

night, caused it to be altered, and it struck two instead of one; thinking they were an hour too late, the enemy gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance the clock has ever since been kept an hour on advance.

DUMOURIER*

POSSESSÉS the peculiar vivacity of air and manner that distinguishes the natives of France. I understand, that he is remarkably entertaining and amiable in conversation; that, though he has indulged in pleasure, and yielded to dissipation, yet he is capable of the most indefatigable exertion, both of body and mind; that he has always been fonder of pleasure than of money, and ever ready to sacrifice both for renown. His enemies, who allow that he possesses great acuteness of mind, and the most unshaken courage, throw doubts upon his steadiness in other respects.†

* This Gallic Hero, like Mark Anthony, was destined to lose himself, and all his laurels, in the smiles and machinations of love. His favourite Cleopatra, notwithstanding his fierce and ungovernable courage in the field, held him in the most timid and tyrannical slavery,—though beautiful, she was vulgar to a proverb. She declared to a judicious agent of the Convention, Dumourier was a private enemy to the faction by which the king was murdered, and a friend to hereditary Monarchy.

† The following anecdote of Dumourier will amuse perhaps our readers:—When in the year 1793, he came to England, wishing to remain *incognito* till his arrival in London, and equally averse to travelling in an expensive manner, which might attract attention, or to mix in the crowd of a stage

TRAINEAU PARTIES

MAY be reckoned among the winter amusements of Germany. These can take place in the time of frost only, and when there is a considerable quantity of snow upon the ground.

A traineau is a machine in the shape of a horse, lion, swan, or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or in some other fanciful form, without wheels, but made below like a sledge, for the conveniency of sliding over the snow. Some are gilded, and otherwise ornamented, according to the whim of the proprietor. A pole stands up from one side, to which an ensign or flag is fastened, which waves over the heads of those placed on the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, sits before, and the gentleman stands behind on a board made for that purpose.

The whole are drawn by two horses, which is

coach, where some passenger might recognize his face, he hired the whole inside of a Dover diligence. On the outside was a man, whom Dumourier, on perceiving him to be a Frenchman, invited to take a seat by his side, and who proved to be a foreign hatter in Piccadilly. As soon as the General found out the other's trade, with his usual versatility of character he became a hatter too, and talked so learnedly of *felt of beaver*, that his fellow traveller invited him to take up his abode at his house. The next morning he begged his host to be the bearer of a letter to Lord Grenville. This was readily undertaken by the hatter, who supposing that under the Alien Bill, any foreigner might have business with the Secretary of State, had no suspicion of the real character of his guest, till he perceived the answer to be addressed to *General Dumourier*. He returned in great perturbation, and such was his surprise, terror, or admiration on finding himself in the renowned General's presence, that he fell on his knees, while delivering his Lordship's epistle.

either conducted by a postilion, or driven by the gentleman. The horses are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings, which cover them.

The party consists generally of many traineaux, each attended by two or three servants on horseback with flambeaux.—This amusement is taken when it begins to grow dark.—One trianeau takes the lead, the rest follow at a convenient distance in a line, and drive for two or three hours through the principal streets and squares of the town.—The horses go at a brisk rate; The motion of the traineau is easy and agreeable; and the bells, ensigns, and torches make a very gay and showy appearance.

SWISS PEASANTS.

THEY are the tallest and most robust I have ever seen. Their dress is very particular. They have little round hats, like those worn by the Dutch skippers.—Their coats and waistcoats are all of a kind of coarse black cloth; their breeches are made of linen, something like sailors' trowsers; but drawn together in plaits below the knees and the stockings are of the same stuff with the breeches.

The women wear short jackets, with a great superfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themselves on the length of their hair, which they separate into two divisions, and allow it to hang at its full length, braided with ribbands in the rantillie fashion.—After marriage, these tresses are no longer permitted to hang down; being twisted round the

head in spiral lines, they are fixed at the crown with large silver pins.

Married and unmarried, wear straw hats, ornamented with black ribbands. So far the women's dress is becoming enough, but they have an awkward manner of fixing their petticoat so high as to leave hardly any waist. This encroachment of the petticoat upon the waist, mightily deforms the appearance of the whole person. The elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis would be annihilated under such a preposterous load of dress.

SWITZERLAND.

No country in the world can be more agreeable to travellers during the summer. For besides the commodious roads and comfortable inns, some of the most beautiful objects of nature, woods, mountains, lakes intermingled with fertile fields, vineyards, and scenes of the most perfect cultivation are here presented to the eye in great variety, and on a larger scale, than in any other country,*

* We have here traced the opinion of Mr. Brydone respecting this delightful country with that of Dr. Moore; in the two paragraphs there is a striking coincidence of sentiment.

“ Who would not leave, with rapture, the parched fields of Italy for the quiet and delightful cool mountains of *Switzerland*; where liberty and simplicity long since banished from polished nations, still flourish in their original purity;—where the temperature and moderation of the climate and that of the inhabitants are mutually emblematical of each other: For whilst other nations are scorched by the heat of the sun, and the still more scorching heats of tyranny and superstition; here the genial breezes for ever fan the air, and heighten that alacrity and joy which liberty and innocence alone can inspire;—here

SENSIBILITY AND FEROCITY.

MONSIEUR de Bertrand, a knight of Malta was brought at midnight. on the third of September 1792, before the dreadful tribunal in the prison of the abbaye. He is a man of great coolness and firmness of mind, which was of infinite service to him in this emergency. When he was questioned, he answered with an undisturbed voice and countenance, “ that he had not the least idea of what he had been arrested for, that those who arrested him could not inform him, that nobody had informed him since, and that he was convinced he had been taken up by mistake.”

Struck with the cool and undaunted manner in which he addressed them, the judges ordered him to be released. Two men covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the prisoners, seemed surprised but not displeas'd at the unusual order. They conducted him through the court of the abbaye, and on the way asked if he had any relation to whose house he wished to go. He answered, that he had a sister-in-law, to whom he intended to go directly.

“ How very much surprised and delighted must she be to see you,” said they—“ I am persuaded she will,” replied Mr. Bertrand.

One of them asked the other if he should not be glad to be present at this meeting ; to which he eagerly said he should ; and both declared that they had a curiosity to be witnesses to the joyful meeting.

the genial flow of the soul has never been yet checked by the idle and useless refinements of the arts, but opens and expands itself to all the calls of affection and benevolence.

The gentleman was astonished and embarrassed: he represented that his relation being a delicate woman, their appearance might very much alarm her; that he could not think of giving them such trouble.

They urged they would wait in the parlour till he had advertised the lady of their being in the house, to prevent her being alarmed: that so far from being a trouble, it would give them great pleasure to accompany him, that they wished to have relaxation from the work they had been so long employed in.

M. Bertrand did not think it prudent to refuse such petitioners any longer.—They accompanied him to the house. He sent the servant, who opened the door at the sound of his voice, to advertise the lady that he was arrived and well. He afterwards went himself, and informed her of the fancy of the two men. Every body in the family had flocked around him with expressions of joy. The two men were admitted, and were witnesses to the happiness that all manifested: they seemed much gratified and affected at the sight; it formed the strongest contrast with those they had so lately seen. M. Bertrand offered them money, which they would on no account accept; declaring that they were already paid for accompanying him in the only way they desired. After remaining a considerable time, they took their leave, wishing the lady and M. Bertrand all happiness.

I know no theory by which can be explained the dispositions of sensibility and ferocity, which, from this narrative, appear in the same individuals. I repeat the facts as I have them from authority. They form a new instance of the astonishing variety, and even opposition of character to be found in that wonderful creature, MAN.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME AND ST. PAUL'S IN
LONDON.

THE church of St. Peter's at Rome, in the opinion of many surpasses in size and magnificence, the finest monuments of ancient architecture.

All who have seen St. Paul's in London may, by an enlargement of its dimensions, form some idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's. But the resemblance fails entirely on comparing them within; St. Peter's being lined, in many parts, with the most precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of sculpture.

The approach to St. Peter's church excel that to St. Paul's in a still greater proportion than the former surpasses the latter either in size or in the richness and the beauty of the internal ornaments.

The facade of this celebrated church is not equal in elegance and beauty to the rest of the building. Every impartial judge will acknowledge that the front of St. Peter's is in those particulars inferior to that of our St. Paul's.

AURA EPILEPTICA

Is a sensation which some epileptics have, previous to every fit: some describe it like a current of fresh air, flowing slowly, others like an insect moving or creeping upwards from the extremities of the body to the head, where it no sooner arrives than the patient becomes insensible, and falls into an epileptic fit. His first sensation is generally felt at one particular point; and we may presume there is some dis-

order in that point from the circumstance of the *Aura's* beginning there.—The disease may be radically cured by destroying the part: when this cannot be safely done, the fit may be prevented by a ligature applied above the part where the *Aura* arises.

HEIDELBERG

Is situated in a hollow on the banks of the Neckar, and is surrounded by charming hills perfectly cultivated.

More chearful scenes of exuberant fertility are to be seen no where than along the fine chain of hills which begin near this town. The summit of these hills are crowned with trees, and their sides and bottoms are clothed with vines.

The elector's castle is placed on an eminence, which commands the town, and a view of the valley below*. In the castle is to be seen the renowned Heidelberg tun.

The inhabitants of the palatinate are partly Protestants and partly Roman catholics, who live here in harmony with each other. The great church at Heidelberg is divided into two apartments, in one of which

* The castle itself is unfortunately commanded by another eminence too near it, from which this noble building was cannonaded when the whole palatine was pillaged and burnt in consequence of a cruel order of Louis XIV. too literally executed by Turenne.—The particulars of that dismal scene have been transmitted from father to son, and are still spoken of with horror by the peasantry of this country, among whom the French nation is held in detestation to this day.

the Protestants, and in the other the Papists perform public worship :—A singular instance of the moderation and coolness of people's minds with regard to a subject that inflamed them so violently in the days of their ancestors.

The lives and manners of the inhabitants of this city seem to be as uniform and formal as the streets and buildings. No noise, mob, or bustle ; at mid-day every thing is as calm and quiet as the streets of London at mid-night.

BEGGARS.

THOSE heroes who founded the liberty of Holland took the name of *Gueux*, (beggars) ; and they would have no other title, because the pride of their tyrants made them imagine they would be lowered by it ; and that very title by attaching to them that immense class which aristocracy and despotism vilify, became at once their strength, their glory, and the pledge of their success. The friends of liberty chose the name which would best serve her cause, not that which was most flattering to themselves."

N. B. This observation is to be found in one of Mirabeau's speeches.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

Was first demonstrated by Dr. Harvey, about the beginning of the last century ; a discovery which has rendered his name immortal, and reflected lustre on the English nation. Envy could not quietly bear

that so much honour should fall to the share of any individual. That she might have the pleasure of tearing them from the brows of Harvey, she was willing to adorn the busts of the ancients with his laurels. The first attack that Harvey's enemies made upon his fame was by asserting that the circulation of the blood was known to the ancients. But if the ancients knew it, how came those learned gentlemen who tell us so, to have been ignorant of it? Finding that this attack did not succeed, it was next insinuated that Harvey's more immediate predecessors, Vesalius, Serverus, and others, had cleared the road, and pointed it out so clearly, that he could not miss it. They had done so much, they say, that they had left him *little* to do. How infinitely absurd to call that *little* which those very men whose genius and acuteness are described as *prodigious*, could not accomplish, and which escaped the penetration of all the anatomists, physicians, and philosophers that the world produced, till Harvey made the happy discovery,---a discovery not made as many useful arts have been discovered, *by accident*, but in consequence of deep reflection and careful investigation, by weighing and comparing facts, drawing inferences from the discoveries of others, which their authors were unable to do, and advancing step by step to that important demonstration which has justly reflected so much honour on the discoverer himself, and has added dignity to the name of an Englishman.

POPULARITY

IN Great Britain is of more consequence to a gentleman or nobleman, than it was in France before the Revolution, or is at present in Germany and other European countries. There are many, no doubt, who would shew attention and hospitality to their neighbours in the lower ranks of life, from the mere sentiments of benevolence and generosity; but it has been observed, that nothing has more influence in keeping those sentiments alive in the bosom of the great, than their having something to ask or expect from the favour of the little. This is the case in England at least once in seven years.

 NATIVE COUNTRY.

THAT expression presents itself to the mind, decorated with many ideas from the wardrobe of the imagination. To tell men they have disgraced their country, is the most bitter of all reproaches; to say that they have done it honour, is the most soothing of all praises. The officer on the day of battle is sensible of this; and to rouse to the utmost efforts those under his command he reminds them that they are *fighting for their country*. That simple sentence contains all the magic of eloquence. Conjuring up the ideas of protecting our property, our homes, the abodes of our forefathers, the beloved scenes of our earliest pleasures and first affections, it implies defending from outrage our constitution, our religion, all that is valuable and endearing, our friends, parents, wives and children. The love of our country

is mentioned with the love of fame by the Roman poet, as the feeling of a noble mind.

“ Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.”

It not only excites to virtuous exertions during life, but a soothing recollection in death.

“ — Dulces moriens reminiscitur argos.”

VOLTAIRE*.

THIS extraordinary person has contrived to excite more curiosity, and to retain the attention of Europe for a longer space of time, than any other man this age has produced, monarchs and heroes included.

His person is that of a skeleton; but this skeleton, this composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful.

The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year.—His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility. An air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features, whether he frowns or smiles.

By far the greatest part of his time is spent in his study, and whether he reads himself, or listens to

* He was born at Paris in 1694—died in that metropolis of an hæmorrhage in 1778.

another, he always has a pen in his hand, to take notes or make remarks. Composition is his principal amusement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame, than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur Ferney.

He lives in a very hospitable manner, and has generally some visitors from Paris, so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humour. At supper, when surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibility of youth: his genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing, spirited observation, and delicate irony.

Considered as a master, Voltaire appears in a very amiable light. He is affable, humane, and generous to his tenants and dependants. He loves to see them prosper, and takes part in their private and domestic concerns, with the attention of a patriarch.

If he has been the author of severe satire, he also has been the object of a great deal. When he has not been irritated as a writer, he appears a good-humoured man, and, in particular instances, displays a true philanthropy.*

* Whoever reads with attention a late publication, called *Vie Polemique de Voltaire*, Polemical Life of Voltaire, will conceive some doubt about his philanthropy. The author has not disfigured the writings of Voltaire; he has taken all his cita-

Happy, if this extraordinary man had confined his genius to its native home, to the walks which the Muses love; and that he had never deviated from these into the thorny paths of impiety!

I have heard much of Voltaire's great contrition and repentance, when he had reason to believe his end approaching; but I have been assured by his friends, that in sickness he never discovered any fear of death. Though this conduct is not to be justified, yet it has consistency and firmness.

While the edge of Voltaire's ridicule is turned against persecution and hypocrisy, the most virtuous applaud; but his misfortune of not being a believer in Christianity cannot excuse his attempts to turn into ridicule the established religion of his country. One, among many peculiarities of this author is, that he treats Christianity, with becoming respect in his dramas, and that some of his plays are at once the most moral and religious of his works.

tions from the last edition of his works. There can, therefore, be no doubt of the fidelity of the picture. The reader will there behold the errors of his mind, and the crimes of his heart; will see his genius obscured by the baseness of his motives, and his outrageous language; that philosophy so much vaunted by himself sadly eclipsed by clouds of irritability and resentment; and his most splendid maxims contradicted by his actions:—He will there behold his protestations of love and zeal for the happiness of mankind, refuted by his constant and persevering attacks on the living and the dead:—he will there behold him in extreme old age, adding bitterness to his gall, and aiming fresh blows against christianity, and against all who respected or defended it. His genius seemed only to regain strength when inspired by hatred or impiety.

Distinguished for wit, and a happiness of expression which baffles imitation, the writings of Voltaire have contributed much to form the taste, bias the opinion of the age, and root out many old prejudices, supported by the self-interest of a few, and the ignorance of the multitude. They are more universally read than the works of any other author; because to borrow the words of one who knew him well, he possesses: “le précieux avantage d’être
 “ toujours clair et simple, sans jamais être insipide,
 “ et d’être lu avec un égal plaisir, et par le peuple
 “ des lectures et par l’élite des philosophes*.”

* The precious advantage of being always clear and simple, without ever being insipid, and of being read with equal pleasure by a person of plain common sense, and by a philosopher.

We have met with the following criticism, on the writings of Voltaire, in an interesting work, called *Literary Leisure*. It has appeared to us so just, that we have thought it would be agreeable to our readers. “Voltaire, who wished to be thought an universal genius, as he attempted every kind of writing, is completely a *mannerist*, and every one of his works, be it grave or gay, historical, ironical, argumentative, or poetical, bears, what is expressively called, *Le Sceau de Voltaire*. Voltaire had perhaps a *genius*, as it is called, only for irony: this talent he possessed in the strongest degree; but Voltaire must not rest his future fame on any other of the numerous qualifications he laid claim to. As a poet, perhaps, the genius of his language rather than any deficiency in himself, prevented him from rising above mere mediocrity! But as an historian, a philosopher, and, above all a philologist, his claims to universal genius are very ill founded.”

Dr. Moore has not mentioned Voltaire’s enmity to *Rousseau*, which can be ascribed to nothing but envy.

BERN

Is a regular well-built town, with some air of magnificence. The houses are of a fine white free-stone, and pretty uniform. There are piazzas on each side, with a walk raised four feet above the level of the street; very commodious in wet weather.

A small branch of the Aar has been turned into this street, and, being confined to a narrow channel in the middle, which has a considerable slope, it runs with great rapidity, and without being a disagreeable object of itself, is of great service in keeping the street clean.

Another circumstance contributes to render this town one of the most cleanly towns in Europe. Criminals are employed in removing rubbish from the streets and public walks. The more atrocious delinquents are chained to waggons, while those who are condemned for smaller crimes are employed in sweeping the light rubbish into the rivulet; and throwing the heavier into the carts or waggons, which their more criminal companions are obliged to push or draw along. People of both sexes are condemned to this labour for months, years, or for life, according to the nature of their crimes.

The public buildings at Bern, as the hospital, the granary, the guard-house, the arsenal, and the churches, are magnificent. There is a very elegant building, with accommodations, for many public amusements, such as balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments, which are seldom permitted. There are also apartments for private societies and assemblies.

In the library, besides the books, there are a few antique and some other curiosities.

In the arsenal, nothing interested me so much as the figures of the brave Switzers, who first took up arms against tyranny, and that of William Tell, who is represented aiming at the apple on his son's head. The arms taken from the Burgundians in the various battles which established the liberty of Switzerland are displayed here; also the figure of the General of Bern, who in the year 1536, conquered the Pays de Vaud from Charles III. Duke of Savoy; and if they have no trophies to shew of a later date, I am convinced it is because they are too poor and too wise to aim at any extension of dominion; and because all the neighbouring powers are at length become sensible that the nature of their country and their personal valour have rendered the Swiss as unconquerable, as from political considerations, they are averse to attempt conquests*.

* That mad revolutionary fury which has lately stricken at once at the cottage and the palace, at laws and governments, at republics and empires, that direful plague could alone overthrow the truth of Dr. Moore's reflection. The once happy and peaceful Helvetia has been also the theatre of the numberless devastations, which, without shame or remorse, the French Directory have committed.—Bern has been invaded and plundered by the French armies. Her treasure, her public funds, her arsenal, have been delapidated by French rapaciousness. The glorious and antique trophies of her ancient victories have been stolen.—Never were there a more unjust aggression—Never were employed more perfidious means. History will stigmatize, with an everlasting reproach and execration, those monsters who have prepared, and those traitors who have contributed to the ruin of that delightful country, and sown in her once peaceful bosom, those dire and eternal seeds of discord and civil war, which have for five years torn, and

SOLICITUDE ABOUT HEALTH.

ALL persons who are needlessly and whimsically solicitous about the state of their health, are as certain to be governed by physicians or apothecaries, as bigots are by priests and father confessors. Who can but feel a strong aversion to the company of those who are eternally speaking of their complaints past, present, and to come? Few things seem to others so oppressive; one cannot but be highly pleased with what a captain of the navy once said, in spite of the severe shock which his constitution received by a long residence in the West-Indies; he retained all his natural cheerfulness; and on a friend observing to him, that he never heard him complain of his health,—“Nor never shall,” replied he, “that being a subject that would give my friends pain: I reserve it for those to whom it may, perhaps, afford pleasure, and speak of it only to the doctors.”

This habit (for it is entirely a habit, which, like others, increases by indulgence) is more odious in women than in men. Were sentence of immediate marriage to be pronounced on me, I should beg in mercy to be coupled to a woman who never had heard that nerves, veins, arteries, or bile, formed any part of her composition.

will long tear, her vitals. For men born independent and free, cannot patiently bear the chains of slaves.—Great God! alleviate the past and present misfortune of Switzerland: cast upon that unhappy land a protecting and benignant look.—Thy goodness of old granted her an happy freedom—renew, for the sons of Helvetia, that invaluable blessing.—*The Swiss Editor.*

Dr. P. . . . , a man of penetration, versed in the sciences, and disdaining the mummerly of his profession, assures, that few things are more pernicious than such topics of discourse, and nothing more infectious to young women than the sight of others under what are called nervous attacks. He declares, that he hath once known a whole boarding-school thrown into fits, by the example of one hysterical girl. Some he conceived to be really so affected, others were suspected of acting the part, to be excused from some task, or, perhaps, merely with a view to become an object of attention and sympathy.

PARALLEL BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS.

UPON a just estimation, the internal faculties of the most intelligent of the brute creation will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men.

There is no æra of greater brightness than another in the history of any animal but man; all from the earliest records of time, to the present moment, is one uniform period of far greater darkness than any recorded in the annals of mankind.

If it is urged, that there may have been some unrecorded æra of human society, wherein men were in a state of equal darkness, it must be allowed that they have emerged out of it, which equally proves the great superiority of their nature.

Speech, that wonderful faculty by which men convey to each other every emotion of their heart, and every idea of their mind, is natural to all the human race, even to the most uncultivated negro and savage, but it is unknown to the wildest of all

other animals. Is this owing to a defect in the organs of speech?—No. In some animals those organs seem sufficiently capable of it, and some have been taught to pronounce sentences, but none to understand what they pronounced; for language implies a series of connected ideas superior to what any animal but man seems able to attain.

How comes it, that with so much sagacity and reflection, as some people contend some animals possess, the strongest and the shrewdest among them have not made the weaker and less intelligent subservient to their use? How comes it that the most uncultivated of the human species have, from the beginning of time, made the most powerful and knowing of the brute creation subservient to theirs? If, by his external form, man has some advantages over them, by forming an alliance, they might soon over-balance this, and free themselves from subjection. What human force could stand against an allied army of lions, elephants, and eagles, if they had judgment to see their superior powers?

Even attention to their young, the most universal and most amiable part of the character of irrational animals, seems independent of sentiment and reflection, and to proceed from the blind impulse which prompts them to the choice of plants in sickness, to accumulate provisions, and build cells; for after a short period those young are entirely neglected, and no trace of affection, or the smallest tender recollection, seems any longer to subsist between the parent and the child.

How different is this from the sensations of the human species, where the father and mother feel their youth restored, and their existence multiplied

in their children; who encourage their exertions, and support them under disappointment; whose chief happiness depends on the prosperity of their offspring, and who feel the approach of age without sadness, while the evening of their lives is brightened by the rising reputation of their children.

Thus, when we turn our reflections to the reasoning faculties of man, and the endowments of the human soul, the distance between this and the highest intelligence of any other animal is infinite.

The only advantage that other animals can be supposed to have over man is, that being excluded by their nature from all mental enjoyments, they are also secured from all the pains and disquietudes that proceed from the same source; but to acquire an exemption from disquietude, at the expence of being equally exempted from all the delicate feelings of the mind, and affections of the heart, is a purchase which I hope no honest mind will ever be willing to make*.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LOYALTY.

IT will be acknowledged that no people ever displayed more attachment to the person, or more zeal for the glory of their monarchs, whether they were of worthless characters, like Henry III. or of benevolent ones, like Louis XVI. than the French have

* An ingenious lady, Mrs. Greville, in a celebrated Ode to Indifference, seems, however, desirous of the exchange; but the most scrupulous observers of truth on other occasions are persuaded to be insincere in poetry.

always done, as long as the monarch has had the address or good fortune to retain his power. While the power of the prince flourishes, the loyalty of the subject shines green as the laurel, and stands firm as a rock; but when his power is in decay, their loyalty withers with it, and shakes like the poplar leaf. The events of the late dreadful revolution in France afford cause of suspicion that the French loyalty was at no time in *reality* so much, as it was in *appearance*.

The people of England have been accused by their neighbours of possessing but a very moderate portion of loyalty; and what little they have is said to be of a very cold and phlegmatic nature. James II, however, was one of the most unpopular princes that ever sat on their throne: he provoked them to the highest degree, by perfidious designs against their liberty, and open attacks on their religion; yet when the sunshine of his prosperity was overcast with the blackest clouds of adversity; when his favourites, his relations, his very children forsook him; and when endeavouring to fly from the storm, he was stopped, and brought back a prisoner to his capital; how was this ungracious king, thus overwhelmed with calamity, received by the English people? They were so much moved with compassion for his unhappy fate, so much affected with the sight of distressed royalty, that they forgot the king's misconduct by contemplating his misfortunes; the excess of his misery operated in his favour, as if it had been virtue: and the dying embers of loyalty began to revive within their breasts, and to glow with more fervour than ever.

Such was the impression which the misfortunes of James made on the hearts of the inhabitants of the

southern parts of this island. As for those of the north, so far was the attachment of his friends there from depending on his prosperity, that their steady, though ill placed, loyalty, never was more firm; nor were they ever more ready to shed their blood in his cause and that of his posterity, than after they were wretched exiles abandoned by all the rest of the world.

It is an old observation, and what might be of use to sovereigns in estimating the sincerity of the attachment of those around their persons, that the same disposition which renders men obsequious to prosperity, and servile to power, is apt to make them neglectful of the unfortunate, and insolent to power. No nation ever pushed both extremes farther than the French in their behaviour to their kings in these opposite situations: at present, they deride other nations for their attachment to monarchy. Formely, when they themselves displayed an abject servility to their kings, they described the English as barbarians for resisting the tyranny of the house of Stuart, and for claiming freedom. If France had not been distracted with internal as well as external commotions in the time of Charles I. he would have supported the cause of the monarch against the people of England. Boileau wrote an ode expressly against the English nation, of which the following are two stanzas:

Quoi ! ce peuple aveugle en son crime,
 Qui prenant son Roi pour victime,
 Fit du trône un theatre affreux,
 Pense-til que le ciel, complice
 D'un si funeste sacrifice,
 N'a pour lui ni foudre ni feux ?

Armes-toi France, prends la foudre,
 C'est à toi de réduire en poudre
 Ces sanglans ennemis des loix,
 Suis la victoire qui t'appelle
 Et vas sur ce peuple rébelle
 Venger la querelle des Rois.

If the restoration had not taken place, there is little reason to doubt but that the monarch would have followed the poet's advice.

“ *Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.**”

NOTHING is a more general subject of ridicule than for people who have not been bred to a particular profession to presume to have knowledge of it, or to hold opinions contrary to those of men of the profession who are supposed to have studied the subject. The folly of this is pretty universally allowed when the case is stated in general; but it is astonishing what a number think themselves individually exceptions to the general rule, and make no scruple of disputing with a physician on medicine, with a barrister on law, or even with a clergyman on divinity; while they laugh at any other person who, like themselves, has not been educated to those professions, for doing the same.

The maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, seems more just, however, when applied to such professions as require mechanical exertions only, than when applied to such as require exertions of the mind: for long habit is more necessary for the attainment of

* “Keep to your own province;”—the words of Apelles to a cobbler.

excellence in the mechanical arts, than in those which depend on the power and extent of the understanding. A man, however ingenious, who would attempt to make a common chair, without having been bred a carpenter, would certainly succeed much worse than one accustomed to the trade, though far his inferior in ingenuity; because the power of using the fingers and applying the tools with dexterity is to be acquired by frequent use and long habit only. But the mind is more flexible than the muscles. A man who has been in the habit of reflecting and reasoning all his life will reason better, even on a new subject, than another of a narrower understanding who has been accustomed to investigate it. Few things are supposed to require a greater number of talents, and more strength of understanding, than the art of commanding an army, and conducting a campaign: yet the late American war, and that with France in a still more striking manner demonstrate, that it is not absolutely necessary to be bred to the military profession to enable men of great natural acuteness and strong understanding to excel in it.

The business of a statesman, is thought, above all others, to require superior talents, and much experience; yet the first have been found to succeed without the second. Instances might be given of the affairs of a great nation being conducted, for a series of years, in the most prosperous manner, by men of little or no experience, and whose measures were not rendered more prosperous by experience when it was acquired.

GARRICK AND LE KAIN.*

For my own part, I admire the French Melpomene more in the closet than on the stage.—I can—

* Henri Louis le Kain was born at Paris, in the year 1729. His parents, who were goldsmiths and cutlers, gave him a good education, and intended to bring him up in their own line of business. In one branch of that business, the fabrication of surgical instruments, young le Kain particularly excelled; and his reputation was already established when his taste for theatrical amusements, and the imperious instinct of talents made him neglect his profession to study and perform the principal parts in tragedy.—Le Kain had received from nature, an unprepossessing countenance, a harsh and hollow voice, and a clumsy figure; and he seemed to have raised the greatest obstacles in the way of his success. But art, by developing the sentiments of his heart, animating his person, dictating the most striking attitudes, strengthening his voice, and giving to all his motions the grand characteristics of passion, so far subdued the tyranny of nature, as to extort from the beauties who frequented the theatre in spite of themselves the flattering exclamation—“How handsome he is!”—Le Kain paid attention to every part of his profession. No actor was ever a more perfect master of the stage. He had acquired a deep knowledge of history, literature, and every thing connected with his dramatic pursuits. He was passionately fond of poetry, and no one recited verses better than he did. In private life le Kain displayed great simplicity of manners; a solid understanding, wit, and sometimes gaiety, although he was generally of a serious and melancholy cast of mind.—This great actor is said to have been guilty of some acts of imprudence which injured his health, and he was, in consequence seized with an inflammatory fever, which in four days brought him to the grave. He died on the 8th of February, 1778½

Le Kains Epitaph.

‡ Il n'est donc plus de cathonne aujourd'hui.—
 † Ci-git Le Kain. Melpomene avec lui.”

not be reconciled to the French actors of tragedy. Their pompous manner of declaiming seems to me very unnatural. The strut and superb gestures, and what they call a *maniere noble*, of their boasted *Le Kain*, appear in my eyes, a little *outré*.

The justness, the dignified simplicity, the energy of Garrick's action, have destroyed my relish for any manner different from his. That exquisite but concealed art, that magic power, by which he could melt, freeze, terrify the soul, and command the obedient passions, as he pleased, we look for in vain, upon our own, or any other stage.

What Horace said of nature may be applied with equal justness to that unrivalled actor.

David Garrick was in figure low, pleasing, manly, genteel and elegant. His limbs were pliant, his features expressive, and his eyes quick and keen. His voice was harmonious, and could vibrate through all the modulations of sound. Music, dancing, painting, fencing, sculpture, gave him each its respective grace. He had every requisite to fit him for every character. Every degree of age, every stage, scene, and period of life, from the youthful lover, to the lean and slippered pantaloon—all were alike to him.—In heroes, he moved with dignity, spoke with dignity, acted with dignity. His Prince never interfered with his Peasant, nor his Peasant with his Gentleman. He had in his possession every key to the soul. He was the master of the passions, and turned them to his will. He waked them—swelled them—soothed them. He melted them into softness, or roused them into rage.—If he was angry; so was you.—If he was distressed; so was you.—If he was terrified so was you. He was an enchanter, and led you where he pleased.

Mr. Garrick died on the 20th of January, 1779, in the sixty-third year of his age. Never was a death so universally lamented.

———— Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducitand angit

One of the most difficult things in acting is, the player's concealing himself behind the character he assumes: the instant the spectator gets a peep of him, the whole illusion vanishes, and the pleasure is succeeded by disgust. In *Œdipus*, *Mahomet*, and *Orosmane*, I have always detected *Le Kain*; but I have seen the English *Roscius* represent *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Richard*, without recollecting that there was such a person as *Garrick* in the world.

The French tragedians are apt to *overstep the modesty of nature*. Nature is not the criterion by which their merit is to be tried. The audience measures them by a more sublime standard, and if they come not up to that, they cannot pass muster.

Natural action and a natural elocution, they seem to think incompatible with dignity, and imagine that the hero must announce the greatness of his soul by supercilious looks, haughty gestures, and a hollow sounding voice. Such easy familiar dialogue as *Hamlet* holds with his old school-fellow *Horatio*, appears to them low, vulgar, and inconsistent with the dignity of tragedy.

But if simplicity of manners be not inconsistent in real life, with genius, and the most exalted greatness of mind, I do not see why the actor, who represents a hero, should assume gestures which we have no reason to think were ever in use in any age, or among any rank of men.

LAUSANNE,

Is the capital of the charming country situated along the side of the lake of Geneva, called the Pays de Vaud, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Savoy, but is now under the dominion of the Canton of Bern.

This city is situated near the lake. As the nobility from the country, and from some parts of Switzerland, and the families of several officers, who have retired from service, reside here, there is an air of more ease and gaiety (perhaps also of more politeness) in the societies of Lausanne than in those of Geneva; at least this is firmly believed and asserted by all the nobles of this place, who consider themselves greatly superior to the citizens of Geneva. These, on the other hand, talk a good deal of the poverty, frivolousness, and ignorance of those same nobility, and make no scruple or ranking their own enlightened mechanics above them in every essential quality.

 INTOXICATION

Is reckoned among the causes of fever. The general bad effect of this upon the constitution is obvious. Wherever a predisposition to any particular disease lurks in the constitution, intemperance in drinking seldom fails to rouse it into action. Repeated excesses of this kind sometimes produce the epilepsy in those never before subject to it, and always hasten the returns, and augment the violence of the fits in those who are.

To increase good humour, gaiety, and wit, and prolong the pleasures of conversation, is the usual apology for such excesses. But if it were a general rule to leave the company as soon as our taste and talents for sensible or witty conversation began to diminish, few would injure their constitutions by drinking.

There are indeed examples of people who support long and repeated excesses, without much apparent injury. There are also instances of people who have swallowed poison with impunity. But tell those who are acquainted with such tough and well-seasoned veterans, to recal to memory the numbers of their companions, who, yielding to importunity, have fallen victims to this easiness of temper, and they will not be much encouraged by the example.

Although intoxication never fails when first indulged to produce most of the symptoms which attend fever, as heat, drowth, head-ach, and nausea, it must be confessed that these wear away by habit; so that those who indulge every day in the bottle, if they survive the excesses of their youth, and escape consumptions, dropsies, and paralytic complaints in more advanced life, are in little danger of being cut off suddenly by a fever from drinking; they will have the comfort of out-living not only their friends, but very probably their own understanding.

In some instances where people have fallen down insensible by extraordinary excess in drinking, a supervening fever has been considered as the only thing that saved them from a fatal apoplexy. It must be allowed that a disease must be of a very desperate nature for which a fever is the only remedy, and this remedy not always effectual; for it sometimes hap-

pens, particularly to young persons of a sanguine habit, that in consequence of great excess in drinking, a fever of such violence is raised, that the patient dies after a few days of high delirium*.

MENTZ

Is finely situated, built in an irregular manner, and most plentifully provided with churches. The Cathedral is but a gloomy fabric. In this, there is what they call a treasury, which contains a number of clumsy jewels, some relics, and a mighty rich wardrobe of priests vestments.

There are some troops in this capital, but the officers have not that smart presumptuous air which generally accompanies men of their profession. They seem conscious that the clergy are their masters; and, I have a notion, are a little out of countenance on that account.

The streets swarm with ecclesiastics, some of them in fine coaches, and attended by a great number of servants. There are also many genteel airy abbés, who are the most fashionable people, and give the ton at that place.

The great number of monks and friars of all colours and conditions that are to be met in this city,

* *Hippocrates* mentions in his third book of *Epidemics*, the instances of two persons who "ex potibus ambo periculosa febre decubuerunt; quorum primus secundo jam morbi die surdus factus fuit, dein ferociter deliravit, quarto die convulsus, quinto die periit alter vero, post difficilem morbum, vigesimo die evasit."

apprise the traveller that he is in an ecclesiastical state; while the plump persons and rosy complexions of those fathers, sufficiently prove, that they do not live in the fertile land of Rhenish for nothing.

Though it is evident that in this electorate, the clergy have taken exceeding good care of themselves; yet, in justice to them, it must be acknowledged, that the people also seem to be in an easy situation.

LOUIS XIV.

His fine person, dignified deportment, and imposing manners, commanded the admiration and even the awe of his generals, ministers, and courtiers; and towards the end of his reign, when he was at once assailed by domestic and public misfortunes, the attachment of his subjects seemed to make them feel the sorrows of their king as their own, and submit with alacrity to heavier exactions than were ever wrung by tyranny from men.

Mankind are governed by force and by opinion. Louis made use of both these agents in a supreme degree. Besides the immense army which he kept up in peace as well as war, he also kept in action all those springs which have been found friendly to the maintenance of implicit obedience in the subject, and arbitrary power in the monarch. By various means he kept his nobility entirely dependent on his favour. He commanded in person only when conquest was secure; and without being exposed to hardship or danger, he claimed the merit of having

reduced every fortress, which was either bought by his money, or subdued by the skill of his engineers.

He was taught that he had a right to controul the consciences and seize the money of his subjects; and as he was at once superstitious and haughty, he revived the spirit of persecution, partly from zeal for the religion which he himself professed, and partly to punish the arrogance of those who dared to entertain opinions different from his.

He seems to have thought himself and family, including his illegitimate children, of more value than all his subjects; and he is the only king who ever brought them to the same way of thinking. He and his glory occupied their thoughts more than their own welfare, or that of their country. Those endearing ideas, which are connected with the expression *our country*, roused his jealousy; at least pains were taken, in his time, to root them out of their native soil, and transplant them around the word *king*: the expression *la patrie* fell out of use during his reign, and continued so for a long time afterwards: *le roi* supplied its place. In Louis the Fourteenth's time, the French seems to have thought of nothing but the monarch. When a battle was lost, their greatest concern was the affliction it would occasion to him—they rejoiced in victory, because it would afford him pleasure, and increase his glory*. The great empire of France seemed to

* The following anecdote will convey to the reader a just idea of the spirit of Louis XIV. as well as of that of his soldiers:—After a disastrous war, the king presented to an English ambassador his company of horse grenadiers: “There is,” said the king, “the bravest men in the universe; there is not one among

have been concentrated in the person of the *grand monarch*—as if there had been a general conviction of the absurd doctrine, that the people were made for the king, and not the king for the people; which has a bad effect on the minds of both, rendering the one more proud, and the other more servile.

TITLES AND RIBBONS

ARE, with a philosophical contempt, called by some mere gewgaws; and never mentioned but with scorn and indignation. It is entertaining to observe philosophers, who cannot see a ribbon across a man's shoulders, or hear a title pronounced, without falling into a passion, endeavour to ridicule the weakness of those who grieve at being deprived of them: for if it is weak to lament the loss of what they call gewgaws, it seems fully as weak not to be able to bear that they should be in the possession of others. Considering how universal the *affectation* of this contempt is, it seems surprising that the *reality* is so very rare. Like the fox in the fable contemplating the grapes, mankind in general speak with disdain of titles and ribbons when they are at such a distance as precludes the hope of attaining them; but snatch at them with eagerness as soon as they are brought within their reach.

them who is not covered with wounds."—"Well," retorted, ironically, the ambassador, "how much then must your majesty esteem those by whom they have been wounded!" A grenadier advanced, and with the accent of indignation, answered, "they are all dead—we have killed them all."

RICHES AND ENJOYMENT

ARE not, it is well known, always coupled together; if they were, the Royal Exchange of London would, at a certain hour every day, comprehend more happiness than the most extensive and best cultivated provinces in the world; which, from the many anxious and many vacant countenances to be seen there; we are apt to believe is not the case

REPUTATION OF INTEGRITY.

IN England the reputation of scrupulous honesty is not only necessary for maintaining public confidence and popularity, but it is almost sufficient of itself without any talents besides; whereas in France, honesty exclusively taken is not in such high estimation. What is the reason of this? a Frenchman would say, perhaps, because it is more common; but this solution would not be thought satisfactory in England. It is possibly owing to the French putting a greater estimation on certain glittering qualities which they themselves possess in a higher degree than their neighbours; each being prejudiced in favour of the staple commodity of their own country; as an English farmer prefers strong beer to Burgundy, and a French peasant Burgundy to strong beer.

LETTER

Of a faithful Servant.

HONOURED SIR,

HEARING of your arrival at Rome, I think it my indispensable duty to inform you, that my master, and your nephew, has been seized with a violent passion for a young lady who lately arrived at this city (*Naples*), from Germany. The young woman is of a comely countenance. “*Vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*” And, as far as I have hitherto been able to learn, of a very tolerable reputation. Yet, notwithstanding the fairness of her character and countenance, she is at bottom a black Papist. “*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*” This is the cause of my affliction; for were she as beautiful as Helen of Greece, Cleopatra of Egypt, or even as Mary Queen of Scots, she being like the foresaid Mary, of the popish persuasion, would be a most unsuitable spouse for my master. Yet there is hardly a day goes over his head that he is not in this young woman’s company, and the Lord above only knows how far a headstrong youth, instigated by passion, may push matters, more especially as he generally meets her at a very *parcky* (*sly*) gentlewoman’s, who understands what’s what as well as any woman in Naples; and will leave no stone unturned to get her linked to my master.

I once had hopes, that as the young woman attends mass regularly every day—for those poor deluded creatures shew more zeal for their own superstitions than some Protestants do for true religion—I had once hopes, I say, that she might object to

marrying a Protestant. But I am informed that as the song is, *her mother did so* before her, which has greatly diminished my hopes of refusal on her part; for it is natural to conclude that the mother has given the daughter a tincture of her own disposition, and you know, Sir, that—

“ Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem, testa diu.”

I am sure I need add no more to convince you of the misery that such a match as this would occasion to all my master's relations, particularly to his honoured aunt, who holds Antichrist and all his adherents in the greatest detestation. You must likewise be sensible, that a Popish wife, however fair her aspect, must give but a dark prospect to a Protestant husband, inasmuch as her religion instructs her that she is not obliged to keep faith with heretics.—*Hæc quoties fidem mutatosque Deos flebit.*

If you could find, Sir, a plausible pretext for desiring my master to meet you at Rome, instead of allowing him to wait for you here at Naples, I am convinced he would obey your summons. You may then prevail upon him to listen to the voice of reason, abandon this land of superstition and delusion, where we have sojourned too long, and return directly to Britain, whereas it would be as easy to whistle the *larks out of the list**, as to make him agree to this proposition while he remains within eye-shot of his mistress.

I am, with all due respect, &c.

* The larks from the sky.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE late Revolution in France is one of the most awful events of which history affords any record.

The crimes with which it has been accompanied will remain a stain on the national character, which all the perseverance and industry with which France has repelled external attack cannot efface.

The misery which the revolution has already produced, is of a nature so extensive and so acute, as no rational hope of future prosperity can compensate.

The French revolution exhibits at once the mischiefs that attend the use of power, and those that attend the abuse of liberty; affording a warning to sovereigns, not only against direct acts of cruelty, but also against that lavishness of public money which necessarily leads to the oppression of the people, and raises general discontent and indignation. It affords likewise a warning to the subjects of every free government against all licentious disregard of law, all attacks on the rights of any class of their fellow citizens, or the ascertained prerogative of the sovereign; as every unprovoked attack of that nature tends to render all mens' rights insecure, leads to the horrors of anarchy, and generally terminates in the destruction of that liberty they wish to preserve.

 CONCLUDING SCENE OF NATURE.

WHEN nature and the efforts of the physician prove unable to resist the malignity of the disease,

all the distinguishing marks of it are obliterated, and the concluding scene is common to all.

The strength being almost entirely exhausted, the patient lies constantly on his back, with a perpetual propensity to slide to the bottom of the bed; the hands shake when they attempt to lay hold of any thing, and a continual twitching is observed in the tendons of his wrist; the tongue trembles when it is pushed forth for the inspection, or all attempts to push it forth are unsuccessful; a black and glutinous crust gathers on the lips and teeth, to the increase and inconveniency of which the patient seems now insensible. He seems equally insensible to the ardour of thirst; he mutters to himself; he dozes with his mouth half open, the lower jaw falling down as if the muscles were too much relaxed to resist its own gravity; he sees objects indistinctly, as if a dark cloud hung before his eyes; small black particles, called by physicians *muschæ volitantes*, play, as it is believed, before his eyes; for he often catches with his hands at those or some such objects of his disordered brain; he frequently extends his arms before and above his face, seeming to contemplate his nails and fingers; at other times he fumbles with his fingers, and picks the wool from off the bed-clothes; he loses the power of retention; the evacuations pass involuntarily; and as if lamenting his own deplorable condition, tears flow down his ghastly countenance; the pulse flutters small as a thread, and on a pressure very little stronger than common, is not felt at all: his legs and arms become cold; his nails and fingers blackish; his respiration is interrupted by hiccups, and finally by death.

NECESSITY OF LAWS FOR PROTECTING SLAVES.

It is a common argument against the necessity of new laws for the protection of Slaves, that they need no protection from a just and humane master; nor from a master of an opposite character, because his own interest will be their protection; but men who are not naturally compassionate, and in the habit of giving vent to every gust of ill-humour, are apt, in the violence of rage, to become deaf to the voice of common sense and interest, as well as of justice and mercy. A choleric man breaks and destroys the furniture of his house, however valuable; and how often do we see men in absurd rage abuse their most servicable cattle?

It will be alledged that in all the Christian colonies the slaves are so far protected from the injustice of their masters, that none of them can be condemned capitally, but after trial in a court of justice. But the law may direct, that a master shall not order more than a limited number of stripes to be inflicted for any fault that his slave commits; if it requires no proof of the fault, except the allegation of the master, what security has the slave that he shall not be punished unjustly? Such laws are no safeguard, but rather a mockery of the unhappy race of men they pretend to protect.

 LYONS,

AFTER Paris, is the most magnificent town in France, enlivened by industry, enriched by commerce, beautified by wealth, and by its situation, in

the middle of a fertile country, at the confluence of the Soane, and the Rhone. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 200,000. The theatre is accounted the finest in France, and all the luxuries of Paris are to be found at Lyons, though not in equal perfection*.

The manners and conversation of merchants and manufacturers have been generally considered as peculiar to themselves: but I could not remark much difference between the manners and address of the people of Lyons, and the manners of Versailles itself. There appeared to me a wonderful similitude between the two.

HYPOCHONDRIASIS

Is a disease said to be more frequent in this island than elsewhere: it certainly depends on some affection of the origin of all the nerves, although from certain symptoms, with which it is sometimes accompanied, it derives its name from another part of the body †:—All the theories hitherto invented, leave us equally ignorant how to account for or remedy it.

In this melancholy complaint, the patient, when apparently in good health, or perhaps in the most

* Such was Lyons before the revolution: but no part of France, has been more the victim of the revolutionary madness, than this unfortunate city.

† Hypochondriasis, a disease so called from its seat being supposed to be in a part of the belly, which physicians call the hypochondriac region.

opulent circumstances, is gradually invaded by a languor and dejection of spirits: he is regardless of things of the greatest importance, and which formerly interested him the most: he is averse to every kind of exertion of body or mind: he becomes infinitely attentive to a thousand trifles, which he used to disregard, and is particularly watchful of every bodily feeling, the most transient of which he often considers as the harbinger of disease.—Every thing appears to him dark and dismal.—He is always apprehensive of the worst: and considers the most indifferent, and even the most fortunate incident as the omen of some impending evil. Although in his brighter days he may have been a man of courage, he becomes preposterously afraid of death now, when he seems to have lost all relish for the enjoyments of life.

Entirely occupied by his own uneasy thoughts and feelings, all other subjects of conversation appear impertinent, and are in reality as intolerable to him as the everlasting theme of his own complaints generally is to others. As this disease is in reality more distressing than dangerous; and as his looks are not impaired, in a degree that corresponds with the account he gives of his distress, he seldom meets with that sympathy which his sensibility requires, and his sufferings deserve. To a circumstantial and pathetic history of his complaints, he often receives a careless, and to him, a cruel answer, importing that they are all imaginary.—Shocked at the unkind indifference of friends, he shuns his former society—confines himself to his chamber, and will admit nobody but his physicians, for if he can at all afford it, he consults, one after another the whole tribe. They pos-

sibly relieve or palliate the costiveness, the flatulency, the acidities, and other symptoms, which are brought on by the anxiety attendant on this complaint; but the original cause affecting the cœcocolon, they leave as they found it. This cause continuing in spite of their bitters, their stomachics, their purgatives, and analeptics, the same symptoms constantly recur. The wretched patient growing every hour more irritable and peevish, he flies at length to quacks. Their well-attested and infallible remedies hurry on the bad symptoms with double rapidity;—he returns to physicians, goes back to quacks, and occasionally tries the family nostrums of many an old lady. His constitution being worn by fretfulness and by drugs, he at length despairs of relief, and either sinks into a fixed melancholy, or roused by indignation, his good genius having whispered in his ear “*fuge medicos, et medicamina,*” he abandons the seat of his disappointments—tries to dissipate his misery by new objects, and a different climate;—consults no practitioners of any country, sect, or denomination; and forms a fixed resolution to swallow no more drugs; from which happy epoch, if the case be not quite desperate, he has the best chance of dating his recovery.

POWER OF CURING DISEASES.

THE experience of ages has proved, that the great and ultimate effect of the art of medicine—the *power of curing diseases*, is more effectually attained by diligently observing the course and symptoms of distempers, and the effects of the means used for their

relief, than by the most plausible reasonings on their supposed nature and causes. Yet the latter has proved more attractive to many ingenious men of the profession, and, for a reason sufficiently obvious, in a particular manner to such as are employed in lecturing to students.

M. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

WAS a man of humanity and candour. Unseduced by the advantages enjoyed by those of his own rank, he felt, with generous sympathy, for the distressed situation of others; he beheld, with satisfaction, the overthrow of the old arbitrary system of government, in hopes of seeing one more agreeable to justice erected in its stead.—A friend to monarchy, as well as freedom. M. de la Rochefoucauld, had in his contemplation a monarchy of a milder aspect than his country had ever enjoyed—more limited in its nature, but with sufficient power in the prince to defend his prerogatives, and sufficient means in the people to resist tyranny; more agreeable to humanity, more conducive to the general happiness, not only of the people, which is infinitely the most important object, but also of the monarch himself, if he happens to be a man of sense.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld, on the 20th of June, did all in his power in the first place to prevent, and afterwards to discover, and bring to punishment, the instigators of the scandalous irruption of an armed multitude into the king's palace.

Disgusted with a series of crimes, which he could neither prevent nor punish, and finding that his pre-

sence in Paris was neither of use to his country, nor to the king, the Duke of Rochefoucauld withdrew from the capital, to his villa in Normandy, from thence on account of his health, he soon after went to the medicinal waters of Forges, where he was during the dreadful periods of the massacres in September, and where a commissioner arrived with an order to arrest and conduct him to the capital. This commissioner was a man of more humanity than those usually employed on similar occasions; he readily agreed to the proposal of accompanying the Duke, in the first place, to his own house, at Roche Guiyon, with a view that the agitation which existed at Paris, might have time to subside, before he should arrive. Most unfortunately, a battalion of national guards arrived at Gisors, where he had stopped with his family, among whom some of the Paris assassins were mixed. These villains, immediately shewed a disposition to murder the Duke, while he walked to his carriage, under the protection of the mayor of Gisors, the commissioner, and some of the national guards; but he was, notwithstanding, followed by the assassins, loading him all the way with abusive language, till one of them having found means of coming very near the Duke, threw a stone with such force, that striking him on the temple, it killed him on the spot, and some of the wretches, on seeing him fall, immediately cried out, "Vive la Nation." Were it composed only of such wretches, who would not join in sentiment with those who wish it washed from the surface of the globe?

PERSECUTION,

OR ill-usage, on account of particular opinions, is to make the persecuted cling more cordially to them, and feel augmented aversion against those of their persecutors, while kind and gentle treatment renders men open to argument, and disposed to the renunciation of error, the moment they are convinced that their opinions are erroneous. It is only since the Jews were treated with mildness, and particularly since they began to be caressed and entertained by men of high rank in this country, that any of them could be convinced of their delusion, persuaded that the Messiah had already appeared in the world, and that some of their distinguishing ceremonies were no longer necessary. This observation, strikes the minds of some people so forcibly, as to convince them, that creating a few Jews, soon after their conversion to Christianity, grandees of Spain, or peers of Great Britain, would do more to the abolition of circumcision, than all the racks of the Inquisition.

SPIES,

ARE a set of wretches who, despised even by those who hire them, attend coffee-houses and public meetings, on purpose to catch unguarded expressions, to pervert and to betray. In vain do such characters endeavour to screen themselves from hatred, by pleading their utility, and the support they give to government. These pleas may be

urged with more force in favour of hangmen, but cannot render the profession less disgraceful.

REPUBLICAN CRUSADES.

IT seems that the French have now relinquished the system of them, if they ever seriously entertained it, and have pretty generally adopted the principles of one of their countrywomen, who, in conversation with an Englishman, who asserted that it would be absolutely necessary for the French nation to restore monarchy, before they could obtain peace, replied, “ Monsieur, nous ne volons plus de roi—c’est notre affaire, laissez nous tranquille. Mais vous aimez les rois; à la bonne heure, prenez en une douzaine si vous voulons—on vous laissera tranquilles.”

FREEDOM

WOULD be a greater blessing to a people who have been long in servitude, if it could be given by degrees: when it is obtained too suddenly, instead of being salutary, it is sometimes noxious;—like victuals served up in profusion to men half famished, the consequence of which is often surfeit, and sometimes death.

NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE sum of our knowledge upon it is, that the brain is the seat of thought, and origin of all sen-

sation and motion; that every sensation is conveyed thither, every idea formed there, and the power of every motion proceeds from thence through the nerves to the muscular parts of the body.

THE ISLAND OF MURANO

Is about a mile from Venice; it was formerly a very flourishing place, and still boasts some palaces which bear the marks of former magnificence, though now in a state of decay.

The island is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The great manufactories of looking-glasses are the only inducements which strangers have to visit this place. Instead of being cast, as in France, and England, the Murano mirrors are all blown in the manner of bottles. It is astonishing to see with what dexterity the workman wields a long hollow cylinder of melted glass, at the end of an iron tub, which, when he has extended as much as possible by blowing, and every other means his art suggests, he slits with a sharp instrument, removing the two extremities from each other, and folding back the sides: the cylinder now appears a large sheet of glass, which being once more introduced into the furnace, is brought out a clear, finished plate.

This manufacture formerly served all Europe with looking-glasses; the quantity made here is still considerable; for although France and England, and some other countries, make their own mirrors, yet by the natural progress of luxury, those countries which still get their mirrors from Murano, use a much greater quantity now than formerly; so

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.