

on the 19th of October 1811. His lordship, who is understood not to have relished female society, was never married; and the large fortune which he left was inherited by his only sister, Mrs. Hay Mudie, for whom he always entertained the greatest affection."

AN OLD ITALIAN STORY.

Messire Barnabas, the sovereign of Milan, was feared beyond any other prince of his time. Yet, though extremely cruel, he observed in his severities a species of justice, of which the following anecdote may serve as an illustration:—A certain rich abbot, who had the care of his dogs, having suffered two of them to get the mange, was fined four florins for his negligence. He begged very hard to be let off, on which the duke said to him, "I will remit you the fine on condition that you answer me the three following questions:—1. How far is it to the sky? 2. How much water is in the sea? 3. What am I worth?" The abbot's heart sunk within him on hearing these propositions, and he saw that he was in a worse case than ever. However, to get rid of the matter for the present, he begged time for consideration, and the duke gave him the whole of the next day; but, desirous of seeing how he would get out of the difficulty, he compelled him to give security for his reappearance.

As the abbot was returning home, in melancholy mood, he met a man who rented a mill under him. The miller seeing him thus cast down, said "What is the matter, sir? what makes you sigh so?" "I may well sigh," replied the abbot, "for his highness threatens to play the deuce with me if I do not answer three questions, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could solve;" and he told the miller what they were. The latter stood thoughtful for a few minutes, and then said, "If you will have a mind I will get you out of the scrape." "I heartily wish you could!" exclaimed the abbot, "there is nothing I have that I would not give you." "I am willing to leave that to you," said the miller, "but it will be necessary that you lend me your tunic and cowl. I must get myself shaved, and make myself as much like an abbot as I can." To this his reverence joyfully consented, and the next morning the miller, having transformed himself into a priest, set out for the palace.

The duke, surprised that the abbot should be ready so early, ordered him to be admitted; and the miller having made his reverence, placed himself as much in the dark as he could and kept fumbling about his face with his hand, to prevent his being recognised. The duke then asked him if he was ready to answer the queries that he had put to him? to which he replied in the affirmative. "Your highness's first question," said he, "was, 'How far is it from hence to the sky?' I answer thirty-six millions, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two miles and a half, and twenty-two yards." "You have made a nice calculation," said the duke; "but how do you prove it?"

"If you think it incorrect," said the other, "*measure it yourself*, and if you do not find it right, hang me."

Your second question, 'How much water is there in the sea?' has given me a good deal of trouble, because, as there is always some coming into it, or going out of it, it is scarcely possible to be exact; however, according to the nearest estimate I have been able to make, the sea holds twenty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two millions of hogsheads, seven barrels, twelve quarts, two pints." "How can you possibly tell?" said the duke. "I have taken all the pains I could," replied the other; "but if you have any doubt about the matter, *get a sufficient number of barrels*, and you will then see.

Thirdly, you demanded, 'How much your highness was worth?' I answer nine-and twenty shillings.

When Messire Barnabas heard this, he flew into a furious passion, and said, "a murrain take you, do you hold me in no higher estimation than a pottage-pot?" "Sire," replied the other, trembling all over, "you know our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I thought that I must take you at one less than him." The shrewdness of the man's replies convinced the duke that he was not the abbot; and looking steadfastly at him, he charged him with being an impostor. The miller, greatly frightened, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy, stating that he was a servant of the abbot, and had undertaken the scheme at his request, solely with a view to entertain his highness. Messire Barnabas, hearing this, exclaimed, "Since he has himself made you an abbot, and a better one than ever he was, I confirm the appointment, and invest you with his benefice: as you have taken his place, he shall take yours." This was actually done; and as long as he lived, the miller received the revenue of the abbey, and the abbot was obliged to content himself with that of the mill. And so the abbot turned miller and the miller abbot.

The novelist concludes with remarking, that, notwithstanding the miller's good fortune it is seldom safe to take liberties with great men; they are like the sea, which, if it gives the chance of great wealth, exposes also to great peril; and that, however a man may be favoured by the weather for a time, he is always in danger of being wrecked by a storm.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A PHYSICIAN.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the ingenious Paul Whitehead to his friend Dr. Thompson, at that time Physician to Frederick Prince of Wales—a man of wit, learning, and liberality; but so great a sloven that he seldom had his shoes cleaned, which he generally bought at a Yorkshire warehouse, wore them till his feet came through the leather, then shook them off at the same place, and purchased a new pair. And thus he did with all his other habiliments:—