

THE GAZETTE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1832.

The best performances, have generally cost the most labor, and that ease which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections.—The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials, before they can be properly adjusted.

A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his heart, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection which are impressed upon his mind.

We do not intend to exclude from our columns any communication possessing sufficient merit to interest our readers, unless it is of such length as to discourage us of ever laying it before our readers. The 'Three days Trip,' we must reject on this ground. We admire poetry, for it is capable of taking a series of successive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the passions in motion gradually, and winds them up by successive efforts, and all conduce to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated so violently, if the storm did not come on by degrees.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who agreeably to the notions of the ancients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his *Æneid*, he intended to have set apart three more for the revival of that sublime work.—But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy, Dryden tell us that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might

possibly have succeeded better; but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

The *lucubrations* of "L——." shall hereafter receive their 'reward of merit.'

"Lines to Miss M——." in our next.

The Lady's Book.—A friend has put into our hands for inspection, the August number of this periodical, and it surely contradicts the quaint speech made by a "knowing one," "that one no more knows a book by its title-page, than a man's character by his name."—It is literally a book for the ladies, containing fashions, hints for the toilet, directions for embroidering, &c. besides many well written stories, and more shorter articles combining amusement with instruction.

The *Lady's Book* we recommend to the patronage of the fair sex. Its *tout ensemble* is very fine and its contents will not disappoint them. It is published by L. A. Godey & Co. Philadelphia, Pa. in monthly numbers of 56 pages, with numerous engravings, music, &c. For us to wish it the success it deserves, would be wishing it no small share.

New-York Mirror.—We have for a number of years been a constant reader of the *Mirror*, and the more we read it, the higher we esteem it. The *Mirror* has been published upwards of nine years, and we venture to assert, no literary paper in the United States has so great a circulation, by one third. The editors leave no means untried to sustain its character, at home and abroad. Every quarterly number is embellished with superb quarto engravings, and weekly with a choice piece of music; 'in short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting. By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the *Mirror* embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*.' The *Mirror* is published every Saturday in the city of New-York, by George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay, and Nathaniel P. Willis.

The Ariel.—This is a semi-monthly literary and miscellaneous gazette, and embellished with twelve beautiful engravings on copper, with numerous others on wood. It is a good miscellaneous work, and as such, we recommend it to the public. The *Ariel* is published at Philadelphia, Pa. by Edmund Morris.