

MY VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND.

"Are you struck with her figure and face?
How lucky you happened to meet
With none of the gossiping race
Who dwell in this horrible street!
They of slanderous hints never tire;
I love to approve and commend,
And the lady you so much admire,
Is my very particular friend!

How charming she looks—her dark curls
Really flow with a natural air,
And the beads might be taken for pearls
That are twined in that beautiful hair:
Then what tints her fair features o'erspread,
That she uses white paint some pretend;
But believe me she only wears red,—
She's my very particular friend!

Then her voice, how divine it appears,
When carolling 'Rise gentle Moon;
Lord Crotchet last night stopped his ears,
And declared that she sung out of tune,
For my part, I think that her lay
Might to Malibran's sweetness pretend;
But people won't mind what I say,—
I'm her very particular friend!

Then her writings—her exquisite rhyme
To posterity surely must reach,
(I wonder she finds so much time,
With four little sisters to teach!)
A critique in Blackwood indeed,
Abused the last poem she pen'd,
The article made my heart bleed,
She's my very particular friend!

Her brother despatched with a sword
His friend in a duel last June;
And her cousin eloped from her lord,
With a handsome and whiskered dragoon;
Her father with duns is beset,
Yet continues to dash and to spend—
She's too good for so worthless a set,
She's my very particular friend!

All her chance of a portion is lost,
And I fear she'll be single for life—
Wise people will count up the cost
Of a gay and extravagant wife.
But 'tis odious to marry for pelf,
(Though the times are not likely to mend)
She's a fortune besides in herself—
She's my very particular friend!

That she's somewhat sarcastic and pert,
It were useless and vain to deny,
She's a little too much of a flirt,
And a slattern when no one is nigh.
From her servants she constantly parts,
Before they have reached the year's end,
But her heart is the kindest of hearts—
She's my very particular friend!

Oh never has pencil or pen
A creature more exquisite traced;
That her style does take with the men,
Proves a sad want of judgment and taste:
As if to the sketch I give now,
Some flattering touches I lend,
Do for partial affection allow—
She's my very particular friend!

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, OR THE
TOILETTE OF MADAME DE POM-
DOUR.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.)

Mad. de Pomp.—Who may this lady be
with aquiline nose and large black eyes;
with such height and noble bearing; with
mien as proud, yet so coquetish who en-
ters my chamber without being announced,
and makes her obeisance in a religious fa-
shion?

Tullia.—I am Tullia, born at Rome,
about eighteen hundred years ago; I make
the Roman obeisance, not the French, and
have come, I scarce know from whence, to
see your country, yourself and your toil-
ette.

Mad. de P.—Ah, Madam, do me the hon-
our of seating yourself. An arm-chair for
the Lady Tullia.

Tullia.—For whom? me, madam? and am
I to sit on that little inconmodious sort
of throne, so that my legs must hang down
and become quite red?

Mad. de P.—Upon what then would you
sit?

Tullia.—Madam, upon a couch.

Mad. de P.—Ay, I understand—you would
say upon a sofa; there stands one, upon
which you may recline at your ease.

Tullia.—I am charmed to see that the
French have furniture as convenient as
ours.

Mad. de P.—Hah, hah, madam, you've
no stockings! your legs are naked, but or-
namented however, with a very pretty ribbon,
after the fashion of a sandal.

Tullia.—We knew nothing about stock-
ings, which as a useful and agreeable inven-
tion, I certainly prefer to our sandals.

Madam de P.—Good Heavens, madam I
believe you've no chemise!

Tullia.—No madam, in my time nobody
wore them.

Mad. de P.—And in what time did you
live?

Tullia.—In the time of Sylla, Pompey,
Cæsar, Cato, Cataline; and Cicero, to whom
one of your *protoges* has made mention in
barbarous verse. I went yesterday to the
theatre, where Cataline was represented with
all the celebrated people of my time, but I
did not recognize one of them; and when
my father exhorted me to make advance
to Catalina, I was astonished! But madam
you seem to have some beautiful mirrors;
your chamber is full of them; our mirrors
were not a sixteenth part so large as yours;
are they of steel?

Mad. de P.—No, madam, they are made
with sand, and nothing is more common
amongst us.

Tullia.—What an admirable art! I con-
fess we had none such! And oh! what a
beautiful painting too you have there.

Mad. de P.—It is not a painting, but a
print done merely with lamp-black; a hun-
dred copies of the same design may be
struck off in a day, and this secret immor-
talizes pictures, which time would otherwise
destroy.

Tullia.—It is indeed an astonishing se-
cret! we Romans had nothing like it!

Un Savant.—(A literary man there pre-
sent, taking up the discourse and producing
a book from his pocket, says to Tullia:)
You will be astonished, madam to learn,
that this book is not written by hand, but
that it is printed in a manner similar to en-
gravings; and that this invention also immor-
talizes works of the mind.

The Savant presents his book, a collection
of verses dedicated to the Marchioness, to
Tullia, who reads a page, admires the type
and says to the author:

Tullia.—Truly sir, printing is a fine thing
and if it can immortalize such verses as
these, it appears to me to be the noblest ef-
fort of art. But do you not at least employ
this invention in printing the works of my
father?

The Savant.—Yes madam, but nobody
reads them; I am truly concerned for your
father, but in these days, little is known of
him, save his name.

(Here are brought in chocolate, tea, coffee
and ices. Tullia is astonished to see, in the
middle of summer, cream and strawberries
iced. She is informed that such con-
gealed beverages are obtained in five mi-
nutes, by means of the salt-petre with which
they are surrounded, and that by continual
motion is produced their firmness and icy
coldness. She is speechless with astonish-
ment. The dark colour of the chocolate
and coffee somewhat disgust her, and she
asks whether these liquids are extracted
from the plants of the country?—A duke
who is present replies:

Duke.—The fruits of which these beve-
rages are composed, come from another world
and from Arabia.

Tullia.—Arabia I remember; but never
heard mention made of what you call coffee;
and as for another world, I only know of
that from whence I came, and do assure
you, we have no chocolate there.

Duke.—The world of which we tell you,
madam, is a continent; called America, al-
most as large as Europe, Asia, and Africa,
and of which we have a knowledge less
vague, than of the world from whence you
came.

Tullia.—What! Did we then, who styled
ourselves masters of the world, possess only
half of it? The reflection is truly humiliat-
ing!

The Savant.—(piqued that Tullia had
pronounced his verses bad, replies drily:)
Yes, your countrymen who boasted of hav-
ing made themselves made themselves mas-
ters of the world, had scarce conquered the
twentieth part of it. We have this moment
at the further end of Europe, an empire
larger in itself than the Roman: it is go-
verned, too by a woman, who excels you in
intellect and beauty, and who wears che-
mises; had she read my verses, I am cer-
tain that she would have thought them
good.

(The Marchioness commands silence on
the part of the author, who has treated a
Roman lady, the daughter of Cicero, with
disrespect. The Duke explains the discov-
ery of America, and taking out his watch,
to which is appended, by way of trinket a
small mariner's compass, shows her how, by
means of a needle, another hemisphere is
reached. The amazement of the fair Roman
redoubles at every word which she hears,
and every thing which she beholds; and she
at length exclaims:)

Tullia.—I begin to fear that the moderns
really do surpass the ancients; on this
point I came to satisfy myself, and doubt
not I shall have to carry back a melancholy
report to my father.

Duke.—Console yourself, madam, no man
amongst us equals your illustrious sire; nei-
ther does any come near Cæsar, with whom
you were contemporary, nor the Scipios who
preceded him. Nature, it is true creates,
even at this day, powerful intellects, but
they resemble rare seeds, which cannot ar-
rive at maturity in an uncongenial soil.—

The simile does not hold good respecting
arts and sciences; time, and fortunate chan-
ces, have perfected them. It would for ex-
ample, be easier for us to produce a Sopho-
cles, or an Euripides, than such individuals
as your father, because theatres we, have,
but no tribunals for public harangues. You
have hissed the tragedy of Cataline: when
you shall see Phædrus played, you will pro-
bably agree that the part of Phædrus, in Ra-
cine, is infinitely superior to the model you
have known in Euripides. I hope also, that
you will probably agree our Molière sur-
passes your Terence. By your permission,
I shall have the honour of escorting you to
the opera, where you will be astonished to
hear song in parts; that again is an art un-
known to you. Here madam is a small tele-
scope, have the goodness to apply your eye
to this glass, and look at that house which
is a league off.

Tullia.—Immortal gods! the house is
now at the end of the telescope, and appears
much larger than before.

Duke.—Well, madam, it is by means of
such a toy that we have discovered new
heavens, even as by means of a needle, we
have become acquainted with a new earth.
Do you see this other varnished instrument,
in which is inserted a small glass tube? by
this trise, we are enabled to discover the
just proportion of the weight of the atmos-
phere. After much error and uncertainty,
there arose a man who discovered the first
principle of nature, the cause of weight, and
who has demonstrated that the stars weigh
upon the earth, and the earth upon the
stars. He has also unthreaded the light of
the sun, as ladies unthread a tissue of gold.

Tullia.—What sir is it to unthread?

Duke.—Madam, the equivalent of this
term will scarcely be found in the orations
of Cicero. It is to unweave a stuff, to draw
out thread by thread, so as to separate the
gold. Thus has Newton done by the rays
of the sun, the stars also have submitted to
him; and one Locke has accomplished as
much by the Human Understanding.

Tullia.—You know a great deal for a duke
and a peer of the realm; you seem to me
more learned than that literary man who
wished me to think his verses good, and you
are far more polite.

Duke.—Madam, I have been better brought
up; but as to my knowledge it is merely
commonplace. Young people now, when
they quit school, know much more than all
the philosophers of antiquity. It is only a
pity that we have, in Europe, substituted
half a dozen imperfect jargons, for the fine
Latin language, of which your father made
so noble a use; but with such rude imple-
ments we have produced, even in the *belles
lettres*, some very fair works.

Tullia.—The nations who succeeded the
Romans must needs have lived in a state of
profound peace, and have enjoyed a constant
succession of great men' from my father's
time until now, to have invented so many
new arts, and to have become acquainted
so intimately with heaven and earth.

Duke.—By no means, madam, we are our-
selves some of those barbarians, who almost
all came from Scythia, and destroyed your
empire, and the arts and sciences. We lived
for seven or eight centuries like savages,
and to complete our barbarism, were inun-
dated with a race of men termed monks,
who brutified in Europe, that human spe-
cies which you had conquered and enlight-
ened. But what will most astonish you is,
that in the latter ages of ignorance amongst
these very monks, these very enemies to ci-
vilization, nature nurtured some useful men.
Some invented the art of assisting the fee-
ble sight of age; and others by pounding
together nitre and charcoal, having furnish-
ed us with implements of war, with which
we might have exterminated the Scipios,
Alexander, Cæsar, the Macedonian phalanx-
es, and all your legions! it is not that we
possess warriors more formidable than the
Scipios, Alexander, and Cæsar, but that we
have superior arms.

Tullia.—In you, I perceive united the
high breeding of a nobleman and the eru-
dition of a man of literary consideration;
you would have been worthy of becoming a
Roman Senator.

Duke.—Ah madam, far more worthy are
you of being at the head of our court.

Mad. de P.—In which case this lady would
prove a formidable rival to me.

Tullia.—Consult your beautiful mirrors
made of sand, and you will perceive you
have nothing to fear from me. Well sir in
the gentlest manner in the world, you have
informed me that your knowledge trans-
cends our own.

Duke.—I said madam, that the latter ages
are better informed than those which pre-
ceded them; at least no general revolution
has utterly destroyed all the monuments of
antiquity: we have had horrible, but tempo-
rary convulsions, and amid these storms,
have been fortunate to preserve the works
of your father, and of some other great
men: thus the sacred fire has never been
utterly extinguished, and has in the end
produced an almost universal illumination.
We despise the barbarous scholastic sys-
tems, which have long had some influence
among us, but revere Cicero and the ancients
who have taught us to think. If we
possess other laws of physics than those of

your times, we have no other rules of elo-
quence, and this perhaps may settle the dis-
pute between the ancients and the moderns.
(Every one agreed with the duke. Final-
ly they went to the opera of Dastor and Pol-
lux, with the words and music of which,
Tullia was much gratified, and she acknow-
ledged such a spectacle to be much superior
to that of a combat of gladiators.)

LACONICS.

(From the fourth edition of the Work of
that Title.)

The southern wits are like cucumbers,
which are commonly all good in their kind,
but at best are an insipid fruit: while the
northern geniuses are like melons, of which
not one in fifty is good; but when it is so,
it is an exquisite relish.—*Berkeley.*

There is some help for all the defects of
fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the
length of his wishes, he may have his re-
medy by cutting of them shorter.—*Con-
ley.*

Fear sometimes adds wings to the heels,
and sometimes nails them to the ground,
and fetters them from moving.—*Montaigne*

When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon
the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say
to myself, that were the offer made true, I
would engage to run again, from beginning
to end the same career of life. All I would
ask should be the privilege of an author, to
correct in a second edition, certain errors of
the first.—*Franklin.*

I do not call him a poet that writes for
his own diversion, any more than that gen-
tleman a fiddler who amuses himself with a
violin.—*Swift.*

Pleasure of meat, drink, clothes, &c.,
are forbidden those who not how to use
them; just as nurses cry pah! when they
see a knife in a child's hand. They will
never say any thing to a man.—*Selden*

There be that can pack the cards, and yet
not play well: so there are some that are
good in canvasses and factions that are other-
wise weak men.—*Bacon.*

A poet hurts himself by writing prose,
as a race horse hurts his motions by drawing
in a team.—*Shenstone.*

I cannot imagine why we should be at the
expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages,
when the former have made no sort of pro-
vision for ours.—*Swift.*

Reserve is no more essentially connected
with understanding, than a church organ with
devotion, or wine with good nature.—*Shen-
stone.*

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who
like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked
by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein behold-
ers generally discover every body's face but
their own;—which is the chief reason for
that kind of reception it meets in the world,
and that so very few are offended with it.—
Swift.

Fools are often united in the strictest
intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods
are the most closely glued together.—*Shen-
stone.*

Old sciences are unraveled like old
stockings, by beginning at the foot.—
Swift.

If parliament were to consider the sport-
ing with reputation of as much importance
as sporting on manors, and pass an act
for the preservation of fame, there are
many would thank them for the Bill.—*She-
ridan.*

It is with wits as with razors, which are
never so apt to cut those they are employed
on, as when they have lost their edge.—
Swift.

Exile is no evil: mathematicians tell us
that the whole earth is but a point compar-
ed to the heavens. To change one's coun-
try then is little more than to remove from
one street to another. Man is not a plant,
rooted to a certain spot of earth; all soils
and all climates are suited to him alike.—
Plutarch.

EARLY RISING.—The celebrated John
Wesley, who became by habit an early riser
says, "That the difference between rising
at five and seven in the morning for the
space of forty years, supposing a man to go
to bed every night at the same hour, is
equivalent to an addition of ten years to his
life."

EPITAPH FORMERLY IN A CHURCH-YARD
IN BRISTOL.

Ye witty mortals! as you're passing by,
Remark, that near this monument doth lie,
Center'd in dust,
Described thus:
Two Husbands, two Wives,
Two Sisters, two Brothers,
Two Fathers, a Son,
Two Daughters, two Mothers,
A Grandfather, a Grandmother, a Grand-
daughter,
An Uncle and an Aunt—their Neice follow-
ed after.
This catalogue of persons mentioned here
Was only five, and all from incest free.

St. John
TH
EXPRE
at Nine
and Fri
returns
this ves
most car
passenge
be kept
propriet
other mo
Ordina
Children
ble ditto
their weig
April
BLAN
at t
Car