

speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute."

"Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom: but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed heartily, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favour, and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share.

"And was he excused?"

"O, yes, for no man is angry with another for being inferior to himself: we all scorned him and admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unclubable* man."

Dr. Johnson and the Female Wits of his day.—"And yet," continued the Doctor, with the most comical look, "I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montague down to Bet Flint!"

"Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "pray who is she?"

"Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot."

"And for heaven's sake how came you to know her?"

"Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse;—it began:

When nature first ordained my birth,
A diminutive I was born on earth;
And then I came from a dark abode,
Into a gay and gaudy world."

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet has a fine spirit: she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her! Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpichord, but But could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes and drummed."

Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses, who called herself by some fine name I have forgotten what.

"She had not quite the same stock of virtue," continued he; "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint, but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that whilst Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance!"

"And pray what became of her, sir?"

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up: but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?"

"Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!"

Military Discipline Sixty Years Ago—

After a little twaddling conversation, Captain Fuller came in to have a little chat. He said he had just gone through a great operation—"I have been," he said, "cutting off the hair of all my men."

"And why?"

"Why the Duke of Richmond ordered that it should be done, and the fellows swore that they would not submit to it,—so I was forced to the operation myself. I told them they would look as smart again when they had got on their caps; but it went much against them. They vowed, at first, they would not bear such usage; some said they would sooner be run through the body, and others that the duke should as soon have their heads. I told them I would soon try that, and fell to work myself with them."

"And how did they bear it?"

"Oh, poor fellows, with great good nature, when they found his honor was their barber: but I thought proper to submit to all their oaths and all their jokes; for they had no other comfort but to hope I should have enough of it; and such sort of wit. Three or four of them, however, escaped: but I shall find them out. I told them I had a good mind to cut my own hair off too,—and then they would have a Captain Crop. I shall soothe them to-morrow with a present of new feathers for all their caps."

[Here we extract an account of a Royal visit. It was prior to the time of Miss Burney's being appointed a maid of honour to the Queen,—and took place while she was staying with Mrs. Delany, one of the ladies of the court. The Miss