

soul is their own—have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars—scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs, or a morsel to eat—are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives—and are not sorry when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram :—

“ Here lies Father Clarges,  
Who died to save charges !”  
*New Monthly Magazine.*

CURE FOR THE AGUE.

THE following is a never-failing cure for the ague. The patient, on finding a fit coming on, should take a tea-spoonful of flour of brimstone in a glass of port wine, and immediately go to bed, repeating the dose at the approach of every subsequent fit, which will not exceed two or three at the most.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

EPIGRAM.

Piqued at being single, though averse to shew it,  
Cries Deborah, “ I'm determin'd ne'er to marry,”  
Now Deborah you've spoken truth, and well I know it,  
For while other women live, your point you'll carry.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

IN 1748, when the Austrians were in the possession of Genoa, the republic were in want of money, and to

raise a supply, were about to levy some new taxes. M. Grillo, a citizen of wealth and consequence, on the morning when the edict was to be passed, strewed the lobby of the council-room with pieces of rope. On being asked his meaning, he replied, “ that the people having exhausted all their resources, it was but fair to furnish them with the means of leaving a world which could no longer be worth living in.” “ But,” replied the senators, “ we want money ; the urgency of the state demand it, and where else is it to be had ?” “ I'll tell you,” said Grillo, and quitting the palace, he shortly after returned, followed by porters loaded with 500,000 livres in gold and silver. “ Let every one of you,” he cried, “ follow my example, and the money you want will be found.” The tax was no more mentioned, the nobility made a voluntary contribution, and Genoa, was saved!

INGENIOUS REMARK.

A GENTLEMAN at the table of the great Conde, having related several wonderful stories of a king of Persia, his highness requested him to continue the recital of the life of so great a man ; but the gentleman perceiving the servants had began to clear the table during his narrative, in order to regain his lost time, replied, “ This prince died suddenly.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN we inserted the last communication of I., we approved of the reasoning therein adduced, and little expected it would draw forth a reply. But as the arguments of P. have much weight in the opposite scale, we have admitted his communication in this number, and shall be always happy to give insertion to any piece of equal importance from his pen.

Some of the extracts sent us by Philologus, we have availed ourselves of, for which we return our thanks, and at the same time would be glad to see some original articles by him.

Henry, has our best thanks.

Our thanks are due to Z. for the article he has sent us ; but we cannot admit it, because it does not excite sufficient interest. To R. the above is equally applicable.

Tickler, had better add a little more sense to his writings, before he can expect them to appear in print.

Junius, is very far deficient in what might be expected from his signature. It would do more credit to his talents to use them in the defence of a better subject.

Mentor, appears to be quite a groveller, and aiming his arrows in the dark.