

presence of a Public Notary, the Bishop elect, or his proxy, which is most usual, is introduced into the Cathedral Church by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, by whom, or by his proxy, all the Bishops of that province are installed. First, he declares his assent to the King's supremacy, and swears, that unless he be otherwise dispensed with, he will be resident according to the custom of that Cathedral, observe the manners of the said Church, and cause others to observe the same.

Then the Archdeacon, with the petty Canons and Officers of the Church, accompany the Bishop up the Choir, and there place him in the seat prepared for the Bishops, between the Altar and right side of the Choir, when the Archdeacon pronounces these words:—

"Ego, auctoritate mihi commissa,
"induco et inthronizo Reverendum in
"Christo Patrem Dominum, N. N.
"Episcopum, et Dominas custodiat
"suum introitum et exitum ex hoc nunc
"et in seculum. Amen"

ON THE NATURE AND ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF POETRY, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM PROSE.

BY THOMAS BARNES, D.D.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
AT MANCHESTER.

TO settle with precision the limits which divide poetic from prosaic composition, may perhaps appear, at first sight, to be neither very difficult, nor very interesting. As, however, one great object of this society is, the enjoyment of free and friendly conversation upon subjects connected with science, it is probable, that topics, which are not in themselves of the greatest importance, may sometimes open a wider field, than others of more intrinsic excellence. Where much may be said in support of different hypotheses, we may hope for that collision of friendly argu-

"After the singing of Te Deum the Sub-dean and Petty Canon prayers follow. The Bishop is conducted into the Chapter-house and there placed on a high seat, when the Archdeacon and all Prebendaries and Officers of the Church appear before the Bishop and acknowledge canonical obedience to him.

The new Bishop is afterwards introduced into the King's presence to do him homage for his temporalities or barony, by kneeling, putting his hands between the King, who sits in a chair of State. Here the Secretary of the King administers to the Bishop the Oath of Allegiance. To be true and faithful to his Majesty, from whom he acknowledges to hold his temporalities.

Lastly, the new Bishop receives the first fruits of his Bishopric—that is, agrees that the first year's profits shall be paid to the corporation for augmenting the benefices of the poor Clergy, and three years.

ment, which may strike out sparks, both of amusement and formation. Thus, a common trifling subject may eventually contribute to the noblest use, exercise of the mental faculties to the diffusion of candour and intelligence. Our time will quite mispent, if we can get from the topic before us, an hour's agreeable and literary tainment.

"Wherein consists the nature of POETRY," is a question, which will not be so easy to answer, at first be imagined. Different authors have given very

opinions. Some have denominated it "The art of expressing thoughts by fiction." Others have imagined its essence to lie, in the power of imitation:—and others again, in "The art of giving pleasure." But it is evident, that imitation, and pleasure, are the properties of poetry alone. The composition may contain the most ingenious. Yes. It may produce the most striking resemblances, and inspire the most sensible

imagination. Poetry has been generally denominated an ART. Horace, if he gave the title to his own celebrated and admirable poem, has characterized it under that name. The term itself (*poesis*) would naturally lead to the same idea; for it seems to imply, that labour and industry, the necessary companions of art, must be employed in poetic composition. But certainly, it has the nearest affinity to science of any art; for all its excellence consists in its presenting science in a pleasant and engaging dress. An art, by which science is assisted, and sentiment exalted; by which the imagination is elevated, the heart softened, and the noblest passions of the human soul expressed, improved, and heightened, will appear important enough, to have its boundaries exactly drawn, and the limits ascertained, which divide it from its humble neighbour. Or, if it is not possible, to have its general and larger characteristics clearly ascertained.

What is it, then, which constitutes the poetic essence, and distinguishes it from prose? Is it metre? Or is it something entirely different; sublimity of sentiment, boldness of figure, grandeur of description, or elevation of imagination? Let us attend to the arguments which may be offered on behalf of both hypotheses.

The characteristic nature of poetry, it may be said, consists in the use of the metre. VIII.

elevation of thought, in imagery, in ornament."

"For, have there not been real poems formed, without the shackles of regular verse? Poems, which none, but fastidious critics would scruple a moment to honour with that name? Is not Telemachus a noble epic poem? For who would dare to degrade it to a lower character? Who would refuse the appellation to the Death of Abel, which those, who understand the German language, speak of with so much rapture? Or to the Incas of Marmontel, which the French celebrate, with equal enthusiasm of praise?

"Does not elevation of sentiment of itself produce modulation of language? The soul, inspired with great ideas, naturally treads with a lofty step. There is a dignity in all her movements. She declaims with a measured, solemn, majestic utterance. Her stile is sonorous, and swelling. These attributes indicate, these constitute the poet. They give strength and feeling to his compositions. Where these are found, who would look for any higher claims, before he would confer the palm of poetic honours? Where these are wanting, what other properties could give even the shadow of a title? Who would refuse the title of bard to the great Master of Hebrew song? For what can be more truly sublime, or poetical, than many of the psalms of David? And yet, after the ingenious labours of the learned Dr. Lowth, the metre or rhythm has not been exactly ascertained; and probably will not, because it does not exist. The harmony of numbers, of which every ear must be sensible, arises purely from the native impulse of a soul, inspired with sentiments, which it could not possibly express in any language, but what was fervid and poetical.

"By this theory, it may be said, we account for the common remark, that

that the original language of mankind was poetical; because, in the infancy of the world, every thing would naturally excite admiration, and vehement passion. Their rude and imperfect speech would bear inscribed upon it, the stamp of strong and animated feeling. It would resemble the harangues of Indian orators, at this day, whose speeches are accompanied with tones and gestures, which to a cultivated European, appear extravagantly pompous. Their lives were full of danger and variety. New scenes were continually opening upon them. Growing arts and sciences were presenting new objects of curiosity. Hence their feelings were amazingly intense. And hence their language was bold, and poetically sublime. Longinus, in the fragment of a treatise, which is unhappily lost, has this sentiment. "Measure belongs properly to poetry, as it personates the passions, and their language; it uses fiction and fable, which naturally produce numbers and harmony."

It may be added, in support of this definition, "That our own inimitable poet, than whom none seems more to have enjoyed the inspiration of the Muse, describes the poet, as chiefly distinguished by the fervour of Imagination. He does not, indeed, align him the most honourable company; but he makes ample amends, by a description of poetic fancy, wonderfully brilliant and captivating."

"The hensive, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is the madman: the lover, all as
frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty on a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Who can forbear applying to the poet, what has been so justly applied to the great critic, is quoted,

"He is himself the great sublimer head."

"Horace, likewise, seems to apply himself on this side of the question in the fourth satire of his first book, where he endeavours to settle the point of Poetic Character, first excepts himself from the number of those, to whom he will allow the name of Poet; because compositions like his own, *"monstrum propiora,"* do not give a claim to the appellation. He then describes the real bard;

Ingenium cui sit; cui mens divinator, mens
Magna sonaturum, des nominis honorum
nores.

"With respect to himself, Lucilius, he tells us, that if you take away the order and the measure, their verses would become *"farrago merus,"* mere prose. Not that you take in pieces that line of Ennius.

"Postquam discordia mens
Belli ferratos postes, portasque refigit.
For then, he exclaims,

"Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ."

"The true poetic essence, consists in elevation, imagery, grandeur; to which modulation no more than an adjunct; necessary, indeed, because it, in some degree, necessarily accompanies animation and poetic sentiment."

To these arguments, it may be replied: "That the model of the poet, in excepting himself from the number and honours of poetic character, will not be admitted, even with respect to those verses, as to which alone he made the exception, who has not in every age of the Epistles and Satires of Horace, in the number of poetic compositions, though, as he says, *"sile only*

"Pode cetero
Differt sermoni: sermo merus."

we adhere rigorously to this definition, shall we not exclude candidates, from whom we may be sorry to pluck the well-deserved wreath of poetic fame? All those, where the subject is low or common, as the Hudibras of Swift, where it is simple and narrow, as the Fables of Gay; or where it is plaintive and melancholy, as the Church Yard of Pope, must be banished from the number of the Muse. Parnassus must not be climbed, without a single vale in its circuit. None must then be deemed a poet, who cannot soar to the loftiest summit, on Epic, or Heroic wing. If we should form a index expurgatorius upon this principle, what havoc should we make among the minor poets? How many should we exclude, even every lover of the Muse, with grateful veneration, in the number of her inspired votaries?

Elevation of sentiment, imagery, and creative fancy, are not to be found in poetry alone. They often belong as much to the orator. For where will you find nobler flights of imagination, loftier sentiments, more address to the passions, or more animated, we might say, more animated language, than in the Oration of Cicero; not to mention some of our modern orators, whose eloquence, however, we would not venture to compare with that of the admired ancients?

If we might argue from the nature of poetry, we should naturally conclude, that the ancients therewith understood by the term, not only irregular modulations, which naturally arose from the impulse of strong and impassioned feelings, but also a grandeur of sentiment, from the boldness of imagery; but something more artificial and elaborate, something which demanded more effort and ingenuity to form, than merely arose from the effusions of a glowing heart?

"Is not, then, the proper and peculiar characteristic of poetry, that metre or rhythm, which the ear so easily distinguishes, and with which it is so unspeakably delighted? Is not this the great distinction between the modulation of poetry and prose; that the one is regular, determined by certain laws, and returning upon the ear at stated periods; whilst the other has no standard but the general sense of harmony, and is infinitely irregular and various? The imagery or sentiment is a mere circumstance, which does not constitute, however, it may adorn, poetic composition. We can suppose nonsense in prose. Can we not equally suppose nonsense in poetry? And yet, shall there not be an essential difference between poetic and prosaic jargon? If so, something else, besides the sentiment or sense, is the boundary between them. And what is this but that metre or melody, without which, the language which conveys the loftiest sentiments may be indeed poetical, but can never be poetry itself."

I shall not pretend to decide absolutely, upon the strength or weakness of the foregoing arguments. I shall be happy to hear them fully discussed in the ensuing conversation, from which I promise myself both instruction and entertainment.

At present, I find myself disposed to rest in some such general conclusion, as the following.

To finished and perfect poetry, or rather to the highest order of poetic compositions, are necessary, elevation of sentiment, fire of imagination, and regularity of metre. This is the summit of Parnassus. But from this sublimest point, there are gradual declinations, till you come to the region of prose. The last line of separation is that of regular metre. And in common language, not having settled with precision the nature or boundaries of either, we often apply the poetic cha-

Q 2

cha-

character with great latitude to compositions, which have more or less of the preceding qualities, but which are formed into uniform and regular verse. Often the name is given to works, which have nothing to distinguish them, but mere number. What has not this metrical modulation, we call poetical; and what has it, we call prosaic, solely upon account of the sentiment. For poetry and prose, like two colours, easily distinguishable from each other in their pure, unmixed state, melt into one another by almost imperceptible shades, till the distinction is entirely lost. Their general

[To be continued.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF MANILLA, ITS ENVIRONS AND INHABITANTS.

BY M. PAGES.

(Concluded from Page 48.)

THE information I gained during a residence of six months at the Bissaya Islands, and at Luconia; and what I saw of the country and its inhabitants, gave me a very high idea of the advantages which might be drawn from all the Philippine Islands. They produce corn, rice, and grain, in abundance, the exportation of which to different parts of India would yield considerable profit; for the Dutch are in want of rice and corn in Batavia, and the peninsula of India receives corn and grain from Serat at a considerable expence. Sugar, which the neighbourhood of Manilla produces in abundance, and which might be greatly increased, would, if it was exported to India, share part of the lucrative commerce which the English and Dutch carry on in that article. The profits on this commerce must be very considerable, since the English clandestinely carry it from the ports of Batavia and Malacca, where it is made,

ral characters are widely different. Their approximations admit of no nearest resemblances.

With respect to mere numbers, the difficulty is not great, in the present cultivated state of language, for any person, of a tolerable ear, to tag together lines, the measure of which shall be flowing and agreeable. Hence the multitude of indifferent poets, who abound amongst us! But it has been observed, that a state of culture, in which the exertions of poetic fancy are so much lessened, and the mind

I have since found that this most valuable part of their commerce is carried on to Bombay, Surat, Muscat, Balauchier, and Bassora.

It is true, the cultivation of sugar and cocoa is not carried to any considerable extent at the Philippine Islands, but this arises from the want of industry, and a market. The productions are almost worthless, and require but little labour to be raised. It would have a very considerable sale in all parts of Europe, and every body knows that sugar is sold at a high price in Europe; it succeeds well in these islands, and of a quality superior to that of Malacca.

The woods and barks producing ebony, and in general, the most valuable woods of the hot countries, which are used in furniture and joinery, are in this country in great abundance; and it appears very surprising, that the small quantity of these woods that is used is first bought by the

by them sold again to the Indians, or to the Europeans, who carry them to Europe or India.

A branch of commerce may be very extensive, if the Spaniards give themselves the trouble to enter the forests in search of

cotton, which abounds in the Philippine Islands, and by the great industry of the Indians, some of the first manufactures of cotton cloths might be made, which would consequently reduce the price of those of India and China. I never saw work carried on with so much ease and facility by the Indians of this country.

They know how to prepare cloths with great taste the most beautiful colours, which they extract from plants, woods, and the bark of trees, which grow in the islands. There is scarcely a house in the Bissaya Islands in which there is not a weaver by trade; and nothing is necessary but property to sustain and cherish their industry, to procure from them the finest cloths, and in the greatest taste.

The facility with which this branch of trade might be carried on, which forms almost half the commerce, in point of value, between India and Europe, appeared to me from its great consequence, to merit the strictest attention, and the most care to make it succeed.

The iron mines, which they had begun to work in the parts called Luzon and Cagayan, but which they have abandoned, for want of knowledge, may afford a good branch of commerce with all parts of India, as part of the iron used there is imported from Europe. They find also, which they buy of the Indians, who are almost famished, and pearls, which may be found on the coasts of the Bissaya Islands, are such valuable objects of commerce, that they should endeavour to gain, from the Spanish miseries in those parts, every information respecting them, in order to

reap the benefit of all the profit such rare resources could yield.

The woods of the Bissaya grow plenty of pepper: I have seen this myself, and I also saw a small branch of the clove-tree, which was brought out of the woods, to use medicinally. I do not, however, affirm any thing respecting the latter production, the quality of which may be inferior, and of which I could not be assured. The branch I saw appeared to have belonged to a tree; but that conclusion seems to me to require that proper enquiries should be made as to its existence. I also saw some nutmegs, which came from the neighbourhood of Laguna; I did not, indeed, think them as good as those of the Maluccas; but then it is well known, that trees, of which no care is taken, generally produce very indifferent fruit. I have no doubt, from the authentic information I have received, but that there are in the Spanish territories, on the island of Mindanao, many cinnamon trees. This spice, like the nutmegs of Luconia, has but a middling flavour; but then this want of flavour, which differs, however, very little from our cinnamon, I also attribute to a want of care and cultivation. The example of the riches which a trade in pepper, cinnamon, nutmegs, and cloves, has produced to the Dutch, ought to excite the attention of the Spaniards to the three first of those productions, which are to be found in the woods of the Philippine Islands, and perhaps to the fourth.

There are also, in the woods of the Bissaya Islands, some bees-hives, which produce a quantity of wax; birds nests, cocoas from whence they extract an oil, and get a kind of flax; some oil of wood, and many other things, each of which would form a small branch of commerce for the different parts of India, and which I never saw neglected by industrious people.

After this detail of rich productions,

practices. Some keep their arms constantly stretched over their heads, till they become quite withered and incapable of motion; others keep them crossed over the breast during life; while others, by keeping their hands constantly fast, have them quite pierced through by the growth of their nails. Some chain themselves to trees, or particular spots of ground, which they never quit; others resolve never to lie down, but sleep leaning against a tree. The most curious performance however, perhaps in record, is that of a Jogy, who measured the distance between Benares and Jaggernaut with the length of his body, lying down and rising alternately. Many of these enthusiasts will throw themselves in the way of the chariots of Vishnou and Sheevah, which are sometimes brought forth in procession to celebrate the feast of a temple, and drawn by several hundreds of men. Thus the wretched devotees are in an instant crushed to pieces. Others expose themselves to the flames, in order to show their regard to some of their idols, or to appease the wrath of one whom they suppose they have offended.

A certain set of devotees are named Pandarams, and another on the coast of Coromandel are named Cary-Patra Pandarams. The former rub themselves all over with sandal-wood, and rub about the country, singing the praises of the god Sheevah, whom they worship. The latter go about asking charity

at doors, by striking their heads together, for they never speak. They accept of nothing but what will satisfy their hunger, never give themselves any trouble about money, but pass the rest of the day in the shade, in a state of such superabundance, as scarcely to look at any object whatever. The Tadmars are another set of mendicants, wearing the incarnations of Vishnou. They have hollow brass rings round their ankles, which they fill with pebbles, so that they make a considerable noise as they walk; they beat likewise a kind of tabor.

The greatest singularity in the religion of the Hindoos is, that they are from persecuting those of a different persuasion, they absolutely refuse even to admit a proselyte. They believe all religions to be equally acceptable to the Supreme Being, and assign as a reason, that if the Author of the universe transferred one to another, it would have been impossible for any other to have prevailed than that which he approved. Every religion, therefore, they conclude, is adapted to the country where it is established, and that all are of original purity are equally good. One of their places of worship is represented in the annexed plate. It is the famous pagoda at Tanjore on the Coromandel coast, which differs in nothing but its form and decorations, from the godas of Deogur, given in the Literary Magazine for January 1801.

ON THE NATURE AND ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF POETRY, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM PROSE.

BY THOMAS BARNES, D.D.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
AT MANCHESTER.

[Concluded from Page 124.]

It has been often said, as we have before remarked, that the original style, both of history and con-

versation was poetical. The truth of this hypothesis must be more than that in early ages

language was in general, bold and florid. And we have already observed, that strong conceptions naturally clothe themselves in figurative, and modulated expressions. From strong to regular, the transition is not difficult; and the advantage would be great. Uniform measure would give more delight to the ear, by rendering the music more regular; and it would be more easily retained by the memory.

We may account for the formation of regular verse on another principle. This same animated feeling, which prompted men to dance and sing, would also prompt them to express themselves with energy of tone, of stile, of sentiment. It would lead them to endeavour to raise their language to their longings; in order to this union, it must become measured and exact. Hence the early formation of verse, which, when once adopted, would, for the reasons before mentioned, be immediately employed to convey their laws and histories to future ages. It differed but little from the common style of their orations. At least the difference was not to be compared with that which is found in the more advanced periods of society, and of language.

We have already observed, that in the early ages of mankind, when their lives were filled with toils and dangers, and when new and interesting events were continually opening upon them, their passions would correspond to their situation, and would be various, vehement, and active. Civilization and science have, as it were minced into smaller portions, the feelings of the heart. By this means we enjoy a far greater number of pleasurable sensations, and upon the whole I doubt not a much larger sum of happiness. The life of an Indian consists either of glare, or of darkness. He is either transported with passion, or sunk into stupor. These larger masses have been broken by the hand of culture into smaller

pieces, which are in perpetual currency, and which maintain among us a more equal and constant enjoyment.

But from hence it will follow, that the strong poetic character may be expected to decline, as taste improves. We may perhaps hope to excel in softness, delicacy, and refinement; but these are feeble graces. The mind soon tires with the perpetual chime of smooth verification, and with the unvaried flow of gentle and unimpassioned sentiment. The bursts of honest nature, the glow of animated feeling, the imagery, the enthusiasm—these are the charming properties, which will for ever exalt the poems, in which they are found, to the first order of poetic excellence. For these, no appendages of art can be deemed an adequate compensation.

A writer, whom I cannot mention without great respect, notwithstanding our difference of opinion upon some interesting subjects, seems not to have scented accurately his own idea of poetic essence. Dr. Johnson, many of whose criticisms upon the English poets indicate the strength of judgment, and some the elegance of taste, says, in his life of Milton, "Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the aid of reason." He then mentions the different sciences, of which the poet should be a master; history, morality, policy, the knowledge of the passions, physiology. "To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor can he yet be a poet, till he has obtained the whole expansion of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust all these different sounds, to all the variety of metrical modulation." In these last words, metrical modulation is supposed to be a necessary adjunct to knowledge and imagination. In another place he says, "It

is by the music of metre; that poetry has been discriminated in all languages. And yet he had just before said, "That, perhaps, of poetry, as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct." I am unwilling to draw any other inference from these passages than this, that, such is the difficulty of settling with precision the poetic essence, even Dr. Johnson is inaccurate and inconsistent.

If, in order to avoid this charge, it be said, that a distinction is made between poetry, as a mental operation; and poetry as an actual expression of the thoughts in language, then it will follow, that a person may be a mental poet, without being a practical one; because he may possess imagination, feeling, &c. without being able to express these mental operations in a proper manner. He may have poetical ideas, but not poetical style. And, exactly in the same sense, a man might be an orator or a painter, without being able to speak in public, or to use the pencil.

I beg leave to finish the subject by a few observations on modulation of language, which have suggested themselves, in the course of the foregoing speculations.

Different languages vary exceedingly widely, in their capability of modulation; and from this cause will vary as much in the mode and character of their rhythm, or musical composition. Every good and rounded style in prose, as well as in poetry, has a metre, or music, which the ear, when at all refined by classical taste, can immediately feel and enjoy. There is in finished composition as much of melody and sweetness in the arrangement of profuse syllables, as in the most poetical. The ear as nicely discriminates the soft, the plaintive, the bold, the nervous, the elegant, by the flow of musical expression, as in the most exact and perfect poem. From this circumstance alone, we are able at once to distinguish the

style of Addison and Shakspeare, Tillotson, and Watts, and Young. We distinguish them as easily as connoisseurs in music, who feel once the compositions of Handel and those of Corelli.

It is probable the ears of the ancient Romans and Grecians were more nicely tuned to discern the melody of arrangement, and of cadence than ours. Or probably we have lost that "tune," or more properly, pronunciation, in which their languages were spoken, for a modern ear cannot feel that richness and harmony of numbers, which appear to have been to them so inexpressibly delightful. "Cicero tells us that he was himself a witness of its influence, as Carbo was once languishing the people. When the orator pronounced the following sentence; 'Patris dictum sapienter meritis filii comprobavit.' It was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious cloze. And he tells us that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed."

This musicalness, and flow of numerous composition, which charms the ear of every judicious reader, is certainly felt most strongly when it is read aloud with taste and expression. But when read with the eye only, without the accompaniment of the voice, there is a fainter indication of the sound, the shadow of the music, as it were, connected with the words; so that we can judge accurately of the composition as if it were audible to the ear. This power of associating sound with vision, is formed gradually by habit; for common people, who are not much accustomed to books, hardly understand anything they read, unless it be accompanied with the voice. And some gentlemen are said to have acquired this art of mental combination so perfectly, as to even the notes of a musical composition.

with considerable pleasure. The difference of modulation in verse must give a different effect and expression to their compositions. The Grecian and Roman tongues were so happily constructed, that their verse distinguished itself by its arrangement, and therefore needed no secondary or artificial aid. It is then thought that our English verse is not equally happy; and is therefore, rhyme is in general necessary to make the discrimination perfect, and to give that chime which is so agreeable to the ear, which the fluctuation of long and short syllables alone could not effect. The fact is, in support of this observation, Dr. Johnson* is certainly right, that very few poems in that verse have long maintained themselves among us. Thomson, and even all, Milton, are great exceptions; but their style is singular. They formed themselves upon no model, and are originals which we may admire, but ought not to attempt to copy."

This remark, though, perhaps, in some degree just, is, however, degrading. And if the tag of rhyme is in general necessary to our English poetry, it will be an additional argument in favour of that hypothesis, which supposes metre to be the grand criterion of poetic

Yet methinks the Doctor is too severe, when he says, "The variety of pauses so much boasted of by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English Poet into the periods of a declaimer." To me there appears a very essential difference between the pauses of verse, and those of mere declamation. The poetry of Milton has been celebrated by the best judges, as inimitably beautiful and harmonious, from the amazing variety, and judicious changes of the pause. These are so admirably disposed, that the ear hardly ever tires. There is none of that perpetual sameness, and recurrence of sound, which in common blank verse is so insupportably disgusting. Surely, the verse of Milton is not, "verse only to the eye." I cannot therefore subscribe to Dr. Johnson's sentiment, "that all the power of Milton's poetry consists in the sublimity of his sentiment, or the peculiar (he elsewhere calls it 'perverse and pedantic') arrangement of his style." His sentiments are indeed lofty and noble; but his metre also is inexpressibly rich, mellow, and harmonious. Which ever hypothesis therefore we adopt, as to the constituent character of poetry, that of Milton will have every praise,—of sentiment,—of imagery,—of modulation.

ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER'S EXPEDITION INTO INDIA.

FROM DR. ROBERTSON'S DISQUISITIONS.

[Concluded from Page 119.]

THE untimely death had not put a period to the reign of the Mahomedan hero, India, we have reason to think would have been more fully explored by the ancients, and the European dominion would have been established there two thousand years sooner. When Alex-

ander invaded India, he had something more in view than a transient incursion. It was his object to annex that extensive and opulent country to his empire, and though the refractory spirit of his army obliged him, at that time, to suspend the prosecution of his plan, he was far

* Life of Milton.