

that on the supposition, that the Murano manufacturers have lost three fourths of their customers, they may still retain half as much trade as they ever had. It is surprising, that, instead of blowing, they do not adopt the method of casting, which seems a much easier process, and by which larger plates may be made. Besides mirrors, an infinite quantity of glass trinkets (*margaritini*), as they are called, of all shapes and colours, are made here. Women of the inferior ranks wear them as ornaments, and as rosaries: they also mould this substance into many whimsical forms, by way of ornamental furniture, to houses and churches. In short there are glass baubles enough made here, to bribe into slavery half of the inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

ROMAN LADIES

HAVE a languor in their countenances, which promises as much sensibility as the brisk look of the French, and without the volubility of the latter, or the frankness of the Venetian women, they seem no way averse to form connections with strangers. A young Englishman of distinction, was presented to a beautiful young lady at one of the assemblies. In the course of conversation he happened to say, that he had heard she had been married very lately. She answered with precipitation, "Signor Si—ma mio marito é uno Vecchio.*" She then added, shaking

* Yes, my Lord—but my husband is an old man.

her head, and in a most affecting tone of voice, “O santissima Virgine quanto è vecchio*.”

HAPPINESS.

A GENTLEMAN was proposing one day to a French woman living in a retired part of the country, to make a trip to Paris. “For she must be tired of so much solitude.”—“Have I not my husband?” answered she.—“Your husband is no company,” rejoined he, “Your husband, you know, is yourself.”—She answered, “Ah! Monsieur plus on s’éloigne de soi même, plus on s’écarte du bonheur.”

CREDULITY.

AN English traveller, witness of a grand procession, at a village near Turin, where four men walking before the rest carried a box which was said to contain the bones of St. John, enquired from a sagacious looking old man, if all the saint’s bones were there; he assured him, that not even a joint of his little finger was wanting. “Because,” continued the traveller, “I have seen a considerable number of bones in different parts of Italy which are said to be the bones of St. John.” The old man smiled at the Englishman’s simplicity, and said, the world was full of imposition! but nothing could be more certain, than that those in the box were the

* O holy Virgin, how exceeding old he is!

true bones of the saint; he had remembered them ever since he was a child—and his father, when on his death-bed, had told him on the *word of a dying man*, that they belonged to St. John, and no other body.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

THE memory of that monarch is greatly venerated in Hanover. I have heard his contemporaries relate a thousand little anecdotes* concerning him, which at once evinced the good disposition of the king, and their own gratitude. He was naturally of a very sociable temper, and entirely laid aside, when at Hanover the state and reserve which he retained in England.

Not only the personal friends of that monarch speak of him with regard; the same sentiments prevail among all ranks of people in the electorate. Nothing does more honour to his character, or can be a less equivocal proof of his equity, than his having governed these subjects, over whom he had an unlimited power with as much justice and mode-

* The following is a proof of the lively sensibility of that Monarch: George II. was at Drurylane Theatre, where the Culloden dispatches were presented to him, from the Duke of Cumberland, his darling son. The instant his Majesty had opened them, he started up, while tears streamed from his eyes; and in an ardent ejaculation, thanked God, and announced the victory. Garrick in a moment caught the transporting sound. The orchestra by his orders struck up—"God save Great George our King;" and the whole audience, in a wild enthusiasm, joined the chorus. What a delightful moment for the Monarch!

ration as those whose rights are guarded by law and a jealous constitution.

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

“ By what powerful arguments, Colonel were you persuaded to adhere to the Protestant religion?” said the clergyman.

“ By this powerful argument,” replied the Colonel, “ that I was born in Berlin, and bred at Königsberg.”

“ That answer smells of infidelity, Colonel, and implies that you consider religion merely as an affair of geography, and of little or no importance in the world,” said the clergymen.

“ It implies more than I intended, then ; for although I do think that nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of mankind are determined in the religion they profess, by the place of their birth and education, I do not infer from thence, that religion is of no importance ; on the contrary, I am convinced, that those who cherish religion, perform the relative duties of life in the most conscientious manner.”

“ So you put all religions on the same footing?” said the clergyman.

“ By no means, I speak of the Christian Religion only—which, if I am not mistaken, contributes greatly to render mankind better and happier even in this life.”

“ You speak of the reformed Religion only, I presume,” said the Clergyman ; “ for as to the absurd tenets of the Roman Catholic creed, it is im-

possible for you or any man of sense to respect them."

"I speak not of the creeds, which since the Christian æra, have been composed by the fathers of either church;" replied the colonel: "my observations regard only the precepts given, and the example set, by the author of Christianity himself, and in which both churches are agreed. The good effect which a due impression of those divine precepts has upon the mind seems, I confess, very evident to me whether the individuals on which it operates are Roman Catholics or Protestants."

"The spirit of those who profess them are very different, however," resumed the Minister. "When did the Protestants display the same spirit of persecution that the Papists have so often done?"

"Let us remember," replied the Colonel, that "the church of Rome was established in power, when the first reformers began to attack its doctrines; that an attack on its doctrines endangered the power and riches of its clergy; that it is natural for mankind, when they have been long in possession of power and wealth to be exceedingly unwilling to relinquish them; let us recollect that all established governments think they have a right to use severities against revolting subjects, whatever good grounds those subjects have had for revolting,—and"

"But remember," interrupted the Clergyman, "the perfidy and cruelty displayed by the Roman Catholics, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew—think of the shocking reign of the gloomy bigoted Philip, and the enormities of his unrelenting general, the duke of Alva."

“ I do think of them with horror,” said the Colonel; “ and I have no mind to palliate such dreadful instances of human wickedness and delusion. I only meant to hint that those ought not to have credit for not displaying the same spirit who were not in possession of the same power. It is fortunate for the clergy of Holland, Switzerland, some parts of Germany, and other countries in Europe, that, considering their want of power and wealth, there is little danger of their degenerating from the spirit of moderation and humanity.”

“ I doubt much whether it is a fortunate circumstance,” replied the Clergyman; “ for although riches, power, and pomp, have a mischievous effect, when prostituted to the unworthy, yet they are suitable to the character we bear of the ambassadors of heaven, and might give more weight to our admonitions.”

“ Power and wealth are the great corrupters of the human heart; and might spread their baneful influence even to the ambassadors themselves: a great accession of power and riches might gradually inspire them with pride and ambition, and render them at last little better than so many cardinals and popes.”

“ Never, never,” cried the Clergyman; “ the spirit of Protestantism is too averse to any such alteration.”

“ The spirit of human nature, however, has a mighty tendency that way,” replied the Colonel.

LAOCOON*.

NOTHING can be conceived more admirably executed than this affecting groupe; and it enters few

* This famous groupe was found in 1506, under the Pontificat of Julius II. at Rome, on the Esquiline Mount, in the ruins of the palace of Titus Plinius, who speaks of it with admiration, and had seen it on the same scite where it was found. It is to that celebrated writer that we are indebted for the knowledge of the three famous Rhodian Sculptors who have executed it. They were called *Agesander*, *Polydorus*, and *Athenodorus*. Agesander was probably the father of the two others; they lived in the first century of our æra.—Laocoon, son of Priam, and priest of Apollo, instigated by a sincere love for his country, strongly opposed the introduction of the *Wooden-horse*, within the gates of Troy. This horse contained the Greeks armed for her ruin. To undeceive his fellow-citizens Laocoon dared to throw a dart against the fatal machine. Incensed at his temerity, the gods, enemies of Troy, resolved to punish him. One day, while on the sea-shore, Laocoon crowned with laurel, was offering a sacrifice to Neptune, two monstrous serpents sprung from the waves, attacked him and his two sons, entangled them in their folds, and this unfortunate father expired in the most cruel agony: Such is the subject of this much admired subject of antique sculpture; we know not whether this groupe was attempted from Virgil's description of the death of Laocoon, or the description taken from the groupe; but it is evident from the great resemblance, that one of these must have been the case.—The poet mentions a circumstance which could not be represented by the sculptor: he says, that though every spectator sought his own safety in flight, the father was attacked by the serpents while he was advancing to the assistance of his sons.—

“ — Auxilia subeuntem ac tela ferentem.”

“ The wretched father running to their aid

“ With pious haste, but vain, they next invade.”

This deficiency in the sculptor's art would have been finely supplied by the improvement proposed in the following critical judgment.

heads that it could be in any respect improved. But Mr. Lock, a man of a refined taste and great sensibility, has observed that had the figure of Laocoon been *alone* it would have been perfect. As a man suffering the most excruciating bodily pain with becoming fortitude, it admits no improvement; his proportions, his forms, his actions, his expression are exquisite. But when his sons appear, he is no longer an insulated, suffering individual, who, when he has met pain and death with dignity, has done all that could be expected from man; he commences father, and a much wider field is opened to the artist. We expect the deepest pathos in the exhibition of the sublimest character that art can offer to the contemplation of the human mind: a father forgetting pain, and instant death to save his children. This sublime and pathetic idea, the artist either did not perceive, or despaired of attaining. Laocoon's sufferings are merely corporeal; he is deaf to the cries of his agonizing children, who are calling on him for assistance. But had he been throwing a look of anguish upon his sons, had he seemed to have forgotten his own suffering in theirs, he would have commanded the sympathy of the spectator in a much higher degree. On the whole Mr. Lock is of opinion that the execution of this groupe is perfect, but that the conception is not equal to the execution.

NEGRO SLAVES.

A cruel West-India Planter and an humane Physician.

“They are,” said Z—— “the most villianous race alive.”

“ They certainly are the most unfortunate,” said the Physician.

“ Let them perform their task as they ought,” replied the other, and they will not be unfortunate.”

“ Why, it is not a slight misfortune,” said the Doctor, “ to have such tasks to perform.”

“ They are in a better situation than when they were in their own country.”

“ That would be difficult to prove,” said the physician ; “ but were it certain, I should think it a bad reason for treating them ill *here*, merely because they had been very ill treated *there*.”

“ Negro Slaves in general, all over the West-Indies,” said Z—— “ are in a better condition than the common people in most countries in Europe. I have heard this asserted a thousand times.”

“ If it were so,” said the physician, “ it would convey a dreadful idea of the condition of Europeans, but the thing is impossible, Sir.”

“ How impossible !” said Z——.

“ Because even if slaves were in general fed and cloathed as well as you are yourself, yet while it is in the power of their master to impose what task he pleases, and punish their faults according to his humour, their condition must be infinitely worse than that of the cottager, whom nobody can abuse with impunity, and on whom the cheering spirit of liberty smiles as he reaps the fruit of his own industry.”

“ You have certainly,” said Z—— “ borrowed those sentiments from an Englishman ; some of those enthusiastic fools who are pleased to bear the insolence of mobs, and to sacrifice many of the conveniences of life to the empty shadow of freedom.”

“ But, to return to the slaves—are they not my

property? Have I not a right to oblige them to labour for my profit?"

"While I admit that, Sir, I most sincerely wish it were otherwise exercised."

"Lenity," cried Z—— "to a parcel of rascals, a gang of pilfering dogs, downright thieves! Why, as often as they can, they steal the very provisions intended for my own table!"

"You cannot be much surprised at that Sir, when they are pinched with hunger."

"You would have them pampered with delicacies, forsooth, and never punished for any crime!"

"No, Sir; but I would certainly allow them a sufficient quantity of wholesome food. Conscious of many failings in myself, I would not be relentless or unforgiving against untutored slaves."

"Poh! poh! --- This is not the way of dealing with negroes; nothing is to be made of them by lenity; they are the laziest dogs in the world."

"Consider, Sir, how natural it is after hard labour, to wish to prolong the intervals of rest."

"Rest!" cried Z—— "they will have rest enough in their graves."

"Well, Sir," replied the physician, shocked at this brutal remark, "it would be fortunate for some people if they could promise themselves the same."

"But, Doctor," said Z—— taking no notice of the last observation, "can you really imagine that such treatment as you seem to recommend, would render slaves of equal benefit to the proprietors of West-India estates?"

"My own experience convinces me that the master who treats his slaves with humanity and well-directed kindness, reaps more benefit from their labour,

than he who behaves in a contrary manner. We naturally endear ourselves to those to whom we impart pleasure, and men in general serve with more alacrity and perseverance from love than fear."

" Besides, how infinitely more pleasing is it to be considered as the distributor of happiness, than the inflictor of pain! Pray accept from me this advice gratis. Alter entirely your conduct towards your slaves; scorn not those who demand justice and mercy; treat them with much more indulgence, and sometimes with kindness."

THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERY early in life, I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman who affected an enthusiastic passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the *Voyage Pictoresque de Paris* by art. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to display all the refinements of his art. He shook his head at some pictures, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece as he passed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in an extacy of admiration.—One of the company had already passed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture, on which the connoisseur bawled out — " Good God, Sir? what are you about?" The ho-

nest gentleman started, and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

“ Have you eyes in your head, Sir ?” continued the connoisseur : “ Don’t you know St. John when you see him ?”

“ St. John !” replied the other, in amazement.—
“ Aye, Sir ; St. John the Baptist, in propria personæ.”

“ I don’t know what you mean, Sir,” said the gentleman, peevishly.

“ Don’t you ?” rejoined the connoisseur ; then
“ I’ll endeavour to explain myself. I mean St.
“ John in the Wilderness, by the divine Rafaele
“ Sanzio da Urbino, and here it stands by your side.
“ Pray, my dear Sir, will you be so obliging as to
“ bestow a little of your attention on that foot ?
“ Does it not start from the wall ? Is it not perfectly
“ out of the frame ? Did you ever see such colour-
“ ing ? They talk of Titian ; can Titian’s colouring
“ excel that ? What truth, what nature in the head !
“ To the elegance of the antique, he has joined the
“ simplicity of nature.”

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he enumerated ; when a person in the Duke of Orlean’s service, came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in another room ; the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at, was a very wretched daubing done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown with the other rubbish, into a corner, where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and had it hung up

rarely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

POPULACE.

It is much easier to lead the populace of any country into disorders of any kind, than to bring them back to order, and respect for law; because the populace of all countries have a natural taste for noise and riot. When the outcry is "Vive le Roi" when marrowbones and cleavers are most noisy, when tallow-chandlers bellow the loudest for illuminations, the real source of the commotion is often mistaken.

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee, the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.

THE VENETIANS

In general are tall and well made. Though equally robust, they are not so corpulent as the Germans. The latter also are of fair complexions, with light grey, or blue eyes; whereas the Venetians are for the most part of a ruddy brown colour, with dark eyes. You meet in the streets of Venice

many fine manly countenances, resembling those transmitted to us by the pencils of Paul Veronese, and Titian. The women are of a fine style of countenance, with expressive features, and a skin of a rich carnation. They dress their hair in a fanciful manner, which becomes them very much. They are of an easy address, and have no aversion to cultivating an acquaintance with those strangers who are presented to them by their relations, or have been properly recommended.

The common people of Venice display some qualities very rarely to be found in that sphere of life; being remarkably sober, obliging to strangers, and gentle in their intercourse with each other.

The Venetians in general may be painted as a lively ingenious people, extravagantly fond of public amusements, with an uncommon relish for humour, and yet more attached to the real enjoyments of life, than to those which depend on ostentation, and proceed from vanity.

Some writers have described the manners of the Venetians as more profligate than those of other nations.—That they are more given to sensual pleasures than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or Berlin, I imagine will be difficult to prove. But as it is the custom to go about in masks*, an idea prevails, that the manners are more licentious here than elsewhere. For my own part, it is not a piece of white or black paper, with distorted features, that I suspect, having often found the most complete

* This custom did not exist when I visited Venice, in 1791.—
F. P.

worthlessness concealed under a smooth smiling piece of human skin.

SPANIARDS.*

THE character, and manners, of the inhabitants of different provinces, vary more from each other in

* PICTURE OF THE SPANIARDS.

I winged my way to the habitation of the proud Spaniard ; I there saw dullness dressed in the specious garb of self-importance ; assuming the celestial semblance of generosity ; and jealousy dipping her destructive poniard in the tears of captive beauty. Often did I compress my slender form to enter the latticed window, where the blackest and finest eyes on this terrestrial sphere gazed dejectedly on the chain of wedded tyranny ; while the soft sigh of despondency, stealing over the fevered tip of love, repelled and drew me on at pleasure.—*Mrs. Robinson.*

The following very humorous contrast between the manners, dispositions, habits, &c. of the French and Spaniards, is to be found in a little work, published after that famous inter marriage which overcame the enmity of the courts of France and Spain, though it could not that of the two nations :—

“ A Frenchman,” says the writer, “ entering his friend’s house, will immediately ask for some refreshment ; a Spaniard would rather perish with hunger and thirst. A Frenchman salutes a lady by kissing her ; a Spaniard on presenting a lady his hand, will cover it with his cloak and retreat back several paces to bow to her at a hundred steps distant.—The French have a lively apprehension, hating idleness, and reducing their knowledge into practical use ; but they do not penetrate deeply into any matter. The Spaniard, on the contrary, is fond of abstract and abstruse speculation, and dwells continually on one object. The French are afraid of believing too much ; the other of believing too little. The former will dispatch the weightiest business in the midst of noise and tumult, amidst the levity of assemblies or gaieties of the table ; whilst the

in Spain than in other countries of Europe; owing probably to the Spanish provinces having formerly been distinct kingdoms: this accounts also for the hatred which they reciprocally have for each other, which in some is as violent as ever it could have been, even when they were in a state of war.

The inhabitants of Estramadura, Andalusia, and Mercia, are thought more lively than the rest of their countrymen. The natives of the southern provinces are the most industrious; those of Castille and Arragon are lazy, proud, vindictive, amorous, and despising trade and industry.

The complicated system of fraud and oppression, by which the vast majority of the inhabitants of Spain are kept in slavery and ignorance, was formed by degrees, and contrived by abler hands than those who now carry it on; many of whom are as ignorant and superstitious, as the populace they are employed to deceive. The bulk of the clergy of Spain, secular and regular, may be included among those agents; they are certainly sunk in ignorance and superstition, far beneath the clergy of any other country in Europe; and, on that very account,

“grave Spaniard cannot bear the buzzing of a fly to disturb his fixed attention. In love, the one is light and talkative; the other constant and secret. The Spaniard will disguise his poverty under a thousand pretences, and invent as many fictions to persuade you his appearance is owing to the necessity of concealing his person; whilst the Frenchman will press his wants upon you with the most persevering importunity.”

This contrast of humours and manners, the author we have cited, who is a Spaniard, seems inclined to attribute to the difference of climate: in the one country, settled and constant; in the other, every varying, as the genius of its inhabitants.

carry on the plan the more successfully; for, as Terence well observed, “Men act better, who being
“deceived themselves, perform *ex animo omnia, ut*
“*fert natura*, than those who are pre-instructed,
“and perform *de industria*.”

Spain, no doubt, was at one time, the nation of most importance in Europe, not only in point of riches, but likewise of military fame: to this, may in some degree, be imputed that stately reserve and pride, which belongs to the national character; and as in many other instances, remain after the cause which produced them no longer exists.

The common people in most countries admire their sovereign, as the most powerful in the world. In Spain it is a common opinion, not only that their monarch is the greatest prince, but also that the court of Spain is the most magnificent in Europe. “Solo Madrid es corte;” is a common saying. Those who are of that opinion, after being a little acquainted with the court of Madrid, must think magnificence the dullest, and most melancholy thing in the world.*

* The Spanish *etiquette* has been carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. One cannot help smiling in reading the following instances:—When Charles the second received the compliments of the *grandees*, who kisses hands on occasion of his ascending the throne, one in the excess of his zeal ventured to use the word *friend* in his compliments of benediction. The grave young monarch, starting from him, and swelled with authority, exclaimed—*Los Reyes no tienen sus vassalos por amigos, sino por servidores*. Kings have not their *vassals* for friends, but for servants. —An elegant monarch lamented the misfortune of *kings*, that they could have no *friend*. Charles must have thought differently. —When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to

POLITICAL CONVULSIONS.

It has been observed, that great occasions, and hazardous situations, have a tendency to create and develope talents; and of course that times of revolution, and important struggles in states, are the most productive of *great men*.^{*} It is asserted by some, however, that the French Revolution forms a contradiction to the general observation, inasmuch as, although it has occasioned a long and severe struggle, and given rise to very great crimes, yet it has not produced one man who can be with propriety called *great*, even allowing that wickedness did not preclude from the title.

Without entering into that discussion, it must be acknowledged that, if the French revolution has not given rise to any *great men*, it has had an effect more extraordinary, and unexpected; having entirely overset, and annihilated the *greatness* of more men than any revolution ever did. To enumerate instances would be equally superfluous and invidious.

be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said—"Madam, cry out, that will give you ease."—She answered in good Spanish—"How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

We may justly exclaim with our English Satirist—

"Spain give us pride—which Spain to all the earth

"May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!

* The following elegant definition, or rather description, of a *great man*, will enable the reader to judge, if the political convulsions in France, have produced any one, and if the present Usurper deserves this appellation, which has been rather prema-

RAGE FOR HERALDRY.

AFTER having made a considerable fortune by the exercise of his profession in the capital, a cer-

turely given to him by his admirers, or enthusiasts. “ Qu’un homme s’éleve au sommet de la fortune, c’est un phénomène que le vulgaire contemple avec admiration ; mais le sage n’est point ébloui : il découvre les taches de ce prétendu corps lumineux, & son éclat n’est qu’un phosphore passager. Un grand homme, un homme né pour la gloire est celui qui a toujours un objet illustre dans sa conduite, & qui y rapporte ses plus nobles affections, les plus belles actions de sa vie. La vie d’un grand homme est en quelque sorte comme un drame représenté devant les nations attentives. Pour que l’ouvrage soit digne d’admiration, pour qu’il passe à la postérité, il ne suffit pas d’y trouver de belles scènes, des développemens heureux, il faut que tout tende au dénouement, que tout s’y rapporte au but principal, & qu’il intéresse surtout par son ensemble. Un homme peut faire des actions éclatantes, mais s’il n’a pas un but déterminé, sa gloire est l’ouvrage de la fortune & non de son propre génie ; c’est un illustre aventurier mais non un héros. Il ne faut pas seulement, voir les actions d’un prince ou d’un général pour connoître leur gloire ; il faut voir l’ensemble de leur vie politique : aussi la postérité seule peut proclamer le nom d’un héros, & ce n’est que dans son oraison funèbre qu’on peut annoncer au monde qu’il étoit un grand homme.”

TRANSLATION.

“ If a man rises to the summit of elevation and fortune, most men contemplate that phenomenon with admiration ; but the wise is not dazzled ; he discovers the spots of that pretended luminous body. A great man, a man born for glory is the man who has always in view a great and important object in his conduct, and who connects with it, its noblest sentiments, the most distinguished actions of his life. The life of a great man is, in some respects, like a drama acted in pre-

taylor retired to the province in which he had been born, on purpose, as he himself declared, to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; for this taylor had been several years at a grammar-school, and still remembered some sentences of Latin. He resolved that the coach, in which he and his family arrived at the place of his residence in the country, instead of a cypher, should have in future for its ornament a coat of arms. He chose for a crest a large pair of scissars expanded: gratitude, he said, dictated this; because they were the chief instruments of his fortune. For his motto he chose the words "Vincere aut mori." On being told that those words might be thought more suitable to a soldier, than to a man of his profession; he said that he belonged to a military family; for his father had been haut-boy to a regiment, and that he, himself, in his youth, had felt some inclination for being a soldier, which he was prevented from indulging by the unexpected breaking out of a war. When his wife understood what had been decided, she declared that a mere crest

“ sence of attentive nations. To be worthy of admiration, and
 “ to pass to posterity, it is not enough to find in the work grand
 “ scenes, and successful situations; every thing in it must also
 “ tend to the unraveling of the plot, and relate to the principal
 “ object. The whole of it must excite a powerful interest. A man
 “ may achieve splendid actions; but if he has not a determin-
 “ ed object, his glory is but the offspring of chance, and not of
 “ his own genius. He is an illustrious adventurer, but not a he-
 “ ro. To appreciate justly the merit of a prince, or of a gene-
 “ ral, it is not sufficient to know their actions. We must also
 “ contemplate the whole tenor of their political life. Thus pos-
 “ terity alone can with truth proclaim the name of a hero;
 “ and it is only in his funeral oration, that one may announce to
 “ the world, that he was a *great man*.”

and motto was little better than a cypher, and would look scandalously naked, which was what she could not bear. The husband consulted the curate respecting some additional device. The curate, who was somewhat of a wag, observed, that although scissars were made of cold iron as well as swords, yet some people might think, that there was not a sufficient correspondence between the crest and the motto. It would be therefore of importance to contrive such ornaments, (supporters for instance) as would link them a little better together. "I have no particular objection to supporters," said the taylor, and I am sure they would delight my wife." "Would you choose men or beasts?" said the Curate. "I think one of each would be best;" answered the taylor:—pray what beast would you advise me to?"—"A lion, by all means," said the curate; "because being the most powerful beast of the forest, he suits with *vincere* in your motto." "That it does to a hair!" exclaimed the taylor; but I cannot conceive what kind of *man* will suit with *mori*." "A dead man, to be sure," said the curate. "On my conscience, that is true," cried the taylor. The arms were ordered directly.—A pair of scissars expanded, with a lion and a dead man supporting them. The taylor's wife was delighted.—Great was the importance which swelled his own heart, when he remarked the admiration with which the villagers contemplated the emblematic painting on his coach, or when the import of the motto was explained to the gazing multitude, by the school-master, or some other of equal learning.

Why that disdainful smile at the vanity of this poor taylor? The story is told of yourself, under

another name. Let some who ridicule this motto and lion, recollect how little their own vain pretensions, low pursuits, debasing habits, and the whole despicable tenor of their lives, accord with the emblems or mottos of their coats of arms. Let them remember that, if truth and propriety were always observed in those articles, instead of lions, eagles and other noble animals, many of them would have asses, hogs, peacocks, or dung hill cocks, for their supporters: and let them also remember, that the respect which is still paid to some of them, proceeds entirely from a regard to the memory of men that are dead.

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

IT seems, at first sight, natural that monarchs should be stimulated by ambition, and the desire of extending their dominions in a stronger degree than the governors of republics: because an hereditary monarch is more identified with the state; and the king may suppose the extension of dominion an increase to his own personal grandeur and wealth: whereas the office of chief magistrate in republics is transitory; and it can be of little importance to him, even in idea, whether he belongs to a nation consisting of twenty five millions of individuals, or of forty millions; his personal grandeur will be much the same. The extension of a state's domains adds nothing to the importance of the inhabitants. The national pride of individuals is high in small republics as in great kingdoms. No-

body can doubt that a citizen of Athens, was as proud of being an Athenian, as a Persian was of belonging to that vast empire. Experience, however, proves, that the governors of republics are more apt to be actuated by restless ambition, and the ardour of conquest, than the generality even of kings.

The plan of the Roman republic, was universal conquest; yet when they were pursuing it, they announced themselves the protectors of the Grecian states, and of all free nations, thus they created a pretext for intermeddling in the government of every country.

The French republic has evidently imitated, and imitates now, the encroaching policy of the Roman republic. The decree, "That the French nation would assist that party in every country which contended for liberty;" in other words, "would assist those in every country who strove to overthrow the government;" has been often attempted to be explained away; but the conduct of the Directory has sufficiently shown that they acted to the spirit of that decree. If the French republic manifested that disposition, in spite of misfortune and repulse, was it not expected that it would proceed in that system after the rapid success of their arms, and under the government of Buonaparte? Does he not follow the same footsteps of his predecessors? Does he not endeavour to excite revolt against the established government of every nation, whatever that government may be? Does he not assist the insurgents on the pretence of supporting the cause of liberty, but with the expectation of subduing the country, by the means of the divisions he incites. Yet for

one nation to assert a right of interfering in the internal government of another, is laying a foundation for unceasing war. It will be resisted, we trust, with indignation in this country, because it cannot be put in practice but in a country of determined slaves.

THE INVALID.

“ You have a pension from Chelsea Hospital?” said Mrs. B——.

“ Yes, that I have,” cried the soldier; “ and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty.”

“ You were wounded, perhaps?”

“ I was that, through the body, at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolfe was killed, please your ladyship; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired; and well he deserved such a death, for he was an excellent officer.”

“ You could do no more duty as a soldier, after being so wounded?” said Mrs. B——.

“ Every bullet, your ladyship knows,” replied the soldier, “ has its commission; that which went through my body had not a commission for death, but only for wounding; and so I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray commanded.”

“ I hope, you was not wounded there also?”

“ Yes, I received a shot in my shoulder, which disabled me from using my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the ac-

tion, and I had only fired three times; and so being of no farther use, I was sent back to the hospital, and I saw no more of the battle, which I should have been glad to describe to your ladyship, if I had remained."

"You were long recovering of this last wound?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Very long, please your ladyship, for the bone was hurt; I was sent home, and recommended to Chelsea, which I obtained, and am an out-pensioner; but although I suffered a good deal for several months at first, yet, thank God, I at last had some intervals of ease, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off—Now, it seldom troubles me; but although I have not all the use of my arm, I could still make a shift to draw a trigger against the French or Spaniards, if there was occasion."

"Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the small pension from the hospital?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"O! yes," answered the soldier; "I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my shoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and industrious woman, and still able to gain a little also, and so we have great reason to be thankful, being, by the king's bounty and goodness, enabled not only to maintain ourselves, but also to entertain a friend sometimes, which, I confess, we were just doing now; for as your ladyship knows life is but a roughish journey, at best, so Margery and I love to *strew the way over with flowers*, as the song goes."

“ And pray,” said Mrs. Barnet, smiling, “ what kind of flowers were you strewing just now ?”

“ Anon ?” cried the soldier, not quite understanding the question.

“ May I ask,” resumed Mrs. Barnet, “ what the present entertainment with which you regale your friend, consists of ?”

“ It consists,” replied the soldier, “ of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheese, and a can of gin and water. Would to the Lord, that every worthy honest heart in this wide world, were as well provided for !”

“ I am sure,” said Mrs. Barnet, with a smile of benevolence to the soldier, “ that a heart so easily satisfied as your’s, ought not to know want.”

“ I hardly ever did, Madam,” said he, “ particularly since we settled at this place, for we have our hut for almost nothing ; bread, cheese, and small-beer, are tolerably cheap, and the gin is excellent : if your ladyship has occasion for any, I can recommend that of the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholesome Hollands as any in England.”

“ I am much obliged to you,” said Mrs. Barnet, laughing ; “ but pray what company have you with you ? you seemed very happy and merry when I came.”

“ We have no other company, please your ladyship,” replied the pensioner, “ but a poor soldier, who I happened to meet on the road, poor fellow, he seemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapsack ; and so, as it was just about the time of our dinner, I invited him to share with Margery and

me; we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people have made a better dinner than the soldier and I; for we were both very hungry, and, as I said before, every thing was good of its kind; as for Margery, she eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water; but I confess the stranger and I were beginning to get a little merry, when your ladyship arrived."

CICISBEO.

THE custom at present reigning in Italy is, that this obsequious gentleman visits the lady every forenoon at the toilet, where the plan for passing the evening is agreed upon; he disappears before dinner, for it is usual all over Italy for the husband and wife to dine together tête-a-tête, except on great occasions; as when there is a public feast. After dinner the husband retires, and the Cicisbeo returns, and conducts the lady to the public walk, the conversatione, or the opera: he hands her about wherever she goes, presents her coffee, sorts her cards, and attends with the most pointed assiduity, till the amusements of the evening are over; he accompanies her home, and delivers up his charge to the husband, who is then supposed to resume his functions.

Even when there is the greatest harmony and love between husband and wife, they must separate every evening;—he to play the cavaliero servente to another woman, and she to be led about by another man. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, the

couples who are in this predicament are certainly happier than those whose affections are not centered at home. Some very loving couples lament the cruelty of this separation: yet the world in general seem to be of opinion, that a man and his wife, who dine together every day, and lie together every night, may, with a proper exertion of philosophy, be able to support being asunder a few hours in the evening.

The Cicisbeo in many instances is a poor relation, or humble friend, who, not being in circumstances to support an equipage, is happy to be admitted into all the societies, and to be carried about to public diversions as an appendage to the lady. Many of those gentlemen in their appearance, and bodily infirmities, carry the clearest refutation, with respect to themselves, of the scandalous stories of an improper connection between cavaliero serventes, and their mistresses. There are also Cicisbeos of a very different stamp, whose figure, and manners, might be supposed more agreeable to the ladies they serve, than to their lords.

Whether the connection between them is supposed innocent or criminal, most Englishmen will be astonished how men can pass so much of their time with women. This, however, will appear less surprising, when they recollect that the Italian nobility dare not intermeddle in politics; can find no employment in the army or navy; and that there are no such amusements in the country as hunting or drinking. In such a situation, if a man of fortune has no turn for gaming, what can he do? Even an Englishman, in those desperate circumstances, might be driven to

the company and conversation of women to lighten the burthen of time*.

FRIENDSHIP AND DEVOTION.

IN a lady's house at Vienna, I happened to take up a book which lay upon the table—a small picture of the Virgin Mary on vellum fell from between the leaves; under the figure of the Virgin, there was an inscription, which I translate literally:

“ This is presented by —— to her dearest friend
 “ —— in token of the sincerest regard and affection;

* Dr. Moore has here given us a description of the *Italian male Cicisbeo*; an amiable unknown female writer, has thus noticed a very important class of ladies in France, who may not be improperly denominated *female Cicisbeos*: “ Before the Revolution, a
 “ woman of fashion, when relinquishing the adorations claimed
 “ by beauty, devoted herself to the instruction and advance-
 “ ment of some young man of personal qualifications and un-
 “ certain fortune. She presented him to the world and pane-
 “ gyrised him into fashion. By her exertions, he was promoted
 “ in the army, and a career begun under such auspices often ter-
 “ minated in a brilliant establishment.—In the less elevated
 “ circle, a female cicisbeo is usually of a certain age, of an active
 “ disposition, and great volubility, and her functions are more
 “ numerous and less dignified. Here the grand object is to ob-
 “ tain for him the solid advantages of what she calls *un bon parti*,
 “ (a good match). To this end she frequents the houses of wi-
 “ dows and heiresses, vaunts the docility of his temper, endarges
 “ on the solitude of widowhood, or the dependence and insigni-
 “ ficance of a spinster; and these prefatory encomiums usually
 “ end in the concerted introduction of the Platonic *ami*. Be-
 “ sides these principal and important cares, a female cicisbeo of
 “ a middle rank, has various subordinate ones—such as buying
 “ linen, choosing the colour of a coat, &c. &c.—These useful
 “ females are equally common in more humble situations. A

“ begging, that as often as she beholds this figure
 “ of the blessed Virgin, she may mix a sentiment of
 “ affection for her absent friend, with the emotions
 “ of gratitude and adoration she feels for the mother
 “ of Jesus.”

There seems to be something exceedingly tender and pathetic in blending friendship with religious sentiments, and thus, by a kind of consecration, endeavouring to preserve the former from the effects of time and absence.

RECIPÉ AGAINST ENNUÏ*.

As I stood, the other day, on the quay of the Louvre, contemplating a battalion, which was con-

“ woman in France, whatever be her condition, cannot be per-
 “ suaded to resign her influence with her youth; and the *bour-*
 “ *geoise* attaches her *clève*, by knitting him stockings, forcing
 “ him with *bons morceaux*, and frequent regales of coffee and
 “ *liqueurs*.

“ You must not conclude from all this that there is any gal-
 “ lantry implied, or any scandal excited—the return for all these
 “ services is only a little flattery, a philosophical endurance of
 “ the card-table, and some skill in the disorders of lap-dogs.
 “ There are in England, as well as in France, many notable
 “ females of a certain age, who delight in what they call ma-
 “ naging, and who are zealous in promoting matches among the
 “ young people of their acquaintance; but for one that you
 “ meet with in England there are fifty in France.”

* The oppressive sensation and the cause of Ennui, were never better described, than by the elegant French poet Desmahis:

Ce sommeil fatiguant de l'ame
 Né de la gêne & du loisir,
 De nos jours use plus la trame
 Que la douleur ou le plaisir.

ducting some Swiss to the Abbaye, a man who seemed at least seventy years of age, entered into conversation with me: a girl of about ten or eleven held him by the arm. He praised the appearance of the men; and the young girl was delighted with the rough caps, and immense moustaches of the grenadiers.

“ Mademoiselle is your daughter,” said I.

“ No,” answered he; “ this poor little girl has lived with me several years. She was quite destitute, and I took her from charity. People are often at a loss how to amuse themselves, particularly towards the decline of life. I have had a great deal of pleasure, for my own part, in teaching this little girl mathematics.”

A young gentleman who was present, burst into laughter; and the old man perceiving that I could with difficulty refrain, “ I see,” said he, good-humouredly, “ that you do not credit what I tell you; but it is literally true. This little girl is a very apt scholar, as you shall see.”

“ Tell me, my dear, what are the three angles of any triangle equal to?”

“ Two right angles,” answered she.

“ Exactly,” said the old man; “ and pray what is the cube root of eight?”

“ Two,” answered the girl.

Of the dull soul oppressive sleep,
Born of constraint and too much leisure
More on the stretch life's thread you keep
Than either anguish or than pleasure!

It is the observation of a learned physician in this metropolis, that many persons incur disorders that lead often to death by mere *Lunui*.

“ And what is the cubic number of four?” resumed he.

She immediately replied, “ sixty-four.”

Having enjoyed our surprise a little, the old Frenchman took his leave of us in high spirits, and walked away with the girl holding his arm. I mention this rencontre merely for its singularity: it proves that although the French are less subject to *ennui* than any other people, yet they are extremely inventive of expedients to prevent it. Of all the contrivances for that purpose I ever heard of, the one I have just mentioned is the most singular.

CLEMENT XIV.

WAS a man of moderation, good sense, and simplicity of manners; and could not go through the ostentatious parade which his station required, without reluctance and marks of disgust. He knew that the opinions of mankind had undergone a very great change since those ceremonies were established; and that some of the most respectable of the spectators considered as perfectly frivolous many things which formerly had been held as sacred. Ganganelli was an enemy to fraud and hypocrisy of every kind. But, however remiss he may have been with regard to the etiquette of his spiritual functions, every body acknowledges his diligence and activity in promoting the temporal good of his subjects. He did all in his power to revive trade, and to encourage manufactures and industry of every kind. He built no churches, but he repaired the roads all over the Ecclesiastical State; he restrained the malevolence of

bigots, removed absurd prejudices, and promoted sentiments of charity and good-will to mankind in general, without excepting even heretics. His enemies, the Jesuits, with an intention to make him odious in the eyes of his own subjects gave him the name of the *Protestant Pope*. If they supposed that this calumny would be credited, on account of the conduct above mentioned, they at once paid the highest compliment to the pope, and the Protestant religion.

VANITY

Is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age expand, and display strong marks of sensibility under its influence.

HEROIC BENEVOLENCE.

PRINCE Leopold, nephew of Frederick the great, and brother to the present reigning Duke of Brunswick, in the spring of the year 1785, being witness to a devastation occasioned by the overflowing of a river, unmoved by the entreaties of those who endeavoured to dissuade him from so hazardous an enterprize, embarked in a small boat with three watermen to relieve the inhabitants of a village surrounded by the waters. But before he reached them the boat was drove with violence against a tree, and

overset; the three boatmen were saved. This amiable prince alone, being carried down by the impetuosity of the current, perished in the sight of those he attempted to preserve, displaying in his death an heroic instance of that benevolence, which had appeared conspicuous through the whole of his life*.

HUMANITY.

A CIRCLE of people from the adjacent hamlets, surrounded a seaman as he lay on the ground.

Sir Matthew Maukish and his lady stopped their carriage, and enquired what was the matter.

“It is a poor sailor,” said one of the crowd, “who has been overturned and sadly bruised by a gentleman in a phaeton.”

“Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman’s way?” said Sir Matthew.

“He tried to do so; but it was not in his power to run fast enough, being as low, he had a wooden leg,” said one of the group.

“A wooden leg!” cried Sir Matthew; “how came he by a wooden leg?”

“His real leg was carried off by a cannon bullet, in a sea fight,” answered the same person.

“A sea fight!” repeated Sir Matthew; “what the devil took him into a sea fight?”

* That ingenious artist, Mr. Northcote, who so successfully painted the wonderful escape of Captain Inglefield, has since, with equal, if not superior energy, finished a picture representing the death of Prince Leopold, of Brunswick.

“ He went to fight for his king and country,” answered another (a pensioner from Chelsea hospital), “ as was his duty ”

“ Yes, yes,” said Sir Matthew, “ that was his duty, to be sure ; we must all fight for our king and country ; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman’s way, for all that ; he ought to have stepped a little aside, to let him pass.”

“ Why, please your honour,” said the pensioner, “ the gentleman drove so d——d fast, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullet’s ; if he had time, he would have stepped a little aside, to let them both pass.”

“ Well, in my opinion,” rejoined Sir Matthew, “ the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here I should tell him so.”

“ The poor man seems much bruised, and unable to move,” said the pensioner.

“ Poor creature,” cried Lady Maukish, in a very sympathising tone, “ he is much to be pitied.”

“ That he is,” echoed several voices from the crowd.

“ Well, but,” resumed Sir Matthew Maukish, addressing the crowd, “ why do you not carry this bruised man into some of your houses, and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him till he recovers ?”

“ Why, Lord ! your honour,” cried one of the people, “ none of us have spare beds ; most of us lie two or three in a bed already.”

“ Ah ! the odious creatures,” cried Lady Maukish.

“ I’ll tell you, neighbours,” said one who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Matthew, “ we

had best carry this poor man to Sir Matthew Maukish's house; he will certainly order him to be taken care of, and he is much more able than any of us, to maintain him till he recovers."

"Drive on," cried Sir Matthew, putting his head hastily out of the coach window.

"Why do you not drive on, Sirrah?" squeaked Lady Bab from the other window.

"Ah, the odious creatures!" said the old soldier, mimicking Lady Bab's voice.

"The devil drive you both, for a couple of hard hearted niggards," cried the person who knew Sir Matthew and his lady.

"What a pity, to let a man lie alone, on the cold ground!" said a young woman.

"Especially a fellow Christian!" added an old one, who stood by her.

"Christian or Turk," said the Chelsea pensioner, "since nothing better can be done, if some of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I'll take the best care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you now, old boy?" continued he, addressing the seaman, who seemed to recover.

"Thank you, thank you, brother," replied the seaman; "only a little damaged in the larboard-side, and in the stern; but I hope to live to repay your consort and you for all your kindness; and if I chance to meet the fresh-water spar'k who ran foul of me, mayhap, I shall repay him also."

"I thank you for your humanity to that poor sailor," said a lady present.

"There is, in what I do, no great matter of humanity," replied the soldier; "an old soldier can-

not let a wounded sailor lie on the ground, when he has a hut to give him shelter in; one who could not act such a part, would deserve to be drummed out of the army, instead of enjoying his Majesty's bounty, as I do, God Almighty bless him!"

SCOUNDREL.

IF a French coach-man or fish-woman quarrel with a foreigner, they will make no scruple to give him the worst name they can think of; but after they have called him a scoundrel, or whatever other abusive name occurs, they do not add, by way of aggravation, *Italian* scoundrel, *German* scoundrel, or *English* scoundrel; whereas, those who deal in this kind of rhetoric in England, are never contented with calling a foreigner, whom they abuse, a scoundrel, because possibly the bye-standers might imagine him only an English scoundrel, and of course, merely on a level with honest men of other nations; they therefore add the name of the country the man comes from, by way of consummating his infamy.

LES NONCHALANS.

AN absurd affectation of indifference, or what the French call *nonchalance*, has prevailed of late years. A few insipid characters in high life, whose internal vacancy leads them to seek amusement in public places, and whose insensibility prevents them from finding it, have probably brought this appearance of a want of all enjoyment into fashion. Those who

wish to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the mawkish insipidity of their superiors in rank, and imagine it distinguishes them from the vulgar to suppress all the natural expressions of pity, joy, or admiration, and to seem upon all occasions, in a state of complete apathy.—Those amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be said of them, *they are not as other men are*. You will see them occasionally at the play-house, placed in the boxes, like so many busts with unchanging features; and while the rest of the audience yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, those men of the *ton* preserve the most dignified serenity of countenance; and except, that they from time to time pronounce the words *pshaw!* and *stuff!*—One would think them the express representatives of the Pagan Gods, who *have eyes but do not see, and ears but do not hear*.

DUELS, AND METHOD OF PREVENTING THEM*.

It seems surprising to many people, that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

* Some plagiarist or another has very lately taken the following sentiments of Dr. MOORE, and dressing them up with those of another author of equal celebrity, has prepared a very long essay which has just been inserted in all the public newspapers. The motive, however, is equally Christianlike and noble, and in such a case *plagiarism*, instead of being condemnable, is praise worthy.

“ You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death.”—Or,

“ You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon, is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head.”—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But its not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth:

“ Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will show that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity.”

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult, appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstance which give rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful

effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause*.

* "A soldier's sword," observes a sentimental female writer, "should not be drawn but in the service of his prince, and defence of his country. If, then, it be drenched to the hilt in blood, it returns in crimson glory to the scabbard; but when drawn—when stained with friend's blood—oh! through all the varying scenes of life's busy drama, it hangs suspended by a single hair over the soul, while unavailing sorrow and bitter regret lays waste all the faculties of the duellist's body. 'Tis that which marks his haggard frown, and robs him of rest."

The necessity of preventing this horrid practice, which is so frequently resorted to under false principles of honour, becomes indeed every day more evident. Since the first edition of this work went to press in December 1802, we have witnessed no less than three melancholy instances in which as many of the bravest characters in the kingdom have forfeited their lives, viz. the ever to be lamented Colonel Montgomery, Lieutenant Reilly, and another officer, whose name we cannot recollect. But notwithstanding these events, some writers have of late strenuously insisted that we can enact no laws sufficient to restrain the inclination to avenge a supposed insult—what a ridiculous assertion!—Indeed, the prevalence of the practice at present seems fully to prove the assertion in the *GUARDIAN*, Vol. I. No. 20, that "a *Christian* and a *Gentleman* are made inconsistent appellations of the same person."

LISBON.

WHAT remains of the old town gives no favourable idea of what it was before the earthquake, in 1785, the streets being narrow, windy, and nasty. In planning the new town, care has been taken to preclude many of the inconveniencies of the old. The new built houses are larger, the streets wider, and more regular than those of the old; and in various places they lead into squares, of which the old town was destitute. The most extensive and most magnificent square is *that*, one of whose sides is formed by the palace of inquisition.

Some of the most disgusting customs, that are the source of the nastiness with which the streets of Lisbon are covered, still continue. Boots may protect the feet of the street-walker from the filth of the streets; but it is necessary to be in a close carriage, to have the head equally secure from that which is thrown from the windows*.

Several of the new streets, though planned, are not entirely built; many vacancies are still to be seen. They would never be cleaned was it not ab-

There is a very pleasing contrast between the *professed* and the *Christian* duellist, in a story on the subject of duelling, contained in a new novel, abounding in anecdotes, and untitled, *The Strolling Player*.

* We are informed that the police of Lisbon has now in contemplation, to lay down common sewers, and drain away all impurities into the Tagus, instead of suffering the above nauseous practice, by which means every one who frequents the theatres, is exposed on his way home to receive upon his shoulders a most unwelcome species of unction, if not very attentive to watch the movements at each balcony he passes under.

solutely necessary to do it, previous to the ceremony of processions. The lanes, and narrow streets, are never cleaned; in consequence of which some are almost choked up*.

The houses in general, previous to the earthquake, 1755, had the melancholy appearance of prisons with small windows, very often without glass, from which those within could see the passengers in the street; but could not be seen by them: on this account they were called *Zelosios*, or jealousies; their peculiar structure being supposed to have originated from the jealousy of husbands. Indeed they are in some respects emblematic of that passion, as it formerly manifested itself among the Spaniards and Portuguese; and still appears among the Turks, who seem to have no regard to what the inclinations of their women are, provided they can by walls, and locks, and eunuchs, secure their persons to themselves.

The houses since the year 1755, and particularly those lately built, have large and convenient windows, and are in general four or five stories high.

There are no agreeable public walks belonging to Lisbon, though no spot in Europe unites so many requisites for forming an extensive and delightful walk, as the banks of the Tagus, near that city†. A

* Several hundred men are at the present time daily employed removing the mounts of rubbish; and every beast of burden is embargoed, or put into requisition, to carry them off. Regular scavengers are also appointed.

† The only public promenade is a garden, called *Salitre*, which is resorted to by a few ladies in the evening. It contains but one grand walk in the centre; the rest is all monotonously di-

scheme for this purpose, was once in agitation, but it was dropped on account of the strange indifference of the inhabitants for so desirable an object.

The Portuguese women are extremely indolent. Their chief employment and common amusement is sitting at the window, and beholding the passengers, who are now permitted to behold *them* also.

There is a great number of domestics in the usual establishment of a family in tolerable circumstances, at Lisbon: those domestics are poorly paid, taudrily clothed, scantily fed, and as insolent as their masters. Some of them are employed by the intendant of police as spies. Were it the object of a government to vitiate the national character, and depress the national spirit, it could not use a more effectual means, than by encouraging, and rewarding, domestic spies; the infallible consequence of which is, to tear asunder all the bonds of mutual confidence among men, to spread distrust, hatred, and terror, into every breast, to make them tremble at the sight of the most subaltern agent in office to render men unhappy, and to deprive them of every claim to be otherwise.

The common people in Lisbon, seem to be more oppressed and miserable, than in any other country in Europe: Their misery is apparent in their dejected looks, in their meagre bodies, covered with rags and nastiness. Those willing to work, are not paid for their labour sufficient to maintain them, and many

vided into regular little plats of uniform shrobbery. more dull and *samely* than any Dutch potatoe-garden on the banks of the canal Von Utrecht.

of them are kept from starving by soups, chiefly consisting of the washings of the plates of convents, after the monks have dined.—Is it surprising that they thieve, rob, and sometimes assassinate*?

The influence of the monks is greater in Portugal, than in any Roman Catholic country in Europe. There are not great many families in Lisbon of which some monk or other has not the chief direction:

* The new and active establishment of a vigilant police, hitherto unknown in Lisbon, is at present, we are informed, the theme of universal praise, and has operated so total a change, that a person acquainted with that metropolis, only a year ago, would scarcely recognize it again. Till now, the neglect of all the municipal regulations, adopted in other European towns, was proverbial here, and the danger of assassination such, as to prevent people from walking the streets after dark. But the system is now completely altered, and lately several offenders have been punished with death. The practice of smuggling too, which was openly carried to a great length, has been equally repressed. The city is lighted throughout, every evening. To conduct the useful reform of the police, a legion of eight hundred men have been raised, including two hundred cavalry. They have posts established throughout the whole city, and particularly on the water-side, where they put a great check upon smuggling. At night, numerous patrols of that legion parade the streets, and call every suspicious person to account, assuming various disguises to come upon them unawares; by this means, they have purged the city of many hordes of miscreants with which it used to be infested; at the commencement of their institution, the vagabonds against whom it was directed, thought to have intimidated the corps, as they had formerly done. But on the first rencontre, the desperadoes, finding that this legion would not be trifled with, and that they fired upon their assailants without ceremony, it procured them immediate respect, and ever since, a soldier of the legion has become an object of terror to the rabble.

Religious processions form the grand and most interesting amusement of the inhabitants of Lisbon*, and few things can convey a stronger presumption of the insipidity of their usual style of life than their finding any amusement in those dreary spectacles, which consist of a multitude of men of all conditions, dressed in robes of different colours, with a white stick in each of their hands, slowly following the statue of some Saint, with bands of music at intervals, and the whole closed by the monks, of whom the foregoing Saint is the patron.

To these ceremonies the inhabitants of Lisbon flock in crowds, and behold them with admiration.

The ladies, in particular, spend several days, previous to such solemnities, in preparing their richest

* The fashionable world are at present entertained at Lisbon with an Italian opera, upon the most liberal establishment, not surpassed by any theatre on the continent in the vocal department. The dancing, though capital, is not equal to the Parisian display of excellence in that graceful art; but the amateurs in general, who have heard Mrs. Billington, affirm, that in point of singing, she is not superior to Signora Catalani. She and Signor Crescentini, (whose powers are already known on the London Stage) are at present the rage at Lisbon; they attract a numerous assemblage at every performance, and receive emoluments almost as enormous as in England, independent of rich presents from the nobility and fashionable dilettanti.

Besides the grand opera, there are two other theatres at Lisbon, and one at Bellem; these are upon the Sadler's Wells principle, and tolerable good teats of activity are displayed there; but the dramatic department is barbarously vitiated on the Portuguese stage, not for want of theatrical talents, for there are some very respectable ones, but from the wretched medley of Bartholomew-fair buffoonery, blended even in the most serious historical representations.

attire; and on the morning of the happy day, having exhausted all the arts of the toilet, to draw forth their charms, they place themselves at the windows and balconies by which the procession is to pass, perhaps several hours before it does pass, and there exhibit a much more brilliant and agreeable spectacle than they behold.

On the festival of St. Anthony of Padua, his statue is carried in procession, superbly dressed in robes of silk, embroidered with gold, and studded with diamonds and precious stones borrowed from the most opulent families of Lisbon. As those jewels are supposed, after having touched the statue of the saint, to acquire the power of preserving the person who wears them from various diseases, it is not surprising that their proprietors should be exceeding willing to lend them.

What should induce the ladies to assist so patiently at those processions has in some degree been explained. The assiduous attendance of the men with their cloaks and white sticks must be imputed entirely to superstitious motives. A notion prevails, that by following some of those processions, in that manner during seven successive years, a man secures himself from the hazard of dying in a state of reprobation.

There is little variety at Lisbon: one week is like the whole year, and the whole year like the first week.—After what I have written you will not be surprised that I did not find the climate * so effectual

* Medical men are now so much convinced of the mildness of climate of South Devon, which is more particularly felt in winter, that they recommend it to their patients as much as Lisbon; and essentially to those who are afflicted with asthmatic and pulmonary complaints.

a remedy for my old complaint of *ennui* as for my cough*.

THE MILANESE AND SWISS PEASANTS.

WHY are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours forth her gifts in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland? Because freedom, whose influence is more benign than sunshine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with soil, drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure; who dresses the labourer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland†.

* This sickly disposition perhaps, prevented our traveller from visiting and mentioning two objects worthy to be seen in Lisbon. 1st. The noble aqueduct extending upwards of two leagues. It is an impressive and stupendous monument, and almost worthy of the title inscribed on the architrave of its frontispiece, near the grand reservoir:—*Regni ornamentum, urbis prodigum*. This beautiful edifice under the grand arch of which a frigate might pass in full sail, supplies the whole city with water, which it conveys from the rock of Lisbon, and must be acknowledged one of the most stupendous efforts of human industry.—2ndly. There is to be seen at Bellem, a Botanical Garden, and a museum, which is open to the public: it contains an extensive collection of tropical birds and reptiles from the Portuguese colonies, fossils, and rich minerals, but blended and crowded too much together, for want of due space to exhibit them.

† It dwells there no more.—Swiss liberty presented a too striking contrast to the chains with which the lawless French Di-

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PEERAGE.

THE privileges possessed, and the superiority assumed by the noblesse of France, over the inferior orders were evils of greater magnitude than they may seem to those Englishmen who judge by the impression which the privileges and conduct of the nobility of their own country make on the minds of their countrymen.

rectory had loaded that nation, to let it remain unalterable.— They were afraid, lest the sight of a neighbouring people, happy by a true, wise, and reasonable liberty, might awaken, in the enslaved French, the energy necessary to break the oppressive chains of their Directory. That Directory then, under the fictitious pretence of restoring and then securing to the Vaudese country certain rights; of freeing Switzerland from the Bernese oligarchy, and its supposed aristocracy, that Barbarous Directory decreed, that Helvetia should renounce the laws, which, for so many centuries, had secured her happiness; that she should accept a form of Government which tyranny alone could authorise the Rulers of France to dictate; they decreed that French armies should carry all the horrors of war among people who were ignorant of their existence.—Methinks I see their warriors blindly slaves to their orders, climbing up the craggy and lofty rocks which once secured the tranquility of that good people.—Methinks I hear them thundering their decrees. “ Die or obey the Directory who sends us to slaughter you.”—Brave but mistaken French grenadiers! What are you doing?—Desist!—These warriors were long your friends, your fellow soldiers—are you going to strike them? They only wish for tranquility, and you come to disturb it. They constantly proved themselves your defenders, and you come to attack them. They have never ceased to supply your wants; and you come to plunder their property. Their neutrality has been the protection of your own land, and as a reward for it, you come to invade their territory!—Ah! Do not dishonour bravery by employing it so basely—*Liberty, equality, feli-*

The precedency and distinctions which the nobility enjoy in common society in England are never refused unless when arrogated; and therefore, are never or seldom assumed, but always granted.

The privileges of the British nobility, when compared with those of the noblesse of France, before the revolution, will in general be found at once more valuable and less invidious: they consist in the hereditary share they have in the legislature; not in their forming a part of the pageantry of a court, or in having their lands exempt from taxation. The Peers of Great Britain are few in number; and strongly connected with the Commons, by intermarriages, friendship, and the reciprocal power of being of service to each other.

city, are as the vanguard of those numerous armies which your rapacious rulers send among those nations whose plunder they have decreed. But these are mere high sounding words.— You are strangers to their true meaning; you know by name those invaluable and heavenly gifts the Helvetians have long known—long have they enjoyed their endearing blessings, before you came amongst them. Profound Peace, true Freedom, real Happiness, have fled from their mountains at your approach.— They have fled, perhaps, alas! for ages to come.—At the present moment, has not despotism again forced a new constitution on the brave and formerly free people of Switzerland? Whatever may have been the secret motives of each Director in respect to Helvetia, when in 1796 they ordered the entrance of their armies into that country, they afterwards pleaded as an excuse for their atrocious violence, that they were in perfect ignorance of the nature of the territory; and believed they were doing right in changing the form of its Government. When a German placed the real civil and religious state of Switzerland under the view of the philanthropic La Revilliere Lepaux; he is said to have exclaimed: “Then perhaps, I have been contributing to do them
“ an injury all this time!” But knowledge and repentance came

The situation of the French noblesse with respect to the commons, or as they call them *roturiers*, was very different. The privileges of the former were in many instances vague, unascertained by positive laws, and depending merely on ancient usage.

The importance and consideration at court of a British Peer depend in a great measure on his influence and popularity in the country. The importance of a French nobleman depended entirely on court favour, and dwindled into nothing at the frown of his sovereign.

A British Peer has a strong motive to cultivate the good-will of all the inhabitants around his estate; whereas a French Marquis or Duke had no motives but the sentiments of benevolence or humanity to behave with attention and kindness to the peasantry.

Letters of noblesse were not difficult to be obtained in France; and the exuberant plantation of nobility was there very extensive and cumbersome. In that country the airs of superiority, which they were apt to assume, were more difficult to repress, and were apparent in every place.—The Government and customs of England do not tolerate that degree of inso-

too late.—Will the present Government of France follow the same tyrannical conduct?—that Government, from whom we hear nothing but pretensions to grand views, justice and humanity!—Were it to persevere in oppressive violence—it ought to excite a double indignation, as it will certainly provoke a vigorous resistance in Switzerland at the first opportunity.—Should the powers of Europe crouch before the mandates of Consular government, and tamely look on, and see it dictating constitutions to other countries by an armed force?—Had this been attempted in the time of Louis XIV. or Louis XVI. what would the rest of Europe have said? Would they have stood the mute spectators of the scene?—*The Swiss Editor.*

lence, that was formerly displayed, with impunity, by the noblesse in France, and still continues in other countries of Europe.

BRUNSWICK

Is situated in a plain, on the banks of the Ocker. The houses in general are old, but many new buildings have been erected of late, and the city acquires fresh beauty every day.

Fortifications have been the cause of much calamity to many towns in Germany, having served not to defend them, but rather to attract the vengeance of enemies. But the fortifications at Brunswick were of great utility in the seven years war, and on one occasion, they saved the town from being pillaged, and afforded Prince Frederick, an opportunity of performing an action, which I imagine gave him more joy than twenty victories*.

* This happened in the year 1761.—Mareschal Broglio, had sent a body of 20,000 men, under Prince Xavier of Saxony, who took possession of Wolfenbüttele, and soon after invested Brunswick. Prince Ferdinand anxious to save his native city, ventured to detach 5000 of his army, small as it was, under his nephew, Frederick, assisted by General Luckner, with orders to harass the enemy, and endeavour to raise the siege. The young Prince, while on his march, sent a soldier with a letter to the governor, which was wrapped round a bullet, and which the soldier was to swallow, in case of his being taken by the enemy.—He had the good fortune to get safe into the town.—The letter apprised the commander of the garrison of the Prince's approach, and particularised the night and hour, when he expected to be at a certain place near the town, requiring him to favour his entrance. In the middle of the night appointed, the