

years. One day a poor widow brought an action of process against the Baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a mill which was her whole dependence. Mr. Domat heard the cause, and finding by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broke a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the Baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the Judge pronounced a sentence of expulsion from the farm, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and the costs of the suit. In delivering his conscience, Mr. Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion began plentifully to flow. When an order of seizure both of person and effects was decreed, the poor widow exclaimed, 'O just and righteous God! be thou 'a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!' and immediately fainted away. The compassionate Judge assisted in raising the miserable woman, and after enquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with two louis d'ors, the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the Baron to accept as a full recompence, and the widow again entered on her farm. 'O my Lord,' said the poor woman, 'when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?'—'When my conscience,' replied Domat, 'shall tell me I have done 'an improper act.'

A GENTLEMAN lately returned from Africa relates the following extraordinary story of a Mandrill, a species of animals of the Ape kind, which very much imitate the habits of that country. An English sailor happened to be left upon an uninhabited island of the River Gambia, where he was upon the point of expiring for want of provisions, when he was seen by a female Mandrill, who supplied him with whatever wild provisions that desert situation afforded. With this creature he lived for three years, and had by her two children. At the expiration of that time, a boat accidentally putting on shore he prevailed with the sailors to take him with them. At the time he was taken on board the Mandrill was in quest of provisions, and returning when it was too late, she flew down to the coast with one of their young, making the most expressive lamentations at his departure. Finding him, however, sailing from the shore, she threw the young from the rock into the sea, and then ran for the other, which she served in

the same manner, and while the boat was yet in view she plunged herself, after her offspring and expired with them.

SOME years ago a certain divine of quarrelsome memory being charged with somewhat in the Convocation, rose up to justify himself, and laying his hand upon his breast began thus: 'I call God to witness,' &c. A Brother Dignitary said to his next neighbour, 'Now do I know that this man is going to tell a lie; for this is his usual preface on all such occasions.—Æschines (*contra Ctesiph.*) said the very same thing to Demosthenes, who was perpetually embellishing his orations with oaths. 'This man,' (said he) 'never calls the Gods to witness with more confidence and effrontery than when he is affirming what is notoriously false.'

ABOUT the year 1414, Brickman, Abbot of St. Michael, being at the Council of Constance, was pitched upon by the Prelates to say mass, because he was a man of quality. He performed it so well, that an Italian Cardinal fancied that he must be a Doctor of Divinity or of Canon Law, and desired to get acquainted with him. He approached, and addressed himself to him in Latin. The Abbot, who knew no Latin, could not answer; but, without shewing any concern, he turned to his own Chaplain, and said, 'What shall I do?' 'Can you not recollect,' said the Chaplain, 'the names of the towns and villages in your neighbourhood? Name them to him, and he will think that you talk Greek, and he will leave you.' Immediately the Abbot answered the Cardinal, '*Sturzwelt, Hase Giften, Biersebe Rapsstede, Drifpenstede, Itzem.*' The Cardinal asked if he was a Greek, and the Chaplain answered, 'Yes;'—and then the Italian Prelate withdrew.

ONE of Pere Simon's favourite paradoxes was his hypothesis of the *Rouleaux*. He supposed that the Hebrews wrote their sacred books upon small sheets of paper, or something that served for paper, and rolled them up one over another, upon a stick; and that these sheets not being fastened together, it came to pass in process of time, that some of them were lost, and others displaced. We might as well suppose, that the artist who invented a pair of breeches, had not the wit to find some method to fasten them up; and that men walked, for some centuries, with their breeches about their heels, till at length a genius arose, who contrived buttons and button holes.