Kahya’s Lady, leaning on cushions of white Satin embroidered, and at her feet sat 2 young Girls, the eldest about 12 year old, lovely as Angels, dress’d perfectly rich and allmost cover’d with Jewells. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her Name), so much her beauty effaced every thing. I have seen all that has been call’d lovely either in England or Germany, and must own that I never saw anything so gloriously Beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her Heart with a sweetness full of Majesty that no Court breeding could ever give. She order’d Cushions to be given me and took care to place me in the Corner, which is the place of Honour. I confess, tho’ the Greek Lady had before given me a great Opinion of her beauty I was so struck with Admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazig. That surprizing Harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of Body! that lovely bloom of Complexion usually’d by not the unutterable Enchantment of her Smile! But her Eyes! large and black with all the soft languishment of the brow! every turn of her face discovering some new charm! After my first surprise was over, I endeavor’d by nicely examining her face to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search but being clearly convince’d of the Error of that vulgar notion, that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable, Nature having done for her with more success what Apelles is said to have essay’d, by a Collection of the most exact features to form a perfect Face, and to that a behaviour so full of Grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an Air so majestic yet free from Stiffness or affectation that I am persuade’d could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite Throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a Queen, she’d educated in a Country we call barbarous. To say all in a Word, our most celebrated English Beautys would vanish near her.

She was dress’d in a Caffian of Gold brocade flowered with Silver, very well fitted to her Shape and shewing to advantage the beauty of her

6. Apelles, portrait-painter to Alexander the Great, wished to inspect every beautiful woman alive, to enable him to paint Venus.

6. As Beauty is the thing that Sex are piqu’d upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated Style than it used by the Men” (Pope, Guardian, no. 5, 16 March 1719).

7. This was belly dancing (Fanny Davies, The Ottoman Lady, 1786, 162). It caused unease in most Europeans: the Russels call Turkish dancing ‘lascivious’ (Alepje, 1794, i. 141).