

ing rival, the

[illegible]

As I have before observed, the French labour under the eye of rhyme; they work, as it were fettered and obnoxious to a necessity, and they are the slaves of a necessity, and you have French poems of the regular metre and rhyme, and you have a discordant something wanting the disciplined flow of prose.

or the regular metre of French poetry expressed rhyme; he began to experiment for it as he would for hexameters in the manner of Virgil. This is a general feeling, and M. Voltaire expresses it thus—
"De plus tant de grands maîtres qui ont fait des vers rimez
"Voilà que les Corneille, les Racine, les Despreaux, ont voulu
"metre accoutumé nos oreilles à cette harmonie, que nous
"n'en pourrions pas supporter d'autre."

Strange as it may appear, we English can scarcely reconcile the conditional motto of French poetry. M. Voltaire has expressed this idea so naturally freely, that I cannot refrain from giving it in his own words. "Un poëte Anglais," says he, "est un homme libre qui n'écrit sa langue à son gôût; le Français est un esclave de la rime, obligé de faire quelquefois quatre vers pour exprimer une pensée qu'un Anglais peut rendre en une seule ligne. L'Anglais dit tout ce qu'il veut; le Français ne dit que de qu'il peut; l'un court après son caractère, l'autre s'arrête à son équilibre; dans un chemin glissant et étroit."

Having arrived at a determinate point, a resting place is the vast ocean of thought, for persons that find poetry possesses the breadth of its ownness the breadth of the not admit of rhythm. Of the Portuguese, and Spanish, the same remark may be made; although no little attention is sentry to admit of a rhythm; if we except those of the Vega, and some others. However, it is probable none date its origin other than the French, nor do I think any likely from the former, as it is more prevalent than in the writings of the latter. It remains to discuss the contents; but enough the poetry of the *Græcians*; and *Latin*, a little, indeed, with materials for contemplating, and presenting, perhaps, a wider scope than the widest possibilities of all other nations.

• The following well-known lines exemplify this idea:

On the subject of our own data in North America,

Means give things more value & unusual things mean
The quality of the "The value of the" is the quality of the

for America, and the vergeron is obvious to the ear of a perfect
Glyls in French literature.

I do not intend to convey by this verification that rhyme does not

"Poetry; How Affected by Genius and Art."
 Ladies' Monthly Museum, N.S., Vol. 14 (1821)
 263-266; N.S., Vol. 15 (1822), 34-47, 92-95, 151-153, 265-266.

shed the cup of felicity on his future days; he had wad-
 donly destroyed the peace of her he pretended to love, and
 brought to an untimely grave the venerable master, who
 had vainly endeavored to inculcate the seeds of virtue in
 this his favorite pupil.

.....

Some days after, passing by a small public-house, where a
 crowd of poor people were assembled, some indirect words
 I heard caused me to enter. At my advance, they shrunk
 back to allow me to approach a small low mattress, on
 which was extended the body of a female, shabbily attired,
 and drenched with water. Her features were much swollen,
 yet sufficiently distinct to convince me at the first glance,
 that it was she whom I had sought.—She had been seen
 floating in the river by some sailors, who had succeeded in
 bringing her to land; but the vital spark had long been
 quenched. What has since occurred appears only as a
 dream.—Life must henceforth be a blank!—

L—

A PLAIN, SIMPLE COUNTRY GIRL.

Educated quite genteel, at a boarding-school, near White-
 chapel, where her father and mother sent her to have a
private education, that she may be the better qualified to an-
 perintend her family at the farm. She takes her fashions
 from the different ladies' magazines, and makes a queer
 hotch-potch of them all. When she leaves school, if ever she
 condescend to go to market, it must be in a one-horse chaise,
 that she may borrow a new romance from the circulating
 library. She knows how to dipherel her hair in the cork-
 screw-ringlet style, and laughs at the appearance of her fa-
 ther and mother, who admire her spirit, and call her a *funny*
girl, and the best *watered* creature in the world; and if
 the militia are quartered in the neighborhood, all the of-
 ficers think so too.

POETRY, HOW AFFECTED BY GENIUS AND ART.

"No person can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art, which
 has been employed by writers under divine inspiration, and has been chosen
 as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of Divine
 Truth."
 Dr. Blair.

There is not, perhaps, any subject less understood in this
 learned age, or more vaguely defined, than Poetry in its
 general acceptation as regards the operations of genius and
 art. Genius has its peculiar distinguishing attributes in every
 science and station, and in none more evident than the pre-
 sent. A wild and irregular metre denotes it rude and un-
 assisted by art, uncontrolled by Fashion, or the harsh rules
 of murdering critics, who sacrifice every generous feeling to
 the one grand maxim of interest. Here we trace the works
 of genius in sweet and undisturbed meandering, or follow
 in imagination sublime flights, which, as a refulgent meteor
 tracks its bright path through the wide space of ether, as-
 tonishing and pleasing, at the same time carrying conviction
 by force of superiority alone, unaided by the snivily and
 temper which art inculcates. Doubtless art may do much
 in every science, in fact, may effect almost every thing; yet
 the performance would require spirit and life, and, without
 genius, become uninteresting, if not irksome.

The disciple of art, unaided by the soul of genius, is
 doomed to wander, as it were, in a wilderness of thought,
 in a labyrinth of intellect, deprived of a guardian star, to
 point out a way through its varied intricacies and mazes.

Thus it appears conclusive, that a "man must be born a
 poet," and this leads me to consider the state of poetry
 from the earliest period down to the present time progres-
 sively, and I shall endeavor next to illustrate the origin
 and rise of this divine and inherent faculty by analyzing

THE POETRY OF THE HEBREWS.

(ON SACRED POETRY, AS IT IS USUALLY CALLED.)

A consideration of Hebrew poetry must necessarily be-
 come an object of the greatest entertainment to a contem-

plative mind, if it be only on account of the works we examine during our research.

Regarding the inspired volume in no higher light than as replete with matter exhibiting at once a style and taste totally at variance with our ideas of poetry, abounding with imagery and metaphor the most sublime and striking, we cannot fail of receiving sensations truly pleasing in the critical examination of these splendid remnants of sacred antiquity, considering their origin as divine and their operations as truly worthy of the Deity.

Various are the treatises composed on this subject, but, perhaps, none equal the labors of Dr. Lowth, in a work which he published, entitled, "*De Sacra Poësi Hebræorum*," to which we are indebted for any idea (however confused) we may have received on this interesting subject.

It is evident to an observant reader that in the Old Testament a diversity of style prevails that plainly indicates which may be considered prose or which poetical composition. It has been thus generally divided—"The Historical Books, and Legislative writings of Moses, are considered prosaic; The Book of Job, The Psalms of David, The Song of Solomon, The Lamentations of Jeremiah, a great part of the Prophetical Writings, and several scattered passages through the whole Historical Books, carry the most distinguishing marks of poetical writing."

It has ever been allowed, that from the earliest period, music and poetry were cultivated among the Hebrews; indeed, this is evident, throughout the whole of the sacred volume. In the days of the Judges, one part of the education of the prophets was music, that it might enable them to sing the praises of God, accompanied with various instruments. In Samuel, (*Chap. x. v. 7.*) we observe, that the Prophets were descending a hill, "prophesying with the psaltery, tabret, and harp, before them." But it was in the days of King David, that music and poetry arrived at their greatest celebrity; and the appointment of various officers, instituted by him solely for this purpose, may be seen by consulting *Chron. B. 1, c. xxv.* which describes them as more costly and splendidly adorned than ever yet practised by any other nation.

The construction of Hebrew poetry involves in itself a co-

rious peculiarity, and we cannot, perhaps, circumscribe this branch better than by adopting the language of Dr. Blair, who states, that "It consists in dividing every period into correspondent, for the most part into equal members, which answer to one another, both in sense and sound. In the first member of the period a sentiment is expressed; and in a second member, the same sentiment is amplified, or is repeated in different terms, or sometimes contrasted with its opposite; but in such a manner that the same structure, and nearly the same number of words, are preserved. This is the general strain of all Hebrew poetry. Instances of it occur every where on opening the Old Testament. Thus in Psalm xvi. "Sing unto the Lord a new song. Sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, and bless his name. Shew forth his salvation from day to day." &c. And, perhaps, to this style of composition it may be attributed that our version, although prose, possesses very strong poetical features.

The origin of this form of composition has been pretty clearly deduced from the method of singing the sacred hymns which were accompanied with music, and were performed by bands of singers and musicians, who answered each other alternately. For instance, one party began the hymn thus—"The Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice." The chorus responded, "Let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof." (See also *Ezra, c. iii. v. 11.* and *Psalms xiv.*) This will, in a great measure, account for a singularity of style, which, as I have before stated, pervades, more or less, the whole of the sacred writings, nor is it otherwise than natural that such a style should spread in the course of time, and become generally adopted by the Hebrew writers.

It has been remarked, that *natural conciseness* is a distinguishing mark of the *sublime*, and in no composition whatever is this observation more fully elucidated than in the Sacred books. Open them where you will, every passage presents a bold and original proof of this assertion. We find frequent recurrence to the common affairs of life, the changes of the seasons, the mountains, and the woods with which these mountains are clothed, and a variety of other apparently insignificant circumstances. With a simple and unadorned diction, unassisted by the discussions, and unaided by the art

of modern scholiasts, the Hebrew bard tuned his lyre in a far more sublime strain than the most celebrated poets from that era.

When we compare the separate merits of the sacred writers, we are lost in a labyrinth. An awful cloud of imagery, bold and impressive,—language, simple and powerful,—truths, naked and convincing, armed with facts, which cannot fail of carrying conviction sooner or later, distinguish each, and leave the enraptured mind still doubtful in its selection.

Having thus considered, (although too feebly) our subject, we shall next proceed to the poetry of the Greeks and Romans.

(To be continued.)

THERESA,

THE FAVORITE MISTRESS, AND AFTERWARDS THE WIFE, OF
ROUSSEAU.

The confidence that Rousseau had in Theresa was unbounded, as was the empire she had obtained over him; but this confidence had for its foundation what was sufficient to destroy it, namely—her excessive simplicity. The talents of Theresa were, perhaps, more bounded than those of women in general; since, though she lived in the most intimate manner with such a man as Rousseau for three-and-thirty years, she made no improvement. He fancied she was incapable of deceiving him, and he deceived himself. Long habit imposes that heavy yoke upon us, which becomes stronger in proportion as it is gradual in its establishment, because it comes on us imperceptibly; and Jean Jacques bent his neck to this yoke without the least kind of suspicion. We are well persuaded that to it Rousseau owed the greatest portion of his misfortune, and all the bitterness of the last years of his life, together with the vexations of his temper, his suspicions, which she awakened and constantly kept feeding. We feel persuaded that she contributed to hasten his end, which we believe he voluntarily brought about, when he discovered the inclination Theresa had for one of

the men about the stable; and at length when he found that the only support he looked to, failed, he precipitated his own death.

The following is nothing, but a sketch of the melancholy separation did not take place, yet it shews how much Rousseau suffered when he made this first complaint against Theresa; and we believe the first time he ever addressed a reproach towards her. The letter is dated August 12th, 1769.

"For six-and-twenty years, I have endeavored to render you happy; I perceive with pain that my cares are not crowned with success, and that it is not so gratifying to you to receive them as for me to bestow them. Not only have you ceased to be pleased with my society, but it even costs you much to stay a few minutes with me, from mere complaisance. All those who are about you are in your secrets except myself, and your only real friend is excluded from your confidence. I shall not now speak of many other things.—Nothing can give pleasure, nothing is agreeable from one whom we no longer love. That is the reason, whichever way I behave, whatever pains I take, whatever efforts I make to please you, it is all in vain. I never should have thought of quitting you, if you had not first made the proposal; and you have often repeated the request. You wish to leave me, and to absent yourself in that way that I should not discover where you were gone. I am about to go away for about a fortnight. If by any accident my mortal career may in that time be terminated, remember in such a case, the man whose widow you will be, and *honor his memory by honoring yourself.*"

Sincerely,
Gessé,

PADDY'S REPLY.

At the Carragh of Kildare, on the day of the King's visit to that celebrated race-course, at least one hundred thousand persons were assembled, although the rains fell in torrents. His Majesty's gracious condescension captured the multitude, one of whom turned to a companion, and said, "There's a King for you, Paddy!" "A King," exclaimed Paddy, with contempt; "arrah, honey! he's nothing but a gentleman."