

by carrying burthens to and from shipping; many walk about the streets, ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompence. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soups and bread, distributed at the door of the convents, supply the deficiency.

The lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; but it is not their general character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout, active citizens remain unemployed. So far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a Volanti, tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the livered slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace, and the other in rags. Nothing animates this people to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal cause, such as a scarcity of bread. Every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter.

THE PROFESSION OF PHYSIC,

Is that, of all others, in which the generality of mankind have the fewest lights; by which they can discern the abilities of its professors; because the

studies which lead to it are more out of the road of usual education, and the practice more enveloped in technical terms, and hieroglyphical signs. But the safest criterion by which men, who have not been bred to that profession, can form a judgment of those who have, is, the degree of sagacity and penetration they discover on subjects equally open to mankind in general, and which ought to be understood by all who live in society.

REASONABLE AVERSION.

“ Friend Carnaby! your mother is impatient for your appearance at the bar as a counsellor---”

“ To tell you a secret,” said Carnaby, “ I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner.”

“ What reason can you have for so strong an aversion?”

“ What reason! what reason!” repeated Carnaby, “ a very good, a very solid reason.”

“ Clearly, as it has so much weight with you, but after all on what is it founded?”

“ On what is it founded?” exclaimed Carnaby; “ why, on those cursed eternal periwigs, which counsellors are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth, could prevail on me to make myself look so like a gig; and, if I were willing, I don’t believe my head could support one of those hideous perriwigs for an hour together.”

“ You think then, that to be a lawyer, it is necessary to have a very strong head.”

“ Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d——d periwigs is insurmountable.”

“ That is unlucky,” said Edward, “ considering what Lady M—— has in view for you. For if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counsellor, how could you support that enormous weight of perwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?”

“ They shall doom my head to the block sooner,” replied Carnaby.

“ Only imagine, to be awfully seated on a wool-pack during a whole session of Parliament!

“ Dreadful!” cried Carnaby.

“ Sessions, after sessions!”

“ Shocking! shocking!” exclaimed Carnaby,—
“ not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-hall,” said Edward.

“ Name it not,” cried Carnaby.”

“ There obliged to remain,” continued Edward,
“ from winter to mid-summer, in sight of *all manners of persons*, hearing examinations and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair.”

“ Fogh! fogh!” cried Carnaby.

“ He is always choaked with the bare idea.”

“ Eh Gad! and so I am,” resumed Carnaby; and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave.”

“ But I think,” resumed Edward, “ you ought to make an *effort* to please your mother, by appearing for once at least, in the wig of a counsellor.”

“Curse efforts,” cried Carnaby; “I always detested them, and never could make one in my life.”

“Forgive me,” said Edward; “I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which I was witness to your making of your own accord.”

“I do not know what you mean,” said Carnaby.

“Do you not remember,” resumed Edward, my calling one morning at your chambers, when I found you struggling with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasion.—In that occasion, you shewed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions. The most pains-taking man on earth, could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family, than you did to carry your point on that occasion.”

“Yes,” replied Carnaby, “but that was a different affair.”

“It must be confessed, that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another: for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives.”

“What I meant to say,” replied Carnaby, that “studying the law, is a bore, and disturbs one’s head; whereas,—

“Tight breeches,” said Edward, “pinch elsewhere.”

“I remember, however, said Carnaby, “that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back.”

“Like Macbeth, you recollected,” said Edward, “that

—————should you wade no more,
Returning was as tedious as go o’er.”

TIARA.

Rome.

IN my last, I informed you of my having been seduced almost into idolatry, by the influence of example, and the pomp which surrounded the idol. I must now confess, that I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonness. I trust, nevertheless, that it will not be looked upon a mortal sin in a Protestant, to have kissed the Pope's toe.

The life of the generality of sovereign princes, is far from being amusing or agreeable.* Slave to the tiresome routine of etiquette; martyr to the oppressive fatigue of pomp; obliged to wear a smiling countenance, even when the heart is oppressed with

* The following anecdote will fully confirm this observation.—In the criticism of Gracian there is an anecdote characteristic of the misery of sovereignty, which we shall give for its singularity.—A great Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful whether the *porter* could be his *majesty*. At length they ventured to express their complaints that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employ. His majesty heard, and answered them.—“ Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here: the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you chuse. For me who am so well it were madness to return to *court*.”—Another Polish king who succeeded this philosophic monarch and porter, when they placed the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed.—“ I had rather manage an *oar*.”—*Kings* seem from this anecdote to be more *philosophic* in Poland than elsewhere.

sadness ; besieged by craving faces ; surrounded by adepts in the arts of simulation, all professing the highest possible regard ; how shall the puzzled monarch distinguish zeal from assumed attachment ? Thus he is precluded from those delightful sensations which spring from disinterested friendship, sweet equality, and the gay careless enjoyments of social life. Then we must acknowledge that all that is brilliant in the condition of a sovereign, is not sufficient to compensate for such restraints, such dangers, and such deprivations.

If such is the real picture of the regal condition, who would not imagine that of all others, it would be the most shunned ? who would not imagine that every human being would shrink from it, as from certain misery ; and that at least, every wise man would say with the Poet,

I envy none their pageantry and show,
I envy none the gildings of their woe !

But there are passions, whose indulgence is so exceedingly flattering to the natural vanity of men, that they will gratify them, though persuaded that the gratification will be attended by disappointment and misery. The love of power and sovereignty is of this class. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of this remark, than the eagerness with which the ecclesiastical crown is sought after, perhaps with more than any other crown in the world, although the candidates are generally in the decline of life, and all of a profession which avows the most perfect contempt of worldly grandeur. Yet, of all diadems, the Tiara has the fewest charms. Over and above those sources of weariness and vexation, which the Pope has in common with other sovereigns, he

has some which are peculiar to himself. The tiresome religious functions which he must perform, the ungenial solitude of his meals, the exclusion of the company of women, the restriction from the tenderest and most delightful connexions of life, the pain of seeing his influence, both spiritual and temporal, declining every day; and the mortification of knowing that all his ancient lofty pretensions are laughed at. I know of nothing which can be put in the other scale, to balance all those peculiar disadvantages which his holiness labours under, unless it is the singular felicity which he lawfully may, and no doubt does enjoy, in the contemplation of his own infallibility.

UNHAPPY UNION.

THE fate of Fanny F—, made a strong impression upon my mind. I have known few women of more amiable dispositions, more accomplished, or more capable of rendering a man of sense and sentiment happy, and of being rendered happy by him.

Her great weakness, lay in her having too little reliance in her own judgment, and being too pliant to the importunity of others. She was persuaded by her relations to marry Mr. B—— a young man, who, by the death of an elder brother, had acquired an immense fortune. Her relations assured her “that he was the best young man in the world;” and when she confessed to them, that in spite of his good qualities, it was impossible for her to meet with a man for whom she could feel more indifference: she was told, that it was an objection of no impor-

tance, because she might come to like him more, but would never like him less, which was an advantage many married women did not enjoy.

Mr. B—— was a great observer of decorum and uniformity, and particularly fond of whatever was new. As he had taken a wife, which was quite a new thing to him, he resolved to have other parts of his establishment as new as her, to please himself.

He therefore took a new house, ordered new furniture, new carriages, new liveries, caused his old pictures, particularly a holy family, by Raphael, to be new varnished, and he exchanged an antique statue which his father had brought from Rome, for one a great deal newer.

He rejected the proposal of having some old family jewels to be new set for his wife, and ordered others for her, all spick and span new—in short, every thing he presented her with was new, except his ideas: of these he had but a scanty proportion; and what few he had, were worn threadbare by use.

The frequent repetition of observations not worth making, was rather tiresome to the most patient of his acquaintance, but to his wife became oppressive.

As young Mr. B—— lived as well, according to the phrase, as most men, he had abundance of visitors. His house was peculiarly convenient to some of his wife's relations who were fond of entertainments, and to whom it was more agreeable to enjoy them in their friends houses, than in their own. Poor Fanny, was thought by some, to have been made a sacrifice to this taste of her nearest relations; for whatever happiness they might have in her house, she had none. She was miserable, however, in a different style to other unfortunate people; not

from want, but from super-abundance:—She had a profusion of every thing, and seemed to have a relish for nothing. There were few things of which she had a greater share, and for which she had a smaller relish, than her husband's company.

When first I knew Fanny F——, she lived with her mother in a frugal manner, and she was one of the most cheerful girls I was ever acquainted with.

When I visited her after her marriage, I found her in a house like a palace, surrounded with gaudy superfluity, but she herself with a face of languor and dejection. At sight of me, her features were enlivened; I recognized the countenance of my old companion; but, her husband coming in, it resumed its former dejection. Nothing to be sure, could be more teasingly ceremonious than the behaviour, or more oppressively insipid than the conversation of this worthy man. His wife blushed, as often as he spoke. She made one attempt to get rid of him, by putting him in mind of an engagement. “There would be more impropriety,” said he, “in leaving you and this lady, my dear, than in breaking the engagement.”—I intreated he might use no ceremony. He said, “he understood politeness better.”

When I saw the case desperate, I rose to withdraw. He led me through several rooms to exhibit his new-coloured pictures, and the splendour of the furniture.—“You see, Madam,” said he, addressing me, “that your friend is in possession of every thing that can render a woman happy.”—The tears started into my poor friend's eyes, and I hurried away that she might not see I had perceived it.

If I had not been so determined before, this example would have made me resolve never to be the

wife of a man I did not both love and esteem in a supreme degree, whatever his wealth and his good nature might be.

Unquestionably, instances may be produced of women who have been rendered unhappy by husbands whom they both loved and esteemed at the time of their marriage—but even those women, though on the whole, unfortunate, had enjoyment for a certain period at least, whereas poor Mrs. B—— has never had a day free from *tedium* since that of her marriage. Her hours, which formerly danced away as lightly as those of Guido's Aurora, now move at a snail's pace along a heavy cheerless road. Good sense, generosity, and spirit, with humanity, are indispensable requisites in an husband.

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A FRENCH nobleman, asked in conversation, an English officer, who had passed some days at Versailles, during the reign of Louis XV. if he had not been surprised at seeing such marks of loyalty?

“No,” replied the officer, “I should have been surprised if I had not seen them.”

“To be sure,” replied the Frenchman, “the king is the most amiable man in the world.”

“That is indisputable,” said the officer; “but has he not also governments, and regiments, and bishopricks to bestow? I should imagine that this consideration, might produce many marks of zealous attachment to his person, although he were not quite the most amiable man in the world.”

“ There is no people on earth, Sir,” rejoined the Frenchman, “ who have such a veneration for their kings, and so much disinterested loyalty as the French.”

“ Forgive me,” said the officer, “ I know a people who can dispute those qualifications with them.”

“ What people?”

“ The subjects of the emperor of Morocco,” replied the officer. “ He hardly ever speaks to his subjects *qu’a coups de sabres*, and yet they venerate him in the most astonishing manner. He does them the honour, of cutting off, on some occasions, their heads, with his own hands, and is much praised by the courtiers around, for his dexterity; in short, they display every mark of attachment to his person; and may be said with truth, to love their sovereign to distraction.—This is, gentlemen, what I call disinterested loyalty.”

FRIENDSHIP.

Is a plant of slow growth in every climate. Happy the man who can rear a few!

VENATION.

ONE great source of it proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

“ The present moment, like a wife we shun,
And ne’er enjoy, because it is our own.”

MALICE,

WHEN introduced by genius and wit, is often tolerated on account of the respect due to the introducers; but when the wretch comes alone, or is accompanied by dullness, which often happens, she will be expelled with infamy, from all good company.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE and business contrast and give a relish to each other, like day and night; the constant vicissitudes of which, are far more delightful than any uninterrupted half year of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable manner, one ought to be so much a man of pleasure as to postpone any necessary business; not so much a man of business as to despise elegant amusement. A proper mixture of both, forms a more infallible specific against *tedium* and fatigue, than a constant regimen of the most pleasant of the two.

SENSIBILITY.

WHILE their cares are contracted, and all their feelings absorbed, within the compass of their own skin, some people who affect sensibility, seem often convinced, that they are of the most humane disposition, and the most extensive benevolence, upon no better foundation, than because they have felt themselves affected by the artful distresses of a romance,

and because they could shed a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If they have occasionally given a guinea, they think of having carried benevolence to the utmost length. They have no notion beyond this; nor would they interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the most essential service to any of the human race.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

Vienna, 1778.

I HEAR, my young friend, that in a short time you are to set out on the usual tour through Europe: you solicit my advice. Accept the few following hints:

I hope you will always remember, that virtue and good sense, are not confined to any particular place, and that one end of travelling, is to free the mind of vulgar prejudices.

A considerable number of our countrymen, from prejudice, timidity, indolence, or from an absolute detestation of ceremony and restraint, seem rather to avoid the society of the inhabitants of the different countries through which they pass, and accept, with reluctance, every offer of hospitality. By this conduct, the true purport of travelling is lost or perverted. To go to France and Italy, and there converse with none but with English people, and merely that you may have it to say that you have been in those countries is certainly absurd. You will not imitate them: let you form connections and live on a social footing with the inhabitants of the different

countries you are going to visit; let you at least seem pleased while you remain among them; this is the most effectual method of making them pleased with you, and of your accomplishing every object you have in visiting their country.

There are instances of Englishmen, who, while on their travels, shock foreigners by an ostentatious preference of England, to all the rest of the world, the manners, customs, and opinions of every other nation.—Italy is too hot, the inns miserable, and the whole country swarms with monks and other vermin.—In France, the people are slaves and coxcombs, the music execrable; they boil their meat to rags, and there is no porter, and very little strong ale.—In Germany, some of their princes have little more to spend than an English gentleman: they use stoves instead of grates; they eat sour crout, and speak high Dutch. Thus they build their panegyric of Old England, on the ruin and wretchedness of other countries. I hope you will entirely avoid such abusive language, which shews that the English nation takes no trouble to conciliate the affections of foreigners.

Nothing also can be more absurd in an Englishman, than to adopt, with enthusiasm, the fashions, fopperies, taste, and manners of those countries, and transplant them to England, where they never will thrive, and where they always appear awkward and unnatural. For after all his efforts of imitation, a travelled Englishman, is as different from a Frenchman or Italian, as an English mastiff is from a monkey or a fox: and if ever that sedate or plain-meaning dog should pretend to the gay friskness of the one, or to the subtlety of the other, we should cer-

tainly value him much less than we do. But you are not yet departed, and I advise you to avoid, at your return, the ridiculous affectation of expressing, like many others, your contempt for every thing that is English.

Let me return to counsels which may be useful to you in the present moment. The taste for letters, my young friend, which you have acquired at the university, will not be diminished on classic ground, or your mind be diverted, by a frivolous enthusiasm for music, or any other passion, from the manly strides and pursuits which become an English gentleman.

The study of human nature, in all its forms and modifications, is highly interesting to the mind, and worthy of all your attention. But, remember, that this is not to be perfectly attained in courts and palaces. The investigator of nature must visit her in humbler life, and put himself on a level with the men whom he wishes to know. To become perfectly acquainted with the characters of men, as they appear in different situations and countries, you will mix occasionally with all degrees of people, and, when not otherwise engaged, will not scruple to take a seat at the *table d'hôte*. Those who possess real greatness of mind, never hesitate to despise the forms which may stand in the way of their acquiring the useful knowledge of men.

As you regard, my young friend, the preservation of your character, and the tranquillity of your mind, let no example, however high, lead you into the practice of deep play.

Accept the preceding sermon, with my best wishes.

SUICIDE.

It appears to me, that no reasoning can have the smallest force in preventing it, but what is founded upon the soul's immortality, and a future state. What effects can the common arguments have on a man who does not believe that necessary and important doctrine?—He may be told that he did not give himself life, therefore he has no right to take it away:—that he is a centinel on a post, and ought to remain till he is relieved;—What is all this to the man who thinks he is never to be questioned for his violence and desertion?

If you attempt to pique this man's pride, by asserting, that it is a greater proof of courage to bear the ills of life, than to flee from them; he will answer you from the Roman history, and ask, whether Cato, Cassius, and Marcus Brutus, were cowards?

Those philosophers, therefore, who have endeavoured to shake this great and important conviction from the minds of men, have thereby opened a door to suicide as well as to other crimes.

It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in many cases, this question is decided by mens' feelings, and independent of reasonings of any kind.

Nature has not trusted a matter of so great importance, entirely to the fallible reason of men; but has planted in the human breast, such a love of life and horror of death, as seldom can be overcome, even by the greatest misfortunes.

But there is a disease which sometimes affects the body, and afterwards communicates its baneful influence to the mind, over which it hangs such a cloud

of horrors as renders life absolutely insupportable. In this dreadful state, every pleasing idea is banished, and all the sources of comfort in life, are poisoned.—Neither fortune, honours, friends, nor family, can afford the smallest satisfaction.—Hope, the last pillar of the wretched, falls to the ground.—Despair lays hold of the abandoned sufferer—then all reasoning becomes vain—even arguments of religion have no weight, and the poor creature embraces death, as his only friend, which, as he thinks, may terminate, but cannot augment his misery.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS,

WHICH sink into the heart, and form the character, never change. The objects of our attention, vary in the different periods of life. This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality, remains essentially the same. He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate and generous.

EQUALITY.

A TYRANT of antiquity, ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron; stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality, and such is the

equality which the tyrants who have tortured the French with their mad decrees would subject them to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society, but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, or activity, or industry.

It is not surprising that this idea of equality, is very favourably received by the lower order of society. I make no manner of doubt, that there are men of acknowledged dullness, and women decidedly ugly, who would rejoice in a decree for an equality of genius and beauty, and who, to that variety in which nature delights, would prefer an insipid monotony of talents and looks all over the world. But until nature shall issue such a decree, the decrees of all the national conventions on earth, to establish *egalité*, will be vain.

FRENCH NATION.

THE French nation, have indeed, shewn themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotic government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals, of so wild a nature, as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and caressing they may appear when

under controul, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

ENGLISH GENERALLY ENVIED.

THE universal satisfaction which appears all over Europe at the idea of England's being stript of her colonies, certainly does not originate from political sentiments; but in a great degree from that reserve which kept Englishmen from cultivating the friendship of foreigners; that pride which hinders them from stooping to humour prejudices; that indifference which makes them disregard the approbation of others, and betray the contempt they are too ready to entertain for customs and sentiments different from their own. These are things not easily forgiven, and for which no superiority of genius, magnanimity or integrity can compensate. These are causes which have made foreigners take part against us in the dispute with America.

VINTAGE.

IT was the gay season of the vintage. The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes, and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. In all countries, this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated descriptions, which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration in our manner.—

For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people. In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France, during the vintage.—Every village is enlivened with music, dancing, and glee; and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage-season, would imagine the French peasants in a situation as enviable as that formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.

JOSEPHIANA.

THE Emperor Joseph, being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, *Je suis par metier Royaliste*.

One person at a conversazione, at the Countess Walstein's, where he was present, remarked, that his majesty had banished all the inconveniencies of etiquette from his court. To which he replied, "It would be hard, indeed, if because I have the ill-fortune to be an Emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste, convinced that the man who is secluded from the blessings of society, and raises himself above friendship, is also raised above happiness."

Some days after he had thus expressed himself, at an exhibition of fire-works, in the Prater:* The

* The Prater is a large park, near Vienna, planted with wood, and surrounded by the Danube.

Emperor, saw in a narrow passage, a tall Englishman, who had been at the Countess Walstein's, and who being of a large make, could not move, though those of a smaller size extricated themselves; and thus remained in a very awkward situation. He called out:—Ah, Monsieur! Je vous ai bien annoncé combien il est incommode d'être trop *grand*.—A present vous devez bien être de mon avis;—mais comme je ne puis rien faire pour vous soulager, je vous recommande à Saint George.

At a grand masquerade, the Emperor, who takes no part himself but as a spectator, was conversing with an English gentleman, in the middle of the hall, without observing that the third ballet was going to be danced, when the master of the ceremonies whispered him in the ear.—The Emperor seizing the Englishman by the arm said—Allons, Monsieur, on nous chasse—il faut se retirer; and immediately walked into another room, to give place to others who had not seen the dance.

NECKER,

A CITIZEN of Geneva, was bred a banker, and in that business at Paris, he accumulated a very large fortune, sustaining the character of a man of integrity. His fortune enabled him, and his inclination prompted him, to live in a style at once splendid and hospitable; and his house was frequented by men of rank and by men of letters. According to the custom of his country, his education had been of a literary nature. He cultivated ever after his taste for letters in the intervals of business. He was

thought to have just, extensive, and philosophical ideas on the subjects of commerce and finance, to be an able calculator, and indefatigable in business. His greatest enemies, have not been able to injure his reputation for probity.

At the time of the revolution, when the finances of France were in great disorder, it is not surprising that a man of such character, and so connected, should be thought of as a proper person to regulate them.

The public had the highest expectation from the measure; for M. Neckar's talents had been praised with an exaggeration which the enthusiasm of the moment alone could have rendered credible. What else, but the most superlative abilities, could have made a foreigner, a banker, and a heretic, be thought of as a minister of finance, such an high and confidential office. He unquestionably had sincerely at heart the prosperity of the French nation, as his greatest ambition was to be the instrument of it. Although born a republican, he was of opinion, that a republican form of government, neither suited the extent of the French empire, nor the character of the French people. He was the friend of liberty, but thought he could be sure of a permanent and happy residence in France under a limited monarchical form of government. Yet, he has been thought, by his conduct, to have greatly contributed to the destruction of monarchy in France.

MASQUERADES.

I AM not surprised that the Germans, especially those of high rank, are fond of masquerades, being so much harrassed with ceremony and form, and cramped by the distance which birth throws between people who may have a mutual regard for each other. I imagine they are glad to seize every opportunity of assuming the mask and domino, that they may taste the pleasures of familiar conversation, and social mirth.

MEMORABLE PLACES.

PLACES where any extraordinary event has happened, even though they should have nothing else to distinguish them, interest me more than the most flourishing country, or finest town which has never been the scene of any thing memorable. Fancy, awakened by the view of the former, instantly gives shape and features to men we have never seen.— We hear them speak, and see them act; the passions are excited, the mind amused; the houses, the rivers, the fields around, supplying the absence of the poet and the historian: and restoring with new energy, the whole scene to the mind.

ROYAL CUSTOM.

I DO not know upon what principle the royal families of various countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in public. If these exhibitions

are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid.

STANDING ARMIES.

THE greatest part of them on the continent of Europe, secure the despotism of the prince, whose maintenance is a more severe burthen upon the countries which support them.

The individuals who compose those armies, are miserable, by the tyranny exercised on them, and are themselves the cause of misery to their fellow-citizens, by the tyranny they exercise.

But it will be said, they defend the nation from foreign enemies.—Alas! could a foreign conqueror occasion more wretchedness than such defenders?—When he who calls himself protector has stripped me of my property and deprived me of my freedom, I cannot return him very cordial thanks, when he tells me that he will defend me from every other robber.

MONKISH GALLANTRY.

VISITING a convent of monks, on the top of mount Calenberg, near Vienna, a lady of a gay disposition, laid hold of a little scourge which hung at one of the fathers' belts, and desired he would make her a present of it, for she wished to use it when she returned home, having, as she said, been a great

sinner.—The father, with great gallantry, begged she would spare her own fair skin, assuring her, that he would give himself a hearty flogging on her account, that very evening—and to prove how much he was in earnest, fell directly on his knees before a little altar, and began to whip his own shoulders with great earnestness, declaring, that when the ladies should retire, he would lay it with the same violence on his naked body; for he was determined she should be as free from sin, as she was on the day of her birth.

This melted the heart of the lady.—She begged the father might take no more of her faults upon his shoulders.—She now assured him, that her slips had been very venial, and that she was convinced, what he had already done, would clear her as completely as if he should whip himself to the bone. What a ludicrous scene!

DEVOTION.

A FRENCHMAN, in a creditable way of life, had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman.—After expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care, that he had always addressed it in his private devotion; and that in return, he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks; and having a great share in the cargo of a ship,

coming from the West Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and, that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods—notwithstanding all which, the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors, in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—Enfin, Monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation, mingled with regret; and raising his shoulders above his ears, *enfin, Monsieur, il m'a manqué, & je rends mon Christ.*

HEREDITARY MONARCHY,

THE proofs which experience has afforded, that it is more conducive than a republic, to the happiness of those millions who inhabit an extensive kingdom, are the only right which kings have to their crown; a good king, would not wish for a stronger; a wise one, could hardly believe they ever had any other.

MINISTER OF STATE.

It is fortunate for philosophers, that they can do pretty well without being ministers of state; but it is very unfortunate for a minister of state not to be somewhat of a philosopher. It is probable that he will have frequent occasions for the exercise of philosophy during his administration, and he will stand in need of a great deal of it when turned suddenly out of his high office. The wonderful alteration

which ministers experience on their removal in that universal obsequiousness, they are accustomed to, while in office, however natural it may seem to the rest of the world, generally is so shocking to them, that instead of philosophers, it is apt to make them misanthropes.

MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE word *people*, have by the French, been long applied to the lowest order only; it was considered by many members of the first national assembly, as lowering the deputies, to denominate them *Représentans du Peuple Français*. Mirabeau, in one of his discourses, made the following energetic observation:—

“ I give no weight to the signification of words, according to the absurd language of prejudice. I here speak the language of liberty, and am supported by the example of the English and of the Americans, who have always respected the name of the *People*, and have always adopted it in their declarations, in their laws, and in their politics. When Chatham compressed the charter of nations in a single expression, and pronounced the *Majesty of the People*; when the Americans opposed the *natural Rights of the People*, to all the trash published against them; they shewed that they understood the true signification and full energy of an expression, to which freedom gives so great a value.”

An English gentleman, celebrated for wit, walking the streets of London, with a democratic acquaintance of his, who frequently used that expression, they met a couple of chimney-sweeps; the

gentleman took off his hat, and made them a very formal bow as they passed. His acquaintance asked what he meant---I was only shewing the respect, replied the other, which is due from every loyal subject to two princes of the blood.

POST-MASTER.

A FRENCH post-master who had something more precise and formal in his manner than is usual with Frenchmen, because he had formerly been a school-master, gave me, on my way to Paris, a proof of his power of reasoning: on his putting only two horses to a chaise instead of three, he advertised us that he expected to be paid for three. I hinted that it did not seem quite reasonable.—“ I will have the honour, gentlemen,” resumed he, “ with a solemn air, of making this as clear as day-light. You must all know that travellers are often detained in the middle of their journey by an accident happening to one of the horses in their carriage; but there is a greater chance of this happening to one of three horses, than of two.” His argument was allowed to be irresistible, and he was paid his full demand. “ All that I ever desire of any mortal,” continued the post-master, “ is that he will only hear me, and listen to the voice of reason.”

SINCERE HATER.

A GENTLEMAN who pretends to know the French thoroughly, said to me the other day: “ The French

have been accused of being very inconstant *lovers*. I know nothing of that: but I do assure you, that they are very sincere and constant *haters*; playing on an expression recorded by Dr. Johnson."

MODEL OF ELOQUENCE.

I WAS the other day at the national assembly, when Danton went into the tribune; and as Marat seemed at this time, en mauvaise odeur with the convention, he thought proper to make the following elegant declaration:

"I declare to the whole republic, that I do not love Marat. I frankly acknowledge, that I have some experience of the man; and I find not only that he is boisterous and quarrelsome, but also unso-
ciable."

What do you think of Danton's eloquence?

NATURE NOT ARISTOCRATICAL.

A FRENCH lady distinguished for wit, having remarked the ingenuity of a footman belonging to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, said, "il faut avouer que la nature n'est pas aristocrate."—If nature has been partial to democracy, it must be confessed, however, that the democrats of France, have been most ungrateful to nature, by violating all her laws, and wounding all her feelings.

ROBERSPIERRE.

THERE is something inexplicable in his character : he does not seem to have been actuated by the same motives which are generally supposed to have influenced other monsters of cruelty.

The usual incentives to deeds of that nature with tyrants, or men possessed of unlimited power, are, the fear being deprived of it, avarice, bigotry, revenge, and sometimes a diabolical kind of enjoyment in beholding torture : The common motives, to deeds of cruelty, in men in private life, are jealousy, revenge, covetousness, and ambition : but Robespierre was not avaricious, was not a bigot, had no injuries to avenge, was never present at an execution, was never in love,—yet he extended the most horrid acts of cruelty to thousands who stood not in the way of his ambition ; and continued them after his ambition was satisfied, and his power quietly submitted to. Wicked politicians often use religion as a cover for crimes, without any sentiment of religion in their hearts : this man evinced a contempt for religion, and directed his cruelty against those who shewed a reverence for Christianity. Enthusiasts are capable of criminal actions, without any sentiment of wickedness in their hearts : though Robespierre was thought an enthusiast, this could not be said of him. Could any human creature, without the most wicked of hearts, during the fifteen dreadful months his power lasted, exercise more acts of cruelty than any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever exercised in the same space of time. By his order, or with his approbation, many thou-

sands of men, women, and children, of all ranks, were confined in loathsome prisons, treated with the most shocking barbarity, until they were, in troops of fifty in a day, dragged to execution. Many thousands of inoffensive peasants, who did not understand what the word revolution meant, were drowned in the Loire; numbers of the inhabitants of Lyons driven into inclosures, to be torn in pieces by grape-shot; and many of his own intimate acquaintance, not only those who were of a different party, and opposed his horrid cruelty, but those who had long aided, and supported him, in his plans of bloodshed and devastation, he sent, on the first appearance of disapprobation of his measures, without remorse, to the guillotine: and what seems as singular, as unaccountable, as all that has been enumerated, is, that a spirited people, excited by enthusiasm for liberty, should, while their enthusiasm was at the height, have quietly submitted, for fifteen months, to the tyranny of an obscure, canting, capricious, madman, though exercised with more wanton cruelty than had ever been displayed by the most despotic of their monarchs.

POLITENESS.

THE great use of politeness is to correct the partiality, and to check the rapacity of self-love. Politeness may be compared to a mask with the features of benevolence, by which men try to cover the deformity of selfishness. Some wear this mask so awkwardly, that they continually show part of

the ugly features behind it; others let it fall from their face entirely by too profound and too frequent bendings. He, who in the midst of the homage he pays the company, plainly discovers that he thinks himself superior to them all, certainly defeats the purpose of politeness. Such a man is like one who in the very act of obsequiously bowing to another, is all the while admiring his own attitudes, in a mirror placed behind the person he pretends to be treating so courteously.

Many people entertain the notion that great politeness and apparent gentleness of behaviour, are generally accompanied with falsehood and real coldness:—even inhumanity of character—as if human nature, like marble, took a polish proportionate to its hardness.

This idea is certainly formed without an accurate examination, and from a superficial view of mankind. As a boorish address is no proof of honesty, so is politeness no indication of the reverse;—and if they are once reduced to an equality in this particular, it is evident that the latter is preferable in every other respect.

A writer of great ingenuity and eminence regrets, that “we shall never more behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom;” and adds, “that with these, are also fled that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which *vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.*”

Notwithstanding the splendid elegance and force of this passage, the concluding sentiment has been justly censured. It is most certain, that in general society, politeness is a convenient substitute for benevolence; and that, when rude and polished men are equally vicious, the latter are less disgusting, and sometimes less mischievous, than the former—a savage, when he hates a man, will murder him. In polished society, a man with the same passion, will refrain from murder. It is equally true, that a great deal of the grossness of vice may be removed, without a grain of its intrinsic wickedness being removed with it. The courtier, who, in elegant terms, professes friendship to the man he is endeavouring to supplant, exhibits as much genuine vice as the most vulgar footpad that ever knocked a man down, or informed against his accomplice.

All the refinements of court cannot alter the nature of falsehood, ingratitude, or treachery; nor can all the perfumes of the East sweeten the corruption of vice. If polish in some cases renders it less mischievous than it would otherwise be, it may make it, in other cases, more dangerous by being more attractive.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

I AM every day more and more convinced that its unrestrained productions, the licentious newspapers themselves not excepted, have conveyed to every corner of Great Britain, along with much impertinence and scurrility, such a regard for the constitution, such a sense of the rights of the sub-

ject, and such a degree of general knowledge, as never were so universally diffused over any other nation.

Nothing besides can be a greater check to the wantonness of power, than the privilege of unfolding private grievances at the bar of the public. Thus the cause of individuals is made a public concern, and the general indignation which their wrongs excite, forms, at once, one of the severest punishments which can be inflicted on the oppressor, and one of the strongest bulwarks that can be raised in defence of the unprotected.

By the freedom of the press, the most speedy and effectual alarm is given all over the nation, when any great public misconduct happens, or upon any appearance of a design against the constitution. Though this liberty produces much silly advice and malignant censors without number, it likewise gives useful hints to ministers.

MILITARY DRUMS.

I HAVE seen at Manheim, the troops perform their exercise; and I was a good deal surprised to observe, that not only the movements of the soldiers' muskets, and the attitudes of their bodies, but also their devotions were under the major's cane,

The major flourishes his cane;—the drum gives a single tap, and every man under arms raises his hand to his hat;—at a second stroke on the drum, they take off their hats, and are supposed to pray;—at a third, they finish their petitions, and put their hats on their heads.—If any man has the assurance

to prolong his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is punished on the spot, and taught to be less devout for the future.

The ingenuous inventor of drums, certainly never dreamt of their becoming the regulators of peoples' piety.—But the modern improvements in the military art, are truly wonderful!—and we need not despair after this, of seeing a whole regiment, by the progress of discipline, so modelled as to eat, drink, and perform other animal functions uniformly together, at the word of command, as they poise their firelocks.

RESTLESSNESS.

C—— called at my lodgings one morning the summer before I left London.—I had remained in town, merely because I had no particular business elsewhere; but he assured me that the town was a desert;—that it was shameful to be seen in the streets;—that all the world was at Brighthelmstone.—So I allowed him to conduct me to that place, where we had remained only a few days, when he told me, that none of the people he cared for, were there; and, as I had nothing particular to detain me, he begged as a favour that I would accompany him to Tunbridge.—We went accordingly. C—— remained pretty quiet for about four days;—he yawned a good deal on the fifth;—and on the sixth, I thought he would have dislocated his jaws. As he perceived I was pleased with the place, and would take none of his hints about leaving it, he at last pretended that he had received a letter, which made

it absolutely necessary for him to set out for London:—and away he went.

I staid three weeks at Tunbridge.—On my return to town, I understood that C—— had taken a genteel furnished house for the summer, in Yorkshire, where he had already passed a week, having previously engaged a female friend to go along with him. Two days after I had received this account, I saw him enter my room. He told me he was quite disgusted with his house, and more so with his companion: and besides, he had taken a violent fancy to go to Paris, which you know, added he, is the most delightful place in the world, especially in summer; for the company never think of rambling about the country, like our giddy fools in England, but remain together in the capital, as sensible people ought to do.

He then proposed that we should pack up a few things, take post, pass over, and spend a couple of months at Paris. Finding I did not relish the proposal, he wrote an apology to the lady in Yorkshire, with an inclosed bank bill, and set out next day by himself. I heard no more of him for about six weeks, but at the end of that time, happening to be at Bath, I saw my friend C—— enter the pump-room.—Egad, said he, you were wise to stay at home:—Paris has become the most insipid place on earth:—I could not support it above ten days.—But, having heard a good deal of Holland, I even took a jaunt to Amsterdam, which, between friends, I found very little more amusing than Paris; two days after my arrival, finding an English ship just ready to sail, I thought it would be a pity to let the opportunity slip; so I ordered my trunk aboard.

We had a disagreeable passage:—however I arrived safe a few days ago at Harwich.

COMFORT.

“ I HAVE had very much vexation.”—Thus was speaking a poor old soldier. “ I had been long out of work, when poor Mary my wife, chanced to fall sick. I run a little in debt.—Never since our grenadiers were repulsed from the intrenchments of Montmorency, did I feel a heavier heart.”——

“ No wonder,” said Mrs. ——. “ It was enough to drive you to despair.”

“ I never give way to despair;”—replied the soldier; “ for it is of no use, and so I always make it a rule to keep it off.”

“ How do you contrive that ?”

“ By always trusting to Providence, and sometimes taking a *dram*.”

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Is more remarkable in the country than in town; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks with those of England. That race of people, have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the hand-

somest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries are so hard-worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not.

LEGACY.

A NATIVE of the Highlands of Scotland, rented a small portion of land of a nobleman of that country. Being upon his death bed, he expressed a desire of seeing his master. The nobleman went directly to the hut of his tenant, and condoled with him on the melancholy state he seemed to be in. "I am greatly indebted to your Lordship," said the dying man, "for the condescension and kindness which you have always shewed to me. I am now dying, my lord, and would willingly leave to so good a master, what I have of the greatest value in this world."

"I am happy, my good friend, to hear," said his lordship, "that you have any thing of value to leave; whatever you have, I must insist on your leaving it all to your little son Duncan, here; and whatever his portion is, I am more disposed to add to it than diminish it."

"Little Duncan, is all I have to leave," replied the poor man, "and the greatest uneasiness I have in dying, is the thought of the destitute condition of that boy. I intreat earnestly of your lordship, to accept of this poor orphan, as a pledge of my regard, and the only legacy I have to bestow."

"I do accept him, with all my heart and soul," cried his Lordship, "and if he proves as honest a

man as his father, nothing but death shall part him and me."

"Praise be to the Almighty," cried the dying man, with uplifted eyes and arms. "Thanks to the gracious God of heaven and earth, for all his goodness to me and mine!--Oh! my good Lord," continued he, addressing the nobleman, "you have made me a happy man."—Here the sudden gush of joy overwhelmed the feeble heart of this poor man; he fell back on his heath pillow and expired.

The nobleman led the boy home to his castle, and after placing him some years at school, took him to attend his own person.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

THE great end and object of every government ought to be the happiness of the governed. We conceive the diffusion of happiness to be the grand purpose even of creation. When the avowed object is the promotion of general happiness in every government and institution, individual happiness ought to have a proper weight. I question much if this is the case in the system of military discipline, particularly in Germany.

The exhibition of a review is brilliant to the eye; but an investigation of the springs on which its movements depend is most afflicting to the heart. The number of blows to which a recruit in the German service is subjected, is not to be counted; and the various severities he must endure, before he can be brought to hold himself as erect as a pike, to wheel to the right and left with the agility of a har-

lequin, to bear restraint with the patience of a bra-
min, and to toss his firelock with the dexterity of a
 juggler, are inconceivable.

DESCRIPTIONS, WHEN TEDIOUS.

It is hardly possible for any mortal to contemplate
the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of va-
riegated landscape, without admiration and delight.

It is hardly possible not to receive much pleasure
from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of
picturesque countries; but when repeated too often
in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terri-
fic rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright ver-
dure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the mean-
dering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and
purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling
through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the
moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself, be-
come tiresome.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

—I do not know where I met with the following
lines; they are natural and easy, expressive of true
philosophy, as well as of the conduct and sentiments
of the whole French nation.

M'amuser n'importe comment,
Fait toute ma Philosophie,
Je crois ne perdre aucun moment,
Hors le moment où je m'ennuie;
Et je tiens ma tâche finie,
Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement,
Je me defasse de la vie,

FORTUNATE GAMESTERS.

I SHALL not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamblers, have used those means to correct fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent, but we may suppose that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool and shrewd men are mingled; who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gaiety of manners;—who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition; who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Mareschal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the Queen?—*De l'ascendant*, she replied, *qu'un esprit superieur a toujours des esprits foibles.*

FRENCH AND GERMAN POSTILLIONS.

THE contrast of character between French and Germans is strongly illustrated in the behaviour of the postillions of the two countries.

A French postillion is generally either laughing or fretting, or singing or swearing, all the time he is on the road. If a hill or a bad road obliges him to go slow, he will of a sudden fall a cracking of his whip above his head for a quarter of an hour together, without rhyme or reason; for he knows the horses

cannot go a bit faster, and he does not intend they should. All this noise and emotion therefore means nothing, and proceeds entirely from that abhorrence of quiet, which every Frenchman sucks in with his mother's milk.

A German postillion, on the contrary, neither sings, nor frets, nor laughs: he only smokes. If you call him to go faster, he turns about, looks you in the face, takes his pipe from his mouth, and says, *yaw Mynheer—yaw, yaw*; and then proceeds exactly in the same pace as before. He is no way affected whether the road be good or bad; whether it rains, or shines, or snows. He has one object of which he never loses sight, which is, to conduct your chaise from one post to another; and unless his pipe goes out (in which case he strikes his flint and rekindles it) he seems not to have another idea during the journey.

INSOLÉNCÉ

WHEN supported by power is mean---without that support it is ridiculous.

EUROPEAN WOMEN.

THERE is much expression in the countenances of French women; but the ladies in Germany have the advantage in the fairness of their skin, and the bloom of their complexion. They have a greater resemblance to English women than to French, yet they differ considerably from them both.

A handsome French woman, besides the ease of her manner, has commonly a look of cheerfulness and great vivacity.—She appears willing to be acquainted with you, and seems to expect that you should address her.

The manner of an English woman is not so devoid of restraint; and a stranger, especially if he be a foreigner, may observe a look which borders on disdain in her countenance. Even among the loveliest features, something of a sulky air often appears. While their beauty allures, this, in some degree, checks that freedom of address which you might use to the French woman; and interests your vanity more, by giving the idea of the difficulties you are to conquer.

A German beauty, without the smart air of the one, or the reserve of the other, has generally a more placid look than either.

SALT HERRING.

A FRENCH student of medicine, lodged in the same house in London, with a man in a fever. This poor man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, though he nauseated the insipid liquids that were presented to him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered in her ear—“For God’s sake bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please.”

The woman indulged him in his request; he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered.

The French student inserted this aphorism in his journal :

A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever.

On his return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to the first patient in a fever to whom he was called.

The patient died : on which the student inserted in his journal the following caveat :—

N. B. *Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman.*

LORD TORPID.

LORD Torpid is thought as polite a nobleman as any about court ; there is a bowing, smiling attentiveness in his manner, which those who are ignorant that it is the effect of mere habit, mistake for an indication of good-will. Lord Torpid is incapable of doing a rude thing ; but a corn on his own toe, gives him more concern than the greatest misfortune that can befall any of his acquaintance, including those he calls his friends. He passes his time at court, at the opera, at concert, in lounging, and at his toilet. He is visited by a dentist, who has the superintendance of his teeth ; an operator for the nails regularly inspects those of his Lordships fingers and toes as often. It is observed, that on the remaining three days of the week, the noble Lord is much at a loss what to do with himself, when the hour arrives which those different artists are in use to occupy.

The utmost that can be said at any period of his life, is that he is in existence ; and it is more than a cautious person would venture to affirm at some par-

ticular times, when he seems to have as little feeling as a corpse. This is peculiarly observable at the play-house, for, although he never goes till the play is ended, from taste, he is some times obliged to attend before it begins from duty; and there he contemplates Mrs. Siddons in *Belvidera*, and Lady Randolph, with great composure. His friends endeavour to explain this, by saying, that his lordship, like many other respectable people, has no relish for tragedy. And when it afterwards appears that he is equally unmoved with the genuine nature and exquisite pleasantry of Mrs. Jordan, they are forced to add, that his lordship also resembles those respectable people who have no relish for comedy.

A GOOD ENOUGH SORT OF A MAN,

Is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly, through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend or foe in the world: but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow, or satisfaction at the event.

COUNTESS BRUNELLA,

TAKES every opportunity of insinuating that she has been in her youth greatly distinguished for her beauty. Her charms, however, whatever they have once been, are now entirely fled: but she still retains all the vanity, insolence, and caprice, which

ever attended the bloom of beauty, with the addition of that peevishness and ill-humour, which often accompany its decay. Her insolence, however, is only displayed to the unprotected, and her ill-humour to her servants; for to her superiors she is always obsequious, and to her equals she wears an everlasting simper of approbation. This woman's benevolence is regulated by decorum; her friendship by conveniency; and all her affections by etiquette. Her heart has no concern in any of those matters.

She is chaste, without being virtuous, because in her it proceeds from constitution, not sentiment. Guarded by the breast-plate of frigidity, which, like the ægis of Minerva, repels the shafts of love, she walks through life erect and steady to the dictates of decorum and self-interest, without a slip or false step.

Inexorable to all helpless females, who, from the frailty of nature, or the perfidy of man, are observed to totter, or even to stoop, in their progress, she insists that they should be for ever excluded from the society of the upright: and, if any person shews a disposition to palliate their errors, this vulture of chastity quits, for a moment, the frail bird on whom she has pounced, and turns her envenomed beak against those who are for shewing the smallest degree of mercy; and being freed by nature from any propensity to one particular frailty, she indulges, without bounds, in the gratification of envy, hatred, slander, haughtiness, and other vices of the same class, for which, from her childhood, she has discovered a decided taste.—

TALENT.

YOU know how barbarous a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M——. The conversation either degenerates into a soliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thought of the French Marquis's company. He was uncommonly lively; addressed much of his conversation to his Lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sung *chanson à boire*, and tried in vain to get my Lord to join the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation; to no purpose. His Lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last; and then drove away to the Opera.

“Ma foi,” said the Marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, “il a de grands talens pour le silence çe Milord là.”

DUTCHMAN.

AT Basil, when at table, I expressed to my Strasbourg acquaintance my regret that I could not speak a little Dutch, to enjoy the conversation of a Dutchman, my neighbour. It was immediately translated to him, he heard it with great composure, took his pipe from his mouth, and made the following answer.—That I ought to console myself, for as we had no connection or dealings together, our conversing could not possibly answer any purpose.

GERMAN COURTIERS.

ON a gala day, at the court of Cashel, I observed in the drawing-room two persons, saluting each other with great politeness, and apparent regard. A little after, one of them touched my shoulder, and pointing to the other, whispered in my ear.—“*Prenez garde, Monsieur, à cet homme; c'est, un grand coquin.*”

The other within a few minutes came to me, saying;—“*Croyez-vous, Monsieur, que vous puissiez reconnoitre un fou, si je vous le monstrois?*”—*Le voila*, added he, showing the person who had whispered me before.

I have been since told, by those who know both, that each had hit exactly upon the other's character.

This little trait I have mentioned merely on account of its singularity, and to show you how very different the manners of the court, and the sentiments of the courtiers here, with regard to each other, are from those at St. James's.

 PERFECTION.

THERE is room to fear, that the race of those perfect beings incapable of weakness and invulnerable to vice,* who are armed at all points, and cased in virtues, as the knights of chivalry were in mail,

* Let us take men as we find them. If we would only live with those, who are perfectly virtuous, we must probably live alone—for where are such men to be found?

has intirely failed, as well as that of those tremendous giants, void of every virtue, and replete with every vice, who lived in the same ages;—till these opposite extremes, men intirely good or completely wicked, appear again, we must be contented with that mediocrity of character which prevails, and draw mankind as we find them, the best subject to weaknesses, the worst imbued with some good quality.

JEALOUSY.

To remove suspicions from the breast of a man given to jealousy, and prevent their returning, would be changing his nature. This passion has a tendency not only to sour the temper, but to obscure the understanding.

——— Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

DEPENDENTS.

It is a miserable trait in a young man's character, to prefer the company of obsequious dependents, who, on no occasion, withhold their assent, to that of men of liberal spirit, or equal rank with himself; a feature which infallibly puts an end to improvement, and renders a man at length as disagreeable to society, as society is disagreeable to him.
