

calamity nine months of the year. If they can gather as much wood as to keep a moderate fire during the remaining three, and procure a coarse cloak, they have little to fear from that quarter. Those who cannot get employment, which is often the case, and even those who do not choose to work, receive a regular maintenance from some convent: with this, and what little they can pick up otherwise in a country where provisions are plentiful and cheap, they pass through life, in their own opinion, with more satisfaction than if they had a greater number of conveniences procured by much bodily labour. What they do gain is never wasted in intemperance, but spent in their families on the real necessaries, and comforts of life.

THE FRENCH IN 1779—AND IN 1792.

THE French are accused of insincerity, and of being warm in professions, but devoid of real friendship.

Our countrymen, in particular, are led into this opinion, from the manners in general being more obsequious in France than in England.

What Frenchmen consider as common good manners, many Englishmen would call flattery, perhaps fawning.*

* In a work published many years ago, intitled "*Sentimental and descriptive Tour*," &c. we read the following observations:—

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried

“Link into thy soul with hooks of steel!”

“Would the *expression* of friendship do, what looking there would be at Paris!—how many chains and how many links!—

Their language abounds with complimentary phrases, which they distribute with wonderful pro-

every man is *the friend* of every man wherever an approach to equality admits the appellation.—The sharper of quality, addresses the credulous dupe with *mon ami*; *mon ami* is bandied to and fro between the parasite and his epicurean; whilst from the lips of *la petite maitresse* to her protector, it flows even to satiety. In fine, wherever there are characters interested and *professing*, the heart is sure to be assailed with this expression of regard.—Just heaven! shall what comprehends all that is great, all that is honourable, “whatever is of good report,” shall this be prostituted by worthlessness?—Are my head, my heart, my arm, ready to perform to every honourable necessity of another? Then, rank me *friend*.—Fashioners and refiners of language, if it be possible, lock up this sacred epithet, beyond the reach of knaves and fools; or, if this may not be, provide a substitute and declare it obsolete.

“It may not be unworthy of remark, that the French have not in their language any word equivalent to our *acquaintance*.”

“This alone, might prove the duplicity of the nation; they are lavish in bestowing an epithet, which their own feelings convince them, has no meaning at all annexed; whilst the usage of every other nation, ancient or modern, by the adoption of inferior names, evinces that they had an abstract idea of such a character, however rarely it might appear in existence.

“How the *vos amis* could have crept into any tongue, is to me unaccountable:—many words in languages have no plural—there may be *honest fellows*;—there may be *acquaintances*;—there may be *intimates*;—(wordlings, pardon me!) there can be but *one friend*.”

Although full of energy, delicacy, and sentiment, is not this too severe a satire against the French, and destitute of that philosophical moderation, and discriminating sagacity, which characterise Dr. Moore's observations!

* Do not the French words *connoissances*, and *liaisons*, answer to the English expression, *acquaintances*? Is then the above expression founded on truth?

fusion and volubility; but they intend no more by them, than an Englishman means when he subscribes himself your most obedient humble servant, at the conclusion of a letter.

A Frenchman not only means nothing beyond common civility, by the plentiful shower of compliments which he pours on every stranger, but also he takes it for granted, that the stranger knows that nothing more is meant. If any man takes these expressions in a literal sense, and believes that people are really inspired with friendship, or have fallen in love with him at first sight, he will be very much disappointed, especially if he expects strong proofs of either.*

Yet he has no right to accuse the French of insincerity, or breach of friendship—Friendship is entirely out of the question. They never intend to convey any other idea than, that they were willing to receive him on the footing of an acquaintance; and it was the business of his language-master to have informed him of the real import of their expressions.

It may be said, perhaps, that this superfluity of compliments, which the French make use of, is a proof that they have less sincerity than their neighbours. By the same rule we must conclude, that

* I fear that what a French gentleman once said to me of the Parisians, is applicable to the general character of the nation, "*Ils sont tous égoïstes,*" and they would not do a benevolent action at the risk of soiling a coat, or tearing a ruffle.—Their cautious disposition, makes them consider either misfortunes or benefits, only as their personal interest is affected by them.

the common people of every nation, who use few complimentary phrases in their discourse, have a greater regard to truth, and stronger sentiments of friendship, than those in the middle and higher rank. But this is, what I imagine would be difficult to prove.

It is certainly something to be treated with civility and apparent kindness; and I think that a stranger may fairly avail himself of every conveniency arising from the obliging manners of the French. He may perceive that his *Parisian friend*, while he loads him with civilities, is making a display of his own proficiency in the science of politeness; and that his *stooping*, is with a view to *conquer*, why should he repine at a victory which is accompanied with so many conveniencies to himself? why quarrel with the motive, while he feels the benefit of the effect?

Politeness and good manners, may be traced in France, though in different proportions, through every rank, from the greatest of the nobility to the lowest mechanic. This forms a more remarkable and distinguishing feature in the French national character, than the vivacity, impetuosity, and fickleness, for which the ancients as well as the modern inhabitants of this country have been noted.—The man of power, is courteous to his dependents, the prosperous to the unfortunate, the very beggar, who solicits charity, does it, *en homme comme il faut*; and if his request be not granted, he is sure, at least, that it will be refused with an appearance of humanity, and not with harshness or insult. There are exceptions to these, as to all general re-

marks on the manners and character of any nation.
—But in general, good manners prevail in France.*

* We think proper here to oppose to this too precipitate, and perhaps more flattering than true picture of the French, drawn by Dr. Moore, the judgment of a fair writer, who, by a longer residence in France, may have been better enabled to appreciate the French character, leaving to our impartial, and enlightened readers, to say where the truth lies.

“ It is observable, that we examine, less scrupulously, the pretensions of a nation to any particular excellence, than we do those of an individual.—I can conceive no other cause, but that, for our having acquiesced in the claims of the French, to pre-eminent good breeding, in an age, when, I believe, no person acquainted with both nations, can discover any thing to justify them. If, indeed, politeness consisted in the repetition of a certain routine of phrases, unconnected with the mind or action, I might be obliged to decide against our country; but while decency makes a part of good manners, or feeling is preferable to a mechanical jargon, I am inclined to think the English have a merit more than they have hitherto ascribed to themselves—An impertinence, is no less an impertinence, because it is accompanied by a certain set of words, and a people who are indelicate to excess, cannot properly be denominated a *polite people*.

A French man or woman, with no other apology than *permettes-moi* (give me leave) will take a book out of your hand, look over any thing you are reading, and ask you a thousand questions as to your most private concerns; place themselves between you and the fire, and take hold of your clothes to guess what they cost, and they deem these acts of rudeness sufficiently qualified by—*Je vous demande bien des pardons*, (I ask you a thousand pardons.) Nothing is more common than to hear physical derangements, disorders, and their remedies, expatiated upon the parties concerned, amidst a room full of people, and that with so much minuteness of description, that a foreigner, without being very fastidious, is, on some occasions, apt to feel very unpleasant sympathies. The conversation in most societies, partakes of in-
tercency, and the manners of an English female, are in danger

Loyalty, or an uncommon fondness for, and attachment to, the person of their prince, is another striking part of the French national character.

They consider him as their friend, though he does not know their persons; as their protector, though their greatest danger is from a *lettre de cachet*; and as their benefactor, though they are oppressed with taxes.

They magnify into importance, his most indifferent actions; they palliate and excuse all his weaknesses, and they impute his errors or crimes to his ministers or evil counsellors. If he happens to be a little indisposed, all Paris, all France is alarmed.

They are so delighted and dazzled with the lustre of monarchy, that they cannot bear the thoughts of any qualifying mixture, which might abate its violence, and render its ardour more benign.

of being contaminated, while she is only endeavouring to suffer without pain, the custom of those she has been taught to consider as models of politeness.—In short, it would be impossible to enumerate, all that in my opinion, excludes the French from the character of a well-bred people.—So little are they susceptible of delicacy, propriety, and decency, that they do not even use the words in the sense we do, nor have they any others expressive of the same meanings.

“ But if they be deficient in the external form of politeness, they are infinitely more so in that politeness which may be called mental. The simple and unerring rule of never preferring one’s self, is to them more difficult of comprehension, than the most difficult problem in Euclid: in small things as well as great, their own interest, their own gratifications, is their leading principle; and the cold flexibility which enables them to clothe their selfish system, in *fair form*, is what they call politeness.”——
“ A Residence in France, by a Lady, prepared for the Press by J. Gifford, Esq.”

They consider the power of the king, as if it were their own power. They are proud of it. They are proud that there is no check or limitation to his authority.

*N. B. Dr. Moore thus delineated the character of the French in 1779; how altered, and even opposite, is the picture he drew in 1792, of the same people!**

What a contrast does the French present now!— They seemed anciently proud to think that they possessed loyalty, if not exclusively, at least in a higher degree than any other people. Hitherto the French populace had been as much accustomed to applaud their king, whatever his character was, as often as he appeared in public, as the ancient Egyptians were to worship whatever the priests presented to them, whether in a form of a crocodile or a calf. But no sign of applause, not so much as a single *Vive le Roi*, when the king of France arrived at the Tuilleries. Although the streets were crowded with people, they maintained a sullen silence. The French now, at least all of them that remain in France, are solicitous to declare that they never possessed an enthusiastic loyalty. They disavow this sentiment, now that the power of the most mild and equitable monarch is abridged. It is then pretty clear, on what that boasted loyalty was founded, and how far it was disinterested.

Long before the French had any wish to become republicans, and to affect roughness of manners as

* Dr. Moore, thus accounts for the alteration in an advertisement he prefixed to the ninth Edition of his *View of Society in France*, &c. published in 1800 :—

suitable to that character, many of them had lost a great part of that decorum and politeness for which the nation in general was distinguished *. They have been accused of paying so great an attention to politeness, that they neglected morality. Nothing, now that the royal family are prisoners, shocks a stranger more than the unrelenting and indelicate style in which the Queen is spoken of. They are now in danger of neglecting politeness, without pay-

“ The late revolution in France,” says that judicious writer, “ has been considered as a proof, that an erroneous idea of the sentiments of the French nation on the subject of government, is conveyed in this work. It ought to be remembered, that in an interval of ten years, nations of a more steady character than the French, have changed their political sentiments and conduct.

“ A traveller, who passed through England, in the year 1649, would give a very different account of the general bias of political opinions, from what would be given by another who lived in the same country at the year of the restoration, and yet both accounts might be just.

“ What a very opposite turn did the national sentiment again take towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, when Russel and Sydney suffered; and afterwards when the seeds of liberty, which those patriots had sown, came to maturity, and produced the revolution!

“ Opinions, as well as manners, are continually varying; all that an observer can do is to catch them *living as they rise*, and describe them as they are; not as they will be when they alter and die.

“ Those who are acquainted with what the prevalent manners and opinions of the French, were when these letters, and the *Journal* first appeared, will perhaps do the author the justice to say, that the view he has given, is pretty accurate.”

* During the interval between the return of the king from Varennes, and his acceptance of the constitution, an officer of the national-guards played at five one day with the Dauphin, to amuse the child, in the presence of the queen. The officer,

ing more attention to morality; † and of losing every attribute of courtiers, except that of abandoning the unfortunate.

A fickleness of disposition may be considered as the general characteristic of the populace of every nation; but it certainly belongs in a stronger degree, and more particularly to the French. They have displayed it in a manner striking with respect to their favourites, * and their taste for governments.

striking the ball obliquely, it had very near hit her; on which, by way of apology, he politely exclaimed: “ *Eh, mon Dieu ! ma boule va tout de travers, comme l'ancien régime.*”

† “ The boasted philosophy of the French,” says the unknown writer of *A Residence in France*, &c. “ is become a horrid compound of all that is offensive to heaven, and disgraceful to man; their boasted politeness, a ferocious incivility—their social elegance, and exclusive science in the enjoyment of life, are now reduced to suspicious intercourse.

“ If ever the character of a people were repugnant to unity, or inimical to connection, it is that of the French for the last three years, (since 1789). In this short space, they have formed a compendium of all the vices which have marked a many preceding ages:—the cruelty and treachery of the league—the sedition, levity, and intrigue of the Fronde; with the licentiousness and political corruption of more modern epochs.”

* *La Fayette* the hero of the revolution, was abandoned with the same levity with which he had been adopted, and sunk in an instant, from a dictator to a fugitive.—*Necker* was an idol of another description. One was for decreeing him a statue, another proposed him a pension, and a third, hailed him the father of the country.—But Mr. Necker knew the French character, and before he could have received the first quarter of his pension, or the statue could have been modelled, he was glad to escape, probably not without some apprehension for his head. The reign of *Mirabeau* was some time longer. He lived with popularity—died with his reputation—was deposited in the parthenon, apothecised in form—But the God of the French cannot

The extreme sensibility and vivacity* of the French, prompt them too often to decide on sud-

be called immortal—his deification is soon after suspended—his memory put in sequestration—and his ashes removed from the Pantheon.

* “ We mistake,” says the author above cited : “ their volubility for vivacity ; for in their public offices, their shops, and in any transaction of business, no people on earth can be more tedious—they are slow, irregular, and loquacious ; and a retail English Quaker, with all his formalities, would dispose of half his stock in less time than you can purchase a three sols stamp from a brisk French commis.

“ The French pique themselves on being more subject to that human weakness called *feeling* than any other people in the world ; all their writers abound in pathetic exclamations, sentimental phrases, and allusions to *La sensibilité Francaise* ; you can scarcely hold a conversation with a Frenchman without hearing him detail, with an expression of features not always analogous, many very affecting sentences. He is *desolé, désespéré*, or he has *le cœur sensible, le cœur serré, ou le cœur navré*. But I think that one of the distinguishing features in the French character is *sang-froid*. They not only bear the calamities of their friends with great philosophy, but are nearly as reasonable under the pressure of their own. The grief of a Frenchman is always ready to accept of consolation, and join in amusement. If you say your relation is dead, they reply coldly, “ *il faut se consoler* ;” or, if they visit you in an illness, “ *il faut prendre patience* ;” or tell them you are ruined, with a more commiserating tone, they confess : “ *c’est bien malheureux ;—mais enfin que voulez vous ?*”

“ Perhaps this real *sang-froid*, and these pretensions to sensibility, are a natural consequence one of the other. It is the history of the beast’s confession—we have only to be particularly deficient in any quality to make us solicitous for the reputation of it ; and after a long habit of deceiving others, we finish by deceiving ourselves.—I think this French sensibility is to genuine feeling, what their paste is to the diamond—it gratifies the vanity of the wearer and deceives the eye of the superficial observer, but is of little use or value, and when tried by the fire of adversity quickly disappears.”

den impulses without taking time to weigh and deliberate. They never reflect during the first impression. They receive it with astonishing sensibility; but these impressions are effaced*, and give way to others of different nature, with a rapidity as extraordinary as the acuteness with which they were first felt; which makes the French appear in the eyes of their neighbours, sometimes in the light of children, and sometimes as that of madmen. But when in consequence of that, it is imagined that they will be easily taken advantage of, they display on a sudden, and when least expected, a maturity and soundness of judgment more surprising than all the rest †.

Tête-a-tête, or in a very small circle, the French are generally as calm ‡, and generally more ingenious

* “The French are volatile and material; they are not very very capable of attachment to principles. External objects are requisite for them even in a slight degree; and the momentary enthusiasm that is obtained by affecting their senses, subsides with the conclusion of a favourite air, or the end of a gaudy procession.” *A Residence in France, &c.*

† Under the externals of levity, the French are a very prudent people, and they may be sometimes deceived through a deficiency of judgment, but I believe not often by unguardedness: and in a matter of interest, a *petit maitre* of five and twenty might *tout en bandinage* (all in the way of pleasantry) maintain his ground against a whole synagogue.—This disposition is not remarkable only in affairs that may be supposed to require it, but extends to the minutest objects; and the same œconomy which watches over the mass of a Frenchman’s estate, guards with equal solicitude the *menu* property of a log of wood, or a hen’s nest.” *Ibid.*

‡ The French consider as a matter of triumph, and as a peculiar advantage which their national character enjoys over the English, that smoothness of manner and guardedness of expression which they call *amiable*, and which they have the faculty of at-

than their neighbours ; but a numerous assembly of Frenchmen almost always become turbulent*.

taining and preserving distinctly from a correspondent temper of the mind. It enables them to deceive even without deceit, a Frenchman may be an unkind husband, a severe parent, or an arrogant master, yet never contract his features, or asperate his voice ; and for this reason, is in the national sense, *un homme bien doux*. His heart may become corrupt, his principles immoral, and his disposition ferocious—yet he shall still retain his equability of tone and complacent phraseology, and be *un homme bien aimable*.

“ I do not pretend to decide whether the English are virtually more gentle in their nature than the French ; but I am persuaded this *douceur* on which the latter pride themselves, afford no proof of the contrary. An Englishman is seldom out of humour without proclaiming it to all the world : the most forcible motives cannot always prevail on him to assume a more engaging external than that which delineates his feelings. An Englishman displeased, is in short neither *un homme bien doux*, nor *un homme bien aimable* ; but such as nature has made him, subject to infirmities and sorrows, and unable to disguise the one, or appear indifferent to the other. Our country has doubtless, produced many examples of depravity, but scarcely any instance can be produced where a ferocious disposition was not accompanied by corresponding manners ;—or where men who would plunder and massacre, affected like the French revolutionaries, to retain at the same time, habits of softness, and a conciliating physiognomy.”

* If according to the eloquent Athenian, *action* is the first, second, and third points in eloquence, the French must be reckoned a very eloquent people. They assent with a *shrug* ; and the *shrug* is part of action. They dissent with a *shrug* ; and even mark the various degrees of assent and dissent by *shrugging*.—The worst of it is, that this mode of argumentation is unanswerable, at least by an Englishman. You advance an opinion, the French *shrugs*, every power of reasoning is discomfited : it is in vain to rally. The operation of the dissenting *shrug* is unremitting. A Frenchman thoroughly trained in the fields of controversy, will convey more in five minutes, by dint of ele-

As for *mauvaise honte* there is no such thing in France; I wonder how they came by the expression.

With whatever complacency the French contemplate themselves*, the very lowest show no positive hatred to foreigners. They imagine that it is an honour to be born in France; but they do not think it a disgrace to be born elsewhere, as the people of the same rank in England do.

Perhaps it is characteristic of the French more than of any other nation, to blend sentiments of gaiety with those of atrocity, although every idea belonging to the latter ought to exclude all tendency to the former. Instances of this unnatural mixture are not unusual in the writings of Voltaire, and many shocking proofs of it occur in the course of the French Revolution †.

vated shoulders, eyes closed, forehead wrinkled, and the *etceteras* of grimace, than the generality of Englishmen could explain by words in as many hours.

* It is a common remark, that though a Frenchman may suppose the merit of his countrymen to be collectively superior to that of the whole world, he seldom allows any individual of them to have so large a portion as himself.

† Volumes might be filled with the proofs of the truth of this remark—we have selected the following anecdote, as strikingly characteristic of the levity and ferociousness which we meet in the French.—A woman of seventy-five, deaf, blind, and deprived of the use of her hands, was brought before the atrocious revolutionary tribunal sitting at the Abbaye.—The president asked her as usual, “if she had not conspired against the state?”—The poor woman gave him to understand by signs, that she could not hear, and a cryer of the court was ordered to go near enough to make her comprehend the question, and to repeat it.—“How is it possible,” returned the prisoner, “that in this state of infirmity, and deaf as I am, I should conspire against the Republic?”

I am strongly inclined to think that their sudden transition from a government of rigid controul to one indulgent, will have some bad effect on the conduct and mind of a people of so much levity of character*. It proved to them a consolation in the gloom of despotism, it may be pernicious in the sunshine of liberty. They have reared its pillar with such rapidity and to such a height, that it seems to have rendered them more giddy than ever.

When we take into consideration the delightful climate and cheering productions of that fine and fertile country. When we recollect that enviable cheerfulness and gaiety of the inhabitants †, which

“ *Citoyens.*” (cried the President, turning towards the Jury) *cette femme conspire sourdement.*—The Jury laughed aloud, and applauded this abominable pleasantry, and the woman was condemned and executed—It was certainly in consequence of that cold ferocity, he had observed in the French character, that an English gentleman detained in a *maison d’arrét*, being asked by a Republican commissary, why he was there, replied, “ Because I have not the *misfortune* to be a Frenchman.”

* This prophecy has been, by the events which have followed, but too strongly and unfortunately verified.

† “ I have always thought with Sterne ;” says the fair writer of *A Residence in France*, &c. “ that we were mistaken in supposing the French a gay nation. Every one who understands the language, and has mixed much in their society, must have made the same observation. It is true they laugh much, have great gesticulation, and are extravagantly fond of dancing; but the laugh is the effect of habit, and not of a risible sensation: the gesture is not the agitation of the mind operating upon the body, but constitutional volatility.—See two Frenchmen at a distance and the vehemence of their action, and the expression of their features, shall make you conclude they are discussing some subjects, which not only interest, but delight them. Enquire and you will find they were talking of the weather, or the price

taught them to banish ennui, to relax the stiff features of formality, to enliven gloom, and render joy more joyful; when we reflect on these, and on the unexampled calamities into which so many millions of human creatures, so formed, are involved; we must acknowledge that the sum total of human

of a waistcoat.—In short, we mistake that for a mental quality which, in fact, is but a corporeal; and though the French may have many good and amiable points of character, I do not conclude *gaiety* in the number. I appeal to those who have at all studied the French character, not as travellers, but by a residence amongst them, for the support of my opinion.”

After having thus presented to our judicious readers the two contradictory evidences of Dr. Moore, and of the interesting writer of *A Residence in France*, relating to our gallic neighbours, we will abstain from deciding between such respectable authors, and leave to that impartial jury, the public, to give a verdict.

“Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.”

But may not this contrariety of opinions between two authors of such eminent merit and great perspicacity, result from their different situations when observing that country?—Dr. Moore travelled in France as a man of science, and letters: he was *fêted* from one house to another, among that class of people who are every where alike. As soon as he appeared in society, his reputation, as an author, may have set all the national and personal vanity in it afloat. One was polite for the honour of his country; another brilliant, to recommend himself; and have an honourable insertion in his repertory of fame. Thus he passed from the literati, and fashionable people of one metropolis, to those of the next. Thus the manners of the intermediate classes, which are less obtrusive, were not within his notice.—But the writer of *A Residence in France*, having been some years domesticated in that country, having lived with its inhabitants, and seen them without disguise, may, by means of long and familiar intercourse, have been enabled to estimate more justly the French national character.

happiness destroyed by the French Revolution, is great indeed.

THE COXCOMB.

THE minuteness and accuracy with which he attends to all the variations of dress, as they appear on the great leaders of fashion are astonishing. As soon as he has made any new discovery, whether in the height of the cape of the frock, the cut of its sleeve, or in the length of the breeches, he communicates it to his taylor, by whose rapid industry, although a mere copier, he sometimes passes for the original inventor. And as boots and buckskin breeches are essential articles in a British fop's wardrobe, he is profusely provided with both; indeed none of the most eminent collectors of the age, surpass him in the variety of switches, horse-whips, shoe-buckles, shirt-pins, seals, and watch-chains which adorn his museum. The hair-dresser with the help of the sportsman's calendar, and Harris's List, clear him without a great deal of yawning of two hours immediately before dinner; after which he is seldom at a loss, having the play-house or opera till eleven at night, and Ranelagh or the tavern till three in the morning, when he is not engaged to some ball or private dance, to which he receives invitations, which, with the cards of his visitors, are attentively placed on his chimney: such as are graced with titles, being conspicuously mustered in the front, while the lower order occupy the center and rear ranks.

THE INTEMPERATE YOUTH.

HAVING early lived with friends and companions of that description, he has gradually been seduced into frequent intoxication. He once perhaps, promised better things. He was of an active temper, of a most obliging disposition, with natural quickness, some desire of fame, the most blessed of all dispositions, the source of improvement, and the best preservative against *ennui*.—Now, by the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, he rises every morning with a confused head, and heart filled with remorse; his nerves unstrung, and his temper unsupportable. For those complaints he seeks a cure in the very source of his disease; and does not recover any degree of ease and good humour, until he has lodged a quantity of strong liquors in his stomach; this proves a most treacherous palliative; all his ailments recur with augmented force the next day, and require an augmented doze to alleviate them. The only comfortable part of his life, (if any part of such a life can be called comfortable) begins some time *after dinner*; after a certain number of glasses, his ill-humour gradually diminishes, and as the bottle continues to circulate, he advances in cheerfulness to a certain point, at which his ideas from gay become confused, acquiring every moment more and more obscurity until he is carried in a state of stupor to bed. Thus the immoderate use of spirituous liquors has perverted all the faculties of his mind, blunted all his powers of enjoyment, and hurries him to a premature grave.

CAPTAIN BRAVO.

The following conversation took place between an Irish captain and a young student, while waiting for their adversaries, on the ground fixed for a rendezvous, to settle an affair of honour.

“PERHAPS,” said the captain, “this is the first business of the kind in which you were ever engaged.”

The young student acknowledged it was.

“Nay, I do not blame you, my dear, because you are still very young; but for my own part, I was twice *out* before I arrived at your age.—The first time, was with a relation of my own, who said he would see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning; and when we met, I touched him so smartly in the leg, that he has halted ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since.

“Pray what gave you occasion for the second?” said the young student,

“How it began originally, is more than I can tell,” answered the captain; all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awaked in the morning from a profound sleep, by a gentleman, who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation; and also, that I had accidentally given

him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him; and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of way, without coming to any point. So I was under the necessity of interrupting him, "upon my conscience, Sir, (said I,) I am unable to declare, with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed, nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service." Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the hour. I met him precisely at the time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot, the bullet passed pretty near me, but mine lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite satisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himself satisfied, I said I was contented.

"You would have thought very hard to please, if you had made any difficulty.

"I thought so myself," rejoined the captain, "and so the affair ended, he being carried home in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot."

"Pray, may I ask, if you ever was in a battle?"

"No," replied the captain, with a sigh, "I never was; I never had that good fortune, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at least triple the sum, to be in one to-morrow.

“Provided you had a good cause;” replied the young student.

“I should not be squeamish respecting the cause, provided I had a good battle: that, my dear, is what is the most essential to a conscientious officer, who wishes to improve himself in his profession. I have much reason, therefore, to wish for a war; and at the present juncture, it would be much for the advantage of the nation in general.

“How for the advantage of the nation?”

“Why, because it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants,” said the captain; “but, thank God, there is now some glimmerings of hostilities: *besides this damned peace has been so violent, that it cannot possibly last much longer.*”

“If so, you will have the pleasure of being in a battle.”

“Ay, and I hope of being *after having been in one* also, my dear lad; for you must know that I am pretty fortunate, having already stood thirteen shots, and I never was hit but once.”

“Thirteen! what, have you fought thirteen duels?”

“No, no!” replied the captain; “the last shot fired at me completed only my sixth duel.”

EULOGY ON THE BRUTE CREATION.

SOME people, whether from a high opinion of other animals, or a humble one of human nature, I shall not take upon me to say, have struggled hard

to bring the one as near to the other as they could, or put them quite upon a level, if possible.

By those advocates for the brute creation, we are told, that they are actuated by the passions of fear, of grief, of joy, of anger, and of jealousy, as well as men; that they possess the virtues of fidelity and gratitude in a higher degree.

That the greatest heroes have not surpassed them in courage; that they even display that quality, independent of any advantage to be acquired, and from no apparent motive, but a generous spirit of emulation, and a disdain of turning their backs upon danger.

That they affectionately tend, and carefully provide for their young; and with a prudent attention to their future welfare, they prepare for the scarcity of winter, by carefully heaping up provisions, during the abundance of summer.

That to avoid the inconveniencies and severity of northern winters, they cross vast deserts and seas, in search of more genial climes; and prompted by a predilection, a patriotic attachment, they return at the approach of summer, to their native country.

That they uniformly follow that plan of life which is most suitable to their respective natures, and never misled by vain hopes and fantastic desires, deviate, like man, into the paths which lead to misery and remorse.

That they are not obliged, as men are, to search after remedies for their distempers, by dangerous trials, and laborious experience; but, when by accident they are sick, which is seldom the case, they find their cure at once, by an intuitive faculty, without any trouble.

After acknowledging that men and animals have bodies of matter organized in many respects alike; that the bodies of both are made up of bones, and muscles, and blood-vessels, organs of respiration; circulation, and digestion; that both possess five senses* of the same nature, and a resemblance in many of their appetites and inclinations; after all these concessions, the internal faculties of animals will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men.

One race of the most intelligent species never improves upon a former, nor one individual upon another. 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.

* Many of the brute creation possess some of the senses, particularly that of smelling, in greater perfection, than any of the human race; but the touch they have certainly in an inferior degree. Nothing in the external form of man gives him so many advantages over other animals, as the admirable mechanism of his hands. It has been remarked, that brutes are intelligent in proportion to the accuracy of their feelings, or as their extremities approach in resemblance to the human kind. The horse and the bull, whose feet are covered with callous hoofs, are less intelligent than the dog, and the dog is inferior in acuteness to the ape who has a rude kind of hand.

HIGHWAYMEN, AND PISTOLS.

“THESE are as sweet a pair of pistols as any in the three kingdoms;” said an officer, shewing a pair to a friend, “and have done execution before now; at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping. I never travel without them.”

“I never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country.”

“Nor I,” replied the officer, “and if I had I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account—Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lobsters; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money; and what they have they fight for.”

“Since that is the case, how come you to travel always with pistols?”

“Because,” answered the officer, “I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another.”

 THEATRICAL FRACAS.

“I WAS quartered,” said an Irish Captain, “in a country town, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved*, with a friend, who is little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest

of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment," a shopkeeper cried "Silence!"—"Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously,—“ You must not disturb the company," answered he—" I am afraid," said I, "that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him—we met accordingly. The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now, friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Two English travellers, accompanied by a French officer, went to view, during a short residence at

Avignon*, the tomb of Laura†, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, and of Crillon so distinguished for his bravery during the war of the league, and the reign of Henry the fourth in France.

Speaking of this celebrated Lady, the officer observed, "that whatever other accomplishments Laura possessed, she certainly had no great taste for poetry, otherwise the admired sonnets which Petrarch had composed in her praise would have moved her more, and enabled him at length to have carried his point."

"It is not very clear what his point was;" said one of the English travellers.

"Diable!" cried the officer, with an air of astonishment, "I should have thought *that* the clearest thing in the world."

"Certain historians assert," added the English gentleman, "that Pope Benoit the twelfth, advised him to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined."

"That proves nothing," said the officer; "the point he wished to carry might be clear for all that."

"The reason that he assigned for declining the pope's advice," resumed the Englishman, "was lest the familiarities of the married state should abate

* It is an handsome and large town of the department of *Vaucluse*, capital of the county of that name, situated on the river Rhone. It was under the sovereignty of the Pope, till the year 1791; when its inhabitants united themselves to the French Republic.

† That tomb was, before the revolution, in the church of the Cordeliers, a very fine gothic building, in which there were also some valuable paintings.

the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love."

"*Parbleu,*" exclaimed the officer, *voilà un animal bien délicat*; "it is," added he, "as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite."

A POLITE CARD*.

"LADY — presents compliments to Mrs. — is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the Signora is to be there; because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present; for, as his grace the Duke of Illyria says,

"If music be the food of love, play on."

A SENSIBLE FRENCH PROTESTANT.

"I REMARKED, that it afforded me pleasure to find that Protestants, since the revolution, were better treated in France than formerly.

"It is fortunate for us," said the French Protestant, "that we are not persecuted as in former times; but it is unfortunate for all France, that, along with the spirit of persecution, that of Religion daily diminishes. We are not allowed the ad-

* Written by a lady of fashion who was very proud of the particular elegance of her *billets*.

vantages and privileges which the Catholics themselves enjoy, from any regard they bear to our religion, but from a total indifference for their own."

"Whatever the cause may be," said I, "the effect is the same with regard to you."

"No," replied he, "the effect might be better, not only with respect to us, but to all France, for the spirit of persecution might have disappeared without an indifference for all religion coming in its place; and in that case there would have been more probability of the true religion gaining ground."

"But although you may not be able to make them converts," I replied, "still you may live happy among them, in the quiet possession of your own religion, and all your other advantages."

"I doubt it much," resumed he, "being persuaded that in a country where religious sentiments are effaced from the minds of the bulk of the people, crimes of the deepest guilt will prevail in spite of all the restraints of law*."

* Subsequent events in France have proved the truth of the remark of this French Protestant.—A mob devoid of religious impressions may be instigated to murder in any cause when their interest is concerned, if they think they can do it with safety; and it cannot be doubted that if religious sentiment had kept any hold of the minds of the directors or executors of the massacres at Paris, they never would have been either the one or the other.

SELFISHNESS.

THE indifference with which men look on acts of oppression to which they themselves are not exposed, and the indignation they express against every act of the same nature to which themselves are liable, do not belong exclusively to men of particular professions or countries; it is in human nature.

The levity with which the hardships put on the clergy of France has been spoken of, by many of the laity of this country, is disgusting.

We heard people who professed much public spirit, and uncommon affection for their country, declaim on the utility of applying two thirds of the church livings in England to the extinction of the national debt. When the hardships to which this project would subject the clergy, was stated as a slight objection, they declared it was no objection at all, saying they would still have too much left for men of moderate desires. But when a small reduction of the legal interest of money was hinted as a means which would also facilitate the payment of a debt which seemed to lie so heavy on their minds, these patriots whose money was invested in the funds, exclaimed against such an idea as a flagrant breach of public faith, and the most horrid injustice.

 VIENNA,

PROPERLY so called, is not of very great extent; nor can it be enlarged, being limited by a strong fortification. This town is very populous; it is

thought to contain above seventy thousand inhabitants. The streets in general are narrow, and the houses built high*. Some of the public buildings and palaces are magnificent; but they appear externally to no great advantage, on account of the narrowness of the streets. The chief are the Imperial Palace, the Library, and Museum †.

There is no great danger that Vienna will ever again be subjected to the inconveniencies of a siege ‡, yet in case the thing should happen, a measure has been taken, which will prevent the necessity of destroying the suburbs: no houses without the walls are allowed to be built nearer to the glacis than six hundred yards; so that there is a circular field of six hundred paces broad all round the town, which, exclusive of the advantage above-mentioned, has a very beautiful and salutary effect. Beyond the plain, the suburbs are built.—They form a very extensive and magnificent town, of an irregular circular form,

* “ They are all built,” wrote L— W— M—e, in 1716, “ of fine white stone, and are excessive high, for as the town is too little for the number of people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories.”

† “ They seem to have been more diligent in amassing, there, a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, one was worth observing—a craw-fish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from life. I must not forget to mention a small piece of load-stone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift.”—*Lady M—W—M—c’s Letters*,

‡ It was threatened with one, in 1796, by the Usurper Buonaparté.

containing within its bosom a spacious field, which has for its centre the original town of Vienna.

Those magnificent suburbs*, and the town together; are said to contain above three hundred thousand inhabitants; yet the former are not near so populous, in proportion to their size, as the town; because many houses of the suburbs have extensive gardens belonging to them, and many families who live during the winter within the fortifications, pass the summer months in the suburbs.

FEMALE ITALIAN BEAUTY.

BEAUTY doubtless is infinitely varied. A style of face, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. The following is a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in Italy.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper lip; by the way nothing has a worse effect on a countenance than a large interval between the nose and the mouth; the eyes are large, and of a sparkling black. The Italian eye is wonderfully expressive: some people think it says

* "I must own," wrote the same fair writer above cited, "I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the Emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe."

too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. It must be owned that those features which have a fine expression of sentiment and meaning in youth, are more apt than less expressive faces to become soon strong and masculine. In England and Germany, the women, a little advanced in life, retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy.

FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE ON CHARITY.

“If one is to be taken in with affecting stories,” (thus was speaking one of our modern fops) “one might have one told at the corner of every street in London. Beggars were never so numerous; one would be tempted to think that half the town was starving of hunger; but for my part I make it a rule never to give any thing to a street beggar.

“That is a very good rule,” answered another *merrilleux*, “when you are in a carriage, and can drive past them; but how do you do when you are a foot; particularly if you are caught knocking at a door?”

“Why then, indeed,” resumed the first, “I am under the same necessity of surrendering my money, as if a pistol were held to my breast. Every idea of charity is equally out of the question in both cases; though in the one the money is demanded for God’s sake, and in the other for my own sake.

“I remember,” rejoined the second, “being once singled out by a terrible woman with an enormous belly, who stuck to me bawling for charity the whole

length of Piccadilly. Being determined not to give her a farthing, I was quickening my pace to shake her off, when unluckily I met a lady of my acquaintance, and stopped to speak to her. The hideous wretch with the belly, taking advantage of the incident, renewed her clamour so loud and so woefully, that I was afraid she would have been delivered in the open street; and so I was obliged to throw her a shilling which put an end to *her* labour, and *my* pangs at once.

THE BASEST SWINDLER,

Is that one who is indebted to every friend or relation, whom he can prevail on, under any pretence to lend him money. This plan of taking advantage of the partiality of friends and relations is the basest of all kinds of swindling; and if those who practice it, who amount to a considerable number in this virtuous capital, were to declare in plain English the sentiments on which their conduct was founded, each of them would address his friend or relation to the following effect: "Sir, (or Madam,) I know you have a greater friendship or regard for me than any other of my acquaintance. I shall therefore cheat you out of as much money as I possibly can. As you love me too much to proceed with me to extremities I cannot bear the thought of paying you a single sixpence, whatever inconvenience you may suffer from the want of your money."

BENEVOLENCE.

THE recollection of having been of service to a fellow-creature, conveys a pleasing kind of sensation; which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus: "It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

Like the sweet south,
That breaths upon a bank of violets.

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. Men of that construction are stimulated to do good to others for their own sake.

Such a motive may seem to degrade benevolence; but it must be acknowledged, that it is the most active and the most certain.

MILAN.

THE ancient capital of Lombardy, is the largest city in Italy, except Rome, but though it is thought rather to exceed Naples in size, it does not contain above one half the number of inhabitants.

The cathedral stands in the centre of the city, and after St. Peter's is the most considerable building in Italy. It ought to be the largest in the world, if what is told, is true, that it is near four hundred years since it was began; and that there has been a considerable number of men daily employed in completing it; but as the injuries which time does to the ancient parts of the fabrick keep them in consent em-

ployment; without the possibility of their work being ever completed, Martial's epigram on the barber Eutrapelus, has been applied to them with great propriety.—That poor man, it seems performed his operations so very slowly, that the beards of his patients required shaving again on the side where he had begun, by the time he had finished the other.

“ Eutrapelus tonsor dum circuit ora luperci,
“ Expungit que genas, altera barba subit.”

No church in christendom is so much loaded with ornaments. The number of statues, withinside and without, is prodigious, they are all of marble, and many of them finely wrought. The greatest part cannot be distinctly seen from below, and therefore certainly have nothing above. Besides those which are of a size, and in a situation to be distinguished from the street, there are great numbers of smaller statues, like fairies peeping from every cornice, and hid among the grotesque ornaments which are here in vast profusion.

This vast fabric is not simply encrusted, but entirely built of solid white marble, and supported by fifty columns, said to be eighty-four feet high. The four pillars under the cupola, are twenty-eight feet in circumference. By much the finest statue belonging to it is that of St. Bartholomew—however it excites more disgust and horror than admiration. The inside of the choir, is ornamented by some highly esteemed sculpture in wood: from the roof hangs a case of crystal, surrounded by rays of gilt metal, and inclosing a nail, said to be one of those by which our Saviour was nailed to the cross. The treasury

belonging to this church is reckoned the richest in Italy*, after that of Loretto.

The Ambrosian Library is said to be one of the most valuable collections of books and manuscripts in Europe.

In the museum adjoining the library are a considerable number of pictures, and many natural curiosities.

There is no place in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, where strangers are received in such an easy hospitable manner as at Milan.

The company assemble every evening in their carriages on the ramparts, and drive about.—The ladies have no notion of quitting their carriages at the public walks, and using their own legs as in England and France. On seeing the number of servants, and the splendour of the equipages which appear every evening on the ramparts, one would not suspect that degree of depopulation and diminution of wealth which has taken place lately all over the Milanese.

AVALANCHES,

ARE formed on the glaciers or ice-mountains, of snow driven by the wind against the highest and most protuberant parts of rocks, where it hardens and adheres sometimes till a prodigious mass is accumulated.

* Whether it has remained so after the two successive victorious visits of General Bonaparte, we are ignorant; but we are inclined to suppose that its most precious jewels have been employed to adorn his triumphs.

But when these supporters are able to sustain the increasing weight no longer, the avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the loosened rock or mountain along with it;—and rolling from a vast height, with a thundering noise, to the valley, involves in certain destruction, all the trees, houses, cattle, and men which lie in its way.*

Who has not heard a great deal of the havoc made by avalanches? The greater part of those who have made a journey to the glaciers, have seen one or more of those avalanches in the very act of falling and have themselves always escaped by miracle. Is it not just as most people who have made a single voyage by sea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a storm, and very narrowly escaped shipwreck?

* *Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsam vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas :
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultat que solo, silvas, virosque
Involvens secum.*

VIRGIL.

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests torn,
A rock, from some high precipice is borne ;
Trees, herds and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from the aerial steep,
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound
In fiery whirls, and smoaks along the ground.

PITT

SEMINARIES OF LEARNING,

As well as particular shops, are sometimes frequented more on account of what they have been, than what they are: so many instances of this might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion in this island, that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular walls and houses, than the persons who reside within them.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOWEVER its members may be divided by the spirit of party, yet neither the influence of administration, in that house, nor the partiality of opposition, can save dullness from ridicule, nor prevent wit and eloquence from open applause.

SKAITING.

A YOUNG, but experienced skaiter, with the graceful rapidity of the *feathered Mercury*, was gliding over the ice, when he saw at a distance some confusion, and heard an exclamation that a young lord would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, struggling to extricate himself, and crying loudly and incessantly for assistance. As the skaiter approached, he begged the young lord to the silent, and then holding

his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to him, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound might have the better chance of sustaining the youth, when he should get upon it. At that instant, a sailor, who viewed the scene from the shore, run to the benevolent skaiter, calling "avast, avast, brother; the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber, is more likely to draw you to the bottom, than you to heave him above board, or tow him on ashore; catch fast hold of this here, with your larboud hand." So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to the skaiter, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hilloa, pull away." Thus the young lord was pulled to a safe part of the ice. The sailor, after contemplating with him a look of contempt, said, "Zounds, what a squalling you did make, friend; d—n me, if I have not seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your jaw-port."

Whether it was the shivering condition in which the young lord was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word.

The generous skaiter, then shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money, by G—d," said the sailor. "Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll

accept your guinea; but on my conscience, you have a hard bargain."

AN INN.

A STAGE coach arrived. The coachman having assisted a young woman with an infant in her arms, was leading her, drenched with rain, and the water pouring from her clothes, into the kitchen. A templar, a clergyman, and a colonel, stood before the fire; they waited for fresh horses to their chaise.

Colonel. If that creature comes hither; by G—d, we shall be all afloat.

The templar, drew a large chair near the fire, and expressing sympathy at the situation she was in, desired the woman to sit down.

"I do not mind myself;" said the poor woman; but I fear for my child."

While the mother, apprehensive that her child might have suffered, (although she had wrapped him in her cloak,) examined him with affectionate solicitude, the infant seemed alarmed at the number of strange faces that were gazing on him, which the templar remarking, gently pressed the woman's head nearer the child, and at the same instant tickling the cheek of the latter, repeated from Virgil's eclogue—

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

Then he whispered the landlady to take the poor woman into a bed-chamber, and give her a dry gown and cloak, for which he would indemnify her.

The landlady did as she was desired.

"Poor young woman," said the coachman, as she left the room. I am sorry there was no room for

her within the coach; she has been exposed to the rain above two hours, and I am sure she is drenched to the skin, and is much to be pitied."

Colonel, (laughing.) She looks like a new-ducked w——; though she is not handsome enough to be of that profession.

Coachman. A woman under misfortunes, has a right to be pitied; whether she is handsome or not. But handsome *is*, who handsome does, please your honours.—This poor woman, pulled the clothes from her own back, and exposed herself to the storm, to protect her child—that is what I call handsome.

Clergyman. (clapping the coachman's shoulder,) Ay, my good fellow, and what every humane and feeling man, will call handsome.

Colonel. (sneeringly,) Parsons, to be sure, are in general men of feeling.

Clergyman. (fixing the colonel,) Brave men are generally humane; and when a soldier is otherwise, he dishonours his profession.

Coachman. The rain was so violent, and continued so long, that I fear the poor woman will suffer in her health.

Colonel. Those creatures never suffer in their health. I have seen soldiers' wives with children on their backs, keep pace with the men on a march in the midst of frost and snow, and I never heard of their being the worse for it.—It is nothing to those who are used to it.

Clergyman. (suppressing his indignation, and addressing the coachman.) Friend, you seem to take some interest in this poor woman; pray what do you know of her?

Coachman. All that I know, please your honour about this here young woman is, that her husband is a seafaring man, who was taken by a press-gang in the streets of London, about a month ago, and sent to Portsmouth. When she heard of this, she followed him without any more delay, whereof she took her child with her, and remained there until the ship on which her husband was aboard sailed, and most of her money was expended on necessaries to fit him out; although her husband like an honest hearted sailor, had desired her not to do it, for fear of distressing her; and so, being short of money, she took a seat on the outside of my coach, and to be sure, she did nothing but cry and sigh, although I said all I could to comfort her; but telling her of a relation of my own, whose husband went to sea, and left her with five children, instead of one; and he was absent for nine years without her ever seeing him, and yet he returned at last in perfect health, and with a good deal of money, about a month after his wife's death. I told the poor woman all this, to keep up her spirits, saying, that I hoped the same would not happen to her, as to the article of dying, but only as to her husband's returning in perfect health, and with a good deal of money; but all I could say, was not able to comfort her.

Colonel I hope you was able to comfort her when she was stripped; for I think you told us she stripped herself at last.

Coachman. When the rain began, she stripped herself of part of her clothes to shelter her child; and without disparagement, I hope that you, nor none of your relations, ever stripped for a more sinful purpose.

Clergyman. Do you know, friend, where she goes when she arrives in London?

Coachman. She told me that she was going to her husband's mother. Her own father is butler to Mr. ——, a rich Nabob, but he was so enraged at her quitting her service to marry the sailor, although the sailor is an honest character, and a handsome man; but handsomeness in a husband, please your honour, is nothing to a father, although it is a great deal to a daughter.

Clergyman. I am much acquainted with her father's master; and I hope he will prevail on his butler to receive his daughter with kindness, and provide for her and her child, till her husband shall return.

“God Almighty bless you, my good Sir, for your good intention,” cried the poor woman, who returned to the kitchen with the landlady; but my father who is a very honest man, is so passionate, that it will be difficult to bring him to take me home; and if he did, he would be apt to speak of my dear Richard, in a way that would break my heart.”

Clergyman. My good woman, make yourself easy, I shall take care to mention the affair in such a manner as will reconcile your father.

N. B. We will inform the gentle reader whose heart is interested in the fate of the sailor's wife, that the benevolent clergyman overcame by his persuasion, her father's obstinacy; that the sight of his daughter melted his heart; and that the man's affections flowed in their natural course.

MASSACRES.

VERGNIAUD inveighed thus against them, in the national assembly, with that affecting eloquence he had at his command—

“ Ah ! Messieurs, ne nous le dissimulons pas ; ces haines particulieres, ces délations infames, ces arrestations arbitraires, ces cris de proscription, ces complots, ces atteintes portées sur les individus, cette violation de propriétés, cet oubli des loix, ces agitations inquiétantes ont répandu la consternation & l’effroi*.

* Ah ! gentlemen, there is no concealing it ; those hatreds, those infamous accusations, those arbitrary arrests, those rumours of proscriptions and of plots, those personal attacks, those violations of property, that contempt of the laws, all those distressing circumstances have spread consternation and terror.

The virtuous man hides himself : he flies with horror from those scenes of blood ; for good reason have the virtuous to hide themselves, when the wicked triumph. They are silent, they retire, and wait for happier times before they appear again.

Times of revolution produce men who are at once hypocritical and ferocious, as, after tempests, the pores of the earth send forth destructive insects.

Those perverse men accense virtue itself of aristocracy, that they may trample upon it with impunity ; and adorn crimes with the name of democracy, that they may be allowed to commit them : thus they disgrace the noblest of all causes, those of the people and of liberty.

O my fellow citizens, you see how deeply I am affected ! Citizens tear the mask from those wretches, who have nothing to deceive you with, but the most despicable means, and the most imprudent pretensions.

Citizens, you may easily discover them.—He who excites you to slaughter women and unarmed men, it is he who betrays and

“ L’homme vertueux se cache, il fuit avec horreur ces scènes de sang ; & il faut bien qu’il se cache l’homme vertueux, quand le crime triomphe ; il n’en a pas l’horrible sentiment, il se tait, il s’éloigne, il attend pour reparoitre des tems plus heureux.

“ Les tems de révolution produisent ces hommes à la fois hypocrites & féroces comme les pores de la terre produisent des insectes malfaisans après la tempête.

“ Aujourd’hui ces pervers aristocratisent la vertu même pour la fouler impunément aux pieds. Ils démocratisent le crime pour avoir le droit de le commettre : & c’est ainsi qu’ils deshonnorent la plus belle des causes, celle du peuple & de la liberté.

“ O, citoyens ! vous voyez ma profonde émotion ; citoyens arrachez la masque à ces pervers qui n’ont, pour vous tromper & pour vous perdre, que la bassesse de leurs prétentions.

“ Citoyens, vous les reconnoîtrez facilement.— Celui qui vous invite à égorger des femmes & des hommes desarmés, celui là vous a trahi, & vous perd : cet autre qui vous invite à la paix entre vous, eh bien ! celui-là est votre ami. Repoussez donc les traîtres qui vous agitent & vous divisent Faites cesser les desordres & les proscriptions. Si les citoyens se deunissent, les Prussiens ne viendront pas à Paris ; car alors ils seroient accablés sous l’armée

ruins you. That other who persuades you to peace among yourselves, he is your friend, Reject then the traitors who agitate and divide you. Put an end to disorder and proscription. If the citizens unite, the Prussians cannot come to Paris, because they would be crushed by the remains of the army they defeated, as Samson was by the temple which he overthrew !

qu'ils auroient vaincue, comme Samson, sous le temple qu'il avoit renversé*.”

DRESDEN,

THOUGH not one of the largest, is certainly one of the most agreeable cities in Germany, whether we consider its situation, the magnificence of its palaces, or the beauty and conveniency of the houses and streets. This city is built on both sides of the Elbe, which is of considerable breadth here. The magnificent and commodious manner, in which the two opposite parts of the town are joined, adds greatly to its beauty.

There is an equestrian statue of king Augustus, in a kind of open place or square between the old city and the new. The workmanship is but indifferent.

Few princes in Europe are so magnificently lodged as the elector of Saxony. The palace and museum have been often described. Among the prodigious number of curiosities to be seen there, is a cherry-stone, upon which, by the help of a microscope, above a hundred faces may be distinguished. Undoubtedly these little mechanical whims display the labour, perseverance, and minute attention of the workman; but they are not proofs of the wisdom of those who could employ artists to so little purpose.—

* This speech was pronounced after the repeated massacres in the various prisons of Paris, and in the streets of Versailles.—Massacres which create a detestation of the people who could suffer them!

A work of the jeweller Dinglinger, which represents the celebration of the Mogul's birth-day, is much admired. The Mogul sitting on his throne, his grandees and guards, with a great many elephants, are all exhibited upon a table about an ell square. This work employed Dinglinger and some assistants above ten years. It would be impious to omit the story of the prophet Jonah, which is to be seen in the museum. The ship, the whale, the prophet, and the sea-shore, all represented in Pearl; but the sea and rocks are in a different kind of stone.—The gallery of pictures is highly esteemed. The most valuable pieces are by Corregio and Rubens. In the museum within the palace, there is a most complete collection of prints, from the commencement of the art of engraving till the present time.

It would have been well for its inhabitants, during the wars, if the city of Dresden had been entirely without fortifications. It was taken by the Imperialists in 1759; and afterwards bombarded by his Prussian majesty.

The curious manufactory of porcelain, suffered considerably by the Prussian bombardment. The elector, has a complete collection of the finest pieces, from the first attempts made here in this elegant work to the latest improvements. This, independent of the beauty of many of the pieces, is a matter of real curiosity, as it marks the progress of ingenuity and invention.*

* To this description of Dresden, by Dr. Moore, we will add the picture of its fair inhabitants, drawn by the lively and entertaining pencil of L— M— W— “The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of

ITALIANS.

FROM the opportunities I have had of observing the inhabitants of Italy, my idea of them; is that they are less subject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most of other nations.

The Italians are the greatest loungers in the world; and while walking in the fields, or stretched in the shade, seem to enjoy the serenity and genial warmth of their climate with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themselves, without ever running into the daring excesses of the English, or displaying the frisky vivacity of the French, or the invincible phlegm of the Germans; the Italians discover a species of sedate sensibility to every source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happiness than any of the other. The frequent processions and religious ceremonies, besides comforting and amusing the Italian populace, serve to fill up their time, and prevent that *ennui*, and those immortal practices, which are apt to accompany poverty and idleness *

London. They are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudières* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all effect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pit-pat step; which female frailties, ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civilities to strangers."

* Italy is a country full of impostures and superstitions; some do not believe enough, and others believe every thing.

The Italians are, in general, a sober, ingenious people,* with quick feelings, and therefore irritable; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition. The murders which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and some very impolitic customs which have, from various causes, crept in amongst them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree in some other countries. The assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever

Every day without truth and without reason, miracles take place. I remember a certain poor man was nearly drowned, and was drawn out of the water almost dead. He recovered, and his recovery was firmly believed to be owing to a medal of Saint Philip of Neri; which he happened to have in his chaplet. But though Italy is full of superstition, it is also the seat of debauchery and atheism. It is crowded with those kind of men who penetrate as far into nature as their abilities will permit them; and having done this will believe nothing more. Yet the number of writers who have there written on the immortality of the soul is incredible. But their writings are so feeble that no one can strengthen his faith by their sentiments.

* The Italian people are more apt, perhaps, than any other, to lay hold of any thing ridiculous with merciless avidity. The following anecdote is an instance of it. The Roman people were suffering a privation of the most necessary articles of life, while Pius VI. was exhausting their treasury in embellishing their city. A wag, who preferred food to obelisks, gave a lesson to his holiness, by applying to him a well-known passage of the Gospel. He wrote these words at the bottom of the obelisk, which Pius VI. raised at great expence, in 1783, at the entrance of the Quirinal palace:—

“Signore, di a questa pietra chè divenga pane.”

“Lord, command that these stones be made bread.”

may have been the case formerly*, are now entirely confined to the accidental squabbles which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens†; and with regard to stabbing, which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate impulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. I do not know whether the stories we have of mercenaries, bravos, men who formerly are supposed to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but I am certain, that at present, there is no such trade

* Descartes, in one of his letters writes thus:—"Be not so desirous to live under Italian skies; there is a contagion that poisons its breezes; the heat of the day kindles a fever in the delicate frame; the evening airs are unwholesome; and the deep shades of the night conceal robberies and assassinations!"

† Many anecdotes of Italian revenge in the sixteenth century have been recorded by historians and travellers.—We will relate an instance of *poisoning* which cannot fail to interest the reader of sensibility. Francis of Medicis, after the death of his lady, fell deeply in love with a young noble Venetian, named Bianca Capella, whom he married. This lady who passionately loved the Duke her husband was the cause of his death, by attempting to revenge herself, *à l'Italienne*, of a prince, who was a relation of Francis. She had, with this design, poisoned some olives, which were to have been presented to him. Francis, having met the servant, took two and eat them. Very shortly after, he began to feel their mortal effects. Bianca Capella, who now saw the mistake that had caused the death of her beloved Duke, took also of the same olives; and having swallowed them, she threw herself on the bed, embracing her dying lord, and expired in his arms.

in Italy. If the horrible practice of drawing the knife and stabbing, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, it is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates against the peace of society, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom, in increasing the criminal's hope of escaping, and in diminishing, in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime.

In England, Germany or France, a man knows that if he commits a murder, every person around him will, from that instant, become his enemy, and use every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execrations of his countrymen. Impressed with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder, the populace of those countries hardly ever have recourse to stabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage.

The murders committed in Germany, France, and England, are therefore comparatively few. In Italy, the case is different: an Italian is not under the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder; he is at less pain to restrain his wrath. He hopes to have the good fortune to get within the portico of a church, before he is seized by the sbirri; and if he is carried to prison, he knows, that it is not a difficult matter for his friends or relations, to prevail by their entreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals, or princes, to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If

this is the case, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians.

This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stiletto: and the Florentine populace, now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I think I have convinced the reader, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is like most other national reflections, ill-founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes.

THE COURT OF VIENNA,

Under the Reign of the Emperor Joseph.

THE manners of this court are considerably altered since Lady Mary Wortley Montague was here.

People of different ranks now do business together with ease, and meet at public places without any of those ridiculous disputes about precedence, of which that ingenious English lady has given us such