
THE
WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 12, 1792.

STATISTICAL REMARKS.

THE number of the inhabitants of a country or city is almost renewed every thirty years ; and in a century the human race is renewed three times and one-third.

If we allow three generations for a century, and suppose the world to be only 5700 years old, there appears to have been 171 generations since the creation of the world to the present time, 124 since the deluge, and 53 since the Christian æra ; and as there is not a family that can prove its origin even as far back as the Emperor Charlemagne, it consequently follows that the most ancient families are unable to trace their origin, farther back than thirty generations. Very few indeed can trace so far without diving into fiction.

Out of 1000 infants, who are nursed by the mother, about 300 die ; of the same number, committed to the care of strange nurses, it is calculated that 500 perish.

Among the 115 deaths, there may be reckoned one woman in child bed ; but only one of 400 dies in labour.

The small pox in the natural way, usually carries off eight out of 100.

By inoculation, one dies out of 300.

It is remarked that more girls than boys die of the small pox in the natural way.

From the calculations, founded on the bills of mortality, only one out of 3126 reaches the age of 100.

More people live to a greater age in elevated situations than in those which are lower.

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The probability is, that a new-born child will live to the age of 26 years and six months.

	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Months.</i>
That one of	1	will live 41	9
	3	45	7
	5	46	4
	10	44	9
A person of	15	41	6
	20	38	3
	24	35	5
	30	32	3
	35	29	8
	40	26	6
	45	23	0
	50	20	11
	55	17	0
	60	14	2
	65	11	5
	70	8	11
	75	6	8
	80	4	10
	85	3	3
	90	2	0

The proportion of the deaths of women to those of men is 100 to 108; the probable duration of a man's life is 60 years.

Married women live longer than those who are not married.

By observations made during the space of 50 years, it has been found that the greatest number of deaths has been in the month of March; and, next to that, the months of August and September. In November, December, and February there are the fewest deaths.

ELMINA; or, the NEVER-FADING-FLOWER:

A T A L E.

[Translated from the French of M. Masson de Blamone, an Officer in the Russian Service.]

IN a remote country, and at a very remote period, lived a young princess, named Elmina. She was very beautiful and lovely. Loveliness, indeed, is the constant companion of youth

youth and innocence; but, alas! innocence and beauty too often vanish with infancy, if great care be not taken to form the heart to the early love of virtue. The young princess was an orphan; but a benevolent fairy, whose name was Lindorina, undertook the care of her education. Elmina had no idea that her governess was a fairy; but she loved her as a friend, and adored her as her mother.

The Princess, one day, obtained permission to go and play with her companions in a neighbouring meadow: and soon the sprightly group were sporting along the meandering brook, pursuing the gaudy butterflies, or plucking their favourite flowers.

When they had gathered a sufficient quantity, they repaired to a shady tree, to make chaplets and nosegays. During this pleasing employment, some were engaged in conversation, and others in relating stories. Girls, it is well known, are fond of chit-chat; for they retain whatever they hear. Elmina, not so inquisitive and talkative as the rest, sung while assorting her flowers. Her young friends, delighted to listen to her enchanting notes, were instantly silent. And this was her song, which the fairy, I think, taught her.

Sweet pictures of youth and of spring,
Ye flow'rs of the meadows so gay,
What pity the beauties I sing,
So fleeting! so soon should decay.

The green tufted bank, in the morn
(Its fragrance diffusing around)
Did a sweet humble vi'let adorn:
In the evening—it could not be found.

In the morn, said a nymph to the rose,
"I will pluck thee, gay flow'ret, at noon:"
She comes; but no longer it glows:
It faded—and faded so soon.

There's a flower that never can fade,
Immortal its hues and its sweets:
How happy, who finds it, the maid!
But it blooms not in these green retreats.

It is not the violet or rose,
Nor doth it the gardens adorn;
'Tis alone in the heart that it grows,
And permanent ever its morn.

Would you ever your beauties retain,
 And rule in our bosoms, sweet maid?
 This flower then tend not in vain:
 It never, ah! never, will fade.

Elmina ceased. All the chaplets were ready, and her companions rose. "What shall we do?" said they: "The beauty of the circle." This was a diversion of which the girls in that country were very fond. They selected one of the most beautiful among them: they dressed her for the occasion, and crowned her with flowers. They then danced, and sung round her. But it was here a very delicate affair (and what I should have undertaken with reluctance) to decide which was the prettiest among a group of young ladies. Indeed, this was a point in which they themselves were not agreed.—The majority would have crowned Elmina; but her modesty would not permit her to think herself the most amiable; and, so far from being jealous of the beauty of another, she perceived that many of her companions were very charming. "A thought has just struck me," said Elmina; "let us each go and pick some favourite flower, and put it into a straw hat. Then let us throw the flowers up into the air, and she, whose flower is thrown the highest, shall be the beauty of the circle." All applauded this happy idea, and went to choose a favourite flower.

Among the companions of Elmina, was a young Princess named Malinetta, who was very vain and designing. She ran to a neighbouring field, and plucked a blue-bottle, which she put into the hat, after having artfully rolled the stalk round a pebble.

The sly nymph's intention may be easily divined. By this artifice, the flower, become heavier, must, in course, be thrown farther. The others chose, without any idea of deception, the flower they preferred. One brought a ranunculus, another a primrose, and a third a lily of the vale. As for Elmina, she went into a thicket, to pick a wild rose, the flower she liked best. She saw a bush quite covered with roses; but I cannot imagine why the modest Elmina chose one of the least and lightest.

At the instant they threw the flowers out of the hat, in order to see which would go the farthest, a light breeze wafted the wild rose aloft. It would soon, however, have sunk below the blue-bottle, but that a pretty butterfly fluttered round it, and bore it away. The gay group shouted at this little miracle. They crowned Elmina, and began to adorn her as the beauty
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of the circle. This was no difficult task; for Elmina was extremely beautiful; flowers were ready, and a brook flowed murmuring by. The Princess, adorned and crowned, was seated on a kind of throne of turf; and they began to dance and sing around her.

Nymphs, that now are cheerful seen,
 Where sweet vi'lets deck the ground!
 Nymphs, that on th' enamell'd green,
 Join the sprightly dance around!
 Lovely virgins, sing and play,
 Ever innocent and gay,
 And crown the fairest maid to-day.
 While health displays her roseate charms,
 Pluck the sweetest flow'rs you find;
 Welcome joy with open arms,
 And your brows with roses bind.
 Lovely virgins, sing and play.
 Ever innocent and gay,
 And crown the fairest maid to-day.

Their diversion was interrupted by an unexpected noise in the adjacent grove: and presently came from it a little old woman, who approached the little dancers. At first, they were greatly terrified, and would have run from the fancied danger. But the affable demeanour of the old lady, and the gentleness of her voice, soon allayed their fears. Her dress was a green robe, with a rush hat of the same colour, ornamented with a wreath of verdant foliage. In her hand, she had a green pot, in which was a little plant.

It was on account of this dress, that those who knew the venerable dame, called her Verdurina. "My children," said she, "I am not come to disturb your diversion. But I have heard Elmina sing a song, in which she mentions a Flower that never fades. I have seen her take a wild rose in the thicket; and, from her choice, I have deemed her worthy of the inestimable present, I am going to make her. "My daughter," she continued, accosting the young Princess, who heard her with astonishment, "take this plant, on which are four flowers and two buds. It is the Flower that never fades, and I make you a present of it. Tend it with the utmost care; but know, my daughter, it is not by watering that you will preserve it.—Look at this flower, whose hue is such a bright carnation: it is called the Flower of Modesty. As long as your cheeks glow
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with that lovely colour, this flower will preserve its hue in all its vivid beauty. The second flower, which is of the most spotless white, is called the Flower of Virtue; and it will appear sullied, the moment you are inattentive to any of your duties. The third, of a yellow as bright as gold, is called the Flower of Benevolence; and while you continue good, it will ever retain its lustre. The fourth is of a beautiful sky blue: it is called the Flower of Gentleness. Whenever Elmina is impatient or angry, the charming flower will droop. This bud, which is beginning to blow, will produce the Flower of Understanding. It will expand in proportion as you instruct yourself, and will, consequently, mark your improvement in knowledge. The other bud incloses the Flower of the Graces: it will open imperceptibly, and will shed a lustre over all the other flowers."—"Ah! Madam," exclaimed the Princess, as she received the plant, "how shall I acknowledge this inestimable gift? Come with me, I entreat you. Lindorina will endeavour to convince you of her gratitude and mine."—"My daughter," said Verdurina, "you cannot better express your gratitude, than in showing me, one day, this flower in all its beauty. I will return to this spot in three years, and then, if this flower is pure, you will both ever remain the same."

When she had thus spoken, Verdurina accosted the other young ladies, and presented them, likewise, with some flowers from her enchanted tree; to one, five; to another, four; according to her knowledge of their good dispositions to cultivate them. It is said, that the Princess Malinetta received only one; moreover, that she could never make it blow. I know not, however, what to say on this head; for this young lady having the misfortune to lose her reputation, no person could be found to write her history.

The fairy (for it is pretty evident that Verdurina was one) after having distributed her presents, turned suddenly into the grove, and vanished. The young ladies remained in a state of astonishment at this apparition. They quitted their sport, and the flowers they had gathered, to think of those only which they had just received. All were impatient to shew them to their parents; and Elmina had no sooner returned home, than she related all that happened to Lindorina, and put the inestimable flower into a beautiful china vase. The governess seemed much astonished at the adventure: it was known, however, in the sequel, that Verdurina and Lindorina were the same.

Elmina went to sleep with great satisfaction; but full of the ideas that had engaged her attention in the day, she thought of nothing,

nothing, the whole night, but meadows, dances, fairies, and enchanted flowers. Her first care, on waking, was to examine, whether her flower had suffered any change. She hastened to the china vase; but, in going near the window, she heard a great disturbance in the street, and saw a number of little boys, who were pursuing an old woman. The oddity of the scene diverted the Princess, and made her laugh; and it was not till they were out of sight, that she left the window, in order to inspect her flower. What was her surprise and grief, when she saw the Flower of Modesty losing its beautiful hue, and the Flower of Benevolence to be somewhat sullied! Lindorina entering, perceives the Princess in consternation, and enquires the cause. "Ah!" said Elmina, "look at the flowers; and yet I have done nothing to occasion this change!"

The Princess, indeed, was innocent; for she had not an idea of any harm in what had excited her mirth; and yet it was no wonder that the Flower of Modesty had begun to wither, and the Flower of Benevolence to be somewhat sullied: for a young lady ought never to shew an indiscreet curiosity, and still less to laugh when a fellow-creature is insulted.

This was the way in which Lindorina explained the extraordinary circumstance to the Princess, who was instantly sensible of her fault, and behaved in such an amiable manner on the occasion, that, before the close of the day, the flowers appeared more beautiful than ever. This little lesson made Elmina more attentive and discreet, and gave her to understand what vigilance and assiduity were requisite, to cultivate the flower that never fades. However, from this time, she did not find it very difficult to preserve her Yellow Flower in all its beauty. Elmina was tender and humane: to do good, nothing was more requisite, than to obey the dictates of her own heart.—But the Sky-blue Flower cost her more trouble. Elmina was passionate; and, at the least vexation, the least impatience, the Flower of Gentleness began to wither, and to reproach her with her faults. The Princess repaired them as soon as possible; for she was persuaded, that there is much less shame in repairing our faults, than in committing them.

With respect to the White Flower, I am assured that it constantly preserved its purity. It is very true, that Elmina, one day, perceived a small spot upon it; but a tear, which she dropped, instantly effaced it. It cannot be known now, what was the little weakness of which Elmina had been guilty, for every good person will easily forget a fault, when it has been expiated by the tears of ingenuous sorrow.

The bud of the Flower of Understanding grew every day. Whenever the Princess had been attentive at some study, she never failed to consult this flower, and generally found that it had put forth some new leaves. This was the most wonderful flower, and it continued increasing in size during the whole life of Elmina. Nothing could be more varied than the shape and colour of its petals. On one, might be observed some beautiful landscapes, or rich designs in embroidery: on another, were representations of history or geography: and on many were seen the golden lyre, or an ivory harp. In a word, upon all the petals were observed the emblems of whatever was best calculated to adorn the mind of a young lady.

The Flower of the Graces, as Verdurina had said, grew imperceptibly. Elmina had even an opportunity of observing, that if ever she endeavoured to force its growth, by the studying any graceful airs at the looking-glass, or elsewhere, this singular flower would instantly close; nor would it open again, till she was once more her unaffected self. This flower had only three petals; but they were so exquisitely beautiful and captivating, that, by some indescribable enchantment, they diffused a lustre over the other flowers, and heightened all their charms.

It may be imagined that Elmina, thus possessing the Never-fading Flower, and tending it with such assiduity, became the most perfect Princess of her time. The fame of her admirable qualities was universally spread; for you know there is a kind of fairy, whose name is Rumour, who has no other employment than to traverse the world, to relate whatever she knows, good or bad, of all persons, and particularly of young Princesses. Rumour, in course, was indefatigable in proclaiming the virtues and accomplishments of Elmina; and all the nations of the earth were solicitous to obtain such an excellent Princess for their Queen. The son of the King of the Roxolans, heir-apparent to the greatest empire in the world, came from a very remote part, in order to see her, and demanded her in marriage of Lindorina. Lindorina acceded to his demand; not because he was heir to the greatest empire in the world, but because this amiable Prince had likewise cultivated the Never-fading Flower; for there is a flower of the same kind for men; somewhat different, indeed, from that which Verdurina gave to the Princess.

Elmina would not leave the scenes so dear to her, without once more visiting the grove, where she had received the inestimable present, the source of all her happiness.

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She hoped to find Verdurina, and to thank her again; it being exactly three years since she had appeared to her. Elmina, therefore, put the Never-fading Flower into her bosom, and repaired to the grove. But how great was her surprise, when she came there, to find her governess, whom she had left in the house, instead of Verdurina!

“I know,” said the fairy, “whom you seek. I gave you that flower under the appearance of Verdurina; and I assisted you in cultivating it, in the form of Lindorina. My task is happily finished. The flower will never fade; and Elmina will be ever lovely and beloved: for the virtues of the heart, and the acquisitions of the mind, give those charms to the possessor which nothing can efface!”—The Princess threw herself at the feet of her benefactress, who tenderly embraced her, and then, assuming an aërial form, disappeared.

Elmina, affected and terrified, stretched out her arms, and continued, for some time, to invoke her benefactress. The Prince hastened to her, consoled her for the loss of Lindorina, and conducted her to his own country, where they were united by the sacred ties of love and virtue, and long continued to enjoy the inexpressible felicity of the wise and good.

R. L.

TRANSLATION of GRAY'S ELEGY.

By Mr. PERCEVAL.

Continued from Page 459.

*M*AIS la science à leurs yeux dérochant ses trésors,
Les laissa s'égarer dans la nuit éternelle.
Et l'indigence affreuse arrêtant leurs efforts,
Eteignit en leurs cœurs la divine étincelle.

*Sous les immenses flots du vaste sein des mers,
Les rubis sont cachés, les perles englouties,
Et de parfums exquis embaumant les déserts
La fleur émaille en vain de sauvages prairies.*

*Ci-git qui d'un Hampden hérita la valeur
Pour défendre ses droits contre la tyrannie;
Là peut-être un Milton; plus loin un protecteur,
Encor tout dégoutant du sang de sa patrie.*

*Leur destin ne fut point d'étonner un sénat,
De mépriser les maux, de braver la tempête,
D'une main bienveillante enrichissant l'état
En rendre des sujets l'allégresse complète.*

Sherborne Grammar School.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL REVIEW of EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For OCTOBER, 1792.

FRANCE, AUSTRIA, and PRUSSIA.

THE controversy between the allied powers and the people of France is still the leading topic of political disquisition. The events which have occurred in the course of the contest, awaken the curiosity, command the attention, and suspend the judgment of the public. The excesses committed by one party have checked the admiration of their warmest supporters; the principles avowed by the other must rouse the resentment of their firmest adherents. Though the treachery of their court, the perfidy of their Ministers, and the threats of their enemies, may palliate the enormities of our Gallic neighbours, yet indiscriminate vengeance cannot be justified by partial misconduct, nor the freedom of a nation founded on the cruelty of individuals. Nor can the desire of restoring a throne to its pristine grandeur, and a nobility to their ancient privileges, excuse an attack upon an independent state, and the subversion of a constitution received by a whole people. It must be our present lot to deplore the ravages of boundless licentiousness, and relentless despotism. Our opinions must be formed upon the accidents of the fleeting hour; and the slightest circumstances may overturn the theories which delighted our imaginations.

The unexpected retreat of the *Duke of Brunswick* has tarnished the glory of the Prussian arms, and revived the courage of the desponding democrates. His insolence in the prospect of success will prevent compassion in the season of calamity. Though his discomfiture may be ascribed to the immediate interposition of Providence, yet no apology can screen him from the imputation of precipitancy in undertaking the expedition, and rashness in his mode of conducting it. It reflects little honour on the wisdom of the confederates to alledge
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they were deceived by the Emigrant Princes. The pampered minions of a voluptuous Court, and the unprincipled invaders of their country's freedom, were entitled to no protection, and unworthy of any confidence; and though the view of misfortune might extort relief even for guilty sufferers, yet it cannot justify the Monarchs of Prussia and Austria in participating their counsels, and conforming to their directions. But commiseration for the exiles was not the true motive for engaging in the war; nor can the failure of the enterprise be ascribed to their imprudence. Little political sagacity was requisite to foresee the consequences of the French revolution; the apprehensions of its influence swallowed up minuter concerns, and suspended the insignificant quarrels of opposing Princes. A system of military government was to be substituted for that which is founded on the rights of man. Employed in this important object, the Court of Berlin, deaf to its truest interests, and regardless of the faith of treaties, abandoned the patriotic sovereign of Poland and its brave inhabitants, to the detested ambition of the Russian tyrant; expended her treasures and sacrificed her troops to restore the Austrian influence in France; forgetting that through its predominance the kingdom of Prussia was shaken to the foundation, and its favourite Monarch exposed to ruin. We must congratulate our friend and ally on his defeat. He may find more honourable employment for his forces in repressing the hostile incursions of ferocious barbarity, and protecting civilized society from another irruption of the Scythian tribes. His advocates, however, speak confidently of the renewal of his attempt in the ensuing spring. But the gallant defence of Thionville, the increasing numbers and returning discipline of the French armies, and the magnanimity of the Convention in refusing to treat till he had evacuated their territories, may teach him that the enthusiasm which the energies of truth and freedom inspire, will ultimately prevail over the utmost exertions of disciplined valour, and the most consummate improvements in military tactics. Mean time, those who are shocked with the humiliation of despotism in Paris, may behold its philanthropy in the bombardment of Lisle, and the destruction of the property of its defenceless inhabitants, and contemplate its magnificence in the fulmination of impotent manifestos, when its expiring victims were perishing disregarded on the plains of Champagne.

Encouraged by this sudden reverse of fortune, *General Custine* has attacked Spire and Worms, and laid them under contribution. His soldiers appear to have behaved with the greatest

courage, and the strictest regularity. An attack upon the independent Princes of the empire may, however, rouse the resentment of the Germanic body, and add unnecessarily to the list of his adversaries. The republic ought not to forget, in its ardour for the propagation of liberty, that the overthrow of established governments is a difficult task; and that the happiness of mankind is more effectually promoted by the dissemination of knowledge, than the violence of arms.

The same prosperity which has attended the French in the northern departments, and on the banks of the Rhine, has accompanied them in their operations against the *King of Sardinia*. The barren rocks of Savoy have re-echoed with the shouts of *vive la liberté*; and the city of Nice has submitted to its gentle sway. The joy with which the invading army was received by the people, displays, in the most striking colours, the oppressive nature of their former government. In provoking the resentment of his formidable neighbour, the sovereign of these narrow territories has departed from the characteristic prudence of his family. The strictest neutrality was his only security. He must now purchase protection at the price of independence; and the House of Austria will scarcely obtain for him that tranquillity which his own discretion might have preserved from interruption.

The bad success of the other potentates will probably prevent the enfeebled Monarch of *Spain* from engaging in the contest. Loaded as that country is by the accumulated weight of civil and ecclesiastical bondage; debilitated in its resources abroad, and ruined in its political economy at home by the ignorance and vices of its present rulers; yet the innate dignity of sentiment peculiar to its inhabitants, and the romantic courage for which they have been distinguished, may restore it to its former lustre. The seeds of Gothic freedom were with difficulty eradicated from the minds of the people; and, had not superstition lent her powerful aid for their extirpation, they might have produced the happy fruit of constitutional liberty. If, by the assistance of France, they obtain this blessing, it will be some compensation for the miseries they have endured during the inauspicious administration of the Bourbon race.

If the situation of France, with regard to the invading powers, is meliorated, the internal condition of the country is likewise improved. The functions of the legislative assembly have ceased. Exposed as its members were to the intrigues of the Court on one hand, and the clamours of the factions on the other,

other, they seem to have wanted ability "to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." We must not, however, accuse them of total incapacity. They were compelled to combat with the errors of their predecessors as well as with their own inexperience, they were involved in hostilities whose object was to restore that King to his prerogatives, to whom they had entrusted the defence of their rights; and the events of the 10th of August were sufficient to appal the most determined, and terrify the most undaunted.

The party which conducted the massacre on that and subsequent occasions, is losing its authority with the populace, and is despised in the *National Convention*. That body has begun its career by a decree abolishing royalty. Without inquiring into the superiority of the republican system, the circumstances of their situation justified them in adopting it. Louis the Sixteenth had so completely lost the confidence of the nation, that any attempt to restore him to his forfeited rank would have been at once detrimental to the community, and dangerous to himself. The constituent assembly, in abrogating those artificial distinctions which are the surest support of monarchical government, divested the throne of that splendour which is necessary to give it importance in the public eye, and prepared the way for its final subversion. In their zeal against aristocracy they destroyed the pillars of the fabric they were labouring to rear, and forgot that the sceptre must quickly drop from the hands of a King who has no hereditary nobility, dignified clergy, and regal judicatures, to command attachment to his person, reverence to his station, and obedience to his will.

The substance of royalty being removed, the form must quickly vanish; and no other change has been effected than what the common course of events would have soon produced. But the rashness with which the Convention has destroyed the ancient judicial bodies, can neither be excused nor extenuated. The late transactions in their country might have convinced them that the present is not the season for removing any restraint; and that, however defective the organisation of the Courts of Justice might be, they ought to have been permitted to exercise their functions till more perfect tribunals were substituted in their stead. Unless they establish a strong executive authority, together with a regular system of internal jurisprudence, and inculcate a due regard to morality on the minds of their fellow-citizens; the constitution they frame may repose with the Utopia of More and the Oceana of Harrington, in the
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libraries of the learned, but will never produce internal felicity and external grandeur.

Happily for us, *Great Britain* offers little matter for public curiosity. The disputes of surrounding nations may furnish materials for political speculation, but we trust will never destroy our internal peace. To purchase precarious and ideal perfection by risking present comfort, would be an imprudent step. Whatever may be the theoretical defects of our government, they may be gently removed by a moderate reformation, without recurring to those violent remedies which will inflame rather than alleviate, and threaten destruction rather than tend to promote a cure.

Several Instances of the Awe with which a great and numerous Audience strikes the wisest and best-prepared Speakers.

THE famous orator L. Crassus, the greatest of his time, says of himself in *Cicero de Oratore*, that "he frequently turned pale, and was in the utmost confusion, trembling every limb at the beginning of his oration; and that in his youth and earlier appearance at the bar, he was often so terrified as to be utterly lost, and unable to proceed; and that he remembered still, with the utmost gratitude, the patience and humanity of Q. Fabius Maximus on those dreadful occasions of his dismay and broken spirits." c. 28. And Cicero, in his oration for Cluentius, says of himself: *Semper equidem magnum metu incipio dicere.* And in his Divination, against Verres: *Ita Deos mihi velim propitios, ut cum illius temporis mihi venit in mentem, quo die, citato reo, mihi dicendum sit, non solum commoveor animo, sed etiam toto corpore perhorresco, &c.* c. 13.

This ingenuous concern and anxiety for a reputation that was not yet formed in one, or completed in the other, was the effect of a genuine and authentic consciousness (that was vindicated by the effects afterwards) of something within, certain latent or flowering seeds of glory, that were well worth their jealousy; and Crassus's thus, in such a manner, deprecating, was in some sort extorting the protection of his judges, and audience. How must it have affected them who were present, and parties, when this general respect for the esteem and opinion of mankind, makes us love and embrace them at this day, and rouses

our inmost fondness to wish them success ! and makes us enjoy the knowledge, to what a degree, beyond our and their own warmest hopes, they obtain it !

How fine, (but dangerous) how engaging a compliment to Alexander, that of “ the celebrated Indian archer, whom he had taken prisoner, and who, he was told, was so expert at his bow, that he could shoot through a small ring without touching it: This his conqueror ordered him to perform before him, which he refused; and that so peremptorily, and with such obstinate perseverance, that he ordered him to be immediately put to death for contumacy, and accordingly he was led out to execution; but being asked by those who were conducting him, “ what he could mean, to die rather than comply with so reasonable a request ?” “ Why, I’ll tell you,” said he; “ I have been out of practice since my confinement, and should be under such a concern withal, in such a presence and expectation, that I had rather die than run the risk of Alexander’s finding me less than he had been informed;” which being told to Alexander, he took it as it deserved; and not only forgave him, but rewarded him like a Prince, for that generous esteem of him, and jealousy of his own reputation.”—Plutarch. Apoth.

Fear and concern for another’s judgment, and the opinion of the world, has a surprising effect, if it is accompanied with dignity, (which is only a reasonable and just regard for a man’s self) otherwise, if we go into the other extreme, and give up too much, we shall make ourselves slighted and overlooked.—Modesty flatters our friend’s self-love, and a certain generous desire themselves have of appearing well, and being something; whereas, imprudence can succeed only with dastard minds, that have no pretensions of their own. Then, such a modest man, a man so willing to associate others in his merit, will find others ready to support his pretensions, of which themselves are sharers; whereas they will as naturally fall into an alliance to pull down overbearing selfishness. *Dicendi artem apta trepidatione occultans, atque eo validior, militis animum mitigavit.*—Tac. II. I.

“ The famous Duke of Rochefaucault could never be a member of the royal academy, though greatly desired both by them and himself, from the necessity of making a speech of thanks on the day of admission: With all the courage he had shewn on so many eminent occasions, and with all the superiorit,

superiority, that birth, and such prodigious parts as all the world allowed, gave him, he was not able to bear the look of an audience, nor could pronounce four lines in public without fainting."—Abbé d'Olivet, *Hist. de l' Acad.* p. 118.

Senefino has told me, that he never came forward upon the stage to sing, the first time of a season, but he was seized with such an anxiety at the appearance of a pit, (so different from what it is in Italy, where all the best company is shut up in their curtained boxes) though he knew them to be partial to him, and had not the least apprehension of any one single critic amongst them, that he trembled, and his voice faltered, so as to be hardly sufficient to express the beginning of the air; which made him always endeavour to study that part more particularly, and make himself so thoroughly master of it, that he could hardly be disconcerted; and which had, withal, put him often upon observations on the genius of an air, which probably he would not otherwise have thought on.

"Respect, shame, and fear, are judicious counsellors," says Pliny the orator, in a letter to a great and learned friend, himself too an orator. "I only ask you, (he goes on) if you are to speak the same things before any one person, whatever opinion you may have of his judgment and learning, are you not in less anxiety than when you speak before a number, though unlearned? Do not you find a certain concern and diffidence in yourself when you first rise to speak? Do not you then wish many things altered in what you have prepared? Nay, are you quite easy about any? Is not this diffidence the greater, in proportion as the assembly is larger? I am sure I find it so, and have a dread even of the common rout, and cannot help being affected, as if the number itself became judicious, and that all together had that in a great degree, which any one of them had in none at all."—Plin. Ep. VII. 17. to Nonius Celer.

An Account of the Customs and Manners of the Inhabitants of Palermo; with Reflections on the leading Crimes of the Italians, Adultery and Assassination.

[From "Observations and Remarks in a Journey through Scilly and Calabria, in the Year 1792, by the Rev. Brian Hill, A. M."]

PALERMO is the principal residence of the greater part of the Sicilian nobility; and as it is not the custom
for

for any gentleman to walk in the streets, at least one thousand carriages are said to be kept in the town. They are for the most part in the English taste, very elegant, and shewn to the greatest advantage, with beautiful horses richly caparisoned, and as many footmen in splendid liveries as can be crowded together behind. Every evening all the people of rank drive about in this manner on the grand public terrace by the sea-side.— There are also very convenient hackney-coaches, covered and open, waiting all day in their respective stations.

The language spoken here, and throughout Sicily, is Italian; nearly in the Neapolitan dialect, but in general better than at Naples. The custom also of mixing much gesture in their discourse, especially with the head, fingers, or both, and more particularly when they are disputing and quarrelling, is equally prevalent throughout Sicily as it is in Italy.

The number of taylors here is prodigious: the dress of the gentlemen is quite *a l' Angloise*, with frocks, round hats, and clubbed hair, the modern fashion of cropping all round having not reached Palermo.

The dress of the women of quality is nearly the same as in England and France; but their customs and manners are quite of a piece with their Italian neighbours. The crime of adultery is so common, that no Dama of rank is thought worse of for being guilty of it.

The etiquette of the country is excellently calculated to facilitate this kind of intercourse; it being reckoned highly ungentleel for any lady of distinction to be seen in public with her husband, or without her admirer or cicisbeo, who also constantly attends her when she goes out in her carriage, either by night or day.

Another thing which tends not a little to promote this sort of commerce, is the stress laid by the priests (in order to keep up the authority of the church) on breaches of human traditions, and men's inventions, such as non-attendance at mass, neglecting an ave-maria, or eating flesh on a Friday or a Saturday, rather than on those sins which are immediately against the positive and revealed law of God. Thus by straining at gnats, little or no difficulty is made in swallowing camels.

And it is well if the great frequency of murders and assassinations, particularly at Naples and Rome*, may not in some measure be owing to the same cause, though the want of police

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* During the last *holy week* at this place, full forty persons were sent reeking into eternity by the knife and stiletto.

and energy in the laws, and the commutation of punishment for money, as well as making the churches an asylum for murderers, may be the principal reasons for so many horrible butcherings in cool blood.

Both in Rome and Naples are hospitals for the stabbed, which are generally full. At Rome there are two, one for the men, and another for the women. Few persons go about without a stiletto, and though the sale of those destructive weapons be prohibited by law, yet they are publickly exposed at the shop-windows, and may be bought by all sorts of persons without any questions being asked.

While we were at Rome, the following curious conversation took place between my brother and his Lacquais de Place.

Sir R. H. Francesco, have there been any persons stabbed to-day?

Francesco. Certainly some, but not so many as in the holidays of the last week, or as there will be on Sunday.

Sir R. H. Why so?

Francesco. Because to-day is not a festival, and the usual time for stabbing is, when quarrels arise among the people who are assembled to make merry, and drink together.

But as facts are beyond assertions, I shall here mention a few instances of what happened in our knowledge, during the time we were at Rome and Naples. A few days before our arrival at the latter place, a man's body was found in the street without a head, and I believe it was never known who was the murderer, or the person murdered. Indeed it is most likely no enquiry was ever made.

The day after we came thither, Christmas-day, two young women, sisters, were both stabbed in coming from mass, about six o'clock in the morning. The one died on the spot, the other languished in great agonies for a day or two, and then expired. This deed was done in a fit of jealousy.

Not long after this, we saw a poor fellow weltering in his blood, at the Crocelle door, a house where several English families lodged. He had been just stabbed by another who had a slight quarrel with him a day or two before, and who, as soon as he had wreaked his revenge, fled to a neighbouring church for refuge.

A few days before we left Rome, an English gentleman's coachman happening to have some words with one of the under-cooks of the hotel, while the carriage was waiting at the door, the fellow ran into the kitchen for his great knife, and instantly flung it across the belly, so that his bowels came out; after
which

which he wiped the bloody weapon with his apron, and went into the house. The coachman, who was an Italian, was carried to the hospital, but expired the next day. We were told that he had been stabbed on different occasions at least thirty times before. The assassin, by the activity of the English gentlemen who lodged at the hotel, was apprehended and committed to prison, but so long as he could raise any money, would probably escape the punishment due to his crime.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Duke of Newcastle, though a blundering speaker, was an exceeding good writer of dispatches and letters, and wrote a large and legible hand, which much recommended him to George the Second. He appeared always in a hurry; and some one said well of him, that he appeared all the day long to be in search of an hour that he had lost in the morning. His refusal of a pension, after having for many years served the Crown according to the best of his abilities, does him honour, and is an example more like perhaps to be admired than imitated.

AN ANECDOTE.

MR. Paley happened to be at Cambridge when Mr. Pitt first made that University a visit after he was Prime Minister.—Some of the heads of houses applied to Mr. Paley, to preach at St. Mary's church—he replied, “that he should have no objection to preach, if they did not object to his text.” “That,” they observed, “must be impossible.” But they desired to know the text he would prefer. “I shall preach,” said he, “from these pertinent words—There is a *lad* here, who has five loaves, and two small fishes—but what are they among so many?”

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to Curiosus's Question, inserted the 23d of July last.

THIS question is a particular example of the 23d problem, of Simpson's Annuities, affixed to his Select Exercises, in answer to which he gives a theorem.

From the value of the reversion of the youngest after the middle life, subtract half the value of the reversion of the joint lives of the youngest and oldest ages after the middle one, and the remainder will be the value of the youngest life's expectation.

In the case before us A. represents the middle age = 25 years; B. the youngest = 20; and C. the oldest = 45. By the 15th problem *ibid.* I find the value of the reversion of the life B. after the life A. = 4 years purchase; and by the 19th problem the value of the reversion of the joint lives, B. and C. after the life A. appears = 1.7 years purchase; half of which = 0.85. Then $4 - 0.85 = 3.15$ years purchase, which multiplied by 300l. the yearly rent of the estate, gives 945l. for the present value of B.'s expectation.

Answer, by James Chivers, of St. Austell, to W. W.'s Rebus, inserted September 10.

ONE-FOURTH of a starling I'll first here define;
 And two-sixths of Urania, the muse, next combine;
 Take three-sevenths of Minerva, ye bards of great fame;
 Then two-sixths of a strait, pray connect to the same;
 And two-fifths of an error, cemented with care,
 Then the town of STURMINSTER will plainly appear.

** We have received the like answer from W. H. of Dean Prior; S. Hill, near Dawlish; J. Salter, of Payhem-bury; O. P. of Pentallinnick, near Truro; T. T. S. of Exeter; J. Burroughs, Ilchester; and Fidelio, of Bath.

A REBUS, by J. D. of Sydling.

WHAT in the summer we should do,
 Before cold winter doth ensue;
 What many men strive to obtain,
 But many seek, alas! in vain;
 A something also must be found,
 Which in this age doth much abound;
 What you no doubt this moment see,
 An emblem of eternity;
 And to conclude, I'd have you show,
 A flower as lovely as doth blow:

Find

Find the initials, join the same,
A modern poet they will name.

A CHARADE, by Oenus, near Tregony.

THROUGHOUT our chearful Albion's isle,
In copiousness my first doth smile;
A scripture name you next must bring,
That did from Jacob's lineage spring:
The secret, Sirs, will soon be told—
My whole upon my first behold.

An ENIGMA, by T. Giles, of Dartmouth.

INGENIOUS YOUTHS, and bards of fame,
I pray let me step in,
For I'm in humour now to tell
My shape and origin.

At earliest periods of mankind
'Tis said I took my birth,
Like to frail man, as Scriptures say,
From our old parent earth.

Now to describe my size exact
'Tis more than I can do;
But if you wish to know my shape
I quickly will it shew.

When gentle spring doth take her seat,
Then I do soon arise;
In yonder field I waving stand
Betwixt the earth and skies.

Iv'e neither face, eyes, nose, nor mouth,
No arms, nor yet a tongue;
I've but one leg, yet many heads,
And beard that's very long.

My leg's true length I cannot tell,
'Tis oft a foot or more;
And on that leg I've many heads,
Perhaps more than a score.

P O E T R Y.

O D E *to the* P O P P Y.

[From *Desmond*, a Novel, by Mrs. Smith.]

NOT for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year;
Alas!—a melancholy worship's mine!
I hail the goddess for her golden flower!
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed,
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,
(Thou comforter of woe)
'Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove;
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful love:
The rose, or thorn, my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd or Venus frown'd;
But love and joy, and all their train, are flown;
E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone;
Unless, perchance, the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud, and willow leaf,
Their pale, funereal foliage, blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom!—thou can'st ease,
The wretched victims of disease;
Can'st close those weary eyes in gentle sleep,
Which never open but to weep;

For

For, oh! thy potent charm
 Can agonizing pain disarm;
 Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
 And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul-soothing plant!—that can such blessings give,
 By thee the mourner bears to live!
 By thee the hopeless die!
 Oh! ever friendly to despair,
 Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
 Without a crime, that remedy implore,
 Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
 I'd court thy palliative aid no more;
 No more I'd sue, that thou shouldst spread,
 Thy spell around my aching head,
 But would conjure thee to impart,
 Thy balsam for a broken heart;
 And by thy soft Lethean power,
 (Inestimable flower)
 Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

The H U E and C R Y.

[From "Poems by the Author of *The Village Curate*."]]

OYEZ, my good people draw near,
 My story surpasses belief,
 Yet deign for a moment to hear,
 And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
 Adorn'd like an angel of light,
 In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
 No snow on the mountain so white.

Silver flowers bespangled her shoe,
 Amber locks on her shoulders are spread,
 Her waist had a girdle of blue,
 And a beaver-plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
 She bounds o'er the meadow so soon:
 Her smile is like Autumn's clear eve,
 And her look as serene as his moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
 Deceitless and meek as the dove;
 But there lives not a thief of such fame,
 She has pilfer'd below and above,

Her cheek has the blushes of day,
 Her neck has undone the swan's wing,
 Her breath has the odours of May,
 And her eye has the dews of the spring.

She has robb'd of its crimson the rose,
 She has dar'd the carnation to strip,
 The bee who has plunder'd them knows,
 And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stol'n for her forehead so even
 All beauty by sea and by land,
 She has all the fine azure of heaven
 In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ranfack'd above,
 She has ranfack'd both nature and art,
 She has got all we honour and love,
 And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friends, bring her home,
 And set her down safe at my door,
 Let her once my companion become,
 And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward
 Whose value can never be told,
 More precious than all you regard,
 More in worth than a house-full of gold.

A reward such as none but a dunce,
 Such as none but a madman would miss,
 O yes, I will give you for once
 From the charmer you bring me, a kiss.

*Lines written extempore, on hearing of a late Marriage
 between a Silversmith and a Publican's Daughter.*

IN Scripture search, you'll find it said
 That earth to earthen vessels wed;
 But now 'tis plain the marriage knot
 To silver joins the pewter pot.