

we were first despoiled of an appendage equally useful and ornamental. I mean a *tail*; for, with an eminently learned philosopher of North Britain I am persuaded that it was originally part of our nature, and that man, when he lost that, lost much of his dignity. If a conjecture may be indulged on the subject, I should be inclined to suppose that this defalcation was coeval with the change of posture before discussed. No sooner had man unadvisedly mounted on two legs than his tail dropped off, as being useless, except when upon all four. I am sensible this is a topic which requires to be treated with the utmost caution and delicacy, and therefore, feeling the ground to tremble under me, I shall not venture to advance farther, but shall conclude by encouraging my readers, from the disposition prevalent amongst us to copy the manners of the brute creation, to hope that the time can not be very far distant, when we shall all once more go on all four, and have our tails again.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

During absence and neglect.

What was the world to me, its pomp and pride,
 What were my books, but nonsense thrown aside;
 What brightest sun, or darkest pelting storm,
 The varied landscape; or bright beauty's form;
 Insipid all; on only you I thought;
 With love, with fear, with jealousy, with doubt;
 By turns I wept, and rail'd, and pray'd, and swore;
 I call'd you angel, devil, and e'en—more;
 I sought t' excuse, then studied to accuse,
 And still adored you, while I tried t' abuse;
 Love follow'd rage, and grief did rage subdue,
 The world I curs'd, and every thing but you.
 But when you came; away flew doubts, and fears, and
 pain,
 Love reign'd supreme, & "Richard was himself again."

MARK ANTONY.