

wings. The flavour he declared was of the finest acid, rather resembling that of a lemon. My young friend intreated me much to follow his example, but I could not overcome the antipathy which I felt to such a kind of food.

THE MUSICAL PIGEON.

[From Mrs. Piozzani.]

AN odd thing, to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away, to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals that can live at Venice, where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing, for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Colombo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If however he or any one else strike a note false, or make any kind of discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teased too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. — Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who

came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particularly in the pigeon, but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master: For though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the doves of Anacreon:

While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.

All the difficulty will be indeed for us other two legged creatures to leave the sweet societies of charming Venice; but they begin to grow fatiguing now, as the weather increases in warmth.

CHARACTER of a VINDICTIVE PORTUGUESE.

[From Dr. Moore's *Zeluco*.]

THE ingenious author of '*Zeluco*' appears to be an utter enemy to that extreme of human folly; the belief that religion can exist without morality; and his portrait of a vindictive Portuguese is replete with the finest satire. — *Zeluco* had incurred the resentment of this Portuguese, by attempting to invade his domestic peace in the tenderest point. The Portuguese, in course, consistently with his national character, meditated nothing less than assassination; and his conduct roused the suspicion of his physician, who, upon a prior occasion, appeared an advocate for humanity. But we shall now proceed in the author's own words:

These suspicions were not entirely removed by the dissimulation of the Portuguese. Notwithstanding the latter's declining to seek legal or honorable redress from *Zeluco*, the doctor perceived something in his manner, which gave him the impression that the Portuguese meditated a less justifiable measure than either; his benevolence inclined him to prevent what his sagacity and knowledge of the man's character led him to suspect. His suspicion was confirmed a very short time after by the merchant's wife, who, under pretence of being indisposed, sent him a very urgent message to come and see her. — With perturbation of mind she told him, that she had reason to dread that her husband had formed a very criminal project of being revenged on *Zeluco*, and watched