty extremely well.'——'Upon second thoughts,' answered Amina, with panting interruptions, 'your affair is not perhaps impossible. Pity it is, that the merit you speak of is not known.'——'One runs no risque in doing good offices to persons of my country,' replied the Monomotapan, 'pray behold.'——He forthwith gave Amina a complete proof of such surprising merit, that from that moment you lost in her eyes half the value she put on you. Well! long live the Monomotapans."

Alibeg and Nasses made long faces, and look'd on each other without uttering a word: but when they had recovered from their astonishment, they mutually embraced; and casting disdainful looks on Amina, they ran prostrate themselves at the Sultan's feet, and thank him for having undeceived them with regard to this woman, and preserved their lives and reciprocal friendship. They arrived just as Mangogul, return'd to the favorite, was relating Amina's history to her. It made Mirzoza laugh, but did not augment her esteem for the court ladies and the Bramins.

CHAP. XLIII.

Selim at Banza.

From the masquerade Mangogul went immediately to take rest; but the favorite finding that she had no inclination to sleep, sent for Selim, and pressed him to continue the history of his amours. Selim obeyed, and resumed the discourse in these terms.

"Madam, galantry did not fill up all my time: I snatched some moments from pleasure, which I bestowed on serious occupations; and the intrigues in which I was embarked, did not prevent my learning fortification, riding, fencing, music and dancing; observing the customs and arts of the Europeans, and studying their politicks and military art. On my return to Congo, I was presented to the Emperor, grandfather to the Sultan, who granted me an honourable post in his troops; and I soon was made one of all the parties of the prince Erguebzed, and consequently concerned in the adventures of pretty women. I was acquainted with some of all nations, ages, and conditions, and found very few cruel; whether it was that my rank dazzled them, that my prattle pleased them, or my person struck them. At that time I had two qualities, with which a rapid progress is made in love-affairs; assurance and presumption.

"At first I dealt among the women of quality. I took them in the evening in the circle, or at play at the Manimonbanda's: I passed the night with them, and we hardly knew each other in the morning. One of the occupations of these ladies, is to procure lovers, nay, to decoy them away from their best female friends; and the other, to get rid of them. Thro' apprehensions of ever being unprovided, while they are enjoying the sweets of one intrigue, they squint at two or three others. They possess a number of little arts to attract the man they have in view, and a thousand tricks in reserve, to disengage themselves from their present spark. This has always been, and always will be. I shall name no body; but I knew every woman of Erguebzed's court, who had any reputation for youth and beauty; and all these

engagements were formed, broken off, resumed, forgot, in less than six months.

"Disgusted with that world, I passed into its antipodes. I visited the citizen's wives, whom I found dissembling, vain of their beauty, perched on the pinacle of honour, and almost constantly beset with savage brutal husbands, or certain splaw-footed cousins, who acted the passionate lovers with their female cousins from morning till night, and were very disagreeable to me. It was impossible to be alone with these women one moment. Those animals broke in upon us perpetually, disconcerted a rendezvous; and thrust themselves into all our conversations. These obstacles notwithstanding, I brought five or six of these prattling creatures to my intended point, before I finished with any one of them. What diverted me much in their commerce, was, that they piqued themselves, on delicacy of sentiments, and I must value myself on the same; and they talk'd on that subject eno' to make one die with laughing. Besides, they required assiduity of attendance; and in their dialect I was continually deficient in this point. They preached such correct love, that there was a necessity of renouncing it. But the worst of all was, that they had your name eternally in their mouths, and that sometimes one was obliged to appear in public with them, and incur all the ridicule of a city adventure. Wherefore on a fine summer's day I bid adieu to their shops and the whole rue St. Denis for ever.

"People had then the madness of keeping private lodges. I hired one in the eastern suburb, and there successively had some of those girls who are seen and not seen; to whom one speaks, and says not a word; and whom we discard, when tired of them. I frequently mustered a set of friends and opera actresses together, and gave little suppers, which prince Erguebzed now and then honoured with his presence. Ah! madam, I had delicious wines, exquisite cordials, and the best cook in Congo.

"But nothing gave me so great amusement as an enterprize which I executed in a province remote from the capital, where my regiment was in quarters. I set out from Banza to review it; and as that was my only business, I should have been quickly

back, were it not for the extravagant project to which I devoted myself. At Baruthi there was a monastery of very beautiful nuns. I was young and beardless; and I contrived how to get admission under the disguise of a widow, who sought an asylum against the dangers of the age. I ordered womens cloaths to be made for me, then dressed myself, and went to offer myself at the grate of those recluses. I met with a very tender reception: they comforted me for the loss of my husband; the price of my board was agreed on, and in I went.

"The appartment appointed me had a communication with the dormitory of the novices. They were very numerous, most of them young, and of a surprising bloom. I was extremely polite to them, and soon became their bosom friend. In less than eight days I was let into all the interests of the little republic, informed of the several characters, and instructed in their secret history; I received confidences of all colours, and found that detraction and calumny are not better managed by us profane mortals. I observed their rules with severity, catch'd the wheedling air and smooth canting tone: and they whispered to each other, that the community would be happy, if I took the habit.

"No sooner had I thought my reputation established in the house, but I fixed upon a young virgin, who had just taken the first veil. She was an adorable nut-brown girl: she called me her mamma, and I called her my little angel. She gave me innocent kisses, and I returned very tender ones. Youth is curious: Zirziphila put me daily on the subject of matrimony, and the pleasure of husbands, and desired me to inform her: I artfully whetted her curiosity; and from question to question I led her to the practice of the lessons which I gave her. She was not the only novice that I instructed; and some young nuns came likewise to be edified in my cell. I managed the hours and meetings so dexterously, that no one interfered with another. In fine, madam, what shall I tell you? The pious widow made a numerous progeny. But when the scandal, which caused many a secret sigh, broke out, and a council of discreet matrons met, and sent for the physician of the convent; I meditated my

retreat. Wherefore in the dead of the night, when the whole house was asleep, I scaled the garden wall, and disappeared. I went to the waters of Piombino, whither the physician had sent half the convent; and there, in the habit of a cavalier, I finished the work, which I had begun under that of a widow. This, madam, is a fact which the whole empire remembers, and of which you alone know the author.

"The rest of my youth," added Selim, "was spent in the like amusements, always women, and of all sorts, seldom any mystery, a number of oaths, and no sincerity." "But at this rate," says the favorite, "you have never been in love?" "Psha!" replied Selim, "I thought much of love at that time; I aim'd at pleasure only, and at those women who were most likely to afford it me"——"But," interrupted the favorite, "is there any pleasure without loving? What can it be, when the heart says nothing?" "Alas! madam," rejoined Selim, "is it the heart that speaks at the age of eighteen or twenty?"

"But in fine, what is the result of all these experiments? What have you pronounced on women?"

"That most women have no character at all," says Selim. "That they are most powerfully influenced by three things, interest, pleasure and vanity; that perhaps there is not one of them who is not governed by one of these passions; and that those who join all the three together, are monsters."

"As for pleasure, that I can allow them," said Mangogul, who had just then joined the company: "though little dependance can be had on this sort of women, yet they are to be excused. When the constitution is wound up to a certain pitch, it is an unruly horse, which carries his rider over hedges and ditches; and most women are mounted astride on that beast." "'Tis probably for that reason," says Selim, "that the dutchess Menega calls the Chevalier Kaidar her master of the horse."

"But is it possible," says the Sultana to Selim, "that you have not had the least adventure, in which the heart was concerned. Will your sincerity tend only to

dishonour a sex which constituted your pleasures, if you were their darling. What! in so great a number of women, not one that desired, and even deserved to be beloved; that is not to be conceived."

"Ah! madam," replied Selim, "I feel, by the readiness with which I obey you, that years have not weakened the empire of a lovely woman over my heart. Yes, madam, I have loved like other folks. You desire to know all; I am going to tell all, and you will judge if I have performed a lover's part in all the forms."

"Are there any travels in this part of your history?" says the Sultan. "No, prince," replied Selim. "So much the better," says Mangogul, "for I find no propensity to sleep."

"For my part," rejoined the favorite, "Selim will allow me to take a little rest."

"Let him go to bed likewise," says the Sultan; "and while ye both are reposing, I will interrogate Cypria."

"But, prince," answered Mirzoza, "your highness does not reflect, that that Toy will lead you into a string of voyages without end."

The African author informs us in this place, that the Sultan, struck with Mirzoza's observation, took care to provide a most powerful antihypnotic. He adds, that Mangogul's physician, being his intimate friend, had given him the prescription, and that he had put it in to the preface of his book: but of that preface there remains no more than; the three last lines, which are as follow.

Take of—— of—— of—— of Mariamne, and the Paysan Par, four pages. of the Egaremens du Coeur, one sheet. of the Confessions, twenty five lines and a half.

CHAP. XLIV.

Twenty-sixth trial of the Ring.

The rambling Toy.

While the favorite and Selim were reposing after the fatigues of the preceding day,

Mangogul was viewing with astonishment the magnificent appartments of Cypria. This woman had, by means of her Toy, made a fortune equal to that of a general farmer of the revenue. After having been through a long row of chambers, each surpassing the other in richness and elegance of furniture, he came to the great salon; where, in the midst of a numerous circle, he distinguished the mistress of the house by the enormous quantity of jewels, which disfigured her; and her husband, by the good-manship painted on his countenance. Two Abbés, a wit, and three academicians of Banza, were posted at the sides of Cypria's easy chair; and towards the end of the salon fluttered about two Petits-Maitres, and a young magistrate full of airs, blowing on his ruffles, incessantly adjusting his peruke, visiting his mouth, and complimenting himself in the glass that his paint held on so well. Except these three butterflies, all the company was in profound veneration for the honorable mummy, who was seated in an indecent posture, yawned, spoke while she yawned, judged of every thing, judged ill of every thing, and was never contradicted. "How," said Mangogul within himself, who had not talked alone of a long time, and was chagrined at it; "how came she to have it in her power to dishonor a man of a good family, with so wrong a turn of mind, and such a figure as she makes?" Cypria would fain pass for fair; tho' her skin, tawney striped with red, had a good resemblance with a variegated Tulip. With large eyes, she was short-sighted; she was of a squat shape, crowded features, with a long slender nose, a flat mouth, hollow cheeks, and a narrow forehead; no neck, a dry hand, and skinny arm. With those charms it was, that she inchanted her husband. The Sultan turn'd his ring on her, and instantly she began to open. The company were deceived, thinking that Cypria spoke from her mouth, and that she was going to pass judgment: whereas her Toy began in these words.

"The history of my travels. I was born in Morocco, in the year 17000000012; and I danced on the stage of the opera, when Mehemet Tripathoud, who kept me, was named ambassador extraordinary from our potent emperor to the monarch France. I

followed him in this ambassy. The charms of the French women soon robbed me of my lover; and I speedily made reprisals. The courtiers greedy of novelty, would needs try Maroquine: for thus they nick-named my mistress. She treated them with great humanity; and her affability in six months brought her in twenty thousand crowns in jewels, as much more in cash, and a neat well furnished house. But the French are fickle, and I soon ceased to be in fashion. I did not mispend my time in galloping about the provinces: great talents require vast theatres. I suffered Tripathoud to return without me; and I devoted myself to the metropolis of another kingdom.

"Un my lord tres opulent, qui voyageoit en France, m'entraina a Londres. Oui, c'etoit la vraiment un homme. Il m'arrosoit six fois par jour, et six autres fois par nuit. Son v--t lancoit des dards de feu, comme la queue d'une Comete. Jamais n'ai-je ressenti des bottes si vives et si bien appliquées. Mais il n'etoit pas possible à la prouesse humaine de continuer ce train long tems: aussi se rallentit-il peu à peu, et je recus son ame distillée par son _Penis_. Il me fit present de cinquante mil guinées. A ce noble Seigneur succederent deux amateurs nouvellement revenus de course. Comme ils etoient amis intimes, ils me chevauchoient, comme ils avoient voyagés, en compagnie; chacun faisant tous ses efforts pour surpasser l'autre en vigeur et en feu. Pendant que l'un etoit a la rade, je remorqueois l'autre par son v--t, et je le preparois à une nouvelle attaque. Par un calcul tres moderé je contai cent quatre-vingt coups de balles, que je recus en huit jours. Mais je m'ennuiai bientot de tenir un compte si exacte: car leurs bordées ne finissoient pas. Ils me payerent douze mil guinées pour ma part des captures qu'ils avaient faites. Dés que l'hiver fut passé, ils furent contraints de mettre à la voile; et ils auroient bien voulu m'engager en qualité d'Allege: mais j'avois deja fait contract avec un Comte Allemand.

"Duxit me Viennam in Austria patriam suam, ubi venereâ voluptate, quantâ maximâ poteram, ingurgitatus sum, per menses tres integros ejus splendidè nimis epulatus hospes. Illi, rugosi et contracti Lotharingo more colei, et eo usque longa crassaque

mentula, ut dimidiam nondum acciperem, quamvis iterato coitu fractus rictus mihi miserè pateret. Immanem ast usu frequenti vagina tandem admisit laxè gladium; novasque excogitavimus artes, quibus fututionum quotidianaram vinceremus fastidium. Modò me resupinum agitabat; modò ipsum, eques adhærescens inguinibus, motu quasi tolutario versabam. Sæpe turgentem spumantemque admovit ori priapum, simulque appressis ad labia labiis, fellatrice me linguâ perfricuit. Etsi veneri nunquam indulgebat posticæ, à tergo me tamen adorsus, cruribus altera sublato, altera depresso, inter femora subibat, voluptaria quærens per impedimenta transire. Amatoria Sanchesii præcepta calluit ad unguem, et festivas Aretini tabulas sic expressit, ut nemo melius. His a me laudibus acceptis, multis florenorum millibus mea solvit obsequia, et Romam secessi.

"Quella Citta è il tempio de Venere, ed il soggiorno delle delizie. Tuttavia mi dispiaceva, que le natiche leggiadre sossero là encora più festeggiate delle più belle potte; quello che provai il terno giorno del mio arrivo in quel paese. Una Cortigiana illustre si offerisce a farmi guadagnare mila scudi, s'io voleva passar la sera con esso lei in una vigna. Accettai l'invito; salimmo in una carozza, e giungemmo in un luogo da lei ben conosciuto, nel quale due cavaliere colle braghenesse rosse si fecero incontro à noi, e ci condussero in un boschetto spesso e solto, dove cavatosi subito le vesti, vedemmo i più furiosi cazzi che risaltero mai. Ogn'uno chiavò la sua. Il trastullo poi si prese à quadrille, dopo per farsi guattare in bocca, poscia nelle tette; alla perfine, uno de chiavatori impadronissi del mio rivale, mentro l'altro mi lavorava. L'istesso fu fatto alla conduttrice mia; e ciò tutto dolcemente condito di bacci alla fiorentina. E quando i campioni nostri ebbero posto fine alla battaglia, facemmo la fricardella per risvegliar il gusto a quei benedetti Signori, i quali ci pagarono con generosita. In più volte simili guadagnai con loro sessanta mila scudi; e due altre volte tanto, con colloro che mi proccurava la Cortigiana. Mi ricordo di uno che visitava mi spesso, e che sborrava sempre due volte senza cavarlo; e d'un altro il quale usciva da me pian piano, per entrare sotilmente nel mio vicino; e per

questo bastava fare sù e giù le natiche. Ecco una uzanza curiosa che si prattica in Italia."

Cypria's Toy continued her history; in a strain half Congese and half Spanish. In all probability it was not a sufficient master of the latter language, to employ it alone. "A language is not learnt," says the African author, who would sooner hang himself, than miss a common observation, "without talking it much:" and Cypria's Toy had little or no time to talk at Madrid.

"I fled from Italy," said the Toy, "notwithstanding some secret desires that called me back, influxo malo del clima! y tuve luego la resolucion de ir me a una tierra donde pudiesse gozar mis fueros, sin partir los con un usurpador. I travelled into old Castille, where I was brought back to my simple functions: but this did not gratify my revenge. Le impuse la tarea de batter el compas en los bayles che celebrava de dia y de noche; and he performed so well, that we were reconciled. We appear'd at the court of Madrid as good friends. Al entrar de la ciudad, I link'd con un Pape venerable por sus canas: happily for me: for he had compassion for my youth, and gave me a secret, the fruit of sixty years experience, para guardar me del mal de que merecieron los Franceses ser padrinos, por haver sido sus primeros pregones. With this receipt, and a relish for cleanliness, which I vainly endeavoured to introduce in Spain, I preserved myself from all accidents at Madrid, where my vanity alone was mortified. My mistress, you know, has a very little foot. Esta prenda es el incentivo mas poderoso de una imaginacion Castellana. A little foot, serves for a pasport at Madrid to a girl, que tiene la mas dilatada fima entre las piernas. I resolved to quit a country, where I owed the greatest part of my triumphs to a foreign merit; y me arrime a un definidor muy virtuoso que passava a las Indias. Under the wings of his reverence I saw the land of promise, that country where the happy mortal without scandal carries gold in his purse, a ponyard under his girdle, and his mistress behind him. How delightful a life is spent there! What nights! Gods, what nights! Hay de mi! al recordarme de tantos gustos me méo——Algo mas——Ya, ya—-Pierdo il

sentido——Me muero——

"After spending a year at Madrid, and in America, I embarked for Constantinople. There I could not relish the customs of a people, by whom Toys are lock'd up; and I soon quitted a country, in which my liberty was in danger. However, I practised sufficiently with the Mussulmans, to perceive that they are much improved by their commerce with the Europeans: and I found in them the levity of the French, the ardor of the English, the strength of the Germans, the longanimity of the Spaniards, together with strong tinctures of the Italian refinements: in a word, a single Aga is worth a cardinal, four dukes, a lord, three grandees of Spain, and two German princes.

"From Constantinople I came, as you know, gentlemen, to the court of the great Erguebzed, where I formed the most amiable of our nobility: and when at length I became good for nought, I threw myself on that odd figure there," says the Toy, singling out Cypria's husband by a certain familiar gesture. "Gods, what a fall!"

The African author closes this chapter with an advertisement to the ladies, who might be tempted to order a translation of those parts of the the narrative, where Cypria's Toy expressed itself in foreign languages. "I should be wanting," says he, "to the duty of an historian, by suppressing them; and to the respect which I bear the sex, by preserving them in my work; without acquainting virtuous ladies, that Cypria's Toy had excessively spoil'd its speech in travelling, and that its narratives are infinitely more free than any of the clandestine lectures which it ever made."

CHAP. XLV.

Cydalisa.

Mangogul returned to the favorite, where Selim was come before him. "Well, prince," said Mirzoza, "has the account of Cypria's travels done you any good?" "Neither good nor harm," answered the Sultan: "I understood it not." "Why so?" replied the favorite. "Because," says the Sultan, "her Toy speaks like a Polyglot, all

languages but mine. It is an impertinent Story-teller, but would make a excellent interpreter." "What!" replied Mirzoza, "did you gather nothing at all from her narrative?" "But one thing, madam," answered Mangogul, "and that is, that travelling is more pernicious, if possible, to the modesty of the women, than to the religion of the men; and that there is very little merit in knowing many languages. For one may be master of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, and the language of Congo, and yet have no more sense than a Toy. Is this your opinion, madam? and what is Selim's? Now let him begin his story: but above all, no more travels. They fatigue me to death." Selim promised the Sultan, that the scene should be confined to one place, and spoke thus.

"I was about thirty years of age when I lost my father: I married to keep up my family, and I lived with my wife as becomes a husband; regards, attentions, politeness, decent behavior without much familiarity. The prince Erguebzed came to the throne: I had been in his good graces long before his reign: he continued me in them to his death, and I endeavour'd to do justice to this mark of distinction by my zeal and fidelity. The place of inspector general of his armies became vacant: I obtained it, and this post obliged me to take frequent journies to the frontiers."

"Frequent journies?" cried the Sultan. "A single one is sufficient to make me sleep till to morrow. Think of that."

"Prince," continued Selim, "it was in one of these tours that I became acquainted with the wife of a colonel of the Spahi's, whose name was Ostaluk, a man of bravery, and a good officer, but by no means an agreeable husband, jealous as a tyger, and his person was a sufficient warrant to justify that madness: for he was horribly ugly.

"He had lately espoused Cydalisa, young, lively, handsome; one of those uncommon women, for whom, at the first interview, one feels somewhat more than politeness, from whom one parts with regret, and who return a hundred times to your thoughts,

till you see them again.

"Cydalisa had a just way of thinking, expressed herself with grace: her conversation was engaging, and if a person was never tired of seeing her, he was still less so of hearing her. With these qualities she had a right to make strong impressions on every heart, and I felt their effects. I esteemed her much; from esteem I soon ran into tenderness, and all my proceedings immediately assumed the true colour of a strong passion. The ease with which I obtained my former triumphs, had somewhat spoiled me: when I attacked Cydalisa, I imagined she would not hold out long; and that being very much honoured by the pursuit of Mr. Inspector General, she would only make a decent defence. Judge then at the surprise I was thrown into by the answer which she made to my declaration. 'My lord,' said she, 'altho' I had the presumption to believe that you are touched with some charms, which I am thought to have; yet I should be a fool to listen seriously to those same discourses with which you have deceived thousands, before you addressed them to me. Without esteem, what is love? A trifle, and you do not know me sufficiently to esteem me. Whatever judgment and penetration a person may have, he cannot in two days time enter deep enough into the character of a woman, to say that she deserves to be adored. Mr. Inspector General seeks an amusement; he is in the right; and so is Cydalisa too, in amusing no body.'

"In vain did I swear to the sincerity of my passion, that my happiness was in her hands, and that her indifference would poison the rest of my life. 'Jargon,' said she, 'pure jargon. Either think no more of me, or do not believe me stupid enough to be catch'd by those trite protestations. What you have just said to me, every body says without thinking of it, and every body hears without believing it.'

"If I had had but a bare liking to Cydalisa, her severity would have mortified me: but as I loved her, it afflicted me. I set out for the court: her image followed me thither; and absence, far from weakening the passion which I had conceived for her, did but

augment it.

"Cydalisa had so far taken possession of me, that I thought a hundred times to make a sacrifice to her of the employments and rank which bound me to the court: but the uncertainty of success always withheld me.

"In the impossibility of flying to the place where I left her, I formed a project to bring her where I was. I took advantage of the confidence with which Erguebzed honoured me, by extolling the merit and valor of Ostaluk. He was named lieutenant of the Spahi's of his guard, an office which fixed him near the prince; and Ostaluk appeared at court, and with him Cydalisa, who instantly became the beauty of the day."

"You did well," says the Sultan, "to keep your employments, and call your Cydalisa to court: for I swear to you by Brama, that I should have suffered you to set out alone for the province she was in."

"She was ogled, surveyed, beset, but all in vain," continued Selim. "I enjoyed the sole privilege of seeing her every day. The more I visited her, the more graces and good qualities I perceived in her, and the more desperately I became enamoured. I fancied that possibly the remembrance of my numerous adventures might injure me in her mind; in order to efface it, and convince her of the sincerity of my love, I banished myself from company, and I saw no women but those which chance threw in my way at her house. It seemed to me as if this conduct had some effect on her, and that she relaxed somewhat of her former severity. I doubled my diligence, I asked for love, and she granted me esteem. Cydalisa began to treat me with distinction. I had some share in her confidence: she often consulted me on her family affairs, but was quite silent on those of her heart. If I expressed myself in tender sentiments, she answered me in maxims, which made me mad. This painful state had lasted a long time, when I took up the resolution to get out of it, and to know positively once for all, what I might depend on." "How did you set about it?"

said Mirzoza. "Madam, you will soon be informed," answered Mangogul: and Selim continued.

"I have told you, madam, that I saw Cydalisa every day: I began by seeing her less frequently, I went on by slackening my visits more and more, till infine I scarce saw her at all. Whenever I happened to converse with her tête à tête, I spoke as little of love as if I had never felt the least spark of it. This change astonished her: she suspected me of some secret engagement, and one day, as I was making her a narrative of the galantries of the court, 'Selim,' said she to me with an air of confusion, 'you tell me nothing concerning yourself: you relate the good fortune of others charmingly, but you are very discreet with regard to your own.' 'Madam,' answered I, "tis probably because I have none, or that I think it is proper to conceal it.' 'To be true,' interrupted she, "tis of vast consequence to conceal those things to day, which all the world will know to morrow.' 'Be that as it will, madam,' replied I, 'yet at least nobody shall have them from me.' 'Indeed,' said she, 'you are quite marvellous with your reserves; but pray who does not know that you have designs upon the fair Misis, the little Zibelina, and the nut-brown Sephera?' 'And on whom you please besides, madam,' added I coldly. 'Truly,' replied she, 'I can easily believe that these are not all: these two months past, that the sight of you is a favour, you have not been idle, and business goes on fast with those ladies.' 'I, to remain idle,' answered I; 'I should never forgive myself. My heart is made to love, and somewhat to be beloved too; and I will go so far as to own that it is: but ask me no farther questions on this head, perhaps I have already said too much.'

"'Selim,' replied she seriously, 'I have no secret for you, and you shall have none for me, if you please. How far are you advanced?'——'Almost to the end of the novel'——'And with whom?' said she earnestly——'You know Marteza'—'Yes, sure; she is a very amiable woman.' 'Well then, after having in vain tried all means to please you, I turned to that side. I was wished for above half a year; two interviews levell'd the outworks, a third will compleat my happiness; and this very

night Marteza expects me to supper. Her conversation is amusing, light, and a little caustic; but, that excepted, she is the best creature in the world. A person transacts his little affairs better with those giggling women, than with those lofty dames, who.'——'But, my Lord,' interrupted Cydalisa with a down-cast look, 'in complimenting you on your choice, may one observe to you, that Marteza is not new, and that before you, she has reckoned lovers?'——'What is that to me, madam?' replied I. 'If Marteza loves me sincerely, I look on myself as her first. But the hour of my appointment draws near, permit me.'——'One word more, my Lord. Is it really true that Marteza loves you?——'I believe it.'——'And you love her?' added Cydalisa.——'Madam,' answered I, "tis you that have thrown me into the arms of Marteza: I need say no more to you.'——I was departing, but Cydalisa pull'd me by my Doliman, and turned back in a hurry.——'Does madam want to speak with me? Has she any commands for me?'——'No, Sir, how, are you there still? I thought you were a good way off by this time.'——'Madam, I will double my pace.'——'Selim'——'Cydalisa.'——'Then you are going?'——'Yes, madam.'——'Ah! Selim, to whom do you sacrifice me? Was not Cydalisa's esteem of greater value than the favors of a Marteza?'——'Without doubt, madam,' replied I, 'if I had nothing more than esteem for you. But I loved you.'——'It is not so,' cried she with transport: 'if you had loved me, you would have distinguished my real sentiments; you would have been prepossessed with them, you would have flattered yourself, that your perseverance would in time get the better of my pride: but you grew tired, you have abandoned me, and perhaps in the very moment'——At this word Cydalisa stopt short, a sigh slipt from her, and her eyes were wet.—'Speak, madam,' said I, 'make an end. If my tenderness lasted still, notwithstanding your rigorous treatment, could you.'——'I can do nothing, you do no longer love me, and Marteza waits for you.'——'If Marteza was indifferent to me; if Cydalisa was dearer to me than ever, what would you do?'—'It would be folly to explain myself on suppositions.'——'Cydalisa, I beseech you to answer me, as if I had supposed

nothing. If Cydalisa was constantly the most lovely of her sex in my eyes; and if I never had the least design on Marteza; once again what would you do?'——'What I have always done, ingrateful man,' answered at length Cydalisa: 'I would love you.'—'And Selim adores you,' said I, falling on my knees, and kissing her hands which I water'd with my tears. Cydalisa was struck dumb, this unexpected change threw her into the utmost confusion: I took advantage of her disorder, and our reconciliation was sealed by certain marks of tenderness, which she had not power to refuse."

"And what did the good natured Ostaluk say to this?" interrupted Mangogul. "Doubtless he allowed his dear half to be generous to a man, to whom he was indebted for his lieutenancy of the Spahi's."

"Prince," replied Selim, "Ostaluk shewed great gratitude, whilst I was not listened to; but no sooner was I made happy, but he became troublesome, ill-humour'd, insupportable to me, and brutal to his wife. Not content with disturbing us in person, he caused us to be watched, we were betrayed, and Ostaluk, convinced of his pretended dishonour, had the impudence to challenge me to a duel. We fought in the great park of the Seraglio: I gave him two wounds, and obliged him to own himself indebted to me for his life.

"While he was under cure of his wounds, I never quitted his wife: but the first use that he made of his recovery, was to part us and ill-use Cydalisa. She sent me a pathetic account of her unhappy situation: I proposed carrying her off, to which she consented, and our jealous pate, returning from the chase, wherein he attended the Sultan, was vastly surprized to find himself a widower. Ostaluk, instead of giving vent to his passion in useless complaints against the author of the rape, instantly meditated revenge.

"I had Cydalisa in a country house, two leagues from Banza; and every other night I stole out of town, and went to Cisara. Mean while Ostaluk set a price on the head of

his false one, bribed my servants, and was let into my park. That evening I was enjoying the refreshing breeze there with Cydalisa; we were got to the remoter end of a dark walk, and I was on the point of lavishing the most tender caresses on her, when an invisible hand pierced her breast with a ponyard before my eyes. It was the hand of cruel Ostaluk. The same fate hung over my head: but I prevented Ostaluk, I drew my dagger, and Cydalisa was revenged. I ran to the dear woman: her heart still panted: I hastened to carry her to the house, but before I reached it she expired, her mouth closely pressing on mine.

"When I perceived Cydalisa's limbs to grow stiff in my arms, I cryed out with vehemence: my people ran to me, and forced me away from this place of horror. I returned to Banza, and shut myself up in my palace, excessively grieved at Cydalisa's death, and loading myself with the most cruel reproaches. I loved Cydalisa sincerely, and was passionately beloved by her; and I was at full leisure to consider the greatness of the loss, which I had sustained, and to mourn for her."

"But at length," said the favorite, "you comforted your self?" "Alas! madam," replied Selim, "I thought I never should; but this one thing I have learnt by it, that there is no grief eternal."

"Well," said Mirzoza, "let me hear no more of the men: there they are all. That is to say, Signor Selim, that this poor Cydalisa, whose history has moved us to compassion, and whom you have so much regretted, was a great fool to rely on your oath; and that, while Brama perhaps chastises her severely for her credulity, you pass your time pleasantly enough in the arms of another."

"Pray, madam," replied the Sultan, "calm your self: Selim loves again, Cydalisa will be revenged." "Sir," answered Selim, "your highness may possibly be misinformed. Ought I not to have learnt, once for my whole life, by my adventure with Cydalisa, that true love was too prejudicial to happiness?"—"Without doubt," interrupted Mirzoza, "and yet I would lay a wager, notwithstanding your philosophical

reflections, that you actually love another more ardently than—"

"More ardently," replied Selim, "I dare not assert: these five years past I am attached, but attached from my heart to a charming woman. It was not without difficulty, that I made her listen to me, for she had always been of a virtue!"—"Virtue!" cried the Sultan; "courage, my friend, I am charmed, when one talks to me of the virtue of a court lady." "Selim," said the favorite, "continue your story:" "and always believe, as a good mussulman, in the fidelity of your mistress," added the Sultan. "Ah! prince," replied Selim with vivacity, "Fulvia is faithful to me:" "faithful, or not," answered Mangogul, "what is that to your happiness? You believe it, and that is sufficient?" "Oh then! 'tis Fulvia that you are now in love with," said the favorite. "Yes, madam," answered Selim. "So much the worse, my friend," added Mangogul: "I have not a grain of faith in her. She is perpetually beset by Bramins, and these Bramins are terrible fellows: besides, I find she has little Chinese eyes, with a turn'd up nose; and an air thoroughly inclining to the side of pleasure. Between us, is this true?" "Prince," answered Selim, "I believe she has no aversion to it." "Well," replied the Sultan, "every thing gives way to that charm: which you ought to know better than I, or you are not"—"You are mistaken," replied the favorite, "a man may have all the sense in the world, and not know that. I wager"—"Always wagers," interrupted Mangogul: "I am out of all patience; those women are incorrigible. Pray, madam, win your castle, and lay wagers afterward."

"Madam," says Selim to the favorite, "might not Fulvia be of use to you in some station or other?" "As how?" ask'd Mirzoza. "I have observed," answered the courtier, "that the Toys have seldom or never spoke, but in presence of his highness; and I have fancied, that the Genius Cucufa, who has done so many surprising things in favour of Kanaglou the Sultan's grand-father, might have endowed his grand-son with the gift of making them speak. But Fulvia's Toy has not as yet opened its mouth, as far as I could ever learn: might it not be possible to interrogate it, in order to procure you the castle, and to convince me of the fidelity of my mistress?"

"Doubtless," replied the Sultan; "what is your opinion, madam?" "Oh! I shall not meddle in so ticklish an affair. Selim is too much my friend, to expose him, for the sake of a castle; to the risque of being made unhappy the rest of his days." "But you do not consider," replied the Sultan: "Fulvia is virtuous: Selim would run his hand into the fire to prove it. He has said it, and he is not a man to flinch from his word." "No, Prince," answered Selim, "and if your highness will give me a meeting at Fulvia's house, I will certainly be there before you." "Be cautious of what you propose," replied the favorite. "Selim, my poor Selim, you go very fast, and how worthy soever you are of being beloved"—"Fear not, madam; since the dye is cast, I will hear Fulvia: the worst that can befal me, is to lose a faithless woman." "And to die of regret," added the Sultana, "for having lost her." "What a romance," says Mangogul. "You believe then that Selim is become very weak. He has lost the lovely Cydalisa, and yet there he is full of life; and you pretend, that if he happened to find Fulvia unfaithful to him, it would kill him. I'll insure him to you as immortal, if he is never demolished but by that stroke. Selim, to morrow at Fulvia's, do you hear? you will have notice of the hour." Selim bow'd, Mangogul quitted the company: the favorite continued to remonstrate to the old courtier, that he play'd a high game. Selim thank'd her for her tokens of good will, and each retired in expectation of the great event.

CHAP. XLVI.

Twenty-seventh Trial of the Ring.

Fulvia.

The African author, who had promised to bring Selim's character into some part of his book, has thought fit to place it here: and I have too much esteem for the works of antiquity, to assert that it would come in better some where else. "There are," says he, "some men, whose merit gives them access every where, who by their graceful person, and free easy wit, are in their youth the darlings of many women; and whose

gray hairs are respected, because having known how to reconcile their duties with their pleasures, they have rendered their middle stage of life illustrious, by services done for the state: in a word, men, who at all times are the delight of society. Such was Selim. Though he had reached sixty years, and that he had entered the list of pleasure early; a strong constitution and some management had preserved him from the infirmities of age. A noble air, an easy carriage, insinuating language, a great knowledge of the world, founded on long experience, the habit of dealing with the sex, made him to be regarded at court, as a man whom every body would chuse to resemble, but who would be unsuccessfully copied, for want of being endowed by nature with the talents and genius which had distinguished him.

"Now I desire to know," continues the African author, "if this man had reason to make himself uneasy on the score of a mistress, and to spend the night like a mad man? For the fact is, that a thousand reflexions rolled in his head; and the more he loved Fulvia, the more he feared to find her unfaithful. 'Into what labyrinth have I thrust my self?' said he to himself. 'And to what purpose? What advantage will accrue to me, in case the favorite should win a castle; and what will be my fate, if she loses it? But why should she lose it? Am I not certain of Fulvia's love? Ah! I am in the sole and entire possession of her; and if her Toy speak, it will be of me alone.—But if the treacherous—no, no, I should have had some previous notion of it; I should have observed some unevenness in her temper. Some time or other, these five years past, she would have betrayed herself.—Yet the trial is dangerous.——But it is now no longer time to recoil, I have lifted the vessel to my mouth, I must finish, tho' I were to spill the liquor.——Perhaps also the oracle will be in my favour.—Alas! what can I expect from it? Why must others have failed in their attacks on that virtue, over which I have triumphed?——Ah! dear Fulvia, I wrong thee by my suspicions, and I forget what it cost me to conquer thee. A ray of hope enlightens me, and I flatter myself that thy Toy will obstinately keep silence.——'"

Selim was in this agitation of mind, when he received a card from the Sultan, which contained these words: This night, precisely at half an hour after eleven, you will be where you know. Selim took his pen, and answered with a trembling hand: Prince, I will obey.

Selim passed the rest of the day, as he had done the preceding night, fluctuating between hope and fear. Nothing is truer, than that lovers have an instinct: if their mistress be unfaithful, they are seized with an horror much like to that, which animals feel at the approach of bad weather. The suspicious lover is a cat, whose ear itches in cloudy weather. Animals and lovers have this property also in common, that domestic animals lose this instinct, and that it grows dull in lovers, when they are converted into husbands.

The hours seemed very tedious to Selim, he look'd a hundred times on his watch: infine the fatal moment came, and the courtier went to visit his mistress. It was late, but as he had admission at all hours, Fulvia's appartment was opened for him——"I had given you over," said she, "and I went to bed with a swimming in my head, which I owe to the impatience you have thrown me into"——"Madam," answered Selim, "business and respect have detained me with the Sultan; and since I parted from you, I have not been master of myself one moment." "And for my part," replied Fulvia, "I have been in a dreadful humour. How! two whole days without seeing you."—"You know," answered Selim, "what my rank obliges me to: and let the favour of the great appear ever so fixed"——"How," interrupted Fulvia, "has the Sultan shewn you any coldness? Has he forgot your services? Selim, you are pensive, you do not answer me.——Alas! if you love me, of what avail is the prince's good or bad reception to your happiness. It is not in his eyes, it is in mine, 'tis in my arms that you are to seek it."

Selim listened attentively to this discourse, examined the countenance of his mistress, and in its motions sought that character of truth, in which a person is not

deceived, and which is impossible to counterfeit well: when I say impossible, I mean to us men: for Fulvia was so perfectly composed, that Selim began to blame himself for having suspected her, when Mangogul entered the room. Fulvia was silent in an instant, Selim trembled; and the Toy said: "In vain does my lady make pilgrimages to all the Pagoda's of Congo, she will have no children; for reasons well known to me, who am her Toy.——"

At this declaration a deadly paleness seized Selim: he attempted to rise, but his trembling knees failed him, and he fell back into his seat. The invisible Sultan step'd up to him, and whispered in his ear: "Have you enough?" "Alas! Prince," replied the melancholic Selim, "why did I not follow the advice of Mirzoza; and the misgivings of my own heart? My happiness is eclipsed, I am a lost man: I die, if her Toy does not speak; if it does, I am a dead man: let it speak out however. I expect frightful intelligences; but I fear them less than I hate the state of perplexity, in which I am.——"

In the mean time Fulvia's first motion was to put her hand on her Toy, and to shut its mouth: what it had hitherto said, might bear a favorable interpretation: but she dreaded the sequel. As she began to take courage on account of its remaining silent, the Sultan, urged by Selim, turned his ring: Fulvia was obliged to spread her fingers, and the Toy went on.

"I will never hold, I am too much harassed. The too assiduous visits of so many holy men will always obstruct my intentions, and madam will not have any children. If I had been regaled by none but Selim, I might possibly prove fruitful: but I lead the life of a gally-slave. This day fatigued by one, to morrow by another; and always at the oar. The last man which Fulvia sees, is always the person, whom she believes destined by heaven to perpetuate her race. None can be safe from this fancy. O how tiresome is the condition of the Toy of a titled lady, who has no heirs! These ten years past, I am exposed to people, who were not made even to lift their eyes up to

me."

Here Mangogul was of opinion that Selim had heard enough, to cure him of his perplexity: wherefore he exempted him from the remaining part, turned off his ring, and went away, abandoning Fulvia to the reproaches of her lover.

At first the miserable Selim was petrified: but his fury giving him strength and speech, he darted a scornful look on his unfaithful mistress, and said: "Ingrateful, perfidious woman, if I loved you still, I would take revenge: but as you are unworthy of my affection, so you are likewise of my wrath. A man like me, Selim to be mixed with a pack of scoundrels.——"

"Truly," interrupted Fulvia smartly, in the strain of an unmasked courtisan, "it much becomes you to give yourself airs for a trifle: instead of thanking me for concealing matters from you, which would have made you mad at the time of their transacting; you take fire, you fly into a rage, as if you had been injured. And pray, Sir, what reason can you have for preferring yourself to Rickel, to Seton, to Mollio, to Tachmas, to the most amiable cavaliers of the court, from whom their mistresses won't be at the pains even of cloaking the slips they make. Consider, Selim, that you are exhausted, infirm, and long incapable of engrossing a pretty woman, who is not a fool. Acknowledge then, that your presumption is ill-timed, and your rage impertinent. Infine you may, if you are dissatisfied, leave the field open to others, who will make better use of it." "So I do, and most heartily," replied Selim with excessive indignation: and went away, fully resolved never more to see that woman.

He went home, and shut himself up for some days, less grieved for his loss, than for his long error. Not his heart, but his vanity suffered. He dreaded the reproches of the favorite, and the jokes of the Sultan; and he shun'd the one and the other.

He was upon the point of resolving to renounce the court, to go into retirement, and turn philosopher for the remaining part of a life, of which he had thrown away a great part in quality of a courtier; when Mirzoza, who guess'd his thoughts,

undertook to comfort him, sent for him to the Seraglio, and made him this speech. "Well, my poor Selim, then you abandon me? 'Tis not Fulvia, it is me that you punish for her infidelity. We are all concerned for your adventure, we agree that it is vexatious: but if you set any value on the Sultan's protection and my esteem, you will continue to enliven our company, and you will forget that Fulvia, who never was worthy of a man like you."

"Madam," answered Selim, "age admonishes me that it is high time for me to retire. I have sufficiently seen the world; and four days ago I would have boasted that I knew it. But Fulvia's stroak confounds me. Women are indefinable, and I should hate them all, if you had not been included in the sex, of which you have all the charms. May Brama grant, that you never imbibe their perverseness. Farewell, madam, I am going to give myself up to useful reflections in solitude. The remembrance of the favours, with which you and the Sultan have honoured me, will follow me thither; and if my heart forms any vows henceforth, they will be for your happiness and his glory."

"Selim," replied the favorite, "your chagrine is your adviser. You are afraid of mockery, which you will less avoid by withdrawing from court, than by remaining at it. Have as much philosophy as you will, this is not the time to put it in practice; your retreat will be attributed to peevishness and melancholy. You are not framed to confine yourself in a desert; and the Sultan——"

Mangogul's arrival interrupted the favorite: she informed him of Selim's design. "Then he is turn'd fool," says the prince; "is it possible that the base usage of that little Fulvia has turn'd his head." And then addressing himself to Selim——"That shall not be, my friend, you shall stay," continues he: "I want your counsel, and madam your company. The welfare of my empire, and Mirzoza's satisfaction require it, and it shall be."

Selim, moved with the sentiments of Mangogul and the favorite, bowed

respectuously, staid at court, was loved, cherished, sought for, and distinguished by his favour with the Sultan and Mirzoza.

"During the reign of Mangogul's grand-father Kanaglou the women start walking on their hands and tumbling, fulfilling the prediction of a fairy."

CHAP. XLVII.

Prodigious events of the Reign of Kanaglou, Mangogul's Grand-father.

The favorite was very young. Born towards the end of Erguebzed's reign, she had scarce any idea at all of the court of Kanaglou. A word accidentally dropt had given her a curiosity to know the prodigies, which the genius Cucufa had wrought in favour of that good prince; and none could more faithfully inform her than Selim. He had been an eye-witness and even a sharer in them, and was throughly versed in the history of his time. One day that he was alone with her, Mirzoza put him on that topic, and asked him if the reign of Kanaglou, which made so great noise, had seen greater wonders, than those, which then engrossed the attention of Congo?

"I have no interest, madam," answered Selim, "in preferring times past to those of the reigning prince. Great things are come to pass under him, but they are perhaps no more than specimens of those which will continue to render Mangogul illustrious; and my time is too far advanced, to flatter my self with seeing them." "You are mistaken," replied Mirzoza; "you have acquired, and will keep the epithet of eternal. But tell me what you have seen."

"Madam," continued Selim, "Kanaglou's reign was long, and our poets have named it the golden age. This title suits it upon several accounts. It has been signalized by successes and victories: but the advantages were blended with crosses, which prove that this gold was sometimes mixed with bad alloy. The court, which sets the example to the rest of the empire, was very gallant. The Sultan had mistresses, the nobility piqued themselves on imitating him, and the lower people insensibly assumed the same air. The magnificence in dress, furniture, and equipages, was

excessive. Delicacy in feasting was reduced to an art. People gam'd high, ran in debt, paid no body, and spent while they had either money or credit. There were very good laws enacted against luxury, but not put in execution. Towns were taken, provinces conquered, palaces begun, and the empire drained of men and money. The people sung victory, and were starving at the same time. The great had stately castles and delightful gardens, and their lands lay uncultivated. A hundred ships of war had rendered us masters of the sea, and the terror of our neighbours: but a good calculator made an exact estimate what it cost the government to keep these hulks in good order; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the rest of the ministry, they were ordered to be turned into a bon-fire. The royal treasury was a great empty coffer, which this wretched oeconomy did not fill; gold and silver became so scarce, that the mints were, on a summer's morning, converted into paper-mills. To compleat our happiness, Kanaglou suffered himself to be persuaded by a set of fanatics, that it was of the utmost importance, that all his subjects should resemble him, and that they should have blue eyes, snub noses, and red whiskers, as well as he: and he expelled from Congo above two millions of people, who were not blessed with these regimentals, or who refused to counterfeit them. Such, madam, was this golden age; such those good old times, which you daily hear regretted: but let those dotards prate on, and do you believe that we have our Turennes and our Colberts, that, all things considered, the present is better than the time past; and that if the people are happier under Mangogul than they were under Kanaglou, his highness's reign is more illustrious than that of his grandfather, because the happiness of the subject is the exact measure of the greatness of the prince. But let us return to the particulars of Kanaglou's reign.

"I will begin by the origin of the Pantins." "Selim, I will excuse you, I know that story by heart," says the favorite, "proceed to other matters." "Madam," answered Selim, "might one ask from whom you have it?" "Why," says Mirzoza, "it is published." "True Madam," replied Selim, "and by people, who knew nothing of the

matter. I am out of humour, when I see little obscure private persons, who have never been near princes, but at a public entry into the metropolis, or some such other ceremony, pretend to write their history.

"Madam," continued Selim, "we had spent the night at a masquerade in the great salons in the Seraglio, when the genius Cucufa, a vowed protector of the reigning family, appeared to us, and commanded us to go to bed, and sleep twenty four hours on a stretch. He was obeyed, and at the expiration of this term, the Seraglio was found to be transformed into a vast and magnificent galery of Pantins. At one end appeared Kanaglou seated on his throne: a long pack-thread, almost worn out, hung down between his legs: an old decrepit fairy was incessantly pulling it, and with a turn of her wrist, moved an innumerable multitude of subaltern Pantins, to whom fine imperceptible threads answered, which issued from Kanaglou's fingers and toes. She pulled, and in an instant the seneschal drew up, and sealed ruinous edicts; or pronounced a panegyric on the fairy, which was prompted by his secretary: the minister of war sent card matches to the army; the superintendant of the finances built houses, and suffered the soldiery to starve; and so of the other Pantins.

"When any of the Pantins happened to execute their movements aukwardly, by not lifting up their arms sufficiently, or not bowing their knee in a proper manner, the fairy cut their threads with a jerk of her left hand, and they became paralytic. I shall never forget two most valiant emirs, whom she found deficient in their duty, and who were ever after deprived of the use of their arms.

"The threads which issued from every part of Kanaglou's body, were extended to immense distances, and from the palace of Congo, put whole armies of Pantins into motion or winter quarters, even to the remotest parts of Monoémugi. With one pull of the pack-thread, a town was besieged, the trenches were opened, they battered in breach, and the enemy was preparing to capitulate; but upon a second pull, the besiegers fire slackened, the attacks were not carried on with the same vigour, troops

came to the relief of the place, dissentions were kindled among the generals: we were attacked, surprized, beaten, and routed.

"These bad tidings never gave any concern to Kanaglou: he seldom heard them, till they were forgot by his subjects: and the fairy would not suffer him to be informed of them, but by Pantins, who had each a thread fastned to the tip of their tongue, and who said no more than what she thought proper, on pain of being struck dumb.

"Another time we young fools were all charmed with an adventure, which gave bitter scandal to the godly. The women all at once became tumblers, and fell to walking with their heads down, their legs up in air, and their hands in their slippers.

"This threw all our former knowledge into confusion; and we were obliged to commence a course of studies on these new physiognomies. Many were slighted, who ceased to be thought lovely, as soon as they shewed themselves; and others, who were never so much as talked of, gained vastly by making themselves known. Their petticoats and gowns falling over their eyes, put them in danger, either of losing their way, or stumbling: wherefore the former were shortened, and the latter cut open before. Such is the origin of short petticoats and open gowns. When the women returned to the use of their feet, they retained this part of their dress as it was: and if we thoroughly consider the petticoats of our fine ladies, we shall easily perceive, that they were not made to be worn, as they are worn at this day.

"Any mode, that has but one drift, will soon pass away: in order to make it lasting, it ought to answer two ends at least. In those same days a secret was discovered for plumping the breasts downward: and it is used at this day for plumping them upward.

"The devout women, surprized to find their heads down, and their heels up in the air, at first covered themselves with their hands: but this attention made them lose their poise, and stumble in their walks. By the advice of the Bramins, they afterwards tied their petticoats about their legs with little black ribbons. The gay part of the sex

found this expedient ridiculous, and publickly declared, that it incommoded their respiration, and threw them into the vapours. This prodigy was attended with happy consequences; it occasioned a number of marriages, or somewhat like them, and a crowd of conversions. All those, who had disagreeable buttocks, ran headlong into the religious party, and took little black ribbons. Four missions of Bramins would not have made so many proselytes.

"We had scarcely got rid of this trial, when we underwent another, less universal indeed, but not less instructive. The young girls, one and all, from thirteen to eighteen, nineteen, twenty years of age, and upwards, rose on a fine summer's morning, the middle finger caught, guess where, madam?" says Selim to the favorite. "It was not in their mouth, nor in their ear, nor infine, à la Turque. Their disease was easily guess'd, and the remedy quickly applied. From that time may our custom be dated of marrying children, who are fit for nothing but dressing their dolls.

"Another blessing: Kanaglou's court swarmed with Petits-maitres, and I had the honour to be of the number. One day as I was entertaining them with the young French nobility, I perceived our shoulders working upwards, till they became higher than our heads: but that was not all; in an instant we all fell to whirling about on one heel." "And what rarity was there in that?" said the favorite. "Nothing, madam," replied Selim, "but that the first metamorphosis is the origin of the round shoulders, so much in vogue in your infancy; and the second, that of the scoffers, whose reign is not yet over. Then, as now, a discourse was begun to some one person, which by a sudden twirl on the heel, was continued to a second, and finished to a third, to whom it became half unintelligible, half impertinent.

"Another time we all found our selves short sighted, and were forced to have recourse to Bion: the rogue made us pay ten sequins for glasses, which we continued to use, even after recovering our sight. Thence come, madam, the opera spy glasses.

"I could never learn what the fine ladies did to the Genius Cucufa about this time; but he took severe vengeance of them. At the end of a certain year, whereof they had spent the nights in balls, banquets, and gaming, and the days in dressing, or between the arms of their lovers, they were all astonished to find themselves horridly ugly. One was as black as a mole, another bronzed over; a third pale and lean, a fourth of a sickly yellow, and full of wrinkles. There was a necessity to palliate this fatal enchantment, and our chemists found out the white, the red, pomatums, waters, venus's handkerchiefs, virgins milk, patches, and a thousand other cosmetics, which they employed, to avoid appearing ugly, and becoming frightful. Cucufa still held them under this curse, when Erguebzed, who loved beautiful women, became their intercessor. The Genius did all that he could; but the charm was so powerful, that he was not able to dissolve it thoroughly; and the court ladies remained such as you see them at this day."

"Was the fate of the other charms the same?" says Mirzoza. "No, madam," answered Selim, "they lasted some longer, some shorter: the round shoulders sunk by degrees, and people stood upright: and for fear of being thought hump-back'd, they turned up their noses to the wind, and danced as they walked. The whirlgig motion continued, and they whirl about to this day. Broach a serious or sensible conversation in presence of a young lord of the bel air; and Zeste, you shall see him wheel away from you in an instant, and go mutter out a parody to some body, who asks him the news of the war, or of his health; or to whisper in his ear, that he supped last night with Miss Rabon, and that she is an adorable girl; that there is a new romance coming abroad; that he has read some pages of it, and that it is fine, very fine: and then another twirl or two towards a lady, whom he asks if she has seen the new opera, and answers her, that Miss Dangeville has performed to a miracle."

Mirzoza found these ridicules very diverting, and asked Selim if he had been a sharer in them. "How, madam," replied the old courtier, "was it possible not to have them, without passing for a man come from the other world? I put on the round

shoulders, I stood erect, I danced in walking, I cock'd the spy-glass, I whirled about, I hissed like the rest: and the utmost efforts of my judgment went no farther than to be one of the first in taking up these several biasses, and none of the last in shaking them off." Selim was got thus far, when Mangogul appeared. The African author does not inform us, what was become of him, or what were his occupations during this preceding chapter. Probably the princes of Congo may be allowed to perform indifferent actions, to say miserable things sometimes, and to resemble the rest of mankind, who spend a great part of their lives in doing nothing, or such things at least, as are not worthy of being known.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Twenty-eighth Trial of the Ring.

Olympia.

"Rejoice, madam," says Mangogul, coming in to the favorite's appartment. "I bring you an agreeable piece of news. The Toys are a parcel of little fools, who know not what they say. Cucufa's ring can indeed make them speak, but not extort the truth from them." "And how has your highness caught them in a lye?" says the favorite. "You shall hear," answered the Sultan. "Selim promised you an account of all his adventures, and you make no doubt but that he has kept his word. Well then, I am just come from consulting a Toy, who accuses him of a naughty trick, which he has not confessed to you, and which most certainly he has not play'd, as it is quite contrary to his character. To tyrannize over a pretty woman, to lay her under contribution, on pain of military execution: can you discover Selim in this proceeding?" "Pray, why not, Sir?" replied the favorite. "There is no malice of this sort, of which Selim has not been capable: and if he has concealed the adventure which you have discovered, possibly it is, that he is reconciled to this Toy, that they are well together, and that he thought he might keep that peccadillo from me, without swerving from his promise."

"The perpetual falsity of your conjectures," replied Mangogul, "ought to cure you of the disease of ever making any. There is nothing of what you imagine in the affair: it is one of the first flights of Selim's youthful days. It regards one of those women, who are gained in a minute, but are never kept long."

"Madam," says Selim to the favorite, "in vain do I examine my self, I can recal nothing more to my memory; and at present I find my conscience quite clear."

"Olympia," says Mangogul—"Ah! Prince," interrupted Selim, "I know the thing; but this little story is so old, that it is no wonder that it has escaped me."

"Olympia," continued Mangogul, "wife of the chief cashier of Hasna, had coiffed herself with a young officer, captain in Selim's regiment. Her lover came to her one morning in deep concern, to inform her that orders were issued for all the officers to set out and join their respective corps. My grandfather Kanaglou had resolved that year to open the campaign early: and an admirable project, which he had formed, miscarried, purely through the making these orders too publick. The politicians murmured, the women exclaimed, each party had their reasons. I have told you those of Olympia. This woman took the party of seeing Selim, and, if possible, to prevent the departure of Gabalis: for that was her lover's name. Selim already passed for a dangerous man. Olympia thought it was proper to have an escort: and two of her female friends, as handsome as her self, offered to accompany her. Selim was at home when they came. He received Olympia, who appeared alone, with that easy politeness, which you know he is master of, and asked what had procured him this agreeable visit? 'Sir,' says Olympia, 'I interest my self for Gabalis: he has some important affairs on his hands, which make his presence necessary at Banza, and I come to you to beg six months leave of absence for him.'

"'Six months leave, Madam? You do not consider,' replied Selim: 'the Sultan's orders are precise: I am heartily concerned, that I cannot make a merit towards you of a favour, which would infallibly ruin me.' New instances on Olympia's side: on

Selim's new refusals—'The Grand Vizir has promised me, that I should be comprehended in the next promotion. Can you desire me, madam, to drown my self, in order to oblige you?' 'No, Sir, you may oblige me, without drowning your self'—'Madam, it is impossible: but if you go to the Visir'—'Alas! Sir, to whom do you send me, that man never did any thing for the ladies'—'I rack my brain to no purpose: for I should be highly rejoiced in being able to render you service, and I can see but one way.' 'And which is that?' asked Olympia with eagerness.—'Your intention,' answered Selim, 'would be to make Gabalis happy for six months: but, madam, could you not dispose of one quarter of an hour of those pleasures which you design for him?' Olympia understood him wonderfully well, blushed, stammered; and concluded by exclaiming at the severity of the condition. 'Let us say no more of the affair,' replied the colonel with a cold air, 'Gabalis shall join his regiment: the prince's service must be done. I might venture to take somewhat on my self: but you are inflexible. At least, madam, if Gabalis departs, it is you that send him away.' 'I,' cry'd Olympia sharply: 'Ah! Sir, make out his warrant quickly, and let him remain here.' The essential preliminaries of the treaty were ratified on a sopha, and the lady thought she had made sure of Gabalis; when the traitor, who stands before you, took it into his head to ask her, who those two ladies were, who came with her, and whom she left in the next appartment. 'They are two of my intimate friends,' replied Olympia; 'and of Gabalis too,' added Selim, 'beyond all doubt. This supposed, I do not believe they will refuse to execute each a third part of the articles of the treaty. Yes, this to me seems just: and to you, madam, I commit the care of disposing them to it.' 'Indeed, Sir,' says Olympia, 'you are a strange man. I protest, these ladies have no pretentions to Gabalis: but in order to extricate them and my self from this embarras, if you think me responsible, I will endeavour to discharge the bill of exchange, which you draw on them.' Selim accepted the offer. Olympia did honour to her word: and there, madam, is what Selim ought to have informed you of."

"I excuse him," says the favorite: "Olympia was not so good an acquaintance, that I should condemn him for having forgot her. I cannot imagine whither you go to hunt out that sort of women: indeed, prince, your conduct is that of a man, who has no desire to lose a castle."

"Madam, to me it seems, as if you had entirely changed your notions within these few days," answered Mangogul: "do me the favour to recollect the first trial of my ring, which I proposed to you; and you will see, it was not my fault that I have not lost it ere now."

"Yes," replied the Sultana, "I know, you have sworn to me, that I should be excepted out of the number of speaking Toys; and that since that time you have applied to such women only as have forfeited their character; to an Amina, a Zobeida, a Thelis, a Zulica, whose reputations were already pretty well settled."

"I grant," says Mangogul, "that it would be ridiculous indeed to rely on those Toys: but for want of others, I was necessitated to confine myself to them. I have already told you, and I now repeat it: good company with respect to Toys is scarcer than you think; and if you will not resolve to gain yourself——"

"I," interrupted Mirzoza smartly, "I shall never have a castle while I live, if I must use those means for obtaining one. A speaking Toy! Fy! That is so indecent.——Prince, in one word, you know my reasons, and with great seriousness I now reiterate my menaces."

"But, either do not complain of my trials, or at least hint at some persons, to whom you think we may have recourse: for I am quite uneasy that the affair is not terminated. Libertin Toys, and what next? Libertin Toys, and always Libertin Toys."

"I have great confidence," says Mirzoza, "in Egle's Toy; and I wait with impatience for the end of the fortnight which you demanded of me."

"Madam," replied Mangogul, "that term expired yesterday; and while Selim was telling you stories of the old court, I learnt from Egle's Toy, that, thanks to the ill

humor of Celebi, and the constant attendance of Almanzor, it's mistress can do you no service."

"Ah! Prince," cry'd the favourite, "what have you said?" "'Tis fact," replied the Sultan; "I will regale you with that story some other time: but in the mean while seek another string to your bow."

"Egle, the virtuous Egle, has at length given herself the lye," says the favorite in a surprize; "indeed I cannot recover myself." "I see you are quite unhinged," replies Mangogul, "and know not whither to turn yourself."

"Not so," says the favorite; "but I own to you that I depended much on Egle." "Pray think no more about it," added Mangogul; "only tell us if she was the only virtuous woman that you know."

"No, Prince, there are a hundred others, and amiable women too, whom I will name to you," replied Mirzoza. "I will answer, as much as for myself, for——for——"

Mirzoza stop'd short, without having pronounced any one name. Selim could not refrain from smiling, and the Sultan from bursting out into laughter, at the favorite's embarrassment, who knew so many virtuous women, and could not recollect any one.

Mirzoza, piqued at this, turned to Selim, and said: "pray, Selim, help me out, you, who are so great a connoisseur. Prince," continued she directing her discourse to the Sultan, "apply to——whom shall I name? prithee, Selim, assist me." "To Mirzoza," says Selim. "You make your court to me very ill," replied the favorite. "I am not afraid of the trial, but I abhor it. Name some one else quickly, if you would have me pardon you."

"One may try," says Selim, "if Zaide has found the reality of the ideal lover, which she formed to herself, and to whom she was formerly wont to compare all those who made love to her."

"Zaide?" replys Mangogul. "I must own that she is a very proper subject to make me

lose." "She is," added the favorite, "perhaps the only woman, whose reputation has been spared by the prude Arsinoe and the coxcomb Janeki."

"This is strong," says Mangogul: "but the trial of my ring is a better argument. Let us go directly to her Toy.

"That Oracle is surer much than Calchas."

"How," adds the favorite smiling: "you retain your Racine, like a player."

Sultan Mangogul and the Favourite.

CHAP. XLIX.

Twenty-ninth Trial of the Ring.

Zuleiman and Zaide.

Mangogul, without answering the favorite's joke, departed instantly, and went to Zaide's house. He found her retired in a closet, at a small table, on which he observed some letters, a portrait, and some trifles scatter'd here and there, which came from a cherished lover, as it was easy to presume, by the fondness she expressed for them. She was writing; tears ran down her cheeks, and wetted the paper. Every now and then she kiss'd the portrait with transport opened the letters, wrote some words, returned to the portrait, snatched up the above mentioned trifles, and pressed them to her breast.

The Sultan's astonishment was incredible; he had never seen any tender woman, but the favorite and Zaide. He thought himself beloved by Mirzoza: but did not Zaide love Zuleiman better still? And were not this pair the only true lovers of Congo.

The tears, which Zaide shed in writing, were not tears of sorrow. 'Twas love that made them flow. And in that moment, a delicious sentiment, which arose from a certainty of possessing the heart of Zuleiman, was the only one that affected her. "Dear Zuleiman," cry'd she, "how I love thee! how dear thou art to me! How agreeably thou employest me! In those instants, when Zaide has not the happiness of

seeing thee, she writes to thee how much she is thine: separated from Zuleiman, his love is the only conversation which gives her pleasure."

Zaide was thus far advanced in her amorous meditation, when Mangogul pointed his ring at her. Immediately he heard her Toy send forth a sigh and repeat the first words of her mistress's monology. "Dear Zuleiman, how I love thee! how dear thou art to me! how agreeably thou employest me!" Zaide's heart and Toy were too well agreed, to vary in their discourse. Zaide was surprized at first; but she was so sure that her Toy would say nothing, but what Zuleiman might hear with pleasure, that she wish'd him present.

Mangogul repeated his trial, and Zaide's Toy repeated with a soft tender voice: "Zuleiman, dear Zuleiman, how I love thee! how dear thou art to me!" "Zuleiman," says the Sultan, "is the happiest mortal of my empire. Let us abandon this place, where the image of a happiness greater than mine is presented to my sight, and afflicts me." Accordingly he withdrew, and went to his favorite with an air of inquietude and pensiveness. "Prince," says she, "what ails you, you say nothing to me of Zaide?"——"Zaide is an adorable woman, madam," replied Mangogul. "She loves beyond any thing that ever loved"—"So much the worse for her," says Mirzoza. "What do you say?" replied the Sultan.——"I say," answers the favorite, "that Kermades is one of the most disagreeable persons of Congo; that interest and the authority of the parents made that match; and that there never was a couple worse sorted than Kermades and Zaide."

"But, madam," replies Mangogul, "it is not her husband that she loves"——"Who then?" says Mirzoza.——"'Tis Zuleiman," replies Mangogul——"Adieu then to the Porcelains and the little Sapajou," added the Sultana——"Ah!" says Mangogul whispering to himself, "this Zaide has struck me: she pursues me, she occupies my thoughts; I must absolutely see her again." Mirzoza interrupted him by some questions, which he answered in monosyllables. He refused a game of piquet which

she proposed, complain'd of a head-ach which he counterfeited, retired to his appartment, went to bed without supping, which he had never done before, and had no sleep. The charms and tenderness of Zaide, the qualities and happiness of Zuleiman tormented him the whole night.

One may easily imagine, that he had no business so much in his head this day, as to return to Zaide. He walk'd out of his palace, even without enquiring after Mirzoza, the first time that ever he fail'd in this point. He found Zaide in the same closet as the preceding day, and Zuleiman with her; who held his mistresses hands between his own, and had his eyes fixed on her. Zaide on her knees, and inclining forward, darted glances animated with the most ardent passion on Zuleiman. They continued some time in this attitude: but both in the same instant yielding to the violence of their desires, they rush'd into each others arms, and embraced with eagerness. The profound silence, which had hitherto reigned about them, was disturbed by their sighs, the sound of their mutual kisses, and some inarticulated words, which slip'd from them——"You love me!"——"I adore you"——"Will you love me constantly?"——"Alas! the last sigh of my life shall be for Zaide!——"

Mangogul overwhelm'd with sorrow, threw himself into an easy chair, and covered his eyes with his hand. He dreaded seeing things, which are easily imagined, and yet did not happen. After a silence of some moments, "Ah! dear and tender lover," says Zaide, "why have I not always found you such as you are at present? I should not love you the less, nor should I have any reproach to throw on myself.——But you weep, dear Zuleiman. Come, dear and tender lover, come, and let me wipe off your tears. Zuleiman, you cast down your eyes, what ails you? Pray look on me.——Come, dear friend, come, that I may comfort thee: cling thy lips on my mouth, breathe thy soul into me, receive mine; suspend——Ah! no——no"——Zaide finished her discourse with a deep sigh, and was silent.

The African author informs us, that this scene touched Mangogul most sensibly, that

he built some hopes on the impotence of Zuleiman, and that some secret proposals were made on his behalf to Zaide, who rejected them, and never made any merit of it with her lover.

CHAP. L.

Platonic Love.

"But is this Zaide an unique? Mirzoza is no ways inferior to her in charms, and I have a thousand proofs of her affection. I desire to be loved, I am, and who has told me that Zuleiman is more so than I? I was a fool to envy another's happiness. No, there is no man under the heavens happier than Mangogul." Thus began the remonstrances, which the Sultan made to himself. The author has surpressed the rest, and contents himself with apprizing us, that the prince paid more regard to them, than to those which his ministers presented him with, and that Zaide never after returned on his mind.

One of those evenings, that he was entirely satisfied with his mistress or with himself, he proposed sending for Selim, to walk in the groves of the Seraglio. These were verdant closets, where many things may be said and done without witnesses. In their way thither, Mangogul turn'd the conversation on the reasons people have for loving. Mirzoza, mounted on grand principles, and fill'd with idea's of virtue, which certainly did not suit with her rank, person, or age, maintain'd that people very frequently loved for the sake of loving; and that connections begun by a likeness of characters, supported by esteem, and cemented by mutual confidence, were very lasting and constant; without any pretensions to favors on the man's side, or on the woman's any temptation to grant them.

"Thus it is, Madam," replied the Sultan, "that you have been spoil'd by romances. In them you have seen hero's respectuous, and princesses virtuous even to folly; without reflecting that those Beings never existed but in the brains of authors. If you ask Selim, who thoroughly well knows the catechism of Cythera, 'what is love?' I

would lay a wager that he would answer you, that love, is nothing else but——"

"Would you lay a wager," interrupted the Sultana, "that delicacy of sentiments is but a chimæra, and that without hopes of enjoyment, there would not be a grain of love in the world? If so, you must certainly entertain a very bad opinion of the human heart."

"So I do," replied Mangogul, "our virtues are not more disinterested than our vices. The brave pursues glory by exposing himself to dangers; the coward loves tranquility and life; and the lover desires enjoyment."

Selim declaring himself of the Sultan's party, added, that if two things happened, love would be banished from society, never more to make its appearance again.

"And which are those two things?" says the favorite. "They are," replied Mangogul, "if you and I, madam, and all the race of mankind, chanced to lose what Tanzai and Neadarne found in a dream."

"What! You believe," interrupted Mirzoza, "that without those pitiful things, there would be neither esteem nor confidence between two persons of different sexes? A woman adorn'd with talents, wit and beauty, would not touch? A man bless'd with an amiable person, a fine genius, and excellent character, would not be heeded?"

"No, madam," replies Mangogul; "for pray tell me what he would say?"

"A number of pretty things, which I think would always afford much pleasure to hear," answers the favorite.

"Observe, madam," says Selim, "that those things are said every day without love. No, no, madam, I have complete proofs, that without a well organised body, there is no love. Agenor, the handsomest young man of Congo, and the most refined wit of the court, would, if I had been a woman, in vain shew me his genteel leg, turn his large blue eyes on me, squander on me the most artful praise, and set himself off with every other advantage of which he is master; I would say but one word, and if he did not give an express answer to this word, I might have all possible esteem for

him, but I should not love him."

"That is positive," added the Sultan, "and you yourself will allow the justness and utility of this mysterious word, when one loves. You ought indeed, for your instruction, to cause the conversation of a wit of Banza with a school-master to be related to you. You could comprehend in an instant, how the wit, who sustained your thesis, confessed in the end that he was in the wrong, and that his antagonist reasoned like a Toy. But Selim, of whom I had it, will you tell the story."

The favorite imagined, that a story, which Mangogul would not relate to her, must be very mortifying: and therefore she went into one of the arbors, without asking it of Selim, and happy it was for him; for with all his wit, he would have ill satisfied the favorite's curiosity, or much allarm'd her modesty. But in order to amuse her, and make her forget the story of the school-master, he related the following.

"Madam," says the courtier, "in a vast country near the sources of the Nile, lived a young man, beautiful as Adonis. Before he was eighteen years of age, all the maidens contended for his heart, and there were few women, who would not accept of him for their lover. Born with an amorous heart, he loved as soon as he was in a condition to love.

"On a certain day, while he was in the temple assisting at the public worship of the great Pagoda; and was, according to the usual ceremony, preparing to make the seventeen genuflexions prescribed by the law; the beauty, with which he was captivated, chanced to pass by, and darted a glance on him accompany'd with a smile, which threw him into such distraction, that he lost his poize, fell on his nose, scandalized the congregation by his fall, forgot the number of genuflexions, and performed but sixteen.

"The great Pagoda irritated at the offence and scandal, punished him cruelly. Hilas, for that was his name, the poor Hilas felt himself instantly inflamed with the most violent desires, and smack-smooth as the palm of his hand, deprived of the means of

gratifying them. Equally surprized and grieved at so great a loss, he consulted the Pagoda. 'Thou shalt never be restored to thy pristine state,' answered she sneezing, 'but between the arms of a woman, who shall not love thee the less for knowing thy misfortune.'

"Presumption is generally the companion of youth and beauty. Hilas fancied that his wit and the comeliness of his person would soon gain him a heart of nice sentiments; who content with what he had remaining, would love him for himself, and soon restore to him what he had lost. He first addrest himself to the lady, who had been the innocent cause of his misfortune. She was young, brisk, voluptuous and a coquet. Hilas adored her, and obtained a meeting; where by a train of allurements he was drawn into the road leading to a place which it was impossible for him to reach. In vain did he torment himself, and in the arms of his mistress seek the accomplishment of the oracle: nothing appeared. When the lady was tired of waiting, she set herself to rights in a moment, and quitted him. The worst of the affair was, that the foolish girl told it in confidence to one of her female friends, who, out of her great discretion, related it but to three or four of hers, who did the same to as many others: so that Hilas, two days before the darling of all the sex, was despised, pointed at, and looked on as a monster.

"The wretched Hilas, cried down in his native country, resolved to travel, and seek a remedy for his disease in remote climes. He set out alone, and arrived incognito at the court of the Abyssinian emperor. The young stranger was singled out by the ladies, and the contest was, who should have him but Hilas prudently avoided all engagements, in which he had apprehensions of not finding his account, proportionable to his certainty that the women who pursued him would not find theirs in him. But observe and admire the penetration of the sex: 'a man so young, so comely, and so modest,' said they, 'is quite a prodigy:' and the union of these qualities in him had almost made them suspect his real defect; so as, for fear of allowing him what an accomplished man should have, to refuse him the very thing

which he wanted.

"After having for some time studied the chart of the country, Hilas linked an acquaintance with a young woman, who, by some unknown caprice, had passed from refined gallantry to the highest devotion. He gradually insinuated himself into her confidence, espoused her notions, copied her practices, handed her in and out of the temples, and conversed with her so frequently on the vanity of worldly pleasures, that he insensibly revived her taste, as well as remembrance of them. They had now, for above a month, frequented the mosques, assisted at sermons, and visited the sick together, when he prepared himself for a thorough cure; but all in vain. His devote friend, tho' intimately acquainted with all the transactions of heaven, knew as well as others, how a man should be made on earth: and the poor lad lost in a moment all the fruits of his good works. If any thing consoled him, it was, that his secret was inviolably kept. One word would have rendered his disease incurable; but this word was not uttered, and Hilas linked in with some other pious women, whom he took, one after another, for the specific ordained by the oracle, and who did not break his enchantment, because they loved him only for what he was not. The habit, they had acquired of spiritualizing all objects, was of no service to him. They required sense, but it was of that sort which springs from pleasure. Hilas complained that they did not love him. But their answer was, 'pray, sir, are you ignorant, that people should know each other, before they love; nay, you must acknowledge, that, disgraced as you are, you are not lovely even when you are known.'

"'Alas!' said he retiring, 'this pure love, so much talked of, is no where to be found; this delicacy of sentiments, upon which both sexes value themselves, is a mere chimæra. The oracle has deceived me, and my disease is for life.'

"In his way, he met some of those women, who allow no other commerce with man, but that of the heart, and who hate a forward spark like a toad. They so seriously

recommended to him to let nothing gross and terrestrial enter into his views, that he conceived great hopes of his cure. He complied heartily, and was quite astonished, after the amorous conversations, which they held with him, that he still remained as he was. 'I must certainly be cured,' said he to himself, 'but perhaps otherwise than by words:' and he sought an occasion of placing himself according to the intentions of the oracle. Thus it soon offered. A young female platonic, who was excessively fond of walking, led him into a lonesome wood and when they had penetrated far from the reach of any impertinent eye, the fair one was seized with a fainting fit. Hilas threw himself on her, and neglected nothing in his power to relieve her; but all his endeavours were fruitless: of which she soon became as sensible as himself. 'Ah! Sir,' cried she, disengaging herself from his arms, 'what sort of man are you? I shall be very cautious of ever venturing thus into lonesome places, where I have been taken so ill, and may dye a hundred times for want of help.'

"Others knew his condition, pitied him, protested to him, that the tenderness they had conceived for him, should not change; and never saw him more.

"The miserable Hilas, with his graceful figure, and the most refined sentiments, gave great dissatisfaction to many ladies."

"Then he was a fool," interrupted the Sultan. "Why did he not address some of the vestals, of which our monasteries are full? They would be charmed with him, and he would infallibly receive his cure through a grate."

"Prince," replied Selim, "chronicles assure us, that he tried that method, and found by experience, that the sex of all conditions do not care to love to their certain loss." "If that be the case," said the Sultan, "I take his distemper to be incurable." "So did he himself as well as your highness," continued Selim; "and tired out with unsuccessful trials, he plunged himself into solitude, on the word of an infinite number of women, who had expresly declared to him, that he was useless in society.

"He had already been several days rambling in a desert, when he heard some sighs

issuing from a lonely place. He listened, the sighs began again, he drew near, and saw a young maiden, fair as the morn, her head leaning on her hand, her eyes bathed in tears, and the rest of her body in a pensive and mournful posture. 'What seek you here, madam?' said he to her. 'And are these deserts made for you?' 'Yes,' replied she in a melancholy strain: 'I can at least afflict myself here quite at my ease.' 'And what is the cause of your affliction?'—'Alas!'—'Speak, madam, what is the cause?'——'Nothing'——'How, nothing?'——'No, nothing at all, I say, is the cause of my grief: two years ago I had the misfortune to offend a Pagoda, who deprived me of my all: and it was so small a matter, that in so doing, she gave no great proof of her power. Since that time, all the men shun me, and will shun me, said the Pagoda, until I meet with one, who knowing my misfortune, will cleave to me, and love me in the state, in which I am.'

"'What do I hear!' cried Hilas. 'This wretch, whom you behold at your feet, has nothing, and that is his distemper likewise. Some time since he had the misfortune to offend a Pagoda, who deprived him of all that he had, and without vanity it was somewhat. From that time all the women shun him, and will shun him, said the Pagoda, until he meets with one, who, knowing his misfortune, will cleave to him, and love him in the state, in which he is.'

"'Is this possible?' says the young maiden.——'Is what you have told me true?' says Hilas.——'See,' answered the maiden. 'See,' answered Hilas.

"They both convinced each other beyond all doubt, that they were two objects of the celestial wrath. Their common misfortune united them. Iphis, this was the young maiden's name, was made for Hilas, Hilas was made for her. They loved each other in a platonic manner, as you may easily imagine; for they could not well love otherwise: but in an instant the inchantment was broken, they uttered cries of joy on the event, and platonic love vanished.

"During several months, that they continued together in the desert, they had full time

to be persuaded of their change. When they quitted it, Iphis was perfectly cured; but as to Hilas, the author says that he was threatned with a relapse."

CHAP. LI.

Thirtieth and last trial of the Ring.

Mirzoza.

While Mangogul was entertaining himself with the favorite and Selim, news was brought him of the death of Sulamek. Sulamek's rise began by being appointed the Sultan's dancing-master, and that even contrary to the intentions of Erguebzed: but some intriguing ladies, whom he had taught certain dangerous steps, pushed him with all their might, and so bestirred themselves, that he was preferred to Marcel and others, whose deputy he was not worthy of being. He possessed the spirit of trifling, the court jargon, the gift of telling diverting stories, and of amusing children; but he knew nothing of the high dance. When the post of Grand Vizir became vacant, by dint of cringing, he supplanted the great Seneschal, who was an indefatigable dancer, but stiff-necked, and bowed with a bad grace. His ministry was not signalized by any events glorious to the nation. His enemies, (and who is there without them? true merit has many) accused him of playing ill on the violin, and of having no knowledge of choregraphy; of having suffered himself to be duped by the Pantomimes of Prester John, and to be affrighted by a bear from Monoémugi, who danced one day before him; of having given millions to the emperor of Tombur to keep him from dancing, at a time when he had the gout, and spent yearly five hundred thousand Zecchins in resin, and more in persecuting all the fidlers, who played any other minuets but his own: in a word, of having slept fifteen years of a stretch, at the sound of a cymbal of a clumsy native of Guinea, who accompanied his instrument with some Congo songs. True it is, that he had introduced the fashion of Dutch lime trees, &c.

Mangogul had an excellent heart: he regretted Sulamek, and ordered him a

magnificent burial, with a funeral oration, which the orator Brrrouboubou was ordered to make.

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the chief Bramins, the whole Divan in a body, and the Sultanas led by their eunuchs, went to the great mosque. Brrrouboubou proved for two hours together, with surprizing rapidity, that Sulamek had risen to his high station by superior talents, made prefaces on prefaces, did not forget either Mangogul or his exploits during the administration of Sulamek; and he had almost spent himself in exclamations, when Mirzoza, to whom a lye gave the vapors, fell into a fit of the lethargy.

Her officers and women ran to her assistance; she was put into her palanquine, and instantly carried to the Seraglio. Mangogul, being informed of the danger she was in, ran to her; and the whole Pharmacopoeia was rummaged. The Garus, general la Motte's drops, the English drops, were all tried, but to no purpose. The distressed Sultan, one moment weeping over Mirzoza, the next swearing at Orcotomus, at length was deprived of all hopes, except some glimmerings which might remain in his ring. "If I have lost you, delight of my soul," cried he, "your Toy, as well as your mouth, must keep eternal silence."

In an instant he commanded every body to withdraw: he was obeyed; and being alone with the favorite, he turned his ring on her. But Mirzoza's Toy, which was tired at the sermon, as it happens to others every day, and besides had probably a touch of the lethargy, at first only mutter'd some confused and ill articulated words. The Sultan repeated the experiment, and the Toy then very distinctly said: "Separated from you, Mangogul, what would become of me?—Faithful even to the grave, I would have sought you; and if love and constancy have any recompence among the dead, dear prince, I would have found you—Alas! without you the delightful palace where Brama dwells, and which he has promised to his true believers, would prove a disagreeable residence to me."

Mangogul, transported with joy, did not perceive that the favorite was recovering from her lethargy; and that, if he did not turn off his ring, she would hear the last words of her Toy: which happened accordingly. "Ah! prince," said she, "what is become of your oaths? You have then cleared up your unjust suspicions? Nothing has withheld you, neither the condition I was in, the injury you were doing me, nor the word you had given me?"

"Madam," replied the Sultan, "impute not to a shameful curiosity, an impatience, which the despair for having lost you, has alone suggested to me. It was not an usual trial of my ring, that I made on you; but I believed that I might, without breach of promise, make use of a resource, which restores you to my vows, and secures my heart to you for ever."

"Prince," says the favorite, "I believe you; but pray restore the ring to the Genius, and let not his fatal present disturb your heart or empire for the future."

Mangogul immediately made a prayer, and Cucufa appeared. "Almighty Genius," said Mangogul, "take back your ring, and continue me your protection". "Prince," answered the Genius, "divide your days between love and glory. Mirzoza will certainly afford you the first of these blessings; and I promise you the second."

At these words the hooded spectre closed the tails of his owls, and went off, as he came, in a whirling motion.

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