

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE BALD. FED. REPUBLICAN.

To the politeness of a correspondent we are indebted for the following letter from Bermuda—it will be interesting to the geographer and the curious.

St. George, Bermuda, July 28th, 1819, MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last from _____ will have prepared you to hear from me at these Islands—my voyage was as pleasant as summer seas could render it, and occupied only seven days, although the wind was directly ahead until we reached here. I am very agreeably disappointed in the scene of Shakespear's Tempest—his gross ignorance of the spot must be his only apology for investing these "happy islands" with such terrific gloom. Surrounded by rocks, and only a speck amid the ocean, it presents, it is true, an object of solicitude to seamen, but when you are once within its rock-bound shores, you fancy all the fabled "picturesque and beautiful" of the American Indian's Paradise to be realized around you. It is an elysium of sunny isles mid crystal waters—reflecting the glorious heavens above you in redoubled splendor.—The material of this "lusus nature," is a concretion of the minutest shells, and a theoretic mind might easily conceive its gradual formation in the abyss of waters, until it rose under the creative influence of innumerable insects, particle by particle above the crested billows, and almost to the clouds.

The basins which contain the interior portions of the sea, seem filled with liquid crystal—the eye fathoms it like another atmosphere and expatiates among its beautiful inhabitants as unfettered as it roves among the clouds, you can form no idea. (without enjoying the sight itself.) of the waters and fishes of Bermuda. You gaze upon the billow which used only to reflect yourself in broken images and presented only an opaque uninteresting green, and you behold a fairy grotto studded with shells, beautified with coral, & enlivened with the brightest forms in Neptune's kingdom. "I would be vain in me to attempt a picture of these painted creatures, compared with any I have ever seen before; they are like the glittering sisters of the line, contrasted with the ugly buzzard or the owl. I have bathed in this transparent element far above my depth, when a foot would seem to be more than enough to fathom it; I seemed buoyed by supernatural enchantment, and almost fancied that the humming-bird swimmers sporting round me were the assumed bodies of the sea-nymphs, and played thus about me to repel and watch all danger. The isles which gem these waters, you would hardly deem luxuriant, formed of the sterile rock, but time and air have decomposed the surface and converted it to a most fertile soil. They are every where covered with verdure, and the cedar flourishes in all its greenness—amid the groves (these trees compose) the whitewashed cottages of the islanders appear in all the charm of contrast, and the towns, consisting of white villas grouped around the borders of the most limped sounds, and surmounted by green cedar covered hills rising behind them to the clouds, are among the prettiest landscapes in the world. In different vallies where the soil washed from the hills has accumulated, the various productions of the climate flourish in great beauty. The plantain, palmetto, fig, pride of India, aloe, vine, lime and geranium, grow in great perfection, and particularly the last, which attains a luxuriance unknown in all the world beside. Among the curiosities of the island, is a cave of large extent, whose interior is entirely filled with beautiful stalactites, stalagmites, and crystallized masses of the carbonate of lime. I am told an admiral, who was here a short time since, employed a party of marines for some days in procuring specimens of its formations, & among others, separated and removed a stalagmite of at least two tons in weight. I have not yet seen this curious cavern, but expect to visit it to-morrow. "This said that after you have descended for some hundred feet, you hear the ocean bubbling about you feet beneath, and opening to demand admittance.—Thus say some of the philosophers, you see our island is merely a shell floating in the deep beneath which ocean rays and one day may engulf us. The heavy swell sometimes experienced in their best bound harbors, almost seems to prove that a subterranean communication with the ocean must produce it—but enough of theory. The Bermudians are a pleasant, hospitable, and dissipated people—the climate is warm, but the air is pure and elastic—water they have none (fresh I mean) except in reservoirs prepared to receive it from the clouds. The three chief resources of the island are cedar, fish and rock. The second form their principal food, are caught and kept in fish ponds, fattened like fowls, and taken for eating at a minute's notice—of the first they construct the wooden part of their buildings, their vessels, and their boats, and the rocks furnish materials for their houses, their walls, their wharves, their tanks and

their fences. The houses are on the exterior entirely of rock, even the roof is laid of files sawed out of it—covered with a cement and surrounded with terraces to confine the water to the surface, whence it is conducted in gutters to the tank or cistern below, this is constructed also of the rock dug out of the solid mass or built in the manner of a cellar. From all this you may judge that their houses are extremely neat and to an unaccustomed eye present a novel object of beauty. But I must hastily close my letter. *****

COMMUNICATION.

DESCRIPTION OF BERMUDA.

Messrs. Editors, The privilege which travellers assume to themselves of exaggerating and distorting every scene to which they are witnesses, has become so universal, that he who forms his ideas of distant countries, according to their description of them, will often find himself as much deceived as he who purchases a spurious piece of merchandise upon the recommendation of a mercenary shop-keeper. I am induced to make these remarks by the perusal of a letter lately published in the Telegraph, and dated Bermuda, 28th of July. You, gentlemen, have been pleased to say, that the letter alluded to "will be interesting to the geographer, and the curious:—It may be so to those who rely upon the brilliant and fanciful descriptions which it contains; but those who have seen this "elysium of sunny isles mid crystal waters," will smile to think how greatly the author's imagination has outrun his reason and good sense. The historian, too might find his account in incorporating these glowing paragraphs into his pages, and I will venture to assert, that it will ever be esteemed a "unique of its kind." I was in Bermuda in July last, and like the fanciful letter writer, have bathed in its transparent wave, "far beyond my depth," and yet cannot possibly recollect any thing of the gentleman's "fairy grotto, studded with shells, beautified with coral, and enlivened with the brightest forms in Neptune's kingdom." It was my wish to have collected some handsome specimens of coral, and some curious shells—I sought for them myself—I inquired for them among the inhabitants, but could meet with nothing of the kind, worth the trouble which they would have cost to bring them away. What the gentleman means by "the brightest forms in Neptune's kingdom?" I am greatly at a loss to discover, for I, (nor was I a careless spectator,) saw nothing but the usual appearances of salt waves, dashing rudely and hoarsely against a barren, rocky, and sterile shore. The only remarkable circumstance is the incredible depth, to which the eye is enabled to fathom these transparent waters, by the whiteness of the rocks and the sand beneath. But the gentleman, during his marine excursions, seemed "buoyed up by supernatural enchantment, and almost fancied that the humming-bird swimmers, sporting round him, were the assumed bodies of the sea-nymphs," &c. &c. Here again, I am lost in amazement! Why was I blind to these delightful appearances? Why was I not given to feel the exquisite influence of supernatural enchantment? Perhaps it was the recollection that I was swimming in salt water, whose natural buoyant properties I was well acquainted with; and that the "humming-bird swimmers around me," were the same "humming" gentry that made their nightly attacks upon my repose; and whose delightful music I could only repress (I mean an excessive quantum of it) by the use of a web, familiarly denominated a musquitoe curtain, or by the fumes of a cigar—to which last article—these delectable creatures are known to have a strong antipathy. The gentleman goes on to tell us that we "would hardly deem these isles luxuriant, formed as they are of sterile rock," &c. and in the same sentence asserts that "time and air have decomposed its surface and converted it into a most fertile soil." O tempora! O mores!—this is certainly one of the "creations" of the gentleman's "theoretic mind;" for I much doubt whether the word "fertile" was ever before written in the same sentence with the soil of Bermuda. Almost the only verdure of which this very fanciful writer's "elysium" can boast, is its cedars—whose luxuriant growth it is well known, do not require fertility of soil. The aloe of Bermuda is large, luxuriant, and beautiful; but like the cedar, (which is the only valuable production of the islands) it does not require fertility or depth of soil. The plantain, fig, pride of India, vine, lime, geranium, &c. of which the gentleman speaks, are found only in gardens and in chosen spots, whose soil has been made at immense labor and expense. But who, whilst he peruses this glowing production, replete with such words "verdure," "fertility" and "luxuriance," would not fancy that his senses were regaled by fields of waving corn, by never-fading parterres, and odoriferous meadows? Methinks I see, on one side, rich and widely extended vallies and gently-sloping hills, covered with flocks and herds, that find a never-ending abundance, in the luxuriant pastures which they afford. On the other, I am delighted by fields of golden wheat, undulating

in that breeze which bears upon its wing a thousand odours to charm and astonish the delighted spectator. But the very reverse is to be met with in the gentleman's "elysium of sunny isles."

The hills and the vallies in Bermuda, which are sometimes beautifully picturesque, notwithstanding their sterility, abound universally with cedars, the roots of which find a scanty covering in the shallow soil that is spread over the bosoms of the rocks. The "white-washed cottages" which the gentleman describes, possess an air of neatness and comfort, (if viewed from a distance) and certainly appear very pretty when contrasted with the green cedars by which they are surrounded, but their landscapes which he says are the prettiest in the world, have no variety. The eye sickens in the contemplation of scenes that are every where the same. We see white cottages, surrounded by cedars in the east—white cottages surrounded by cedars in the west—the same in the north—the same in the south. Their hills are all in shape and altitude nearly similar; and an artist who should sketch more than one of their landscapes, would find himself but illy compensated for his trouble.

"The Bermudians," our author continues, "are a pleasant, hospitable and dissipated people." I saw, during my stay there, little of hospitality or dissipation. They appear to me (I make some honorable exceptions) less hospitable than the inhabitants of any part of the world I have ever seen. They have not even an idea of true politeness to strangers, or of sociability among themselves. They possess a species of shrewdness on subjects relating to trade, but in other respects they are generally ignorant and dogmatical, and to crown their other rare qualities, they possess an abundant share of vanity and self-sufficiency, but they are not dissipated. Amongst all their faults, dissipation is one with which I cannot charge them.

The gentleman's description of the cave is equally extravagant and far-fetched; but as he gave it from hearsay and not from personal observation, I forbear my strictures upon it. I visited the cave, but could not possibly hear the "ocean brawling about my feet and seeming to demand admittance"—neither did I (on my return from it) hear any of the "Bermudian philosophers" gravely discanting upon the probability of "being one day 'engulphed' by the ocean which 'raves' beneath this tremendous cavern."

Thus it is, Messrs. Editors, that we are imposed on by the false statements of these travelling petit maitres, who write bombastic nonsense, but for the pleasure of seeing their productions printed in the newspapers. Every person who would promote the diffusion of correct information, should embrace every opportunity of refuting and exposing them.

ON TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

From the London Literary Magazine.

Personal neatness may be almost classed with the cardinal virtues. It was an observation of Lavater, that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. "Young women," says he, "who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular, a disregard of order, & a mind but ill adapted to the details of house keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please, will be a slut, and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention young men, to this sign: It never yet was known to deceive. Husbands, as well as lovers, are gratified and delighted in seeing their partner handsomely adorned; and I am well convinced that many a heart now roving in quest of variety, might be detained in willing captivity at home, by the silken chains of personal decoration. It is of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband. To effect this, expensiveness of attire is by no means requisite. The simplest robes may evince the wearer's taste as nobly as the most gorgeous brocade.

The natural figure of a woman is of the first importance in determining the style of her dress. What sight for instance, can be more preposterous than that of a short, thick, broad shouldered female in a spencer? It has been observed, too, "that short women destroy symmetry, and enumber their charms, by all redundancy of ornament," and that "a little woman feathered and furbelow'd, looks like a queen of the Bantam tribe."

Nor is the substance of which dresses are composed, unworthy of notice. Making due allowance for the season, that which will display or soften the contour of the form, with most propriety and effect, should always be preferred. The Roman ladies had their *ventus textilis* and their *linea nebula*—lines so fine as to acquire those names; and from the transparent muslin to the substantial silk, the moreno and kersermere, our variety of texture is almost infinite. Thus, while the sylph formed maiden may be allowed to float in gossamer, the more matured and portly female should adopt a fabric better suited to her size, her figure and her time of life.

There is nothing perhaps, more difficult of choice, or more delusive to the wearer than colours; and nothing more offensive to the educated eye than colours ill-chosen, ill adapted, or ill combined.

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen

A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;

In such a dress the sportive sea nymphs go;

So in their gassy bed fresh roses blow."

It has been remarked, however, that grass green, though a colour exceedingly pleasing and refreshing in itself, jaundices the pale woman to such a degree, as to excite little other sensation than compassion in the beholder.

"Maids grown pale with sickness & despair,

The sables mournful dye should choose to wear,

So the pale moon still shines with purest light,

Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night."

Ladies of a pale complexion, I conceive, should seldom if ever, wear a dress of an entire colour.—There white drapery, at least, might be relieved and animated, by ribbands, flowers, &c. of delicate tints; such as light pink, or blossom colour.—

On the other hand,

"The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,

With brighter yellow should overcome her own!"

She may even without fear of offence, assume the orange, the scarlet, the coquelicot, the flame colour, or the deep rose; either of which will heighten the animated hue of her complexion, and impart a more dazzling lustre to her eye.

It is not within the province of an old man, Mr. Editor, to descend into the minutiae of female attire, to prescribe the cut of a robe, the fall of a mantle, or the shape of a bonnet. These points may very easily be left to a consultation between the lady and her dress maker; the cultivated taste of the former regulating & checking the meretricious fancy of the latter. In the hope that the hints which I have offered may prove of some utility, I remain, &c.

SENEC.

LITERARY REVIEW.

FROM THE LONDON SUN, JUNE 5.

A voyage over land from India to England, in 1817; containing an account of the Arabia Felix, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Mesopotamia, the Garden of Eden, Babylon, Bagdad, Koordistan, Arucania, Asia Minor, &c. &c. By Lieutenant William Leake, of the Madras Military Establishment.

The work before us comes forward at a very seasonable period, as we have now a Persian Ambassador in this country, and have entered into amicable connexions with his government. It is full of interesting information, and is apparently written with candor, liberality, and a strict regard to truth. But we shall at once proceed to notice its contents.—Of the pirates of the Persian Gulf, Captain Heude gives the following account.

"Their history reaches back to a very remote antiquity, as the Empire of the pirate King, seizing, (as described in the Koran of Ebu Hankal) on every valuable ship, is said to have been known prior to the deliverance from Egypt of the Children of Israel. The Wahabees, in particular, first mentioned by Niebuhr, are also noticed as springing from the province of Nedsjed, where Moseillamia, the great contemporary adversary of Mehemed, first propagated the doctrines of his faith. These are probably the same with the Mobeyyidites, or the Sufid Jameghians (as they are called by the Persians) who were anciently followers of Aakem Ebu Hashem, sometimes called Al Mokanna, and Albukai (or the veiled) by the Arabs. Of this sect it is said, that "in the reign of Calif al Mohdi, of the race of Abbas, Hackem Ebu Hasem, their Prophet, gained a number of proselytes in Nakhshah and Kash, giving out that the divinity resided in his person, & had descended to him from Adam, though the Prophet had appeared. He acquired great power, but, being at last besieged by the Calif's forces, he poisoned and burnt his wives, children, and concubines, and threw himself into the flames, in the 163d year of the Hegira, promising his followers he would again appear." It is from the history of this impostor our author informs us, Mr. MOORE has taken the ground work of the part of his celebrated poem, which he styles "The veiled Prophet." His remarks on our Trade, up the Gulf, which cannot be entered into at length, contain many useful hints of which our free traders, who go out almost freightless, might avail themselves to advantage. The overland part of the journey commences from the author's departure from Bussouro. Being now three weeks amongst the Bedouins; and writing from their camp, he says: "Shaik Hamood is the Chief of the Menufies, a principal tribe amongst the Bedouins of the Desert; I had, therefore, a favorable opportunity of observing their manners, if the expression may be used, at the court itself. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of living that may be observed in the tents of these eastern patriarchs.

The pen cannot describe the unassuming courtesy, the open, generous hospitality of these lawless robbers of the Desert, to the confiding traveller who throws himself on the honor of their tribes.

"During the temporary absence of his father, the eldest son of the Sheik Mahmoud (a handsome youth of 16, was presiding in his stead." He was sitting on a carpet, in a large open tent, with a numerous retinue of venerable bearded Chiefs, sitting or standing (according to their rank or occupations) on either side. The furniture of the tent consisted of the carpets only, which they were reposing upon; whilst their more favorite courses were picketed in the vicinity; and a few tents and large droves of camels filled up the surrounding scene. On our introduction, the youth gracefully rose, and kindly beckoned me, with intuitive politeness, to his side. Secretaries were reading despatches, messengers were receiving their orders, whilst the pipe and the coffee filled up the intervening time, until the expected arrival of their Chief; the patient, hardy warriors of the desert watching, attentively, but not meekly obsequious, each nod or smile of their favorite hope, and offering their opinions and counsels, with perfect freedom wherever the occasion required it.—At last a general buzz announced the long expected approach of the great personage: the Courser rose (the youth himself setting the example,) and went to meet the groupe that was advancing towards the tent."

He concludes this part with a curious description of his reception, and of a public entertainment in the Arab Camp.

After entering at some length on the later history of the Mofic Bedouins, he introduces the reader at once to a remarkable tribe, whom he became unexpectedly acquainted with.—The meeting is truly characteristic of the incidents of an overland journey.

"Our course now lay through a perfect desert, Shatra being the northern boundary of the little cultivation that can be distinguished above the junction of the rivers. We proceeded for two hours in a melancholy silence. Suddenly, in a flat dreary-traced country, overgrown with furze and brush woods, we came to the bank of a river, that bears the name (among the Arabs) of the town we had left behind. We had scarcely descended the steep declivity that leads to this hidden stream by a rugged path, before the hideous battle shout of the Bedouins assailed our ears, and we found ourselves surrounded in a moment, by the most uncouth, savage, ruffian race we had encountered; and who seemed to rise from the parent earth, with their bristling spears and pointed guns, a dreadful, ruthless, savage progeny. Our Sayid certainly behaved with the greatest coolness and intrepidity on this trying occasion. Urging his able courser forward, without the slightest hesitation, he sprang off his buck in the midst of them, and throwing himself on the ground, in the prostrate attitude of devotion, placed a small brass anulet, inscribed with sentences from the Koran, under his head, beginning with the recital of his Creed in a loud, monotonous, yet impressive tone.—On the instant, every voice was hushed, the dreadful yell that had spread far and wide around us, subsided in the solemn sound, and, as the prayer was continued, the arm was unnerved that had raised the sword to strike; the hand was withdrawn that had reached the fatal key of destruction, and all was peace; their spears dropping on the ground as they joined, with fervent zeal, in the sacred devotions of our holy guide. Not a man arose from the supplicating posture they had all gradually assumed, until the Sayid himself had set them the example; when, exchanging compliments of gratulation with our late dreadful enemies, we joined in the extensive circle, and endeavored to improve the friendly understanding which the presiding spirit of religion had inspired, by presenting them with our pipes and replenishing their Chubooks."

From the N. York Evening Post, Aug. 20. HOLKHAM SHEEP-SHEARING.

Our correspondent in London has sent us an account of the celebration, on the 5th of July, of the 43d anniversary of Holkham sheep-shearing. On no former occasion, he observes, was there so great an assemblage of the nobility, gentry and yeomanry, from all parts of the kingdom. Among the company present, were, his grace the duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Tavistock, the earl of Armarle, Lord Huntingfield, Lord Barmington and son, Lord Bedford, Lord Nugent, Sir Robert Harland, Sir Henry Erme, Sir Jacob Astley, Sir William Bolton, Sir John Sinclair, Mr. Rush, American minister, Gen. Boyd, Gen. Harper, Maj. Somerville, Mr. Patterson, and Mr. A. Taylor. The six last named gentlemen are all Americans.

On the second day upwards of six hundred persons sat down to dinner. Amongst the toasts, Mr. Coke proposed the health of Mr. Rush, the United States' ambassador, with thanks to him and the other American gentlemen who honoured the meeting with their presence; adding, "May we always live on mutual terms of amity and esteem with that enlightened people."