

this family, when a young university blood, in company with two jovial companions, made too free with a gentleman's purse upon the road. Soon after Popham repented, and his companions thought nothing less than a discovery would follow, which in order to prevent they led him into a wood, fastened his hands behind him, fixed one end of a halter round his neck, the other end to a limb of a tree, and in this situation left him seated upon his horse. Popham was under dreadful apprehensions of his approaching fate, and so much the more as the grass grew short on which the horse had for a time very quietly fed; but he now began to stretch the rope by extending his circuit, and Popham, who had been humouring him with a jockey-whistle, began to cry out in great agony of soul, 'Ho! Ball! ho! Ball!' but at the very instant he was about to swing off, he was relieved by one of his companions who had divided from the other, and was returned back for that purpose. It happened that in a series of years Popham became a judge, before whom his companion who had saved his life was convicted for a capital offence, and being asked why judgment of death should not pass, he mimicked the judge's former tone of voice, and cried out, 'Ho! Ball! ho! Ball!' The judge, who now recollected his face, told the court that the prisoner appeared to be insane, and that he would respite sentence till next assizes, before which he found means to get the culprit pardoned and provided for.

A MAN seeing a king's horse making water in a river, 'This creature,' said he, 'is like his master; he gives where it is not wanted.'

AMONG the many anecdotes related of M. Rousseau, the following may with certainty be relied on:—In a little country town in France, where he took up his residence when he was persecuted for his opinions, the curate of the parish no sooner heard who he was, than he publicly preached against him, and in several of his sermons branded him with the appellation of an Infidel. The unblamable tenor of his conduct, however, prevented those invectives from taking any effect, and the people in general were regardless about the tendency of his writings, when they found nothing to condemn in his life. The priest, finding that he could do but little in this way, changed his battery, and insinuated, wherever he went, that Rousseau had asserted in several parts of his works, that women had no souls. This report gaining an universal belief, 'the women, one and

'all exclaimed against him as a monster and never suffered their husbands nor relations to rest, till they had driven him out of the neighbourhood.'

A VIRTUOUS friendship is the sweetest charm of life; the source of every thing that is great, good and excellent on earth.

Rousseau, equally celebrated for his genius and for his misfortunes, was honoured with the patronage of Prince Eugene, who was his zealous protector; but the friend of his heart was the Count de Bonneval, who, in the sequel, having unfortunately involved himself in a quarrel with the Prince, 'the disinterested Rousseau did not hesitate a moment between his patron and his friend. He warmly defended the latter, and lost the favour of the Prince.'

M. LA MOTTE, author of many tragedies, comedies, and operas, and a translation of Homer, in French heroic verse, was remarkable for a most retentive memory, of which the following story is a striking instance:—

A young author read a new tragedy to him, which he heard all-through with great seeming pleasure. He assured the writer that his piece was excellent, and that he would engage for its success. But says he you have been guilty of a little plagiarism. To prove this, I will repeat to you the second scene of the fourth act of your play.—The young poet assured him that he was mistaken, for he had not borrowed a line from any body.

La Motte said, that he asserted nothing which he could not prove; and immediately repeated the whole scene with as much animation, as if he himself had been the author of it. Those who were present looked at one another with astonishment, and knew not what to think. The author himself was more especially disconcerted. When La Motte had for some time enjoyed their embarrassment, he said, 'Gentlemen, recover yourselves from your surprise:—Then addressing himself to the author,—"The scene, Sir, is certainly your own, as well as the rest of the play; but it appeared to me so beautiful and so affecting, that I could not help getting it by heart, when you read it to me."

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Dumar, author of a voluminous treatise on the Civil Law, was promoted to the office of a judge of the Provincial Court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the South of France, in which he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years.