

in their house, after having lived with the family sixty-five years more or less. They set his poetry and sing it very finely, appearing to recollect his conversation and friendship, with infinite tenderness and delight. He was to have been presented to the Pope the very day he died, I understand, and in the delirium which immediately preceded dissolution he raved much of the supposed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted even to mention it before him; and nothing put him so certainly out of humour, as finding that rule transgressed even by his nearest friends. Even the small-pox was not to be named in his presence, and whoever did name that disorder, though unconscious of the offence he had given, Metastasio would see him no more. The other peculiarities I could gather from Miss Martinas were these: That he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas English money in all that time to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody cared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, but ended much his debtors, for solid benefits as well as for elegant presents, which it was his delight to be perpetually making them; leaving to them at last all he had ever gained without the charge even of a single legacy; observing in his will, that it was to them he owed it, and other conduct which in him have been injustice. Such were the sentiments; and such the conduct of this great poet, of whom it is of little consequence to tell, that he never changed the fashion of his wig; or the cut or colour of his coat, so that his portrait taken not very long ago looks like those of Bolleau or Moliere at the head of their

works. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined at the same hours for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy sweetness of temper, or habitual gentleness of manners, which never suffered itself to be ruffled, but when his sole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any person whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No sollicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him eat more than a biscuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even mysterious privacy to the last. When his end approached by steps so very rapid, he did not in the least suspect that it was coming; and Mademoiselle Martinas has scarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he escaped the preparations he so dreaded. His early passion for a celebrated finger is well known upon the continent; since that affair finished, all his pleasures have been confined to music and conversation. He had the satisfaction of seeing the seventh edition of his works I think they said, but am ashamed to copy out the number from my own notes, it seems so very strange; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, was visible to every one. An Italian Abate here said, comically enough, "Oh! he looked like a man in the state of beatification always when Mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger. The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and took pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation in the world. On a character so singular I leave my readers to make their own observations and reflections."

THOUGHTS ON THE SEPARATION OF GREAT-BRITAIN FROM AMERICA.

[From a late work intitled 'Political Geography. Introduction to the Statistical Tables of the principal Empires, Kingdoms and States in Europe.']

HOW pleasing, says our author, must our reflections be upon the state of the most flourishing parts of these dominions, wherein we have the evidence of experience to prove, that there has been a progressive improvement since the period at which they were prophesied to be at

their height! That experience naturally leads us to look for yet further advances even in the most improved part; and we are still more enlivened by the consideration, that Ireland, notwithstanding the rapid strides which she has made in the present century, is yet capable of a fourfold