

PANETIUS was ill-made, short, ugly, and married to a great shrew, who made a cuckold of him at every opportunity. SocRATES is represented, in *The Clouds*, as walking the streets, with a lofty mien, with haggard eyes, naked feet, an air of self-efficiency, as putting on the clothes of his disciples, and frowning.

After this follows the French translation, made, as Labineau observes, faithfully after the original Greek, and the ancient scholiasts, without any reference to the Latin version, or to the partial translation of Madame Dacier of *Plutus* and of *The Clouds*. Labineau makes no distinction of arts and terms, as, he says, it would be difficult to find in the original the five acts, which, according to some, constitute the whole economy of theatrical pieces; and he would not make an imaginary distinction.

Of the translation itself we shall only observe, that it is natural and unlaboured, and that it seems to have been matured in retirement, and at a time when the French language had yet, so to speak, its *jeune patrie*. In order to copy the manners of the Athenians with the greater verity, the translator has rather chosen to offend some too delicate eyes than to fall short of the refinement of his portraits: as a painter, employed to copy a family picture, ought neither to beautify an ugly figure, nor to change a ridiculous costume.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR, THE following Essays were read some time in the year 1794, to a Literary Society in Liverpool. If you think them worthy of a place in your Miscellany, they are much at your service, together with the best wishes of your's,

P.F.

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF POETRY. No. I.

"MANKIND may be divided into two classes, consisting of those that are conversant with the productions of literature, and those that entirely disregard them. The former class may be subdivided into those that are 'pleased they know not why, and care not wherefore,'—and those that enquire into the principles of their pleasures, and bring them to be measured by the standard of reason. It is one thing to be moved—another to enquire by what instruments our emotions are occasioned. The former pre-

dicament allies us to the literary vulgar, the latter associates us with philologists.

"Norwithstanding the contempt that has been shewn in such abundance upon works of taste and genius, to these enquiries the human mind is irresistibly impelled. In this respect the creation of the mind stands upon the same footing as the works of God. The delight and astonishment which men experienced at the sight of the wonders of nature, led to an investigation of their cause; and became the germ of what is termed natural philosophy. And the appearance of exquisite literary productions led men to investigate the principles whence flowed the pleasure with which they refreshed the soul; and this gave rise to philosophical criticism.

"But it is a fact well known to those who have formed the slightest habit of reflection, that many subjects which appear most familiar and comprehensible, are in reality most difficult of investigation. The mental faculties are, perhaps, never put more intensely on the stretch than in endeavouring to explain an axiom: and when we set about analyzing and reducing to system, ideas that are daily and hourly floating on the surface of our minds, we meet with more perplexity than we were at first aware of. These observations are surely not irrelevant when they are prefixed to an attempt at an enquiry into the nature and characteristics of poetry.

"Whose breast has not been warmed by the muses? Where is the man whose feelings are so firmly bound by the frost of reason as to be impenetrable to the influence of 'Sacred Song?' I would not dishonour the preface assiduously to much as to suppose that we had a brother of this description. But if any one be inclined to doubt the difficulty of the enquiry into which it is our business to enter, I shall defend my assertions by the high authority of the investigator of the life and writings of Homer. Having looked into his book for assistance in the talk which I unwarily undertook, I found the following passage, that strongly reminded me of the friends of Job, who are so generally known under the character of 'miserable comforters.'

"The subject is of a nature so delicate as not to admit of a direct definition; for if ever the *je ne sçais quoi* was rightly applied, it is to the powers of poetry and the faculty that produces it. To go about to describe it, would be attempting

to define inspiration, or that glow of fancy, or effusion of soul, which a poet feels while in his fit; a sensation so strong, that they express it only by exclamations, adjectives, and repetition.

tempting to define inspiration, or that glow of fancy, or effusion of soul, which a poet feels while in his fit; a sensation so strong, that they express it only by exclamations, adjectives, and repetition.

"On common occasions, a sentiment of this kind, coming, as it were *ex cathedra*, would perhaps be sufficient to prevent any further examination. But as it is not the habit of our society to conform to *à l'aveu*, which ought to be *à l'aveu* with a degree of care proportionate to the weight they are likely to have; or even to require finished discourses from those that are requested to open the conversation; but merely a few leading ideas which may serve as reasons to direct us in our course: perhaps I may be excused if I presume to proceed a little farther. *Epigram præditæ tenet, sicut dicitur, vitæ: and, I think, we may safely say, that poetry is an art.*

"We have heard much indeed of the maxim *poëta ægrotat, non fit*, which may appear to contradict this position. It will perhaps be leading us astray from the subject, to enquire how far this doctrine is true; how much of the poet's excellence is to be attributed to the 'sacred bias of the soul;' and how much to the effects of culture? Granting that much depends upon the former, still we must reason poetry among the arts. For is what does art consist? Let us consult the acute Mr. Harris, who, after a minute investigation, defines art as consisting in 'an habitual power in man of becoming the cause of some effect according to a system of well-approved precepts, operating for the sake of some good, unattainable by his natural and unimproved faculties.

"But arts may be divided into two classes: those that conduce to 'mere being' (if we may borrow the use of a term very familiar to the writer just mentioned) and those that are subservient to 'well being.' The former, such as agriculture and architecture, in their rudest state, carry their energies no farther than barely to the supporting man in existence. The latter sweeten the cup of life, and give birth to innumerable pleasures. These are justly styled ornamental, those necessary, and, at a certain period of their progress, useful arts.—Now though when we come to the extremities when the characteristics of necessary and useful end, and that of ornamental begins; and though much has been said of the utility of poetry, yet, as we can easily conceive that mankind could much better

spare the art of spinning wools than the art of spinning wool, we shall perhaps agree in numbering poetry among the ornamental arts.

"Whenever Aristotle, directly or indirectly, treats of poetry, he constantly styles it a mimetic or imitative art. In this he seems to be justified; for does not the principle of imitation pervade all its branches? When we open—I had almost said, we open—the *History of the Lianian*, what do we behold but a lively representation of the actions and speeches of heroes and demi-gods—a picture so exquisitely drawn that we may almost mistake it for reality. We can, in a manner, see the humble Citharus stippling haughty monarch of Argos sternly repelling from his presence the piteous priest. We mark the foitrary mourner wandering by the shore of the raging sea, and lifting up his hands to Apollo. We behold the god descending 'wreath in thick glooms.' We see him take his station, and hear the dire twanging of his silver bow. What are the dramas of Shakespeare, or Elchynus, but (as the expression of Cowper) 'a map of busy life?' When Tibullus pours his plaintive song, what does he but present before us the tablet of his heart, and whence can trace his feelings, and sympathize with him in his doubts and fears? In what confests the beauty of didactic poetry, but in calling the vivid colouring of picturesque representation to the aid of the uninteresting squares and circles of precept?

"Virgil introduces you to his swain—you follow the progress of his labour—With him you mark the rustling of the leaves of the forest, hear the rattling of the sea, view the cornsant rising from the waters, and the fern soaring above the clouds, and all the other prognostics that forebode the coming storm.

"And when Alcanfidæ develops the secret wonders of the mind of man—'Lightning fires the arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground; and Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed, heaves his tremendous billows to the sky amid the mighty uproar, while below the nations tremble. Shakspeare looks abroad from some tall cliff superior, and enjoys the elemental war.'

"But amidst these beauties we could wander for ever. Let us quit them, however reluctantly, having gathered, as the fruit of our excursion, that, inasmuch as poetry impresses upon our minds the vivid

vivid pictures of material objects, and borrows the aid of these pictures in treating of abstract topics, we may style it, with Aristotle, an imitative art.

"The word *Poëti*, in its original import, signifies Creator. As names are not always arbitrarily applied, but are frequently significant of the nature of the ideas which they represent, perhaps the name itself of Poetry may serve as a clue to direct us in our present enquiry. And it is one of the noblest qualities of Poetry that it opens to the mind a new creation. The poet enjoys the invaluable privilege of ranging through the boundless field of possibilities, and selecting his objects according to the impulse of his fancy and the discretion of his judgment. Like our first father "the world is all before him where to choose." What is striking and interesting, he makes prominent in his picture; what is offensive, deformed, or gross in species, he conceals or softens. In what have been termed the dull realities of life, a thousand nameless circumstances intervene, to check the enthusiastic interest which our hearts are disposed to take in any specific occurrence. These circumstances the poet has a prescriptive right to exclude from his representations. His heroes are freed from a connection with the gross incidents that occur in life—his heroes are purified from the imperfections of the female nature. Though he cannot go beyond the materials which the fiction and the powers of man supply, yet he can, by a combination of these, produce beings and situations that interest us the most; the better powers of fiction, to which they owe their birth, are concealed from us. Like the favoured Artistry of Greece, he is surrounded by naked beauties, from each of which he selects its peculiar excellency, and produces a whole, which, though strictly natural, surpasses the realities of nature.

"The mathematician, in his investigation of truth, is strictly confined to the narrow path of reason. The same may be said of the philosopher. The slightest deviation into the fields of imagination frustrates their pursuit, and blunts their laurels. The historian must found his reputation upon a patient investigation of facts, and beware of giving the loose reins to his inventive talents. The orator, indeed, calls fancy to the aid of reason; but he ought to be strictly an auxiliary. If his exhortation be not founded on the solid basis of reason, it will fall together with its embellishments, to the ground. In oratory, fancy embellishes the operations of judgment; but, as poetry is a creative art, imagination is its primary cause, and judgment is its secondary agent, punning the luxuriant shoors of fancy.

"And now the question occurs, "by what means is this imitation effected?" The painter prepares his canvass; he chalks his outline; and, by the skilful combination and nice application of his colours, he produces the work that fills the heart of the connoisseur with ecstasy, and immortalizes the name of the artist. But where are the poet's colours? What has he to combine to enable him to exalt his favourite muse to the eminence which the claims so far above her sisters? We answer, as Hamlet answered Polonius, "Words." These are the poet's colours—it is these that it is his business to arrange and combine; and this is, perhaps, the proper place to observe, that it is the grand source of the excellence of the poetic imitation, that its materials consist of words. Words are, by the Saggiates, defined to be "sounds significant"—they are significant of ideas. Men that adopt the same language, by a tacit compact, agree that certain sounds shall be the representatives of certain ideas; but ideas represent their archetypes. When, therefore, we use words, we revive in the minds of those that understand our language, the pictures of the objects of which we speak. When I speak of a tree, or a mountain, the image of a tree and a mountain occurs in the fancy of those that hear me. The poetic imitation, then, being carried on by means of words, plainly embraces all objects of which mankind have ever formed ideas. Its energies are not crippled. It exults in the ample field of the universe, and passes the *jammantia limina mundi*.

"The dignity and beauty of the painters' art are so universally felt and acknowledged, that its admirers need not fear any disparagement of their mistress, when it is said that the energies of painting are confined to those objects, that can be represented by colour and figure. Poetry can also express these objects, though it must be confessed, with a far inferior degree of exquisiteness; but this deficiency is amply compensated by the vast range of the poet's excursions: "The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling, Doth glance from *heaven* to *earth*, from *earth* to *heaven*;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turn them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation, and a name."

He dives into the human breast, develops the windings of the heart, pours trays, in all their circumstances, the workings of the passions, gives form and body to the most abstract ideas, and, by the language which he puts into the mouths of his characters, he unlocks the secrets of their mind. A skilful painter would, perhaps, find a subject worthy of his talents in Achilles, prompted by war-rage, 4. 116. *sc.* brandishing his sword in the council of the chiefs; but in Homer we behold the picture, and moreover, hear the torrens of indignant language—the heart-cutting words, as the poet styles them, with which he overwhelms the impetuous son of Atreus. But there is another grand advantage which the poet possesses over the painter, viz. that the latter is confined to the translations that happen in a moment of time; while the former presents to our view a long series of consecutive events. An interesting picture might, no doubt, be drawn, representing the fruitless pleadings of the Grecian chiefs, who were deputed to soften the anger of Achilles. But what a superior pleasure do we experience in contemplating the origin and progress of a "Pelides' wrath." The various events to which it gives rise, and the numerous circumstances of which the poet has availed himself, to give dignity and consequence to the hero of his piece. Aristotle's doctrine that a finished composition should have a beginning, a middle, and an end, is fairly founded on reason; and the mind feels a superior degree of satisfaction when the title, the circumstances, and the consequences of events, are displayed before it in artificial order. We have, then, a farther characteristic of poetry, whereby it is not only distinguished, but eminently distinguished from the other imitative arts, viz. that its imitations are produced by words, and, consequently, that it has the power of representing a consecutive order of events—a long succession of pictures artistically connected together, all tending to the illustration of one final object.

"But the poetic imitation is conducted, not merely by words, but by words melodiously arranged.

"Melody is naturally pleasing to the human ear, and it is not surprising that the cultivators of an art whose province it is to delight, should be careful in bringing, as nearly as possible, to perfection, the melody of their numbers. MONTHLY MAG. No. XLX.

It is astonishing with what accuracy the Greeks and Romans attended to this particular; how minutely the value of almost every syllable was weighed, how artistically their parts were obliged to conform to the established standard. In modern times, and in our own language, greater latitude is allowed; yet almost every reader of poetry is aware of the charms of melodious composition. What a sensible difference do we perceive between the *sc.* *sc.* and the simply elegant lines of *sc.* How much more pleasing to the ear are the measured feascenes of Mr. Pherson, than a host of lines which we sometimes find printed in the form of verses. It is proposed, then, as another characteristic of poetry, that its imitations are effected by words, metrically and melodiously arranged.

"Looking back on the way which we have already measured, we find that poetry is an imitative art, whose energies are conducted by means of words, metrically arranged. We should now proceed to enquire into its end or object; but the ideas which have been already suggested, will probably furnish sufficient materials for our evening's conversation, and I must beg leave to resign the subject on some future opportunity."

#### No. II.

"The concurrent voice of ages gives testimony to the charms of poetry. Though it may appear strange to those who have not turned their attention to the matter, yet it is no less true, that the early efforts of human speech were highly poetical. The philosophical reasons for this fact, have by many writers been detailed at length; and it has been justly observed, that from this circumstance we have an easy interpretation of *sc.* the theological tale of Orpheus *sc.* raising the walls of cities, by the strains of his lyre.

"We have every reason to suppose, that the maxims of early wisdom, the first records of history, the offices of religion—nay, even the dictates of law, were delivered in the poetic style.

"But when the progress of society had enlarged the faculties of the human mind, and the multiplicity of relations with which mankind became familiar, led them (if I may be permitted to use the word) to greater definition of ideas, language became of course, more precise, and a more accurate philology

robbed poetry of many of its provinces, and circumscribed the sphere of its application.

But from no country (save Plato's ideal republic) has poetry been banished. To speak in the dialect of materialism, souls formed of finer clay have in every land, and in every generation, arisen, who themselves smitten with the love of created songs, have captivated the attention of those that listened to their lays, and have ranked themselves and their art to the most sacred shrine of the temple of Fame. Hence the countess multitude of poetic effusions of every description, from the lofty epic to the humble pastoral, which have embellished every language that has assumed a form and body, and which he before us as materials from which we must form our judgment, on the subject of this evening's enquiry; viz. the *Ends of poetry*.

"In the course of our last discussion, we seemed to be unanimously of opinion, that the grand characteristic, the *fine and not of poetry*, consists in its capacity of impressing the mind with the most vivid pictures. Indeed, the maxim *ut pictura poësis*, is amply illustrated whenever poetry is in any shape the subject of investigation. The terms of the painter's art then infensibly creep into the discourse, and model our phraseology.

"Pursuing, then, this idea, we may perhaps lay it down as the grand and leading end of poetry, to make a strong and lively impression on the feelings. In her operations she hurries us far beyond the reach of the voice of sober judgment, and caricatures by exciting the aid of the passions. Here, then, we see the cause of the efficaciousness that has been ascribed to the mutes. For how easily are mankind guided by those that possess the happy art of awakening or allaying their feelings. Though all unconsciously of being under the guidance of another, they turn inflexibly, or moderated to peace, by him who can touch with a skillful hand, the master springs that regulate the motions of their minds. When Brutus ascends the rostrum, the words of truth and soberness are heard, and plain integrity convinces the judgment. But, when Anthony displays the bloody robe, and points to the wounds of Cæsar, reminding the people that this was once their darling benefactor—the multitude are melted to sorrow, and at last roused from pity to fury and revenge.

"Such are the effects that are produced by interverting the passions; and as it is the leading end of poetry to make a lively impression on the feelings, we may judge, as it were *a priori*, of the amazing intensity of its powers, and we shall find our judgment verified, when we come to enquire into the fact. What heart but feels at once the beauty and happiness of conjugal love, as displayed by the chief of bands, in the characters of Hector and Andromache? The situations into which these characters are thrown, present us with a variety of pictures, so affecting, that nothing but the realities of life can possibly be conceived to excel them. We all know the parting scene, where the son of Priam takes his last farewell of the partner of his fortunes. It will therefore be as unnecessary as impossible to describe the emotions excited by the tender solicitude of the wife, for him who was to her a father, a mother, and a brother; or the mild dignity of the hero, softened by the tenderest feelings, and affected by the gloomiest prefigurations, however firmly founded, or however skillfully arranged, is calculated to have so powerful an influence upon the mind? Justly, indeed, did Horace say, of the great father of verse, that he is a man.

Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe quid utile  
quid non  
Plinius ac mekus Chrysiso & Crantor dixit.  
"When Virgil places, as it were, before our eyes, Lausus rushing forward to protect his father, who, wounded and exhausted, is sinking before his powerful foe; when we see the youth, fearless of danger, preferring his body as a shield against the threatened stroke, and nobly sacrificing his own life in defence of his parent; we applaud the generous deed, and at once perceive the beauty of filial affection. And are not our feelings arising to an union with the emotions of friendship, by a perusal of the interesting Epitaph of Nicias and Eurystatus; we all know that the tender passion gives itself vent in songs, and that the first aim of the "unfledged poet," is by soothing lays to touch the heart of his mistress.

"In short, if we examine poetry throughout all its species, we shall find that its direct tendency is, to influence the feelings. Even when Lucretius undertakes the arduous task of rendering the discussions of philosophy interesting to the public mind, he accomplishes his purpose, he captivates the attention,

by the skillful interposition of description and narrations, that allure the fancy and impress the feelings. Superstition, from the clouds of heaven, frowns upon the generations of men. The dreadful altar is exposed to view—Ephigenia is brought forth, and the father, while the fatal stroke is inflicting, hides his face in his mantle. As a contrast to these horrors, the Goddess of beauty descends in all her loveliness, and breathes a fresh spring throughout calivened nature. There are the artifices by which he keeps out of view the dryness of his enquiries; a train of artifice, which he has himself characterized in that beautiful simile which, however familiar, never suffers from a repetition:

They tinge the vessel's brim with juices  
fancy,  
The bitter draught his willing lip receives,  
He drinks decur'd, and so decur'd he lives.  
"Upon the whole, we may perhaps venture to describe the end of poetry in the words which Mr. Pope used to describe the object of one of its principal branches, and say that its design is  
To wake the soul by tender fictions of art.  
"The poet just quoted, has asserted of a certain class of ideas,  
"He best shall paint them who shall feel them most."

This observation may be with justice extended to every description of ideas which afford a subject for the effusions of the muse. A poet must be a man of delicate perceptions and strong feelings; and he may be said to have attained the summit of his art, when he is master of a vivid phraseology, that will operate as a conductor, and communicate to his reader, in the highest possible degree, those feelings by which he is himself animated.

"Here, then, this Essay might, perhaps, with propriety, have been closed. But I must rely upon your candour, for the admission of a few more observations, which may, perhaps, tend to illustrate the point to which this enquiry has led us:  
"The end of poetry, it is said, is an impression upon the feelings.—But as there is an intimate connection between feeling and action, so that where the one appears, the other follows hard upon; if the foregoing observations be true, we may expect to find that the actions of mankind are, in some measure, influenced by the Muses.  
"And if we look to the simpler ages

of society, when we can best distinguish the grand outlines of the human character, where the springs that actuate the conduct of man are, in a manner, bare of impulsion, we shall find that to have been the case. In the infancy of Aætes, poetry is a method equally captivating and efficacious of forming the dispositions of the people, and kindling in their hearts that love of glory which is their country's safeguard and defence. Whither we look to the cold regions of Scandinavia, or the delicious clime of Greece, we find that when society has made a certain progress, mankind are strongly influenced by a love of songs, and that, with rapured attention, to the strains that record the tale of other times, and the deeds of heroes of old. They listen till they imbibe the enthusiasm of warfare, and in the day of battle, the hero's arm has not unfrequently been moved by the rough energy of the early bard.—Whether Odysseus strike the chords in the Hall of Shëlie, or Phœnix announce his voice at the banquet of Ulysses, the principle by which they operate on the soul of the hearer is the same, and they accord in urging them by great examples, to deeds of high renown. The following quotation from the *Odyssy*, is a striking proof of the respect in which minstrels were held in the times of Homer; it also gives us a clue to their general sublimity, and, in all probability, the consequence of an ingenious writer is just, who imagines that he beholds in it a picture of Homer himself:

And now the herald came, leading, with care,  
The tonnetal bard. Dear to the muse was he,  
Who yet appointed him both good and ill:  
Took from him sight, but gave him arms  
—diance.  
For him Potæonius in the midst disposed  
An argent-rodulad throne; throning it close:  
To a tall column, where he hung his lyre.  
Above his head, and taught him where to hang.  
He set before him o'er a polished board,  
And bakers, and a goblet filled with wine;  
For his own sake, and at his own command;  
Then all assid'd at once the ready feast,  
And when not hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
Then came the music, and now'd the bard to  
—sing

"Explores of man renown'd.  
"It is not to be doubted, that even when the Greeks had attained to a high degree of civilization, their martial ardour was kept alive by the comparisons of their poets, who chose, as their darling subjects, the illustrious deeds performed by heroes mingled with the or flourishing with their honours thick upon

upon them. Egechylus did good service when he appeared in the ranks, and bewed his way through the thicket of the enemy: nor, perhaps, did he less for his country's cause, when he recorded, in his immortal tragedy, entitled *Perse*, the discomfiture of his foes, and the heroism of the Grecian warriors. This lived after him, a perpetual incentive to patriotic deeds.

"After the Athenians were freed from the oppression of the family of Pisistratus, they lavished every testimony of respect on the memory of the youths who conspired against Hippias, and perished in their attempt to rid their country of a tyrant. It was customary to sing, at their entertainments, songs in praise of Harmodius and Aristogiton. One of these songs has survived, the ruin of Greece, and has been translated, with elegance and spirit, by the learned and patriotic Sir William Jones.

"The testimony of antiquity confirms the supposition which is involuntarily formed in every mind, that a familiar acquaintance with compositions such as this, inculcating a reverence for the vindicators of public-freedom, tended, in no slight degree, to generate and confirm, in the minds of the Greeks, a detestation of tyrants, and to animate them in their exertions against the invaders of their liberties.

"Permit me to call to your recollection yet another influence, in which the magic power of verse is said to have routed to action.—When the Lacedæmonians were engaged in a destructive war with the Mælians, by the advice of an oracle they sent to the Athenians for a general to conduct their armies. The Athenians, deriding their credulity, sent them Tyræus, a school-master and poet, entirely unacquainted to the works of war. This man, it is said, so animated them, by his military songs, that, though their spirits had been entirely broken by ill success, they recovered their energy, and entirely vanquished their adversaries.

"Two or three of these war-songs, to which historians have attributed such virtue, have reached our times. Their rough simplicity is well calculated to make a forcible impression on the mind.

"No translation of Tyræus has hitherto fallen into my hands. Had it occurred to Sir William Jones to lay before his countrymen the practical exhortations of this polemic pedagogue, together with the dignified politics of Alcæus, I could have presented a version

worthy of the honest spirit of the original. A desire of giving a specimen, at least, of the topics of this author, has induced me to hazard the following attempt at a translation of the most interesting of such of his fanzas as the hand of time has spared:

TRANSLATION FROM TYRÆUS.

Mute are my chords when beauty claims the songs,

Or king's grace, or limbs of giant mould,  
No praise of mine excites the honey'd tongue,  
The racer's swiftness, or the gleam of gold,  
My themes the youth who views with steady eyes

The bloodiest carnage, and the grin of death;  
Midst thickest battle claiming the victor's prize,  
And man to man disputes the laurel wreath.  
Bless'd by his country's praise, his parent's smile,  
He views the waste of life, nor feels appeal;  
Firm at his post and foremost in the file,  
With dauntless breast he sees his comrade fall,  
With fiery arm he turns the wave of war,  
O'er adverse hosts he scatters wild dismay;  
Reckless of life he guides his guiding car,  
Where danger frowns amid the bloody fray,  
And falls the youth—the fall, his country's joy!

His father's pride; who tells each boast  
wound,  
Points to the fissur'd buckler of his boy,  
And smiles in tears while all his praise is found.  
His children's children, bending o'er his tomb,  
Shall date their glories from his honour'd name.

Thus, wrapt in earth, he 'scapes the vulgar doom,  
And lives for ever in the rolls of fame.

"But, indeed, what occasion have we to search into the influence of verse upon human conduct? The translations of our own times may teach us, that as strong feelings generate poetic language, so poetic language inflames the mind with, at least, a temporary enthusiasm, and thus impels to action. In this country, the fervour of loyalty has of late been blown into a blaze, and for this great the parties interested are not a little indebted to the assistance of the muffs. And when the *Marchioness Hymn* echoed through the ranks of the French army, at the field of Jemappé, we need not wonder that "the *fig of Liberty* was wellid with classic grace," and that the energy of heroism was communicated with the found.

"These considerations will, perhaps, tend to strengthen the conclusion to which our enquiry has been drawn, the terms of which, I am happy to vary, by adopting the elegant language of a writer, eminent for the refinement of his

his cast; who says, "Poetry addresses the ear precepts not to the reason alone—the ear the passions to her aid—she not only calls the passions, but infuses them in the exhibs example, but infuses them in the mind. She softens the wax with her peculiar artour, and renders it more plastic to the artist's hands."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

"Some time since, I received a letter from a gentleman of Barbadoes, desiring my opinion upon the subject of wheel-carriages, particularly with a view to the transport of sugar-hogheads in that island. I have, unfortunately, lost the gentleman's address, but as I make no doubt that the *Monthly Magazine* is circled in the West-Indies, I take this method of answering his enquiries.—

The writer of the letter which I allude to, appears to be perfectly acquainted with the common theory of wheel-carriages, and with the common defects in their construction; he, with great propriety, has taken care to describe the roads of the country, knowing that, in fact, more advantage is to be obtained by improving the road than by improving the carriage that is to be employed upon it; I shall, therefore, make some observations upon the construction of roads, before I speak of carriages.

For many years I have had opportunities of trying experiments upon this subject—facts thus acquired, form experience which should not be confounded with practice—the latter means no more than mere facility, obtained by habit; the former teaches us what we can communicate to others.

On level ground, roads should have no greater elevation in the centre than what is necessary to carry off the rain which falls upon it; but on hills, the ridge, or trunk, of the road, should be higher in proportion to the declivity of the hill; this difference of form should be observed, to prevent the effect of sudden and violent rain, which sometimes is so copious, as to ruin across the roads down hills, and which, striking in torrents against an opposite bank, is driven backwards and forwards, in a zigzag direction, to the destruction of the road—by raising the road higher in the middle than is common, the water finds a passage to the thannaps, at each side, and suffers no farther over the surface than is absolutely necessary. Great care should be taken to direct all mountain-streams

from roads; and such streams never should be permitted to run in the drains at the sides of the roads; but in other channels at a distance. In preparing the ground for a new road, or in repairing an old one, the first thing to be attended to is the solidity of the foundation—if any part of it be soft, that part will sink, let the superficies be what it may; the vicinity of small springs is generally the cause of those detached holes which we frequently meet with in roads—the spots must be dug till a firm bottom is found, and the soil, being very firm, may be drained below the foundation of the road. Having obtained a firm substratum for a new road, or having filled up all inequalities in an old one with solid materials, we may proceed to make a good road with much less trouble and expense than is usual.

The foundation must now be covered with stones of any size, not exceeding six or seven inches diameter; it is obvious, that if smaller stones can be had, they should be preferred. The stones should be spread equally over the surface, and settled firmly with a light fledge; in this operation, such stones as are too large, must either be broken or carried away; over this a layer of small stones, not larger than eggs, should be scattered, and settled with hammers between the interstices of the larger. Over this a small quantity of any hard clay, just sufficient to cover the stones, should be spread; if mixed with gravel it will be better—but if gravel alone were used it would fall through the stones and be wasted. It is taken for granted, that this work be done in dry weather; the road will, therefore, in this situation, be fit for cattle and carriages—in a month or two, the clay and gravel will be worn away, and the corners of the large stones will appear—men should now be employed to break the stones with hammers, weighing about two pounds and a half; they should stand up at this work, and the handles of their hammers should be from four to five feet long, according to the size of the men. It will cost about a penny per yard to break a road covered in this manner, to the breadth of fourteen feet. After another month, or six weeks, the road must be broken, with care, in the same manner; and, with proper intervals, it should be broken from time to time, as often as may be necessary.—four times is, in general, sufficient. Whilst this operation is performed, a boy with a barrow of fine gravel, should follow