

BEAUTY.

We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality; but we cannot think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she is gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper, good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reverence and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled tea cup; for we should expect nothing from it. We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and is full of good nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Reinwilliers, the famous prisoner. The word was no sooner spoken, than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fit seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrank from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. We have been so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in our eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who snuggled with the Goule in the 'Arabian Nights,' must have been a beauty of this species.

A PERUVIAN PARADISE.—The favorite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distance from the capital. In this delicious vally, locked up within the friendly arms of the sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and toil of the city, they loved to retreat, and solace themselves with the society of their favorite concubines—wandering amidst groves and airy gardens, that shed around their soft intoxicating odors, and lulled the senses to voluptuous repose. Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of chrysal water, which were conducted through subterraneous silver channels into basins of

gold. The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers, that grew without effort in this temperate region of the tropics; while parterres of a more extraordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skilfully imitated in gold and silver. Among them, the Indian corn—the most beautiful of American grains—is particularly commemorated; and curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that flowed gracefully from its top. If this dazzling picture staggers the faith of the reader, he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold; that the natives understood the art of working the mines to a considerable extent; that none of the ore, as we shall see hereafter, was converted into coin; and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign, for his own exclusive benefit whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is, that no fact is better attested by the conquerors themselves, who had ample means of information, and no motive for misstatement. The Italian poets, in their gorgeous pictures of the garden of Alcina and Morgana, came nearer the truth than they imagined.—*History of the Conquest of Peru.*

FUNERAL OF SILAS WRIGHT.—The Ogdensburgh Republican, of the 31st ult., has the following:

The funeral service and burial was held at Canton, on Sunday last. The number of our citizens from all parts of the country who were present, was so great, that a part only were able to obtain a place within the spacious church where the services were held. The discourse was delivered by the Rev Hiram S. Johnson, an old friend and neighbor, than whom probably no man living was more intimate with the deceased. When he mentioned the commencement of his early acquaintance with Mr. Wright, in the year 1811, as a fellow student, and continued and uninterrupted friendship existing between them ever after, he was most deeply moved. He spoke from his knowledge of the private virtues of the deceased in early life, with a truthful earnestness, deeply affecting the entire congregation.

The mortal remains of our distinguished and beloved friend and neighbor are deposited in the grave! The decrees of Providence are inscrutable, and we bow to the severe affliction.

A REMARKABLE COUPLE.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1777, gives the following as the extract of a letter from Lanark:—"Old William Douglass and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; that they were constant companions, till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and at the age of nineteen were married with the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sickness until the day before their deaths; and the day on which they died they were exactly one hundred years old.—They died in one bed, and were buried in one grave, close to the font were they were christened.

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