

are unaccountable. So fares it at times with the writer bound to furnish forth his regular courses of amusement, of instruction and of satire to the public; his solid meats, his piquant sauces, his flavoured wine, and solacing fruits. So it is with me, and labouring, as I do, under great depression of spirits and infirmity of body, "at the time of this present writing," not, however, "hoping it may be the same with you," gentle readers, I luckily recollect that I am under promise to Messrs. Rigdum Funnidos & Co. to give them an occasional collection of anecdote, jest and epigram; and being just now fit for nothing else but, like the Italian buffoon, to make others laugh, whilst I inwardly prey upon my own melancholy thoughts, I will serve up an entertainment, in which I hope there will be found both flavour and variety. L. L. M.

George, Lord Lyttleton, was a man rather melancholy in his disposition, and used to declare to his friends, that when he went to Vauxhall, he always supposed pleasure to be in the *next box* to his; at least that he himself was so unhappily situated as always to be in the *wrong box* for it. This anecdote Dr. Johnson has not got in Lord Lyttleton's life.

A traveller passing through the city of Burgos in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. What, replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogusius? one the eye, the other the heart, of our learned university, known all over the world? Never, cried the traveller, but pray inform me what Brandellius is particu-