

mg stuff, and not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff; the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick, and of the other performers. A mastiff in a church-warden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much, it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BUMPER.—The origin of this word is not generally known. Even Dr. Webster is silent on its derivation. When the English were good Catholics, they occasionally drank the Popes' health in a full glass after dinner—*Au bon Pere*, to the good Father, whence our "bumper."

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A COURTIER.—The Prince de Conde once thought himself offended by the Abbe de Voisenon. Voisenon heard this from a good-natured friend, and went to court to exculpate himself. As soon as the Prince saw him he turned away from him. "Thank God!" said Voisenon, "I have been misinformed, Sir—you Highness does not treat me as an enemy." "How do you see that Mr. Abbe?" said his Highness, coldly, over his shoulder. "Because Sir," answered the Abbe, "your Highness never turns your back upon an enemy." "My dear Abbe," exclaimed the Prince and Field Marshal, turning round, and taking him by the hand, "it is impossible for any man to be angry with you," and so ended his Highness's animosity.

LEGAL ADVICE.—"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door "will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling

piece?" The lawyer pronouncing the piece good deposited it in his pocket, adding, with great gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office, I'll return the four-pence."

CHARITY.—Zaccher and Esreff begged Morah, their tutor, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo. He gave them a few aspers to expend as they thought proper, and on their return he inquired, how they had bestowed the money. "I" said Zaccher, "bought some of the finest dates Syria ever produced; the taste was exquisite." "And I" said Esreff, "met a poor woman, with an infant at her breast; her cries pierced me; I gave her my aspers, and grieved that I had not more." "The dates," said Morah to Zaccher, "are gone, but Ezreff's charity will be a lasting blessing, and contribute to his happiness, not only in this life, but in that to come."

DR. GOLDSMITH.—The following announcement of the death of this eminent writer appeared in one of the public journals of the time;

1774. April 4.—Died Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. *Deserted is the Village; The Traveller has laid him down to rest; The Good-natured man is no more; he Stoops but to Conquer; the Vicar has performed his sad office, it is a mournful lesson, from which the Hermit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Roman or Grecian fortitude.*

PROFESSION NOT PRACTICE.—Some men talk like angels and pray with great fervor, and meditate with deep recesses, and speak to God with loving affections, and words of union, and adhere to him in silent devotion, and when they go abroad are as passionate as ever, peevish as a frightened fly, vexing themselves with their own reflections: they are cruel in their bargains, unmerciful to their tenants, and proud as a barbarian prince; they are for all their fine words impatient of reproof, scornful to their neighbors, lovers of money, supreme in their own thoughts and submit to none: with all their spiritual fancy and illusion, they are still under the power of these passions, and their sin rules them imperiously, and carries them away infallibly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*