

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MISS BURNEY.

[THIS work, of which the first and second volumes have appeared, has excited the most intense interest in the literary and fashionable circles of England. Miss Burney, the authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia" &c., was not only the companion of the distinguished men of the past century, Johnson, Burke, and all the members of the brilliant coterie of which they were a portion, but held for some time a confidential post in the household of the Queen of George the Third. These volumes, therefore, besides presenting us with numerous anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, with whom Miss Burney was a favourite, of Mrs. Thrale and all the wits of the day, contain conversations of George the Third, and in the next volume we are led to expect the private chit-chat of the Court, for a series of years. Miss Burney's introduction to royalty, with a few interesting anecdotes and conversations of Dr. Johnson, we insert, premising that, at the time of these latter, Miss Burney was staying at Streatham, the residence of the Thrales.]

The Household of Dr. Johnson.—At tea time the subject turned upon the economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit them—for his charity is unbounded, or rather bounded only by his circumstances.

The account he gave of the adventures and absurdity of the set, was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing,—though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalise my dialogues.

Mrs. Thrale—Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, she does not like them at all, but their fondness for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. T.—And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

Dr. J.—Madam, he is a Scotchman; he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing any thing properly, since I found he gave as much labour to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. T.—And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

Dr. J.—Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levat, who says that it is not now what it used to be.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Levat, I suppose, sir, has the charge of keeping the hospital in health, for he is an apothecary.

Dr. J.—Levat, Madam, is a very brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

Mrs. T.—But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll?"

Dr. J.—Why I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. T.—How came she among you, sir?"

Dr. J.—Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first, but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle waggle,—and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

An Unclubable Man.—The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins,—and Mrs. Thrale said:

"Why, now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself: Garrick is one too; for if any other person