

of her hands, in her looks, and in the turn of her head. And by the way, it may be questioned, whether one of the chief reasons why side-faces please one more than full ones, be not from the former having more of the air of modesty than the latter. This at least is certain, that the best artists usually choose to give a side-face rather than a full one; in which attitude, the turn of the neck too has more beauty, and the passions more activity and force. Thus, as to hatred and affection in particular, the look that was formerly supposed to carry an infection with it from malignant eyes, was a slanting regard; like that which Milton gives to Satan, when he is viewing the happiness of our first parents in paradise; and the fascination, or stroke of love, is most usually conveyed, at first, in a side-glance.

It is owing to the great force of pleasantness which attends all the kinder passions, 'that lovers do not only seem, but are really, more beautiful to each other than they are to the rest of the world;' because when they are together, the most pleasing passions are more frequently exerted in each of their faces than the are in either before the rest of the world. There is then (as a certain French writer very well expresses it) 'A soul upon their countenances,' which does not appear when they are absent from each other; or even when they are together conversing with other persons, that are indifferent to them, or rather lay a restraint upon their features.

The superiority which the beauty of the passions has over the mere beauty of form and colour, will probably be now pretty evident: or if this should appear still problematical to any one, let him consider a little the following particulars, of which every body must have met with several instances in their lifetime. That there is a great deal of difference in the same face, according as a person is in a better or a worse humour, or in a greater or less degree of liveliness? that the best complexion, the finest features, and the exactest shape, without any thing of the mind expressed on the face, are as insipid and unmoving as the waxen figure of the fine Duchess of Richmond in Westminster Abbey: that the finest eyes in the world, with an excess of malice or rage in them,

will grow as shocking as they are in that fine face of Medusa on the famous seal in the Strozzi family at Rome; that a face without any good features in it, and with a very indifferent complexion, shall have a very taking air; from the sensibility of the eyes, the general good-humoured turn of the look, and perhaps a little agreeable smile about the mouth. And these three things perhaps would go a great way toward accounting for the *Je ne scui quoi*, or that inexplicable pleasantness of the face (as they choose to call it,) which is so often talked of and so little understood.

Thus it appears that the passions can give beauty without the assistance of colour or form; and take it away where they have united the most strongly to give it. And hence the superiority of this part of beauty to the other two.

This, by the way, may help us to account for the justness of what Pliny asserts in speaking of the famous statue of Laocoon and his two sons; he says, it was the finest piece of art in Rome; and to be preferred to all the other statues and pictures, of which they had so noble a collection in his time. It had no beauties of colour to vie with the paintings and other statues there; as the Apollo of Belvedere and the Venus of Medici, in particular, were as finely proportioned as the Laocoon: but this had much greater variety of expression even than those fine ones; and it must be on that account alone that it could have been preferable to them and all the rest.

Before quitting this head, two things before mentioned deserve to be repeated: that the chief rule of the beauty of the passions is moderation; and that the part in which they appear most strongly is the eyes. It is there that love holds all his tenderest language: it is there that virtue commands, modesty charms, joy enlivens, sorrow engages, and inclination fires the hearts of the beholders: it is there that even fear, and anger, and confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due bounds and limits: for too full an appearance of virtue, a violent and prostitute swell of passion, a rustic and overwhelming modesty, a deep sadness, or too wild and impetuous a joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

#### AMYNTAS. A PASTORAL FRAGMENT FROM GESNER.

A S poor Amyntas was returning one morning from the neighbouring fo-

rest with his hatchet in his hand, and a bundle of poles on his shoulder, he beheld