

Liberality and gratitude are the bands of concord. *Cicero.*

He never gives in vain, who gives with cheerfulness and discretion.

A liberal heart will practice benevo-

lence, even though ability (in point of fortune) be wanting.

*Extra fortunam est quicquid donatur amicis;
Quas dederis solas semper habebis opes.*

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

BISHOP BURNET was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character of what the French call *l'Étardie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned, on suspicion of poisoning, and, among the rest, the countess of Soissons, niece of cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior prince Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when the prince came over to England, bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any women in the kingdom, begged of the duke of Marlborough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person, whose fame resounded through all Europe. The duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the prince, and other company, at Marlborough-house. The bishop, mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to sit silent and incognito during the whole entertainment, and might have kept his resolution, had not prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman, taken it in his head to ask who he was. He no sooner understood that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the bishop, and, among other questions, asked when he was last at Paris? Burnet, flattered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction required, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but was at the time when the countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced the words, when his eyes meeting those of the duke, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error by asking pardon of his highness: He stared wildly around, and seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

AS Prior was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the

Victories of Louis, painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations; 'The monuments of my Master's actions,' said he, 'are to be seen every where but in his own house.' The pictures of Le Brun are not only in themselves sufficiently ostentatious, but were explained by inscriptions so arrogant, that Boileau and Racine thought it necessary to make them more simple.

OF Prior's behaviour in the lighter parts of life it is too late to get much intelligence. One of his answers to a boastful Frenchman has been related, and to an impertinent he made another equally proper. During his embassy, he sat at the Opera by a man, who, in his rapture, accompanied with his own voice the principal singer. Prior fell to railing at the performer with all the terms of reproach that he could collect, till the Frenchman, ceasing from his song, began to expostulate with him for his harsh censure of a man who was confessedly the ornament of the Stage. 'I know all that,' says the Ambassador; 'but he sings so loud, that I cannot hear you.'

DURING Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James the second, a certain person, knowing the humane disposition of one Mrs. Gaunt, whose life was one continued exercise of beneficence, fled to her house, where he was concealed and maintained for some time: hearing, however, of the proclamation, which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers; that he was pardoned and recompensed for his Treachery, and she was burnt alive for her Charity!

LATELY Capt. Troy, of Tower street, London, went to the play Covent Garden theatre. He had not been long seated in the pit, when he missed his watch, and a suspicious looking young man being seated beside