

yesterday, paying his first visit to Haydn, in the year 1799, and finding him busily engaged in composing the part of Summer in his delightful Seasons; at this time he bore his years with a racy cheerfulness and vigour of intellect, of which three-score has but rarely the happiness to boast. An isolated act is frequently the theme to a canon, which a young artist was desirous of writing, these few but pithy words—'Let thy science be thy God, the world thou inhabitest, and thine own self?' *London Athenaeum.*

THE ISLAND OF JOHANNA.—Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, talk a little English; but the best examples of persons possessed of such acquirements, were found where they ought to be, amongst the grandees of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the Dukes and Earls at the capital of the Bomoros. 'How do you do sir! Very glad see you. D—n your eyes! Johanna man like English very much. God d—n! That very good? Eh? Develish hot sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n my eye! Very fine day.' After which in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a most insinuating smile, his lordship, or his grace, as the rank of the party might be, would add: 'You want orange? You want goat? Cheap! I got good, very. You send me your clothes; I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! very! I got every thing, plenty, great, much! God d—n!' And then, as if to crouch the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of Indiamen, masters of Yankee brigs, and middies of men-of-war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes bag if he could safely do so. We had exhausted most of the topics, and all the English words of our friends of the fashionable world of Johanna, except the oaths, which their profligate visitors appear to have been particularly successful in sowing among them, when the king was graciously pleased to rise from his bamboo couch, and summon us to his presence. The audience-chamber might have measured twelve feet long, and eight wide, with a window at one end made to slope like the stern-post of a ship. Under the light sat the king, with his crown on his head—an appendage which, I must say, seems quite proper; and if it were always observed elsewhere, it would save many a bitter disappointment to children and nurses, as I can answer from actual experience in my own family, at the Tuileries, and elsewhere. But, in place of a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other, which by rights he ought also to have yielded, his majesty leaned both his hands on the hilt of a monstrous rusty sabre, or ship's cutlass, stuck perpendicularly between his legs, while his elbows rested on the sides of a clumsy wooden arm-chair, exchanged probably with some master of a merchant ship for a bullock or two. The crown was amazingly grand, being stuck all round with stones, precious enough, I dare swear; and over all was thrown, not inelegantly, an Indian shawl, which dropped on either side nearly to the elastic bamboo floor, covered with rattan mats. Under the shawl we could observe a cumbersome black velvet robe, strangely ill cut, streaked across with gold lace, and garnished with a whole regiment of huge buttons. The folds of the robe concealed from our view the cut and quality of his Majesty's small clothes; but certes he wore no covering below the knee, nor any thing on his feet, except a pair of sandals, consisting of a slip of deal, half an inch thick, tied to the great toe, and laced over the instep by small bands, made of the long grass of the island. This load of finery well nigh concealed a round, fat, good humoured, elderly personage, whose countenance gave no great promise of intellect beyond what we had found amongst his subjects below stairs.

BATHING.—The great utility of bathing, as regards the establishment of sound bodily health, was fully explained some weeks ago in this journal; and, for a particular reason I again advert to the subject. The use of sea-bathing is sufficiently acknowledged, and the use of the warm bath is becoming more prevalent; but it unfortunately happens that few towns can command the first of these luxuries, and there are not many who can support the second. Most of the English manufacturing towns have been heretofore destitute of baths for the use of the populace, and this circumstance is very much to be lamented, more especially as such places have besides the means of erecting and supporting hot and tepid baths to a large enough extent.—*Chambers' Journal.*

BRAVERY OF THE ABERDONIANS.—No civic community in Scotland has been so distinguished in history for their bravery in battle and their resistance to foreign aggression, as the people of Aberdeen. They assisted Bruce in 1308, and, having aided in vanquishing the English betwixt Old Meldrum and Inverary,

they returned and put the garrison of Edward to the sword. They subsequently opposed, with great vigour the landing of English troops at Dunnottar; and were defeated only after some severe fighting and slaughter. At the celebrated battle at Harlaw, which was a sort of pitched fight betwixt the Highlanders and Lowlanders, and took place in 1411, the citizens are known to have fought so bravely as to turn the fate of the day against Donald of the Isles and his tartaned host. In 1530, the Aberdonians repelled the attack of a body of Forbesses, with their usual intrepidity, and saved the town from being plundered. Seven years afterwards they sent a large complement of men southwards to oppose the invasion of the English under the Duke of Somerset; and they nearly all perished on the well-fought field of Pinkey. The brave Aberdonians had also their share in the disastrous troubles of Charles the First's reign. For the eminent services performed by the citizens during the wars of the independence, they received many privileges from Robert Bruce. In commemoration of a deed of extraordinary daring—namely, the destruction of the whole English that garrisoned the town, in one night—they received, as a motto to their arms, the phrase, 'Bon Accord,' which was the watchword on the occasion, and which is still used in common speech by the Aberdonians as a familiar name of the town. *Id.*

AN AWKWARD DISCLAIMER.—David Garrick was once on a visit at Mr Rieby's seat, Misty Hall, Essex, when Dr Gough formed one of the party: observing the potent appetite of the learned Doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the Doctor excepted; who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the company:—'Gentlemen, you must, doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his, but I can assure you, that, till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight.' Roscius was silent.

CONSTITUTION.—A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied: 'Sir, I keep no periodicals.'

READING.—Reading is to the mind what food is to the body, it nourishes, refreshes, and invigorates it. Be careful, therefore, that all mental food be of good quality. Let nothing be received into the mind, but that which will produce such effects. Let every thing be well digested, and laid up in the storehouse of the memory, to be applied by the judgment, as occasion may require.

COURTSHIP OF THE LATE DR. R.—'Dear Sir, I am so sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but, I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged, Eliza L.' 'Dear Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake: it was Miss Ann I meant to ask: have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R.' 'The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and, as they say in the fairy tales, 'lived very happy all the rest of their lives.'

SWALLOWS.—The swallows of Sweden, at the approach of winter, plunge into the lakes, and remain there asleep, and buried under the ice, till the return of spring. Then, awakened by the returning heat, they leave the water, and resume their usual flight. While the lakes are frozen, if the ice be broken in certain places which appear darker than others, the swallows are found in great quantities, cold, asleep, and half dead. If they are taken out, and warmed by the hands or before a fire, they soon begin to exhibit signs of life; they stretch themselves out, shake themselves, and soon fly away. In other places they retire into the caves, or under the rocks. Between the town of Caen and the sea, along the banks of the Orme, there are many of these caverns, where, during the winter, clusters of swallows have been found suspended like bunches of grapes, from the roof of the cavern. The same thing has been long ago observed in Italy.

DRINKING.—It is an uncouth and strange thing, and even unnatural, that neither a man's appetite, nor his health, nor the time of the day, nor his ordinary diet, shall be the reason or occasion of a man's drinking or the rule whereby to try the convenient *when* or season of it: but whenever a man shall make such and such a bargain with me, or pay me for, or get payment from me of such and such things, *that* must be the rule of my eating and drinking! What beast would be thus dealt with? There is a drinking of healths—by this means forcing, tempting, or occasioning drinking in others: This is one of the highest provocations to drunkenness. What can be the use of drinking healths? It was a notable saying of a great man solicited to drink the king's health: 'by your leave I will pray for the king's health, and drink my own.' This practice will probably be found to have arisen from heathen idolaters, who used libamen Jove, Bacchus, &c.; it is certain there is no vestige for it in Christianity, nor any reason for it.—*The Rev. Mr Durham on the Ten Commandments.*

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON, BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

OBSERVING Byron one day in more than usually low spirits, I asked him if any thing painful had occurred. He sighed deeply, and said—'No, nothing new, the old wounds are still unhealed, and bleed afresh on the slightest touch, so that God knows there needs nothing new, and yet can I reflect on my present position without bitter feelings? Exiled from my country by a species of ostracism—the most humiliating to a proud mind, when DAGGERS and not shells were used to ballot, inflicting mental wounds, more deadly and difficult to be healed than all that the body could suffer. Then the notoriety (as I call what you would kindly name Fame) that follows me, precludes the privacy I desire, and renders me an object of curiosity, which is a continual source of irritation to my feelings. I am bound, by the indissoluble ties of marriage, to one who will NOT live with me, and live with one to whom I cannot give a legal right to be my companion, and who, wanting that right, is placed in a position humiliating to her and most painful to me. Were the Countess Guiccioli and I married, we would, I am sure, be cited as an example of conjugal happiness, and the domestic and retired life we lead would entitle us to respect; but our union, wanting the legal and religious part of the ceremony of marriage, draws on us both censure and blame. She is formed to make a good wife to any man to whom she attached herself. She is fond of retirement—is of a most affectionate disposition—and noble minded and disinterested to the highest degree. Judge, then, how mortifying it must be to me, to be the cause of placing her in a false position. All this is not thought of when people are blinded by passion, but when passion is replaced by bitter feelings—those of affection, friendship, and confidence—when, in short, the LIAISON has all of marriage but its forms, then it is that we wish to give, it the respectability of wedlock. It is painful (said Byron) to find oneself growing old without—

that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.'

I feel this keenly, reckless as I appear, though there are few to whom I would avow it, and certainly not to man.'

'With all my faults,' said Byron one day, 'and they are; as you will readily believe, innumerable, I have never traduced the only two women with whom I was ever domesticated, Lady Byron and the Countess Guiccioli. Though I have had, God knows, reason to complain of malice itself to prove that I even spoke against her; on the contrary, I have always given her credit for the many excellent and amiable qualities she possesses, or at least possessed, when I knew her; and I have only to regret that forgiveness, for real, or imagined, wrongs, was not amongst their number. Of the Guiccioli, I could not, if I would, speak ill; her conduct towards me has been faultless, and there are few examples of such complete and disinterested affection as she has shown towards me all through our attachment.'

I observed to Lord Byron a candour in talking of his own defects, nay, a seeming pleasure in dwelling on them, that I never remarked in any other person; I told him this one day, and he answered, 'Well, does not that give you hopes of my amendment?' My reply was, 'No; I fear, by continually recapitulating them, you will get so accustomed to their existence, as to conquer your disgust of them. You remind me of Belcour, in the 'West Indian,' when he exclaims, 'No one sins with more repentance, or repents with less amendment than I do.' He laughed, and said, 'Well, only wait, and you will see me one day become all that I ought to be; I am determined to LEAVE my sins, and not wait until THEY leave me; I have reflected seriously on all my faults, and that is the first step towards amendment. Nay, I have made more progress than people give me credit for; but, the truth is, I have such a detestation of cant, and am so fearful of being suspected of yielding to its outcry, that I make myself appear rather worse than better than I am.'

'You will believe me, that I sometimes believe myself, mad,' said Byron one day, 'when I tell you that I seem to have two estates of existence, one purely contemplative; during which the crimes, faults, and follies of mankind are laid open to my view, (my own forming a prominent object in the picture,) and the other ACTIVE, when I play my part in the drama of life, as if impelled by some power, over which I have no control, though the consciousness of doing wrong remains. It is as though I had the faculty of discovering error, without the power of avoiding it. How do you account for this?' I answered, 'That, like all the phenomena of thought, it was unaccountable; but that contemplation, when too much indulged, often produced the same effect on the mental faculties that the dwelling on bodily ailments effected in the physical powers—we might become so well acquainted with diseases, as to find all their symptoms, in ourselves and others, without the power of preventing or curing them, nay by the force of imagination, might end in the belief that we were afflicted with them to such a degree as to lose all enjoyment of life, which state is termed hypochondria, but the hypochondria which arises from the belief in mental diseases is still more insupportable, and is increased by contemplation of the supposed crimes or faults, so that the mind should be often relaxed from its extreme tension and other and less exciting subjects of reflection presented to it. Excess in thinking, like all other excesses, produces reaction, and add the two words 'too much' before the words thinking, in the two lines of the admirable parody of the brothers Smith—

'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought, And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.'

and, instead of parody, it becomes true philosophy.' We both laughed at the abstract subject we had fallen upon; and Byron remarked, 'How few would guess the general topics that occupy our conversation?' I added, 'it may not perhaps be very amusing, but, at all events, it is better than scandal.' He shook his head, and said, 'All subjects are good in their way, provided they are sufficiently diversified, but scandal has something so piquant,—it is a sort of cayenne to the mind,—that I confess I like it, particularly if the objects are one's particular friends.'

Society and genius are incompatible, and the latter can rarely, if ever, be in close or frequent contact with the former, without degenerating; it is otherwise with wit and talent, which are excited and brought into play by the friction of society, which polishes and sharpens both. I judge from personal experience; and as some portion of genius has been attributed to me, I suppose I may, without any extraordinary vanity, quote my ideas on the subject. Well then (continued Byron) if I have any genius (which I great in problematical,) all I can say is, that I have always found it fade away, like snow before the sun, when I have