

cient to clear old scores, but will also serve as an indemnifying fund for future transgressions.

IGNORANCE OF PHYSICIANS.

ALAS! how is it possible that physicians should avoid mistakes? If the ablest mechanic were to attempt to remedy the irregular movements of a watch, while he remained ignorant of the structure and manner of acting of some of the principal springs, would he not be in danger of doing harm instead of good? Physicians are in the situation of such a mechanic; for although it is evident that the nerves are the organs of motion and sensation, yet their structure is not known. Some anatomists assert they are impervious chords; others, that they are slender tubes, containing a fluid. But what the nature of this fluid is, whether it serves only to nourish the nerves themselves, or is the medium by which they convey feeling and the power of motion to other parts, is not ascertained even by those who argue for its existence; far less is it explained in what manner ideas, formed within the brain, can, by the means of solid chords, or by a fluid contained in tubes, communicate motion at pleasure to the legs and arms. We are ignorant why the will, which has no influence over the motion of an animal's heart, should find the feet obedient to her dictates; and we can no more explain how a man can move one leg over the other by volition or the mere act of willing, than how he could by the same means move Ossa on the Olympus. The one happens every moment; the

other would be considered as a miracle; but they are equally unaccountable. While parts so infinitely essential to human life are not understood, instead of being surprised that so many diseases baffle the skill of the physician, we have more reason to be astonished that any can be alleviated or cured by his art.

ENGLAND.

LET me address to the empty declaimers of opposition the following eloquent eulogy on England, pronounced by Mirabeau in the French national assembly.

“ England is ruined, you say; ah! great God! what dreadful news! Where or by what means is England destroyed? By what earthquake or convulsions of nature has that famous island been swallowed up? That abounding theatre of great action, that classic ground of liberty. No---England still flourishes for the eternal instruction of the world; England develops every species of industry, and traces every source of human prosperity.”

IGNORANCE.

THOSE whose importance and wealth arise from oppressive privilege, or enjoyment of sinecure offices, wish every abuse to remain sacred and untouched, and fear nothing so much as the diffusion of know-

ledge. They consider the exercise of reason as a curse to the lower classes of society; and execrate philosophy and philosophers as the disturbers of the peace of mankind. They quote in support of these assertions the crimes of the French Revolution. By the same train of reasoning, they might endeavour to prove that lamps and candles, and all the inventions by which men have contrived to obtain light and dissipate darkness are pernicious to society, because house-breakers and murderers make use of dark lanterns. Because the patriotism of many Frenchmen at the beginning of the revolution, to reform abuses, and obtain a free constitution, has failed of success, is mankind never to make a similar attempt again, but rather to combine in establishing despotic governments of Herculean force to crush the Hydra democracy wherever she tries to rear her savage head? As the spirit of freedom in France has been perverted to the most wicked purposes, is the spirit of passive obedience and slavish submission to be alone cherished in every country, and honoured by every government, for the tranquillity of the human race? Completely to secure the peace of all the governing powers, would it be expedient to grant it the authority in times of alarm, to oblige all suspected persons to wear fetters, since nobody can deny the wisdom and justice of putting madmen and murderers in chains?

GENEVA, AS IT WAS.

THE situation of Geneva is in many respects as happy as the heart of man could desire, or his

imagination conceive. The Rhone, rushing out of the noblest lake of Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the industry, and adorned by the riches and taste of the inhabitants.

With these advantages, the citizens of Geneva enjoy freedom untainted by licentiousness, and security unbought by the horrors of war.

The great number of men of letters who either are members of the place, or have chosen it for their residence, the decent manners, the easy circumstances, and humane dispositions of the Genevois in general, render this city and its environs a very desirable retreat for people of a philosophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments, or domestic reasons for preferring another country, and who wish in a certain degree to retire from the bustle of the world to a narrower and calmer scene, and there for the rest of their days

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

In sweet oblivion, blissful balm,
The busy cares of life becalm.

Here the amusements of life are few in number, and of a moderate kind; the hours glide along very smoothly, and though they are not always quickened by pleasure, they are unretarded by languor, and unruffled by remorse.

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva of both sexes are remarkably well instructed. I do not imagine that any country

in the world can produce an equal number of persons (taken without election from all degrees and professions) with minds so much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva possess.

The democratical nature of their government inspires every citizen with the idea of his own importance; he perceives that no man in the republic can insult or even neglect him with impunity.

There is not, I may venture to say, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are less under the influence of superstition or fanatical enthusiasm than at Geneva.

Its clergy in general are men of sense, learning, and moderation, impressing upon the minds of their hearers the tenets of christianity with all the graces of pulpit eloquence, and illustrating the efficacy of the doctrine by their conduct in life. The people of every station in this place attend sermons and the public worship with remarkable punctuality. The Sunday is honored with the most respectful devotion during the hours of divine service; but as soon as it is over all the usual amusements commence.

The public walks are crowded by all degrees of people in their best dresses. The different societies, and what they call circles, assemble in the houses and gardens of individuals: they play at cards and at bowls, and have parties upon the lake with music.

The higher classes of the citizens have country houses adjacent to the town, where they pass one half of the year. These houses are all of them neat, and some of them splendid. One piece of magnificence they possess in greater perfection than the most superb villa of the greatest lord in any other

part of the world can boast, I mean the prospect, which almost all of them command—the gardens and vineyards of the republic—the Pays de Vaud—Geneva with its lake—innumerable country seats—castles and little towns around the lake—the vallies of Savoy—and the lofty mountains of the Alps, all within one sweep of the eye.

The state keep in pay a garrison of six hundred mercenaries, who mount guard and do duty every day. But they do not trust the safety of the republic to these alone; all citizens of Geneva are soldiers. As they receive no pay, and as the officers are their fellow-citizens, it cannot be imagined that these troops will perform the manual exercise and military evolutions with the exactness of soldiers who have no other occupation, and who are under all the rigour of military discipline.

Nevertheless they make a respectable figure in the eyes even of disinterested spectators, who are, however, but few in number, the greater part consisting of their own parents, wives, and children. So I dare swear there are no troops in the world who, at a review, are beheld with more approbation than those of Geneva.

Like a free state it is exposed to party rage, and the public harmony is frequently interrupted by political squabbles.

There are some politicians of Geneva who deride, themselves, the little military establishment of the republic, and declaim against the needless expence of keeping the fortifications in repair.

Were I a member of the republic, I should have no patience with these discouraging mal-contents,

who endeavour to embitter a source of real enjoyment.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the most solid security Geneva has for its independency is the mutual jealousy of its neighbours.*

POLITICAL BLINDNESS.

THE records of the world do not afford a more striking example of the short-sightedness of those celebrated for the most penetrating judgment than the following speech of Mirabeau in the national assembly, contrasted with all the scenes of the French revolution.

“ How honourable will it be for France that this great revolution should be accomplished without offence and without crimes! Some of the most considerable states have not been able to obtain liberty but

* With the most extreme sorrow the Editor must inform the reader, who might be a stranger to the political events of the last five years, that this security no longer exists. The independence of his native city is no more. “ Geneva presents,” says a late French traveller, “ to the observer an interesting spectacle; notwithstanding her re-union to France, she has been able to preserve a peculiar character; or if I may so express myself, a peculiar physiognomy which renders her still worthy of the attention of a philosopher. She resembles that fabulous stream, whose waters preserved their purity even in the midst of the sea.” What a confession from the mouth of a Frenchman? How glorious for Geneva? But if her union to France cannot be entirely effected, why attempt it? How guilty is the government, which has wantonly deprived that small republic of her most invaluable advantage; her freedom and independence.—F. P.

at the expence of the most precious blood. England underwent a whole age of civil wars and convulsions before she had her laws confirmed. America herself did not enjoy that inestimable blessing, liberty, until after many desperate and bloody battles. And we have the happiness to see a revolution of the same nature brought about by the union of enlightened minds with patriotic intentions. Our battles are mere discussions; our enemies have pardonable prejudices; our victories, so far from being cruel, will be blessed by the conquered themselves."

Mirabeau himself did not live long enough to be a witness or a victim of the cruellest of these scenes of anarchy or bloodshed, so contrary to his expectations, which soon followed.—A noblesse degraded and driven into exile—a clergy massacred—the most distinguished deputies brought to the scaffold—a tribunal of assassins, the instruments of a thousand murders—and instead of liberty and equality, a despotism which rendered the whole inhabitants of France *equally* slaves—the hopes of many millions of men miserably blasted.

The friends of rational freedom who had beheld its beginning in France, saw then its degeneracy with disappointment, grief, and horror.

GENEROSITY.

It is an error to imagine that men in the lowest rank of life are unsusceptible of heroic and generous sentiments. All who are susceptible of enthusiasm are capable of being actuated by them. It is the minions of fortune, those who have been

pampered from their infancy, by the hands of luxury, and early accustomed to every kind of profusion, whose minds sink into torpor for want of exertion; it is such as those that are more likely to be unsusceptible of generous sentiments.

FIRMNESS.

AN English sailor was tried for a robbery he had committed on the highway. While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. He then bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern; Sirrah, said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, do you know that you are to be hanged in a short time?---So I hear, said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth. ---Do you know, rejoined the judge, where you will go when you die?—I cannot tell indeed, an't please your honour, said the sailor.---Why, then, cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, I will tell you: you will go to hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity.—If I should, replied the sailor, with perfect tranquillity, I hope, my Lord, I shall be able to bear it.

ILL-FATED MURDERER.

A NATIVE of Berlin, had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow who assumed the character of a fortune-teller; and having

disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied, that this man should die on a scaffold. This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination.---At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands had he not been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide; He resolved therefore to commit murder; that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin, but dying in innocence would go immediately to heaven. He actually murdered an infant of his master's. Such was the strange account this infatuated creature gave on his trial; and thus the random prophecy proved the cause of its own completion.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

FROM all I have heard of that Monarch. he is a man of integrity, devoid of ambition, but with an uncommon share of indolence; whose disposition is better than his understanding; and his understanding superior to his conduct: whose inclinations are naturally benevolent; whose opinions are generally

just, but whose actions are sometimes improper, because they are influenced by those who possess less rectitude than himself.

The whole reign of Louis, has been a reign of moderation. He has always manifested a desire to meet the wishes of his subjects. I am persuaded that none of his ancestors had so just a claim to the epithets which the public and historians have affixed to their names, as the unfortunate Louis XVI. has to that of *Louis le trop bon*.

Terror has acted a principal part since the beginning of the French Revolution. Terror prevented sympathy from appearing in the faces of many who felt it in their hearts for the unfortunate monarch, during his process, and terror at last pronounced the sentence of his death.

Thus did the French nation, who had endured the cruelties of Louis the Eleventh, the treachery of Charles the Ninth, and the tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, condemn and execute for the pretended crimes of cruelty, treachery, tyranny, the mildest, most just, and least tyrannical prince that ever sat on their throne.

The whole of his behaviour in the last and dismal scene of his life shews a manly and christian resignation, to a fate which he thought inevitable, and proved that his hopes were removed from earth to heaven*.

* Louis XVI. displayed in his last will a degree of Christian resignation which equals, and a delicacy and tenderness of sentiment which surpasses any thing recorded of the most celebrated martyrs of the Roman church.

JOHN BULL.

WHEN my honest friend is in a choleric humour, he will not spare his best friends and nearest neighbours.—If his own sister Peg should shew a disposition to forget old squabbles, to live in friendship with her brother, and should declare that all who renounced his friendship were her enemies, and resolve to conquer by his side, or if that should fail, to die hard along with him—No, d——n ye, says John, none of your coaxing; you be d——d! you are farther north than I—Keep your distance. ---And so he falls a pelting Peg with her own snow balls; and then turning from her he attacks Lewis Baboon, Lord Strut, Lord Peter, and dashes their soups maigré, alios, and maccaroni, full in their teeth.

 ARTIST'S MODESTY.

A PAINTER and great connoisseur whom the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great, had disgusted by rejecting some pictures of his recommending, said, speaking of the King, the man imagines, because he can play on the German flute and has been praised by a parcel of Poets and Philosophers, and has gained ten or a dozen of battles, that therefore he understands painting; but fighting battles is one thing, and a true knowledge of painting is another, and that he will find to his cost.

DESPOTISM AND ANARCHY.

OF all the evils which have attended the French revolution, the most important to mankind in general, is perhaps that it weakens the indignation which every liberal mind naturally feels for despotism, and inclines them to submit to the awful tranquillity of methodised oppression, rather than risk such scenes of anarchy and carnage as have been exhibited lately in France.

Yet it ought to be remembered that despotism, though less savage, is more hopeless than anarchy, which contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction; whereas, the pillars of despotism, being artfully arranged for the support of each other, as well as of that of the general fabric, may stand for ages.

Besides, every nation is not possessed of the impetuosity of the French, which at the first sensation of freedom has hurried them headlong into excesses without any rational object. Like the lunatic who makes use of his liberty in attacking every body around and fighting furiously, till his strength being exhausted, he is again brought back to his fetters.

 MISTAKEN VANITY.

THOSE who have had the curiosity to visit the houses of Princes and villas of nobility, may have remarked with what ostentation and pride the house-keeper and servants conduct strangers through mag-

nificent apartments: they enjoy the admiration of the visitors, and swell with self-importance in proportion to the richness of furniture. They are not, however, more grossly mistaken than those proprietors, who, deriving all their importance from the same quarter, think it amounts to a great deal.

MODEST LETTER.

THE following translation of some fragments of a letter from Rouyer, a member of the Convention, to the unfortunate Louis XVI. found in an iron chest, concealed in a cavity of the wall of the palace; affords one of the strongest proofs of self-sufficiency and presumption that has been recorded in history or fable since the days of Phaeton.

March 1792.

“ SIRE,

“ DEEPLY concerned for the misfortunes of my country, I have also reflected on her innumerable resources; I have sounded her wounds, and calculated her force.

“ I have a secret which will within two months heal her wounds, dissipate her alarms, annihilate her dangers, and restore to France the tranquillity which has fled from her, and the dignity, which becomes her; and to the crown the public love which renders it secure, and the splendor which adorns it.

“ Sire, if you place the whole power of the state in my hands, I engage to re-establish peace within, importance from without, general felicity and the royal authority.

“ I will reveal to you what your Ministers conceal, and I will instruct you in what they are ignorant.

“ I am so well acquainted, Sire, with our force, that on contemplating the enemies which threaten us, I can scarcely suppress a sentiment of pity.

“ I have thrown my eyes on all the courts of Europe, and I am certain of being able to force them into Peace.

“ I shall enjoy in silence the fruit of my counsel, ---Satisfied with the general prosperity, I shall direct the gratitude to your Majesty.” The above letter is truly a curiosity of its kind; and could not have been written but by a Frenchman in a delirium of vanity.

DEER HUNTING IN SPAIN,

Is conducted in the following manner:---a great number of peasants are ordered to form a circle, embracing a considerable extent of ground in which herds of deer abound, by the people advancing, the circle gradually becomes more narrow, and the deer are driven into a defile, where his Majesty and attendants are waiting in ambush; and as the terrified animals run past, he has the honour of killing or wounding them till he is tired.

“ Is this hunting?” said an English Gentleman to another who gave him the account.---He answered parodying the lines of Pope---

“ ———It is, alas! too clear,

“ 'Tis but the slaughter of some hundred deer.”

PORTRAIT.

“ Could you not give a little expression to that countenance ?” said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who shewed him a portrait that he had just finished ; “ I have made that attempt already,” replied the painter ; “ but, what the picture gained in expression, it lost in likeness ; and by the time there was a little common sense in the countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore to make an entire new picture, with the face perfectly like, and perfectly meaningless, as you see it.”

PHYSIOGNOMY DECEITFUL.

AN English gentleman happened once to sit by a foreigner of his acquaintance at the opera, when a certain nobleman, who at that time was a good deal talked of, entered. He whispered him : “ That is Lord——,” “ Not surely the famous Lord——,” said he. “ Yes,” said the Englishman, “ The very same.” “ It will be acknowledged,” continued the foreigner, “ that the respectable figure he makes in the senate, must be entirely owing to instruction ; for his countenance completely vacant, indicates a deficiency of natural abilities.”

LOUIS THE WELL BELOVED.

THE death of him who at the beginning of his reign had received that appellation, was heard at

Paris with satisfaction rather than sorrow. The ceremony, usual in times of public danger to make a procession of the shrine of St. Genevieve, was performed during the last illness of Louis XV. He expired notwithstanding. When his death was announced in a certain company, one observed that the procession of the shrine seemed to have lost its efficacy. "What happier effect could it have produced?" said another; "Is he not dead?"

MARAT,

Is said to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human sacrifices like Moloch, God of the Ammonites.

No Republican of Greece or Rome, ever shewed more contempt for the ornament of dress. He stands much in need of it. For as nature has not been partial to him in point of look he would be excusable in endeavouring to conceal her unkindness by any auxiliary of that sort.

Marat is a little man of a cadaverous complexion, and a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition; to a painter of massacres, Marat's head would become inestimable. Such heads are rare in England, yet they are sometimes to be met with at the Old Bailey. The only artifice he uses in favour of his looks, is that of wearing a round hat, so far pulled down before as to hide a great part of his countenance.

This man is a great favourite of the People. It is astonishing how he retains their affections, for the only means he uses is exciting one half to cut the

throats of the other; yet the more people are murdered, the remainder seem to like him the better.

The man's audacity is equal to any thing. When he is in the tribune, he holds his head as high as he can; and endeavours to assume an air of dignity---He cannot succeed in that; but amidst all the exclamations and signs of disgust, the look of approbation which he wears is wonderful---far from ever having the appearance of fear or deference, he seems always to contemplate the assembly from the tribune, either with the eye of menace or contempt.

He speaks in a hollow croaking voice, with affected solemnity, which in such a diminutive figure would often produce laughter, were it not suppressed by horror at the character and sentiments of the man.

When he attempts pleasantry, it increases the horror which his appearance creates, it gives something of the sensation, which I imagine I should have if a murderer, after cutting a man's throat by a dexterous stroke of a knife, should smile in my face, and tip me the wink.

Marat is shunned and apparently detested by every body. When he enters the hall of the assembly, he is avoided on all sides; and when he seats himself, those near him generally rise and change places. But nothing can disconcert him. I have never heard of any other of his good qualities; but he certainly possesses a great deal of courage both personal and political: no danger can terrify him; his heart as well as his forehead seems to be of brass.

FANCHON.

WHEN my friend F. and I had drove a few miles from Paris, I perceived a genteel looking young fellow dressed in an old uniform. He sat under a tree, on the grass, at a little distance from the road, and amused himself by playing on the violin. As we came nearer, we perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his side.

What do you there, soldier? said the Marquis.--- I am on my way home to my own village, my officer, said the soldier; I wait for my equipage and all my suite, and I am greatly mistaken, if I do not see them this moment coming down the hill.

We saw a kind of cart, drawn by one horse, in which was a woman, and a peasant who drove the horse.---While they drew near, the soldier told us he had been wounded in Corsica---that his leg had been cut off---that he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood---that at his return, when he appeared with his wooden leg, all the girl's relations had opposed the match---that the young woman herself however remained constant in her affections; and had agreed to leave her relations and accompany him to Paris---that on the way his wooden leg had snapped; which had obliged his mistress to leave him and go to the next village, in quest of a cart to carry him thither. "C'est un malheur, mon officier," concluded the soldier, "qui sera bien tot réparé---et voici mon amie!--!"

The girl sprang before the cart, seized the outstretched hand of her lover, and told him with a smile full of affection,---that she had seen an admi-

rable carpenter who had promised to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by the morrow, and they might resume their journey as soon after as they pleased.

The soldier received his mistress's compliment as it deserved.

She seemed to be about twenty years of age, a beautiful fine shaped girl---a brunette whose countenance indicated sentiment and vivacity.

You must be much fatigued, my dear; said the Marquis.---On ne se fatigú pas, Monsieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime, replied the girl. The soldier kissed her hand with a gallant and tender air.---When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man you see, said the Marquis, turning to me, it is not a leg more or less that will make her change her sentiments.---Nor was it his legs, said Fanchon, which made any impression on my heart.---This girl, said the Marquis, addressing himself to me, is quite charming---her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow; they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four.---If you have no objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and see what can be done for these lovers.---I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life.

The soldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-a-vis.---Come, come, friend said the Marquis, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to obey; get in without much ado, and your mistress shall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, said the girl, since these gentlemen insist upon doing us so much honour.

A girl like you would do honour to the finest coach in France. Away moved the chaise, and the Marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous sommes heureux nous autres Francois à bon marché, said the Marquis to me.---But, answered I, how long will this last with these poor people?---ah, pour le coup, said he, voila une reflexion bien Anglaise---that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death is to come at last.

When we arrived at the inn, we found the soldier and Fanchon.---Pray, said I to the soldier, how do you propose to maintain your wife and yourself.---I can play tolerably well on the fiddle,---I shall never want employment---and I, said Fanchon, can weave hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings, besides my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands ---and I, said the soldier, have fifteen livres in my pocket; you see that we are not objects of compassion.---May we not be happy, my good friend, (turning to her lover with a look of exquisite sensibility,) if it be not our own fault?---If you are not, ma douce amie, said the soldier, with great warmth, je serai bien à plaindre.---I never felt a more charming sensation.---The tears trembled in the Marquis's eye.---Ma foi, said he to me, c'est une comédie larmoyante.---Then turning to me, Fanchon, come hither, my dear, said he, till such time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, accept of this from me, putting a purse of louis into her hand ---Let me see you sometimes; but always bring your

husband with you.---I shall never be afraid to trust her with you, said the soldier---But I would not wish to esteem her less, or love her more than I do at this moment, said the marquis. Heaven bless you both, my good friends; may he never know what happiness is who attempts to interrupt your felicity!

THE HYSTERICAL FOOTMAN.

I HAD once a footman, who with the legs and shoulders of an Irish chairman, had the cheeks of a German trumpeter. Before his being engaged in service, the man had always been under the necessity of working a great deal, and eating very moderately, of course he could have digested more victuals than he eat; but afterwards having little to do, and being allowed to eat as much as he pleased, he generally ate more than he could digest. This at last deprived him of what he had never felt the want of before, and his chief anxiety was derived from a new source: instead of labouring for victuals to his appetite, he applied to the apothecary for an appetite to his victuals. He had little or nothing to do but meditate on his nerves, and his bile and his flatulence, which he had learned were the origin of all his misery. I was a little surprised one morning to see this fellow enter the room without being called. He told me in a doleful voice, "that he
 " was afraid he was infected with the hysterics, for
 " he had a palpitation and a beating in his veins
 " which he dreaded, would reach his arteries if it
 " was not stopped in time; for he felt a dejection

“ of spirits and was ready to cry.”---I ordered him to go and cry below stairs, and next day paid him his wages and dismissed him.

When he had spent his money he came and told me that he was in great distress, and begged that I would recommend him to some other service,---I said, “ that no service would suit him so well as his Majesty’s; and that if he pleased, I would recommend him to my friend Colonel W——, of the foot guards.” He accordingly enlisted as a grenadier. I met him some months after in the Park, and asked, “ How his hysterics went on?” He swore that the drill serjeant had driven them entirely away before he had completely learned his exercise!---“ and your palpitations,” continued I,---“ being now a soldier, “ I hope you are free from them?”---“ that I am;” “ said he, “ there is no such disease in our brigade; “ as the French will find, come when they will--- “ your honour has made a complete cure of me.”

I have since been assured that he is as alert a soldier as any in the corps. Thus an useful subject was made of a man, who, had he been allowed to remain in service, was in danger of becoming from mere indolence, an effeminate, bloated, and miserable wretch for life.*

* The cure performed by Henry the VIII. on the fat abbot of Reading, though more severe, has much resemblance to that of the hysterical footman.—We will transcribe the anecdote as related by Fuller, in his Church History:—Henry the eighth having been hunting in Windsor Forest, went down about dinner time to the Abbey of Reading, where distinguishing himself as one of the king’s guard, he was invited to the Abbot’s table. Here, his tooth being whetted by the keen air of the forest, he fed so lustily on a sirloin of beef, that his vigorous appetite was

PRUDENT AND COMPASSIONATE.

THERE are men in the world (and very useful and most respectable men no doubt they are), who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the general received notions of duty. Hearing it asserted every week from the pulpit, that there is exceeding good interest to be paid one time or other, for the money that is given to the poor, they risk a little every year upon that venture. Their passions and their affairs are always in excellent order, they walk through life, undisturbed by the misfortunes of others. And when they come to the end of their

noticed by the master of the ceremonies. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the Abbot, "I would give a hundred pounds if I could feed so heartily on beef as thou dost.—Alas! my weak and squeazie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a rabbit or chicken." The monarch having satisfied his palate, thanked the abbot for his good clicer, and departed undiscovered.—Some weeks afterwards, the Abbot was arrested, conveyed to London, sent to the Tower, and allowed no food for several days, but bread and water. This treatment, together with his fears for the consequence of the king's displeasure, soon removed the effects of repletion; and at last, when a sirloin was one day placed before him, he eat as freely as a famished ploughman. When he had finished his meal; the king, who had been a hidden spectator, burst from his concealment.—"My Lord," said the laughing monarch, "presently deposit your hundred pieces of gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been the physician to cure your *squeazie stomach*; and now, as I deserve, demand my fee for so doing." The Abbot knowing that argument was of no avail with the stern Harry, paid the money, and returned home; rejoicing that he had escaped so easily.

journey, they are decently interred in a church-yard.

There is another sort of men who never calculate, but are generally guided by the heart. Their heads have scarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and without the consent of their heart, most certainly none in their friendships. They perform acts of benevolence without recollecting that this is a duty, merely for the pleasure they afford, and perhaps forget them as they do their own pleasures, when past. Little occasional charities are as natural to such characters as breathing.

That the first of these two classes of men is the most useful in society; that they are the most virtuous of the two, I shall not dispute; yet for the soul of me I cannot help preferring the other; for almost all my friends are of the second class.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE was visited by two Russian noblemen; he talked to them a great deal of their Empress, and the flourishing state of their country.—“Formerly,” said he, “your countrymen were guided by ignorant priests,—the arts were unknown and your lands lay waste; but now the arts flourish, and the lands are cultivated.”—One of the young men replied, that there was still a great proportion of barren land in Russia.—“At least,” said Voltaire, “you must admit, that of late your country has *been very fertile in laurels.*”

His dislike to the clergy is well known.—The conversation happening to turn upon that body,

one person present observed; “if you subtract pride from priests nothing will remain.”---Vous comptez “donc, Monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien,” said Voltaire.

Speaking of Marmontel’s art of Poetry, which he praised much, Voltaire said, “that Marmontel, like Moses, could guide others to the holy land, though he was not allowed to enter it himself;”* alluding to the inferiority of his compositions.

A certain person who stammered very much, found means to get himself introduced to Voltaire.—He had no other recommendation than the praises he liberally bestowed on himself.—When he left the room, Voltaire said, he supposed him to be an *aventurier, un imposteur*.—Madame Denis said, “Impostors never stammer:”—to which Voltaire replied —“Moise ne begayoit il pas?”

Voltaire was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman, from Geneva. A toad crawled across the road before them. The gentleman, to please Voltaire, who hated Freron, the journalist; said, pointing at the toad,---“There is a Freron.”---“What can that poor animal have done to you,” replied the wit, “to deserve such a name?”

He compared the British nation to a hogshead of their own strong beer; the top of which is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.

* The same allusion was long since made by Cowley—

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he past,
Dil on the very border stand
Of the best promised land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shewed us it.

Metaphysical writers, says Voltaire, are like minuet dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitude, display all their graces, are in continual motion without advancing a step, and finish at the identical point from which they set out.*

One evening at Ferney, the conversation happening to turn on the genius of Shakespeare, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and absurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar dialogue into Tragedy. A gentleman of the company, who is a great admirer of Shakespeare, observed by way of palliation, that though those characters were low, yet they were natural, (*dans la nature*) was his expression.---“ Avec permission, Monsieur,” replied Voltaire, “ mon cul est bien dans la nature, & cependant je porte des culottes.”

DISCONTENT.

I WAS telling an inhabitant of Chamouny, I thought his country people very happy in being quite free from such an odious disease (the goitres) which afflicted their poor neighbours the Valaisans.—“ En revanche,” said the peasant, “ nous sommes accablés des impôts; & dans le pays de Valais on ne paye rien.”

* Perhaps he borrowed this thought from the following lines in Pope's Dunciad:

Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Shew all his paces, not a step advance.

The d—l is in the fellow exclaimed I—Were it in your choice, would you accept of goitres, to get free of taxes?

“Tres, Volontiers, Monsieur,---l'un vaut bien l'autre.”

“Quid causæ est, merito, quin illis Jupiter ambas, fratras, buccas inflet.”*

It is not in courts and capitals alone that men are discontented with their fortunes.

GOLDEN BULL.

A SIGHT of the famous Golden Bull, kept in the town-house of Frankfort, on the Maine, costs a golden ducat; a sufficient price for a glance of an old manuscript, which not one person in a hundred can read; and still fewer can understand.

A countryman of our's, who expected more amusement for his money, complained loudly of this as an imposition; and on hearing a German talk of the high price which every thing bore in England, he retorted on him in these words:---Il n'y a rien en Angleterre si chere que votre taureau d'or à Frankfort.”

NECESSITIES

AT Chamouny (looking at the priest's house, beyond comparison the best in the whole valley), I

* ——— and shall not Jove
With cheeks inflam'd, and angry brow, forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer!

asked a man, who stood near me, if the priest was rich?

“Oui, Monsieur, horriblement”---replied he, ---“et aussi il mange presque tout notre blé.”

I then asked, if the people of Chamouny wished to get rid of him?

“Oui, bien de celui-ci---mais il faut avoir un autre.”

I do not see the necessity of that said I.---Consider if you had no priest you would have more to eat.

The lad stared---then answered with great *naïveté*, ---“ah! Monsieur, dans ce pays-ci les pretres sont aussi necessaire que le manger.”

CONNOISSEUR.

A FRENCH officer of dragoons, being at Rome, went to view the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The artist has conveyed into this masterpiece, in the opinion of some all the dignity which a human form and human features are capable of receiving; he has endeavoured to give this statue a countenance worthy of the great legislator of the Jews, the favourite of heaven, who had conversed face to face with the deity. The officer happened to be acquainted with the history of Moses, but he laid no great stress on any of these circumstances. He admired him much more on account of one adventure in which he imagined Moses had acquitted himself like a man of spirit, and as he himself would have done. Voilà qui est terrible! Voilà qui est sublime! cries he at the sight of the statue.—And

after a little pause he added, on voit là un drole qui a donné des coups de bâton, & qui a tué son homme.

CONDITION OF A SOLDIER.

A Dialogue.

“ POOR fellows !” said I one day, to an officer with whom I conversed, “ how unhappy is their condition.”

“ No”—said the officer, “ you are mistaken ; it is not unhappy.”

“ No :” exclaimed I.

“ Not at all ;” answered he, “ by no manner of means.”

“ Why, how many blows of a cane may an officer order the corporal to give a soldier for a fault in the exercise ?”

“ Six,” said he, he must not exceed six for one blunder.”

“ But a man may make several blunders in one field-day,” said I.

“ If he were to make twenty,” replied the officer, “ he would receive but six blows for each.”

“ How often are the soldiers upon duty,” added I.

“ They are very seldom off duty,” answered the officer, “ they mount guard only twice or thrice a week in the time of peace.”

“ How do they employ the rest of their time ?”

“ O, they are never at a loss for the employment of their time ; they have their firelock to furbish, their accoutrements to clean ; and they must appear at the roll-calling night and morning. These

“different employments fill up most of their time, and prevent them from spending their pay in gluttony and debauchery.

“They must repine sadly at so much constraint.”

“Quite the contrary,” replied he, “they must never repine: they would be punished if they attempted to repine—besides, they know that their condition is never to be altered, which saves them from repining.”

“Why this is as great a slavery as that of the negroes in our colonies, in my opinion,” exclaimed I.

“So it is in mine,” said the officer.

“I thought you had denied that the soldiers were in slavery,” resumed I.

“Never,” answered he; “I never could deny what is manifest. I denied that they were unhappy, indeed, which is a very different thing.”

Notwithstanding the distinction of the German officer between slavery and unhappiness, an Englishman will always consider them as synonymous.

ENGLISH NATURALLY MELANCHOLIC.

DURING a late war between France and Great Britain, an English vessel of superior force took a French frigate after an obstinate engagement. The frigate was brought into a commercial town upon the English coast, and the officers were treated with great hospitality by some of the principal inhabitants: one very rich merchant in particular invited them frequently to his house, where he entertained them in a very magnificent manner.—The first day on which they dined with him, his lady behaved with

such peculiar attention to the prisoners, that she seemed to neglect the other guests at her table. After the company had withdrawn, she said to her husband, that it gave her pleasure to perceive that the French Gentlemen who had just left them, instead of giving way to vain repining, or allowing their spirits to be depressed by their misfortunes, had shewn the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety during the whole repast; all except one, who seemed much dejected, and almost entirely overcome with the idea of being a prisoner. This she accounted for by supposing that his loss was greater, and she apprehended from the obstinate silence he had retained, and from the discontent and melancholy so strongly marked in his countenance, that the poor gentleman would not long survive his misfortune.

“I cannot imagine who you mean,” said the husband.

The lady described the man so exactly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

“That unfortunate gentleman,” said the husband, “is none of the prisoners; he is the Captain of the English vessel who took them.”

GENIUS.

CRUEL! to employ the heavenly light of genius, not to cheer humanity with a ray pure and benignant as the star of the morning, but in spreading a blaze dangerous as the fires of the devious comet! It seems natural to imagine that the noble impulse of glory can never fail to be directed towards some congenial object, some elevated aim!—And what a

transcendant privilege of genius to be hailed by distant ages, as one of the benefactors of mankind!—To have lived for those who are to live when we exist no longer!—To awaken in the breasts of remote posterity the sublime energies of truth and virtue—to call forth the charms of the sympathetic feelings—to excite the ardour of heroism—the glow of public affection.—But with the power of planting the genius of happiness in the human breast, to have mixed perhaps the agonies of remorse!—to have contributed to moral degradation—to be remembered by succeeding ages, but not esteemed,—cited but not honoured!—Who can wish to wear for ever a sullied wreath, and obtain a niche in the temple of fame, at which only the impure offer incense?

A TASTE FOR LETTERS

I THINK essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have occasions for some of the pursuits of science as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. A taste for letters, I am almost convinced, is the only thing which can render a man of fortune tolerably independent and easy through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continue to be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view—his mind will

be replenished with ideas—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against *ennui*.*

ROYAL LIBERALITY.

I CANNOT help regarding œconomy as one of the most useful qualities in a Prince. Liberality, even when pushed to an imprudent length, may in a private person, proceed from a kind of greatness of mind, because his fortune is in every sense his own, and he can injure nobody but himself by lavishing it away.—He knows that when it is gone, nobody will reimburse him for his extravagance. He seems to have taken the resolution to submit to the inconvenience of future poverty, rather than renounce the

* Unfortunately however the taste for *letters* amongst many of our persons of fortune is of a peculiar kind. It is true, that the routine of an University education is in some degree necessary; but the system of *teaching* at such seminaries, is generally regulated according to the rank and fortune of the learner, and has been satyrised sufficiently by several able pens. To possess any degree of classical knowledge is thought extremely vulgar in the *haut ton*; and though a collection of books is conceived to be a necessary appendage to the establishment of a man of fashion, yet his attention is principally directed to their external appearance.—The following anecdote on this subject has been recorded as a fact.—A young man of fashion lately strolled into a bookseller's shop in Bond-street, and after skimming over the different works upon the counter, informed the shopkeeper that he wished to have a few hundred volumes, to form a small library.—The first question naturally was, had he made out a list of those works he preferred?—“Why as to that, replied the customer, I have no choice—only let them be splendidly bound, and *well gilt and lettered*?”

present happiness of acting with a magnificent liberality, and bestowing on others more than he can afford.

This is not the case with a Prince.—What he squanders is not his own but the public money. He knows that his pomp and splendour will be kept up, and that his subjects, not he, are to feel the inconveniences of his prodigality. The virtue of generosity consists in a man depriving himself of something for the sake of another.—But what is called generosity in Kings very often consists in bestowing that money on the idle part of their subjects, which they have squeezed from the industrious.*

THE SOLDIER'S PAY.

“YOUR friend is a soldier, I think you say,” asked Mrs. Barnet.

“Of the 20th, please your Ladyship,” answered he, “there is not a finer regiment in the service, it was once General Wolfe’s.”

“Here is a crown for him,” said Mrs. B———. “It will help him on to his regiment.”

“That it will indeed,” rejoined the pensioner, “especially as, poor fellow, he seems to stand much in need of a pair of new shoes, those he has being worn quite through, and he can ill afford to get ano-

* What a pity it is, that Dr. Moore, who delighted so much in satyrizing crowned heads, had not contrasted his general observations, with a few particular ones of a different cast. How many instances of the real liberality of our own gracious Sovereign, might he have learned, without even the trouble of quitting the vicinity of his country residence.

ther pair, for he tells me he is already under stoppage."

"What are stoppages?" said Mrs. B——.

"That part of a soldier's pay," answered he, "which is stopped to purchase necessaries."

"If any of a soldier's pay is stopped," said Mrs. B——, "on what does he live?"

"On the remainder," answered the pensioner.

"Why the whole is but six-pence a-day," resumed Mrs. B——, "and to me it seems a miracle how they contrive to live on it?"

"British soldiers are famous for performing miracles," replied the veteran, "and they actually perform a greater than you imagine, for they do contrive to live for less than six-pence a-day."

"Less!" cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Ay! less, Madam, God love your soul!" added the soldier: "a private has not six-pence a-day to subsist on; are there not stoppages for shoes and stockings, and shirts. For those government allows cannot serve all the year round; and in some regiments there are stoppages for superfluous articles of dress:—Some commanding officers pay for these out of their own pockets, but others do not, and it is very hard on the men to be obliged to pay for some kickshaws that are of no use, but to make them look smarter on the parade, and also to have the flour puffed on their heads that would help to make a pudding for their bellies; in my notion, this is not only cursedly hard-hearted, but also damned foolish, asking your Ladyship's pardon; for what signifies making fops of British soldiers; we shall never beat the French at foppery."

"I fancy not," said Mrs. B——.

“ You may swear it, Madam,” added the soldier, “ your Frenchmen are all masters of the art; whereas the finest courtiers in England, as I have been told, are mere journeymen; and when they try to imitate the French, they are like a parcel of awkward recruits, compared to a company of old soldiers.”

“ I have heard so also;” said Mrs. B——.

“ Then why should we pretend to contend with them at their own weapons?” added the soldier; “ English soldiers should stick to the old gun and bayonet; and considering how well they can use them in defence of their country, I do really think the country might allow them a little more pay;—but at present, I do assure your Ladyship, they seldom have more than four-pence halfpenny, and never above five-pence a-day, to subsist on.”

“ It is too little indeed, friend,” said Mrs. B——.

“ But for all that,” resumed the soldier, “ if your ladyship had only seen how cheerfully they ascended the precipices, and with what spirit they fought on the heights of Abraham, you would have thought that every man had dined at a shilling ordinary.”

“ If it depended on me, they should never have dined at a worse,” said Mrs. B——.

“ Only get an addition of three-pence or even two-pence a-day, to their pay, and that will satisfy them, Madam,” added the soldier.

“ I heartily wish, my honest fellow, that it were practicable to augment the pay of both officers and soldiers to-morrow.”

“ Practicable! I have been told, please your ladyship,” rejoined the soldier, “ though I can hardly

believe it, that certain men, who were never either in the army or navy, but only serve the minister at home, are able to lay by, within a trifle, as much money at the end of the year, as even a full Colonel, or a Captain of a man of war, who serves his king and country abroad.

THE LAOCOON.

IN one of my visits to the Vatican at Rome. I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before: One of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy good man: the first, after staring some time with marks of terror at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh,—“ Egad, I was afraid these d—d serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me! but I am happy to recollect they are of marble.”—“ I thank you, Sir, most heartily,” said the other, for putting me in mind of that circumstance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those two youths.”

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

A FRENCH Marquis paying a visit to an English Gentleman, found an English news-paper on his table; it contained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both Houses of Parliament; he read it with great attention; and then

throwing down the paper, he said to his friend,
 “ Mais mon ami, pendant que vos messieurs s’amus-
 “ ent á jaser comme cela dans votre chambre des
 “ pairs & votre parlement; parbleu un etranger
 “ auroit beau jeu avec leurs femmes.”

THE COURTIER.

A CERTAIN person, (was he a Frenchman or an Englishman, we cannot inform our readers,) but he certainly was a courtier, and professed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, and considered them as no better than any piece of clay when dead. He had a full length picture of his own sovereign, in the principal room of his house; on his majesty’s death, to save himself the expence of a fresh body, and new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and perriwig, and clap the new king’s head on his grandfather’s shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

THE NEAPOLITAN MOUNTEBANK.

A POOR fellow with a mask on his face, and a guitar in his hand, assembled his Italian audience by the songs he sung to the music of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery; at length, when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good-humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his gui-

tar, opened a little box which stood before him, and addressed the audience in the following words:—

“ Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a time for all things; we have had enough of jesting; innocent mirth is excellent for the health of the body, but other things are requisite for the health of the soul. I will, now, with your permission, my honourable masters and mistresses, entertain you with something serious; something for which all of you will have reason to bless me as long as you live.” Here he shook out of a bag a great number of leaden crucifixes.—“ I am just come from the holy house of Loretto, my fellow-christians,” continued he, “ on purpose to furnish you with those jewels, more precious than all the gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. I have come, on your account, all the way from the habitation of the Blessed Virgin, to this thrice-renowned city of Naples, the riches and liberality of whose inhabitants are celebrated all over the globe. My generous Neapolitans, I do not wish to take the advantage of your pious and liberal dispositions. I will not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all of which, let me inform you, have touched the image of the Blessed Virgin;) I will not, I say, ask an ounce of gold, no, not even a crown of silver; my regard for you is such that I shall let you have them for a penny a-piece.”

THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN AND CLEMENT
THE NINTH.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian, having heated his brain, by reading the books of Martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman Catholics against the Protestants, was seized with a dread that the same horrors were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but racks and scaffolds. So strong a hold had his favourite studies taken of his imagination, that he would relish no part of the bible, except the Revelation of St. John, a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the Pope of Rome. This part of the scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. In the mean time, this poor man's terrors, with regard to the revival of Popery and persecution, daily augmented; nature would, in all probability, have sunk under the weight of accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant. The happy idea was no other, than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the Pope from the Roman Catholic to the Presbyterian religion.—Accordingly without communicating his design to any mortal, he set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and in a short time after arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastic of his own country, and informed him, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the Pope, on business of

infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay. The good-natured ecclesiastic endeavoured to sooth and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day.—He happened, however, to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight, our impatient missionary felt all his passion inflamed, and he exclaimed; "O, thou beast of nature, with seven heads and ten horns! thou mother of harlots, arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! Throw away the golden cup of abominations, and the filthiness of thy fornication."

One may easily imagine the astonishment and hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

At his examination, the first question which was asked of him, was, "What had brought him to Rome?" He answered, "to anoint the eyes of the scarlet whore with eyesalve, that she might see her wickedness."—They asked who he meant by the scarlet whore?" He answered, "who else could he mean, but her who sitteth upon seven mountains, who hath seduced the kings of the earth to commit fornication, and who had gotten drunk with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs." Many other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some were for condemning him to the galleys, that he might be taught more sense and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement the fourteenth; he said, with great good-

humour, " That he had never heard of any body
 " whose understanding or politeness had been much
 " improved at that school; that although the poor
 " man's first address had been a little rough and
 " abrupt, yet he could not help considering him-
 " self as obliged to him for his good intentions, and
 " for his undertaking such a long journey with a
 " view to do good." He afterwards gave orders to
 treat the man with gentleness while he remained in
 confinement, and to put him on board the first ship
 bound from Civita Vecchia for England, defraying
 the expence of his passage.

IMPROVISATORI.

THEY entertain companies with extemporaneous
 verses on any given subject. It is said that the
 Italian language is peculiarly calculated for poetry,
 and that verses may be made with more facility in
 this than in any other language; but to compose
 verses with all the qualities essential to good poetry,
 leisure and reflection are requisite. Those extem-
 pore compositions of the improvisatori, are in ge-
 neral but mean productions, consisting of a few
 fulsome compliments to the company, and some
 common-place observations, put into rhyme on the
 subject proposed. There is, however, a lady of an
 amiable character, Signora Corilla, whose extem-
 pore productions, which she repeats in the most
 graceful manner, are admired by all people of real
 taste.

ON TRAVELLERS.

Rome.

WE meet here with some travellers, who, without being connoisseurs, are of opinion that old ruined houses derive little value from having been anciently famous, and who prefer a good modern inn to all the antiquities sacred or profane, that they may meet with in their grand tour. Without presuming to blame any set of men, for their particular taste, I may venture to say, that a traveller, who loves always to see a well-peopled and well-cultivated country, who insists on good eating every day, and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wisely in never travelling out of England.— He ought not certainly to travel between Rome and Naples; for on this road, the traveller's chief entertainment must arise from the ideas formed in the mind, at sight of places celebrated by favourite authors. Strangers, therefore, whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill-advised as to come so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill-humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor Italian flea that they put up with on the road. But, he who can meet with indifferent fare cheerfully, whose serenity of temper remains unshaken by the assaults of a flea, and who can draw amusement from the stories of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object interesting.

THE FRENCH HAIR DRESSER.

WHEN I was last at G——, I had a French hair-dresser—let me entreat you not to show this to your friend—who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company: he would accuse me of being too fond of low company.

I introduce the present hair-dresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge.—This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at G——; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed.—“Do you not think,” said I, “that people may live very happy in that country?” Mais—“pour cela oui, Monsieur.” (But, yes truly, Sir.) “Do you think, then, they are happy?” “Pour cela, non, Monsieur,” (no, indeed, Sir.) “Can you guess at the reason why they are not so, they have so much reason to be so?” “Oui, Monsieur, elle est toute simple.” (Yes, Sir, it is quite plain.) “Pray what is the reason they are not happy?” “C’est qu’ils ne sont pas destinés à l’être.” (Because they are not destined to be so.)

“Did you ever see,” said I, “an Englishman who might pass for a Frenchman?” “Jamais de ma vie, Monsieur,” (never in my life,) replied he, with an accent of astonishment.

“Suppose him,” said I, “a man of quality?” “N’importe.” (It matters not.)

“But,” continued I, “suppose he had lived several years at Paris, that he was naturally very handsome, and well-made, that he had been educated by the best French dancing-master, his clothes made by the best French taylor, and his hair dressed by the most eminent friseur in Paris?” C’est “beaucoup, Monsieur, mais ce n’est pas assez.” (It is much, Sir, but it is not enough.)

“What,” exclaimed I, “Would you still know him to be an Englishman?” “assurément, Monsieur.” (Most assuredly, Sir.)

“What, before he spoke?” “Au premier coup d’œil.” (At the first glance, Sir.)

“The devil you would; but how?” C’est que “messieurs les Anglois ont un air---une maniere de “se presenter---un---que sai---je moi---Vous m’entendez bien, Monsieur, un certain air si gau.”--- (Because English Gentlemen have an air of countenance---a manner of presenting themselves---a---what do I know---you understand me---a countenance so awk-----.)

“What air, Fellow?” “enfin un air, qui est charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur, said he rapidly, “mais que le diable m’emporte, si c’est l’air Francois.” (In short, an air which is charming, if you will, Sir, but the devil take me, if it is a French air.

NAPLES

WAS founded by the Greeks. The charming situation they have chosen, is one proof among thousands, of the fine taste of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named crater, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foilage, with vines, with olive, mulberry and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.

Independent of its happy situation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The style of architecture, is inferior to what prevails at Rome; but, though Naples cannot vie with that city in the number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houses in general, are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the streets are broader, and better paved. This is the native country of the Zephyrs; here the excessive heat of the sun is often tempered with sea-breezes, and with gales wafting the perfumes of the *campagna felice*.

The fortress of St. Elmo, is built on a mountain of the same name. The garrison stationed here, has the entire command of the town, and could lay it in ashes at pleasure.

Though Naples is admirably situated for commerce, and no kingdom produce the necessaries and luxuries of life in greater profusion, yet trade is but in a languishing condition; the best silks come from Lyons, and the best woollen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured in Naples are, silk-stockings, soap, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell,

and of the lava of Mount Vesuvius, tables and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are taught to embroider at Naples, better than even at France; and the Neapolitan macaroni, is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel also in liquors and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is sold at a very high price, called *diabolinis*. This drug, as one may guess, from its name, is of a very hot and stimulating nature.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. The citizens of Naples, have few avocations of business to excite their activity; no public walks or gardens to which they can resort; and are therefore frequently seen sauntering and conversing in the streets, where a great portion of the poorest sort, for want of habitations, are obliged to spend the night as well as the day. In the midst of all this idleness, few riots or outrages happen, because the Neapolitan is universally sober, and never inflamed with strong and spirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water and lemonade are among the luxuries of the lowest vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and sold in halfpennys worth.

There is not perhaps a city in the world, with the same number of inhabitants, in which so few contribute to the wealth of the community, by useful or by productive labour, as at Naples; but, the number of priests, monks, fiddlers, and lazzaronis, surpass all reasonable proportion; the last alone, are computed at thirty or forty thousand. If these poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they

are continually running about the streets, as we are told of the artificers of China; offering their service, and begging for employment; and are considered, by many, as of more real utility, than any of the classes above-mentioned.

The Neapolitan nobility are excessively fond of splendour and show. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richness of their dress, and the grandeur of their titles.

The Corso on the sea-shore, is the great scene of Neapolitan splendour and parade. The finest carriages are painted, gilt, varnished, and lined in a richer and more beautiful manner than in England. They are often drawn by six, and sometimes by eight horses. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala-days, are made on purpose, with very large windows, that the spectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. The carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in opposite directions. The company smile, and bow, and wave the hand as they pass and repass their acquaintance. Can this amusement be very great?

The Neapolitan clergy live very much in society, attend the theatres, and seem to join most cordially in diversions and amusements. The richest and most commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female votaries, are in the city of Naples; the most fertile and beautiful hills of the environs, are covered with them; a small part of their revenue is spent in feeding the poor, the monks dis-

tributing bread and soups to a certain number every day, before the doors of the convent. Some of the friars study physic and surgery, and practise these arts with great applause. Each convent has an apothecary's shop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and sold to those who can afford to pay. The Neapolitan monks are the most superstitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and success to a people remarkably ignorant and remarkably amorous. The seeds of superstition, thus zealously sown, on such a warm and fertile, though uncultivated soil, sometimes produce the most extraordinary crops of sensuality and devotion, that ever were seen in any country.

COCAGNA.

Is a Neapolitan entertainment, relished by people of the first rank, in the polished country of Italy. It is given to the people four succeeding Sundays during the carnival. Opposite to the place, a kind of wooden amphitheatre is erected. This being covered with branches of trees, bushes, and various plants, real and artificial, has the appearance of a green hill. On this hill are little buildings, ornamented with pillars of loaves and bread, with joints of meat, and dried fish, varnished and curiously arranged by way of capitals. Among the trees and bushes, are some oxen, a considerable number of calves, sheep, hogs, and bulls, all alive, and tied to posts. There are, besides, a great number of living turkies, geese, hens,

pigeons, and other fowls, nailed by the wing to the scaffolding, The guards are drawn up in three ranks, to keep off the populace. The Royal Family, with all the nobility of the court, crowd the windows and balconies of the palace, to enjoy this magnificent sight. When his Majesty waves his handkerchief, the guards open to the right and to the left; the rabble pour in from all quarters, and the entertainment commences. One may easily conceive, what a delightful sight it must be, to see several thousand hungry, half-naked lazzaroni, rush in like a torrent, destroy the whole fabric of loaves, fishes, and joints of meat; pluck the fowls, at the expence of their wings, from the post to which they were nailed; and, in the fury of their struggling and fighting for their prey, often tearing the miserable animals to pieces, and sometimes stabbing each other.

THE LAZZARONI,

OR Black-guards, from a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives or children, live in the suburbs of Naples, near Pausilippo, in huts or in caverns, or in chambers dug out of that mountain.—Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others

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

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

THE PROFESSION OF PHYSIC,

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