

as one which fixes the imputation of levity upon my mind.—Why the deuce should a man lay springs in his own park to trap his own deer, when he has a right to seize them boldly by the horns, and take them home in the eye of the day.

‘So according to this fine allegory,’ answered Gravely, ‘we are to run about the town trumpeting forth our own praises; and instead of receiving in silence the meed of our good deeds, are to endeavour to seize, by violence, the applauses of mankind, whenever we think we are entitled to them.’

‘Plague take all your matter-of-fact-men,’ replies Melville, ‘who take our meanings by the express compass of our phraseology; and expect us to measure our thoughts ere we accommodate them with language; just as a tailor takes the dimensions of a man’s back before he proceeds to make his coat. Do, pray thee, give nature scope, and permit us, eccentric lads, to deal a little in the hyperbolic. You know I meant not to get half the length. I only meant to say—but I’ll not tell you what I meant—You have known me long enough to read my meaning in my conduct.—Let those who know me look upon that, and judge if they can with charity.’

‘And how,’ rejoins Gravely, ‘are they to find out your meaning who do not know you?’—‘Tut,’ says Melville, ‘we shall be late, Allons! and I’ll give you a history of this affair as we walk along.’

#### THE RIVAL FRIENDS.

‘As a history is nothing,’ said Melville, ‘without a genealogy I shall begin with telling you that this lovely girl is the grand daughter of a gallant officer, who distinguished himself by his loyalty and valour during the rebellion in the year 1715. Though the respect which the brave officer left behind him would have secured his son some promotion in the

service of his country, yet the youth possessed too much sensibility to think, without horror, of making slaughter a profession. He had also a mind too noble to seek for civil promotion by flattering the great, and a soul too much elevated by genius to submit to mercantile engagements; and, which was worse than all, he had not prudence enough to make the best of the little property his father had left him. To crown the whole, he married a lady without any fortune, who died, when Flavia, his only child, was about seven years of age. This, and the flattered state of his finances, conspired to overwhelm his sinking spirits; and the darling of feeling and of genius sunk broken-hearted to an early grave.

‘When a man of fine talents is no more, the world, which has suffered him to starve in obscurity, begins with eager zeal to testify its admiration, and even a little fragment of those works which, while the author lived, would not procure him a bit of bread (oh, Chatterton! most injured youth, how does thy story illustrate this melancholy truth) is sought for with avidity, and treasured with a veneration like that with which ancient superstition pondered over the relics of saints and martyrs. This veneration, if well managed, is however sometimes productive of advantage to the family of the deceased—though, shame to say, this can scarcely be allowed to be the case with the dear-loved relatives of the unfortunate youth I have just mentioned. Flavia, however, fell in better hands; the papers of her father were tolerably well disposed of, and upon the whole, a little income of about fifty pounds a year was secured to her, for her future subsistence.

‘How, and when I became acquainted with this bird of Cyprus—this monarch of Paphos—this blushing fragrance of the morn of love.’

*(To be continued.)*

#### ACCOUNT of a REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY formed by a NEGRO in the ISLAND of ST. DOMINGO.

*Le crime a ses héros, l'erreur a ses martyrs.*

VOLTAIRE, HEN.

THE history of illustrious villains ought to be effaced from the annals of nations, did not a faithful picture of their crimes serve to render them more odious. Writers who have deigned to employ their

talents in exposing the depravity of some monsters, have perhaps, contributed no less to the happiness of mankind, than those who have exhibited only virtues.

The negro who is the subject of the following