

that out-flows from wounded interest. Many a little adventure of private history meets my eye, as its *denouement* breaks like a bubble on the current of society; of some of these I shall, from from time to time, present slight sketches to the public. As I find that this Magazine lies upon the tables of all persons of fashion, I shall employ it to reflect back upon the world my observations upon the world. My tales will have at least one point of curiosity, that being born of one parent, there shall be no connection between them.

While the music proceeded, Mr. Cleland sat beside one of two ladies on a small ottoman, near to where I was reposing. He is a person with whom I have formed rather a close acquaintance, without having made the least approach to intimacy or confidence. He possessed a strong and even piercing intellect, and through an assumed triviality of manner there often shone gleams of a noble aspiration. Yet he professed to be only a trifler. Yet did that character not sit well or gracefully upon him. His wit was forced, and something coarse.—His mirth was too vehement. He seemed to me to have a fine character, that yet had been ruined. His large, open and generous features usually bore a sneer, that certainly was not native to their expression. His conversation was synical, and especially contemptuous on the subject of women.

"Beautiful," said Cleland, as the music ended, and he critically tasted a glass of champagne: "beautiful, no doubt, as the roseate fingers whence the sounds are shed. 'Tis one of her own smiles set to music; or her smile is a symphony played mute. I suppose that Miss Sydney has constructed that smile, and selected an overture so full of sentiment, to persuade us that a woman can have a soul; as a dew-powdered rose in the morning light would have us believe that it is blushing from an access of feeling at the presence of the lord of its homage, the sun. Such is the farce and imposture of appearance."

"The soul, I suppose," said Miss Jones, as she glanced at the manner in which he seemed to analyze his wine; "the soul, I suppose, is that part of the body by which a man judges of the flavour of champagne!"

"No doubt," said he, "that is one of its least earthly functions; is it not written, spiritual matters must be spiritually discerned!"

"The apostolical gentlemen whom you quote," said Miss Jones, "has spoken so unfavourably of the natural man, that you have deemed it a christian duty, no doubt, to be-

come affected. Permit me to congratulate you on your success in attaining the true good-breeding."

"The compliment is valuable from one skilled in that accomplishment. Miss Jones is in another respect equally possessed of gospel spirit: healthy nature she shuns, adopts and takes it up only when it is. Some people, by the by, mistake ill nature for wit; I suppose, upon Walpole's principle, fogs are taken for warm weather. But touching souls, there is a smaller supply of that commodity in the world than is commonly imagined. After accurate observation, I am persuaded that there are never more than five souls in the world at once. A whole man shall often have but one soul in it, divided among its inhabitants; each more eminent person having a segment or sparkle of a soul. Even a single solar beam shall be split into parts to form the allotment of individuals: a blue ray shining in the learned female, a yellow colouring the malignant; heaven's hue, the violet, tinting the spirit of the poet, while the souls of the inexperienced are green, and those of the ingenuous are plainly red. Some men have an entire soul to themselves, some have more than one. Napoleon, for instance, had not less than two souls to his share."

"Certainly Mr. Cleland has a soul and an

"Miss Jones is still superior; she is so."

"Because she won't be sold," said I. He thought the allusion unfair; "and none is worthy to receive as a gift so fair a soul. But will you continue your remarks touching souls; since, 'to touch the soul,' says Pope, 'is the just office of art?'"

"The soul," said Cleland, "is one of the most elegant inventions of a refined age; a rude contrivance it was known to Plato and king David. With them it was an untiring bird, that chanted its wild carols to the rocks, and washed its white feathers in fleecy clouds; and was by no means a stranger in good society. In its perfect state, it is essentially the product of a highly civilized society and a very advanced stage of arts. It is the faculty by which young men enjoy the sonnet of an admirer, in spite of flattery; and which gives a tender sublimity to the intercourse of elderly gentlewomen with their cats. It is a thing not to be made vain by too much use. I never wear my soul in full dress and occasions of state. Since then, and ruffles are no longer worn, it is the quality which distinguishes a gentleman."