

CRUELTY.

It hath been often said, that cowards only are cruel, but although it is natural to think, and observation will justify the opinion, that they are more apt to be so than the intrepid; yet there are but too many proofs that one of the most respectable and brilliant qualities which can adorn the character of man, is some times united to the most odious that can disgrace humanity, and that courage is not incompatible with cruelty.

ADVICE.

ENGLISHMEN, consider perhaps advice as an encroachment on that liberty they are so fond of.

FOP.*

NOTHING is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more completely selfish. A ball, a horse-race, a new dancer, the latest fashion, interests

* Or *Macaroni*.—Such is the origin of that name. *Folengio Theophilus*, of Mantua, an Italian Poet, gave the name of *Macaroni* to one of his poems from an Italian cake, which is sweet to the taste, but has not the least alimentary virtue, palliating on the contrary, the appetite, and cloying the stomach. These idle poems thus called, consisting of buffoonery, became the reigning taste in Italy and in France;—till at last every thing insipid, contemptible and ridiculous, in character, dress, or behaviour, is now summed up in the despicable appellation of a *Macaroni*, or a *Fop*.

him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what is valuable, attaches itself to those trifling objects only which the vortex of fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy. Like rubbed amber, the fop, without influencing any substance of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are near it.

PRUSSIAN MANNERS.

THE French manners, and turn of thinking, certainly prevail very little among the Prussian officers; but the ladies, have more the air of French women, than those of any court. They are by no means, neglected by men in general. --Many of the married women particularly, have avowed admirers, who attend them on all occasions, are invited with them to all entertainments, sit next them at table, and whom the master or the mistress of the feast, takes care to place in the same party with them at cards. When the lady is not provided with an attendant of this kind, her husband, as well as herself, is generally a little out of countenance, and both seem rather in an awkward situation, till this necessary concomitant be found.

In this country, when both parties are willing, and when there are no children, a divorce may be obtained with very little trouble or expence; you may be frequently in companies, where a lady, her present and former husband are at table, and all parties behave in the most polite and friendly manner to each other

Here jealousy is held in equal contempt and detestation, and scandal is very little known. People seem so fully occupied with their own private affairs, that they seldom trouble their heads about the business of their neighbours. If, in the course of conversation, an intimacy of a particular kind is hinted at between people of different sexes, it is mentioned accidentally, as a fact of no importance, and without the smallest blame or ill-natured reflection on either of the parties.

PARIS IN 1799, CONTRASTED WITH PARIS IN
1792.

In 1779.

A CANDID Englishman, of whatever rank he may be, must see with indignation, that every thing here is arranged for the accommodation of the rich and the powerful, and that little or no regard is paid to the comfort of citizens of an inferior station. This appears in a thousand instances, and strikes the eyes immediately on entering Paris.

The regular and effectual manner in which the city of London is lighted at night, and the raised pavements on the side of every street, for the security and conveniency of foot-passengers, seem to indicate that the body of the people, as well as the rich and great, are counted of some importance in the eye of government; whereas Paris is poorly and partially lighted; and except on the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, and the keys between them, is not provided with foot-ways, for the accommodation and safety of those who cannot afford carriages. They

must therefore grope their way as they best can, and skulk behind pillars, or run into shops to avoid being crushed by the coaches, which are driven as near the wall as they please, dispersing the people on foot at their approach, like chaff before the wind.

Monarchy is raised in this country so high, that it quite loses sight of the bulk of the nation, and pays attention only to a few, who, being in exalted situations, come within the court's sphere of vision.

There is no question that government leaves the middle and inferior ranks of life in some degrees unprotected, and exposed to the injustice and insolence of the great, who are considered as somewhat above the law, though greatly below the monarch.

But the polished mildness of French manners, the gay and sociable turn of the nation, the affable and easy conduct of masters to their servants, supply the deficiencies, and correct the errors of government, and render the condition of the common people in France, but particularly at Paris, better than in several other countries of Europe.

In 1792.

That city which owes its most admired ornaments, some peculiar rights, and a great part of its wealth to the favour of the monarchs; and which will lose more than any part of France by the continuation of a republican government, has shewn a greater violence against royalty, than the generality of the provinces; and its populace has become sanguinary and cruel.—This phenomenon may easily be accounted for. It is well known, that profligacy and wickedness of every sort are pushed to greater lengths in capitals, where vast numbers of mankind are assembled. Paris has been long thought a place

of greater profligacy than any other capital in Europe. At London, the industry of the city, serves as some check to the dissipation of Westminster. The other capital cities in Europe are smaller and poorer. Paris, although not so large nor so rich as London, was more luxurious, because on account of the universality of the French language, the general situation of French manners, and other reasons, it was not only the capital of France, but in some degree, of all Europe, and was much more frequented by the rich and dissipated from every country, than London ever was. At Paris, pleasure was not only to be had on easier terms, but was also served up more to the taste of foreigners in general, than at London. There is a great resort of industrious strangers to the latter, because of a more extensive field for industry; but undoubtedly a greater number of gamblers, sharpers, and adventurers of every denomination, from the different countries of Europe, were to be found at Paris, than in any other town in the world. Such men became the ready agents of those who had the most criminal views in the progress of the revolution, and pushed the Parisians to the greatest excesses*.

* The following is the true description which a Frenchman gives of Paris as it was a little after the revolution †.

I visited every part of the ancient capital of France. It was no longer the same, and I scarcely knew it again. I should have been less a stranger at Rome under the reign of the first emperor than in the city in which I was born, and from which I had not been absent more than five years. The houses, indeed, with

† *Memoires Anecdotes, &c. Anecdotes tending to illustrate the History of the French Revolution, &c.*

'They were intoxicated with rage and fury, while a little before they were intoxicated with love for their monarch, It seems to be in their nature to be always intoxicated with something or other.

some alterations, were the same, and the streets were the same; but the inhabitants were very different. Most persons of opulence had become poor, but all the poor had not become rich; for never was wretchedness so general. At every shop I met with strange customs, and figures more strange. Most of the houses were as much disguised as the inhabitants; taverns, public houses, were covered with patriotic emblems, and liberty signs daubed over with national colours. There were altars to liberty, statues to liberty, liberty squares; liberty was every where inscribed, but I never could find out any one who could define the nature of French liberty.—A new horde of Vandals seemed to have taken possession of the city; for every where you descried the ruin of some edifice.—I visited the different theatres. There the public no longer thought with Corneille, wept with Racine, or laughed with Moliere. Instead of their chef d'oeuvres, you saw pieces the most dismal and tiresome; stupid comedies, very patriotic, but utterly destitute of probability, nature, or interest—Certain persons turned usurers, and lent money at the moderate interest of five or six per cent. per month. What afflicted me was to see immorality, irreligion, and a total absence of all principle among the great mass of the people. They lived like beasts, without that restraint which checks the indulgence of human passion, without that consolatory idea which soothes the pain, and without that beneficial resignation which teaches men to support it. History presented to my mind a horrible picture of crimes and calamities. Nothing was talked of but theft, murder, and suicide. Such, then, are the fruits of that revolution which was to atchieve the happiness of mankind! Wherever I cast my eyes I perceived nothing but crimes, hatred, and vengeance; persecutors and persecuted. It is not, then, sufficient to be free, to be happy; the sources of freedom itself must be pure, and freedom itself must be durable; but how can that edifice be durable, which is founded on the moveable basis of immorality and error?

INHUMANITY

Is a total disregard to the feelings of his fellow-creatures, when any interest or gratification of his own is in question. This disposition of the mind admits of fewer good qualities, and is connected with a greater number of bad, than any other of which human nature is susceptible. Montaigne, indeed, has said, "Nature a, (ce crains-je) elle même attaché à l'homme quelque instinct à l'inhumanité." But it is to be hoped, the instinct he mentions belongs only to devils; and that a *disinterested* pleasure in the sufferings of others, exists not even in the most wicked of human breasts. It is sufficiently deplorable, that any of mankind are capable of pursuing what they consider as their own interest, and sometimes interest of a very frivolous nature, at the expence of extreme misery to their fellow-creatures. The proofs, however, of this degree of cruelty, need not be drawn from the stories of giants, and records of chivalry; they are frequently found in more authentic history, and may be adduced from the conduct of too many of the heroes and great men of antiquity; not to mention the great men of our own days, whose sentiments and conduct, however different from those of the former in every other respect, have a wonderful resemblance to their predecessors, in this article of insensibility and disregard to the miseries of others.

HATRED.

THERE is, perhaps, no sentiment which it is so difficult to conceal from the person who is the object of it. A moderate adept in the art of dissimulation, may impose on those for whom he feels no esteem, or whom he even holds in contempt; and, if he has an interest in it, may persuade them that he has a high respect, or even veneration, for them: and this, in some measure, accounts for so many people of the highest rank being ignorant of the true rate at which they are estimated. For the indications of contempt are easily restrained, and those of admiration as easily assumed; but it requires the powers of a finished hypocrite to hide hatred or aversion, and prevent their discovering themselves by some involuntary appearance in the countenance or manner.

BERLIN

Is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. The streets are built in a very regular manner, and of a commodious breadth. In the New Town they are perfectly straight. Frederick-Street is reckoned two English miles and a half, in length. Others which go off at right angles from that, are a mile, or a mile and a half long.

There are few very magnificent buildings in this town. The rest are neat houses, built of a fine white free-stone, generally one, or at most two stories high. The finishing within does not correspond with the elegance of the outside. The arsenal,

which is a noble structure, is built in the form of a square.

The new Roman catholic church is by far the most elegant place of worship in the city.

On the front of the Opera-house is this inscription.

“ FREDERICUS REX, APOLLINI ET MUSIS,”

After observing the inscriptions and ornaments of the palaces and other public buildings, the new method of decorating the churches the number of Mercuries, Apollos, Minervas, and Cupids, that are to be met with in this country, a stranger might be led to suspect that the Christian religion was excluded from the Prussian dominions, and old Jupiter and his family restored to their ancient honours: instead of saints and crucifixes, Frederick the Great determined that the churches of Berlin should be ornamented with the portraits of men who have been useful to the state. Those of the Mareschal Swerin, Reith, &c. are already placed in the great Lutheran church.

Berlin, though not fortified, is certainly a very military town. When all the soldiers of the garrison are present, they amount to 30,000, in their general conduct they are quiet, and the police of the town is pretty well regulated.

The most fashionable walk in Berlin is in the middle of one of the principal streets. Before the houses, on each side, there is a causeway, and between these two causeways are fine walks, planted with lime-trees. Tents are pitched under these, and ice, lemonade, and other refreshments sold. The bands of music belonging to the regiments practise here in the summer—The company generally are in the greatest

numbers in the evening, and often walk till it is very late.

Beneath the grateful evening shade,
 The public walks, the public park,
 Are assignations duly made,
 With gentle whispers in the dark.

BARRACKS.

FREDERICK the Great chooses that his soldiers should be quartered with the citizens, rather than in barracks. This ought to be a sufficient answer to those military gentlemen who insist on building barracks for the soldiers of Britain, upon the supposition that our army cannot be well disciplined without them. For it could scarcely be expected, or wished that the British army were under more rigid discipline than the Prussian.

The British Parliament have always shown an aversion to lodging military in barracks, and have preferred quartering them in the citizens houses, that a connection and good-will may be cultivated between the soldiers and their fellow-citizens: and that the former may not consider themselves as a distinct body of men, with a separate interest from the rest of the community, and whose duty it is implicitly to obey the will of the crown at all times, and upon all occasions.

In Prussia, on the contrary, it may not be thought expedient to lodge great bodies of armed men together in barracks, lest they should, during the night, (for in the day-time the officers are present), form combinations destructive of discipline, and dangerous to government.

MILITARY SLAVERY.

SINCE so great a number of men in Europe are doomed to it, it is much to be lamented that the doom should fall on the useful industrious peasantry, who pass their days in cheerfulness, tasting every real pleasure without the nausea of satiety, or the stings of remorse, and perhaps of all mankind, these have the greatest enjoyment of life. If the useless, wealthy, and luxurious, could be translated into the same state, the sum total of happiness destroyed would be infinitely smaller. This would not be annihilating happiness, but shifting the scene of the wretched. Such recruits would only be harrassed by the caprice of others instead of their own; plagued with the manual exercise, instead of being tortured by peevishness and disgust; laid up in consequence of running the gantlet, instead of being laid up with the gout;—and finally, knocked down by a cannon-ball, instead of being killed by a fit of the apoplexy or a surfeit.

 COMMERCE.

INJUDICIOUS taxes, monopolies, and other restrictions, cramp its speculations; like the wild commoners of the air, when confined or shackled, it immediately droops and dwindles; or, being alarmed, like love,

“ ——— at sight of human ties,

“ Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.”

LIBELS.

I NEVER had any delight in contemplating or exposing the dark side of human nature; but there are some shades so obvious that you cannot open your eyes without observing them. The satisfaction that many people enjoy in reading libels, wherein private characters are traduced, is of that nature. If to be abused in pamphlets and news-papers, is considered as adversity*, the truth of Rochefoucault's maxim, is incontrovertible;—" Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.

The common scribblers of the age have turned to their advantage this malevolent disposition, which they perceive to be so prevalent among men. Like the people who provide bulls and other animals to be baited by dogs, for the amusement of the spectators, these gentlemen turn out a few characters every week, to be mangled and torn in the most cruel manner in the public news-papers.

It is the savage taste of those who pay for those amusements, which keep them in use. The writers of scurrilous books, often bear no malice to the individuals they abuse; they seldom have any knowledge of them. It is far from being impossible that the authors of these severe verses may have no more acquaintance with the lords and gentlemen against whom they write with such bitterness, than the wea-

* That it is one may be doubted, speaking of insults from News-papers abuse.—“ They sting one,” said Dr. Johnson; “ but as a fly stings a horse, and the eagle will not catch flies.”

ver who wove their pocket-handkerchiefs. The motive for the fabrication of the one, as well as the other commodity, most probably was daily bread, and the poetasters have preferred satire to panegyric, merely because they knew the first was most to the taste of their customers.

Many of those who exclaim against the injustice and cruelty of tearing private characters to pieces in public papers, have the most virulent of these productions served up every morning as regularly as their toast and butter. If they would forego the pleasure of reading them, the evil they complain of would cease directly.

PRIVOLITY.

WHEN a man of great ambition, wickedness, and strength of mind, perpetrates crimes of the deepest dye, to attain his objects, it is no more than what might be expected; but it may lead to more useful reflections, to show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition, or any great stimulus to evil, may be gradually led from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness.

FEROCITY.

AFTER the massacre of the fifty-two prisoners from Orleans, at Versailles, arrived a waggon, into which was thrown as many of the slaughtered bodies as the horses could draw.—A boy of fourteen years

of age was within the waggon, assisting to receive the bodies as they were put in, with an air of much indifference. One of those wretches who threw in the bodies, and who, probably had assisted in the massacre, said to the spectators, in praise of the boy's activity: "Voyez ce petit bon homme comme il est hardi!"

Gracious heaven! were those barbarities, which would disgrace savages, committed by Frenchmen! by that lively and ingenious people, whose writings are so much admired, whose society has been so much courted, and whose manners have been so much imitated?

PIETY.

A FRIEND of mine told me, that he was this forenoon in a bookseller's shop, and having observed the shelves of one side entirely filled with books of devotion, he had asked of the bookseller if books of that kind were in much request at present.

"A good deal," replied the bookseller, "with the aristocrats; as for the patriots, they hardly ever look into them."

"The reason of that," resumed my friend, "perhaps is, that the patriots being the poorer, have not money to lay out in books."

"They used to purchase them formerly," said the bookseller, "and it is only since the aristocrats became poor, that many of them began to purchase them at all."

A great proportion of mankind think very little of

the next world, till the present becomes insupportable to them*.

FRENCH NOBLES.

IN ancient times, the power of the state, and the whole spirit of the French armies, depended on the noblesse; as gallant a class of men as the world ever produced. The Greek and Roman histories exhibit not brighter examples of generous intrepidity than the annals of France. The noblesse, therefore, were at once respected by the sovereign and by the people.

But if they were respected, and admired, and had privileges granted to them, does it follow that the same are due to men bred in effeminate luxury, distinguished for their follies and debasing amusements? The following is the description which Montesquieu gives of that part of the nobility of France, which at the Revolution formed the court, "Ambi-

* This it appears amongst thousands of instances, was the case with the celebrated La Harpe, author of the "*Course of Literature*," who died a few months since, in exile, by order of that government which aspires to assume an uncontrouled command over the moral and physical world, for having dared to write some strictures on its system of administration. He was a member of the famous French Academy, and an intimate friend of Voltaire's, whose principles of democracy and atheism he continued to propagate, till the year 1797, when, having serious thoughts of futurity, he thought he could not do the world a greater service, than by making a formal recantation of his errors. Never did the modern philosophers receive a greater shock than by the loss of so able an advocate.

tion with indolence; meanness with pride; desire of enriching themselves without labour; aversion for truth; flattery; perjury, contempt for the duties of a citizen, fear of the virtues of their sovereign; and hope from his foibles; above all, a continual attempt to turn virtue into ridicule, form the character of the majority of the courtiers."—Fond of the trappings of a soldier, they shrunk from its real dangers. Riches and promotions at home were obtained by court intrigue, more than military merit, or merit of any kind. The noblesse who came from the distant provinces, were by them treated superciliously. Many officers of the army when they came to Versailles, found their services abroad forgotten. Is it surprizing then that they were greatly disgusted with the present system?*

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

It is a free imperial city, having a small territory belonging to it; and it is governed by its own magistracy.

Its streets are spacious and well paved, the houses stately, clean, and convenient; the shops well fur-

* Every one knows that the French monarchical government sanctioned a variety of abuses; but if the description of Montesquieu were ever so applicable to the nobility at the time of the Revolution, such of them as have survived it, have abundantly expiated their errors by their misfortunes.—They have shewn themselves truly noble, by years of resignation, humility and bravery which exhibit their character as christian princes, in a stronger light than it ever would have appeared, while surrounded by the grandeur of a court.

ished; the dress, the number, the air, and general manners of the inhabitants, sufficiently show, without other information, that there is no little despot within their walls to impoverish them, in support of his grandeur; and to put every action of their lives, every movement of their bodies, under restraint by his caprice.

All religions are tolerated here, under certain restrictions; but Lutheranism is the established faith, as the magistrates are of that communion.

The Jews have a synagogue in this city, where they perform their religious rites; but the Calvinists have never been allowed any public house of worship within the territory of Frankfort. They attend divine service at a place called Bockenheim, in the county of Hanau, where they have built a church.

The principal church is in the possession of the Roman catholics, but no public procession of the host is performed. In it there is a chapel, to which the Emperor is conducted immediately after his election, in order to be crowned by the Elector of Mentz.

Though Frankfort is thought a fine town, and the effect produced by the whole is magnificent, yet there are no buildings in particular, worthy of attention. However, all strangers visit the town-house, to see the chamber where the Emperor is elected, as well as the famous golden bull, which is kept there with the utmost care.

There is in this town a singular custom, whose origin is unknown. Two women appear every day, at noon, on the battlements of the principal steeple, and play some very solemn airs with trumpets. This music is accompanied by vocal psalmody, for which

the people here have a violent taste: it is performed by four or five men, who always attend those female trumpeters.

Funerals are conducted with an uncommon degree of solemnity in this town; when any person in tolerable circumstances dies, a band of those sweet singers, men and boys, who have psalm-singing for their only profession, assemble in the streets before the house, and chant an hour every day to the corpse, till it is interred. The same band accompanies the funeral, singing hymns all the way.—A man clothed in a black cloak, and carrying a crucifix at the end of a large pole, heads the procession, whether the deceased has died a Roman catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist.—A great number of hired mourners in the same dress, and each with a lemon in his hand, march after him:—then come the singers, followed by the corpse in a hearse; and lastly, the relations in mourning coaches.

There is a very considerable number of Calvinists in this place: they are excluded from any share in the government of the city; but generally thought the most industrious.

The number of Jews in Frankfort is prodigious; they are obliged to live altogether in a single street, built up at one end, and at the other there is a large gate, which is regularly shut at a certain hour of the night, after which no Jews dare appear in the streets. As this street is narrow, the children of Israel, never remarkable for cleanliness, but always noted for breeding, could not have been worse lodged in the land of Egypt.

They are permitted to choose a judge out of their

own body, for deciding disputes amongst themselves.

They attack you in the town during the day time, ply at the gate of your lodgings, and even glide into your apartment, offering to supply you with every commodity you have occasion for. At the entrance of their street, they entreat your custom with the violence and vociferation of so many Thames watermen.

In their synagogue there is nothing magnificent, but much apparent zeal and fervour.

Society here is divided into noblesse and the bourgeois. For the nobility there is a public assembly once a week, at which they drink tea, converse, and play at cards, from six to ten. The citizens, who connect themselves with strangers, have made their fortunes by commerce, which some of them still follow. Their noble neighbours insinuate, that they always retain a vulgarity of sentiments and manners, unknown to those whose blood has flowed pure through several generations, unmixed with that puddle which stagnates in the veins of plebeians; but no stranger observes that distinction.

STRASBOURG.

Its cathedral, a very fine Gothic building, never fails to attract the attention of strangers. We naturally feel a respect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms. That religious melancholy which large Gothic churches inspire is, however, considerably counteracted by certain satirical bas-reliefs, with which the pillars and cornices of

this church of Strasbourg was originally ornamented. —The vices of monks are here exposed under the allegorical figures of hogs, asses, monkies, and foxes, which being dressed in monkish habits, perform the most venerable functions of religion. And for the edification of those who do not comprehend allegory, a monk, in the robes of his order, is engraved on the pulpit in a most indecent posture, with a nun lying by him.

Upon the whole, the cathedral of Strasbourg is considered by some people as the most impious, and by others as the merriest Gothic church in Christendom.

The great clock, and its various movements, was an object of admiration, when first constructed, but is now beheld with indifference by modern artists.

From the steeple of this cathedral, reckoned one of the highest in Europe (being 574 feet), you see the extensive plains of Alsace, with the Rhine flowing through them.

Among the curiosities of the cathedral are two large bells, which they show to strangers. One is of brass, and weighs ten tons; the other of silver, which they say weighs above two.—They also show a large French horn, whose history is as follows: —About four hundred years ago, the Jews formed a conspiracy to betray the city, and with this identical horn they intended to give the enemy notice when to begin the attack. The plot, however, was discovered; many of the Jews were burnt alive; the rest were plundered of their money, and banished the town. This horn is sounded twice every night from the battlements of the steeple, in gratitude for the deliverance.

The Jews, it may be expected, deny every circumstance of this story; say it was fabricated to furnish a pretext for murdering and pillaging their countrymen.

PLAINTIVE.

HE is a stout healthy man, of a robust complexion. But his mind is not so vigorous as his body. His chief, indeed his only care, is that of his health; and according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose; for he always declares himself to be in bad health, and nothing provokes him so much as hinting that he is in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he keeps much within doors, he is obliged sometimes to have recourse to books as an amusement, and takes some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obstinate, or no adventure however surprising, delights him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms are faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Plaintive, continually consults practitioners in physic of every denomination, though he never admits that any of them hath ever done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advise him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismisses as theorists, and men unacquainted with the common practice of medicine.

Plaintive is fond of telling long stories; he is generally the hero of his own tale; and being of the

opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology, the incidents of the narrative are seldom entertaining.

His complaints, no doubt, are often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wishes his friend to imagine them. For though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it.

RULING PASSION.

It is reported that the supreme delight of Frederic the First, King of Prussia, through life, had been to see his troops exercise; in his last illness, when he was uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men under arms, operated like a cordial, and revived his spirits.—His eyes became dim, he could no longer see the soldiers, and he expired. This was feeling the ruling passion strongly in death*.

* It is reported of Chirac, the celebrated physician, that on his death bed he felt his own pulse, imagining that he was on a visit to one of his patients, and cried out—"I have been called too late; the patient has been bled, and he ought to have been purged; he is a dead man;" and in a few minutes expired.

ENGLISH.

NOTHING contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life; that is, that they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissention, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

THOSE qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

THE CONTENTED YOUNG INVALID.

WE arrived about three in the morning at a most miserable hotel, without the gates of C——. Had we been ever so much disposed to complain of hard-

ship or fatigue, every murmur would have been suppressed by the behaviour of a young dragoon, who jumped from behind our carriage as soon as it stopped. His arm was in a scarf; he had lost at the action near M—, his thumb and two of his fingers—he told us he had been at Paris to solicit a small pension, to prevent him from starving; “because,” added he, holding up his wounded hand, “with this single hand, I can neither fire a musket, nor work; the secretary of the minister, told me that I could not obtain a pension, without a recommendation from my colonel; I saw very well qu’il se f— de moi; for I knew that my colonel was with the army. I immediately determined to set out for it myself. The politeness of Monsieur le Courier, invited me to go behind your chaise, where I have sat as happy as a king, for I always have been very fortunate.”

This poor fellow, had a little dog in his arms, which he endeavoured to dry with the skirts of his coat. We lamented to see him quite drenched with rain. “It is nothing to me, citizen—I am used to it; but I fear my poor dog may be cold; come, come hither, poor fellow, and warm yourself;” continued the dragoon, caressing the dog: “my wife got this little dog when he was quite a puppy, and it will prove the most fortunate thing in the world, for I intend him as a present to my colonel, who is distractedly fond of dogs, and will, in return, give me a strong recommendation; but I have all my life been a very fortunate fellow.”

“You say you have two children,” said I—“yes, citizen,” replied he, “and both by my wife.”

“I do not understand how you could maintain your wife and two children on the pay of a dragoon.”

—“The truth is,” answered he, “it was my wife who maintained me and the children. She used to get three livres ten sols for making a shirt; now there are no people of quality, she receives only forty sols. I do not complain, because I am a good patriot—however, I have always been very fortunate.”

FIGHTING.

THERE seems to be some principle in nature which renders the sight of fighting highly interesting to the generality of mankind. In this country, the only mortal combats which are permitted, and prevail as a public amusement, are those of cocks; but the shocking scenes which were acted on the Roman amphitheatres, prove to what a height this taste for bloody spectacles may be brought in a whole nation. To behold men cut and mangle each other; to expose them to be torn in pieces fighting with wild beasts, became the favourite entertainment of that people, and increased to such a degree, that all other amusements became comparatively insipid; they remained whole days in the amphitheatre, feasting their eyes on these horrid scenes, from which the calls of business or duty, were often too feeble to draw them. Were the Romans of a different nature from the rest of mankind? or, were the hearts of that people gradually hardened by the horrid policy of permitting such spectacles? Is it clear that those who take delight in viewing cocks mangle and kill each other, but think with horror of what passed on the Roman amphitheatres, would not gradually come to delight in the combats of gladiators, and of wild

beasts, if such combats were permitted by the government and laws of the country? Mankind are essentially the same in all climates; the points on which they differ are few and trifling, when compared with those in which they agree. Britons are more humane than the Romans, because their government is better, their laws milder, and because the same scenes of cruelty are not exhibited before their eyes. The Poet's observation respecting vice in general, is peculiarly true when applied to scenes of cruelty:—

“Which to be hated, need but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*.”

ENNUI.

OF all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is the use of intoxicating liquors: that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium, excited by spirituous liquors, which soon carries them to their graves.

LE PEUPLE,

IN France, is a term of reproach---un homme du peuple, implies a want of both education and man-

ners; un homme comme il faut, on the other hand, does not imply a man of sense or principle, but simply a man of birth or fashion; for a man may be homme comme il faut, and yet be devoid of every quality which adorns human nature.

LE ROI.*

AN Englishman, though he views the virtues of his king, with a jealous eye,† during his reign, yet he will do them all justice in the reign of his successor.

A German, while he is silent with respect to the foibles of his prince, admires all his talents, much more than he would the same qualities in another person.

A Turk or Persian, contemplates his emperor with reverence and fear, as a superior being, to whose pleasure it is his duty to submit as to the laws of nature, and the will of providence.

* We translate le Roi, by "the King," which is by no means equivalent. Le Roi does himself and makes others do what he pleases. The king cannot do what he pleases, but acts according to the wishes of his people.

† Who will assert that this remark is applicable? Do not all Englishmen unite in admiring the royal virtues, and join in the ardent prayer—That it may please the Guardian Power which has so signally stood forward as the safeguard and defence of their truly beloved sovereign, still to prove his shield in every danger, protect his life, crown his days with health and happiness, long prosper his auspicious reign, and shower down his choicest blessings on his anointed head?

But a Frenchman, while he enumerates the follies of his king, and laughs at them, is nevertheless attached to him by a sentiment of equal respect and tenderness. *Roi* is a word which conveys to his mind the ideas of benevolence, gratitude, and love; as well as those of power, grandeur, and happiness.*

MISFORTUNE.

DIFFICULTIES, dangers, misfortunes, often strike at particles of genius which might otherwise have remained latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth, and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt. I imagine the same analogy, holds in some degree, between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, and gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish, insensibility in that breast, which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

There are many exceptions, but in general those persons who are exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, are endued with the truest sympathy.

THE VALETUDINARIAN AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

How do you find my pulse, Doctor?

* The Frenchman, which our author sketches, is that of 1779.

Upon my word, much better than could have been expected, after what you have told me.

How does my tongue appear?

Very clean indeed.

Alas! what renders my cure so hopeless, is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of, and prescribe for?

I acknowledge I should be much at a loss.

Though my whole system is deranged, yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, Doctor?

They really seem so.

What a pity it is, Doctor, that I never had the gout; that is a disease, I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure.

A fit of the gout, certainly does, sometimes, remove other complaints.

Cannot you, then, give me a fit directly?

Indeed, I cannot.

Your's seems to be a very unfortunate profession, Doctor; for, although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.

What you observe, is very true.

A good many of your profession, have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late.

A great many, Sir;—bye-and-bye, I suppose, no man will presume to practise medicine without it.

As in the days of chivalry, when no man could lawfully kill on the high-way, till he was dubbed a knight. But what do you intend, Doctor, to prescribe for my complaints; you must be sensi-

ble that there is no time to be lost?—True, Sir, I shall order you some restorative draughts: but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect, will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback, three or four hours every day before dinner.

You mean, when the weather is fine:

I mean all weathers.

UPSTARTS.

ENGLAND, is perhaps, the only nation in Europe, where some individuals of every profession, even of the lowest, find it possible, to accumulate great fortunes; the effect of this, frequently is, that the son despises the profession of the father, commences gentleman, and dissipates, in a few years, what cost a life to gather. In the principal cities of Germany and Italy, we find, that the ancestors of many of those citizens, who are the most eminent in their particular businesses, have transmitted the art to them through several generations. It is natural to imagine, that this will lead to the improvement of the art or science, or profession, as well as the family fortune; and that the third generation, will acquire knowledge from the experience, as well as wealth from the industry of the former two; whereas, in the cases alluded to above, the wheel of fortune moves differently. A man, by assiduity, in a particular business, and by genius, may acquire great fortune, and a high reputation; the son, throws away the fortune and his character by extravagance; and the grandson, is obliged to recommence the business,

unaided by the wealth or experience of his ancestors. This, however, is pointing out an evil, which any wise man should be sorry to see remedied; because, it certainly originates in the riches and prosperity of the country in which it exists.

INQUISITION.*

THAT court is now greatly abridged in power, and on that account only, perhaps, less cruel, than formerly.

Heretofore, the King of Spain,† seemed on some occasions, to have been subservient to the power of that tremendous tribunal, and the mere executioners of its vengeance. Now it is dwindled into an engine in the hands of the king.

* Our young reader will doubtless be glad to know the origin of the Inquisition, as well as the name of the monster who established it.—It was founded by Innocent the Third, in the year 1200. That Pope, as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprises, having sent Dominic with some missionaries into Languedoc, these men so irritated the Protestants whom they were sent to convert, that most of them were assassinated at Toulouse. It was then he called in for aid temporal arms, and published against them a crusade; granting, as was usual with the Popes on similar occasions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against those *Mahometans*, as he stiled these unfortunate men. Raimond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were all put to the sword without distinction of age or sex; and thus he established that scourge of Europe, *the Inquisition*.

† It was as late as the year 1481, before it became known in Spain. A Dominican, John de Torquemado, Confessor of Queen Isabella, prevailed upon her to use every means to exter-

The dreadful ceremony called *auto-da-fé*, now held in as much abhorrence by most of the Catholics, as by Protestants, was always attended by Philip the Second; and he exacted the same punctuality from his grandees and nobles of both sexes. This was assuredly, the greatest victory that superstition ever gained over humanity; or the greatest proof of the abject complaisance of courtiers to the vitiated taste of a king, that could be given. The deluded populace, in the mean time, poured execrations on the miserable victims, as they were led to execution, and seemed to take the same delight with the tyrant, in their agonies.

How strongly does this illustrate the danger of admitting power into the hands of the populace. This Philip, the most unrelenting tyrant that ever Spain knew, was not more cruel and unrelenting than the common people of Madrid.

It is probable, however, that the populace, as well as Philip, were prompted by another motive, besides their horrid taste for executions: they, by their acclamations, and by the curses they poured on the wretched victims leading to execution, paid slavish court to the tyrant, and the inquisitors; *he*, infinitely more absurd, imagined that he thus expiated his sins, and secured himself a distinguished place in Paradise.

minate Heresy and Heretics; and she gained over King Ferdinand to consent to the establishment of this barbarous tribunal. Torquemado, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy see, in the space of fourteen years, that he exercised the office of chief Inquisitor, persecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames.

But whatever gratification a gloomy-minded tyrant, or a brutal populace might derive from such spectacles as *auto-da-fés*, they might have revolted the feelings of the royal family, and their attendants in general.* This was probably observed by the inquisitors, who, therefore, seemed to have exacted it as a duty, or at least praised it as a merit, to be present at such dreadful ceremonies. How else can we account for the succeeding kings, with their families and many of the nobility, even attending on such occasions? Nothing, it seems, but the dread of being a victim, could ever induce a person of common humanity, to be a spectator of such hellish exhibitions.

The last very grand *auto-da-fé* † that was exhibited at Madrid, was in the year 1680, of which a pompous account was afterwards published, with a list of the sufferers, and the sentence on each. This work is dedicated to Charles the Second, then King of Spain, who is styled the *pillar of the faith, captain-general of the militia of God*; and highly praised

* Voltaire justly attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror the proceedings of the Inquisition spread. He says—"A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people: friendship and sociability were all at an end! Brothers were afraid of brothers; fathers of their children."

† The Inquisition chose to punish Heretics by *fire*, in preference to any other punishment; because it is to elude the maxim, *Ecclesia non novit sanguinum*, which they conceive to be observed in these punishments: as burning a man, they say, does not *break his bones, or shed his blood*. Thus Religion, or rather superstition has her quibbles as well as law.

for his fortitude, in remaining so long at this pious spectacle, notwithstanding the *heat of the weather*; “a constancy,” it is added, “worthy of the admiration of future ages.” In this work, which is warmly recommended to the perusal of all sincere Christians, a faithful list is also given of all the nobility, of both sexes, who were present, with as minute a description of their dresses, as appears in our newspapers after a birth-day, for the author observes, that, “in what regards so sacred a ceremony, every circumstance is of importance.

Notwithstanding the eloquence of this author, this ceremony has never been since performed in Spain with equal pomp, and seldom takes place at all. Yet the court of inquisition, has not been entirely abolished; but is still held out *in terrorem*, especially against open impiety, and French principles. It would be well for inquisitors if their power had never been exercised for worse purposes.

FASHIONABLE GAMING TABLE.

“I cannot conceive,” said lady Aspice, to her partner, “what is the meaning of your holding such very bad cards.”

The gentleman confessed, with every mark of contrition, “that his cards had been very bad.”

“Bad!” rejoined she: “they were detestable, Sir!—I never saw any body hold such cards: I own I do not understand it.”

“Why, Madam,” said he, “that my cards were bad, was my misfortune, as well as your ladyship’s.

“That is nothing to the purpose,” rejoined she.

“ I really do not know what apology would satisfy you,” resumed the gentleman, “ but I may safely assure your ladyship, upon my honour, laying his hand on his breast, “ that I had all the inclination in the world, to hold good cards.”

“ Sir,” replied she, with a look of dignity, “ I would not, willingly, call any gentleman’s honour in question ; but I cannot help remarking, that you had good hands, when you were her Grace’s partner : it was not till you became mine, that you had bad cards. This, you will permit me to say, seems to be a little unaccountable.”

“ However unaccountable it may seem, I think I can explain it,” said the Dutchess, interfering.---
 “ The gentleman’s having held honours when he was my partner, and not when he was your’s, may have proceeded from my being at present in a run of good luck.”

“ That will account for it, unquestionably ; but I wish your grace had been so good as to have informed me of it a little sooner.”

“ Why, truly, I only began to suspect it myself after I had won the second rubber ; and I was not absolutely certain, until after I had won the third.”

SQUANDER

WAS distinguished by spending more money with less enjoyment than any English traveller in Italy. Without any knowledge of horses, or any love for the animal, he kept a stable of English horses. His incitement to this was his having heard a certain peer who had a violent passion for the turf, mentioned

with admiration for having established a horse-race in the English style. Mr. Squander matched one of his horses with one of his lordship's, and had the renown of losing a greater sum than ever was lost at a horse-race at Naples; what rendered this the more memorable though the less surprising was, that he rode himself. He gave frequent entertainments, to which he invited his own countrymen only; they generally ended in drunkenness, noise, and riot. He bought pictures, statues, and seals, because they were highly praised by the venders; and afterwards gave them away in presents, because they were despised by the rest of the world. Without any inclination for gaming, this young man was ready on the slightest invitation to join any party at deep play. As he was devoid of skill, and played without attention, he generally lost the most, and sometimes was the only person who lost at all.

PHYSIOGNOMY.*

“NOTHING depends more on whim, or is more uncertain than the pretended art of physiognomy;”

* The following curious physiological definition of *physiognomy*, in which the author portrays it as the image of the soul, is extracted from a publication by Dr. Swither, of the year 1604.

“Soft wax cannot receive more various and namerous impressions than are imprinted on a man's face by *objects* moving his affections. To prove it, let one observe a man's face looking on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a strange, then on a terrible or dangerous object, and so forth. That *ideas* have the same effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often. The manner I conceive to be thus:—The animal spirits, moved in the sensory by one object, continue their motion to the

“ Yet, Madam, it never fails to have some influence on our opinion.”

“ It ought not. It may mislead us greatly. You ought, my dear, to beware of imagining that vice is connected with deformity, and virtue with external beauty. Candour and charity ought to prevent our suspecting any person of being bad, till we have reason to believe so from their conduct.”

CHIRURGICAL APATHY.

“ You do not think this poor gentleman in danger !” said Mad. —

“ A person of your ladyship’s excellent understanding must know,” replied the Surgeon, “ that gun-shot wounds are attended with danger.”

“ This is only a pistol-shot wound.”

“ Very judiciously observed ; that certainly makes a difference ; it happens unluckily, however, that even pistol-shot wounds prove sometimes mortal.”

“ brain ; whence the motion is propagated to this or that particular part of the body, as is most suitable to the design of its creation ; having first made an alteration in the *face* by its nerves, especially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motorii* acting its many muscles. Now, if by repeated acts, or frequent entertaining of the ideas of a favourite idea of a passion or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to or custom dragged, the face is so often put into that posture which attends such acts, that the animal spirits find such latent passages into its nerves, that it is sometimes unalterably set.—Hence it is that we see great *drinkers* with eyes generally set towards the nose, the adduceal muscles being often employed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass. From this, also, we may solve the *Quaker’s* expecting face, waiting the pretended spirit.”

“The bullet, I understand, passed through his arm only.”

“Had it passed through his heart *also*, it would have been more dangerous, to be sure,” said the Surgeon.

“You have extracted the ball?”

“I have, Madam; and quite in the manner recommended by Mons. Lewis at Paris; it is by much the safest.”

“It must have been very painful.”

“Painful! not in the least, Madam! I performed it with the greatest ease.”

“I mean, Sir, painful to the patient.”

“To the *patient*; Oho! your ladyship spoke of the patient. Why, yes, a good deal, perhaps.—I have seen many suffer more.—There is no knowing;” said the Surgeon carelessly.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

“I FEAR that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you,” said the Physician.

“I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions,” said the Portuguese, “but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man’s behaviour, that it should be otherwise; could you be surprised if *it* were as you suspect?”

“Nor shall I be surprised,” rejoined the Doctor; “if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This

is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian Religion."

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the Physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian Religion!" cried the Portuguese in terror and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horror! Why! Sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James, and all the hosts of heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have always from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend, resumed the Physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the *spirit* of the Christian Religion half as well as you believe what the church exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your Pater-Noster, Ave-Maria, and Credo to the least bead of the Rosary; that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian Religion have any thing

to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villain who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The Physician founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a physician who sometimes read the Bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious, he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was who had preached this sermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound christianity.

LETTER

Of a Travelling Groom, giving an account of Paris and of the French.

A MONSEER

Monseer BENJAMIN JACKSON, *che le Count*
de ———.

ENGLITERR, ———shire.

HAVING received your's per course, this serves to let you know that I am well and hearty.

Since you and your sister Bess desire it, I shall now write to you about the description of this here

town and country. In my own private opinion, Paris is but a tiresome town to live in, for there is none of the common necessities of life, as porter or good ale; and as for their beef, they boil it to rags. Wine to be sure is cheaper here, but not so strong and genuine as in London.

I have been at the French King's palace, which they call Versailles in their language; it is out of town, the same as Kew or Windsor is with our King: I went first and foremost to see the stables, which, to be sure, is very grand, and there they have some very good-looking horses, especially English hunters: it grieved me to see so many of our own best subjects in the service of our lawful enemy, which, to be sure, the French King is.

We little think how many of our fellow-creatures are seduced from England to distant countries, and exposed to the worst of usage, from both the French and the Spaniards; for none of them know how an English horse ought to be treated.

When I was at Versailles, I saw the dauphiness, which is all the same as the Prince of Wales's wife with us; she is one of the prettiest women I have seen in France, being very fair and blooming; and more like an Englishwoman than a French.

She rides like the ladies in England, with both her legs on the same side of the horse; whereas I have seen many women, since I came abroad, ride on horse-back like men, which I think a bad contrivance, and I am surprised their husbands permit it.

I have seen the French horse-guards, which they call *jongdarmes*; the men are smart-looking young fellows enough, but the horses are poor, washy things, in comparison of our dragoons.

The Swiss guards are stout men, clothed in scarlet, the same as our soldiers; but they have moustaches on their lips, like the rat-catcher in St. Giles's.

The French foot-guards, are dressed in blue, and all the marching regiments in white, which has a very foolish appearance for soldiers; and as for blue regimentals, it is only fit for the blue horse, or the artillery.

I believe the French army would have no great chance with our troops, in a fair battle, upon plain ground. It is lucky for the Mounseers, that there is no road between Dover and Calais; but, as it is, I wonder the king does not send some regiments by sea to take Paris, which would make no great resistance; for there is no walls round the town.

I have sent unto you, by the bearer, a pappy mashee tobaccco-box, and a dozen pair of gloves, for your sister, who will also deliver to you this letter, which I have taken three days in writing, to oblige you and your sister; and I durst not write by the post, for if the French found this letter, they would take me up for a spy, and shut me up in the Bastile, during my life; and in England, I am told, all foreign letters are opened by the ministry, in which case, this might bring you into trouble, because of the box and gloves, which being counterband, against the act of Parliament, the king would be enraged if he knew of such a thing, which stands to reason, all smuggled goods being so much money out of his pocket.—All from, Dear Ben, with my kind love to your sister,

Your servant to command,

TH— D—.

GOOD BREEDING.

“ Jesus Maria!” cried the priest; “ If you think your patient cannot live longer, than about two, or at most three days; it is, Sir, your indispensable duty to tell him so.”

“ There is no cause, Father, for being in a heat,” said the Italian surgeon, bowing; “ but I cannot think it consistent with *politeness*, to tell a gentleman a disagreeable and unnecessary truth on *any* occasion. In France, such a thing would be considered quite unpardonable.”

“ How it would be considered in France, is very little to the purpose,” said the Monk; “ the important point is, how it will be considered in the other world, where the manner of thinking is very different from what it is in France.”

“ That is saying a severer thing of the other world than I should have expected from a man of your cloth,” said the surgeon.”

“ Will you, or will you not go directly, and acquaint your patient of his danger?” said the monk.

“ You cannot possibly imagine, my good father,” replied the surgeon, “ that I will behave so *unpolitely* to a gentleman, especially when he is on the point of leaving the world.”

“ Why, Sir,” rejoined the father, warmly; “ by concealing his danger from him, he may die without confession, and his soul, of course, will be lost for ever.”

“ As for his soul, and whether it shall be lost or saved, that is his affair, or your’s, if you please, my good father; but it is mine not to deviate from

the laws of *good-breeding* and *politeness*." So saying, with a low bow, he stepped into his carriage.

FILIAL PIETY.

I HAVE known, a Scotch servant, who, being young, thoughtless, and of a canty turn of mind, lived for some time out of place very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasuring, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate all the money, he had received from his last master, would soon have been *cast to the cocks*: but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew; he shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond. And when other servants pressed him very much, saying, "you used to be as fond of mirth and good wine as your neighbours;" Andrew shook his head, and replied, "if I drink wine, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day, he called on me with *ten pounds* he had amassed, which he desired me to pay to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit the value to his mother.

MOUNTAINEERS.

"O, Sir," said a valet to his master; "I have something to tell you, which I am sure will do your

heart good; the Genevese gentleman, you know, Mr. Bertrand, has at last found, and released and obtained the liberty of his old servant, poor Antonio, who having been presumed *guilty*, had been condemned to hard labour at Caserta.—I really do imagine, Sir, that there is something in the air of mountainous countries, exceedingly favourable to kindness of heart.—I have heard several travellers declare, that they had met with more hospitality in a short tour in the highlands of Scotland, than in their journies over all Flanders, and the low countries, although the last are as full of populous towns, as the former is of mountains.”

“ This Bertrand, is a citizen of Geneva, whose territories are not mountainous;” said the master, smiling.

“ Your honour, will be pleased to remember,” replied the valet, “ that Geneva is situated by a fine lake, just as the village of Buchanan is by Loch Lomond; and there are mountains at no great distance from both.”

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Two Scotch valets, travelling over Italy, in the absence of their master, had dined together upon hotch-potch and minched collops. After dinner, as neither

* The conduct of this giddy but accomplished, beautiful but unfortunate female, has been a theme of considerable animadversion, and much controversy. It is ingeniously pourtrayed in the following dialogue. She has been blamed to the extreme of virulence, and praised to the acmé of panegyric; nor is the opinion of the world yet settled as to the degree of admiration

was an enemy to the bottle, they pushed it pretty briskly between them, and the conversation became more and more animated every moment; while they talked of absent friends, the days of former years, the warlike renown of Scotland, and the romantic beauties of the country, they were in perfect unison; but with all the prejudices, which those two Caledonians had in common, there were some articles in which they differed diametrically. T——being a stripling of fifteen or sixteen years of age, had accompanied his master, a Scotch nobleman, who had taken a part in the rebellion of 1745; and had continued inseparably attached to his lordship, after the battle of Culloden, during a considerable time, in which they skulked among the most remote parts of the Highlands.—B——, was born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, the descendants of the ancient Covenanters, who suffered so

or detestation in which her character should be held. The violence of her enemies has only been exceeded by the zeal of her friends; and she has at once been the idol of worship, and the fœd of abhorrence. Thus has her history been reduced to a chaos of contradiction, where consummate censure, and unqualified praise so mingle in the discordant mass, that the utmost exertions of cultivated intellect are scarcely able to distinguish the suggestions of unadulterated truth from the ebullitions of malicious falsehood. It has been said, and not unaptly, that of three histories of her life, written in the time nearest to the age in which she lived, Camden's, whose annals were revised and corrected by James the first, is almost wholly devoid of truth; that Buchanan's told the whole truth, and more than the truth; and that Melvil's related the truth, but not the whole truth. The Rev. Mr. Whitaker's history of that Princess is superior to them all. Mary was beheaded in Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, on the eighth of February, 1537.

much oppression and religious persecution, by the absurd policy of the ministers of Charles the Second, and his brother James, which is still remembered with horror in that part of Scotland. As B——'s political sentiments were so different from those of T——, it would have been fortunate, (as the following anecdote will prove,) if the two friends had kept clear of any discourse on such subjects:—

“Mary Queen of Scots,” said T——, “was the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.”

“I have nothing to say, either against her beauty or her accomplishments,” replied B——; “but surely, Mr. T——, you must acknowledge that she was a ——?”

“Have a care what you say, Sir!” interrupted T——, “I’ll permit no man that ever wore breeches, to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen.”

“No man that ever wore either breeches or filibeg*,” replied B——, “shall prevent me from speaking the truth, when I see occasion.”

“Speak as much truth as you please, Sir,” rejoined T——; “but I declare, that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess, in my presence, while I can wield a claymore †.”

— “If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a papist,” said B——.

“Well, Sir,” cried T——, “What then? She

* A part of the Highland dress, which serves instead of breeches.

† The Highland broad-sword.

was like other people of the religion in which she was bred."

"I do not know where *you* may have been bred, Mr. T——," said B——; "for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet whore yourself. I should be glad to have that point cleared up before we proceed farther."

"I cannot say, that I understand your drift, Sir," replied T——; "but I am an adherent neither of a scarlet whore, nor of whores of any other colour."

"If that is the case," said B——, "you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots; for I will tell you in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary, was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband."

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than T—— flew at him like a tiger; and they were separated with difficulty.

"I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland," cried T——.

"As for retracting what I have said," replied B——, "that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that. So name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning."

"Why, now, directly!" cried T——; "there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us."

"I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but, since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword, and be with you directly," said B——.

B—— soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden.

“ Are you ready, Sir?” cried T——.

“ That I am.—Come on, Sir,” said B——, “ and the Lord be with the righteous.”

“ Amen!” cried T——, and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blow with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time; at length T—— making a feint at B——'s head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

“ I hope you are now sensible of your error,” said T——, dropping his point.

“ I am of the same opinion I was,” cried B——; “ so keep your guard.” So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon T——; who after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. B——, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat; but this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing in profusion into his eye, he could no longer see distinctly; T—— closing with him, became soon master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; standing over him he said, “ this may convince you, Mr. B——, that your's is not the righteous cause; you are in my power; but I will act as the Queen, whose character I defend, would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate Princess.”

He then assisted B—— to rise; and carried him to his chamber.

“ I must acknowledge, then,” said B——, “ that you behave like a Gentleman. Though I am a Whig, and you a Tory, I hope we are both honest men.

As you have behaved generously when my life was in your power, I have no scruple in saying, that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom you have an esteem."

"Mary Queen of Scots acquired the esteem of her very enemies," said T----; the elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy."

"She is now in the hands of a Judge," said B----, "who can never be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud."

"She is so, Mr. B----," replied T----, "and her rivals and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge."

"We had best leave them all to his justice and mercy then, and say no more on the subject," said B----; "for if Queen Mary's conduct upon earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded."

"One thing more I will say," rejoined T----; "and that is only to ask of you, whether it is probable that a woman, whose conscience was loaded with the crimes imputed to her, could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?"

"I always admired that last awful scene," said B----, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; "and I will freely acknowledge, that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than

the Queen of Scotland; she supported the dignity of a Queen, while she displayed the meekness of a Christian."

"I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us," said T. . . . affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation.

Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.