

tains the extremity of the cord, is the man fixed upon by fortune, and he hastens amidst the noisy felicitations of his comrades to fulfil the task allotted to him by chance.—There is no country in the world where travelling is at the same time so cheap and so rapid. In the interior of the empire, the rate is five kopecks, (one sous,) a werst for each horse, which is about seven sous for each French post, (or five and a half miles.) The *pour bone* to the postilion is not a right, but depends upon the generosity of the traveller, who may be magnificent at a very slender expense. By giving a piece of eighty kopecks, (sixteen sous,) for the whole stage, which is often from twenty-five to thirty wersts, you acquire a right to the most unlimited gratitude, the demonstrations of which are not spared by the postillion; and you have the pleasure of hearing him holloa out as he approaches the post-house, "Make haste, make haste, I bring you eagles," Should the travellers be niggardly, the driver intimates to his brethren of the whip that his fare consists of *ravens*. Who would refuse to pass for an eagle at so cheap a rate.—*Six Mois en Russie, par M. Ancelot, translated for the Atlas.*

LITERARY LABOUR.

IT will be recollected, that many of the arts and sciences which embellish society are the fruits of patient

application; and, therefore, an occasional glance at the silent, but glorious evolutions of the mind, would compel sentiments of lively gratitude. The artificer goes to his daily labour, and by means of his tools and materials constructs the intended piece of mechanism; but he seldom calls to remembrance the skill of the inventor, or the laborious investigation in which he was exercised before he gave his discovery to the light of day. The scholar is enraptured as he passes from one object of study to another, and receives fresh ideas of order, harmony, and grandeur. How numerous the struggles with obscurity! How profound the inquiries! How undivided the attention to logical accuracy, which preceded the formation of the different systems, to whose accurate arrangements he is indebted for the lights and facilities which direct him in his studies. We sit round our family fire-side, and are delighted while we listen to a member of the domestic circle, reading the composition of some superior author; the force of his arguments, the aptness of his illustrations, and the frequent introduction of natural and beautiful imagery, enchain the attention and engage the heart. But how rarely do we pause to consider the midnight toil endured in collecting the materials, in conducting the process of thought, and in diffusing over the whole the colours and visions of poetry.—*Hathaway's Essays.*

VARIETIES.

THE FOLLY OF ENVY.

LOOK not up with envy to those above thee. Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages: what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor. To him that is accustomed to them, they are cheap and regardless things; they supply him not with brighter images or more sublime satisfaction than the plain man may have, whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of

a simple unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not; as how can it be otherwise, when, by custom, a FABRIC infinitely more grand and finished, that of the UNIVERSE, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the *the everlasting lamps of Heaven* are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them.—*Spectator.*