

d not take it.
le sophister,
Philip, and
written by
story of the
Philip still
with a very
elected men,
m and spake
'Tell me,
y hast thou
m, that has
re upon her
—I have re-
p, not any
oy to provoke

remained to be scene in lamentable
ruins, were of such an excellent kind
of stone, cut and squared with such
admirable art, that hardly could their
joyntes and closures be discerned.

"This calamity being overblowne,
and the Emperor Constantine raigning
at Rome (even hee that was surnamed
the greate, son to St. Helena, the
Queen that founde the crosse of our
Saviour Christ,—he determined to
passe into the East, being mooved
and merely compelled thereto, by
divers augures or wizzards, concern-
ing an eagle which brought him (it is
said) a cord between her tallants,

tians holding it in possession;—this
famous cittie, that alone ruled over so
manie nations, that was rich in gold
and silver, honoured with approved
ancient excellencies, incomparable
churches, admyred monuments, and
raised out of the dust of oblivion by
God's permission, through Constantine,
and afterward by another Constantine,
was at last besieged by
Mahomet, King of the Turkes;—
Lord of the lesser Asia, and of many
other regions and provinces; the
grandfather's father to Solyman, that
lived when I wrote this history; the
predecessors of which Mahomet had

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regard of his
and because
ales, he had
casion of the
lesse, after a
re wounded,
ly streaming
the place he
some medi-
the cittie.
perceived,
immediately
ereof being
he ran after
him to re-
place, shew-
d upon his
tions or pro-
use him to go
it so pleased
ould fail him,
longer beare
but having
return. So
im, and chi-
im what help

his followers
not having
shrink back

or beheld this
l afresh to a
assault, and
ans were so
at being able
turned their
r themselves
naining open
ian's return,
selves among
ing the cittie
n the wals,
es upon the

changed his
might not be
the enemies.
om is Pope
e desired to
eving to see
der, he was
ig multitude,
pled on by
e died under
ers, even in
diers on the
ig the cittie
er, his body
s, who cut off
on a lance's
sir victorie's

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Essays Moral and Literary.

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trophy throw the whole camp, and
after, into the cittie.

"As for Justinian, (the flight of
whom was the principal occasion of
so lamentable a misfortune,) he seeing
the cittie taken, fled away by the sea,
and died in a little island, either of
the wounds he had received, or of
some other disease; albeit, he had it
once in his own choice to have died
honourably in the place he had lived
with so much fame and credit.

"The Turkes beeing thus entred the
cittie, leste no kinde of bloody cruelty
unperformed, that malice or villany
could devise. All the household and
kindered of the Emperour, both men
and women, were (without mercy)
put to the sworde, and in like sort
they dealt with all the people, except
such as escaped, or whom they tooke
to their slavish servitude.

"And here I may not forget one
notorious detestable action; for they
could not content themselves with ex-
ecuting their barbarous malice upon
Christian men and women, but having
gotten a goodly image of the crucifixe
of Christ, they, in a shameful mock-
ery, would needs performe another
crucifying thereof upon a foule and
bloody cross, representing a new pas-
sion of our Savioure; and over his
head they wrote this inscription:
'This is the God of the Christians,'
with many other abominable blasphem-
ies. In this manner that noble cittie
of Constantinople, fell into the hands
of the disciples of Mahomet, the
sworne enemies to Jesus Christ; as
yet they do continue. I would it
pleased God, that even as ther hath
beene in her wals manie mutations
to her great misfortunes, that once
again it might bee regained, to serve
to his glory, and the general good of
Christendome."

*The Treasure of Ancient and
Modern Times.*

We cannot help remarking, in con-
clusion, that we were particularly struck
with the bold and vivid description, dis-
played in the latter part of this account.
The siege, the battle, and the storm-
ing of the ruling city of the East, with
the minute and touching incidents
relating to the brave Justinian, with
the death of the Emperor, and the
ensuing desolation, are all brought
before our eyes with the terrible truth,
and living energy, of a great historic
painting. Nor can we refrain from

expressing our wish, that such com-
manding talents as could produce the
Feast of Belshazzar, and the picture
of Joshua, might select some features
from so grand an event as the fall of
Constantinople, to give the world a
wilder and a deeper feeling of its ter-
rors, than even the language of the
poet can convey. It would be another
testimony of the triumph of his geni-
us, which we may safely trust, would
gather with ease, the exact time and
action, and the situation of the great
characters in the piece. The subject
is no less worthy of the attention, and
of the exertion, of the very highest
powers of the poet; and we are not
sorry to find that it is intended to be
offered to the rival geniuses of the age,
in the shape of a prize poem, by the
new Royal Literary Society, for the
present year. If this be so, we have
pleasure in recommending to their
notice, the preceding sketch of that
great historic event on which they
are about to exercise their powers.

We propose to take every advantage
we can reap from it, on the same
ground, for ourselves; and would
therefore wish to be met fairly and
honourably, and equally, with "no
chance to boot," we could reserve in
our own favour, in preference to the
hope of its escaping the knowledge
and research of other candidates.
For we do think there are points in it,
which, in the hands of genius and
power, may give that individuality of
character and circumstance, and that
dramatic truth, which we trust will be
thought essential to the success of
the poem.

We can only say with Dante:

"O Muse, O alto ingegno! or in acutate!"

As a contrast to the preceding ac-
count, and in order to render the de-
scription more complete, we intend
adding, in the ensuing number, Mary
Wortley Montague's lively and amus-
ing letter on the Wonders of the
Turkish Capital.

ESSAYS MORAL AND LITERARY.

No. 2.—On Modern Poetry.

THIS may truly be called a poetical
age, at least if we are to judge by the
quantity published; but whether one
thousandth part will be heard of twenty

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Turk on the other, added fire and spirit to their cheerful words, to the great encouragement of their armed troopers, being themselves ever foremost, or rallying the hindmost, as occasion and need required. For great and awful was that day, the prize held at stake.

"Among the valiantest warriors that boldly stood for defence of the Barbicanes, there was a Genowese, named Justinian, upon whose virtue and valour the people within the wals

Others say, (among whom is Pope Pius the II.) that as he desired to retire into the citie, grieving to see his people in such disorder, he was throwne down by the flying multitude, and being greatly trampled on by their passage over him, he died under the feet of his own followers, even in the very sight of his soldiers on the wals, as he was entering the citie gate. But be it howsoever, his body was knowne by the Turkes, who cut off his head, and fixing it on a lance's point, carried it as their victorie's

years hence, is a question which admits of considerable doubt. One or two generations of poets, even in my time, have passed away, for who now reads Hayley, or Darwin, or the affected Miss Seward. The present day can boast of a great variety of subject and metre, ready cut and dried, and a man must be dull indeed if he does not find something either to amuse or instruct him. We have ballads, sonnets, and elegies, in abundance, and many very ponderous epics, so called. We have stanzas addressed to almost every object in the universe, animate and inanimate, from a daisy to a mountain oak, and from an ass's foal* to a man. We have familiar epistles in verse upon common affairs, and lyric odes from plum cake to paste blacking, and from the ocean to a washing tub. Then again we have lines in praise and in dispraise of numberless invisible ladies, and soft lamentations in many a plaintive ditty. "The course of true love never yet ran smooth," and every weak trifler must needs record his troubles in verse. This is an eternal topic, from the splendid pamphlet, to X Y Z in every magazine. In short, poetry is the prevailing mania, and immortality the general hope.

Notwithstanding this, it is somewhat vexing to be told when you are reading a work which pleases you, that it is not poetry, and must not be encouraged; and yet if we examine into the matter narrowly, we shall find that in nine cases out of ten the reproof is founded in truth. With the exception of about three or four living poets, there is little in the works of any other that can be perused with advantage. The herds of imitators which the poetry of Lord Byron has created, are of no service to literature, but rather tend to vitiate a correct taste. It is the same also as to the celebrated novels of Waverley. How many blustering soldiers, and degenerate mysterious witches, have not Meg Merilles and Major Dalgerty given birth to. A word or two upon these novels, *en passant*. The public already begin to talk about them lightly, and certainly the three last have given them some occasion. Great as the author of them undoubt-

edly is, he may carry his *forte* too far;—the same characters must be repeated, and the same mode of expression necessarily be employed. He should have been content with Ivahoe. But to return.—

Poetry is a plant of very delicate growth, and requires much care and nurture to bring it any way near perfection. Out of the multitudes who "indite" what may be called "good matter," how few are there who have any thing of true poetical inspiration, any thing of the *mens divinator* in their organization. Time, and study, and industry have made them what they are, and given them the semblance of what they are not. There will always be plenty of these; and it is sufficient for poetical literature, if it obtains one truly great man in every century. But there are some authors who make it their boast to have written a great deal—I hate to hear of it.—It is much more creditable to write one volume well, than five hundred tolerably. Supposing a man does begin and finish a pamphlet in two hours, what does it prove?—only, that he was a simpleton for not taking the four and twenty to do it better. For this reason, there is nothing more insipid than to be told of that renowned book-maker, Lope de Vega. As to myself, I should feel inclined to give more praise to Gray for his elegy, than to the other for all he had scribbled. A man generally cannot write much without becoming tiresome, and he has only the same feelings and passions to deal with, and although he may at first depict them in an interesting manner, yet by frequent repetitions, they are little better than dull and tedious common-place.

If we examine the principal poets of the present day, we shall, I think, find that the greater part have written themselves out, and are only injuring, instead of increasing, their lasting fame. Some of them, although the sun of their genius is decidedly on the wane, appear incapable of letting him set quietly, leaving us the remembrance of his mid-day warmth, but must needs expose the coldness and feebleness of his latest glimmerings. The interminable book-making Southey is of the class; he should have forgotten pen, ink, and paper, twenty years ago. If writing "Lives of Wesley" and "Visions of Judgment,"

* See Coleridge's "Sybilline Leaves."

clusion that we were particularly struck with the bold and vivid description, displayed in the latter part of this account. The siege, the battle, and the storming of the ruling city of the East, with the minute and touching incidents relating to the brave Justinian, with the death of the Emperor, and the ensuing desolation, are all brought before our eyes with the terrible truth, and living energy, of a great historic painting. Nor can we refrain from

ing letter on the Wonders of the Turkish Capital.

ESSAYS MORAL AND LITERARY.

No. 2.—*On Modern Poetry.*

This may truly be called a poetical age, at least if we are to judge by the quantity published; but whether one thousandth part will be heard of twenty

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be for his interest, they are not for his reputation. Hexameters do not suit an English taste, and it would have been well if his muse had been entranced long enough to have prevented the publication of her "Vision;" she would not then have added another weight to "Thalaba." As to Coleridge, he can scarcely be quarrelled with on this account, and perhaps not admitted to the title of a great poet; a metaphysician, however, he is, and as moon-stricken a one as ever ruled nonentity. Amid his dark and drear wanderings, "he stands," as a witty writer says, "most lamentably in need of an intellectual safety lamp." His "Ode on the departing Year," is a fine burst of poetical feeling.

The poetical works of Sir Walter Scott are now but little inquired after; and it may here be remarked, that immediate popularity generally portends approaching forgetfulness. Those works which steal upon public attention gradually, are commonly written by men of the greatest talent, and it is much more creditable to obtain a place in the literature of a country after twenty years' application, than to be that period the idol of all, and then sink into everlasting oblivion. Walter Scott is a bold painter; but what poetry he possessed was all put to flight in the battle of Waterloo. It was, however, exerted honourably, being in his country's cause, and this is not what every dead poet could have said.

Crabbe, that sensible, and Rogers, that pretty ladylike poet, have done sufficient to insure a good name, and ought not to tempt the muses again. "Human Life" was a sad drop from the "Pleasures of Memory." Moore, that gay light-hearted flutterer round Parnassus, who has written Lallah Rookh, and a thousand sweet stanzas, has as yet done nothing; I mean, nothing great. He has not even laid the foundation-stone for any thing like permanent fame to rest upon. Whether he can do so, is a question perhaps to be doubted. He is not a thinker; his muse skims along the surface, and dances among the sunbeams; but does not, or cannot, dive for the pearls which lie at the bottom. He seems to think it praise sufficient to be thought the least sorry writer in Great Britain.

With regard to Lord Byron, he has written too much, unless it was done better. Childe Harold is his noblest work—the third canto is written in the spirit of Wordsworth's Excursion. His four last tragedies are decidedly inferior, being carelessly written, and having a great deal of common-place in them—they would have done credit to any young writer; but they confer no honour on Lord Byron. As to some of our elder dramatists, he can; not even touch the hem of their garments. There is one defect in all his works; they have too much glitter, and are more likely to please a heated and perverted imagination, than a correct taste. He has not that calm majestic faculty, which of itself ennobles a subject; he can keep up the dignity of a splendid work, but cannot raise that of an apparently mean one: he is great only with his subject. He seems to be aware of this, for all he does has a reference to it. If he leaves his country, it is to tread the classic shores of Athens: if he describes an object, it is a mountain, thunder storm, or the terrors of the illimitable ocean; it is always something sublime, either in nature or art. He speaks of the battle of Waterloo; of the shades of great men; he visits Greece, and depicts the thousand associations which it cannot fail to create; he turns to Rome, that "Niobe of nations," and stands within its Coliseum. This then proves the want, in no inconsiderable degree, of that commanding power which has generally been allowed him. He delineates, with a master hand, that which is lofty in creation, but holds no sympathy with lesser objects, although these, perhaps, are more the poet's province. The "witchery of the soft blue sky," a "shallow rivulet," the "meanest flower," are things of which he in effect knows nothing. In fine, he is not a man of great mind, although one of splendid poetical ability.

There is one poet now living who is a striking contrast to the above mentioned ones; he has written little, and that little admirably; I mean, Campbell. Let the "mob of gentlemen," who stain paper with their merciless effusions, write, or let them pride themselves in the number of their common-place volumes, it is not such who are deserving of public esteem,

Byron has created, are of no service to literature, but rather tend to vitiate a correct taste. It is the same also as to the celebrated novels of Waverley. How many blustering soldiers, and degenerate mysterious witches, have not Meg Merilies and Major Dalgetty given birth to. A word or two upon these novels, *en passant*. The public already begin to talk about them lightly, and certainly the three last have given them some occasion. Great as the author of them undoubt-

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find that the greater part have written themselves out, and are only injuring, instead of increasing, their lasting fame. Some of them, although the sun of their genius is decidedly on the wane, appear incapable of letting him set quietly, leaving us the remembrance of his mid-day warmth, but must needs expose the coldness and feebleness of his latest glimmerings. The interminable book-making Southey is of the class; he should have forgotten pen, ink, and paper, twenty years ago. If writing "Lives of Wesley" and "Visions of Judgment,"

it is he who has increased the intrinsic worth of literature, without adding a greater quantity of inferior matter. The "Exile of Erin," and "O'Connor's Child," are worth a hundred modern rhapsodies, and have done more for Ireland in the way of poetical credit, than all the "Melodies" Moore has published. He is a true poet, and deserves all the reputation he has acquired. As to Wordsworth, enough has been said of him elsewhere; and were I to attempt to offer any analysis of his poetry, it would only be treading the same ground that has been so often gone over; besides, it is not the object or within the limits of the present article. The assailants who have said any thing against him, have been in fact those who probably never read his writings, or who at best have only read the most unfavourable passages. What he has already done is before the public, the more enlightened portion of which have justly appreciated his merits. What he will yet do, is not for me to say. He has given us one volume of the Excursion, and has promised another. There have been cold sneers and unmeaning epithets attached to his name, and criticisms on his poetry, "lighter than vanity;" but his increasing fame is not to be hindered—he is sure of his reward. Milton is the only poet with whom he can be compared, either for loftiness of thought or strength of imagination, and those who quarrel with him as a poet, for the few objectionable pieces he has written, might, with as much reason, find fault with the sun for the spots upon its surface.

The greater and more popular portion of modern poetry, seems to aim at affecting the passions, instead of taking the higher ground of imagination. This certainly is the way to attract instant notice, if it misses of enduring fame. Whatever is new or uncommon, is always sure to please the majority of readers; and if a story can be so framed, as to admit of any new feature of horror, or can depict any single passion, (no matter which,) in a light in which it has not before appeared, so much the better. Hence, as to poetry, we hear of nothing but the poet's fire; and if an author does not almost scorch his readers, he might in most cases as well hold his pecc. Although this species of writ-

ing suits the taste of the multitude, it is often produced with little or no talent, for a fire may frequently be created from very green materials. This will also apply to public speaking; and it has often been said, that scarcely any thing is much easier than to make the generality of an audience weep. It always requires less power to move the passions, than to convince the judgment. For a young writer of genius, however, this method is dangerous. Although men generally like that sort of composition which immediately pleases them, and feel disposed to exalt a writer whom they understand at first sight, yet it is not well to minister to such a taste. It is better to build on a more solid basis, and to rise into estimation by the sole merit of a man's own works. Such a process may be slow, but it is sure.

It is always a fault, as well as an indication of want of real ability, whenever a writer seems to depend more for success upon expression than matter. A work may contain a good deal of very excellent common-place applicability in it, arrayed in pompous diction, and in what some would call *fine language*, without being worth a straw. Indeed, every-day thoughts, clothed in high-sounding words, appear worse by far, than they would otherwise do in their own appropriate costume. It is like the daw in peacock's feathers. This is an error into which many have fallen, and which some have committed who ought to have known better. For my own part, I dislike showy diction, even when the thoughts are good; but when they are not, it is insufferable. To read a passage splendidly written, and to have our expectations baulked by the trifling meanness of the idea, is vexing and somewhat laughable. It is a flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb. The language of poetry should be pure and simple, as far from bombast on the one hand, as from littleness on the other. We have some sweet unaffected passages in our elder poets and dramatists, which should be more studied, and, as to diction, imitated. But the times are now peculiarly unfitted for the development of a poetical genius of this mould—strange excitement and high-wrought narrative are the ruling features of the age, and an author who writes for

zas has as yet done nothing, I mean, nothing great. He has not even laid the foundation-stone for any thing like permanent fame to rest upon. Whether he can do so, is a question perhaps to

In fine, he is not a man of great mind, although one of splendid poetical ability.

There is one poet now living who is a striking contrast to the above men-

his living, (there are few who do not,) is almost compelled to misapply his powers.

In conclusion, it may be remarked, that it is a proof of a little mind, to be over anxious after gaining a popular name, in any other way than by the mere worth of a man's own talent. To become the butterfly of the multitude, however, is but a fickle state of existence, and therefore not an enviable one. It is the mere turn of a feather whether it lives or dies. A man of genius may be known to be so from his conduct, and chiefly, in the first place, because he pursues a steady persevering method, conscious of the truth and merit of what he says; and secondly, because he is wholly unswayed by either the good or bad opinion which the public may have of him. He sees fame at a distance, and feels assured that though in this life he may be comparatively unknown, she will one day rise upon his ashes. He esteems what the wise and good say, and it is only to such that he appeals. He will not descend to notice the rudeness of the vulgar, nor the cavils of the vain. It is sufficient for him if he obtains the good word of those whom he respects. He will not, however, boast of the praises of such men, nor submit to shine as the hero of a newspaper puff. He will never barter his good opinion of himself. He is satisfied, and takes pleasure in his own works; and it is in reality immaterial to him whether others do or not. He writes because he loves the imperishable forms of beauty and of truth, and because he knows that such have been and must be valued. In fine, he looks only at the testimony of those whom he considers as his superiors, and will continue to write on, let the rest say what they may. When we see persons then particularly anxious about gaining applause, we may take it for granted, that they are not what they would seem to be. Although fame is the "passion of great souls," it is only such fame as *must* be lasting, and which comes from pure and unsullied springs. No truly great man ever cared a straw either for the praise or dispraise of those of whom he could not help thinking meanly—he only viewed their opinions as the necessary consequence of the inequality of natural ability. It has been said that

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"Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least."

And perhaps the remark is correct. The "noisy world" cannot understand the compositions of great men; it is only a scattered few who are able to do so. To write well then is no easy, every day task; much time, much study, added to an unusual portion of natural talent, can alone perform it.

G. M.

CHEMICAL ESSAYS,—BY STUDIOUSUS.

Essay 3d.—Carbonic Acid Gas.

(Continued from col. 230.)

WHEN I submitted my Essay on Oxygen to the readers of the Imperial Magazine, I informed them that my third essay should treat of Atmospheric Air; but finding that a knowledge of Carbonic Acid Gas is absolutely necessary, and that it would be impossible to take a sufficiently extended survey of it in that essay, without swelling it to an extremely great length, I have preferred giving it in a separate form, reserving the composition of the Atmosphere and the Chemical and Physical properties of Air for the subject of a fourth essay.—

Carbon has never been found to exist in a state of absolute purity, except in the diamond; a precious stone known from the remotest ages. Great quantities of diamonds are found in the East Indies; principally in the kingdoms of Golconda, Visiapour, and Bengal; and in the island of Borneo. Carbon may be obtained in a state of sufficient purity for the exhibition of its properties, by charring small pieces of wood in a crucible well covered with sand. It is of little consequence what kind of wood is used, if it be previously deprived of its bark, and then exposed to a red heat for a sufficient length of time in a closed vessel. If we introduce a piece of red-hot charcoal into a vessel filled with Oxygen Gas; we shall find the charcoal to burn with much greater brilliancy than it does in Atmospheric Air, and to throw out the most lively scintillations. If we examine the contents of the vessel after the charcoal has ceased to burn, we shall find it filled with a peculiar gas, considerably heavier than the Oxygen Gas, which it contained at the commencement of the

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