

have rested upon their level summit, and if they are afterwards connected together by the soft materials of the secondary strata, in this situation they must still have remained horizontal.

Saunders, in describing the puddling of the Valerine, near the source of the Arve, tells us that he was astonished to find it in beds almost vertical, a situation in which it could not possibly have been formed.—"That particles," he adds, "of extreme tenacity, suspended in a fluid, might become agglutinated, and form

vertical beds, is a thing that may be conceived; but that pieces of stone, of several pounds weight, should have rested on the side of a perpendicular wall till they were enveloped in a strong cement and united into one mass, is a supposition impossible and absurd." It should be considered, therefore, as a thing demonstrated, that this puddling process was formed in a horizontal position, or one nearly such, and elevated after its induration. (To be continued.)

SOME REMARKS ON THE MODERN SYSTEM OF POETRY.

THE poets of former times may be called the concentrators, and those of the present time the expanders or diffusers. It was formerly thought an excellence in a poet to strive, but now-a-days, a poet seems to desire nothing better than to flow. Dryden and Pope thought it little less than a crime to carry a meaning beyond the conclusion of a couplet, or of a separate musical arrangement of complete; but many of our poets now, do not seem to regard the loss of music to their lines, half so much as the necessity of expressing their meaning even at the risk of losing the music altogether. There have been no greater sacrifices of music to the flow of words than Lord Byron, and in one of his pamphlets, in the Howles' controversy, he has confessed his fault. But with him it was less a fault than with any other writer. All who have ever considered his character will confess, that had his thoughts submitted to the battle of the most musical couplet, he had the talent for putting such a battle on them; but though he had the talent, his thoughts did not allow him the power; in their force and rapidity of succession, they carried him away with them—they made his versification subservient to themselves—they showed that while he versified faster than perhaps any man that ever attempted it, he thought a thousand times more quickly than he versified. His rhythms seem often, not the rule, but the verses, as rhythms are generally, but transmute on his flood of intellect. But then there is everywhere a pulsating strength for any temporary neglect of the usual music; there is everywhere a powerful rush of thought that shows us that it is not carelessness that produces the neglect of rhyme, but an absolute impetuosity to interrupt

the progress of the tide. Along with the most amazing freedom, or, if we may use the expression, the most surprising volubility of verse, what point, what nerve, what vigor does not Lord Byron exhibit? It is seldom we meet with a mind at once so blazed with strength and power to use it. A strong mind is generally troubled with the weight of its own impressions, like a giant, who, while he wields a ponderous mass, shows by the heave with which he raises it, that it is difficult to wield even by his tremendous arm; but Lord Byron flourishes the club of Hercules with the ease and gracefulness of a fencer's foil.

Though his lordship has shown that he was rather cramped by rhyme than unshackled, he has made but sorry work in some instances where he has abandoned rhyme altogether. We are not here about to enter on a review of his tragedies, but merely to remark, as we proceed, the phenomenon of Lord Byron's blank verse. We could not have believed, although his name is affixed to the tragedy, that they were written by him, if there were not an universal assent to the statement.—Indeed we know three or four literary gentlemen of no mean powers, and not over and above successful in most matters, who will not believe that Lord Byron is the author of these tragedies; nay, we have some ideas that they would hesitate to believe the assertion from the mouth of his lordship himself. But if these tragedies be written by the same pen and the same hand as *Childe Harold*, they display few proofs of identity of mind. There never was a more extraordinary proof of the difference between almost despising certain laws or rules, and being totally free from them. In innumerable in-

stances the metre of his lordship's blank verse is doubtful, and in many it is decidedly wrong; and instead of the loose succession of energetic thought of which we meet with in his other poems, there is often such a milk and water rambling of unconnected wildness, that we have involuntarily laid down the book with an expression of wonder that the same author could be so strong and so powerless, even in the greatest possible lapse of time. His lordship can write good blank verse;—Some parts of his *Maiden* show this; but these tragedies seem to say, his good blank verse comes so seldom, that for his own sake he had better not write any more of it.

Those remarks on his lordship's blank verse, however, are parenthetical, and we must proceed to the main purpose of our observations. His lordship's looseness of versification—his rambling "straight on to the Prophecy," has procured him a host of imitators. They do not see that their imitating the manner of the flood will never communicate its force—they do not see that when little streams pretend to overflow their banks, they are wasting the waters that would have been forcible within their natural limits, while rivers like the Rhone sometimes naturally rise over their boundaries from the overwhelming rapidly of their course. Such imitations are worse than the frog that tried to swell itself into an ox. The frog's ideas of size were so contracted, that it seems to have thought it was of the destined bulk long before it burst. The frog's signifier was in its favor; but those imitators must know, that while they copy what is occasioned by Lord Byron's force of intellect, they are merely copying the defective consequence and not the animating cause—they are merely like those vile imitators of Kean's acting, who screw their throats into a semblance of his croak, without thinking for a moment of the soul, the swelling fury of whose passions had made the actor hoarse.

There is another reason for the frequent occurrence of these imitations of Lord Byron. It is much easier to string a number of verses, one after the other, with little music but the rhyme at the end of each line, than it is to make each line have, as it were, a belated regularity of sound in itself, and in company with its predecessor, or that which is to come after it. We

have a moral conviction that the greatest facility with which such verse is written, was the cause of Leigh Hunt's writing in this manner, and the cause of John Keats, Barry Cornwall, and a number of our modern poets, having followed the same example. And yet how different are they from Byron! They are chiefly of a mild school—of a class that delight in love and softness and fine Italian scenery. When they draw painful emotions, they are generally not hurried, but sorrow; not wildly, but tern; not madmen or fiends, but gentle despair and tremulous chidings. Their poetry is not of the kind that carries away, that would in itself apologise for the breaking down of rhyme, or defend a running on of the sense over nine or ten lines together. As well might we expect the beams of the sun to sweep away a bridge, or the zephyrs to throw down a stone wall, as for their verse to have flowing. All their feeling and beauty and tenderness, might have been as well expressed in better verse—that is, in verses formed more completely according to the rules of art by which versification was in former days generally understood to be regulated.

The system of carrying off the meaning through a whole stanza, (say of eight lines) however, has produced its evils upon Lord Byron himself.—There is no man who seriously considers the effect of the slightest violation of the rules of poetry, but must consider them an evil to our national poetry. Leaving all the disputes that have been raised about the morality of such productions, every person who has a true spirit of poetry about him must look upon them as a sort of poetical out-landishness, every excellent they may be in part, are not to be set up as models, but rather avoided as examples of bad taste. What is excellent in them, let the reader observe, does not belong to the system which has been followed in their composition, but rather comes in spite of it.—These excellencies are specimens of more attention to art, and are finer pieces of poetry than could be produced by the mere idle, belated, tasteless practice which these poems in general exhibit. Which may arise from the poet's happy humor at the moment, for which he certainly does not wait in the course of such a poem, or,

is much more probable, they are ways before thought too vulgar for such introduction. Is it that they have a confusion of the common non- on which he has been before away his time, would not be and by the public without here have ("after it *perpetua par-*) a shining piece or two to keep in good humor.

There is a feeling with which man- will always be impressed—the of respect for what they see has work of labor. The feeling of as has so much existence towards as it has towards great calcula- great mechanicalness; and, indeed, not unfrequently appeared to us

chief reason why the verification tried, that it bore with itself poeases of a strong proof of the action having occupied much of and steady of the poet. But Berpon, James, and so forth, can- them far greater proofs of be- orts of illumes than of labor— are without plan, or rather the only appears once in twenty or so, more in the shape of an than the actual subject of the they are for the most part in a were—that is, such verse that be obliged to read from line to the end of the sentence, which do year rated more the scenes- reading prose on stils than good ution,—the poet does not select istry or the subjects of his ge- good, but rather collects them seed Don Juan is confessedly, in- judge, a congregation of com- (matters)—and when collected, re far more like the gathered-up of Cornet Garden market than ulyrics or words from which a good taste would desire to orna- the work.

may be told here, that these use of a poor genius, and should suffered in themselves and not deence to others. But we ob- them both as compared to and as a new genus, if they sh. They are doubtless very ing to a man who takes them up and the heap of huddled logs- contradiction they contain, and lay them down without ag for an instant of any thing but agnary entertainment. But if are to be considered as a new what is their merit? Is it that we introduced subjects and ver-

alike into poetry, which were al- ways before thought too vulgar for such introduction. Is it that they have a confusion of the common non- on which he has been before away his time, would not be and by the public without here have ("after it *perpetua par-*) a shining piece or two to keep in good humor.

But it is impossible justly to ex- mine such works as having a prefer- sion to be reckoned under a new classi- fication, and yet not to compare them with the works of others. It is only by comparing works that we can ever know what rank any individual work can hold. And with what works will these tragic-comic, Jupiter-scrapin luc- bations bear a comparison? No poet would allow his volumes to stand by the side of such idle flourishes, even though of able pen. (Compare them, then, according to the kind of poetry we find in them—the comic will of it- self hardly bear comparison, because all former comic poets wrote with some- thing like industry, but the comic por- tions of these poems are generally only comic because the authors were too lazy to make them otherwise;—the comic of rhyme, because the authors took the first rhyme that suggested themselves, and made that vulgarly laughable which could not be made of Cornet Garden market than ulyrics or words from which a good taste would desire to orna- the work.

may be told here, that these use of a poor genius, and should suffered in themselves and not deence to others. But we ob- them both as compared to and as a new genus, if they sh. They are doubtless very ing to a man who takes them up and the heap of huddled logs- contradiction they contain, and lay them down without ag for an instant of any thing but agnary entertainment. But if are to be considered as a new what is their merit? Is it that we introduced subjects and ver-

The failure of this free, pleasing, straight-forward system, hostility of the ends of lines, or any thing but the sense, or the number of syllables, are seen even in Lord Byron himself, but still more in a horde of thoughtless young versifiers, who, conceiving they have found an easy road to Parnassus, stride into the very way they should not have followed.

We will put a question that we are persuaded Lord Byron himself would answer in the negative, had he been as much wedded to Pope as he has praised him.—We could have descend- ed to Don Juan, if he had adhered as strictly to the rules of his art as Pope? To say he would, were in itself a con- tradiction. The regularity, the unde- vating elegance, the music of cadence to which Pope bound himself, were not assumed to be thrown off; they were so constant that they became ne- cessary distinctions of his poetry. It is the evident display of art in the poe- try of Pope that makes so many mis- give him was only a versifier. Seeing that he was perfect in the art of veri- fying, and becoming convinced every day of the effect which even that per- fection has upon mankind in general, they cried out that he was a mere versifier, but no poet! Fine verses will often hide from you that a man is no poet; but, perhaps, it is not much considered that they may prevent us from duly appreciating the finest poe- try. We have no doubt that many thousands who have read Pope have been so fascinated by the beauty of the lines, as to deem the thoughts of se- condary consideration. But the great cause in his own time of the change of Pope's being no poet, was evidently error. There were a number of imper- fect scribblers who never ceased to tease him with criticisms, in which they perpetually abused the works they could not comprehend. The poetico-mechanical labor, as it were, of the translation of Homer, rendered it necessary for Pope to employ some of their verses to suit the cadence and manner of his own, and their versation at being obliged to confess how much better he made what they had before thought complete, might be another strong reason for their giving him the name of versifier. There was a part of Pope's poetical course, too, which probably in itself gave rise to such an accusation from many inconsiderate

persons, viz.: his writing his Essay on Man and his Essay on Criticism.— These were neither of them very poeti- cal subjects; to most of readers they would be unpalatable under any cir- cumstances, and at best they had only the appearance of metaphysical essays in verse. There is in each a share of what may be commonly called poetry; there may be said, indeed, to be as much poetry in both as they were capable of, but it is obvious that if any individual read them and them only, and of course from them received his idea of Pope as a poet, he must have got him down as a poet without any very large proportion of imagination.— These pieces were never intended to be considered poems by Pope himself; but, as he really was able to express himself more tersely, powerfully, and in fewer words in verse, and also with more ease, and, perhaps, because by means of good verses he thought to make dry subjects popular, he wrote rather in verse than prose. To cut the matter short here, we may mention as indis- putable proofs of Pope's poetical powers, the verses he has left us on the subject with which Rousseau so much interest- ed every one, and the Rape of the Lock itself is a poem that confers immortali- ty. Pope's Homer, too, should be re- collected as containing innumerable proofs of original poetical powers.— Homer himself would hardly acknow- ledge the translation, but he would gladly welcome the author of the poem.

It was necessary to say thus much of Pope, lest many who are prejudiced against him might not think him fit to be held up as an example. If we look back on Pope, and farther back on Dryden, they appear like the ancient poets of Greece and Rome— men who walked about, and indeed did every thing, with the full con- sciousness of some superior dignity in which public estimation had enve- loped them, and of which they were resolved not to divert themselves.— Through they lived amongst their fel- low men, they yet seemed aloof from them; though they seemed aloof from the world, they kept their wings ready for their flight. Most of our modern poets are more like dabbled geese in the streets of some dirty town, than "birds of upper air, prepared to soar on clear and lofty pinions to the skies." Though the system of ruffling feathers

like to line has done much harm to drama, or by laying a peculiar ballad-our modern poetry, and we hold forth emphasis on some word that would Dryden and Pope as the great enemies otherwise have been used with the prevalence of that system, the study of whose per quantity only. A change in verse will enable our rising poets to avoid its evils, there is another style that has greatly injured our national taste with regard to versification. We allude to the ballad-singing manner of the romances which Sir Walter Scott and his admirers have made fashionable. There is nothing so completely destroys the correct taste of any person, as once to bring the mind to look with pleasure on actual deficiencies in the versification which the reader and the writer make up by a musical ca-

A LETTER, FROM WHICH IT APPEARS THAT DR. DODD WAS IN FRANCE AFTER HE WAS HANGED.

[We thought this question had received its final consideration from the letter of the eminent mathematician, Dr. Hutton, which we publish a few pages back. The following letter is handed to us, however, by a gentleman of research, and even if, as it is probable, the Dr.'s communication will be effectual in convincing most of our readers, it is worth while to insert the special-*from Proverbe*, if it be only to show those who believe that Dr. D. really died at his execution, what strange persons there must be in the world to pass such a forgery upon them. The letter from Dr. Hutton would have been inserted in the February number, but it was unfortunately lost, and, though every means was used for its recovery, the identical letter has not yet made its appearance. It would be wrong without grounds to expect that such a notorious and deliberate falsification would so far forget common honesty as eagerly to hand by so exalted an authority; but it is nevertheless remarkable, that a letter which could be of no honorable use but to ourselves, and for repeating which proper methods were instantly taken, should not have been heard of, though a month has now elapsed since its disappearance. It is only our duty to observe, that Dr. Hutton instantly sent us another copy of the letter, which those who know his age and the value of his ideas, must reckon a mark of very lasting consideration.]

To the Editor of the *Newcastle Magazine*.

SIR,—I dare say many of your readers were obliged by the interesting information respecting the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, communicated by your correspondent *ONANIMUS*, in your number for January. Towards the close of his paper it is expressed that any further information on the subject might be acceptable to the public. In the *Hampshire Chronicle*, of October 17, 1784, appeared the following account, copied from the *Aberdeen Journal*.

The following account of the execution of the Rev. Dr. Dodd is contained in the copy of a letter found in the repository of a gentleman of Glasgow, lately deceased:—

"*Proverbe*, *France*, July 12, 1777. "Now that Dr. Dodd is beyond the reach of his enemies, you may acquit them he is here, in solid health, though in melancholy spirits,

depressed in his mind at the idea of quitting for ever his native country, and being necessarily compelled to hide his head from public conversation, which was, in England, his chief enjoyment. Gifted by nature with the most shining talents of speech, it must be a great mortification to him, that all the courtship of popular applause is at an end, and that he must sink in obscurity, after raising himself to the pinnacle of adoration. He is at the house of Monsieur du Fu, who being my relative and particular friend, I have had an opportunity of seeing the Doctor. The account he gives of his deliverance is gathered partly from the information of those to whom he is indebted for his life, and partly from his own recollection. "He says he had always conceived that those warm advocates, as he often

calls them, who had given him such unparalleled proofs of generous friendship, Mr H. and Dr. E. would attempt to restore him to life, after the apparent execution of the law. He had no other reason for the supposition than a surmise that were naturally, when he considered that, in many instances, they had shown to the world the possibility of reviving the functions of life. Not the most distant intuition had ever been given him of their design, though he conceived that, till the night before he went to Tyburn, he relied with implicit security on the clemency of his Sovereign, and that he even entertained some hopes the next morning, notwithstanding the King was at New, and no rumour heard of at the Secretary's Office. He says he never could surmise resolution enough to reflect on the day he was to be exhibited a public spectacle without horror, which seized him at intervals in the coach, and caused his imagination to swim into absolute insensibility. When he was turned off, he felt a sudden impulse of pain at first, but, by his body whirling swiftly round, he was soon deprived of all sensation, and afterwards remained totally insensible, until he found himself in bed, surrounded by Dr. C., Mr H., Mr D., and Mr W., whom he perceived to be in tears, which may be considered as an effusion of joy at his recovery, of which they had at one time despaired. From thence he learned

that they had conveyed him from the crowd with difficulty to where he was, where they had perfunctory ordered matters for the experiment they had determined on, to try to bring him to life. Mr H. and Mr D. stripped, and exercised friction on his body for two hours, without the least symptom of success. At last they perceived a motion of his breath, which convinced them of his practicability of the design; and this motion was followed by a sweat that spread itself over the body, attended with frequent panting and groaning. The return of the circulation of the blood, the Dr. says, gave him so much pain, that life was hardly worth purchasing at so dear a rate.

[Our correspondent (who writes from Thirsk, and signs J. J.) adds to the above letter the various plans that were on foot for the Dr.'s escape, by giving money to the porter, turnkey, &c. and by leaving a figure of wax in his place. He also adds the story of Anne Green, who was recovered by Dr. Willis, Pett, and others, after being excruciated, which we omit, as we believe it is so universally known as not to be generally interesting. He observes, also, that Pocklin, an eminent foreign physician, gives an instance of a woman being hanged, and to all appearance dead, who was recovered by a physician accidentally coming in. He refers for a notice of this case to Dartman's *Physico-Theology*.]

"PLEASURE DEBILITATES THE MIND AS PAIN THE BODY."

"T'WAS night! and o'er Alhambra's towers,
Its myrtle shade and leafy bowers,
Arose the Queen of night:
The lucid fount, the orange grove,
Where never-ceasing summer roves,
Were clad in silver light.

All, all was silent—all was calm—
Scarce waved the feather-crested palm
That fenced the cyprian grove—
As with light step and buoyant soul
I through the rosy labyrinth stole
To Zoraida's above.

The glided lattice wide was flung,
Round which the crescent's beam
Beneath the crescent's beam:
O'erjoyed I sprang to hail the maid,
When a false step my foot betrayed,
And, lo! 'twas all a dream.