

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

BRUNSWICK

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

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

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

The academy of Brunswick has been new-modell-ed, and the plan of education improved, by the attention, and under the patronage of the Hereditary Prince*. Students now resort to this academy, from many parts of Germany, and there are generally some young gentlemen from Britain, who are sent to be educated here.

Such of them who are intended for a military life, will not find so many advantages united at any other place on the Continent, as at the academy of Brunswick. They will be here under the protection of a family, partial to the British nation: every branch of science is taught by masters of known abilities.—The young students will see garrison duty regularly performed, and may, by the interest of the Prince, obtain liberty to attend the reviews of the Prussian troops, at Magdebourg and Berlin.—They will have few temptations to expence, in a town where they can see no example of extravagance—have few opportunities of dissipation, and none of gross debauchery.

The country about Brunswick, is agreeable; you are particularly pleased to see some gentlemen's seats near this town; a sight very rare in Germany, where, if you avoid towns and courts, you may travel a great extent of country, without perceiving houses

Prince fell suddenly on the enemy's cavalry, who unsuspecting of his approach, were encamped, carelessly within a mile of the town. They were immediately dispersed, and spread such an alarm among the infantry, that they also retreated with considerable loss. Early in the morning, the young Prince entered Brunswick, amidst the acclamations of his fellow-citizens, whom he had relieved from the horrors of a siege.

* Now the reigning Prince.

for any order of men between the prince and the peasant.

PARIS

(Under the Tyranny of Robespierre.)

INSTEAD of that gay metropolis, the ingenuity, the taste, and even the absurdities of whose inhabitants afforded instruction, entertainment, and laughter, to the rest of Europe, Paris seems now to be the abode of terror and cruelty, from whence the neighbouring nations are menaced with devastation and ruin!

Who could have imagined, that a nation so fond of amusement and pleasantry, would have been the abode of so much misery?

It were to be wished, that France could with truth, say to the rest of Europe, what Scarron, the husband of Madam Maintenon, said to his relations, weeping round his death-bed:—I shall never make you weep, so much as I have made you laugh.

THE SAILOR.

“I’LL give you a shilling, my lad,” said I, “if you’ll tell me who the lady is who came out of that cottage, and stepped into the chaise.”—She had struck me by the loveliness of her face, as well as by the elegance and symmetry of her person.

“I would give you half-a-crown myself to know who she is,” answered the sailor.

“I know your generosity as well as your taste, my honest fellow; and you will oblige me by accept-

ing this half guinea to drink the woman's health, you admire so much."

"Thank your honour," replied the sailor. "All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has just set sail, is, that I am sure she is an English woman."

"How can you be sure even of that?" said I.

"Because all your foreign women, were they ever so handsome, have something of an outlandish look, which this lady has not," replied the sailor.

"You have seen a great many foreign women, perhaps," resumed I.

"I have sailed round the world."

"You must, then, have had great opportunities.—And pray, where did you see the handsomest?"

"Why, please your honour, taking them all in all," rejoined the sailor, "I do not know but the handsomest women I ever saw, that is to say out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpse of some Greek girls belonging to an old Turk."

"To an old Turk!"

"Yes, very old, please your honour. One might have thought he had no more use for so many girls, than a dog hath for a side pocket, as the saying is. But the sight I had of them, had like to have cost me very dear."

"Those Greek girls, came nearest in beauty to the lady who is just gone, you think?" said I.

"No, please your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes nearest in the article of face, which is all I can speak to, in respect of Nell."

“ You think, then, that Nell Smith, herself, is not quite so handsome as that lady.”

“ I cannot, in conscience, say she is,” replied the sailor! “ though, for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance sake.

MANHEIM,

Is reckoned one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. The streets are all as straight as arrows, being what they call *livrés au cordeau*, and intersect each other at right angles. This never fails to please at first, but becomes sooner tiresome than a town built with less regularity. When a man has walked through the town for half a forenoon, his eyes search in vain for variety; the same objects seem to move along with him, as if he had been all the while a-ship-board.

They calculate the number of inhabitants at 24,000, including the garrison, which consists of 5000 men. This town, has three noble gates, adorned with basso-relievos very beautifully executed. You can walk round the ramparts with ease in the space of an hour. The fortifications are well contrived, and in good order, and the town acquires a great additional strength from being almost entirely surrounded by the Neckar and the Rhine, and situated in a flat, not commanded by any rising ground. Yet, perhaps, it would be better that this city were quite open, and without any fortification. An attempt to defend it might prove the destruction of the citizens houses and the electoral palace. A palace is injudiciously situated when built within a fortified

town, because a threat of the enemy to bombard it, might induce the garrison to surrender.

The electoral palace is a most magnificent structure, situated at the juncture of the Rhine and the Neckar.—The cabinet of natural curiosities, and the collection of pictures, are much vaunted.

THE GERMAN PRINCES,

ARE minute observers of form. The same establishment for their household, the same officers in the palace, are to be found here, as in the court of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The difference lies more in the salaries, than in the talents requisite for these places; one pay-master for the forces, has greater emoluments in England, than a grand marechal; a grand chamberlain, two secretaries of the state, and half-a-dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The sovereign princes in Germany, have an unlimited power over their people; and may sell the persons of their subjects, or employ them in any other way they think proper. If you ask the question in direct terms, of a German, he will answer in the negative, and will talk of certain rights which the subjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council, or general diet of the Empire, for relief. But after all his ingenuity and distinctions, you find that the barriers which protect the peasant from the power of the prince, are so weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up, and that the only security the peasant has for his person and property, must proceed

from themoderation, good sense, and justice of his sovereign*.

THE SENTINEL.

August 15, 1792.

I WENT this morning to see the Temple*—Great misfortunes interest the mind, like great virtues. The cruel reverse the royal family of France now experience, has seldom been absent from my thoughts.

Being informed, that there was a particular spot behind the building, from which I had a great probability of having my curiosity gratified, I went there in company with two gentlemen, and a valet de place.

* To the honour of German princes, it must be said that, happily, this unlimited power has been in general found to be placed in equitable hands, who have employed it entirely for the good of their subjects, by whom they are beloved.

* This building, originally belonged to the order of Knights Templars, which arose in the time of the earliest Crusades, and was destroyed with the most shocking circumstances of cruelty, on incredible pretexs, in the year 1313, by the avidity and revenge of Philip the Fair, with the concurrence of Pope Clement V. who was then in France. The ground which belongs to the temple, is surrounded by a high wall, on part of which are a kind of battlements. This wall also incloses a garden belonging to the principal body of the building; a great many houses, and separate buildings have been added, which are inhabited by tradesmen, who enjoy particular privileges. Before the revolution, the whole was an asylum for debtors.—Now, in its towers are detained, those who are accused of high-treason. The buildings which filled its inclosure, have been, in part, demolished, and some streets have been opened, which communicate with those of *La Corderie*.

A person whom I accidentally met on the spot, pointed out two windows in the tower, which he said belonged to the apartments of the King and Queen, and at which they were sometimes seen.

While I stood looking at the windows, one of the national-guards, who was a sentinel near the place came up, and addressing me, said, "Vous prolongez vos observations un peu trop, Monsieur; passez votre chemin s'il vous plait." (You prolong your observations a little too much, Sir; you had better be gone.)

Before I had time to speak, the valet de place said, "Ces messieurs sont des etrangers...des Anglois." (These gentlemen are foreigners...they are English.)

The sentinel replied, "Ici je ne connois personne," (at this place I make no distinction,) and then repeated what he had said.

"Mais, Monsieur, pourquoi;" (but why?) resumed the valet.

"Pourquoi!" said the centinel, a little fiercely, "parce qu'ille faut," (because it must be so.)

I checked the valet, and we did what the soldier required; for to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson, *the request was reasonable, and the argument cogent.*

The situation of that unfortunate family is so affecting, that it might awaken the feelings of the most callous-hearted statesmen, and incline them to measures of mildness, and even generosity.

FRENCH FINANCES.

MANY imagine that it will be a long time before the finances of France can recover the extraordinary drains they have of late undergone*: it must be remembered, however, that her resources are prodigious, of which nothing can afford more convincing proofs than the rapidity with which, on former occasions, she acquired riches and prosperity, after being exhausted by civil dissensions or foreign wars.

She revived from all the disasters of the bloody civil war of the league, with wonderful quickness, and acquired new dignity and unprecedented prosperity under Henry IV.

A very short time after the civil dissensions and war of the Fronde, her greatness and wealth excited the jealousy, and resisted the force of several powerful states which combined against her.

* Had Dr. Moore been inclined to sacrifice truth to interested views, and his judgment to his ambition; a hireling of courts and ministers, he could have darkened the political picture of the French finances; and thus he would have infallibly obtained titles and pensions as well as some of his profession, or as that modern prophet in politics, that knight-errant, who, Don Quixote like, annually signs the bankruptcy of the French Treasury, and with his indefatigable quill gives the death-blow to the French Republic.—But such was not Dr. Moore's character; and he has gained and deserved what is infinitely more precious than titles and pensions, an unsullied reputation of moderation, sagacity, and love of truth: he lived cherished for his unassuming modesty, sought after for his wit, ingenuity, and knowledge of the world, beloved for his benevolence, and respected for his unshaken integrity: he has died deeply and sincerely lamented by a respectable family, and a numerous circle of friends, and regretted as an interesting, sensible, and sagacious writer.—F. P.

The sudden recovery from the disastrous condition to which France was reduced at the two epochs above mentioned, was partly owing to the talents of the two princes who reigned immediately after them.

The first, (Henry IV.) being blessed with benevolence and genius, had at once the inclination to raise his country from the calamitous state in which she was, and the power to execute it—he was in reality a great king.

The second, (Louis XIV.) has been called the best actor of a great king that ever lived.

VEVAY

Is a pretty little town, containing between three or four thousand inhabitants. It is sweetly situated on a plain, near the head of the lake of Geneva, where the Rhone enters. The mountains behind the town, though exceedingly high, are entirely cultivated.

The principal church is detached from the town, and situated on a hill which overlooks it. From the terrace, or church-yard, there is a view of the Alps, the Rhone, the lake, with towns and villages on its margin.—Within the church the body of General Ludlow is deposited. That steady Republican withdrew from Lausanne to this place, after the assassination of his friend Lisle, who was shot through the heart, as he was going to church, by a ruffian, who had come across the lake for that purpose, and who, amidst the confusion occasioned by the murder, got safe to the boat, and escaped to the Duke of Savoy's territories on the other side, where he was openly

protected. This was a pitiful way of avenging the death of a monarch, who, whether justly or not, had been publicly condemned, and executed.

There is a long Latin epitaph on Ludlow's monument, enumerating many circumstances of his life, but omitting the most remarkable of them all. He is called, *patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrarie propugnator accerrimus, &c**. But no nearer hint is given of his having been one of king Charles the First's judges, and of his having signed the sentence against that ill-fated prince.

However fond the Swiss in general may be of liberty, and however partial to its assertors, it is presumable that those who protected Ludlow did not approve of this part of his story, and on that account a particular mention of it was not made on his tomb.

PASQUINADE†.

WHEN the city of Paris erected an equestrian statue in honour of Louis XV. (a statue which was

* A defender of the liberty of his native country, and a determined opposer of arbitrary power, &c.

† This word is synonymous with lampoon, and takes its origin from the statue of Pasquin at Rome, which with that of Manforio has served as vehicle for the keenest satire in a land of a most uncontroled despotism. The statue of Pasquin is of marble greatly mutilated, it stands at the corner of the palace of the Ursinos; and it is supposed to be the figure of a gladiator: That of Manforio is placed in another quarter of Rome; it lies at its whole length; according to some it represents, *Panarium Jovum*, according to others, the river *Rhine* or *Var*. To

begun by Bouchardon, and finished by Pigal); an inscription for it was handed about; it was in Latin, and very short :

STATUA STATUÆ.

The statue of a statue.*

No danger is sufficient to restrain the Parisians from writing and spreading such Pasquinades, which are greatly relished by the whole nation.

one or other of these *statues* are affixed during the concealment of the night, those satires or lampoons, which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves.—An anonymous author has given the following account of the statue of Pasquin—a satirical shoemaker of that name, who lived at Rome, amused himself with rallying very severely those who passed by his shop. He soon became famous; and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the *Peter Pindar* of his day. But his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest on his shop board. Sometime after his death there was found under the pavement of his shop, this statue of an ancient gladiator. It was soon set up, and by universal consent, was inscribed with his name. They attempt to raise him from the dead by frequently reviving his spirit, and rendering the statue worthy of the name it bears.

* Many other epigrams were handed about :

Bouchardon est un animal,
Et son ouvrage fait pitié.
Il place les vices à cheval;
Et met les vertus à pied

Voilà notre Roi comme il est a Versailles,
Sans foi, sans loi, & sans entrailles.

Both are too severe: wicked inclinations, and cruelty of temper did not belong to Louis the fiftenth.

MONT BLANC*.

At the sight of its hoary majesty, I remembered the following lines :

So Zembla's rocks, (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Fill the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent sky ;
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

 THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

Mrs. — “ Pray who are the parents of this charming boy ? ”

Old woman.—“ The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country. They told me he was brought there, when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman, who said she was not his mother: who was his mother, is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out ; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither

* It is the highest mountain of the ancient world—whose height is reckoned to be of 15,666 feet, above the level of the sea.

father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the Bible days, which is different from these here times: so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. — affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices said; "are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. — was touched with the child's answers, which strongly painted his helpless lot and the cruel indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

DR. SANGRADO.

“DR. T——” said a citizen’s lady, “has an excellent method of cure: he orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the stomach; and the regimen he prescribes, consists of nourishing soups and jellies, which he says, support the system, and not hot water and bleeding, like Dr. Sangrado, who starves his patients.”

“Who is Doctor Sangrado?”* said Sir Robert.

“I know nothing farther about him,” replied she, “for I never employed him myself; but I suppose he is some Scotch Doctor; for none could have a prejudice in favour of starving, but those who are accustomed to it from their infancy.”

 EULOGY ON PORT WINE.

“I NEVER knew,” said Mrs. B—— “that port wine was so much relished at the universities.”

“Relished!” cried W—— whom the claret he had drank after dinner had put in a gay mood, “that it is,” continued he, “most of the students over and above all their other improvements, acquire at the universities a decided taste for port wine.”

It is the best taste they can acquire,” said Mrs. B—— “for it is not only the cheapest, but also the wholesomest wine they can drink. I have always found it so; I have never been troubled with any

* Is it not surprising that the literate city knight had not read Gil Blas?

complaint since I took to port, except the gout, and now and then a fit of indigestion."

W—— "Do you not think those sufficient?"

B—— "Certainly; and more than sufficient.— Yet they are not owing to port, but to the cursed claret and burgundy, which I drank in my youth, and the reason is plain."

W—— "I will thank you for the reason, for plain as it is, I cannot see it?"

B—— "The reason is, because they are weaker and colder on the stomach."

W—— "Those then who have confined themselves all their lives to water, should have the gout oftener and more severely than others."

B—— "I know nothing about water drinkers, Mrs. *W*——; I kept no such company; but this I do know by experience, that genuine port-wine never injured the health of man, woman, or child."

W—— "Port-wine does not inspire those light airy fancies, which your thin sparkling French wines produce; but solid, substantial, and weighty conversation."

B—— "I always found it so. Besides it keeps my gout fixed to my feet, and has never allowed it to mount to my head. Who can prove to me, that I should not have had it there long ago, if I had drank as much of your d——d washy claret, as I have done of port?"

W—— "Port-wine inspires politics as copiously as the streams of Castalia did poetry."

B—— "As for my part, I never taste any stream whatever; but I have been told that the greatest politician in the kingdom, drinks nothing but port-wine."

W. — “How could he otherwise have stood so long against opposition?”

B. — “I suspect that the leading members of opposition, deal too much in your frisky French wines, and in that stream you mentioned.”

W. — “You think, perhaps, they had better apply to the great politician you mentioned, for a portion of his port.”

B. — “That is my real opinion.”

W. — “It must be owned, that a very great many people in this country are of the same opinion.”

IDEOTS.

THE morning of the day on which we departed from the Prieurè, in the valley of Chamouni, I observed a girl of a very singular appearance, sitting before the door of one of the houses. When I spoke to her, she made no answer: but an elderly man, who had been a soldier, informed me that this girl was an idiot,* and had been so from her birth.

He took me to two other houses in the village, in each of which there was one person in the same melancholy situation; and he assured me, that all over the valley of Chamouni, in a family consisting five or six children, one of them generally speaking, was a perfect natural.

This was confirmed by some others, to whom I afterwards mentioned it; I was told at the same

* In the Valais, where they are also very numerous, they are called *Cretins*.

time, that the parents, so far from considering this as a misfortune, looked upon it as an indication of good luck to the rest of the family, and no unappiness to the individual, whom they always cherish and protect with the utmost tenderness.

I asked my soldier, if any of his own family were in that situation? “Non, Monsieur,” answered he, “et aussi j’ai passé une vie bien dure*.”

“Don’t you think those poor creatures very unhappy?”

“Demande pardon, Monsieur.—ils sont tres heureux †”

“But you would not like to have been born in that state yourself?”

“Vous croyes donc, Monsieur, que j’aurois été bien attrapé ‡”

“Attrapé!—Certainly, don’t you think so too?”

“Pour cela non Monsieur; je n’aurois jamais travaillé.§”

To one who has through life been obliged to work hard for a bare subsistence, labour appears the greatest evil, and perfect idleness the greatest blessing. If this soldier had been brought up in idleness, and had experienced all the horrors and dejection which attend indolent luxury, very possibly he would be of a different opinion.

* No, Sir; thus I have lead a very painful life.

† I ask your pardon, Sir; they are very happy.

‡ You believe, then, Sir; that I would have been very sorry for it.

§ Certainly not, Sir; for I would never have been obliged to work.

BENEVOLUS,

Who was uncommonly fond of music, was dressing to go to an opera, which was much admired, when he heard a murmuring of voices, in the passage below his chambers; on inquiry, he was told that it was occasioned by a workman who had dropped half a guinea that he had just received for his week's wages, which could not be found; and on which his own maintenance, and that of his wife and child, depended. It immediately struck Benevolus that he could afford to give the man the half-guinea by staying from the opera that night. He accordingly sent him the money and staid at home.

On another occasion, Benevolus having been prevailed on to promise to dine at a tavern with some young men, of whose company he was fond, was solicited for charity at the tavern-door by a woman with an infant suckling at each of her breasts, and two half-naked children following her. "For heaven's sake, a penny;" said the poor woman, "to purchase some bread!"—"We are very hungry," cried the children. Benevolus thrusting his hand in his pocket found he had just a guinea, and no other money of any kind.—"Good heaven!" thought he, "I am going to throw away the greatest part of this on a dinner, and it will maintain this poor woman and her children a fortnight!" He slipped the guinea into the poor woman's hand, and returning directly to his chamber, sent an apology to the company, and dined with more delight on a mutton-chop than he had ever experienced from the most luxurious dinner.

A JUDICIOUS MONOLOGUE.

“ Had your mother followed my advice, and married a Peer, then, my dear, you would have been of noble blood by both your parents.”—Thus writes my aunt. Hem! egad I am not quite sure how that might have turned out; let me consider,— My present mother’s son would not in that case have been the son of my late father; nay, he might not have been a son at all; and then the Lord only knows what would have become of me: I might for what I know, instead of a boy, have been a girl. I should not have relished that; for although I should have been probably a very pretty girl, and although women are better off now than in the days of yore, yet I fancy I am better as I am. Formerly it was a terrible bore to be a woman; now, to be sure, they have a good deal more liberty; they jaunt about every where as freely as the men; but still I don’t think I should ever have been brought to like being a woman; I could never have learnt to keep my seat on horseback with both legs on the same side, like a woman. Between friends, I do not think I should ever have been so disinterested and affectionate as a woman; I am convinced I never should have been modest like a woman. Then there is the bearing of children—ah, that is the very devil! It is clear I am much better as I am; and upon the whole, my dear aunt, I am better pleased that my mother did not follow your advice.

THE FARNESE HERCULES*

Has long been admired as an exquisite model of masculine strength; yet, admirable as it is, it does not please all the world. The women, in particular, find something unsatisfactory and even odious in this figure; which, however majestic, is deficient in the charms most agreeable to them, and which might have been expected in the son of Jupiter and beautiful Alcmena. A lady whom I accompanied to the Farnese palace turned away from it in disgust. I could not imagine what had shocked her. She told me, *after recollection*, that she could not bear the stern severity of his countenance, his large brawny limbs, and the club with which he was armed; which gave him more the appearance of one of those giants that, according to the old romance, carried away virgins, and shut them up in gloomy castles, than the gallant Hercules, the lover of Omphale. Finally, the lady declared she was convinced this statue could not be a just representation of Hercules; for it was not in the nature of things that a man so formed could ever have been a reliever of distressed damsels!

Without such powerful support as that of the fair sex, I should not have exposed myself to the resentment of connoisseurs, by any expression which they might construe an attack upon this favourite statue; but with their support, I will venture to assert, that the FARNESE HERCULES is faulty both in his form and attitude; the former is too unwieldy

* It has been transported to Naples.

for active exertion; and the latter exhibits *vigour exhausted*. A resting attitude is surely not the most proper in which the all-conquering god of strength could be represented. Rest implies fatigue, and fatigue strength exhausted. A reposing Hercules is almost a contradiction. Invincible activity and inexhaustible strength are his characteristics. The ancient artist has erred not only in giving him an attitude which supposes his strength wants recruiting, but in the nature of the strength itself, the character of which should not be passive but active.

ST. ROCHE.*

How shocked must have been sincere Catholics at what happened lately in the national assembly, (*in September, 1792*). Certain citizens brought to the bar a silver statue of St. Roche. "We have often addressed prayers to our St. Roche (said one of them) against the political plague which makes such ravages in France—he has given us no answer—we imagine his silence may possibly be owing to his form; and therefore bring him to you, that he may be converted into specie; hoping that, in this new

* That statue of St. Roche had been taken by those Vandals in the church of that name, situated in the second *arrondissement*, (jurisdiction) of the city of Paris. It is a building in a good style of architecture, erected in 1673 by Le Mercier, and finished by Robert Cote in 1736. It contains at present a few pictures, and some statues worthy of notice.

shape, he will better contribute to drive the pestiferous race of our enemies out of France."*

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

I met B— at a French house, where we had both been invited to dinner. There was an old lady of quality present, next to whom a young officer was seated, who paid her the utmost attention. He helped her to the dishes she liked, filled her glass with wine or water, and addressed his discourse particularly to her.—“What a fool,” says B—, “does that young fellow make of the poor old woman! If she were my mother, d—n me, if I would not call him to an account for it.†

* *St Roche* was usually invoked in times of plague and famine; as appears by the following humorous French verses:

Tourmentés de la faim,
 Ménacés de la peste,
 Bon *St. Roche*, nous ne craignons rien
 Si vous êtes notre soutien:
 Mais n'amenez pas votre chien;
 Nous n'avons pas du pain de reste.

† “French gallantry”, says a charming writer, “may differ in the manner from that practised in England, but it is far from having any claim to superiority. The gallantry of an Englishman is a sentiment; that of a Frenchman, a system. The first, if a lady happens to be old or plain, or indifferent to him, is apt to limit his attentions to respect or utility; now the latter never troubles himself with these distinctions, he is repulsed by no extremity of years nor deformity of feature; he adores with equal ardour both young and old. I have seen a youthful beau kiss with perfect devotion a ball of cotton dropped from the

UNREASONABLE INCREDULITY.

I was present when a member of the French Convention informed that assembly, that being in the commission for examining certain letters in the German language which had been intercepted, he had found one from a corporal in the Prussian army to his wife in Silesia. In this letter, he said there were many expressions of conjugal love, and parental affection, while in the same letter the French were painted in the blackest colours. "This poor corporal," continued the member, "has had the perseverance and generosity to save two ducats out of his pay, which he inclosed in the letter to his wife, who, it appears, was then in childbed. I desire to be authorised to transmit the money, with what addition I please, to this honest corporal's wife, with a letter assuring her that the French do not deserve all the ill names which her husband gives them."

I happened to mention this story of the corporal to a Frenchman of my acquaintance.—"Le conte est beau," said he, "il n'y manque que la vraisemblance pour le rendre intéressant."*

"He had the letter in his hand," said I: "how can you doubt it?"

hand of a lady who was knitting stockings for her grand children. Thus France is to the old what a masquerade is to the ugly—the one confounds the disparity of age, as the other does that of person; but indiscriminate adoration is no compliment to youth, nor is a mask any privilege to beauty."—*A Residence in France, &c.*

* The tale is agreeable, and only needs probability to make it interesting.

“ If he had twenty letters,” replied the Frenchman, “ I must doubt it; because a Prussian corporal is generous in nothing but in *coups de batons*; and it is not in the nature of a man, who is distributing these from morning to night, to have tender affections of any kind.

The incredulity of my French acquaintance I think unreasonable. How often do not such opposite, in appearance, and discordant qualities, inhabit the same breast!

GOITRES,

THAT swelling of the throat and neck, is thought general among all the inhabitants of the Alps. But in some villages, on these mountains, scarcely is there any body to be seen who has that swelling.

As this disease, then, seems to be epidemical, it cannot, as has been imagined, proceed from the drinking of water impregnated with snow or ice; for this beverage is common to all the inhabitants of the Alps, and of other mountains.

If the water be in reality the vehicle of this disease, we must suppose it impregnated, not only with dissolved ice and snow, but also with some salt or other substance, possessed of the noxious quality of obstructing the glands of the throat; and we must also suppose, that this noxious substance is to be found in no other inhabited place but the Alps.

THE JACOBIN CLUB, 1792,

HOLDS its meetings in the convent of Jacobins in the rue St. Honoré,* and assumed the name of *Société de la Révolution*, and afterwards that of *Amis de la Constitution*; but they were generally called simply Jacobins.

The hall in which the Jacobins meet, is fitted up nearly in the same style with that of the National Assembly. The tribunes, or pulpit from which the members speak, is opposite to that in which the president is seated; there is a table for the secretaries, and galleries for a large audience of both sexes. Men are appointed who walk through the hall to command, or rather solicit silence, when the debate becomes turbulent, usually with very little effect: the bell of the president, and voices of the huissers are equally disregarded in stormy debates: it is doubtful if Æolus himself, who

“ Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras

“ Imperio premit,—

Could at once silence certain turbulent members,
when

* A decree of the National Convention, in the year 3, suppressed the horrid and famous Jacobin club, and destined its site for a market. A Latin poet has composed the following *quatrain*, after the manner of Santeuil. Government should cause it to be inscribed on the gates of that market.

“ Impia tortorum longos hic turba furores,

“ Sanguinis innocui non satiata, aluit.

“ Sospite nunc patriâ fracto nunc funeris antro,

“ Mors ubi dira fuit, vita salusque patent.”

His indignantes magro cum murmure—

“Circum claustra fremunt.

This society originated in a small number of deputies from Brittany. Many deputies from other provinces, the most zealous for liberty, soon joined them; and even some of the same disposition, who were not deputies, were admitted into the society. A great number of the most distinguished for talents of the assembly, as well as of the citizens of Paris, were gradually elected members; and the number has been above 1400.

Societies of the same name and nature are established all over France, which hold a regular correspondence with the parent society at Paris. There are at least ten thousand societies of this kind at Paris.

The avowed business of this society is to deliberate and debate on subjects of government, and watch over the general interests of liberty.

This society, by diffusing the spirit of freedom, and keeping the people of France steady to its cause, was of service, while the constitution was forming, but proved its destruction after it was formed. When it became bloody, the most distinguished members in point of character and talents soon withdrew from it. The Jacobin faction produced all the disorders. Organized like an empire, and blindly governed by some ambitious men, it formed a distinct corporation in the middle of the French nation, whose power it usurped, and whose representatives it subdued.

Let us suppose a society as numerous as that of the Jacobins, with some members of both houses of Parliament in it, established in Palace-yard, and

that every question of a public nature was debated and decided in this club, before it was brought into either house of Parliament, or while it was in agitation there; and let us further suppose that a mob is always ready, at the command of the leading members, to insult those of either house of Parliament, of whose public conduct they disapprove; in this case, what would become of the present constitution of *Great Britain*?

EMPEROR JOSEPH*

Is of a middle size, well made, and of a fair complexion.

His manner is affable, obliging, and perfectly free from the reserved and lofty deportment assumed by some on account of high birth.

He is regular in his way of life, moderate in his pleasures, steady in his plans, and diligent in business. He is fond of his army, and inclined that the soldiers should have every comfort and necessary consistent with their situation. He is certainly an œconomist, and lavishes very little money on useless pomp, mistresses, or favourites. It is, I suppose, on no better foundation than this, that his enemies accuse him of avarice.†

* Joseph II. was born in 1741,—in 1764, he was chosen king of the Romans, and the year following succeeded his father on the Imperial throne.—He died in 1790.

† The following are some instances of his generosity:—While in France, he entered one morning into a small coffee-house, and asked for a dish of coffee. While he waited for it he walked up and down the coffee-room, when the daughter of the

His usual dress is a plain uniform of white faced with red. When he goes to various places near Vienna, he generally drives two horses in an open chaise, with a servant behind, and no other attendant of any kind. He very seldom allows the guard to turn out as he passes through the gate.

Nobody ever had a stronger inclination to judicious inquiry. He is fond of conversing with ingenious people of whatever rank or country. Of all the means of knowledge this is perhaps the most powerful.

He is convinced, that unless a king can contrive to live in some societies, on a footing of equality, and can weigh his own merit, without throwing his

house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs. The Emperor wished her a good day, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married.—“alas,” replied the old man, “if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome man who is fond of her;” but the chocolate is ready. The Emperor having drank, and paid, asked for pen, ink and paper. The girl ran to fetch them. The Emperor gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres,—at Vienna, where he walked in the same manner as he did in Paris, a child of nine years of age addressed him thus: “sir, I have never begged; but my mother is dying. I must have twenty-pence to get a physician. We have not twenty-pence, oh! if you would give us twenty-pence.” The Emperor gave it, and asked the name and place of abode of the sick person. As soon as the boy was gone, the Emperor put on a cloak belonging to one of his attendants, went to the poor woman’s house, prescribed for her, and retired. The child comes in a minute after, with his twenty-pence and the Doctor. The woman surprised, said she had already had a visit, and shewed the recipe. The doctor looked at it, and sees a note, with the signature of his Imperial Majesty, for a pension to her of fifty ducats.

guards and pomp into the scale, it will be difficult for him to know either the world or himself.

He mixes with the company without ceremony or distinction; and converses in the most familiar manner with those who surround him.

There are people who having heard of the emperor's uncommon affability, and of his total contempt of pomp and parade, of which the bulk of mankind are so much enamoured, have asserted that the whole is affectation: but if the whole tenor of any person's words and actions is to be considered as affectation, I do not know by what means we are to get at the bottom of his real character.

Surely this monarch is much happier in his noble condescension, and must acquire a more perfect knowledge of mankind, than if he kept himself aloof from his subjects, continually wrapt up in his own importance, and the Imperial fur.*

* The following anecdote of this prince is not generally known, but is equally worthy of being recorded.—In one of those excursions which the Emperor Joseph II. frequently took *inceg*, he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a good room: he was told that a German bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimneys occupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told that there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the bishop and his *suite* having bespoke all the poultry. The Emperor requested the bishop might be asked, if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the Emperor supped with one of the bishop's almoner's, who was not admitted to his master's table. He asked the almoner what he was going to do at Rome? My Lord, he replied, is going to solicit a benefice of 50,000 livres, before the Emperor is informed of its being vacant. They changed the conversation. The Emperor wrote a letter to the Chancellor of Rome, and another

ST. LOUIS DU LOUVRE.

Its original name was St. Thomas du Louvre, and a painting of the martyrdom of St. Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, is still one of its ornaments. The roof falling into decay, was renewed in the year 1740, when the church obtained the new name of St. Louis, I know not for what reason, unless it was that the former was thought ominous; for beside the murder of the Saint, whose name it originally bore, three of the prebendaries were crushed to death by the fall of the old roof in the year 1739.

Now it is the church of an assembly of Protestants. Thus, (what is extraordinary) they worship God according to the forms of their own religion, in a Roman Catholic church, built on the spot where the massacres of St. Bartholomew began, and near that whence Charles IX. fired on his Protestant subjects.

The principal ornament of this church is the mausoleum of Cardinal Fleury, who is represented expiring in the arms of Religion. Louis XV. ordered this magnificent tomb to be erected in honour of his old preceptor and prime minister; but the monarch's affection abated as the expence increased, and became so cool before the work was finished, that it was thought the tomb would never have been completed, had not the Duke de Fleuri, and other

to his ambassador. He made the almoner promise to deliver both letters, agreeably to their address, on his arrival at Rome. He kept his promise. The Chancellor presented the patent for the benefice to the astonished Almoner.

relations of the family, joined in defraying the expence, and animating the artists. Thus what was begun by gratitude, was finished by vanity.

On a part of the wall of this church, where a Saint formerly stood, is the following inscription :

Le devoir d'un citoyen.
 Adorer—Dieu.
 Respecter—la Nation.
 Obéir—à la Loi.
 Paix avec surveillance,
 Liberté sans licence.
 Egalité sans indécence.
 C'est la véritable science*.

The poetry of these lines is certainly not very admirable ; it were much to be wished, however, for the happiness of France, that she could obtain what is expressed in the second ; as for *science*, she had no natural business among them, and must have been dragged in by her unruly relation *indeccency*.

GLACIERS.

SOME people are so fond of them, that not satisfied with their present size, they insist positively,

* The duties of a citizen.
 To—adore God.
 To respect—the Nation.
 To obey—the Law.
 Peace with watchfulness.
 Liberty without licentiousness.
 Equality without indecency.
 Such is true science.

that they must necessarily grow larger every year ; and they argue the matter thus :

The present existence of the glaciers, is a sufficient proof, that there has, at some period or other, been a greater quantity of snow formed during the winter, than the heat of the summer has been able to dissolve. But this disproportion must necessarily increase every year, and, of consequence, the glaciers must augment ; because any given quantity of snow and ice, remaining through the course of one summer, must increase the cold of the atmosphere round it in some degree ; which being reinforced by the snows of the succeeding winter, will resist the dissolving power of the sun, more the second summer than the first, and still more the third than the second, and so on. The glaciers, therefore, must grow larger, by an increasing ratio every year, till the end of the time. For this reason, the authors of this theory regret, that they themselves have been sent into the world so soon : because, if their birth had been delayed for nine or ten thousand years, they should have seen the glaciers in much greater glory, Mont Blanc being but a Lilliputian at present, in comparison of what it will be then.

However rational this may appear, objections have been nevertheless suggested, which I am sorry for ; because when a theory is tolerably consistent, well fabricated, and goodly to behold, nothing can be more vexatious, than to see a plodding officious, fellow, overthrow the whole structure at once, by a dash of his pen, as harlequin does a house with a touch of his sword, in a pantomime entertainment.

Such cavillers say, that as the glaciers augment in size, there must be a greater extent of surface

for the sun-beams to act upon, and of consequence, the dissolution will be greater, which must effectually prevent the continual increase contended for.

But the other party extricate themselves from this difficulty, by roundly asserting, that the additional cold occasioned by the snow and ice already deposited, has a much greater influence in retarding their dissolution, than the increased surface can have in hastening it: and in confirmation of their system, they tell you, that the oldest inhabitants of Chamouny*, remember the glaciers when they were much smaller than at present. For my own part, I will take no share in this controversy, the merits of which I leave to the reader's judgment.

THE MERCHANT,

DOES not, like the soldier, receive wages from his sovereign; nor like the lawyer and physician, from his fellow-subjects; his profession is in its nature the most independent. His wealth often flows from foreign sources, and he is under no obligation to those from whom it is derived. Men who have received a liberal education, and have adopted li-

* This valley in Savoy, which stands near the celebrated *Mont Blanc*, is about six leagues in length, and an English mile in breadth. It is bounded on all sides by very high mountains. Between the intervals of these mountains, on one side of the valley, the vast bodies of snow and ice, which are called glaciers, descend from Mount Blanc, which is their source. At present, their surface is from a thousand, or two thousand feet above the valley.

beral sentiments, previous to their engaging in any particular profession, will carry these sentiments with them through life: and perhaps there is no profession in which they can be exercised with more advantage and ability than in that of a merchant. In this profession, a man of the character above described, while he is augmenting his own private fortune, will enjoy the agreeable reflection, that he is likewise increasing the riches and power of his country, and giving bread to thousands of his industrious countrymen. The habit which he is in of circulating millions, makes him lay less stress on a few guineas than the proprietors of the largest estates; and we daily see, particularly in countries where this profession is not considered as degrading, the commercial part of the inhabitants giving the most exalted proofs of generosity and public spirit*.

But in countries where nobody, who has the smallest claim to the title of a gentleman, can engage in commerce without being thought to have demeaned himself, fewer examples of this nature

* The British merchants have always shewn themselves full of the sentiment of the most spirited patriotism and unbounded generosity in relieving the distresses of their countrymen. In that truly-respectable and justly-respected class of men, I could name one deservedly the uppermost amongst them, whose name never fails to begin the list of every benevolent subscription; who by his tendered rewards, has protected the fair sex from the cruel hand of a designing monster; and who has lately extended his munificence to the benevolent institutions of other countries.—This eulogy cannot be suspected of flattery, for it proceeds from the lips of a man, who, by misrepresentation, or errors of judgment, has lost a protection with which he was honoured; but whose heart will never refuse to spirited and exalted virtue, the tribute of praise it deserves.—*F. P.*

will be found: and in every country it must be acknowledged, that those who have not had the advantage of a liberal education; who have been bred from their infancy to trade; who have been taught to consider money as the most valuable of all things, and to value themselves, and others in proportion to the quantity they possess; to such people money becomes a more immediate and direct object of attention, than to any other class of men; it swells in their imagination, is rated beyond its real worth, and at length, by an inversion of the Christian precept, considered as the one thing needful.

THE LARKS.

AN amiable boy of about twelve years of age, met a man in the fields near his home, with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amused himself by looking at them fluttering about in the basket, asked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to sell them, "what will become of them then?" said the boy. "They will be roasted and eaten, to be sure," said the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleasure of saving their lives, and giving them their liberty. He produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refused, saying he was sure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roasted larks. "Roasted! poor little pretty creatures!" cried the boy, looking compassionately at the birds through the basket, "pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money, when I receive

my next month's allowance."—"I'll be hanged, if I trust you," said the fellow, "get along," giving the boy a rude push: but as he had hold of the cover of the basket, it was raised by the push so much; as to allow one-half of the birds to fly away; when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, the boy kept his arm between it and the edge of the basket, until all the remainder escaped. The boy's arm was severely squeezed, and his face much bruised, for the man continued to beat him after the struggle; and he would have suffered more, had not a servant who had been witness to the whole scene interfered. His face and eyes were so much swelled and inflamed, and he was so feverish next day, that the man absconded: but the benevolent boy getting well in a few days, stopped the prosecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her husband had demanded for the birds.

Certainly the singing of the lark will now not only please the benevolent youth's ear, but also convey delightful sensations to a compassionate heart like his. Some may think this reflection enthusiastic; for there are people, who consider that benevolence as frivolous, and beneath the dignity of a manly mind, which extends to such inconsiderable animals. But how can any person think so, who believes that the benevolence of the supreme being, extends to man, a creature infinitely more beneath him, than birds are beneath men? Birds seem the happiest of animals, and larks amongst the happiest of birds; they rise on exulting wings the earliest in the morning; and they sing in cheerful notes from

morning to night. Who can say there is more enjoyment in the life of man than in that of the lark. Our benevolent boy has the pleasure to reflect, that he saved the life, and prolonged the enjoyments of creatures, each of whom has perhaps a happier existence than the generality of mankind. Can there be any comparison between the pleasure he will have in hearing such creatures rejoicing in the sky, with that which an epicure feels when he sees them in a fish! Gracious Heaven!

THE VERSEMARY OF GENERAL QUEBEC.

“ Who is Nick the old soldier ?” asked Mr. —.

“ He is a poor Chelsea pensioner,” answered an old woman, “ who lives with his wife in that there cottage. He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honour, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars, and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders;—but after all he is but a poor devil with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays and upon the versenary of General Quebec.”

“ What’s that ?” said Mr. —.

“ Good Lord! does your honour not know the versenary of General Quebec ?” cried she.

“ Not I.”

“ Well, that is curious,” said the old woman; “ but we all know it in these here parts, by the means of the old Nick. Good Gracious, I wish your honour but saw him at the versenary !”

“ Why, what the devil is the versenary ?”

“ I'll tell you particularly, please your honour,” said she, “ if your honour will only have a little patience.”

“ Well, well ; let us hear.”

“ Why, then, your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nick appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and his fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side ; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the versenary along with him ; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad : and they begin to tell stories about the wars, and describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards ; for your honour knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nick gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner ; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does ; all about Mars, the God of War, and all the other gods descending upon spears*, and then they all join in the chorus, and beat the grenadiers' march

* To understand this, it may be necessary to insert one stanza of the song to which the old woman alludes :

Great Jove, the God of thunder, and Mars, the God of war ;
 Neptune with his trident, and Apollo in his car,
 And all the gods celestial, *descending from their spheres,*
 To view with admiration, the British grenadiers.

with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords, and then I always helps Margery to carry Nick home—and then—and then—is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour.”

VARIOUS REMEDIES FOR AN INFLUENZA.

A COUNTRY apothecary, in the course of conversation, told a gentleman that he had been visiting three or four patients in a neighbouring village, who were ill of an influenza.

“ Pray,” said the gentleman, “ how do your medical gentlemen treat that complaint ?”

“ Why,” replied the apothecary, “ there is no saying how the physicians treat it; for some of them order one thing, and some of them another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it; and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*.”

“ Ay, that’s natural enough,” said the gentleman, smiling; “ but you know I once studied physic myself, and have some general notions on the subject: so when this epidemic began among my servants and tenants, I ventured to prescribe barley-water for them.”

“ Barley water !” cried the apothecary, with disdain; you might as well have ordered them water-gruel !”

“ I might so; for which reason I gave them the choice: and what do you think was the effect ?”

“ Why, barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect,” said the apothecary.

“ It is indeed difficult to ascertain what is the effect of many things that are prescribed; but I can at least tell you what was the *consequence*.”

“ That is the same thing,” said the apothecary.

“ Not quite,” replied the gentleman; “ though, in the practice of physic, the one is often mistaken for the other.”

“ Well, what was the consequence?”

“ Why, they all recovered!”

The apothecary having remarked that there was a great difference in constitutions, took his leave abruptly.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH THEATRICAL AUDIENCE.

CONSIDERING the natural gaiety and volatility of the French nation, one may be surprised at their fondness for tragedy, especially as their tragedies are barren of incident, full of long dialogues, and declamatory speeches; and modelled according to the strictest code of critical legislation.

The most sprightly and fashionable people of both sexes, flock to these entertainments, in preference to all others, and listen with unrelaxed gravity and attention. One would imagine that such a serious, correct, and uniform amusement would be more congenial with the phlegm and saturnine dispositions of the English, than with the gay, volatile temper of the French.

An English audience love shew, bustle, and incident in their tragedies; and have a mortal aversion

to long dialogues, and speeches, however fine the sentiments, and however beautiful the language may be.

In this, it would seem, that the two nations have changed characters. Perhaps it would be difficult to account for it in a satisfactory manner. I shall not attempt it. A Frenchman would cut the matter short, by saying that the Paris audience has a more correct and just taste than that of London; that the one could be amused and delighted with poetry and sentiment, while the other could not be kept awake without bustle, guard, procession, trumpets, fighting, and murder.

KARLSRUH*

Is built on a regular plan. It consists of one principal street of above one English mile in length. This street is at a considerable distance in front of the palace, and in a parallel direction with it. All the other streets go off at different angles from the principal one, in such a manner as that whichever of them you enter, walking from it, the view is terminated by the front of the palace. The length of these smaller streets is ascertained, none of them being allowed to encroach on the spacious area, which is kept clean before the palace.

The principal street may be extended to any length, and as many additional streets as they please

* It is a town in the territories of the Margrave of Baden Durlach, which lie along the banks of the Rhine, immediately opposite Alsace. Rastadt, a small, and not very populous town, is the capital of this prince's dominions. His palace, however, is sufficiently large.

may be built from it, all of which, according to this plan, will have the palace for a termination. — The palace is very magnificent; and built in good taste.

The houses of this town are all as uniform as the streets, being of an equal size and height; so that one would be led to imagine that none of the inhabitants, are, in any considerable degree, richer or poorer than their neighbours. There are [indeed, a few new houses, more elegant than the others, belonging to some of the officers of the court, built at one side of the palace; but they are not, properly speaking, in the town.

THE NUN.

WHILE at Calais, I went to the convent of Benedictine Nuns. When I was introduced into the parlour, I sent word I desired to speak to a particular nun, who I knew had been acquainted with my relation. A nun of very genteel and interesting appearance, came to the grate.

I saw she had been crying, though she attempted to look cheerful. After a short conversation, I asked her what was the cause of her sorrowful countenance. She was unable to speak for some time; but when she had recovered herself a little, she said, that, by a decree of the constituent assembly, when convents were thrown open, those nuns who chose to withdraw were allowed, and permission was at the same time given to those who were of a contrary opinion to remain in the convent. In consequence of which, she and twenty-four of their number,

had chosen to pass the remainder of their lives in the convent, that they were happy in each other's society, and in their being free from all cares, except the important one of their salvation.—But now we are thrown back into a world which we have denounced, which we wish to forget, and for which we have no relish: *Ah, Monsieur! nous sommes bien à plaindre*; (alas, Sir, we are much to be pitied).—She continued crying and sobbing for some time! and then wiping her eyes, with a look of composure and resignation, she said, “but it is the will of God, and it becomes us to submit.”

Some readers will suspect that the young nun only affected sorrow. All that I can say is, that if she did, she was the best actress I ever beheld, and the most disinterested; for more appearance of natural grief, I cannot conceive.

I had hitherto considered the opening of convents as the giving liberty to the most unhappy of mortals, the miserable victims of avarice and superstition. But the foregoing conversation proves, that when religious impressions are deeply engraven on the heart, they become a source of happiness, which compensates for many deprivations, and throws a constant consoling ray of light into situations, which to the general eye of the world seem quite hopeless and gloomy. Those who do not confine such impressions to cells or convents, where they can be of little use to any *except to the possessor*, but carry them into society with all the energy of active virtue, are certainly the happiest of mankind*.

* It has usually been a maxim in all civilized states, that when the general welfare necessitates some act of partial injustice, it

COURAGE AND HUMANITY.

ON the bloody Tenth of August, after the Swiss who defended the Thuilleries, began to give way, and when those ill-fated soldiers, assailed on all sides, were slaughtered without remorse, a citizen of Paris,* had the humanity and the courage to protect one of them, whom he saw overpowered by numbers.

Having torn this poor Swiss from the hands of his assailants, he conducted him over the bodies of his countrymen to the bar of the national assembly.—“Here (cried the generous Frenchman), let this brave soldier find protection—I have saved him

shall be done with the utmost consideration for the sufferer, and that the required sacrifice of moral to political expediency, shall be palliated, as much as circumstances will admit, by the manner of carrying it into execution. But the French legislators, in respect to the nuns, as in most others, being truly original, have disdained all imitation, and have been rarely guided by such confined motives. They have banished the religious females from their convents, with a mixture of meanness and barbarity which at once excites contempt and detestation. The most implacable revenge, the most refined malice, the extremes of avarice and cruelty, have been wrought in France into tragedies, and displayed as acting under the mask of religion, and the impunity of a cloister; while operas, and farces, with ridicule more successful, have exhibited convents as abodes of licentiousness, intrigue, and superstition. Thus, at the moment the nuns were thrown upon the world, they were painted as monsters unworthy of pity or protection. It is the cowardice of the assassin, who murders before he dares to rob.

* What a contrast between the character of this man, and that of those blood-thirsty Marseillois, who, in cool blood, assassinated all the unarmed Swiss they met in the streets of Paris!

from the fury of my fellow-citizens, whose enemy he never was, and only appeared so through the error of others; that is now expiated, and oh! let him in this hall find mercy!"

Having expressed himself thus, he threw his arms round the neck of the soldier; and overcome by fatigue of body and agitation of mind, he actually fainted in the arms of him whose life he had saved.

The spectators could not but be affected by this scene, when the man had by their care, recovered his recollection, he begged that he might be permitted to carry the Swiss to his house; for he said it would be a happiness to him, to lodge and maintain during life, the person whom he had the good fortune to snatch from death.

MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY*

WAS a beautiful† young woman of an unblemished character, distinguished for dignity of sentiment and benevolence of heart; but who had never

* Miss Corday was a native of St. Saturnin in the department of the *Orne*, and had from her earliest years been carefully educated by an aunt who lives at Caen. Before she was twenty she had decided on taking the veil, and her noviciate was just expired when the constituent assembly interdicted all religious vows for the future. She then left the convent, and resided entirely with her aunt. The beauty of her person, and particularly her mental accomplishments, rendered her an object of much admiration. She spoke uncommonly well, and her discourse often turned on the ancients, and on such subjects as indicated that masculine turn of mind which ultimately proved her destruction.

† In her way to execution, she excited a very strong and singular passion, in a young man of the name of *Adam Lux*, a

given cause of suspicion of a disturbed understanding, nor until she struck a poinard into the heart of Marat, any indication of a violent temper.

She was not prompted to this rash action by any personal indignity offered to herself, by rage, by love, by jealousy, by religious enthusiasm, or any of those sentiments which alone have been thought capable of urging women to such deeds. She saw her country in calamitous circumstances; she dreaded their increase from the wickedness of one man whom the law could not reach; she was convinced that by killing him, she would be of more service to her country than by all the exertions of a long life."—"I killed one mar," she declared at her trial, to "save a hundred thousand." She formed her design coolly, without entrusting any mortal with her intention: She undertook a long journey to accomplish it. She weighed all its consequences: She calculated on death, and in a more dreadful shape than that in which she afterwards met with it; she expected to be torn in pieces by the mob, or that her body would be dragged through the streets. The idea of these horrors did not shake the steadiness of her mind. She looked for no recompence but in the reflection of having prevented the death of thousands. She was allowed an advocate to assist at her trial. M. Chaveau, when the evidence was finished,

Commissary from Mayence. He published a few days after her death, a pamphlet, in which he proposed raising a statue to her honour, and inscribing on the pedestal, "*Greater than Brutus.*" He was sent to the prison of *La Force*, where he talked of nothing but Charlotte Corday—a few days after his imprisonment he was executed as a Counter-revolutionist.

pronounced the following brief speech to the Jury:•
 “ L'accusée avoue avec sang-froid l'attentat qu'elle
 “ a commis ; elle en avoue la longue préméditation ;
 “ elle en avoue les circonstances ; en un mot, elle
 “ avoue tout, et ne cherche pas même à se justifier.
 “ Voila, Citoyens Jurés, sa défense toute entière.
 “ Ce calme imperturbable, et cette entière abnèga-
 “ tion de soi même, qui n'annonce aucun remords,
 “ et pour ainsi dire, en présence de la mort même ;
 “ ce calme, et cette abnégation sublime, sous un
 “ rapport, ne sont pas dans la nature ; ils ne
 “ peuvent s'expliquer que par l'exaltation du fana-
 “ tisme politique qui lui a mis le poignard à la
 “ main, et c'est à vous, Citoyens Jurés, à juger de
 “ quel poids doit être cette considération morale
 “ dans la balance de la justice.”

The Jury unanimously found her guilty. Sentence of death was pronounced. She then addressed M. Chaveau to this effect. “ Sir, you have spoken in
 “ my defence in delicate and generous terms ; it was
 “ the only style proper for me. I thank you. It
 “ has inspired me with esteem for you, of which I

* The prisoner acknowledges the act of which she is accused ; she acknowledges, that she has long premeditated it ; she acknowledges the various circumstances ; in short, she acknowledges the whole accusation, and takes no pains to justify herself. In this, Gentlemen of the Jury, lies her entire defence. This astonishing calmness, this total self-de. ial, which betrays no remorse, even in the very presence of death ; this calm and this abnegation seem not to be in nature ; they cannot be accounted for but on the supposition that political fanaticism put the poignard into her hand ; and it belongs to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to determine what weight that consideration should have in the scale of justice.

“ will give you a proof. The judges have informed me that my goods are confiscated. I am indebted for some things at the prison. I charge you to acquit that debt.”

A little before her execution, a confessor was introduced to her, and offered his services; she thanked him, and expressed a sense of obligation to those who had sent him; but said she had no need of his services.*

When the officers entered her chamber to conduct her to death, she mildly begged to be excused for a few minutes until she had finished the letter she was then writing to her father. †

The populace, in spite of their prejudice in favour of Marat, were so struck with her undaunted deportment, that they did not, according to their custom, insult her as she was carried to execution.

* She concluded her letter to her father, with this verse of Corneille:

“ *Le crime fait la tronte et monpâs l'échaffaud.*” She displayed great heroism in the way to execution. The women who were called furies of the guillotine, and who had assembled to insult her on leaving the prison, were awed into silence by her demeanour, while some of the spectators uncovered their heads before her, and others gave loud tokens of applause.

† The wretch who acted as the executioner of this brave woman, after her head was off, took it up, and holding it out to the multitude, with brutal exultation, slapped her twice on the cheek. Even the monsters who had condemned her to death, considered this as so inhuman an act, that they sentenced the villain to twelve years imprisonment in irons.

The heroic female was buried near to the grave of the unfortunate Louis XVI. in the Church-yard of St. Magdelaine. This was occasioned by her having been executed in the same section.

She occasionally smiled as she passed; and by that alone shewed that she paid them any attention. On the scaffold, her face displayed the bloom of health, and the serenity of a mind undisturbed.*

Assasination can in no case be entirely justified; but this seems the least culpable, and most disinterested instance that can be imagined; and the whole behaviour of MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY exhibits a benevolence of intention, and heroic firmness of mind, that perhaps have never been surpassed by woman or by man.

ITALIAN PEASANTRY.

IN travelling through Italy, one is agreeably disappointed in finding the state of the poorer part of the inhabitants less wretched, than from the account of some travellers, one would imagine it was. There is to be seen far more poverty than misery. Even the extremities of indigence are accompanied with less wretchedness here, than in many other countries. This is partly owing to the mildness of the climate, and fertility of the soil, and partly to the peaceable, religious, and contented disposition of the people. The miseries which the poorer part of mankind suffer from cold, are, perhaps, greater than those derived from any other source whatever. But in Italy the gentleness of the climate protects them from this

* Her refusal of the assistance of a *constitutional* priest at the scaffold, strengthens the opinions of many, that her former habits had some share in the choice of her victim, for Marat was the avowed persecutor of priests and religion.

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!—