

POETRY.

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

The Maid alone, with Milton in her hand opens at this celebrated passage.

—Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, &c.
Our maker bids, increase; who bids abstain,
But our destroyer—love to man and God.

Maid. It must be so—Milton, thou reasonest well;
Ere why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after something unpossessed;
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of dying unpossessed? Why shirks the soul
Back on itself, and flinches at virginity?
'Tis instinct—faithful instinct—stirs within us:
Th' nature's full points out an alliance,
And intimates a husband to the sex—
Marriage! thou pleasing, yet an anxious tho't,
Thro' what variety of hopes and fears.

Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The unchanging state, in prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Haze will I hold—If nature prompts the wish,
(And that she does is plain in all her works)
Our duty and our interest bid indulge it,
For the great end of nature's law is bliss.
But yet—'tis wedlock woman must obey!
I'm weary with these doubts—the priest shall end them!
Nay easily do I venture—loft and gain.
Bondage and pleasure meet my thoughts at once,
I wed, my liberty is gone forever!
But happily, from time itself rescued,
Love first shall recompense my loss of freedom;
And when my charms shall fade away,
My eyes themselves grow dim, my future bond
With years.

Thou virtuous friendship shall succeed to love,
Then plead I'll scorn infirmity and death,
Rendered immortal in a filial race.

MORAL.

Those who love God, to him resign'd will cleave,
They suffer not who in him firm believe.
No God of form is He, nor outside shows,
He is the God of souls and hearts repose.

I have always abhorred the vices of the world, and pitied the weakness of human nature. I have flattered vanity, and bowed to pride—for an experiment, and the result was, that the fool grew forward, the rascal robbed me, the coxcomb contemned me, and the arrogant wretch claimed the honour of a triumph. In revenge, I bore it all with patience. The men I chose for this trial were reputed the very opposites of what I found them; they passed for wise, virtuous, and amiable! How thin a cloak hides the real character; yet how easily is the world deluded; let a man have a fine suit, a fawning temper, and sufficient gold to save him from the curse of poverty, and lo! you shall see all that he desires to be.

How inveterate are the prejudices of men! What an indissoluble association obtains between the qualities of humbleness and vulgarity. Who ever listens to my convocation upon life, no sooner sees my back turned, than he interrogates his companion, "whether I am not a mechanic?" Yet I am so vain as to glory in my humility; but also so wise, as to discern that my lowly thoughts spring from pride, and are fathered by ambition.

Hope.—Though liable to be wounded by its thorns, we still caress the rose for its fragrance; and so should we nourish hope, though disappointment may now and then occur.

Mark the votaries of pleasure, who are never at ease, always flattering, always disappointed; and even the philosophick voluptuary, confesses in his heart, the insipidity, the emptiness, the littleness of his sagacious plans of pleasure. That man only, whom the world judges to pass an insipid life, enjoys any thing like true happiness. But what is the amount of his satisfaction after all? It is to despise what he cannot acquire; to endure what he cannot remedy; and to keep himself out of the power of mankind, who, like vultures, would fatten on his ruin. But to talk of real happiness as a thing acquirable in this life is to talk of real nonsense.

Latest Foreign Articles.

Excerpt of a letter, dated Liverpool, June 16.

"A friend of mine was at Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester and London, a week ago, and says the distresses in the country are beyond description; that there are at least 20,000 hands out of employ in Birmingham alone. I am informed by several persons from Manchester, that more than half of the spinners there are stopping their mills; and in most places in the country, they are only working half their time. There is scarcely a calico manufactory in Colne and that district, but what has been under the necessity of compromising with their creditors; failures are every where daily taking place. The Bolton weavers joke and say they can see all their masters out. Harry Fell has become a bankrupt, and caused the stoppage of John & Robert Lord W. Carlisle & Co (bleachers.) Abraham Hardman and Leonard Stain. Those failures took place a fortnight ago. Last week an American house in Manchester, stopped.—There are ten houses in Manchester whose collective debts amount to 60,000l. Knights are creditors about 10,000l. Dickenson & Wyde (Marsden Square.) and a number of job printers, stopped also last week, as well as Messrs. Gourds, a large woollen manufactory house in Rochdale, a relation of the Goulds in Manchester. The earthenware manufactures begin to feel the depression of trade as much as any of the other manufacturers. I should not in the least be surprised if a fall on their goods takes place of 40 per cent.

Money is of double value in many articles. A gentleman told me on change yesterday that he had been purchasing a quantity of pitch at 10s. per cwt.—that the freight upon it cost 9s.

[From a London Paper.]

EMIGRATION.

Some time ago, it was a favorite sentiment among the race of conservatives at the Pitt Club, "May they who do not like their country, leave it." This was applauded as a most patriotic toast. It appears that the success of the Pitt principle, has brought the country to that unfortunate condition, that even those who love it are forced to quit it. Never, in the memory of man, was any thing known like the emigration now taking place. The door of the French minister, say the street in which he lives, is crowded with persons applying for passport. Thousands have been issued—and those not to needy persons, but to families of large fortunes—to landed proprietors, to fundholders, to manufacturers and artisans of eminence—and to men at the head of establishments, who are seriously contemplating the removal of their arts and their machines to places less burthened with taxation. The extent of this evil will speedily be felt, in diminished consumption; in the number of persons thrown out of employ; and in the deficit of the revenue.

The river Thames presents a most dreary aspect. There are not 50 foreign sail to be seen on it; and the London docks, which used to require 1500 hands, do not employ 500. With an acknowledged deficiency of 17,000,000l. per annum, we hear of these emigrations, that will not cost the nation less than ten or twelve millions per annum, and the sum spent by Englishmen abroad, will act as a subsidy to our neighbours, and will be felt as such in the balance of trade, thereby raising the exchange against us.

It is little consolation to us to know that the persons thus emigrating from motives of economy, will be deceived—that they will find the expenses greater than they think of—and that they might practise retrenchment much more certainly at home. All this affords but little consolation to the tradesman, who will lose their custom; to the house-keepers, who will be burthened with increased poor rates, to support the unfortunate dependents who will be deprived of bread; and to the government, that will suffer a lamentable falling off in the taxes. And surely, it is a circumstance to which Parliament ought, before they separate, to turn their most serious attention.

We are on the brink of a precipice; and nothing but a strong and decisive measure of national retrenchment will save us from a calamity which it is frightful to contemplate. This is no time for the filling up of useless places with the sons of dukes, who, either as principals or colaterals, have been the dupes of gamblers and of money lenders. There must be an end not merely of corruption, but extravagance. And as we find by daily experience, that the volunteer yeomanry at 4l. per head per annum, are as effectual in keeping the peace of the country as the dragoon guards at 150l. per head per annum, we must reduce our army, unless it is actually thought that a national bankruptcy would not be a national evil.

On the 27th May (ascension day) an insurrection broke out at Rome, in Africa. All the foreigners employed in the Corsica were massacred as they were coming from mass. The English consul was assassinated; all the houses of the Franks were pillaged and destroyed about 60 wounded persons were saved on board the vessels and have arrived at Cagliari—it is from them we have received the details of the horrid butchery. The number of killed is above 200—the account is authentic—it has been given at the office of health under oath by persons arrived from Cagliari.—It is known that this insurrection is caused by the discontent occasioned by the treaties concluded between Lord Exmouth and Algiers.

LITERARY.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The New Art of Love, in two parts.

Though the ancients excelled us, perhaps in genius and taste, yet in that enlarged and practical philosophy, which develops causes and effects—that ascends to the secret springs of action, and traces all the turnings and windings of the human heart; we think that the moderns, and especially our own countrymen, are decidedly superior. It was reserved for Adam Smith, to discover the sources of national wealth, and to place political economy on its proper and solid basis; for Malthus to display the only rational principles of population; and for Reid and Stewart to unfold the philosophy of the mind, and to give to the feeble and evanescent forms of metaphysics, body and substance, and the richest drapery.

Perhaps some of our southern neighbours, may think that we arrogate too much to ourselves; but until you can number among your men of science, authors equal to those we have mentioned, they must be contented to resign the palm of philosophy, to the northern part of the island.

We think that the present work, which has lately fallen into our hands, and which we have perused with no small edification and delight, is well calculated to add another wreath to our philosophick crown. For though the name of the author does not appear on the title page, no one can doubt that he is a native of this part of the kingdom, who observes the serious and contemplative mind, the deep and extensive range of thought, and the pure, nervous, and classical eloquence, which characterise the whole work. We must here observe, that in all these particulars, the natives of Scotland are advantageously distinguished from their fellow subjects, south of the Tweed.

After these remarks, which we deemed necessary, as an introduction to a work, which promises to be eminently popular, and to extend the literary fame of our country, we shall present our readers with an analysis of it; and also with such extracts as will enable them to judge of the general style and spirit with which the work is written.

Our author's plan appears to be wholly original;—he begins by clearing away, as mere rubbish, the writings of all those who have heretofore treated the same subject, and plainly demonstrates, that even Ovid himself knew nothing of the matter; or else he told the most confounded lies. He also observes, (which we think a very profound remark) that "poets are extremely given to lying;" and that "some of them have gone so far as to declare, that lying, which they call by the soft name of fiction, is the soul of poetry."—And, therefore," continues he, "we ought not to believe a word they say—they are arrant liars all!"—"For this reason," adds our author, "as I deal only truth, I determined to write my treatise in prose."

To prove the justice of this serious charge against the poets, he produces numberless examples from Ovid to Little, and from Stephen Duck, down to Thomas Dermody; and winds up the first part of his work with the following spirited passage, which it would be barbarous to abridge, and unpardonable to omit. "I will close this division of my work, with one or two remarks upon Ovid; and first, where he recommends learning and the

sciences to his pupils. I quote from me memory, but I believe his words are:

"With arts and sciences your hearts improve,
Of high import are languages in love."

And goes on to exhort the "noble youth of Rome," to be eloquent; telling them that eloquence prevails at the bar, and in the senate, but no where more than in love—and then relates a long story about Ulysses, who though neither fair nor young, enchanted Calypso, by his softly persuasive eloquence, so that she hung with rapture on his accents, and desired him to relate again and again, the story of Troy's fall. Now all this may be very true for any thing that I know or care; for she was not a woman, but a goddess; and I do not teach the art of making love to goddesses, (of whom I never knew more than half a dozen in my life) but to women; and surely nothing can be more absurd than to mention eloquence and the sciences, as a recommendation to the favour of women; so far from it, I shall lay it down as an axiom, and indeed the very corner stone of my work, that the only requisite study is—to be a fool. This I shall conclusively and unanswerably demonstrate; for it is well known, that women are most fond of whatever is the fashion—they are indeed the mere worshippers of the idol fashion; and to be all the fashion, is ever a sure passport to their good graces. Now nothing is more certain and undeniable than that "fools are all the fashion," and have been since the days of old Otway at least; but they were never more so, than they are at this present moment.

But further:—Ovid is so absurd as to exhort his pupils to grow pale over midnight lamp. Now the very thing that women hold in mortal aversion, is one of your spare Cassiuses. They all of them, from the city belle, who sparkles in the front box, and blazes at the assembly, to the blooming country lass, who dresses every Sunday for conquest, adopt in their hearts the language of Caesar in the play:

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men."

No; it is your dapper, round, florid smooth-paten, that are the heroes of every female circle; whose eloquence, like Gaius's, consists in talking an infinite deal of nothing; but certainly, not the eloquence that results from genius, taste, and study, and which Ovid seems to recommend. Had it been so, the great Pitt, and the equally great Ppolio, would never have been jilted; for the one spoke like a God; whatever could captivate the understanding, and charm the heart, was his; that even "woods and rocks had ears to rapture," as Milton says; and the other was the God himself—and the God of wit, genius, and science.

What, then, can be conceived more absurd, and even nonsensical, than to suppose that wit, or eloquence, or genius, or knowledge, are of any avail in love? No, no—my first and leading rule is, study to be a fool; unless, as is sometimes the case, nature has kindly superseded the necessity of study.

Our author then, in a very learned and philosophick manner, unfolds the efficient cause on which this rule is founded. We can afford only a short extract from this part of his work, confident that the work itself, will ere long be in the hands of all our readers.

I long puzzled my head, to find out the hidden cause of this partiality for fools; and at last, after "much study and perturbation of brain," discovered, as is often the case, that there is nothing hidden in it; but that it is just as natural as it is for children to be "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" nor does it require any more profound investigation to discover the why and the wherefore. This satisfactorily explained the cause as to the great majority of the female world; still I could not immediately perceive why women of sense, (and some such there really are) generally prefer fools; true, (thought I) they can either laugh with, or at such things. Yet even this did not entirely explain the enigma—nor could I solve it, till by great good fortune, I met with that wise saying of Philip of Macedon, that "an ass laden with gold will find its way into the strongest city."

The learned author then enters into a very masterly dissertation, upon his celebrated saying of the father of Alexander—shews in a most luminous and satisfactory manner why he selected an ass in preference to all other animals; and deduces many conclusions equally novel and ingenious, which greatly illustrate this abstruse and perplexing subject.

REFLECTION.

The thought of not having the means to settle decently, oppresses and harasses the imagination, of any person of sensibility and taste. Such, to have any chance of self-complacency, must form a system of their own, and decidedly live by it. This plan, sparing their feelings, will enable them the easier to bend with their circumstances, either for the better or worse.