

whom this English nature was unknown have dealt very disadvantageously with so suspicious a nation.

"The meaner inhabitants of the towns, and part of the country people, are ill disposed towards strangers, and believe that no realm upon earth is good for any thing except their own; but they are set right as to such foolish notions by those who have more understanding and experience. Meanwhile it is, on this account, not advisable for a foreigner to travel about the country; because it is usual to begin by inquiring whether Englishmen are well or ill received in his native land. (We might hence argue that foreigners did not meet with ill usage, save when it was in some sort justified as a measure of retaliation.) But if he have a royal passport, he is not only well received every where, but forwarded with the horses allotted to court business, or, in case of need, he may demand them from the owners.

"Very different in this respect is the nature of the great. For there is not a lord in the land who would not gladly have foreign servants and nobles about him, paying them good salaries. The king himself has many Italians and Spaniards, of divers professions, in his service. These are on good terms with the courtiers, who gladly learn Italian and French, (for this last purpose Frenchmen might have been more useful than Spaniards,) and eagerly pursue knowledge. He who is wealthy lets his sons and daughters study, and learn Latin, Greek and Hebrew; for since that storm of heresy burst upon the country, it is held useful to read the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues. Poorer persons, who cannot educate their children so learnedly, yet will not appear ignorant, or quite strange to the refinement of the world; therefore are they seen, on Sundays and holidays, well, ay, better dressed than fits their condition. (An odd, but even to the present day not unusual mode of concealing ignorance.) Men and women mostly wear fine black cloth, with silken well-wrought ribbons and trimmings, and so, following the profuse turn of the nobility, do they honour city and court.

"Noble ladies are easily distinguished from inferior women, inasmuch as those wear a hat, (*ciapperone*) after the French fashion—these a cap, or head-dress, (*aconciatura*), of fur or of white linen, according to their station and English custom.

"Their wedding customs differ not from those of other countries, but they marry young, and moreover a second or third time; nay, sometimes have married persons engaged themselves provisionally to another husband, or another wife, in case their actual partner should die."

TESTIMONY OF ROUSSEAU TO THE DIVINE PERFECTION OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SAVIOUR.

The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction—how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible a book at once so simple and so sublime should merely be the work of man? What prepossession, what blindness, it must be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might be doubted if Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had, therefore, only to say what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn among his contemporaries that pure and sublime morality, of which He only has given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peacefully philosophising with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for—that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing

pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be found. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it—but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a philosopher—the life and death of Jesus were those of a God!—EMILY.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

Here's a health to right honest JOHN BULL,
When he's gone we sha'n't have such another;
And with hearts, and with glasses brim full,
Here's a health to OLD ENGLAND, his mother.

She gave him a good education,
Had him keep to his church and his king,
Be loyal and true to the nation,
And then go be merry and sing.

Now John is a very good fellow,
Industrious, honest and brave;
Not afraid of his betters, when mellow,
Since betters he knows he should have.

For there must be fine lords and fine ladies,
There must be some little, some great;
Their wealth the supply of our trade is,
Our hands the support of their state.

Some are born for the court and the city,
And some for the village and cot;
But oh! 'twere a dolorous ditty,
If all became equal in lot.

If our ships had no pilots to steer,
What would come of poor Jack in the shrouds?
Or our troops no commanders to fear,
They'd soon be arm'd robbers in crowds.

Then the plough and the loom must stand still,
If they made of us gentlemen all;
Or all clodhoppers—then who would fill
The parliament, pulpit and hall?

Rights of Man make a very fine sound,
Equal Rights is a plausible tale;
But whose labour would then till the ground?
All would drink—but who'd brew the best ale?

When half naked, half starved, in the street,
We were wand'ring about, *sans culottes*,
Would *Equality* go fetch us meat,
Or *Liberty* lengthen our coats?

That knaves are for lev'ling, no wonder,
'Tis easy to guess at their views;
'Tis they would get all by the plunder,
'Tis they who have nothing to lose.

Then away, such nonsensical stuff,
Full of treason, confusion and blood;
Ev'ry Briton has freedom enough
To be happy as long as he's good.

To be ruled by a merciful king,
To be guarded by juries and laws,
And when the work's finish'd, to sing,
This, this is true *Liberty's* cause.

Then, halloo, boys! halloo boys! for ever—
For just such a nation as we;
'Tis our pleasure—O may it cease never—
'Tis our pride to be *Loyal* and *Free*.