THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. VII. FEBRUARY, 1806. *No. II.*

ART. I.—*Sylloge Confessionum sub tempus reformandæ Ecclesiæ editarum, videlicet, Professio Fidei Tridentina, Confessio Helvetica, Augustana, Saxonica, Belgica; subjiciuntur Catechismus Heidelbergensis et Canones Synodi Dordrechtanæ. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano.* 8vo. *pp.* 424. 6*s. in sheets.* Payne *and* Mackinlay. 1804.

THE title-page, which we have transcribed, will convey to persons who are not altogether strangers to the subject, a competent notion of the general contents of this volume. It will be understood by such readers to bear a close resemblance to a work intitled *Corpus & Syntagma Confessionum fidei*, printed at Geneva in the year 1612, and a second time, at the same place, in 1654; which itself was little more than a republication of another volume denominated, *Harmonia confessionum fidei orthodoxarum et reformatarum ecclesiarum*, (Genevæ, 1581,) in a different form. The contents of the volume which is now before us, are all contained in the *Corpus* of which we speak, excepting two articles, the Professio Fidei Tridentina, and the Catechismus Heidelbergensis, and excepting further that the Oxford editors have given us a different edition of the Belgic Confession: though, according to a practice not easily excuseable, they have both omitted to mention this fact, and have left us to make out for ourselves their reasons for so doing. In addition to those parts which are common to both volumes, the *Corpus* further contains Confessiones Anglicanam, Scoticanam, Polonicam, Argentinensem, Wirtembergicam, Friderici 3tii comitis Palatini, Bohœmicam, Basilien.em. We are referred to the preface by the Clarendon editors, for the reasons by which they have been directed in the selection which they have made: but whatever reasons may be given in behalf of those Confessions which they have admitted, we find none assigned for their many rejections, nor any account tendered to us why the selection did not extend further.

But so thankful are we for this publication, that we gladly accept of it from the learned editors without any further demur, and upon their own conditions.

The Profession of Faith of the Council of Trent, we are told in the preface, (which, we argue solely from the internal evidence, betrays, if we mistake not greatly, the hand of a very learned prelate, and head of a house in the University of Oxford.) was selected as containing a brief and undisguised declaration of those principles, in which the Romish church, after much investigation and long controversy with the reformers, was willing to intrench herself. The Helvetian, Augustan, and Belgic Confessions are each of them the authorized books of doctrine of three divisions among the most eminent of the reformed churches. The Saxon is, as it were, a repetition and revision of the Augsburgh Confession. And the Canons of the Synod of Dort may be of use to shew with how little reverence men will dare to agitate the most abstruse religious doctrines, and to intrude himself into the councils of the Deity, when inflamed and instigated by party and controversy. In addition to these particulars, it might not perhaps have been amiss to inform us, that, notwithstanding its great intrinsic excellence, and its value and authority in other respects, the Saxon Confession has never been regarded as one of the symbolical books of the Lutheran church; and that the Heidelberg Catechism, concerning which, although an insertion of their own, the editors are almost intirely silent, has always been considered as of high authority among the reformed, in contradistinction to the Lutheran churches, and was expressly received, authorized, and approved by the Synod of Dort, as one of the symbolical books of the Belgic churches. It might have been mentioned also, that the Professio Fidei Tridentina may be found in the Catechismus ad Parochos, (p. 518-22, Edit. 1676,) that the historical particulars here given respecting it, are taken from that volume (p. 518,) and that its date is 1564.

But in spite of these, and some other deficiencies of which we might justly complain, the Sylloge Confessionum is undoubtedly a valuable and well-timed publication. From the authoritative documents which it contains, we may learn, as from the life, the gross corruptions and errors with which the Romish church deformed and defiled the fair face of christianity; we may learn to emulate and copy the truly evangelical principles of those great and holy men, who at the imminent peril, or with the loss of their fortunes, and of life itself, preached, taught, and defended those weightier

matters of the gospel, which must ever be the life and ornament of the christian church; and we may learn to avoid those rocks and shallows, those precipices and thickets, into which the pride of human reason, an ill-regulated passion for change, an affectation of extraordinary purity, and a fanatical claim to peculiar intercourses with the Deity, did, in but too many cases, hurry, to the great disgrace and scandal of their cause, large portions of the most zealous reformers.

Another valuable purpose of this volume, and which perhaps was more immediately in the contemplation of its present editors, as highly necessary and profitable for these times, is, that we should know, understand, and imitate that diffidence, that moderation, that forbearance, that tolerant and catholic spirit, which was maintained, in *different* degrees indeed by some, but in a very laudable and exemplary degree in *all* the public confessions of all the reformed churches at the period of the reformation, respecting those arduous and mysterious doctrines, which are connected with the divine predestination, with the will and powers of the natural man, and the operations and offices of the Holy Ghost. Whosoever shall compare these Confessions with the nine Lambeth articles, with the determinations of the Synod of Dort, and with those of the assembly of divines at Westminster, will be competent to determine, whether those teachers, who would lead their followers through all the windings of these intricate doctrines, and claim the propagation of them according to the Calvinistical system, as the indispensable duty of every minister who professes to reverence and to teach the doctrines of the reformation, do indeed approximate so nearly to the views of those times which they claim as peculiarly their own, or do not rather bear a much greater affinity to the degenerate, because polemical, dogmatical, and scholastical decisions of Lambeth, Dort, and Westminster. It is well observed in the preface, that a distinction is to be made between the private sentiments and writings of Luther, Melancthon, or Calvin, and those works which they were induced to compile for public use and acceptation; "for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and for the stablishing of consent touching true religion." In the former the mind exults in a wider and more liberal range: it delights to wander at large, to penetrate deeply, to distinguish nicely; to display its strength in the vanquishing of great difficulties, and its subtilty in detecting and displaying the little. But when the consent of multitudes and of ages is to be courted, when all are to

learn 'to speak the same thing,' he who has sense and integrity enough to look for common sense and common honesty in other men, will content himself with narrower bounds, will take truth in its masses, will be satisfied to inculcate what is generally important and salutary, and to proscribe extensive or acknowledged evil; and, while he sets his hand to no error, and patronizes no corruption, will be far from complaining, though he cannot find a place for the introduction and approbation of *all* truth, as truth is according to *his* judgment, nor a willing acceptance of some favourite notion or dogma. He, therefore, who has learned to consider that all public forms of doctrine *are* and *must* be compiled (when compiled as they ought to be) upon catholic and enlarged principles, will be directed himself, in the *application* of those forms, to adopt in some degree a similar spirit of tolerance and forbearance. Let him entertain his own opinions, let him have advanced further, and have prosecuted truth into deeper recesses than has been done by other men; yet let him be contented with that praise, or at least let him beware that on no account, in his zeal for the reception of those opinions, he shall have recourse to unlawful practices; that he do not find them inculcated where they are not, that he do not avail himself unduly of some plausible but inadequate terms and phrases, to attach his own opinions to the established creed, and seek a way for their admission under the shelter of that sanction; and endeavour to silence all opposition by loud outcries of apostacy and degeneracy from the old paths and line of sacred duty, in his adversaries, whose opposition perhaps is both as conscientious as his own efforts, and founded moreover, not in pride, but in constancy and in truth.

'Proponit simplicibus' (says the writer of the preface,) 'religio Christiana quod omnes et intelligere et facere possint; de difficultatibus quæ suboriuntur, quarum nonnullæ captum humanum omnino exsuperare videntur, illud Christi usurpandum est, οὐ πάντες χωροῦσιν. Haud nefas esse credimus, sapientibus et doctis in his se exercere, modo id quod certum est firmiter teneant; qui autem occasionem exinde arripiunt ecclesiam in partes scindendi, qui hæc necessaria esse ad salutem, et omnibus primo in loco propinanda volunt, viderint, ne in errorem inciderint, qui præ omnibus ejusdem generis maximus est et nocentissimus.' (p. v.)

But he who is interested in the investigation of the genuine principles of the *church of England*, may derive yet more satisfaction and instruction from this volume than other men. Besides the important advantages which it will

afford, for the general illustration and exposition of our public and authorized books of doctrine, by putting us into fuller possession of the opinions and the phraseology of those days; by shewing us the exact errors which were combated and renounced, and by familiarizing us with the very mien, habit, and language in which truth displayed herself by degrees to the earnest search and solicitations of her enamoured and illustrious votaries of those days; we shall feel a peculiar gratification in perceiving, that in the high and lofty arguments in which the piety and reverential awe, the prudence, moderation, and charity of all were laudable and admirable, these virtues were pre-eminently and peculiarly conspicuous in the heaven-blest and favoured reformation of the English church. But this subject having been very well enlarged upon by the Bishop of Bangor, in a discourse before the University of Oxford, (Feb. 14, 1802,) we shall be contented with remarking, that the conclusions to which it tends, deserve to be holden in continual remembrance during the agitation of the Calvinistical controversy.

We shall only further observe at present, in immediate reference to the Sylloge Confessionum, that it is neatly, and for any thing we have yet perceived, correctly printed.

But there are other relations in which we wish to introduce and recommend it to our readers. It is valuable for its connections and dependencies. It does not stand alone, but forms one link of a chain and series, on the merits of which we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity a little to enlarge.

In the year 1792, a work intitled 'Enchiridion Theologicum, or a Manual for the use of Students in Divinity,' was published at Oxford, under the care of, and with a preface by, Dr. Randolph, then and now King's Professor of Divinity in that university, and now Bishop of Oxford. The tracts comprised in the five duodecimo volumes of which that work consists, are King Edward the Sixth's Catechism (in English); Bishop Ridley's Protestation in the Divinity schools at Oxford, (A.D. 1555); his Treatise against Transubstantiation, otherwise called 'a briefe Treatise upon the Lordes Supper;' Jewell's Apology and Nowell's Catechism, both in Latin; Bishop Taylor's Advice to his Clergy; Bishop Pearson's Annales Paulini; some Discourses of Bishops Stillingfleet, Gastrell, and Conybeare; Bishop Gibson's first, second, third, and part of the fourth Pastoral Letters; Leslie's short and easy Method with the Deists; and Dr. Bentley's Remarks on Free-thinking: making all together an exceedingly interesting and valuable collection. Whether

this collection is to be considered in all respects as a part of that design of which we are speaking, we are not sufficiently informed. But however this may be, we should rejoice greatly to see it reprinted, with a few improvements, in the octavo size, and taking, which it would do, a very distinguished place in that series.

Since the year 1792, above specified, a succession of publications has been issuing gradually from the Clarendon press, which may be considered, if we estimate literary efforts by the good they are calculated to produce, as constituting together one of the most valuable and honourable exertions in that way to which modern times have given birth. To describe their nature in general terms, they are republications of important works in various branches of theology, most of them very interesting to all readers, but many of them more peculiarly designed for the instruction and improvement of the members of the English church; and especially of its ministers, and the candidates for admission into its ministrations. The Homilies of the Church, to which are subjoined the Canons, and Thirty-nine Articles, the works of the judicious Hooker; the Exposition of the Creed by the prince of English divines, Bishop Pearson; the Origines Sacræ of Stillingfleet; a selection in two volumes, from the Sermons of Dr. Barrow; Burnet's Exposition of the Articles, and Wheatley's Illustration of the Common Prayer; Jones on the Canon of the New Testament; Wells on the Geography of both Testaments; Dr Trapp's Notes on the four Gospels; Dr. Ridley's Sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture; with a few other articles; besides the Syntagma Confessionum now before us, constitute the principal part of this pious and excellent design. To those who are not intire strangers to English literature, a very large portion of this series cannot need any recommendation from us. They are works of the very first rate importance and excellence. Many of them are not easily to be met with; scarcely any are published in so advantageous and agreeable a form as they appear in from the Oxford press. He who has made these his own by long and habitual meditation, will be well qualified to maintain, with inestimable benefit to others, and with unspeakable satisfaction to himself, the exalted character of a minister 'rightly dividing the word of truth.' A very small sum would confer the possession of this intire treasure; he therefore who has the means, and yet neglects so golden an opportunity, cannot easily be acquitted of serious blame. Nor do we know any gift to the young student in theology, which might be ex-

pected more to be followed by the divine blessing, and to answer the affectionate wishes of friends, or the pious intentions of the benevolent and charitable, than the enriching his library with the whole collection which we have just enumerated. The curators of the Clarendon press deserve, therefore, the thanks of all true friends to sound learning and religious education, for the pains which they have taken in the institution and prosecution of this excellent design.

But we should have been much better satisfied, if we could have given the same unqualified approbation to the particular execution of all the subdivisions of this laudable undertaking, which we rejoice to give to the general scheme, and to the general wisdom and propriety of the selections which have been made for republication. Nor let it be understood that we blame the exterior constitution of these volumes. The printer, generally speaking, has discharged his duty well. The type and paper are good. The volumes are at once very cheap and sufficiently handsome, and very convenient for use. It is not the printing office that we are dissatisfied with; but there is great reason to complain that a little more skill and industry has not been displayed in the capacity of editorship. We might make the catalogue of abuses very extensive and numerous. From this, however, we shall forbear; and yet enough will appear sufficiently to substantiate the weighty charge which we are compelled to prefer. We are desirous that our remarks may put the meeting of delegates more upon their guard for the future; and we are desirous in some little degree to remedy and compensate to the owners of these books, the negligence and oscitancy of the Clarendon editors. Our remarks will, generally speaking, be confined to those parts of the undertaking which we regard as of the highest importance.

We have already intimated a doubt, whether the Enchiridion Theologicum, not being stated as printed at the Clarendon press, is to be looked upon as a part of our materials on the present occasion; but as we wish greatly that it should constitute an item in the series, we shall take the liberty of mentioning our expectation, that in another edition, no reader will have to puzzle himself about the abrupt conclusion of Dr. Bentley's Remarks; and that while 283 pages are given, one only, which would preclude all perplexity, and is on other accounts important and curious, shall not be withholden, but that the reader shall be favoured with the concluding advertisement: and with still more importunity do we intercede against the mutilation of a work every way so valuable, and now so scarce, as Bishop Gib-

son's Pastoral Letters. But to proceed to the undoubted materials of our animadversions. Our observations shall commence with, that which was first published, the works of Hooker.

The second leaf recalls to our minds a remarkable property of these editors, which is their extreme and almost invincible taciturnity. It might have been both serviceable and satisfactory if they would have vouchsafed to prefix occasionally a few prefatory remarks, to detail the reasons which may have induced them to the republication of this or that work, in preference to others which treat of the same argument; to give some account of the author or his book; and to add such other observations as their learning and experience might easily have supplied, and which could hardly have failed of rendering the several volumes more interesting and profitable, especially to youthful readers. A few notes here and there interspersed to elucidate the difficult, or to restore the corrupted passages, to warn against some latent error, to point out peculiar excellence, or to supply any remarkable deficiency by better arguments or more extensive references, might also have conferred a great additional obligation on the public. The only note, however, which we recollect to have observed in all the volumes which we have specified, is one consisting of something less than two lines; nor do we remember that there is any thing like preface prefixed to any one of them, excepting to these of Hooker, to the Sylloge Confessionum, and to the Geography of Dr Wells. The advertisement which has prompted us to these remarks is a bare extract from the "Alliance of Church and State" by Bishop Warburton, but is so excellent in itself, and so pertinent to the situation in which it is placed, as to occasion a lively wish that we had been much oftener gratified in a similar manner.

But it is not of *deficiencies* merely which we have to complain: it is a greater fault when that which is undertaken is not executed well. We will not say that *no* care has been exerted in *any* instance, that a good edition and a corrected copy should be put into the hands of the printer for his direction; but most certain we are that in many instances this care has been very inconsiderable and very unsuccessful: and yet we might have expected that it should not be necessary, at this late day, to inculcate to editors in the name of a great university, that there is much more advantage and credit in printing from a complete and corrected copy, than from one full of imperfections and errors.

The editions of Walton's Lives, it is well known, differ very much one from another. 'In order to give a good edition of them, it will be necessary, (says Dr. Johnson,) to collect all the editions of them;' (Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. 2, p. 461.) and again, in a letter to Mr. Boswell, 'Pray get me all the editions of Walton's Lives. I have a notion that the republication of them with notes will fall upon me, between Dr. Horne and Lord Hailes.' (vol. 4. p. 112.) We have collated several parts of the Life of Hooker, in this edition, with two other copies; and thus much we can say, that they differ very considerably from each other, and that this of Oxford, we do not affirm is the worst extant, but is very inferior to both those with which we have compared it. For besides that the verbal discrepancies are exceedingly numerous, (several in each page,) the Oxford edition is both *incorrect* and *defective* in matters of fact: of which latter we need give no further instance, than that it does not contain a word respecting Hooker's having been appointed to the honourable office of reading the Hebrew lecture in his university, and the still more interesting information of his expulsion from college—particulars which are specified at length in both the other editions which we have consulted. The additions to this life by J. S. are valuable, and we are therefore glad to see them retained in this edition. But it might further have been satisfactory to inform us, what is far from being generally known, that this J. S. was honest John Strype, the ecclesiastical historian, as appears by his Life of Whitgift, p. 175.

But further, the typographical errors both of the life and the works are numerous and important to a very disgraceful degree: errors too, not imputable to the printer, who has in general very faithfully followed the copy with which he was intrusted, but to the curators, who ought to have provided against so discreditable and injurious an event, by a careful collation with the best, which are the most ancient, editions. So numerous are these blemishes that we are confident, from the singularity of Hooker's style, that he, who enjoys the opportunity of having recourse to no other edition than that of Oxford, will be harassed by continual doubts, whether he has the real text of his author, or some modern corruption before him. We shall specify a few of these errors, most of which materially affect the sense.

Vol. 1. p. 60. line 18, for "are *not* surer," read "are surer."
——— 64 — 29, for "they prove," read "they *may* prove."

Vol. 1. p. 71, line 6 from bottom, inexplicable, except by correcting the punctuation.

——— 75 — 19, " complied with us," read " with *by* us."

——— 110 — 4 from bottom, after " with them" insert, " is accounted of their number; whosoever in all other points agreeth with them, yet thinketh."

——— 113 — 5, " should be girt," read " shod, begirt:" but this is an error of all the printed editions, unless, perhaps, of Dr. Zouch's.

——— 156 — 14, " *reject* an eldership," read " erect."

All these may be found without going beyond the life and preface, and not one of them is noticed in the table of errata subjoined to the third volume. It is not consistent with our design to proceed further: but we beg leave to submit to the delegates of the Clarendon press, whether even now it be too late, to make what reparation they can to the purchasers of their edition of Hooker, by causing an accurate collation to be made with some better editions, and by distributing this collation *gratis* to those who may chuse to make application for it.

In our next number we shall see what report is to be made of their edition of the Homilies.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. II.—Επεα πτεροεντα; *or, The Diversions of Purley.*
(*Continued from p.* 72.)

WHEN we affirm that the etymologies in the Επεα πτεροεντα are fallacious, we mean in the intention and application, and not in the mere derivation of the words.

We have no doubt that Mr. Horne Tooke, with his usual address and circumspection, has chosen the words most favourable to his theory, and in order to shew that *we can take the bull by the horns,* we will adopt the words he has chosen.

' Right is no other than RECTUM *(Regitum)* from *Regere.*' P. 7.

In the next page he explains his meaning, that to demand what is right, is to demand what is *ordered;* to do right, is to do what is *ordered,* &c. &c. According to authorities quoted in a common dictionary, and superior on this occasion to that of Mr. Tooke, *Regere* is *to rule, to govern, to manage, to guide, to hold strait, to keep down, to set right, to admonish,* &c. and for any thing that can be rationally alleged to the contrary, the first constructors of the Latin language might have made

Regere, to whistle. The word is the arbitrary sign, not the natural and invariable REPRESENTATION, as Mr. Tooke alleges, of any idea; and there is no prejudice with which Mr. Tooke can harshly criminate the amiable Harris—as much his superior in real learning, as in the great virtues of an excellent mind—so groundless, so extensively injurious to the just application of language, as that of words being the *representations of ideas.*

If the verb *Regere,* or the participle *Rectum,* had been in Latin the sign, or, as Mr. Tooke may call it, the representation of a single determinate idea, the etymology would have been more direct and satisfactory, but would not have decided the future meaning of all its derivatives and dependent through all the cross-breedings of twenty dialects. This is demonstratively impracticable, when the words are transferred in portions and fragments, to serve as signs of ideas formed on various and contradictory systems of religion, policy, and manners.

A *right* action, under the government of Romulus, and under that of Trajan, like a brave action on Wimbledon Common, and in the Old Bailey, are of a nature directly opposite; and yet they were *ordered* by similar powers, and in the same language.

'The right hand (says our author, P. 10,) is that which custom, and those who have brought us up, have ordered and directed us to use in preference, when one hand only is employed; and the *left* hand is that which is *leeved, leav'd,* or *left.*'

His disciple, Burdett, with a docile and convenient sagacity, observes, that he remembers to have read in a voyage of De Gama's to Kalecut, 'that the people of Melinda, a polished and flourishing people, are all *left-handed.*'

This is a fact which, like a two-edged sword, would operate two ways on Mr. Tooke's interpretation of *Rect-um,* and on the doctrine of words as the representations of ideas. But we doubt the fact, as it is solitary in history and a traveller's story, and because in other languages (we may have occasion to shew Mr. Tooke that the study of the Anglo-Saxon is not a sufficient claim to despotism in language,) RIGHT, as applied to the hand, implies a preference from the construction of the human body. If his friend Mr. *Cline* would give the author some ideas upon this subject, he would overpay him for all the information he has received on the principles of national reform and national representation, which he now understands as well as his Wimbledon master, i. e. as experience has proved—not at all.

In the Celtic—with which Mr. Tooke seems to be wholly unacquainted, and therefore thinks it expedient roundly to affirm that the English has borrowed nothing from it—the word DEHEU, signifying RIGHT when applied to the hand, signifies SOUTH when applied to the heavens; and in both cases it is understood to imply a preference ordained by nature: the one arising from the construction of the human body; the other, from the useful and beneficial operation of the sun from the southern parts of the heavens. The same word by analogy is applied to any kind of dexterity, superior aptitude, &c. The opposite word CHWITH, always means the reverse. Now, no journey to Melinda, no effect of custom on education, could convert DEHEU into CHWITH in the Celtic, any more than in English LIGHT could be put for DARKNESS, or BITTER for SWEET.

Mr. Tooke, we are aware, may quibble, and say that the words are convertible: but besides that such artifices deserve no notice, words convertible are arbitrary, and not representations of ideas; and to trace a term of importance to a radical word that has no meaning beyond that which is assigned to it by custom, is doing nothing more than has been done by numerous compilers of dictionaries, before the *wise* Dr. Beddoes had an opportunity of hailing Britain and the present period for having produced this great work of Mr. Horne Tooke.

But the Doctor may allege—we avoid the blessing—the application of it to the darling doctrine of modern reformers. Behold that application.

'*F.* How now? Was't *ordered* and *commanded* that you should oppose what was *ordered* and commanded? Can the same thing be at the same time both right and wrong?"

We desire that all faithful democrats, all believers in the DUTY of INSURRECTION, and the sacred powers of affiliated clubs directed by scrupulous consciences, may attend to this answer. It is the decided and infallible Wimbledon oracle! It has been often pronounced and received, with extended ears and open mouths, by the devoted cabal; and it is detailed, like a portion of the Koran by faithful Mussulmans, to all who will afford attention to the mystical epigrams of their master.

Hear the words of the oracle, good people! not only as they contain the essence of a ponderous work, but the real principle, if it may be called principle, of all democrats, and all political philosophists.

'*H.* Travel back to Melinda, and you will find the difficulty most easily solved. It may be *commanded* to be done, and *commanded* not to be done.

'I have always been most obedient, when most taxed with disobedience. But my RIGHT hand is not the RIGHT hand of Melinda. The RIGHT I revere, is not the RIGHT adored by sycophants; the *jus vagum*; the capricious *command* of princes or ministers. I follow the LAW of God (what is *laid down* by him for the rule of my conduct), when I follow the laws of human nature, which, without any human testimony, we know must proceed from God; and upon these are founded the RIGHTS of man, or what is *ordered* for man."

This is the principle, or rather this has been the pretence of all the sectaries which have infested the world, under all the forms and establishments of its religion. They have always pleaded the WILL OF GOD, in opposition to the WILL and LAWS of the community.

We hope to avoid the appearance of blasphemy even in chastising blasphemy. But who is the God of these partizans, and where is his will to be found? Mr. Tooke says, in the laws of human nature: and where is the code of those laws? Is it to be found in the cabals of sectaries, political or religious? or in the deliberate councils and established laws of societies and nations?

When the Puritans seceded from the English church, though only for external ornaments and kneeling at the sacrament, they pleaded the will of God, and some of them became martyrs to that pretended will. As their numbers increased, they made new discoveries of what they called the divine will, until they overturned the constitution of their country, and plunged it into military slavery.

That event broke their general phalanx into small, but numerous parties, each having its particular God at its head: sometimes extremely hostile to each other, and all at enmity with the constitution and establishment of their country. Those who retain any religious pretences, as the religious dissenters of all denominations, declare Christ to be their lawgiver; and each sect, or the leader of each sect, to be the interpreter of his laws. Those laws therefore appear in perpetual contradiction to each other, and instead of bringing peace on earth, they would, if they were to prevail, be the occasions of perpetual warfare.

That the reader may not suppose we write satire, we would refer scholars to a well-written Apology for the Dissenters, by the Rev. J. Pearce of Exeter; but it should be perused in the original, (Latin). His successor, Mr. Toogood, finding a learned and argumentative book of very limited effect, wrote a pamphlet of much less merit, but of more effect, entitled Letters from a dissenting Gentleman to Mr. White.

These books, although their authors did not always escape the fangs of subdivisions of their sects, are considered as holding out the general and justifiable principle of dissent—that the will of Christ (their only lawgiver) interpreted by themselves, is a sufficient reason for disobedience to the law of the land, not only in private opinions and actions, but in the formation and regulation of public societies.

As they gradually lost their veneration for their Christian law-giver, and became Socinians, Deists, and Atheists, they shifted their allegiance, some to phantoms whom they denominated Gods—some to the LAWS of human nature, bestowed on it by necessity or by chance.

The principle of disobedience, however, was preferred, and the word of GOD generally retained; but the idea annexed to it was modified by the tenets and views of every sect, and the God of each apostle was exactly such an one as himself.

There can be no difficulty in ascertaining the meaning of these men, whether they lead congregations of sectaries, or clubs of jacobinical loungers, taylors, and coblers.

Who are the Gods they acknowledge? Phantoms formed after their own images, or, in other words, THEMSELVES. Where are the laws of human nature dictated by such Gods? They are the dogmas of their own minds.

The God of Horne Tooke and the God of Thomas Paine are essentially different beings, though both are denominated the God of Nature. Paine reads his will in his works, wholly in the modern English dialect. Mr. Tooke pronounces Paine a fool, on a level only with Stephen Duck, and affirms that no man can understand the Divine Will but in the Anglo-Saxon.

Godwin soars above these little pretences, and having no God at all, i. e. having nothing in his estimation worthy of bearing his likeness in heaven or on earth, he simplifies the origin of RIGHT and JUST by referring them directly and wholly to the effusions of his own mind.

But the most consistent of all these advocates of private, in opposition to the public will, are Swedenborg and Brothers. They acknowledge GOD, and allow him an indefinite superiority to themselves; but they claim a particular and immediate correspondence with him, and they dictate laws and precepts to their disciples, in consequence of his immediate inspiration.

The real laws of God or the laws of nature, produce their general and sometimes apparently partial effects, in the constitutions of civil and political societies, and in the

minds of individuals: these effects become important causes, and operate reciprocally on each other. But the order of nature and the happiness of the world evidently require that the laws of nature which have formed communities, should have the precedence of those laws of nature which have formed any individual human mind.

Here the question is always at issue between reformers and the public will; and it is by the determination of this question, and not by the derivation of a word from Latin or from Anglo Saxon, that Mr. Tooke's philosophy must be justified or condemned.

No man has declaimed with more asperity than Mr. Tooke on the necessity of submitting to the *general will*, while he entertained any hope that his own private opinion might be substituted for it. Like all political partizans, whether orators or intriguers, he has always attached to his own character exaggerated degrees of importance, and would represent politics as objects of exclusive study, sacred to the initiated, and to be detailed in dogmas to the credulous populace. But he mistakes for science, the *grammar of its language*, and substitutes for principle, attachment to a leading partizan.

If he were asked the meaning of the word WILL, he would turn over his dictionaries and lexicons, until he arrived at some remote jargon that would justify the definition he wished to give. But was it ever imagined by the rude inventors of early dialects, that future philosophers would be convinced that, speaking accurately, there is nothing spontaneous in our knowledge; and that there cannot exist a real and actual opposition between the divine will, and the will of a community which is organized, and which must act, according to some laws founded in nature?

The public will is produced by the connection of all individuals, variously formed into clans, municipalities, companies, &c. the sources of public ideas, and the instruments of public action. And as facility of what is called voluntary exertion, distinguishes man from brute, and man from man; so political bodies are also distinguished by their greater or lesser portions of a similar quality, but all constructed according to the laws of nature; and Mr. Tooke might as well reprobate a nettle for not being a sugar-cane, as the government of Morocco for not being that of England. Whether his friends Thomas Paine and Dr. Beddoes might, the one by destruction, and the other by analysation, convert the nettle into a sugar-cane, or an established despotism into a system of liberty, we leave to the decision of

the followers of such vain pretenders, if the French revolution should not have satisfied them. We can assure them, however, that the partizans and pretended apostles which have lately appeared in the cause of liberty, are not of God: that the will of Thomas Paine, of William Godwin, and John Horne Tooke, is not the will of God; that the RIGHTS of every member of every community are not to be ascertained by a grammar or by a dictionary, or by a meaning affixed to words in remote antiquity, but by the laws, the customs, and the manners of their own country; and that those demagogues and orators who would seduce them to disobey those laws and customs, to follow *their* directions and *their* will, on a presumption that they are more agreeable to the laws of God and nature, are either wild enthusiasts, or designing and mischievous impostors.

We should not have entered so fully into the political views of this writer, if we had not considered the work before us, though professedly grammatical, as the vehicle of his political creed; intended to propagate his particular principles, and to justify his public conduct.

Mr. Tooke has quitted the duties of his original profession to become a public man; and he is indebted to that circumstance for most of the observations we make on his work. Public men are responsible to their country, sometimes to the universe, for the professions they disseminate, and for the obstacles they may create, intentionally or unintentionally, to the general happiness. The *missioned* Tooke, like every other missioned sectary, or declared reformer, must expect on all occasions to have his language analysed, and his purposes examined. How audacious is the sophistry of the following declaration!

'I revere the constitution and the constitutional LAWS of England, because they are in conformity with the laws of God and nature; and upon these are founded the rational RIGHTS of Englishmen. If princes or ministers, or the corrupted *sham* representatives of a people, *order*, *command*, or *lay down* any thing contrary to that which is *ordered*, *commanded*, or *laid* down by God, human nature, or the constitution of this government, I will still hold fast by the higher authorities. If the meaner authorities are offended, they can only destroy the body of the individual, but never can affect the RIGHT, or that which is ordered by their superiors.'

If this sophism were to be a rule of action, papists and non-jurors in religion might plead it in full justification. Nay, Mr. Tooke's neighbour (Abershaw), dangling in irons, must be considered as a martyr. The papists and non-

jurors openly plead their consciences and the word of God; and Abershaw might have pleaded that the law on which he was condemned and executed, was enacted by a parliament not reputed incorrupt.

When Lord North was informed that Mr. Tooke meant to plead the invalidity of law enacted against reason, he wittily observed, 'A man of that opinion will be convinced of his errors when he is going to be hanged, on one of them.'

'They may kill my body,' says Mr. Tooke, 'but they cannot kill the RIGHT.' They are not incommoded with the abstracted idea of the RIGHT. It was the body maintaining that RIGHT, which they deemed WRONG, which incommoded them and injured the community, and of that body they think fit to dispose.

But these circumstances leading to abstractions, we must defer our observations to another article.

(To be continued).

ART. III.—*A Northern Summer; or, Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804. By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 4to.* Phillips. 1805.

'I WRITE from my feelings,' exclaims Mr. Carr in the beginning of his book; 'and as I propose that my reader shall travel with me, it is reasonable that he should share *some* of the inconveniences as well as enjoyments of the excursion. If he will not commence the tour upon these terms, it will be best for both parties that we should not wander together over another page.' Best indeed; as the one will thereby escape disgust, and the other reprobation.

Mr. Carr, from the above extract, will appear not only to be a sentimental, but a peevish traveller. If his reader will not bear with his unmeaning rhapsodies, he must be dismissed from a perusal of Mr. Carr's valuable Travels. We heartily advise *our* readers to take him at his word. We, alas! are compelled by our office to wade with him through regions, where he is ridiculous enough, as an author of travels, to say, that he has 'endeavoured *to form a nosegay of Polar flowers!*'

Were we not credibly informed that there does exist *in rerum naturâ* such a person as Mr. John Carr, we should conceive, from the particular sort of infantile absurdity

exemplified in this phrase, 'nosegay of Polar flowers, that we were reviewing a work of the gentleman who usually denominates himself the Gleaner,* under some new addition to the numerous false titles which that author already has assumed.

'I cannot quit England,' says Mr. Carr—would that he never had! or at least been silent upon his return—'I cannot quit England, without casting a lingering look upon my favourite little town of—Totness.'—We are persuaded that the alliteration of 'town and Totness,' was the chief cause of Mr. Carr's affection; for as he proceeds, we shall find that he has no attachment to one place more than to another, but to every place all over the globe in an equally rapturous degree. He is a cosmopolite and a philanthropist; that is, as a cosmopolite, he loves that spot best which he himself is in at the moment; and, as a philanthropist, he loves himself better than any other creature in the world. Here indeed he is not singular; but his pretensions to universal benevolence are hyprocritical. Let us to the proof.

'The angry decrees of renovated war had closed the gates of the south,' vociferates Mr. Carr; 'the north alone lay expanded before me.' 'To the north accordingly he went; or, rather, *they went*: that is, Mr. Carr, and *his companion*, as he delicately expresses himself. We shall pass over his idle effusions in the churchyard at Harwich. It was after dinner that he walked among the tombstones, and observed the ridiculous epitaphs, written, as he says, 'by the village schoolmaster and the sexton, *those prolific mortuary laureates*:' we will therefore in charity suppose him and *his companion* to have been fuddled with Harwich ale. We will even forgive him his verses upon the man who died by the bite of a mad dog, although they really are 'the very foolishness of folly,' to use a strong expression of the wisest of men.

'As I am one of those unhappy beings,' proceeds Mr. Carr, 'who,' (are 'all nerve,' we expected) 'like Gonzalo in the Tempest, would at any time give one thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—and as there *may* be many more who *may* find the rocking of the ocean somewhat unfriendly to the regularity of appetite, let me advise them to lay in some anchovies, lemons, oranges, and a little *brandy*.'

We should not have noticed the offensive stupidity of this passage, had it not been for the martyrdom which Shakespeare

* Mr. Pratt. See Critical Review for June, 1805.

suffers in it. It is the curse of genius to have unworthy admirers; persons, who really do not deserve to feel the energy of a poet's language. Mr. Carr is one of these; we have sufficiently proved out of his own mouth, that his panegyric is the grossest insult. Yet in every page of his Northern Summer, (can our readers endure even the title?) does he bespatter Shakespeare with his degrading praises.

'Helogoland,' says Mr. Carr, 'is a vast, lofty, perpendicular rock rising out of the ocean, and distant about forty-five miles from the nearest shore: it is only one mile in circumference: yet upon its *bleak and bladeless* top, not less than three thousand people live in health, prosperity, and happiness.'

'Its bleak and *bladeless* top!' This is the sublime of alliteration—'no less than three thousand people!'—a good round number, larger, we have every reason to believe, by much, than that at which the *Helogoland poll-tax* estimates its inhabitants—but the three alliterative words were irresistible.

Our readers will *begin* to be tired of Mr. Carr, if we do not more rapidly discuss his merits.

Fortunately this author has furnished us with a clue for more quickly dispatching him, by the extreme imbecillity displayed in the contents of his chapters. Knowing that the world loves variety, he fancied it would be pleased with a continual change of subjects, however dull in themselves, or totally unfit to follow each other in close succession. At the head therefore of every page, he places an epitome of the weak nonsense which is to be found in it.—For instance, 'The Village Wonder—Musical Postillions—Snaps—Farm-Houses and Inn—The Post delivered—(a long quotation from Cowper, that most inharmonious of poets) A Conspiracy.'

The 'conspiracy' is too strikingly childish not to be mentioned.

'When I had retired to my chamber at Hensborg,' says Mr. Carr, 'the constant dashing of the fountain in the court-yard, the frequent crowing of a little hoarse bantam cock, two cats making violent love, and a party of foraging fleas, united their powers most successfully to keep "tired nature's sweet restorer" from my *lids* the greater part of the night.'

This passage almost induces us to believe that we are again mistaking our object, in attacking *Mr. Carr*'s tour; we do not mean that we still suspect him to be the Gleaner; but that we really fear we have been levelling our shafts at a work which should excite our pity rather than our

reprehension: with this idea prevailing over our indignation at the size and splendor of an useless and unentertaining volume, we shall accompany Mr. Carr good humouredly through his journey.

Not that we can in common decency pay him the compliment of tracing his steps, and retailing his observations through every petty town which he visited; but we shall waste a few moments of commiseration and laughter with him at the metropolis of each kingdom, that he cursorily surveyed in his 'Northern Summer.'

At Copenhagen he tantalizes his readers with an account of a most luxurious dinner.

'Soups, *top and bottom;* Norwegian beef boiled, ham strongly salted, fish, pigeons, fowls, stewed spinnage, and asparagus. Creams, confectionary, and dried fruits followed: the wines were various and excellent. Our party were composed of English, Norwegians, Flemish, Swiss, Russians, Danish, and French: would to heaven that their respective nations could for ever be as cordial and joyous as was this checkered collection of their merry natives!'

Here we see the pure philanthropist. But mark what follows in the very next page. The battle of the second of April.

'Then,' says the *benevolent* Mr. Carr, 'the invoked vengeance of the British nation, with the fury and velocity of lightning, fell with terrible desolation upon a race of gallant people, in their very capital,' &c. &c.

Here we see the philanthropist exulting in bloodshed.

But it is superfluous to prove inconsistency, where we have presupposed a very adequate cause for something still less reasonable. Let us rather smile, without gall, at 'Valour facetious,' which is the opening title of one of the chapters. It means, that Lord Nelson, by the same ship which carried the dispatches containing an account of his victory at Copenhagen, wrote to his wine-merchants, 'trusting they would pardon his not having sooner sent a checque for his bill, on account of his having been lately much *engaged.*' We do not quite give credit to Mr. Carr's authority for this anecdote; and should have omitted it entirely, did it not elucidate the very sensible expression above of 'Valour facetious,' which is in this writer's happiest style.

'I was much disappointed,' asserts our author, 'in not having the honour of being introduced to the Crown Prince, who at this time was in Holstein.' It will be right to apprize the reader, that Mr. Carr is always acquainted with the very first

people in the countries through which he is passing; nor does he ever fail to pay his respects to them, unless they unfortunately happen to be out of the way, like the Crown Prince.

We must here stop a moment, to condole with that illustrious Dane, upon the loss he suffered in not seeing Mr Carr—a loss, perhaps, irreparable; for unless Mr. Carr himself (which is unnecessary) should make another Northern Tour, the Crown Prince will never have an opportunity of conversing with a literary Englishman to real advantage again—an Englishman who has drawn a picture of Hamlet's garden, and so flatteringly quoted Shakespeare upon the occasion; nay, who has told us that his (the Crown Prince's) eyes are of a light blue, his nose aquiline, and his hair almost white,' like that of an Albino. 'At Copenhagen,' says Mr. Carr, 'I had an opportunity of observing that a Turk in a Lutheran country can get as *gloriously drunk* as any christian.' And in good truth, this and a few other silly things seem to have been all that Mr. Carr did observe at Copenhagen. His attention was turned either to the grossly ridiculous, or the conceitedly pathetic. He took notice of Turks *gloriously drunk*, of Danes picking their teeth with a fork; of 'Interesting Prisoners,' 'Excessive Sensibility,' and 'Maria's Delight.' Our readers need not be told that these are some of Mr. Carr's *taking titles*. We shall, in the course of this review, present them with a few more of the same nature—for they really are the fairest specimen of the drollery of Mr. Carr's information. We must, however, premise that nothing explanatory of many of these titles is to be found in the chapter itself to which they are prefixed. For instance—'Floating Merry Faces,' and several others, which indeed * Mr. Interpreter himself would have been at a loss to interpret. Mr. Carr therefore very wisely does not attempt it. The title is enough for him; it increases the variety of his subjects.

We shall close '*the Copenhagen station*,' (to borrow an expression of our admired Gleaner's) in Mr. Carr's own words. After a long account of the execution of Struensee and Brandt, and a just, but tedious, lamentation over the Queen of Denmark, thus does our tender author wind up his story:

'Farewell, poor queen!
Ah! while we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplore!'

The next chapter begins with a happily contrasted liveliness.

'Cross the Sound—Sweden—Cinderella's Mice—Rapid Travel-

* See the Pilgrim's Progress—a book we would seriously recommend to the perusal of many grown children.

ling—Strange Question—Roof-Grazing—a Discovery—a Caution —a French Hotel.'

'So called perchance,' remarks our author, 'because not a soul in the house could speak a word of French. Like Bottom's idea in the Midsummer Night's Dream, "I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom." So Mr. Carr himself might be called *Lucus, à non lucendo*. And we would submit it to his consideration whether in some future work, instead of the servant-like appellation of 'John Carr,' (which sounds like the name of a man drawn for the militia,) it would not be advisable for him to adopt the title of Lucus Carr, esquire. We do not, however, wish to be forward in interfering with any gentleman's private affairs. The above is offered, in Mr. Carr's own language, as 'a hint not intended to offend.'

'Brief Description of Stockholm.'—And is it really *brief*? we involuntarily exclaimed when we read this item, in the contents of the 7th chapter, and began with rapture to count the leaves. Alas, no! with the intermixture of a few desultory materials, we found, upon examination, that it occupied fifteen quarto pages!—This melancholy fact well nigh deterred us from the performance of our duty. However, we *did* read it, and here it is: and first the 'National Welcome,'—thus *attempted* to be explained by our tourist.

'In the morning, our slumbers were gently dispell'd,'

Hey day! Mr. Carr; why this is not only the metre, but the very subject of Mr. Simkin Blunderhead; who was welcomed to Bath, as you were to Stockholm, by music.

Nor must we omit to assure our readers, that this similarity is involuntary (and therefore stronger) on the part of Mr. Carr, for he in reality meant to write prose—although, as is most plain, he has stumbled upon the very style of Mr. Simkin Blunderhead. Mark the resemblance still more closely.

'In the morning our slumbers were gently dispell'd.'

Mr. Carr,

'This morning, dear mother, as soon as 'twas light,
I was wak'd by a noise that astonish'd me quite.'

Mr. Blunderhead.

Mr. Carr indeed appears to be more *gentle* than Mr. Blunderhead; but in their filial affection (for Mr. C. says much in the

opening of his work concerning his mother, and we wish, that like Mr. B. he had addressed his communications *solely* to her) they are wondrously alike. And in attributing this *national* custom (*of Bath as well as Stockholm*) to respect paid to themselves, they perfectly agree. Mr. Blunderhead indeed is rather the most modest of the two in his expressions, some of which would almost seem to be prophetic:

> 'I thought, *like a fool*, that they only would ring
> For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king,
> But I found 'twas for me that the good-natur'd people
> Rang so hard, that I thought they would pull down the steeple.
> So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
> And paid all the men when they came from the abbey.'

Here, however, all similarity is at an end. There are no traces of the liberality of Mr. Blunderhead in the conduct of Mr. Carr. He does not appear to have paid his Swedish serenaders one half-farthing. Probably, like Karamsin, Holcroft, or Kotzebue, we forget which, but *n'importe*, with the old beggar woman, 'he wrung their hands, and so they parted;' or perhaps, like Sterne and the Monk of the order of St. Francis, he sighed aloud, after the musicians were *out of hearing*, and regretted that he had given them nothing.

'Queen Christina, the Arsenal, and Sir Sidney Smith,' Mr. Carr's 'favourite hero,' allure the reader with their attractive variety, in the *brief description of Stockholm*. 'Assassination and Forgiveness,' 'Continence and the Opera,' follow in their *order;* and swell that mass of senseless incongruities, 'the Northern Summer.'

We shall conclude 'the Stockholm Station,' with an anecdote of 'Swedish cleanliness.'

After touching at an island (or 'little paradise,' as Mr. Carr calls it) in a voyage up an arm of the Baltic, 'where night came on, and all the beauties of the preceding evening, with some variety of new forms, returned; the same bright, bespangled heaven! the same serenity! the same silence!' (beautiful alliteration,) after touching at *several* islands, and 'making Robinson Crusoe repasts,'

> 'One morning as I was looking over the deck from the stern,' (says Mr. Carr,) 'I beheld an operation somewhat ridiculous, but as it originated in rude notions of cleanliness, and moreover is one of the domestic customs of the country, I shall relate it. Our skipper was lying at the feet of a good-natured brawny girl, who was a passenger, with his head in her lap; just as *Goliah* (why not Sampson?) sometime since rested his in that of *Delilah;* but the fingers of our fair companion were more kindly employed than those of *the woman of the valley of Sorek:* the *skipper* had no comb, perhaps never heard of such

a thing, and this kind-hearted creature was sedulously consigning with a humane, because an instantaneous destruction of sensation in every vital part by an equal and forcible pressure, every restless disturber of his peace in that region, which most assuredly must be, though doctors may dispute the point, the seat of reason; the cabin-boy succeeded his master, and in return, with the keen eye and nimble finger of a monkey, gratefully repaid the obligation upon the head of his benefactress. In Italy these engaging little *offices of kindness* constitute the principal delights of courtship.'

We would not have disgraced our pages and disgusted our readers with the above quotation, were it not that we might appeal to their good sense, and ask them whether they do not allow the justice of all we have, perhaps severely, said concerning Mr. Carr's tour, were it supported solely by the above quotation?

Leaving the 'Constant Sleeping-Room,' 'the Idiot,' 'Sancho Panca,' and 'the Volunteer Jacket,' uncensured, except by their own titles, we shall proceed with Mr. Carr to Petersburg. He may thank us for not having dwelt longer upon the cry of the sailors—'There is Abo, there is Abo,' which interrupted his reveries concerning the Royal Academy—'the genius of West, of Westall, and of Smirke in history; of the Daniells and of Turner in landscape; and Lawrence, in portrait painting;' whose merits were recalled to the mind of Mr. Carr, by his finding a *catalogue* (for which we presume he paid six pence, though he did not pay the Swedish musicians) of the year's exhibition, in his portmanteau!

The table of contents to the chapter upon Petersburg is perhaps as low a specimen of this mountebank method of exciting attention, this custom of hanging out a red flag to call the vulgar together, as any one of those numerous instances of it, which 'the Northern Summer' is eminently infamous for exhibiting. 'Kissing,' and 'Bearded Milliners,' will sufficiently warrant the strength of our assertion.

We cannot avoid noticing Mr. Carr's elegant periphrasis for an alehouse at Petersburg. He calls it—'the squalid abode of a *marchand de liqueur*.'

'The consummate knowledge,' says Mr. Carr, 'which the Russian shopkeeper possesses of the most complicated calculation, and the entangled caprices of that *chameleon-coloured goddess*, who presides over the exchange, is absolutely astonishing.'

It is 'absolutely astonishing' that Mr. Carr can persevere in such a strain through a long quarto volume.

'A Russian,' remarks our author, 'in the ebullition of passion, may do a ferocious thing, but never an *ill-natured* one.' That is, like the Irishman who said that anchovies grew upon the hedges in America, shot a man for contradicting him, and then exclaimed—'Botheration! I meant capers;' so the Russian will break your head, and then give you a plaster; and certainly it makes much difference to the sufferer whether he be killed in the 'ebullition of passion,' or in cool malignity.

We turned with a mingled sentiment of curiosity and fear to 'the Punishment of two lovely Females.' But the title has no allusion to the anecdote which it is intended to be referred to—like most of Mr. Carr's titles, it is perfectly irrelevant, desultory, and unconnected. The anecdote itself is too indecent to be quoted.

'The present Emperor Alexander,' observes Mr. Carr, 'is about twenty-nine years of age; his face is full, very fair, and his complexion pale; his eyes blue, and expressive of that beneficent mildness, which is one of the prominent features of his character.'—His person is tall, lusty, and well proportioned; but being a little deaf, to facilitate his hearing, he stoops.'

We trust we shall be excused for omitting Mr. Carr's general character of the Russians; as we will refer the reader to a more authentic source of information—'the Pocket Geography,' printed by that best friend of the rising generation, Mr. Newbery, in St. Paul's churchyard.

Our author has indeed the modesty (and we hail the solitary instance of this virtue in the whole 'Northern Summer') to say, 'that if the reader is not pleased with the portrait of the Russian, the painter is in fault.'

In his account of the dreadful punishment of the knout, Mr. Carr is more interesting than usual—but it will be seen that he is merely so as a translator. It is a subject which would make any author eloquent. We refer the reader to p. 258.

It is but justice, however, to the present emperor, to say, that such scenes have never disgraced his reign—nor, from the humanity of his disposition, are they likely to be witnessed now in Russia. Mr. Carr's instances of Alexander's affection for the English are indeed puerile enough—but they are at the same time pleasing; and our author does not quote badly—

'*Man is most natural in little things.*'

We wish sincerely we had more to praise in Mr. C., but our

duty imperiously compels us to withhold any thing further than the 'niggard boon' above, until Mr. Carr produces something more worthy of our praise. That duty has also made us speak harshly of our tourist, or rather by his own voice condemn him. Let our readers, however, remember that it not only is his style of thinking and writing which we *exclusively* attack, but only those also as displayed by him in former and in the present travels. It is *the author of the Stranger in France* and the *Northern Summer* whom we are obliged to blame. Possibly in some future work, Mr. Carr may redeem his literary character. We shall welcome its appearance with cordiality.

Meanwhile, after cursorily mentioning (upon Mr. Carr's authority) the Emperor Alexander's passion for Burton ale, and *British* bottled porter; and assuring our readers that under the heads of 'Blue Beard' and 'Bloody Beard,' 'Marine Warblers,' 'and Musical Cowkeepers,' 'Potemkin's Peacock,' and a 'Russian Row,' they will be as much entertained by the humour, as edified by the information of our author; we shall proceed, according to our plan of tracing this tourist through his *capital* absurdities, to Berlin, and here conclude '*the Petersburg Station.*'

We cannot, however, pass Narva, without some notice: even as Englishmen, we have an affection for the name, from the immortality which Chatterton (our glory and our disgrace) has given to it. 'Rehearse the loves of Narva,' &c. &c. must be well known to every poetical reader. And as to the town itself, it is immortalized by the heroism of Charles XII. and the wit of Mr. Carr; for he takes occasion, while at Narva, of telling a story of a British officer, who, 'somewhere or other,' finding, after a battle, that his prisoners greatly exceeded his own troops in number, 'made every prisoner swallow a copious quantity of jalap, and then ordered the waistband of his breeches to be cut: by this *aperient* and harmless policy he placed four men under the irresistible controul of one.'

But now to Berlin. 'Early,' says Mr. C. 'early on the eighth day from my leaving Dantzig, I passed the gate of the wall which surrounds Berlin, and with forty-one ducats discharged my *companion* at the Hotel de Russie.' But let not the gentle reader be in pain for Mr. Carr's *companion*. This was not the person whom he mentions at Harwich in the beginning of his journey; 'this was a *man*, whom he hired at Dantzig.

Mr. Carr's drawing of the Brandenburg gate at Berlin, is creditable to his knowledge of perspective. We cannot, however, say much for the plates in general, which were in-

tended to embellish the Northern Summer. Consistency, perhaps, was Mr. Carr's object; and conscious of his want of success in poetry, he determined to be equally unsuccessful also in painting. 'Ut pictura, poesis.'

At Berlin, among other strange articles of intelligence, Mr. Carr prefixes the following facetious title to one of his pages. 'Voltaire, and *dogs* of Frederick the Great.' It occurs to us from this and other instances of our author's talent for jumbling heterogeneous materials together, that he would excel in inventing odd signs for alehouses, as much as the witty Arthur Griffinhoofe, (alias George Colman) Esq. The tourist has many incongruities resembling that of 'the Cow and the Snuffers.'

Mr. Carr praises with justice the beauty and elegance of the Queen of Prussia, (p. 473.) moreover he adds, 'her charms were heightened by her situation; she was expected in a few days to augment the illustrious house of Brandenburg.' We differ from Mr. Carr in our ideas of beauty.

Our author winds up his travels at Husum; where, 'like the hunted hare,' he says, 'he returned to the spot he first started from.' We could perhaps find a simile in the animal creation equally apposite. However, we will turn with sentiments of unmixed approbation to the piety and patriotism with which the Northern Summer is brought to a conclusion; perhaps, not a little pleased at having ourselves finished our critical labours upon such a subject. Our last advice to Mr. Carr is, not to write, when he writes again, solely 'from his feelings.'

After another allusion to Gonzalo in the Tempest, Mr. Carr thus apostrophizes those who have had the patience to accompany him to the end of his tour; and wishing to leave as favourable an impression as we can be justified in doing, upon the mind of the public with respect to our author, we shall in this, perhaps his best, passage, let him make his own bow at departure:

'If, my reader, after having paid our homage to the merits of other countries, we return together, with a more settled admiration, to that which has given us birth, I shall the less regret my absence from her, and from those who are the dearest to my heart, and to whom I am indebted for all my present enjoyments.

'Having felt most sensibly, in the hour of my return, those prime distinctions of my country, which eminently and justly endear her to all her children, I close the volume with an ardent wish that heaven may graciously render those distinctions perpetual.'

ART. V.—*Description and Treatment of Cutaneous Diseases. Order III. Rashes. Part I. containing the Varieties of Rubeola and Scarlatina. By Robert Willan, M. D, F. A. S.* 4*to*, 18*s*. Johnson. 1805.

AS the two preceding Orders of this work have been several years before the public, and those of our medical readers, who are actuated by a common share of zeal for the advancement of the science which they profess, are, doubtless, already acquainted with the classification and nomenclature proposed by Dr. Willan for this obscure tribe of diseases, it will be unnecessary for us to enlarge at present upon the structure, or the general merits of the arrangement. Some methodical plan, followed out with great perspicuity and accuracy in the definitions of terms, and in the diagnostic characters of the genera and species, has long been a *desideratum* in this department of medicine; more especially in what relates to the chronic diseases of the skin. These diseases, being external and obvious, and detracting materially from those personal advantages which mankind have in all ages been anxious to cultivate, (not to mention the old and prevalent opinion, that they imply a state of humoral impurity,) have attracted the attention of physicians from the earliest times. But if the inquirer refers to the volumes that have been transmitted by them for information, he discovers little that is useful or satisfactory. The terms expressive of simple appearances, have no where been accurately defined or understood, and are perpetually misapplied; and the names by which certain congeries of symptoms were designated, have been employed by successive writers, with too little attention to the acceptations adopted by their predecessors, or to the descriptions which they connected with them; and confusion, in short, appears to have been but 'worse confounded,' as the number of attempts at elucidation has increased.

Independently, therefore, of the difficulties arising from the nature of the diseases themselves, from the variety of their appearances in different instances, and in different stages of their progress, and from their frequent connection with, and conversion into each other, the impediments to a methodical view of these diseases, resulting from the errors and contradictions of writers on the subject, are great and numerous, and only to be surmounted by an able and attentive observation of the various appearances which the diseases assume.

The execution of the two former parts of this work

reflected no common degree of credit on the industry, the discernment, and the judgment of Dr. Willan; and the part which is now before us will afford similar proofs of discrimination in ascertaining the characters, and in tracing the identity of diseases, through the obscurity of varying names, and imperfect descriptions. We shall confine our attention chiefly to the most novel parts of this dissertation, the diagnostics, and the literary history of the diseases of which it treats. The history of symptoms, which is minute, accurate, and comprehensive, is entitled to much praise, but cannot be abridged: and in the treatment, which is recommended, there is little which is peculiar to the author; it is extremely judicious and simple; the result of his observations tending to curtail the list of useless or pernicious expedients which are too often employed, and to determine the remedies of decided utility, rather than to multiply their number. Perhaps the superiority of modern practice, within the last half century, in febrile diseases in general, (a circumstance fully evinced by the great diminution of their fatality,) has chiefly consisted in a similar proceeding.

Having completed the subject of *papulous* and *scaly* eruptions in the two former publications, Dr. Willan now proceeds to the *Exanthemata* or Rashes, which constitute the third order. He employs the term *Exanthema* in a sense somewhat different from that which has been attached to it by other writers. It seems originally, he remarks, to have expressed an eruption of papulæ, miliary vesicles, wheals, or *petechiæ*. Some medical writers apply it to all eruptive complaints: but modern nosologists confine the word to those eruptions which are attended with fever. It is literally *efflorescence;* and our author uses it 'to express the appearance termed in English a Rash, which is a redness of the skin, varying as to extent, continuity, and brightness of colour, and occasioned by an unusual quantity of blood distributed to several of the cutaneous veins, [*vessels?*] in some instances with partial extravasation.' This order comprises, besides the two diseases here treated of, five other genera; *Urticaria*, nettle-rash; *Roseola*, rose-rash; *Iris*, rainbow-rash; *Purpura*, purple or scorbutic rash; and *Erythema*, or red-rash; which will be the subject of future discussion.

Dr. Willan describes, with his usual discrimination, three varieties of measles, which he denominates Rubeola *vulgaris*, R. *sine catarrho*, and R. *nigra*. The distinction of the two first of these varieties is of considerable practical importance. He details fully and minutely all the symptoms, whether regular or anomalous, which have been observed in

the R. vulgaris, or common measles, and enumerates the various terminations and consequences which have been seen to occur, in a manner which envinces much attentive and original observation. The treatment which he recommends is simple and rational. During the eruptive stage, light diet, tepid drinks, and moderate temperature, are chiefly required. He advises the use of the pediluvium, in preference to antimonials and other diaphoretics; and the inhalation of steam instead of the ineffectual palliatives of the cough, mucilages and emulsions. He discusses the propriety of bloodletting at considerable length, and remarks that even when, after the total disappearance of the eruption, the pulmonic symptoms may demand its use, some limitation to the practice is yet suggested by the circumstance, that it does not alleviate those symptoms when they succeed to the measles, in the same degree as when they originate from cold. He justly deprecates the hypothetical recommendation of Sydenham, of bleeding in order to remove the diarrhœa, which frequently supervenes at the decline of the eruption; he considers its occurrence as a very favourable circumstance; and when it does not occur, he advises the use of occasional purgatives, which generally relieve the cough, and allay the inflammatory symptoms, and often supersede the necessity of bloodletting.

The second variety, mentioned by Dr. Willan, in which the characteristic eruption goes through its regular stages without fever or catarrhal symptoms, has not been noticed by any preceding writer, and merits particular attention. It is a circumstance of some importance in the prognostic of the physician, and still more in regard to the future conduct of the patient, that this variety of the measles does not emancipate the constitution from the power of the contagion, nor prevent the accession of the Rubeola vulgaris at a future period. The *febrile* Rubeola has never occurred twice in the same individual, in the course of Dr. Willan's long and attentive observation of eruptive diseases. He, therefore, justly suspects some mistake in the cases mentioned by authors, in which the measles are said to have recurred once or oftener, a mistake which is likely to be made, considering how difficult it often is to distinguish the measles from Scarlatina, Strophulus, Roseola, and other varieties of papulous and exanthematous eruptions.

The Rubeola *nigra* is apparently a variety of little consequence. 'It sometimes happens, about the seventh or eighth day, that the rash becomes suddenly black, or of a dark purple colour, with a mixture of yellow (as represented

by a plate). 'This appearance has continued ten days, and in some cases longer, without much distress to the patient, and with no other symptoms of fever than a quick pulse, and a slight degree of languor.' P. 236. The mineral acids are of obvious advantage.

Dr. Willan affirms that he never saw the Rubeola vulgaris intermixed at an early period with petechiæ; and he has adduced several observations, which elucidate satisfactorily this important circumstance in the history of measles. Since the publication of a paper, in the Medical Observations and Inquiries, vol. iv. written by Sir Wm. Watson, the existence of what were denominated 'Putrid Measles' has been generally credited, and recorded by authors. But Dr. Willan states a sufficiency of evidence to shew that the disease, so denominated by Sir W. Watson, and which occurred in the Foundling Hospital in 1763 and 1768, was Scarlatina. He observes that Sir Wm. W. himself refers the disease in question to the morbilli maligni, described by Dr. Morton: but Morton expressly maintained that the measles and scarlet fever were the same disease, standing in the same relation to each other as the distinct and confluent small-pox; and his *description* of the morbilli maligni, morbilli epidemii, &c. is obviously applicable only to the disease to which other writers have given the titles of Angina maligna, Angina epidemica, Scarlatina Anginosa, &c.

The nature and essential character of Scarlatina were, in fact, at that time in a considerable degree undetermined. It is curious to observe the successive variation of the terms by which Dr. Watson designated these epidemics; and the implied unsettled state of his opinion with respect to their nature. In that of 1763, the first case (see Med. Obs. and Inq. p. 136,) is called 'Epidemic Measles;' but in the apothecary's book the same case is denominated 'Eruptive Fever.' Two other cases in the same month are called, the one 'Eruptive Fever,' the other 'Scarlet Fever.' *From these sources* one hundred and eighty children were soon affected with the disease in question; but it was not till seven months afterwards that some cases are entered as 'Morbillous Fever.' In 1766 the term 'Eruptive Fever and Sore-throat," is used for an epidemic disorder among children. In 1770 the scarlatina and measles probably prevailed at the same time, and the nomenclature of Sir W. W. is as follows: 'Measles —' Measles and Sore-throat' —or 'Measles and ulcerated Sore-throat'—and measles with 'Putrid Fever.' The denomination of 'Scarlet Fever and Sore-throat' first occurs in the weekly report 1st Sept. 1787.

'About the same time,' Dr. Willan adds, 'in the prescription book appropriated to the measles, a separate entry is made of Scarlatina; this generic title being at length applied, when the disease, after a dreadful ravage during two successive years, had fully impressed the inhabitants of London with a knowledge of its distinctive character, and peculiar virulence.' P. 245.

Dr. Willan quotes some other contemporary authorities, to shew the unsettled state of opinions and nomenclature respecting the Scarlatina till after the year 1780. This point is still more amply illustrated in the literary history of this disease, which Dr. W. has followed out with much ability under its proper head.

The subject of the measles is concluded with some observations on the accounts left by the original writers of the Saracenic school, who have created no small confusion, by describing the small-pox and measles as one and the same disease. This error was transmitted by medical authors for more than eight centuries!—A circumstance which affords us a remarkable illustration of the bondage of the human intellect under the trammels of authority; and may serve to teach us the just value of original observation and unbiassed inquiry; in the exercise of which alone, true *experience* (that much abused name in the science of medicine) is to be attained.

Of the Scarlatina Dr. Willan gives the following brief character.

'The Scarlatina is characterised by a close efflorescence, of a scarlet colour, appearing on the surface of the body, or within the mouth and fauces, usually on the second day of a febrile disorder, and terminating in about five days, but without any certainty of a crisis to the fever.'

The generic term comprises three varieties, which he denominates Scarlatina *simplex,* consisting of the rash only; S. *anginosa,* in which there are superadded a swelling and redness of the internal fauces, often terminating in slight ulcerations;—and S. *maligna,* in which symptoms of low fever, with dark and livid ulcers of the throat, &c. also occur. Another variety is afterwards mentioned, viz. the scarlet ulcerating sore-throat, without any efflorescence on the skin, which experience has decided to originate from the same contagion with the other forms of the disease. Some practitioners, indeed, have expressed an opinion, that the ulcerating sore-throat might occur in individuals who had previously undergone the scarlet eruption; but, among two thousand patients, Dr. W. has not seen a recurrence of any one

of the forms of the disease, after any of the other had existed. This accords with the statement of Dr. Withering in the second edition of his pamphlet.

The difficulty of distinguishing the Scarlatina from the measles, and the frequent mistakes which have been made, independently of considering them as varieties of the same disease, has induced the author to recapitulate their diagnostic characters; the perspicuity and accuracy of his detail, especially of the appearances of the two eruptions respectively, will render any apology for transcribing the greater part of it unnecessary.

'1st, The efflorescence in Scarlatina generally appears on the second day of fever; in the measles it is seldom visible till the fourth.

'2dly. It is much more full and spreading in the former disease than in the latter, and consists of innumerable points and specks under the cuticle, intermixed with minute papulæ, in some cases forming continuous, irregular patches; in others coalescing into an uniform flush over a considerable extent of surface. In the measles the rash is composed of circular dots, partly distinct, partly set in small clusters or patches, and a little elevated, so as to give the sensation of roughness when a finger is passed over them. These patches are seldom confluent, but form a number of crescents or segments of circles, with large intervening portions of cuticle, which retain their usual colour. The colour of the rash is also different in the two diseases, being a vivid red in Scarlatina, like that of a boiled lobster's shell; but in the measles a dark red, with nearly the hue of a raspberry.

'3dly. During the febrile stage, the measles are distinguished by an obstinate harsh cough, forcing up, in repeated paroxysms, a tough acrimonious phlegm; by an inflammation of the eyes and eyelids, with great sensibility to light; by an increased discharge from the lachrymal gland, sneezing, &c. The Scarlatina is frequently attended with a cough, also with redness of the eyes, from an extension of the rash to the tunica albuginea, circumstances which render the distinction between this complaint and measles particularly difficult, if other symptoms be not clear and decisive. On minute observation, however, it will be generally, perhaps always, found, that the cough in Scarlatina is short and irritating, without expectoration; that the redness of the eye is not attended with intolerance of light; that the ciliary glands are not affected; and that, although the eyes appear shining and watery, they never overflow.' (P. 260-1.)

Dr. Willan has detailed at length the variety and the progress of the symptoms, which are considerably different under the different forms of the disease: irregularities

which have, no doubt, contributed materially to the confusion which is to be found in its history.

The time and place of the origin of Scarlatina, as well as of the measles, are unknown. Whether the 'pestilential ulcers of the throat,' described by Aretæus and Aëtius, as prevalent in Egypt and Syria, were forms of this disease, Dr. W. does not attempt to decide: and the Arabian physicians have not left descriptions sufficiently precise, to furnish any conclusion in regard to its existence among them. The author thinks it probable that it was imported into this country from the Levant. It is first described in modern times by Ingrassia, a physician of Naples, where it was known before the year 1500, by the name of Rossalia. From this time its progress is satisfactorily traced by Dr. W. under the mask of varying appellations, through the different countries of Europe, of which it constituted, for at least two centuries, the most malignant scourge.

A contagious sore-throat proved extremely fatal at Amsterdam in 1517, which, from the description of it given by Forestus, appears to have been a malignant Scarlatina; as well as a similar epidemic described by Wierus, which spread through Lower Germany, in 1564 and 65. The same disorder was epidemical at Paris a few years afterwards, according to Ballonius, who denominates it Rubiolæ, and in his description has detailed the leading symptoms of Scarlatina anginosa. It was fatal in a dreadful degree. The epidemic sore-throat, called by the Spaniards, Garrotillo, which succeeded the influenza of 1580, and spread in the course of forty years to all the sea-ports of Italy, Sicily, and Malta, carrying with it an almost incredible mortality, clearly appears to have been the Scarlatina, from the accounts of it left by Mercati, Francesco Nola, and others. At Naples, and other places, being considered as a new disease, it received a great number of new appellations. About the same time the milder forms of Scarlatina prevailed in different parts of Germany, where it was denominated Morbilli ignei, Rossalia, Erysipelata, Universal Erysipelas, &c. (See Sennertus and Doringius.) The latter writer first notices its termination in dropsical swellings; it was again described as a new disease, under the titles of 'Febris miliaris rubra,' and 'Febris coccinea,' when it occurred at Leipzig about the middle of the seventeenth century. It spread through Poland in 1665, and was well described by Schultzius under the denomination of 'Purpura epidemia maligna.' During the remainder of the century it was frequently described by writers on the continent, under various

titles, some expressive of its extreme fatality, others denoting its affinity with measles, miliary eruptions, petechial fever, &c. as may be collected from the detail which Dr. Willan has given.

The author pursues the historical view of the disease in this country, from the time of Sydenham and Morton, the first English writers who mention it, to the present period. And he observes, that all the descriptions of Scarlatina, occurring epidemically at different times, and in different climates, agree more nearly than might have been expected; and that they coincide with his own observations, so far as to justify the distinctions he has made.

This historical detail, developed with considerable learning and ability, of which we have been able to present but a slight sketch, stripped of the ample evidence on which it rests, is extremely satisfactory. It tends to simplify the records of medicine; it dispels a mist which hung over the history of epidemic diseases, bidding defiance to arrangement, and multiplying greatly the apparent varieties of human malady. And by teaching us the identity of the disease, which has been perpetually mistaken, and misnamed, it gives us the opportunity of deriving all the instruction which a comparison of the different remedies and expedients adopted for its cure can afford. The instruction is great, and the comparison highly in favour of modern medicine. It is indeed a lamentable truth, that two centuries of fatal experience were requisite to open the eyes of mankind to the falsity of their hypothetical principles, and to the observation of facts. But again we have to lament the bigotry of system and the power of prescriptive authority; when physicians, as Dr. W. observes of Mercati, seem to have chosen rather to err with Galen, than to trust to their own reason and sagacity.

We have dilated so amply on the more original parts of this treatise, that our limits compel us to conclude, with merely recommending an attention to the observations relative to the treatment of Scarlatina. The variations in the practice, which the different varieties of the disease require, are in general clearly pointed out. We regret that, with regard to some of the remedies, the author did not rather present us with observations collected from the store of his own experience, than with a full detail of the opinions of others. This part is concluded with some important considerations on the means of preventing and arresting the contagion of Scarlet Fever. It contains five coloured en-

gravings, representing the different varieties of the two diseases under discussion.

ART. V.—*Letters from Paraguay, describing the Settlements of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, the Presidencies of Rioja Minor, Nombre de Dios, St. Mary, and St. John, &c. &c. with the Manners, Customs, Religious Ceremonies, &c. of the Inhabitants; written during a Residence of Seventeen Months in that Country. By John Constanse Davie, Esq.* Robinson. 8vo. pp. 293. 1805.

THE Spanish settlements in South America have been guarded from the intrusion of strangers with so rigorous a care, and the native and European inhabitants have had the powers of their minds so paralysed by a superstitious religion and a despotic government, that we have, comparatively speaking, few and imperfect accounts of these extensive and important districts. In almost all instances, our knowledge of them, at least of a very modern date, is confined to a superficial delineation of the shores, and even that degree of information we have not always attained. Whole provinces, countries equalling in extent and fertility the largest empires of Europe, are yet involved in this mystery, which for the last half century scarcely a ray of knowledge has appeared to dissipate. Additional information on topics so little understood, and more especially the accounts of recent observers, cannot fail to be received with a considerable portion of curiosity. And we entertain no doubt, that the present work is the fruit of considerations of the kind now stated, and of calculations in which the one thing needful has not been forgotten.

Mr. Davie, notwithstanding his strange combination of names, assures us that he is a native of England, driven by a disappointment of a tender nature to seek that happiness in an ever changing variety of scenes, which the monotonous uniformity of his own country was unable to afford him. Like the rest of the race of love-sick and heart-broken swains, he pours forth his sentiments and observations to sooth his own pains and exhilarate the friendly soul of a personage who is here embodied into a real form, and introduced to all company who please to visit him, first paying entrance money, as —— Yorke, Esq. of Taunton Dean, in the county of Somerset, half brother of the author. We really

think, and cannot help observing, that considering the easiness of the thing, this gentleman, the near relation of Mr. Davie, and surely somehow implicated in the publication of his work, might have been provided with a Christian name. In the letters addressed to him by Mr. Davie, it is also worthy of remark, that he is always styled *friend*, and never once saluted by the natural and endearing name of brother.

The scene opens at New York, whither our adventurer had directed his course, with the view, it would appear, of wandering about he knew not well where, on the continent of North America. From this resolution he is diverted by the more enticing prospect of a voyage to that land of thieves and pickpockets, Botany Bay; and in order that the gratification of his avarice might keep pace with that of his curiosity and restlessness, he faced the dangers of the ocean, in company with an adventure of old clothes, which it seems are well suited to the persons and purses of the rogues of the South Sea. Before his setting out on this voyage, however, Mr. Davie entertains us to the best of his power, by sundry observations on the country and population of the United States, with the latter of which he appears not altogether delighted. Nature, according to him, when forming that nether world, (why nether?) had exhausted all her treasures on the inanimate part of the creation, and consequently had been obliged to cobble up the inhabitants out of what shreds she had remaining. When this magnificent flight was writing, surely the author had forgotten that twelve honest men exhausted a great deal more of their treasures in forming the present population of America, than ever did Dame Nature in her most bountiful mood. Mr. Davie, however, is of opinion, that when the States once grow rich and powerful, the ideas of the *Columbrians* may expand. Then, exclaims he, philosophers, astronomers, and metaphysicians will spring up, with intellects as capacious and profound as that overgrown country seems to demand, that all its parts may be in unison; that is, we suppose, with over-grown intellects.

Mr. Davie appears extremely disgusted with the Anglo-Americans, on account of the very short time that they allot to their meals, which he assures us are dispatched with as much assiduity as if their eternal welfare depended on their expedition. This, which is an objection very natural for one of our countrymen to make, the delicate ticklishness of whose palates has been long celebrated, arises in our transatlantic brethren, from their excessive eagerness

to pursue the more gainful projects of merchandise. Such privation of all luxuries is in these letters seriously reprehended, and the food of the inhabitants of the United States is pronounced to be plain, but wholesome, by a character named Jack Backer, who is introduced for the sole purpose of uttering the oracular proposition, that no belly-cheating kickshaws are introduced to tantalise the appetite. The American ladies, too, according to this author's account, are patterns of domestic economy, and practise in perfection that cleanliness which, with plentiful libations and hebdomadal activity, exorcises every dead and living thing within the precincts of the mansion. Nor are these dames of the brush and broom more expert in using than in manufacturing the implements of domestic labour; and our author expresses unnecessary surprise at the making of a mop by one of his fair friends of the western continent. The male part of the Americans are here represented as altogether as much attached to the accumulation of wealth by commerce, as their better halves are to the acquisition of health by scrubbing their floors; and the love of these men to hoard their riches is ridiculously attributed to a spirit of patriotism which envies the pre-eminence of England, and longs to rival her power and counteract her influence. This tissue of speculation is curiously enough concluded by a query, which it has puzzled poor Mr. Davie to answer in a very grievous manner: this is no other than the inquiry, why does the pursuit of gain tend to narrow the mind? or, as it is here more learnedly and metaphorically expressed, 'the genial effusions of the soul, which in itself is free and liberal.' Really if crossing seas and oceans, and perambulating foreign lands, serve no better purpose than to raise these doubts without tending to their explanation, we envy not the benefits of travel; for surely it is no task of insurmountable difficulty to explain why the pursuit and the love of pecuniary advantage follow each other, and operate by a direct influence to deaden every nobler feeling of the human heart, and to blunt the fine edge of our more delicate perceptions.

In a visit to some of his American acquaintances, Mr. Davie met with two emigrants from Ireland, who were bound to the banks of the Ohio, where they entertained reasonable hopes of obtaining independence and ultimate wealth. The occasion, however, is not lost by our author of uttering a string of ten times repeated observations on the impolicy of our government, in permitting these emigrations to proceed unmolested; but the real fact appears to be that

many parts of our own country produce more inhabitants than they can furnish with the means of a comfortable livelihood; and we are not of those who prefer a numerous and half-starved population, to one of moderate numbers and plentiful comforts. But Mr. Davie is most unquestionably right in one thing, that the spirit of emigration is to be combated not by nugatory and penal restrictions, but by providing at home the means of a decent subsistence. Yet, though something of this kind may probably be done in all the parts of the united kingdoms, the extention of such plans is limited within a boundary which the nature of circumstances will prevent all exertions to surpass. Amongst the emigrants of our country, however, Mr. Davie saw no Scotch, though he heard of many; and he takes occasion to remark that he does not wonder at *their* leaving their native places, where few will stay to till the barren soil, who can procure the means of removal. On this occasion, without any desire to prove the fertility of the Scotch soil, we will venture to observe, nor fear the danger of contradiction, that never a man of our northern neighbours abandoned his natal spot from the trouble of cultivating an ungrateful land, but very many have for ever bid adieu to the shores of their ancestors for want of soil to till, or employment to procure a subsistence. The Scotch are proverbially attached to their native country, and cling with the fondness of enthusiasm to their barren and romantic rocks. Mr. Davie's proposition may be granted to be true, when he, or any one else, shall be able to point out a corner of ground in Scotland turned to no account, for want solely of a hand to call forth its productive powers, or a manufactory at a stand from a deficiency of people to conduct it. However, our author proceeds to remark, for he is a very remarking man, that it is a scandalous thing in government to lose quietly so large a portion of their useful subjects, and above all to neglect so promising an establishment as the fisheries on our northern coasts, which might, if properly conducted, prove so beneficial to the national interests. Mr. Davie's scheme to correct these defects, is one not the most likely in the world to be adopted with success; he exhorts the nation to establish on a royal foundation this extensive branch of commerce, and pronounces with apophthegmatical confidence that a royal fishery would provide not only herrings for our people, but seamen for our navy. Now, though all this be a consummation devoutly to be wished, we fear there is little probability of attaining our purpose by such measures and when we hear of national fisheries, we cannot help reflect-

ing on the fate of King James's colony on the Isle of Skye, which the envy of the ancient inhabitants pursued first to distress, and finally to utter ruin. We believe there are very few instances of any royal manufactory or commercial concern turning out to royal profit; and to support any such establishment at an expence which the produce does not pay, is merely, in other words, to bestow a certain number of pensions and gratuities on those who, if they deserve national assistance, should receive it in an open way, and if they do not deserve it, ought not to be paid for fictitious services. But the true and only method of encouraging fisheries, or any other commercial undertaking, is to render them beneficial for the adventurers, though it may often be a matter of extreme difficulty to discover how that is to be achieved; and nothing can be more ill judged than the remarks thrown out in this volume, 'that the fisheries are now in the hands of a few private individuals, who naturally enough prefer private emolument to public good.' In all cases these two are inseparable.

We have already lingered so long with Mr. Davie on the shores of North America, that we must hasten to put him on board his vessel, with his cargo from Rag-fair, and trust him to the mercy of the winds and waves. Accordingly he set sail from New York, for New South Wales, with fair prospects; but, as he sagely remarks, what man appoints God disappoints; and a calm first, and then a hurricane drove them for shelter into a port little frequented by English vessels, that of Monte Video, in the great river La Plata. This incident it is which affords to Mr. Davie the means of inditing his epistles from Paraguay; for soon after his arrival in that country he was attacked by some disease incident to Europeans on their first going into these latitudes, and his illness proved so tedious and so dangerous, that his American shipmates were obliged to abandon him to the care and humanity of strangers, and national enemies; but these strangers were Spaniards, these national foes were of that proud and honourable race, who disdain to triumph over weakness and misery, or to add private and unnecessary distress to the unavoidable horrors of warfare. How different would have been his fate in the dominions of the French! But under Spanish controul his personal afflictions were alleviated, humanity held out her hand to restore his health, and no further restraint was enjoined him than the jealous maxims of their government have long and universally put in practice upon individuals of every nation. Mr. Davie lodged in the house of a merchant from the Canaries, and was

treated, by his own account, with the utmost hospitality. The disorder by which he was attacked does not seem referable to any known in this country by observation or report, and our author was willing to have believed its first approach to be unattended with danger, but for the contrary assurance of his 'kind host.' This disease, however, we are informed, is one of those non-descripts which defy all attempts at classification: it exists for no precise period; some linger for many months, others only a few months, and some but a few days, before it terminates fatally. In the latter event Mr. Davie informs his correspondent with great gravity and serious assertion 'that he will never write another letter.'

The next communication, written after a long interval, announces our author's recovery from this formidable malady, owing in a great measure to the care of the fathers of a convent of the order of St. Dominic; his head, however, he shrewdly suspects, is not yet settled, and that for the notable reason that all his recollections seem a kind of chaos. Like a love-sick girl locked up in a garret, he yields to his propensity to write, in a situation where, we believe, few people would have thought of making any movement, which they could avoid with safety to themselves. This is the true cacoethes scribendi, and illustrates the truth of Pope's remark, that—

'Heaven first sent letters for some wretch's aid.'

The consequence of this exertion of his hand and mind was, however, so alarming to his health that he was interdicted from the use of pens and paper for the grievous period of a fortnight; at last the beloved implements of correspondence were restored, and our author proceeds to detail the events of his illness, with the aid of a French monk named Brother Jerome. A venerable man, it seems, was sent by the governor to see Mr. Davie, and he, after examining his tongue and the roots of his nails, declared him to be attacked by the *faitfa*, and bled him with an instrument like a glazier's diamond, which was knocked into the vein of his arm with a hammer. The Indian surgeons, we are informed, are so expert that no bad effects ever arise from this scientific operation. This being done, the doctor proceeded to boil a quantity of herbs in water, which the patient was compelled to drink, and the solid part was applied to his stomach and bowels, though without any good consequences to either; and during this uncertainty of his recovery, the ship in which he arrived was obliged to pursue her course. After some interval, the dis-

order began to abate, but he continued to be as delirious as at any period, and he was removed, by order of the governor, to Buenos Ayres: at that place he was visited by another Indian sage, who, by fumigating the head of his patient with a certain herb, in the space of a fortnight restored him to the use of *as much reason* as he ever possessed. Soon after this happy occurrence, Mr. Davie received from his attendants a cross which had belonged to his last mistress, which he had worn tied round his neck: and the lover's devotions with which he bore it to his lips, edified the pious catholics around him, and imparted to them a holy transport, that from a land of infidels one sheep was preserved to the flock of St. Peter. This incidental mistake our author represents himself to have improved to his own advantage, and to have received numerous favours and privileges as a brother in religion, though a stranger in politics. His English apparel was taken from him, and he was provided with the habit of a novice of St. Dominic, and tutored into a knowledge of the mysteries and forms of popery. All this, we are informed, he went through without betraying by his ignorance or surprise the profane education of a heretic; indeed he seems to have attracted more attention by the fairness of his 'sandy complexion' than by any other qualities of his body or mind. On his part he chiefly remarked, with regard to the dress of the natives of Paraguay, that on the festival of Corpus Christi, they all, at least those of a certain age and rank, wore an English gold watch, suspended by a belt round the waist, which demonstrates, according to our author, that though they dislike our nation, they love our manufactures. He on the other hand, is not unmindful of his native land, and expresses more 'English joy' at the sight of a large pile of cakes, tastefully and temptingly arranged, than at all the gorgeous exhibitions of religious ceremonies.

Mr. Davie by degrees procured the friendship of some of the monks of his convent, and in particular of one who was called the Father Hernandez, and who at last received him under his special protection. The population of Paraguay, he was enabled to observe, consisted of several descriptions of people; the Spaniards and their descendants of uncorrupted blood hold the reins of authority undisputed in their hands, and live, according to these accounts, in possession for the greater part of considerable wealth, and in the constant pursuit and attainment of pleasure. The native Indians, who are by far the most numerous part of the inhabitants, are partly wild and unsubdued, living the life of the Tartarian hordes, and scarcely ever quitting their horses but during the

periods allotted to sleep and refreshment. This they have been enabled to do by the amazing increase of horses in these fertile and ill-peopled districts. The Spaniards, on their first taking possession of Paraguay, suffered some of these animals to run wild, and from the peculiarly favourable circumstances in which they were placed, their number augmented so rapidly, that in every quarter they are now to be found in immense herds. The Indians soon learning their use and their value, became an equestrian nation, and have by these very means bid defiance to the power, the arms, and the discipline of the Spaniards, opposing cunning to courage, retreat to attack, and compensating by the rapidity of their movements for the feebleness of their other resources. Black cattle have also in the same manner become extremely numerous in the wilds of Paraguay, and afford an exhaustless supply of food and source of profit to the inhabitants. They are not, however, altogether as plentiful as at a former period, so immensely great have been the numbers wantonly slaughtered for the sake only of their skins.

The Indian tribes subjected to the Spaniards are in a very different situation, and have lost, with their liberty, the most valuable privileges of humanity, and many of them are *adscripti glebæ*, like the boors of Russia, and the ancient *villains* of our own country. In the instances where they have been converted by the exertions of the ecclesiastics, their fate has been greatly more fortunate, they are treated in every respect more gently and humanely, and the conduct of the priests has been generally of the most exemplary kind. It cannot have escaped the knowledge or recollection of almost any of our readers, how immense the establishments of the Jesuits were at one period in these provinces, and how the jealousy of a feeble and despotic government became alarmed at the prosperity and progress of these missionaries, and dreaded the astonishing influence which they had obtained over the minds of their converts. The other orders of the catholic religion succeeded to a great part of the authority of the Jesuits, on the expulsion of that able body of men from the Spanish dominions; but all the more dangerous privileges they had possessed, were abridged or withdrawn, and the whole settlements subjected to the controul of the secular arm. According to the accounts of this author, however, the Spanish government still aims at a farther extension of its power, and proceeds by rapid steps to appropriate to itself all the means of influence within its territories.

The Indians who belong to the government are let out to private individuals, to be employed by them in labour, which is done without any regard to the power of these unfortunate beings to undergo exertion, and they are urged to complete their tasks, which are often enormous, by the terror or the application of the superintendant's whip. On Mr. Davie's remarking to a Spaniard that the negro slaves in the British plantations were better treated, he was answered, 'Very true, sir, and so are my domestic slaves, who am but a merchant. But what is the reason? The African we are obliged to purchase; and if through ill-usage he dies, there is so much money lost. Now the native Indian is the property of the state, and no one suffers by his loss but his majesty, who has it in his power to replace it immediately without feeling the least inconvenience.' The method by which this is done, is by a requisition on all the settlements in Paraguay, to supply for the use of the government a certain number of men from among the converted Indians, who are not yet reduced to absolute slavery. By these means the Spaniards have procured slaves, to replace those whom their severities have killed or unfitted for labour. The European government is unfortunately at too great a distance to interfere in these arrangements with very effectual controul, and the viceroys and other agents of deputed authority have little other object, than to acquire for themselves an immense and rapid fortune, regardless of the calls of injured humanity, or the mischiefs of a time-serving and fatal policy. But this wanton sacrifice of lives, with the introduction of that most destructive disorder the small-pox, has already diminished the numbers of the native Indians to an alarming extent, and unless a new set of maxims be adopted by the government, and a line of conduct more in unison with the precepts of their religion, a total extirpation of the original inhabitants seems likely to ensue. Already they have been obliged to commence the importation of negroes from Africa, for the purposes of domestic servitude, and the services of that odious and dangerous race have been preferred to those of the mild and tractable aboriginal inhabitants. The behaviour of the Spaniards to the natives of their American dominions has always been of the most barbarous as well as short-sighted and impolitic description. But surely our author need not have left this, or any other country, to have sought in the continent of South America an opportunity of arraigning the justice of heaven, in permitting the earthly triumph of oppressive vice over weaker virtue; a subject highly important and full of diffi-

culty, but which is not to be treated with any sort of advantage, in the narrow space which Mr. Davie has given to its consideration. His concluding remark is the only one of this part of the work that we can approve; 'It is a dark subject: I had better leave it.'

We meet with frequent observations on the state of defence of Buenos Ayres, and the other parts of the province of Paraguay. According to our author, a few English ships and two or three regiments would be sufficient to reduce the whole under the dominion of Great Britain. It seems now generally imagined, whether truly or not we know not, that Sir Home Popham and Sir David Baird are gone to prove the justice of these assertions. Great part of the difficulty, it would appear, will arise from the navigation of the great river of La Plata, provided with sands and shoals enough to embarrass the boldest and most dextrous navigators; if these were overcome, Mr. Davie fears, we suppose he meant hopes, that neither a miserable fort, a pompous governor, nor some half-clothed regiments of long-haired Indians, and whiskered Spaniards, could oppose an effectual resistance to the attack of a British force. The Spanish troops, our author assures us, are the dirtiest and most slovenly in the whole world; and he is immediately led to remark the contrast between the everlasting cleanliness of the North, and the superabundant filthiness of the South American.

'The former,' observes Mr. Davie, 'makes ye hop, skip, and jump, like an opera dancer, to escape the transparent sprinkling of a notable mop-twirler, or to screen your clothes and eyes from the unfriendly benedictions of the general white washing, which annually, and in a small degree weekly, takes place in most of the capital towns. And this some of the shrubs I sent you from Philadelphia can testify, for three of them were, by one of these daughters of cleanliness, plentifully baptized with her Olympian dew, which cost me two days labour to wash off from the leaves only, but from the back it was impossible to remove ... I remember it was done while I was gone to seek the captain of the vessel that was to convey them to England. When I returned and saw what had been done, I forgot I was in Pennsylvania, and began to anathematise most devoutly. Mrs. ——— ran out to inquire what was the matter, with her grey stuff gown, and white washing cap most delicately dappled. I told my grievance, and demanded redress. "Lord bless me," said she, "is that all! why, would you have had us leave that side of the room undone?" "Undone, madam!" I exclaimed in all the rage of injured genius, "yes, I would have had the whole house, nay, the whole city left unwhitewashed, rather than that the shrubs should have been sprinkled in this diabolical manner." "I do not doubt you

in the least," said she, "I never knew an Englishman that was fond of cleanliness!" "Zounds! madam," cried I, "can this be deemed cleanliness which deranges the whole economy of a house, turns topsy turvy things that should never be stirred, and sets at defiance every rule of peace, order, and regularity, besides destroying every article that comes within its reach?" "Pretty talking truly," retorted the lady, "pray how are the holes and corners to be cleaned, if every thing is not removed into the middle of the room? Why, good God! you English are as dirty as the Esquimaux." This allusion silenced me immediately: it was a climax—there was no withstanding it. I therefore quietly ordered a pail of water to be brought me, and began sousing my poor plants as plentifully as the good lady did her house; which operation I was left in perfect security to perform, since nothing can be more acceptable to a North American female, than slopping the pavement with water, provided the walls are not splashed in the execution.'

We should have been happy to be able to testify with truth, that our author had always confined himself to the description of nature, as he observed her works in the regions which he had traversed, or to anecdotes and occurrences, harmless or amusing as that above quoted. But his notions of the system of the universe and the existence and attributes of a supreme Deity, seem as crude, ill-digested, and often as absurd as can be well imagined to be entertained by any man in the possession of his senses. 'Because an old and worthless miser, named Don Manuel, dies, leaving an unexpected accumulation of wealth, nothing will serve Mr. Davie but to suspect 'a very blameable partiality in the distribution of divine favours.' With a ridiculous quaintness he harangues to his correspondent on this fancied objection of irrefragable force; and with the most dangerous and weak minded petulance, dares to arraign the distribution of good and evil in the moral world, certainly without appreciating the weight of his own arguments, or possessing any knowledge of the answers which can either greatly diminish or wholly extinguish their power.

'My friend,' says Mr. Davie, 'if there is *not* a race of beings inferior to the Deity, yet possessing the means of controuling the fortunes of men, *then is the Omnipotent either wholly regardless of the creatures he has formed,* or cruelly unjust in his treatment of them.' When people set up to instruct others in theology, and to tamper with established and beneficial opinions, the least we can expect is a competent acquaintance with the subject which is treated. But we enter our protest in the strongest manner against all this flimsy and captious declamation, which is calculated

only to disgust the proficient and to entrap the inexperienced and unwary.

After a residence of many months at Buenos Ayres, our author was permitted to accompany his friend and patron, Father Hernandez, on a spiritual mission to the presidency of Rioja Minor, obtaining, by means of this, the opportunity to make his observations on some parts of the interior of Paraguay. In the course of their journey they passed through many of the unsubdued tribes, with some of whom they had interviews for the purposes of barter, and many particulars are related of their manners, and of the natural appearances of the country, in a style of considerable liveliness. To extract these, however, we have neither room nor inclination, and can only refer the reader to the perusal of the work itself. Father Hernandez narrowly escaped being devoured by a tyger, from which fate he was saved by the exertions of our author; but the health of the reverend monk, before delicate, was wholly destroyed by this accident, and he survived his arrival at Rioja Minor but a short time. Before his death, however, he had left that presidency for that of Nombre de Dios, and afterwards visited several other settlements. But from one of these he was hastily recalled along with our author to Rioja Major, by the military commandant at that place, in consequence of some disturbances having occurred, which appeared to have originated in an attempt of the ecclesiastics and Indians to render themselves independent of the Spanish government altogether. After the death of Father Hernandez, this projected revolt actually happened, and the wild and converted Indians joined together to massacre the whole of the Spaniards, which they nearly effected; our author only escaped from the general lot by the favour and precaution of an Indian, who interfered in his behalf, and provided him with the signal by which friends were to be distinguished from enemies. The object of this revolution was, on the part of the priests, to obtain the whole management of the government, and to relieve themselves from the arrogance of military superiority; on the part of the Indians, greater freedom was desired, and an exemption from the oppressive draughts which are constantly made from their population, of unfortunate wretches, who are condemned to eternal labour in the mines, or to endless and harassing servitude. Not one of these men is ever known to return to the country of his friends, nor is the nature of his fate ever learned by them.

Mr. Davie was earnestly solicited by the monks to remain

in their convent, and they assured him of every advantage which he before possessed, with additional immunities and a greater liberty in every respect. But he was not to be tempted by their offers, and succeeded in being sent back to Buenos Ayres; he was packed up among some goods, which are annually sent to that place from the interior settlements, and the communication of intelligence in that country being extremely imperfect, it was supposed that the ordinary commerce might be carried on without any disclosure of the revolt at Rioja Minor. This was accordingly done, and the last bale of goods which was delivered from the vessel, was the person of Mr. John Constanse Davie himself. He of course gave information of the scenes which had taken place in the interior country, and measures were adopted, in consequence, for the reduction of the revolters, but we do not here learn with what success, for at this period the volume before us terminates with some dark hints of the author's intentions to pursue his adventures in the regions of Chili. No farther intelligence, it is stated in the preface, has been received from him, and it is uncertain, we are informed, whether his life has been cut short by the dangers of travel or the mortality of the climate; whether he yet wanders restless and inquisitive amidst the woods and wilds of Spanish America; or whether, his correspondence being detected, he has been condemned to ransack the bowels of the earth for gold, to satisfy the avarice of his inexorable masters. Be which soever of these true, we must now bid him adieu, leaving him to the mercy or the favour of his readers.

The work, as to composition, though by no means unexceptionably correct, possesses a considerable degree of merit, and the author appears to have some talent of exciting the sensations of the ridiculous. The details of his journeyings, his escapes, and his peregrinations, are for the greater part extremely amusing, and the book is in that sense well adapted for the perusal of the bulk of the readers of travels. It may not perhaps have escaped the observation of those who have lent a close attention to the consideration of this article, that our mind has been infected with a certain degree of scepticism, with regard to the authenticity of the circumstances related in the performance now before us. It certainly makes its appearance in somewhat of a questionable shape, and it is not easy to divest oneself of some degree of doubt, nor to avoid feeling how singularly romantic is the story of Mr. Davie's voyage to Paraguay, and how unprecedented his intrusion within

the limits of a jealous and watchful government. Impressed with these feelings we proceeded to the perusal of this work, ready to catch at every inconsistency which our portion of critical acumen might enable us to discern, and to pierce the veil of hypocrisy with which our imagination had invested the composition of Mr. Davie. But such either is the fidelity of his narrative, such the dexterity of his art, or such the bluntness of our perception, that we have been unable by these means to discover any error or glaring improbability. On the other hand, it is fair to state that there is little if any thing contained in the whole work, which might not have had its origin in the closet or garret of the composer, if nature had provided him with a lively fancy, and art with a stock of solid information.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; Second Series. Volume first.* 8vo. *pp.* 442. Bickerstaff. 1805.

THE many respectable appearances which the Memoirs of the Manchester Society have made before the public, can be unknown to none of those devoted to the study or pursuit of any of the branches of the philosophy of nature. And it is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, and highly deserving at once of praise and imitation, that one of those learned bodies which most considerably augmented the stores of human knowledge has arisen and flourished in a mercantile and manufacturing town, unprotected by royal or national influence, unbenefited by the munificence of the wealthy, or the patronage of the great, and that this spark of science has been struck out by the hand of commerce, and excited into flame by the generous love of improvement. The society have now commenced a second series of their works, and have been induced thus far to alter the form of their publication, from the united considerations of the difficulty of procuring some of their volumes, which are out of print, and the inexpediency of now republishing any of their physical essays, however valuable these may originally have been justly esteemed.

Prefixed to the literary and philosophical papers, we observe a code of laws for the society, which are copiously minute, and a list of members who are honourably numerous. It was hardly necessary, however, for the legislators of this little association to have published for the information of

the world, that when a member of their body speaks, he must address the president, and if he cannot get any one to listen to his speech, then it behoves him to stand. We could almost suspect that our friends in Manchester have forgotten to enact that most celebrated and salutary ordinance for noisy clubs, that 'no more than three members shall speak at once.'

Sixteen papers are contained in the volume before us, of which the first was read so long ago as in the year 1799: it treats of the effects of opium on the living bodies of animals, and comes from the pen of Dr. Alexander. Upon the whole, these experiments and observations tend to confirm our former opinions upon the method in which narcotics influence the living system, and it is clearly shown that the Abbé Fontana's theory of the necessary interference of the blood is not tenable. With regard to other points we do not observe a great deal of novelty, though we cannot but commend the activity which proves by positive reference to the test of experiment, every opinion, however respectably supported by authority or arguments. By Dr. Alexander's observations, it appears that opium and alcohol act in a similar way on the human body, and that opium affects the nervous system directly, and not through any supposed intervention of the blood.

The second paper, by the Rev. Mr. George Walker, treats of the machinery of the ancient epic poem. This gentleman has very little respect for the theology of the Greeks and Romans, and labours through many a page to prove what few will deny, that of the pagan divinities, for the greater part, the males were tyrants or rogues, and the females prostitutes; and that the events brought about by their agency or interference might have been equally well and much more agreeably performed by terrestrial means. To our ideas, indeed, nurtured in the schools of chivalry and modern honour, the notion of the magnanimity or bravery of a man vulnerable only in the heel, does not seem very intelligible, nor is it easy to reconcile our feelings to the dastardly flight of the pious Æneas from the unfortunate Dido.

Mr. Gibson, the author of the third article in this volume, proposes some little alteration in the opinions now held regarding the communication of a red colour to the bones in the living animal body, by the internal exhibition of madder. This singular effect, which, according to Dr. Rutherford, depends on a chemical attraction between the osseous particles and the colouring matter, is here asserted in the

common theory of this matter to take place before the bony substance is separated from the blood. Consequently the rapid alteration of colour produced in the bones of various animals by the administration of madder, and the disappearance of that colour on ceasing the use of that drug, ought to demonstrate a very rapid change constantly occurring in the constituent parts of bones themselves; a much more speedy one indeed than has been generally allowed to take place even among the soft parts. Mr. Gibson, however, supposes these effects much more plausibly explained, by taking into the account the attraction of serum for the colouring matter of madder, which he thinks sufficient to enable that fluid to deprive the bones of their acquired colour. His experiments, however, are not convincing, and he ought to have shewn, not that he could render pale, but that he could whiten dead bones by infusion in hot serum. For it seems clear, that bones could never be whitened if this chemical theory were just, since that obviously presupposes a superior attraction of the serum to that of the bones for the dye, but the very tinge of the bones themselves requires the reverse to be true. If the attraction of the serum be greatest, the bones could never become red; if that of the bones exceed, the bones, once red, could never become white again.

In the fourth paper Dr. Bardsley considers the use and abuse of popular sports and exercises, in a manner sufficiently able and entertaining; but without any peculiar pretensions to novelty in his arguments. Like many who have preceded him in the same tract, he bestows his censures and malediction on all the methods of tormenting animals for amusement, and his applause on the whole admirers and practitioners of the noble science of pugilism. In the fifth paper, of which the Rev. Johnson Grant is the author, the subject of Reverie as connected with literature, is discussed. This gentleman, sometimes the observer and sometimes the physician of the mind, seems, notwithstanding his efforts in both these ways, to have added little to our knowledge of reverie. But his essay does him credit, as a very neat and sensible piece of composition.

Of the three next papers Mr. Dalton is the author. They treat of the different properties of elastic fluids as discovered by experiment, and of various extensions of the theory of the mutual penetrability of gases, which is well known to be entertained and most ingeniously supported by that gentleman. In the first of these, which is entitled, 'An Experimental Inquiry into the Proportions of the several elastic

Fluids constituting the Atmosphere,' three objects are considered; viz. the weight of each simple atmosphere abstractedly, the relative weights of the different gases in a given volume of air at the earth's surface, and the proportion of the gases at different elevations. These three objects of investigation, according to the theory of the chemical combination of the atmospheric gases, are one and the same; but, according to Mr. Dalton's view, extremely different. The first of them he conceives to be determined by finding the relative bulk of the component parts of any mass of common air, and a long discussion is entered into regarding the best method of separating the oxygenous from the azotic atmospheres. In this we have noticed little novelty, though we know how to value the experience of so accurate an observer as Mr. Dalton. The quantity of aqueous vapour is estimated, according to this gentleman's own experiments and theory, and the carbonic acid gas is found by the test of lime water to be much less than usually imagined. One remarkable and unexpected fact is stated, that little more than one per cent. of this gas would be detected in the air of a room in which two hundred people had breathed for two hours. We wish Mr. Dalton had also noted the quantity of oxygenous gas to be found, since, if no remarkable deficiency of that substance appeared, some important inferences might follow. We may observe, in our way, that Mr. Dalton retains the *y* where it ought to be in the chemical terms of Greek derivation; and we are happy to express our satisfaction that some are yet left to oppose the rage of senseless innovation, which, regardless of etymology, of harmony, and of elegance, attacks with a Gothic fury every remnant of Grecian origin, and annually clips and pares the nomenclature of chemical science, after the fantastic fashion of the time, which is nevertheless sure to yield in its season to something still more extravagant than any thing before devised.

According to Mr. Dalton's statement, the weights of the different gases, constituting the atmosphere, are as follow:

	Inch. of Mercury.
Azotic gas, - -	23 . 36
Oxygenous gas -	6 . 18
Aqueous vapour -	. 44
Carbonic acid gas -	. 02
	30 .

That is, the whole atmosphere supports a column of mercury of thirty inches, and each ingredient separately considered supports the share above stated. The proportional weights of these gases, in a given volume of air at the earth's

surface, are in their order per cent. 75.55, 23.32, 1.03, 0.10, the carbonic acid gas being thus reckoned only at a thousandth part of the whole. With regard to the proportions of the gases at different heights, we observe little satisfactory information, and Mr. Dalton seems to labour under an unnecessary difficulty of *conceiving* how a mechanical power may counteract a chemical one; whether that ever happens or not, is another question.

Mr. Dalton's second paper treats of *the tendency of elastic fluids to diffusion through each other*, which he proves to occur in every instance by most decisive experiments. The chief use which he is inclined to make of these curious facts is to support his own theory, which, in Mr. Dalton's opinion, they establish beyond controversy. But though these observations agree extremely well with the supposition of the mutual penetrability of the gases, they may equally well be reconciled with that of their chemical union.

Mr. Dalton's third paper relates to the absorption of elastic fluids by water and other liquids, which he supposes to be done in the following proportions: either an equal bulk is absorbed, or else a part equal to one of the fractions, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{27}$, $\frac{1}{64}$, $\frac{1}{125}$, &c. being the cubes of the reciprocals of the natural numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. These quantities of gas are believed by Mr. D. to be mechanically mixed with the liquid, and not chemically combined with it. The greatest difficulty which this gentleman finds in his hypothesis is, to explain why different gases observe different laws. After due consideration, however, we are informed that this difference most probably arises from the variation of the weight and number of the ultimate particles of the several gases; and we have a tabulated result of experiments made to determine this question, which would be highly curious and interesting, if there were the least reason to believe in its accuracy. But though we are not let into the precise mode in which Mr. Dalton proceeded to this investigation, upon general principles we do not think him in the right road. In fact the existence of these particles, of which we have heard so much of late years, is in itself problematical, and the peculiarities of their sizes, shapes, or densities, wholly unknown. It is even a most doubtful point, whether there is amongst them any original difference of specific gravity, or whether the varying operation of caloric is not alone sufficient to account for all differences in this respect.

The ninth and tenth papers are by Mr. Gough: of these the first treats of a property possessed by Caoutchouc at a certain temperature, of communicating a sensation of heat to the lips when drawn out upon them; and as it is proved

that this resin contracts in bulk when extended, the phenomenon observed by Mr. Gough is analogous to the heating of iron by hammering, and of gases by compression; and in like manner a resemblance may be noticed in all these bodies, in the diminution of their elasticity with that of their absolute caloric. But Mr. Gough proceeds too rapidly when he infers that the capacity of the Caoutchouc for heat is diminished by its extension, a conclusion, no doubt, probable, and justly deducible from Dr. Irvine's theory of heat, but not in this case immediately proved by experiment, as he imagines. In this paper, as in most others of the same author, we have to complain of a certain obscurity and perplexity of style.

In the next paper Mr. Gough enters into the consideration of Mr. Dalton's theory of gaseous mixtures, to the truth of which he is no convert, and which he labours hard to prove to be false on the principles of the mechanical philosophy. The parade of mathematical knowledge with which this is done, is surely very much misplaced, and the phenomena of chemistry submit with reluctance to the dominion of fluxionary increments and algebraic symbols. Mr. Gough's arguments upon the centre of gravity are just with regard to solid bodies, but we agree with Mr. Dalton that in the case of gases they are wholly irrelevant, and that if all the particles of two gases be nonelastic with respect to each other, the whole masses of gas are so likewise. Schmidt's experiments, on which Mr. Gough laid considerable stress, are shewn by his opponent to have been erroneously quoted by Mr. Kirwan, whose accuracy has in this detection suffered a dangerous injury. On the whole, we think Mr. Gough has said little to alter the opinion of the public on this subject. In this volume there is another paper by this gentleman, and one in answer, by Mr. Dalton, which are entirely confined to the consideration of the same subject.

There are besides some papers by Mr. Walker and Mr. Holland, upon history and philosophy, of which it would be difficult to make any remark at once good natured and energetic. To confess an honest truth, the Manchester society owes little of its celebrity to its moral or political publications. These have in general risen to that happy state of mediocrity which shuns at once the gratification of applause and the bitterness of censure. Few learned associations have gained much by thus invading the territories of the schools, and experience has now fairly demonstrated that he who searches for the meed of praise, will reach his aim a thousand times amid the pots of the chemists, the diagrams

of the geometer, or the telescopes of the astronomer, ere one successful effort shall crown his hopes in the fairer regions of the belles-lettres.

ART. VII.—*The Nature of Things; a Didactic Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, accompanied with the original Text, and illustrated with Notes, philological and explanatory, by John Mason Good. In two Volumes, 4to.* Longman. 1805.

THE charms of Lucretius cannot be expected to excite in an English reader that admiration which has been liberally extended to translations of the more popular Roman poets. We have ever conceived that an undertaking of the nature before us, even in a compressed form, would never meet with the reward due to the labour requisite to its completion. But our astonishment was raised when we contemplated the 'Poem of Lucretius' extended through two enormous quartos, and we wondered considerably at the boldness of the author, while there may not be wanting some, who may also stare at the boldness of the reader. If in the perusal we have not been thoroughly recompensed for our diligence, we have occasionally felt a gratification which it shall be our aim to communicate to our readers. We have not unfrequently been highly pleased with the poetry, as well as with the taste and good sense contained in some of the notes; and we have throughout admired the tenacious enthusiasm with which Mr. Good defends every tenet and every foible of his original. We have smiled perhaps, and have disapproved; nor shall we hesitate to perform the most disagreeable part of our office in the exposure and detection of errors. When our judgment is unfavourable, we shall not deal in general severity, but substantiate every objection by a corresponding reference.

The blaze and display of multifarious learning in the notes, is calculated, we think, more to dazzle than to improve. Mr. Good has catered for the public, and presented it with a most substantial dish. It is an *olla podrida* or *omnium*, consisting of scraps from Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portugueze, and English,' (let us breathe for a moment) and 'from Mr. Good's love of Asiatic poetry,' he leads us sometimes into the 'sister languages of Arabia and Persia.' But before we enter, as Mr. Good would call it, into this 'chaotic' and 'tesselated' 'amalgamation' of the *omne scibile*, we will venture

a remark or two of our own on a few translations from the Latin poets, which have enriched our language.

Virgil, as a whole, is very inadequately translated into English. Where Dryden is great, he is incomparable: but how seldom does he attain the excellencies of his termination of the sixth Eneid, from the verse, '*Dii, quibus imperium est!!*' &c. In that passage he has summoned his highest powers to his aid, yet even there he occasionally permits himself to be overcome by his habitual dulness. The faithful monotony of Pitt and Wharton breathes nothing of epic sublimity; and the only portion of Virgil which can be said to be faithfully and poetically translated, is the version of the Georgics by Mr. Sotheby.

Horace, from the diversity of his matter and manner, is perhaps more read, and certainly more generally admired, inasmuch as his skill and subjects are varied, than his contemporary, Virgil. Yet if we except occasional translations, either close or paraphrastical, which we frequently discover interspersed among the fugitive pieces of our poets, he still owes a decided grudge to Francis and Boscawen, who, in the inefficiency of their attempt, were doomed to lament the mistake they had made in the application of their talents.

We have heard of an intended translation of Catullus by a Captain in the army; but from a MS. specimen which we perused, we should not recommend its disclosure till the 'ninth year.' It may, however, supersede without impropriety the trash which now occupies its place.

We have no time to waste in pointing out the insipidity of Grainger's Tibullus: the meteor of an English Statius, which vanished very speedily from our sight; or the more ancient and unrythmical contributions of Garth and his friends to Ovid. We venture, this day, to affirm, there does not exist in our language a translation of any Latin poet approaching to perfection.

A little polish, a chastised pen, and the mellowness of a few years in the author, would have enabled us to make a noble exception. Mr. Rowe has surpassed his original, Lucan, in many passages; he felt the same ardour of liberty with him, and like him he was cut off in the promise of poetical fame. The work, unfinished, and clogged with those evident faults of harshness and amplification, which the touch of the master would speedily have removed, was published by his widow for the benefit of his family; and leaves us the melancholy reflection that while we cannot yet boast that we have rendered Lucan vernacular, we must consider it

a proud and we fear an ineffectual endeavour in any builder, who would dare to replace such solid materials by modern architecture.

But of all the poets of Rome, none perhaps has excited more numerous candidates than Juvenal. Whether the early introduction of that satirist to every student at every school in our kingdom; whether the beauties of his poetical descriptions, or the predominant love of ill-nature and satire in the human breast, or all these causes conjointly, have united to render him a favourite with translators, he certainly has been in universal request. Holiday, who is now obsolete from his style, language, and verse, and more necessarily from the modern discoveries and inserted or proposed emendations in the text of his original, still preserves, in his notes, an uncommon fund of entertainment and instruction for any future translator. Dryden and his co-adjutors wrote on the spur of the moment; and we fear that fame was the least of their objects. Yet Dryden, nay even Creech and Tate, could not wholly enervate their vigorous prototype. Unembarrassed by critical caution, or the vexations of commentary, what they understood at the moment they copied with spirit; and where they would not take the trouble to investigate the nice and exact meaning, they bullied their readers with a specious paraphrase. Neither Madan, Owen, Marsh, nor Rhodes, are likely to survive the new manufactory which converts old printed paper into new *wire-wove*. Mr. Gifford began his classical studies at an advanced period of his life, and we are highly interested in the passage prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, wherein he laments the circumstance which made him an ὀψιμαθης. But for this, he might have been more successful in his translation of Juvenal, which, however, is still highly creditable to his exertions and his fame. Its characteristic is an unbending fidelity, which, though it may occasionally cramp the rythm, is certainly admirably calculated for conveying the strength and sense of Juvenal to an English ear. We have a high opinion of Mr. Gifford's abilities: we give him credit for deep research, and great poetical merit. His translation, with all its faults, undoubtedly claims the palm at present; and it possesses partial excellencies which will not easily be surpassed. It is impossible not to be struck with several passages of high spirit, and flowing in the fullest vein of poetry, even in those instances, where not only the sense, but even the antithesis of the original has been preserved; for instance, in satire 4,

——— Nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.

Not one of those, who valuing life at nought,
With freedom uttered what with truth they thought.

We cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning that we have heard the highest encomium past on a MS. translation of Juvenal now in the press. We have heard that it will not only rival all its predecessors in poetry, but in the arrangement and critical nicety of its notes. But as it is not our business to puff what we may be eventually compelled to condemn, we will merely add a few words on Persius, and then return to Mr. Good and his Titus Lucretius Carus. Mr. Drummond, a gentleman of high literary acquirements, has favoured the world with a translation of the above mentioned satirist. In the notes to his second edition, he has fallen foul of Brewster, his predecessor and his potent antagonist. We should be disinclined to criticise with much severity the attempt of Mr. Drummond; it neither becomes us as the judges of Mr. Good alone, nor when we consider the crabbed conciseness of the original, can we fairly lash a partial failure in the copy. But in his abuse of Brewster, Mr. Drummond has caused the weapon to recoil on himself; and we think that at this day a republication of his rival's work, which is now very scarce, would speedily consign the more polished and more modern effusion to the obscurity it merits.

To those, to whom these remarks may seem crude or impertinent, we owe an apology, and will attempt to please such readers by an immediate and a narrow examination of the bulky volumes before us. Their contents consist of a preface and other tedious preliminary matter; the Latin text of Lucretius, corrected from Wakefield's edition; the English translation in blank verse on the alternate page, and a modus of notes, which more than ten times outweighs the labours of the poet.

The preface chiefly consists of an account of all translations of Lucretius in modern languages. The palm is, with great reason, given to the Italian Marchetti: we entirely agree herein with Mr. Good; but we do not agree with him in regard to the '*propriety*' of inserting the Latin text in the alternate pages. We fully descry the '*advantage*' of it—to *the translator* we mean: to the *reader*, we fear, it will prove a very heavy and a very useless expence. Translations are either made for the literary, or the illiterate, or for both.

Now to the literary the text of Lucretius can be no object: they would consult this laborious work, most probably, with their Havercamp or Creech by their sides. To the illiterate it can be of no service whatever, as they cannot understand it; and to both it will superinduce a pecuniary loss, of the value of at least a third of these volumes. We do not mean by this to advance, that it is never expedient to confront the translation with the text. There are occasions where it is absolutely necessary. But Lucretius is an author of easy access, who writes in a style familiar to every one who is slightly initiated in learning and however Mr. Wakefield's vanity may have induced him to propose the adoption of this plan to Mr. Good, yet we venture to enter our protest against it: a protest we must make also with great severity on such a sentence as the following (Pref. xv.) 'Virgil, who though considerably younger than Lucretius, was contemporary with him, and was *indisputably* acquainted with the prophecies of Isaiah.' The '*lege meo periculo*' came with a bad grace from Bentley; Mr. Good will thank us for setting him right. This sentence consists of two members, both of which are highly culpable. We thought, in the first place, very simply perhaps, that what Mr. Good considers as an established fact, the coincidence in the years of Virgil and Lucretius, to say the least of it, was a point much controverted: and if Mr. G. will take the trouble to refer to his Heyne's Virgil, he will perhaps find, that Virgil was *not indisputably* acquainted with the prophecies of Isaiah.'

We cannot better inform our readers of the *scanty* materials extant for composing a life of Lucretius, than by quoting the exordium of Mr. Good.

'Concerning this inimitable poet, and most excellent philosopher, history presents us but with few authentic documents: and hence there are many circumstances of his life upon which writers have not been able to agree. For this dearth of materials, it is not difficult to account. Lucretius lived and died in a period in which the eye of every citizen was directed to public concerns; when the Roman empire was distracted by the ambition of aspiring demagogues, and the jealousies of contending factions: and when the party that triumphed in the morning, was often completely defeated by night. Added to which, the life of Lucretius was spent in the shades of philosophy and quiet: a situation, undoubtedly, best calculated for the improvement of the heart, and the cultivation of philosophy or the muses, yet little checkered with those lights and shades, with that perpetual recurrence of incident, and contrast of success and misfortune, which are often to be met with in the lives of the more active; and which importunately call for the

pen of the biographer, while they afford him abundant materials for his narrative. From the records that yet remain, however, and the most plausible conjectures of his editors and annotators, I am enabled to present the reader with the following pages.'

Now, notwithstanding this 'dearth of materials,' the Life and Appendix are extended to 121 pages—and a reader, whether of the 'country gentleman' kind, or the 'light summer skimmer,' must surely already have discovered the impropriety of the metaphor, wherein 'the life of Lucretius was spent in the *shades, which situation*, i. e. which *shades*, were little checkered with those lights and *shades*.'—But we withhold our pen from the chastisement of prose, which would occasionally call for what the Germans style 'a running commentary:' if we indulged ourselves in every petulant remark of this nature, they would, as Dryden sings in his translation of Juvenal,

'Foam o'er the margin and not finish'd yet.'

A very absurd affectation has lately obtained among our modern historiographers, whereby they attempt to reduce to the real termination of personal appellations, as licensed by the vernacular idiom of the language of the country to which each individual may belong, those names to which use, or the fancy of the individuals themselves may have appropriated a sound, to which the ears of moderns are perfectly familiarized. There is occasionally conceit in the search of truth: and although we willingly condemn the French mode of adopting French terminations to Roman names, as *Tite Live, Quinte Curse, Petrone, Denys*, &c. &c. we confess that we are not much obliged to the kind solicitude of Mr. Good, for calling Petrus Crinitus, *Peter Criniti*. But as every person has his taste in these matters, so this may be the taste of our author; nor should we controvert so harmless a deviation from our own sentiments, did we not think it rather a misnomer to call Petrus Crinitus, Peter Criniti, when his real name was Piero Ricci! Some of the commentators of Lucretius have the same quarrel with our author that poor Peter has; but Mr. Good is pretty safe from any posthumous suit, as the plaintiffs would be much puzzled to swear to their own names.

In a subsequent point of criticism we confess, from the opinion we entertain of Mr. Good's deep reading, we are not a little surprised; nor shall we refrain from starting our dissent. It is his object, for instance, to prove that Ennius enriched the Latin tongue; to compass which he quotes from the Gonethliacon Lucani, in Statius:

Cedet musa rudis ferocis Enni,
Et docti furor arduus Lucreti.

And here, says our critic, 'he draws, perhaps, a fair comparison between Ennius and our own poet.' Now if Mr. G. had taken the trouble to read three or four more verses in Statius, he would have found that the comparison was between all these bards *conjointly*, and Lucan.

In p. xlii. Mr. Good 'takes the liberty of translating a long passage from Horace.' We consider it altogether as irrelevant to his subject, and a severe trial of the reader's patience. Part of it is by no means ill done. There are, however, faults in the inharmoniousness of style, which we rarely detect in the translation of Lucretius.

Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——

'Or the fresh stores the Grecian fount supplies,
Bent but a little, frequent may suffice.'

It would be natural to suppose, from the following passage, that Horace had read 'the Loves of the Plants.'

'Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt.'

'As falls the foliage with the falling year,
Yet with the spring *new foliage pants t' appear*.'

This is at least translated, as Mr. G. would call it, with '*unsuccess*;' nor is he '*felicitous in the conveyance of ideas*.' We are told in page xlvii. 'that no scholar was ever better acquainted with Lucretius than Dr. Warton;' on which we shall make no comment: and that Lucretius' '*misjudging coevals* refused a garland of unfading flowers to his labours, on their first appearance.' After a slight mention of the 'Church' of Numa, we cannot refrain from observing a curious note.

'The destruction which has thus attended the works of Epicurus, compel us, in quoting from him, to have recourse to subsequent authors, who, like Diocles and Diogenes Laertius, have preserved certain parts of his writings in their own compositions. These, indeed, are but few, yet sufficiently numerous to prove to us, that Lucretius has been a most faithful expositor of his entire system. It is said, that a complete and original treatise of Epicurus upon his own philosophy has been lately discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, and that we may soon expect a printed edition of it. This, as a curiosity, will be truly valuable, and I am sorry to say that I cannot avail myself of it at present. Yet after the very ample manner in which every part of it has been unfolded by Lucretius, it is rather to be welcomed as a curiosity alone, than as containing any new matter of essential importance.'

We have heard, and we believe, that Mr. Hayter, assisted by some Neapolitan scholars, has decyphered at least a portion of the treatise of Epicurus περι φυσεως, recovered at Pompeii, which formed the ground-work of the poem of Lucretius—but we can by no means agree with Mr. Good that this discovery will be a 'curiosity alone.' On the contrary, with most classical readers it will supersede the perusal of Lucretius. For if we are inclined to investigate the barren wilderness of exploded philosophy, we surely should prefer the primary deductions of the founder of a sect, to the garbled translation of a disciple in a different age, and a different language; and that translation couched in poetry. This we conceive incontrovertible; and shall maintain it, while we continue to admire each beautiful *Oasis*, scattered in the interminable desert of the poet.

The following pages lead us into a disquisition on the doctrines of Epicurus. Mr. G. has evidently ransacked every index to every book which could throw light—(we beg pardon)—and could add weight to his own. If any reader can form 'a perspicacious' idea of the Epicurean soul from the description of it in p. lxxxix. we wish him joy. 'Let it at present suffice to observe, that the mind was supposed to be the result of a combination of the most volatile and ethereal *auras* or *gasses*, diffused over the whole body, though traced in a more concentrate form in some organs than in others'—'it may moreover be questioned whether *a frame so attenuate* be capable either of organization or permanent endurance.' The reasoning which follows is too abstruse (let us call it by no other word) for quotation; and we confess our spleen rises a little when we read, that 'the power that is capable of giving personality and consciousness to matter in its grosser and more palpable form, must unquestionably possess a similar power of bestowing the same qualities on matter *in its most attenuate and evanescent*. This opinion, however, I offer as a speculation to be pursued, rather than as a doctrine to be precipitately accredited!!!'

Every praise of industry, we wish we could add of discrimination, is due to Mr. Good; but his hard words are unable to stun our senses. In the ninety-eighth page, we thank our stars, that Lucretius thought proper to hang himself, for in that memorable leaf we find, that the warm and sympathetic soul of Lucretius was unable to sustain so unexpected a shock,' [i. e. the exile of Memmius] 'and the endearing attentions of his Lucilia were lavished upon him in vain. It threw him into a fever, affected his intellects, and, in a paroxysm of delirium, he destroyed himself!' and then, in an enormous note, 'he lived many years afterwards, and, *like Torquato*

Tasso, or our own lamented Cowper, evinced *regular* alternations of reason and derangement.' In regard to Cowper we are obliged to Mr. Good alone for the notice that he had '*regular* alternations.' Mr. G. takes Donatus, whom Heyne has properly dubbed Pseudo-Donatus, in earnest. These are indisputably the

——————loca nullius ante
Trita solo.

Has any gentleman, or any lady, heard what Scaliger said of Lucretius? It matters not what he said, but Mr. G. assures us it was 'denominated with a felicitous brevity of character.' Has any gentleman or any lady heard, that the 'espousers of the doctrine, that the *form,* though not the *matter,* of the visible world has had a beginning, *divaricate into a variety of ramifications,* of which the chief are the Pythagoric, the Platonic or Academic, and the Atomic?' It is still but justice to observe, that, however quaintly, and even tastelessly, some of these sentences may be compo[illegible] the Epicurean philosophy has never perhaps experienced a more thorough investigation and explanation than it has from the pen of Mr. Good. Even his *failings* 'lean to virtue's side.' When we shape to ourselves a favourite hypothesis, we are unwittingly led to maintain it by arguments which may eventually be weak supporters of the cause, or may eventually make against the cause itself. Thus it is with the main argument in favour of the Epicureans:—the lives of their founder and his immediate disciples were avowedly lives of purity and abstinence, nay a supererogation of abstinence contradicted the exoteric tenets of their sect. We are willing then to allow that our vulgar conceptions of the debauchery of Epicurus, and his strict followers in spirit, are unfounded in fact—but we cannot deny that the dogmas of the sect tended to the direct and immediate encouragement of vice. These founders of an abominable doctrine forcibly put us in mind of the ungenerous equivoques of certain Latin poets; of the

——castum esse decet pium Poetam
Ipsum: versiculos parum necesse est.

of Catullus; of the

Laseiva est nobis pagina, vita proba est,

and the more imprudent assumption of Ausonius in the Cento nuptialè.

Lucretius has made it his object to proclaim, loudly to

proclaim, that he believed neither in religion nor a future state; and, as if to prove this reliance on the non-existence of an hereafter by tying the noose to his neck, he has left little doubt to the examiner of his morals, and an example to Mr. Creech his translator, who also, to use a vulgar phrase, died in his shoes. We know the doctrines of the virtuous heathens on the subject of suicide; the *piis omnibus retinendus est animus in custodiâ corporis; nec injussu ejus a quô ille est vobis datus, ex hominum vitâ migrandum est, ne munus humanum assignatum a Deo defugisse videamini,* of Cicero, is deeply engraven on our memory. But we should not have taken pains to prove Lucretius guilty of impiety (which we had heretofore thought was his principal boast) had it not been necessary to repel the vain deductions of his supporter. We shall hereafter have cause to shew that a passage or two in the translation has been garbled to assist this untenable hypothesis.

The notes, which constitute by far the greater part of these volumes, some of which are trivial, some containing valuable materials, but all of them unconscionably tedious, are chiefly directed to the illustration of historical, philosophical, and critical subjects. In the province of history we shall be compelled to notice some mistakes, where we are willing to allow that

——— 'opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.'

The philosophical language is turgid throughout, and abounds with new and wild theories, and the promise of future discoveries. Notwithstanding this parade, we have gleaned much valuable information from pages whose subject and appearance were at first unpromising. Mr. Good has evidently given a great deal of attention to chemical and metaphysical studies; and if he is not entirely right or consistent in every allusion he makes to the principles and deductions of Newton, Berkeley, and Reid, yet upon the whole we congratulate him upon the acquisitions of his labour; and shall be still more willing to congratulate him, when a few years have taught him to discard certain theoretical reveries, and condense and elucidate the deep reading which has evidently occupied a considerable portion of his time. If we feel inclined to pass a severe sentence, it must be on those parts of his work which relate to taste; for we have been generally disappointed in the critical notes, and the pretended similarities of thought produced between Lucretius and all other authors, ancient and modern. But even in this department Mr. Good has our thanks for his

occasional happy illustrations, and our admiration for his knowledge of so many languages. For although we are by no means inclined to consider every quotation as a proof that the quoter understands the language, yet we should be not only sorry to insinuate such an idea in regard to Mr. G. but to withhold our voice in the known applause which his rich and varied acquisitions have already meritoriously acquired for him.

Having, in due fairness, said thus much, we cannot but object to several quarto pages of notes on the word 'Venus;' and sundry quotations from Camoens, the Henriade, &c. to prove what?—Nothing.—It is an old dispute among the commentators, 'how Lucretius, an Epicurean, could, in conscience, address a Deity?' This we leave them to fight out among themselves. But we are surprised that Mr. Good should not have read or considered the opinions of one Nardius, a Florentine annotator, who in this passage, after summing up very impartially all that had been said on every side, gravely tells us that Venus is here put for '*pot-herbs.*' We find in this comprehensive note, that Gesner invokes 'an impersonification of enthusiasm.' In the second note appear quotations from Spenser, Sir W. Jones, Metastasio, and Orpheus. In the latter quotation we are somewhat surprized that he has not remedied the evident gloss of ἐν ποντῳ τε βυθῳ τε.

But it is high time to enter on the poetry; and that Mr. Good may have the 'vantage ground, as the beginning of a work of this nature is generally more laboured than the conclusion, we will first present a passage in Latin and English, and our readers will allow that the translation gives a fair reflection to the original.

'Quæ quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas,
Nec sine te quidquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque sit lætum neque amabile quidquam;
Te sociam studeo scribundis versibus esse,
Quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadæ nostro; quem tu Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus:
Quo magis æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem.
Ecfice, ut interea fera mœnera militiai,
Per maria ac terras omneis, sopita, quiescant.
Nam tu sola potes tranquillâ pace juvare
Mortaleis: quoniam belli fera mœnera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, æterno devictus volnere amoris:
Atque ita, suspiciens tereti cervice repostâ,
Pascit amor avidos, inhians in te, Dea, visus:

Eque tuo pendet resupinæ spiritus ore.
Hunc tu, Diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
Circum fusa super, suaveis ex ore loquelas
Funde, petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem.
Nam neque nos agere hoc patriai tempore iniquo
Possumus æquo animo; nec Memmii clara propago
Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.' P. 14.

'Since, then, with universal sway thou rul'st,
And thou alone; nor aught without thee springs,
Aught gay or lovely; thee I woo to guide
Aright my flowing song, that aims to paint
To Memmius' view the essences of things;
Memmius, my friend, by thee, from earliest youth,
O goddess! led, and trained to every grace.
Then, O, vouchsafe thy favour, power divine!
And with immortal eloquence inspire.
Quell too the fury of the hostile world,
And lull to peace, that all the strain may hear,—
For peace is thine; on thy soft bosom he,
The warlike field who sways, almighty Mars,
Struck by triumphant love's eternal wound,
Reclines full frequent; with uplifted gaze
On thee he feeds his longing, ling'ring eyes,
And all his soul hangs quiv'ring from thy lips.
O! while thine arms in fond embraces clasp
His panting members, sov'reign of the heart!
Ope thy bland voice, and intercede for Rome.
For, while th' unsheathed sword is brandished, vain
And all unequal is the poet's song;
And vain th' attempt to claim his patron's ear.' P. 15.

The translation labours under one serious fault throughout, namely, that its author has attempted to condense in an English line the sense of a Latin hexameter. In no instance, perhaps, would this be practicable, through any length of writing; but from the subject of Lucretius alone it would be impossible, without considerable injury to the sense.

I. 57. 'Omnis enim per se Divôm Natura necesse est,
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur,
Semota a rebus nostris, sejunctaque longè.'

'Far, far, from mortals, and their vain concerns,
In peace perpetual, dwell th' immortal gods
Each self-dependant.'

Where is the force of the *necesse est*, which is used as an invigorating term throughout Lucretius? We also dislike the

tautology of *far, far!*—*Per se* by no means signifies *self-dependant*. The three following lines could not be worse translated:

I. 60. 'Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ.'

———— ————'there nor pain pervades,
Nor danger threatens; every passion sleeps;
Vice no revenge, no rapture virtue prompts.'

'This verse' (says Mr. G.) 'has given great offence to many of the commentators.' It has certainly given great offence to us.

———— ————'Extra
Processit longè flammantia mœnia mundi.' 74. I.

————'The flaming walls
Of heaven to scale!'

We cannot approve the inversion and the language. In the notes to Gray's poems we meet the Latin quotation under his line,

He passed the *flaming bounds* of space and time.

Yet, when Mr. Good tells us that it is an *obvious* imitation on the part of Gray, and does not deign to notice this little circumstance, he surely means to claim credit for the discovery. When we came to the

————'hunc propter ferrum celerare ministros,'

we naturally expected some good elucidation of the controverted passage from Mr. Good; we were, however, disappointed in the hope, and must refer the reader to the note in p. 29. Let us turn to a philosophical part of the poem;

'In saxis, et speluncis, permanat aquarum
Liquidus humor, et uberibus flent omnia guttis.' I. 349.

'From rocks and caves translucent lymph distils,
And, from the tough bark, drops the healing balm.'

We confess we are much at a loss to conceive what Mr. Good means by this second line; it is no translation, it is no sense—or did he reason thus—*omnia* includes all things—*ergo*, it includes trees—I will therefore individualise 'tough bark' from the general term *omnia*?

I. 356.——'rigidum frigus permanat ad ossa.'

'E'en to the *marrow* winds its *sinuous* way.'

No! no! no!

'Denique si nullam finem natura parásset
Frangundis rebus, jam corpora materiai
Usque redacta forent, ævo frangente priore,
Ut nihil ex illis a certo tempore posset,
Conceptum, summum ætatis pervadere finem.' I. 552.

In regard to the last word, we certainly should prefer the MS. reading *florem*. We have not a Wakefield's edition before us, but till we are convinced by him, we wholly agree with Creech. However this may be, there is both poetry and philosophy in these verses. The copy is but heavy.

'Else friction, too, had injured; each by each
Through myriad years abraded, and reduced,
'Till nought conceptible had lived to rear,
Each in its time, the progenies of earth;
For all is wasted easier than renewed.
And hence, had all been thus disturb'd, dissolv'd.'

'Quorum Agragantinus cum primis Empedocles est:
Insula quam triquetris terrarum gessit in oris.' 77, I.

'Thus sung Empedocles, *in honest fame*
First of his sect; whom Agrigentum bore
In *cloud-capt* Sicily.'

We need not comment on this translation. We cannot but quote from the note, in which our readers, with ourselves, will be amused with a new piece of historical information. Empedocles is reported to have perished by a fall down the dreadful opening on the top of Mount Etna, *as the Elder Pliny died by a fall* INTO *Vesuvius*. Fie, Pliny junior, you have told Tacitus a sorry fib: it would seem you certainly could know nothing about the manner of your uncle's death!

'Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita Virum vi.' I. 729.

——————'a land in harvests rich,
And rich in sages of illustrious fame.'

On the Latin line, Fayus remarks (Ed. Creech, p. 40.) 'Multis Codd. hic versus desideratur:' it is a pity Mr. Good

did not take the *hint* for his English line. It certainly was not ignorance, but an unpardonable oscitancy to forget that 'Viri,' in the present passage, signified, in its most extended usage, the population of Sicily.

P. 132. 'The anaphora, or playful iteration, adopted in this translation, is still fullet in the original.

'——— multimodis communia multis
Multarum rerum in rebus primordia mulcea
Sunt; ideo variis variæ res rebus aluntur.'

Of these *sportive* figures Lucretius appears to have been extremely fond; and it is hence frequently to be traced in the course of his poem. To this remark on the *playfulness* of Lucretius, in the passage cited, are added, in an enormous note, proofs of the anaphora in all languages; with sundry translations of those elegant *morceaux*. Mr. Good calls the following line of Camoens, an instance of the anaphora.

Varias gentes, e leis, e *varias* manhas!!!

We quote his own line, 894,

'From such mistakes, detected and expos'd,
Now turn we!!'

the whole of which, by the by, is gratuitously foisted into the text by the translator.

896. In the description of the forest in flames, Mr. Good, who is generally communicative, contents himself with a parallel passage from Virgil, (which, with due submission, is not a parallel passage) and offers no remark on the line

Donec flammai fulscrunt FLORE coörto.

We have not, as we before said, Wakefield's edition at hand; but he has doubtless commented on the classical combination in this verse. Creech, who attended more to the philosophical than the poetical merits of his author, has made no observation; we will therefore venture to produce a passage or two from the Greek, which will, we think, establish the reading of *flore* in preference to *igne*, that being also a MS. reading.

Αυταρ επει ΠΥΡΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ απεπαυσατο, παυσατο δε φλοξ. Hom.

There are at least three instances of the same usage in the Oracles of Zoroaster; one of these lines ends,

——— ἐκ ΠΥΡΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ επισχων.

Τα γαρ ΑΝΘΟΣ, παντιχυε πυρος σελας. Æsch. Prom. 7.

Hesychius explains πυρος ανθος· το λαμπροτατον. Mr. Good's translation is nothing to the purpose; and expresses the original no more than the lines,

> 'Sweet are the springing founts with nectar new;
> Sweet the new flowers that bloom: but sweeter still
> Those flowers to pluck, and weave a roseate wreath'—

identify the beautiful original of Lucretius, I. 926.

> ——— juvat *integros* accedere *fontes*
> Atque haurire; juvatque novos decerpere flores,
> *Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam.*

The text of Mr. Good is incorrect: but his note is infinitely more objectionable, from the trifling contained in it: he surmises that ivy, and not laurels, *always* adorned the head of the poet.

I. 1001. We are in this verse wholly inclined to agree with Mr. Good that the original (we trust he means the original) 'is inimitably beautiful, both as to sublimity of thought, and splendour of diction.'

> Est igitur natura loci, spatiumque profundi,
> Quod neque clara suo percurrere flumina cursu
> Perpetuo possint ævi labentia tractu;
> Nec prorsum facere, ut restet minus ire, meando:
> Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,
> Finibus exemptis, in cunctas undique partes.

Johnson, in passing a just encomium on Cowley, selects a passage somewhat resembling the above;

> Round the whole world his dreaded name shall sound,
> And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

We close our present critique with the end of the first book of Lucretius, engaging to resume the subject in our ensuing number, into which we shall, without difficulty, compress the remainder of our remarks.

We are aware that to those whose pleasure it rather is to sneak in the shade, than bask in the light of learning, our remarks on the philosophical tenets of Mr. Good might give some room for misrepresentation, unless we closed this portion of our critique with assuring every reader that in the sheets we have hitherto reviewed, there is nothing prejudicial to morality or free inquiry. When Mr. Good defends his licentiousness in the translation of parts of the fourth book, we shall probably break a spear with him; but even what we there consider as a blemish, was solely superinduced by a love of fidelity, and a tenacious adherence to his design. We take leave of Mr. Good for the present,

insisting that the reader will have kept pace with us, and be ready to open the second book of the translation with us when we meet again in April.

(To be continued.)

ART. VIII.—*The Pleasures of Love. A Poem. By John Stewart, Esq. Small 8vo.* Mawman. 1806.

THOUGH the present age may not be qualified to contend with some of its predecessors for the crown of poetry, it cannot be regarded as altogether destitute of poetical talent. Besides a variety of smaller poems, in a few instances of sufficient merit to engage the attention of posterity, not less than six epic* or heroic poems have appeared to distinguish the present day from any which has elapsed since the death of the indefatigable and the fluent Blackmore. Not to digress for the purpose of adverting to the relative merits of these productions, of which some have been intended to impress us with the idea of extreme facility, and some with that of admirable assiduity and patience, we may class them all, with the exception of the Calvary of Mr. Copeland, and the Alfred of Mr. Pye, to demonstrate that an irregular and vicious taste is the predominating defect of the existing generation of poets. It has frequently been remarked, that, when the mind of a nation has been educated to a high point of refinement, and has produced admirable models in the various provinces of composition, it has appeared to lose part of that force which distinguished the efforts of its youth, and part of that fine sensibility of rectitude which characterised those of its maturity. Fearful of success in a fair competition with the great masters who have preceded them, the writers of a later period have endeavoured either to strike with novelty, or to please a luxurious and satiated public with superfluous and meretricious embellishment. Of Greece, indeed, the genius seemed to decline rather than the judgment: and till a very late age, her authors are more to be pitied for their inferiority of power, than to be censured for their affectation or their degeneracy in taste: but with Rome the case was quite otherwise. Her golden age of composition, which was of short continuance, was succeeded by a period

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* This title is disclaimed by the author of Madoc, as too vilified for his ambition. See Critical Review for last month.

during which her writers, with no diminution of talent, betrayed much corruption of taste, and, presumptuously deviating from the track of their predecessors, wandered proportionably far from the right way. Something similar to this has occurred in the literary history of our own country. In that term, which comprises the close of the seventeenth, and the first twenty years of the eighteenth century, our national composition seems to have reached its summit; and while our prose was brought to a degree of purity, beyond which it has not been since advanced, by the pens of Swift, Arbuthnot, Addison, and Bolingbroke, our poetry, softened and unfolded into its fullest harmony by the genius of Dryden, received its ultimate polish from the industry and the judgment of Pope. Gray and Mason were contented to form themselves on the models which had been bequeathed to them: but the ambition of our more modern bards has been disdainful of similar prudence, and by attempting extraordinary modes to please, has failed egregiously of its object. One class of these candidates for poetic fame has tricked out the muse like a modern fine lady, spangled by the jeweller, and blossoming from the artificial flower maker; while another has offered her, (and has demanded our applause for the deed) poor and lame and impotent thing; a species of mock muse, without power and without voice—a stranger to the visions of the Aönian land, and who never sipped a drop of inspiration from the Pierian spring. By *those* votaries of the tuneful power we have been dazzled and fatigued with unmitigated glitter and gaudiness; and by *these* we have been seriously presented with prose adapted to poetic feet, with variety of cadence extorted from violated harmony, with rudeness and nakedness, under the specious names of simplicity and nature. These faulty extremes, of which the florid is unquestionably the most alluring and the most entitled to the honours of poetry, have respectively been sanctioned by writers who, able to seize on a temporary popularity, have each of them attracted a train of imitators to reflect and heighten their defects. To the first of these classes of modern poetry must be assigned the author of the poem which is now before us. The same profusion of glaring colouring, the same display of scientific or technical language, the same multitude of ambitious epithets, the same finery and spangle, in short, which cover the page of Darwin, are visible in that of Mr. Stewart. But besides the faults of his model, Mr. Stewart is chargeable with many immediately of his own. His composition betrays the characters of a juvenile pen, and

discovers that its author has not attained, by exercise and discipline, to the faculty of distinguishing and arranging his ideas. A general confusion and cloudiness pervades and involves the work. What the writer intends to say, is at once redundantly and defectively told: and when we have been compelled to re-peruse some of his pages for the purpose of apprehending his meaning, we have found the labour of the pursuit ill requited by the value of the capture. A penury of thought is every where to be distinguished under an exuberant diction; and if our ear is never offended, our understandings are never satisfied, and our judgment is perpetually set at defiance. It is painful to us to hurt the feelings of an author, to whose sentiments and object no objections can be formed: but, as guardians of the public taste, we feel it to be our duty not to permit false poetry to usurp the reward of true; or the press to be overflowed by the works of men who can merely throw ten syllables into such an order as may please the ear, and then can t[illegible]h rhyme.

[illegible]ever, as we are to pronounce Mr. Stew[illegible]t to be a failure, we are disposed to give [illegible] possession of powers, which, by the ef[illegible]cultivation, and the study of correct models, may lead him to ultimate success; or may place him, at least, in a station above the mere mechanic framer of an harmonious verse. Instead of exhibiting, by any minute process of critical dissection, the faults of Mr. Stewart's production, we shall submit such a portion of it to our readers as may enable them to form their own judgment of its merits, and to reverse our sentence, if it should be found to be the result either of erroneous principles of criticism, or of a defective taste. Of the following extract, however, which constitutes the opening of the poem, and is intended, as we *believe*, (for we are not quite certain,) to be a description of the creation, and of the birth of woman, the general faultiness and the particular trespasses against taste and accurate composition will be sufficiently obvious and striking, as we conceive, to ratify the truth of our decision.

'O'er Heaven's high arch the infant Hours unfold
The Orient Morn, in canopy of gold,
From silver urns their balmy showers effuse,
And bathe her silk cheeks in ambrosial dews;
Now peep the smiles, the vermeil dimples dawn,
And hues of saffron streak the azure lawn;
Now, hinged on pearl, she turns in bright display
The eastern portals reddening into day,

Whose genial blush bids new creations spring,
And warm with life, their natal anthem sing.
Thus the mute canvass, touch'd by Genius, lives,
And fairy worlds the mimic pencil gives;
Up-spring the hills, with cots romantic crown'd,
The ivied towers, the sloping vales around,
The glittering waves that roll in limpid pride,
The bending woods that clothe the glassy tide,
Charm'd we survey, where not a tint was seen,
Attractive graces harmonize the scene!

'Lo! 'mid the ambient blue new lustres beam,
Fire the dun shade, and o'er the concave stream,
As the new Sun through ether's fulgid course
Now shot benign in vivifying force;
With arrowy ægis lit the sapphire main,
And bathed, in fluid gold, the ripening plain;
Flush'd the full blade, his mellow beauties shed,
And o'er the earth her vital glories spread.

'Here glow the flowers soft-dipt in Fancy's lo[illegible]
That smile in tears, in rays caloric bloom
Round the fond elm the ruby tendril thro
The fruit full ripened, and the bud that
The down-wove peach, the lily's virgin b
Bask in the blaze, with hue prolific swell;
There, girt in foam, the stores of ocean roll,
And lash the strand, impatient of controul.

'See! the warm clay, in mould celestial plann'd,
Roll the blue eye, and poise the sinewy hand!
Life's rushing tides a kindling glow impart,
And fire the veins successive from the heart:
It moves, it speaks, complete the matchless plan—
Majestic beauty stamps aspiring man!
Soon shall the tawny sheaf, the purpling vine,
Cluster in gold, in tumid nectar shine;
For him the gilded spoil, the hoarded store,
Load every sea, and burnish every shore.

'How vain the charms in bounteous nature drest,
To beam contentment on the care-worn breast!
No jocund draught can pleasure's balm dispense,
If cold satiety arrest the sense;
No mild luxuriance, no enamell'd sky,
Paint the blanch'd cheek, or point the rayless eye:
But Hope with Ariel-wand, her visions gives,
And rich with bliss the magic landscape lives.
She to new joy can rouse th' enthusiast heart,
And sweeter hours and softer scenes impart;
The silken tresses, and the neck of snow,
The smiles that sparkle, and the tears that flow,

The blush, the glance, the languor, and the sigh,
In soft succession, as she calls, move by.

'In Music light awoke the Seraph's song,
Where crown'd with palms Euphrates glides along.
And fairy woods in gay reflection pass,
The spangled fruitage nodding from the glass;
As by the margin slept the blushing fair,
On scented thyme that dew'd her silken hair;
But ah! not yet her eyes of liquid blue
Had tried their power, and gloried to subdue!
Not half so pure, the crystal tears adorn
The violets mild sweet-opening to the morn.

'In Eden shades with flowers eternal crown'd,
Where citron arbours breathed their odours round,
Primæval Love first view'd, with blushes warm,
Each flexile beauty and each orient charm;
In the clear wave her sportive image 'spies
Come as she comes, and vanish as she flies;
Sees rival tints a soften'd radiance speak,
And blend the rose and lily on her cheek;
And all the fluttering Loves the nectar sip,
Or nestle gaily on the coral lip:
Her eyes told more than all the Muses tell,
Though sweet to passion's ear the mimic swell;
Her ringlet locks with hyacinths entwined,
Gave their rich clusters to the perfumed wind,
Or now luxuriant o'er her ivory neck
In golden waves, her tumid bosom deck,
Whose crimson currents, exquisitely fine,
Through lucid snow in blue meanders shine:
Her buoyant limbs, in just proportion wove,
Elastic float and frolic through the grove;
In motion charm, in grace quiescent please,
With pliant swim or harmonizing ease.' P. I.

We have not thought it requisite to notice the small pieces in lyric measure, which occasionally interrupt the continuity of Mr. Stewart's heroic pages. It may be proper for us, therefore, just to remark, that the effect of variety, thus obtained, is, in our opinion, far from happy; and that the merit of the pieces in question, with reference either to the fancy, or to the command of numbers which they discover, is too inconsiderable to justify their intrusion, or to entitle them to any peculiar praise.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the Life of Agrippina, the Wife of Germanicus. By Elizabeth Hamilton. 3 vols. Small 8vo.* Robinson. 1804.

THE author informs us in her preface, of the object and intent of the present work, in the following words:

'To point out the advantages which are to be derived from paying some attention to the nature of the human mind in the education of youth, was the object of a former work: the author's aim in the present, is to give such an illustration of the principles that were then unfolded, as may render them more extensively useful.' This being determined upon, Miss H. informs us that her next desire was, to render this practical illustration of the principles advanced in her treatise, alluring. To take examples from living or recent characters, was considered as too delicate a ground. To delineate an imaginary one would not answer the purpose, because feigned events may be accommodated to any theory. Led by these considerations, Miss H. had recourse to ancient biography, and among the personages there to be found, she saw none which offered more materials for her purpose, than the characters of Agrippina and the amiable Germanicus, as pourtrayed by the masterly hand of Tacitus. There is certainly much interesting matter contained in that historian, tending to give us definite notions of the personæ dramatis of his times. But of the minuter circumstances which, in early youth, determined the bias and direction of their characters, and gave a certain form and pressure to the little world within, what do we—what can we know? In the ancient historians we have only the coarse and strong outlines. They detailed characters no farther than as these were connected with events, and without any reference to the history of mind. Now, if a modern chooses to fill up these outlines and to finish the picture, it is (considered as an illustration of any theory) to all intents and purposes a modern manufacture—a fiction, with this disadvantage, that the author, cramped by facts, is not likely to amuse us half so much as if the whole piece was left to himself. Thus, in the work before us, after all, we are frequently put off with the 'proxima veris,' with suppositions and possibilities; and the only conclusions which a reader can draw from the Memoirs of Agrippina, are of a general and common-place kind; as, that the passions when not early inured to a wholesome restraint run out into excesses, that evil communications corrupt good manners, &c. &c. The mere novel-reader will, we fear, be averse to the labour of

acquiring clear ideas of the intricate affinities of the Julian family, though distinctly enough laid down in the outset; and even when this is acquired, he will demand perhaps something more piquant, and more highly seasoned with sentiment or romance to gratify his palate than the series of incidents here recorded. We see in imagination some soft Belinda led by the soothing sound of the title *Agrippina*, to order it from the circulating library, and when arrived, scudding over a page or two, and throwing it down on her sofa, with a yawning—'Quis leget hæc.'

To be serious, this work is not meant to be an elucidation of history, and therefore it would be unfair to treat it as such. Perhaps one that would examine it with severity by the original sources, might discover some peccadillos. We ourselves find Octavia having two daughters by Mark Antony, (Vol. i. p. xxxvi.) and only one in page 296. But peace to all such. As a practical view of the influence of early associations and the developement of the passions, for which it was intended, those, we think, who do not suffer themselves to be ravished by words and sounds, will confess that it teaches them little or nothing.

By the way, association of ideas is a term of which Miss H. is very fond, and without doubt it is a most extensive principle. It is to the human mind what attraction is to the material world, almost the master-key of all phænomena. But with regard to the advantages accruing to the art of education from the use of this principle, let us not be too sanguine. It is something, but it is not all. Association is a principle of which we easily discern the power in general; but, when we begin to apply the doctrine with practical views, it involves too many and too subtle workings of the mind for us to operate upon it to any extent. Association is spoken of by some writers, as if it were a mechanical engine whereby we had power to mould the human soul to whatever form we please. But, in reality, it is a piece of clock-work of too complex a construction to be adjusted or set at work by any mortal hand, and the danger arising from playing tricks and trying experiments with its wheels are incalculable. Such are Rousseau's ridiculously technical plans in his Emilius, though not immediately flowing from this source. Let every parent, however, remember that there is one general, safe, and infallible precept which may be derived from this principle, or rather from the more palpable one, the propensity of youth to imitation,—a precept which suits all orders and all understandings, which is simply this; be what you wish your child to be.

Every one knows the insidious irony with which Gibbon in his history sneers at the christian religion, representing the *pannos assutos* as an essential part of the original garment, and then obliquely attacking it by extolling the liberality of heathen toleration—an argument which, even granting the solidity of its premises, makes against christianity about as much as one would be thought to prove a pocket-piece not sterling, by shewing that the possessor took more care of it than of a brass counter. But little as is *his* claim to honest and open dealing in an adversary, it is our duty, for the sake of the sanctity of the cause. Gibbon says, that 'the public spectacles were an essential part of the *cheerful devotion* of the Pagans, &c.' meaning by 'cheerful' perhaps 'voluntary,' in contradistinction to that devotion which is exacted by compulsion. Miss H. after adverting to the horrid barbarities of the Arena, adds—'One who has been educated under the benevolent system of the Gospel, must have successfully combated with many early prejudices, before he can allow to such exhibitions the appellation of *cheerful*!'

This is not exactly fair play. Miss H. takes the epithet from one thing (devotion,) and affixes it to another (exhibitions.) With the latter it can be taken in only one sense; with the former it may mean either of two, of which we ought to reason upon the most favourable. We do not mean that Miss Hamilton's argument is materially hurt by the proceeding; but we do wish to see, in every application of an adversary's words, the most scrupulous—the most generous accuracy.

Upon the whole, this work shews great diligence and moral ardour; the former, as proceeding from one professedly unacquainted with the ancient languages; the latter as interspersed throughout with pious and well-meant reflections. But we fear that, considered as a biographical piece, it wants interest, and (to use the author's own words) 'if from an interesting novel little is to be expected, from one void of interest we can hope for nothing.' That there is nothing essential in the work to distinguish it from a novel, we have shewn already.

ART. X.—*Sermons on various Subjects; by the Rev. Joseph Townsend, M. A. Rector of Pewsy, Wilts.* 8vo. 8s. Mawman. 1805.

THESE Sermons, we are informed in the preface, were written more than twenty years ago; and it was the intention of their author to have reserved the publication of them for his executors. But lamenting to see that the progress of infidelity, and the licentious morals of the age, are such as to call loudly for the zealous exertions of all the friends of religion, piety, and virtue, he has rescinded that determination, and resolved to lose no time in committing his thoughts and admonitions to the press.

Did this laudable and charitable purpose stand in need of further justification, Mr. Townsend has supplied us with additional reasons for the present publication, viz. the nature of its contents, and his own opinion of the advantages which he has enjoyed in life, and which have been such as to qualify him in some degree for encountering more particularly those evils, the contemplation of which had impressed him with so much pain.

His walk in life, and his professional engagements during forty years, enabled him to observe the workings of the mind in the highest and in the lowest classes of the human race; to watch the progress of temptation; and to witness the prevalence of infidelity among transgressors, both rich and poor. Such are the objects which more particularly attracted his attention, and such are the evils against which he has directed these discourses. Vide Pref. p. viii.

In conformity to this statement, the first discourse contains some arguments for the existence of a God: the two next in order, treat of the moral law of God in its relations to the unbeliever, to the formal and professional Christian, and to the children of this world; with an exposition of the two great commandments, the summary of all the law and the prophets—Love to God, and to the brotherhood. The fourth and fifth sermons refer to the gospel: the former contains a brief but interesting view of some of the principal evidences of our religion; and the latter describes the wanderings of ancient and of modern philosophers, in their reasonings of God and of religion, when destitute of the light and guidance of revelation. The sixth sermon, and those which follow to the thirteenth inclusive, are on Temptation. We can only give a short and imperfect sketch of their contents:—Instances of temptation fallen into—the *progress* of temptation—the way and means to *avoid* the

power of temptation, such as constant occupation, temperance, courage in maintaining and avowing sound principles, choice of company, retirement and meditation, books, an estimate of human strength, removed alike from presumption and despair, care and culture of the understanding and the heart, together with prayer for the grace and support of God. Next to this succeeds an enumeration and display of the reasons and motives which are to encourage us to *resist* temptation, and to rescue us from the dominion of sin. These are stated to be *retribution in this life*, the sickness and the evil which falls upon our own heads; the effects of our guilt *upon others*; the certainty of *future* retribution; and the violation of our duties of gratitude and love to God, and attachment to his will, which ought to arise in our hearts from the sense of his manifold bounties and mercies. The fourteenth and fifteenth discourses, which conclude the volume, are on the leaven of the Sadducees, and the leaven of the Pharisees; and combine an account of the principles and conduct of those ancient sects, with many salutary cautions and instructions for modern Christians.

These important subjects are treated by Mr. Townsend, not with any very extraordinary powers of eloquence, but with much good sense and sound learning. His allusions and illustrations are often derived from scripture with great felicity: and the whole frame and manner of the composition and contents of his discourses give a very favourable opinion of the soundness of his judgment and the uprightness of his heart. Occasionally we meet with a word which is too technical for a sermon, or savours too much of book-learning, or which is not supported by sufficient homiletic authority. In p. 5, we do not much approve the use of *incredulity* for *unbelief* or *infidelity*; nor in p. 9, that of *substantives* for *substances*; in p. 268, 279, and 282, there is something which offends us, in the use of the words 'softer passion;' and in most congregations such clauses as 'olfactory nerves spread over reiterated folds and convolutions of the Ethmoidal bones,' would seem to be of little use but to procure to the preacher the esteem and reputation of being 'a Latiner.' Still the style of these discourses partakes of the same valuable qualities with the matter, and is, generally speaking, correct, vigorous, scholar-like, and manly.

We perused with much interest Mr. Townsend's account in his preface of the great work upon which he has been so long engaged, on the Character and Writings of Moses. We heartily wish him success in this very important undertaking; and trust that it may add speedily another trophy to the literary honours of our country.

ART. XI.—*African Memoranda, relative to an Attempt to establish a British Settlement on the Island of Bulama, on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1792. By Captain Philip Beaver, of his Majesty's Royal Navy.* 4to. Baldwins. 1805.

THESE pages make the reader acquainted with the melancholy and unfortunate result of an ill-contrived and badly executed, though well-intended expedition to the western coast of Africa, in the year 1792; which was proposed and undertaken by a few gentlemen, with a view to ascertain whether or not it were practicable to cultivate tropical productions on that coast, by means of its free natives, after having fairly bought a tract of land for the purpose. The question of the abolition of the slave trade had, at that time, for four or five years, been violently agitated; and some of those who were advocates for its continuance, boldly asserted that the Africans were incapable of enjoying freedom, or of being in any great degree civilized; and it was thought that this expedition would decide the injustice of such an opinion. Unfortunately, however, for the Africans, it was so exceedingly ill-conducted, that it was totally given up, ere the latter part of that opinion could be put to the proof, though the former part of it was unequivocally ascertained to be erroneous.

Such is the general outline of the work before us. It contains also a brief notice of the inhabitants, soil, and productions of the continental country adjacent to the island of Bulama, which lies at the mouth of the Rio Grande, in the eleventh degree of north latitude, and some observations on the facility of colonizing that part of Africa, with a view to cultivation, and the introduction of letters and religion to the native tribes; but more particularly as the means of gradually abolishing African slavery.

The design of this expedition was so liberal, noble, and patriotic, and, as far as lay within Mr. Beaver's power, so spiritedly acted upon, that we cannot help being greatly interested in the detail of his operations, and in the causes of their failure.

A committee of thirteen gentlemen (mostly naval or military characters) having been formed, a memorial of their proceedings was presented to government; but some delay was occasioned by their having illegally, although unintentionally so, erected themselves into a legislative council, and drawn up a constitution of their own, which, before they sailed, they were compelled to set aside. This occasioned

some little confusion, and in consequence of their having, imprudently enough, already got under weigh, they had no time to remedy their mistake, and were therefore obliged to set forth on their expedition without any legal restraint upon their colonists, who, from the very nature of an infant settlement, peculiarly required it. Nine thousand pounds, collected by the members of this society, with the assistance of voluntary subscriptions, had been expended in the equipment of the vessels; which were the Calypso of 298 tons burthen, the Hankey of 261 tons, and the cutter Beggar's Benison, a Gravesend boat of 34. Their crew in all, men, women, and children, consisted of 275 souls. Of these Capt. Beaver observes, that the committee had not been sufficiently scrupulous in the acceptation of public servants and labourers who offered themselves to the expedition, and who were after a certain time to receive a grant of land, and to become settlers. A surgeon was appointed with a salary of 60l. per annum, and a grant of 500 acres of land; and an assistant-surgeon with a salary of 30l. and 250 acres; instruments and medicines to be found by the colony. They engaged to remain two years on the island (their health permitting it) or to forfeit their land. They were ordered to keep a journal of the diseases of the people under their care, and to send to the council (or committee) a daily report of the sick, both according to the forms observed by the surgeons in his Majesty's royal navy. This seems to have been the best regulated part of the whole undertaking.

The island of Bulama was fixed upon as the spot best adapted to the commencement of the plan, as the colonists knew it was uninhabited, and had every reason to believe there would be no difficulty in purchasing it from those neighbouring chiefs who might claim it as their property. To establish themselves on an island, rather than on the continent, was thought most eligible, as they would be more secure from any hostile attack, if a quarrel should unfortunately arise with the natives; and such quarrels would be less likely to occur, as the insular situation would put it out of the power of the colonists to wander into any of the native villages. Moreover, a Mr. Dalrymple, when serving with his regiment in the last war (it will be remembered this expedition was undertaken in 1792) on the island of Goree, had collected much information relative to this island of Bulama, as it is invariably called by the natives, although former charts have it Bulam, or Boulam. Its harbours, productions, soil, &c. seemed favourable, from this gentleman's account; but what finally induced the colonists to make this

choice, was the very flattering description given of Bulama by Monsieur de la Brue, who had been director-general of the French Senegal company, and who had visited this island in 1700.

So far the expedition seems to have been planned with forecast; but the causes of its failure originated in Europe. In the first place the season was too far advanced when the enterprize was first determined upon and the proposals published, viz. the 9th of November, 1791; for if none of those unforeseen delays which afterwards took place had happened, the colonists would not have been able to take possession of the island more than two months earlier than they actually did, which would not have been many days prior to the rainy season; whereas the best time to arrive at the island would have been about the middle of November, when they would certainly have had more than six months dry weather to erect houses and clear the ground. In the next place, by increasing the number of their committee, or council, they did not add to its strength, for they gained nothing in energy or talents by this accession. The latter members too were disunited in their views from the former. They also wanted some head, who should have had full power, and been responsible for the use of it. Their sailing without a charter was the next wrong measure; but unless they had waited another year to procure one, they could not have got it. They were imprudent in not taking with them the frames of houses for shelter; this indeed was a fatal omission, and to it may be attributed the greatest part of their mortality. They were reduced to the necessity of constant and hard labour in the rains, to erect houses not only for shelter, but absolutely for their very existence; in the fine intervals they had no time to clear the ground, and in short lost the whole of that season for the purpose of cultivation. The characters of the public servants have been touched upon; but those of the majority of subscribers themselves, (the terms of subscription being very moderate, and yet constituting the subscriber an optional colonist) were still more prejudicial to the undertaking. It was an undertaking which required the constant and active exertion of many manly virtues; but indolence appeared to be too predominant in the otherwise best regulated minds among them. The carrying out of women and children, (122 in number,) who crowded the ships, increased the diseases, and did not share the labours and difficulties necessarily attendant upon settling in a new country, was another material errror. The public money was expended lavishly; and in consequence, the so-

ciety had not the means of sending out a vessel with a reinforcement and some necessary articles, at the end of the second rainy season;—but had such a vessel arrived before the latter end of November 1793, it would certainly have prevented the evacuation of the island at that time, though it might only have protracted it for a short period. The war also in which England was now engaged must be considered, from various reasons which are too evident to require enumeration, as another cause of the failure of the colonists.

These were the chief obstacles to their success that originated in Europe: several others occurred during the voyage, which we shall not enumerate, but proceed to give an account of such as arose in their transactions previous to, and after their settlement in the island of Bulama, to its final evacuation. On the 15th of April 1792, the three vessels cleared the channel; and on the 24th of May the Calypso, who had quitted her companions, got sight of the Island of Bulama, and sent all her boats armed on shore. Here the crews wandered up and down without any order, plan, or objects; either wantonly or ignorantly set the long grass on fire, which spread with much rapidity to a great extent; and erected small huts or tents wherever they pleased without the least regularity. On the 30th, a war canoe of the neighbouring isles was reconnoitring near the place where the ship lay at anchor; but could not be persuaded to approach her. The next morning all the tents and things left on the island were carried off, none of the English sleeping on shore.

As Captain Beaver justly observes, cutting down timber, burning, and building, were in themselves acts of hostility on the part of the Calypso. The crew then erected a sort of block house; which was nothing more than a shed or hut inclosed with an inch plank. This was attacked by the Bisugas on the third of June (Sunday), when, instead of assembling the colonists at prayers, and taking that opportunity of pointing out to them their precise situation, the difficulties they had to encounter, the necessity of order, regularity, sobriety, and industry, in short, the virtues which would ensure the prosperity, or the vices which would lead to the destruction of the colony, every one was wandering about the island in pursuit of some favourite amusement. The consequence was that five men and one woman were killed, four men wounded, and four women and three children taken prisoners. All, mean while, on board the Calypso was terror, disorder, and confusion. Armed boats were sent on shore, but too late. The savages had retired with their booty and captives to the woods, and the

work of death was done. It is to be remarked that the Bisúgas had, from the unaccountable negligence of the colonists, got possession of their arms, and killed them with their own weapons. Their own swords are described as being so sharp that they can dissect a joint of meat with them as easily as with the best edged knife.

On the 5th of June, the other vessels entered the Bulama channel, and anchored in sight of the three islands, Bissao, Arcas, and Bulama, and Captain Beaver and the Captain of the Hankey were sent on shore to communicate with the Portuguese factory established at the former of these islands. In consequence of the above ill conduct of the crew of the Calypso, the newly arrived vessels, its companions, were taken for pirates, and the two captains made prisoners, but, after some altercation with the governor, they were suffered to return to their ships. During their absence ashore, they had been joined by the Calypso.

The first object now was the redemption of their women and children. But a fever had broken out in the Calypso, and the infection was communicated to the Hankey. The strength of both was consequently much diminished. Captain Beaver was employed upon this occasion. He accordingly returned the same day that he had been released from captivity, to Bissao, after hearing this disastrous story. He negotiated with a principal Portuguese merchant there for the means of obtaining the ransom of the prisoners. This gentleman, entitled Mr. Sylva de Cordoza, who, during the whole of Captain Beaver's stay at Bulama, behaved most humanely towards him, readily undertook to accomplish the business, and in a few days his emissaries returned with three women and two children, who were purchased of King Bellchore at the price of slaves; namely, at the rate, for the whole lot, of about 80l. 11s. 3d. sterling. These women had been very well treated by the Canabacs, for which they were probably indebted to the national prejudice of the people, who look upon white women rather as objects of disgust than desire. To mark the jealousy of the Portuguese, as well as Spaniards, of any European neighbour settling near them in their African (or American) colonies, it will be sufficient to relate, that the Englishmen who were so much obliged to this generous Portuguese merchant at Bissao, were compelled to address a memorial to his court to exculpate him from the imputation of any clandestine intercourse with them to the prejudice of his own country, although his good offices to our colonists only proceeded from the most disinterested benevolence.

Captain Beaver now proceeded to the country of Bisugas, for the purpose of treating with their king for the sale of the Island of Bulama; and, with as much courage as prudence, went without arms, to shew the natives that he placed confidence in them, and that he relied upon their hospitality, a virtue not uncommonly found among savages. In a very curious passage (p. 64), too long, however, to be extracted, he describes himself and his companion, a grumeta* who passed as an interpreter, as entering the king's seraglio (or house appropriated for his women) in search of Mrs. Harley and her child, the English prisoners who yet remained with the savages. After some *palavers* (from the Portuguese word '*palabros*,' to talk) with the 'two kings of Canabac, Bellchore, and Jalorem,' who we think would make an excellent figure at Astley's in their interview with Captain Beaver, the colonists purchased the island of Bulama for 78l. 16s. 8d. sterling: about seven leagues of ground in length, in its breadth varying from five to two leagues; but Captain Beaver does not speak positively, as from being unable ever to leave the blockhouse or head quarters of the settlement, except for a few hours at a time, he could not ascertain the exact measurement of the island.

It might now have been expected, that, profiting by their dear-bought experience, the colonists would have formed some general plan of co-operation, and have begun to erect houses, and to cultivate land in their new settlement, according to an improved and regular design. But dissension prevailed in the council, and after some ill-advised measures, which were spiritedly protested against by Mr. Beaver, the larger part of the members of this disorderly society set sail on their return to England in the Calypso on the 19th of July 1792.

'What,' as Captain Beaver asks, 'became of their avowed motives for having undertaken this expedition, to purchase land in Africa; to cultivate it by free natives; to induce in them habits of labour and industry, and to ameliorate their condition, by the introduction of religion and letters? These motives could not have been very strong. Poor Africans!'

Captain Beaver was now left with about ninety colonists, men, women, and children, on the island of Bulama. He has transcribed for this publication, his journal, kept there

* Grumetas, generally speaking, are native servants or those who work for hire, although the term is sometimes applied to confidential slaves.

or thirteen months, which puts us strongly in mind of Robinson Crusoe's way of life; but which, as it is rather minute, though necessarily so, upon unimportant subjects, and as we have already approached our usual limits in reviewing a work of this nature, we must omit, only selecting its most material passages. Being chosen president unanimously, Captain Beaver felt a fresh motive to continue the exertions which he had made during the whole expedition for the welfare of the colony. Things now went on better; but some of the neighbouring savages soon renewed their molestation of the settlers; and Captain Beaver was obliged to purchase peace by presents to two other of the native kings, who claimed a share in the hunting on the island of Bulama.

The colonists, under their new director, now set more manfully to work in building a large block house, that might serve for a general dwelling, divided into compartments, where all the members of the society might be under the eye of their president, and which might also be made a place of defence. Grumetas were now procured to assist in the works,—but on the 23d of November, 1792, after some altercation with Captain Beaver, the surgeon of the colony, and many other of the settlers, set sail on their return to England in the Hankey, and by their departure reduced the settlement to 28 in number. The natives Captain Beaver found to do their work very well for hire, but they had the common vices of savages, cunning, theft, drunkenness, and cruelty. Superstition, the child of ignorance, was also a striking trait in their character; and of course the more sagacious took advantage of this, and contrived to pass for wizards among their more silly countrymen. One of them had the impudence to tell Captain Beaver to his face, 'that he could change himself into an alligator, and had often done it.' They have an idea, inconsistent enough with the above, that 'all white men are *witches*.' This idea Captain Beaver properly endeavoured to strengthen at first. It would be idle to begin the task of civilization by violently attacking the prejudices of savages. They must be taught the arts, before they are taught abstract truths and principles. They must see the white men that settle among them, sober, chaste, and industrious; they will then be more ready to believe the doctrines which produce such good fruits. The misguided zeal of missionaries has done much harm. Cultivation of the purchased lands by means of the free natives must be the first step; and it may here be generally remarked that in

these countries most tropical productions grow wild. Commerce will naturally follow cultivation, and civilization will be the result of both. Here then we see the gradual means of abolishing African slavery, and as Mr. Beaver, we think, very well contends, much more rational, fair, and equitable means, than in the immediate repeal of the acts for carrying on that trade: repeal indeed would probably prove vain, but if not, certainly destructive to thousands, who have at least an equal claim upon our consideration with our African brethren. Far from being an advocate for the continuance of that trade, Mr. Beaver has pointed out the best way of abolishing it, in the progress of time; and it will be observed, mean while, that the Africans would be daily learning to enjoy more fully the blessings of civilized life, and of well regulated liberty.

What was the character Captain Beaver obtained by his conduct among the Africans? He completely did away their prejudices against the Europeans, and they all said with one voice, whether Mangack, Mandingo, Papel, Bisuga, Biafara, or Naloo, inhabitants of the neighbouring continent to a very wide extent, 'that the white man of Bulama can't do bad.'

The general appearance of this island is that of the most luxuriant vegetation. Its soil is remarkably rich and prolific; the productions that are adapted to it, are rice of two sorts, one thriving on dry and elevated ground, the other in low marshy places; yams which grow wild, the sweet Cassada, Manioc maize or Indian corn, and ground nuts, the sugar-cane and cotton-shrub, annual vines, and a variety of other useful plants. The island is covered with trees of all descriptions, from the finest oaks to the most diminutive shrubs; from the iron-wood, so called from its close texture, to the cotton-tree, out of whose soft and porous grain very beautiful stockings may be made. Of the animals, the chief are the elephant, the buffalo, the hippopotamus, deer, the wild hog, and monkey. The only beast of prey that infested the country near the sea coast, was the hyæna. At the first arrival of the colonists, these animals made great havock among their goats and sheep, but when their inclosures were completed, their live stock was ever afterwards perfectly safe. Among the animals of Bulama and the adjoining country, horses, (excepting only those of the Mandingoes,) sheep, geese, and ducks are not domesticated, although they are to be procured in abundance in the country between the Gambia and the Rio Grande. But they are

not among the wants of the natives, any more than the cocoa-nut tree, which might easily be found in the above country; and the Portuguese are either too indolent, or too much occupied in trade to introduce it. The ants, of which there are many sorts, were a great annoyance at first to the settlers, but they retired when the ground was cleared, built upon, and inhabited. Bees were in plenty, and very productive of honey.

Concerning the climate, notwithstanding the uncommon mortality of the Europeans, Captain Beaver does not speak unfavourably. We think he is here a little too sanguine of the success of his favourite plan. The weather is of course in this country, lying between the tropics, generally hot. Tornadoes, though very violent, are never dangerous to careful seamen upon the coast in the latitude of Bulama, as they give ample notice of their approach. The rainy season begins with the month of June, and ends about the middle of October; what are termed the smoky or foggy months follow, after which, fine clear weather, with pretty regular land and sea-breezes, prevails until the beginning of the ensuing rains.

Captain Beaver, independently of the unhealthy season of the year in which the colonists landed at Bulama, and independently of their hard labour and great exposure during that inclement season, thinks that many of their deaths were occasioned by an extraordinary lowness and depression of spirits. Loss of memory was very frequent among them; and that to such an excessive degree as to amount in some instances to idiocy. Curious anecdotes of this are related by Captain Beaver, but (with the exception perhaps of the strange illness of the colonists which was called the plague, or Bulama fever) having, we think, shown from this work, that the plan was a very desirable one to be carried into execution, and that it was not naturally impracticable, we must now hasten to a conclusion, after having called the attention of our readers to the notes in page 297 *et seq.* where they will find a very singular and interesting account of Captain Beaver's mode of life on the island, which, we repeat, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, is perhaps the most extraordinary an European ever led.

On Friday, the 29th of November, 1793, Captain Beaver and Mr. Hood, the only two surviving colonists, left the island of Bulama, and embarking, after an unavoidable delay of about three months in Free Town, on board the Sierra Leone Company's ship the Harpy, arrived at Plymouth on

the 17th of May 1794, having been absent a little more than two years. Such was the event of this expedition; but 'although,' says Captain Beaver, 'we have not been hitherto able to reap the fruit of our labour, I yet hope that the day is not far distant, when some enlarged and liberal plan will be adopted to cultivate the western coast of Africa, without interfering with the freedom of its natives. Such a plan pursued with a wise policy' (which Capt. Beaver does not allow to the Sierra Leone establishment, reasonably enough we think, as they have spent an immense capital and possess a sterile territory, nor are they beloved by the natives) 'is the surest way of introducing civilization, and at the same time of abolishing slavery; and if the preceding account shall in the smallest degree lead to such a measure, I shall be amply repaid for all the time and trouble I have expended, and all the difficulties I have encountered.'

We heartily join with Captain Beaver in his generous wish; and we think nothing can be more likely to turn the minds of government, when released from the consideration of more important objects, to such a plan, than a due attention to the arguments and facts contained in the 'African Memoranda.' The former are strongly and clearly urged; and the more so, we think, for being clothed in the plain, unornamented language of a seaman, whose superior and more pressing duties ever since his return to England in 1794, to the year 1805, having called him with only one short intermission to the active service of his country, he has till now been unable to present the public with the present work. It is a work of general use and entertainment. The facts are so simply stated, that they bear every mark of indisputable veracity. The examination, indeed, of Captain Beaver at the Mansion-house, before the Lord Mayor, Le Mesurier, in 1794, then chairman of the committee for the Bulama association, the public thanks he received on that occasion, and the gold medal presented him (we hope not the only reward) for his very meritorious services;—these high testimonies in his favour, give his book an external sanction and authenticity, which cannot fail of adding considerably to the interest which its own peculiar recommendations, even without such helps, would have excited.

The work is accompanied with a very excellent nautical map of the western coast of Africa.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewes, containing Anecdotes, Historical and Biographical, of the English and Scottish Stages, during a Period of Forty Years. Written by Himself. In Four Volumes. Small Octavo.* Phillips. 1805.

THIS is a very low, contemptible performance. Even to those who are fondest of vulgar anecdote, such stories as the origin of the expression 'My eye, Betty Martin,' and the stupid speeches of provincial managers to their troops of ragamuffins, can afford but little entertainment. The author, Mr. Lee Lewes, an actor of considerable eminence in the arduous part of Harlequin, as well as in others where rather more mental activity was required, died on the 22d of July 1803, in the sixty-third year of his age. 'He supped with Mr. Townsend of Covent Garden theatre, on the night previous to his death, at the Middleton's Head, Sadler's Wells,' as the editor of these volumes informs us, with many other equally interesting particulars, which, we conceive, the majority of our readers will excuse our giving them in minute detail.

Charles Lee Lewes, however, occupies but a very small portion of his own Memoirs; and when he has said that he was born in New Bond Street, on the 19th of November, old style, 1740, that he broke his head in taking a leap at Sheffield, but which accident was the means of making him known in London as a famous harlequin, and got him a secondary situation under the great Woodward at Covent Garden theatre; when he has told us these important facts, and mentioned his quarrel with a methodist preacher in Aberdeen, he makes his exit without further ceremony. Garrick, and Moses Kean, Mrs. Clive and Fanny Furnival, &c. &c. supply the want of incident in the life of Mr. Lewes himself.

The first appearance of Mrs. Siddons at Dublin was *whimsically* celebrated, as Mr. Lewes phrases it, in an Irish newspaper, from which he copies the whole account *of seven pages*. His idea of *whim* is singular. The wittiest paragraph in this nonsensical effusion is the following:

'One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty-six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! the world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told, that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred taylors, and six common-council men, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, lattices, and boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to

stand on the benches, were in that position up to their ancles in tears!'

If hyperbole be humour, by saying that the whole house was actually drowned, the above account would have been much improved. But hyperbole is the last resource of empty addle-pated coxcombs.

Moses Kean had a wooden leg. Sleeping one night at an inn, where the landlady always went round carefully to see that there was no danger of fire in any of the chambers, Moses had thrust the end of his wooden leg out of bed. The fearful hostess immediately conceived it to be the warming-pan which the chambermaid had heedlessly left between the sheets. She immediately began to pull, and Moses to roar, to the great alarm and confusion of the whole house. The ridicule was so strong against the mimic, that he was obliged to decamp the next day without performing as he had intended in the town. This is a specimen of Mr. Lewes's theatrical anecdotes, and one of the best his book affords. He tells us a great many old stories, such as that of the two riders (or bagmen) quarrelling about the different yearly profits of their respective employers. One asserted that the single article of ink cost his house many hundreds in the year. The other replied, 'our business is so extensive, that we save some thousands annually, by leaving out the dots to the i's, and the strokes to the t's.' Twenty years ago, when we first read this story in a book of anecdotes, we did not think it amiss.

In giving an account of John Knox, and in defending the stage against the attacks of the puritans, Mr. Lewes rises into the following very animated strain of absurdity:

'Now murders and devastations stalked with giant stride over Scotland, and their zealous leader presumed to assert that he wielded the sword of the Lord and Gideon against idolatry. Blessed God! how is thy holy name and authority prostituted to serve the infamously interested purpose of artful and designing men! But though these principles were the chief cause of stage persecution, yet even in this enlightened age of liberality and refinement, we find the immortal works of Shakespeare excluded from a representation in our great and distinguished *seminaries*, while the indecent productions of a *Pretonius* Arbiter, an Ovid, a Horace, and the dangerous doctrines of a Lucretius, are the classical studies of our young students at both the Universities. O shame, where is thy blush!'

Where, indeed, Mr. Lewes! *Pre*tonius Arbiter, this new classic of our author's, must be one of the very private *studies* of our young *students* at the Universities, for we never yet met with such a name in the list of books for an exami-

nation; nor have the *dangerous doctrines* of Lucretius (whose *doctrines* they are not) been much countenanced, since Creech put an end to his existence in order to imitate his great poetical master more closely in his actions, than he had done in his versification. Mr. Lewes proceeds to prove how *useful* a theatre would be in an University, by instancing the flocks of gownsmen from Oxford that attend the plays at Abingdon, and by relating the story of a serious disturbance at Huntingdon theatre, occasioned, as he terms it, 'by a party of young Cantabs.' Certainly, these are very convincing proofs of the advantage of licensing actors to perform in Universities, when they cannot come within twenty miles of Oxford or Cambridge, without being of such essential benefit to the *students* at these *seminaries*, to adopt the elegant phraseology of Mr. Lewes. We cannot be seriously angry with such a monitor as Harlequin, but we think the above hint to the Caput highly impertinent.

In page 266, of volume the 4th, Mr. Lewes, with much complacency, gives us a spice of his own humour. He brings a puritanical tallow chandler, whom he facetiously calls Dundee Dip, (from his living at Dundee,) to the playhouse, which he never before frequented, by telling him that all his candles when they had burnt half way, would burn *no longer*. Upon the remonstrance of the puritan that this statement was untrue, as he had himself witnessed, 'I maintain it still,' exclaimed Mr. Lewes, evidently with the highest self-satisfaction, 'I maintain it still, Dip; Dip, when your candles are burnt half-way, they all burn *shorter*.' 'Ohe jam satis est!' If such stuff as the above is to be dragged from the portfolios of deceased persons by the injudicious zeal or rapacious avarice of their surviving acquaintances, the contempt of criticism cannot be too strongly excited against authors, editors, and all who are instrumental in overwhelming the town and country with these catchpenny publications. The present is one of the worst of this abominable species of books, which we are sorry to observe form at once the entertainment and the disgrace of our contemporaries. Possest of no stores of information, conversant neither with sciences nor languages, ignorant even of their own tongue, literary quacks of every description drain their common place books to the dregs, and usher them adorned with all the luxury of printing into the hands of the public. Sudden death perhaps just prevents them from editing their correspondence with *literary* friends, with

> Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
> Mendici, mimi, balatrones —

but the precious letters are not lost! every escrutoir is ransacked, and the strange compounds of absurdity, blasphemy, family receipts, private communications, which some may think should be sacred, as they were only intended for the eye of friendship, memoranda, ejaculations, and embryo conceptions, are brought into the world, by that universal midwife, the press. The impudence of republication, so conspicuous in the present age, we have already more than once justly censured; never was it more gross than in the Memoirs of Mr. Lewes.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 13.—*A Funeral Oration to the Memory of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, delivered at Grosvenor Chapel, Grosvenor Square, on Sunday the 8th of September*, 1805, *By the Rev. T. Baseley, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.* 4to. Ladley, Faulder, &c. 1806.

OVER all the adulatory effusions that were ever offered to the living or the dead, this Oration of Mr. Baseley to the memory of the late Duke of Gloucester stands pre-eminent. It far outdoes all the addresses presented to Bonaparte by the mayor and prefects of his good city of Paris. Mr. Baseley's idea, however, of flattery seems to be very different from ours. In page 10 he says, 'I wish it to be understood that no such adulation is now meant to the dead, as we all know were most unacceptable to the living, and that what follows, originates entirely from my own mind, my respect for public feeling, and my profound deference for the memory of unexampled virtue.' He likewise intimates that express orders were issued, in consequence of what appeared in the public prints, (and he might have added in consequence of the bills which were posted at various pumps and dead walls in the neighbourhood of his chapel,) to abstain not only from every appearance of flattery, but even from the service prepared for the occasion. But Mr. Baseley had been at too great an expence in fitting up his chapel in imitation of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work representation of the duke's lying in state, to comply with these orders, or to 'disgust a feeling public by disappointing their expectations;' he therefore determined 'resolutely to follow the impulse of his own heart, to do all he could for the *best*, and to refer his apology for the freedom assumed, to the well-

known magnanimity and indulgence of the royal family.' After the preparation in page 10, where we are warned not to expect any flattery, we are informed, 'that the characteristic piety of his Royal Highness rendered him an object of peculiar veneration to the *whole* Christian world!' that 'he constituted a part of the great Composite pillar on which our Zion rests,' and 'that in mourning for his death we have to remember that her magnificence is marred, and her strength impaired.' 'Meretricious gems made no part of his earthly distinctions, and have no place in the crown of glory which now encircles his holy head!' &c. &c. These and twelve pages of similar compliments Mr. B. tells us are not adulation, but '*respect for public feeling and sympathy.*' We know not what may have been the sentiments of the present Duke of Gloucester on his perusal of this eulogy, if he has lost so much time as to peruse it; but we think his 'magnanimity and indulgence' must have been really put to the proof. In short, it is difficult to conceive flattery less ingenious, less concealed, more disgusting, or more disgraceful. If it should answer the end which the reverend author doubtless had in view, it would be strange indeed. It remains to say, that the style of the discourse very much resembles that of Dr. Mavor in flowery declamations, high flown bombast, and every species of bad taste.

ART. 14.—*A brief Treatise on Death, philosophically, morally, and practically considered. By Robert Fellowes, A. M. Oxon.* 12*mo.* Mawman. 1805.

IF the size of this Treatise were to prescribe the measure of our praise, we should not do justice to its pretensions. But as it is no part of our plan to make bulk the criterion of merit, Mr. Fellowes will have nothing to fear from our decision. This little work is very valuable, it is evidently the production of a scholar, and does credit to the talents which the author is known to possess. The language exhibits a happy union of strength and simplicity, equally calculated to instruct the unlearned and to gratify the well-informed; we are therefore desirous to recommend it to general perusal. While the philosophical reasonings contained in it evince the fragility of life and the certainty of our dissolution, the considerations drawn from religion teach the Christian to esteem the former as no evil, and the latter as the earnest of a better state. It is inscribed by the author to the memory of the late Lady Harriett Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton.

ART. 15.—*Religion essential to the temporal Happiness of a Nation. A Sermon preached, August the 11th, 1805, at Grantham, before the Boston Loyal Volunteers, on permanent Duty there. By Samuel Partridge, M. A. F. S. A. Vicar of Boston, and Chaplain to the Corps.* 8*vo.* London, Rivingtons. 1805.

THE Sermon before us is from Psalm xxiii, 12, 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.' It is a very plain, sensible discourse,

and well suited to the occasion on which it was preached. It is taken, with many additions and alterations, from 'Sermons sur divers Textes de l'Ecriture Sainte, par Charles Bertheau, Pasteur de l'Eglise Francoise de Londres.' In our Review for June 1805, we noticed a volume of sermons by the same writer, which, like this, are taken from the French.

ART. 16.—*A Sermon preached on Occasion of the late Naval Victory, in the Parish Church of Wellington, Salop (November 10th, 1805). By the Rev. J. Eyton.* 8vo. *pp.* 30. 1*s.* Crosby. 1805.

THE zeal of Mr. Eyton induced him to anticipate the day appointed by his majesty for a general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the late signal and important victory, which gave occasion to the present sermon, and of which indeed it gives rather a detailed account. It, however, contains sentiments of unfeigned piety, and earnestly inculcates the very necessary and comfortable, but very forgotten, doctrine of a particular Providence. In page 15, we met with these words: 'The seasons at which we have experienced the greatest national blessings, have generally been those at which iniquity hath most abounded, and the overflowings of ungodliness have most impetuously carried us away.' We must confess that we do not see how this remark can be supposed to illustrate the argument which immediately precedes it, and that after reading it, we were almost tempted to cry out, 'What shall we say then? shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?' (Romans vi. 1.) The answer is on record. 'God forbid.'

Whatever profits may arise from the sale of this sermon, will be applied to the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave seamen who fell in the late engagement.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*Outline of a Plan for reducing the Poor's Rate, and amending the Condition of the Aged and Unfortunate; including those of the Naval and Military Departments: in a Letter to the Right Hon. George Rose, occasioned by his Observations on the Poor Laws, &c. By John Bone.* 8vo. *pp.* 61. 1*s.* 6*d.* Asperne. 1805.

THIS pamphlet was occasioned by Mr. Rose's recent publication on the Poor Laws, which was reviewed by us at some length in our number for October last. Mr. Bone has embraced this opportunity of communicating to the public the outline of a most extensive plan, from which the author naturally expects proportionate advantages. We have no wish to condemn untried, any charitable establishment founded upon voluntary contributions. If unsuccessful, or inadequate to the purpose, the evil soon cures itself. We feel it unnecessary to give the details of the measure proposed, as it is upon a scale of apparently equal magnitude with the establishment of the Bank of England, and not likely to be carried into

effect, to immortalize the fame of Mr. Bone the founder. Besides, we are disposed to believe that all the substantial advantages which would probably result from it, may with much greater facility and utility be obtained by the encouragement and increase of Friendly and Benefit Societies.

The reader will find a fund of valuable information on the important subject of the poor laws in a pamphlet entitled 'Thoughts on the Poor Laws and on the State of the Poor,' published by Payne and Mackinlay, in 1802.

ART. 18. *An Address to the Public, containing a Review of the Charges exhibited against Lord Viscount Melville, which led to the Resolutions of the House of Commons on the 8th April*, 1805. 8vo. *pp.* 84. *2s. 6d.* Hatchard. 1805.

AS the charges exhibited against Lord Melville are now in the way to receive the solemn judgment of the highest tribunal of the kingdom, we cannot but disapprove of this, and every other publication which tends to prejudge the question, either on one side or the other—the present address, however, in favour of his lordship, discovers considerable ability, a good deal of argument, and, with some few exceptions, is written with a becoming mixture of spirit and moderation.

ART. 19.—*The Mirror of Iniquity, contained in a Letter to the Magistrates of England. London, printed at the Press of the Author, and sold by him at No. 9, Fleet Market.* 8vo. *pp.* 72. *2s.* 1805.

THIS Letter, signed R. Holloway, and dated December, 1805, in a style suited to the subject, gives a disgusting account of the practices of some persons who appear to follow the trade of common informers, as a means of procuring their livelihood. We are sorry to say that the nature and multiplicity of our penal laws necessarily give existence to common informers, but where the informations are well founded, their proceedings certainly give strength and effect to the laws. On the contrary, where unprincipled men entrap the unwary into the commission of offences for the purpose of gratifying private interest or malignity, no conduct deserves to be more severely reprobated, and most unquestionably is liable to severe punishment. If the account given by Mr. Holloway be correct, the systematically nefarious proceedings of the persons he mentions, cannot long escape the vigilance of the police. We entertain not the smallest apprehension of any considerable depredations being committed in this way, for in no country can there be less occasion to remind the magistrates of their duty than in England. Their information, zeal, and activity deserve the warmest thanks of the community.

ART. 20.—*A concise History of the present State of the Commerce of Great Britain. Translated from the German of Charles Reinhard, LL. D. of the University of Gottingen, and Knight of the Order of St. Joachim. With Notes and considerable Additions relating to the principal British Manufactures, by J. Savage.* 8vo. *pp.* 74. 2*s.* 6*d.* Symonds. 1805.

THIS pamphlet contains but a very short and imperfect sketch of the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain. It still, however, is calculated to afford some useful information to the class of readers on the continent for which the original work is intended. To translate it appears to us to have been unnecessary trouble, as the English reader may consult much more accurate and extensive works upon the subject, originally written in his own language. It is gratifying at the same time to observe a learned foreigner anxious to impress upon the minds of his countrymen a true sense of the power and prosperity of the British nation.

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Palmyra, and other Poems. By T. L. Peacock.* 8vo. 7*s.* Richardson. 1806.

WE assure Mr. Peacock that we have much mercy in our composition; and that however his address to us may be supposed to have otherwise swayed us, we should not be less inclined than we are at present, to pass a favourable sentence on his juvenile efforts, without such an inducement. The bard before us is, no doubt, very youthful, and with due allowances for age and experience, which are properties on which our buzz-wigs are wont to dwell, we congratulate him on his success, and wish to extend the credit and encouragement of his poetry.

This little volume is really so pleasing that we feel an inclination to dilate upon it beyond the narrow bounds we usually prescribe to ourselves on these occasions. It sets forth with a cento from the works of Shakespeare, addressed to the Reviewers, which is well connected; and its *finale* is couched in more liberal terms than we generally experience,—

'Your love deserves my thanks: so farewell, GENTLEMEN.'

The chief poem in the book is entitled Palmyra, and several spirited and poetical passages are interspersed in it.

'As scatter'd round, a dreary space,
Ye spirits of the wise and just!
In reverential thought I trace
The mansions of your sacred dust,
Enthusiast Fancy, rob'd in light,
Pours on the air her many-sparkling rays,
Redeeming from Oblivion's deep'ning night
The deeds of ancient days.' P. 5.

And again,

> 'How oft in scenes like these since Time began,
> With downcast eye has Contemplation trod,
> Far from the haunts of Folly, Vice, and Man,
> To hold sublime communion with her God!' P.13.

Upon the whole, we admire the Ode from which we have made these extracts; but we must not conceal that the coinage of new adjectives is made with too unsparing a hand; and that sense is not unfrequently sacrificed to sound. Yet these are the very venial peccadilloes of youth. The notes are formed of entertaining citations from authors whose evidence may illustrate the story. The 'Visions of Love' are pretty: and 'Maria's Return' will at least put modern lyrical poems to the blush. In 'Fiolfar,' the Runic rhyme is woven by a master's hand; and the fire of Gray seems not entirely evaporated in the following lines of Mr. Peacock.

> 'The sword clatter'd fiercely on helm and on shield,
> For Norway and Lochlin had met in the field;
> The long lances shiver'd, the swift arrows flew,
> The string shrilly twang'd on the flexible yew;
> Rejoicing, the Valkyræ strode through the plain,
> And guided the death-blow, and singled the slain.
> Long, long did the virgins of Lochlin deplore
> The youths whom their arms should encircle no more,
> For, strong as the whirlwinds the forest that tear,
> And strew with its boughs the vast bosom of air,
> The Norwëyans bore down with all-conquering force,
> And havoc and slaughter attended their course.
> Fiolfar through danger triumphantly trod,
> And scatter'd confusion and terror abroad;
> Majestic as Balder, tremendous as Thor,
> He plung'd in the red-foaming torrent of war.' P. 78.

The shorter poems have various merit: they occasionally betray much feeling, and much promise of future melody. 'Nugæ' close the whole; but we should have preferred the omission of 'Nugæ.' The vulgar Jew song, with which they commence, might add to the hilarity of a convivial party, but it was unwise to suffer it to escape from manuscript. We assure Mr. Peacock that we are not Jews, but we can by no means approve of the illiberality, buffoonery, and nonsense of this portion of his book. In other respects, Mr. Peacock has respectable claims to distinction; and we recommend his poems, not only as harmless and innocent, but as productive of high relish and amusement.

ART. 22.—*The Rural Sabbath, a Poem, in four Books, and other Poems, by Wm. Cockin.* 12mo. *pp.* 184. Nicol. 1805.

THIS Poem is by no means equal to one on the same, or a similar subject (Mr. Grahame's Sabbath,) which we reviewed in our Num-

ber for December last; still we have derived some pleasure from the perusal of it, which was not unalloyed by regret, that the author is alike insensible to approbation or censure. In a short and unsatisfactory account of Mr. C. prefixed to the volume, we are informed that he exercised the employment of a teacher of writing and arithmetic in various parts of the kingdom till a few years before his death, (which took place in 1801), when he retired to his native vale amid the mountains of Westmoreland, to indulge his fondness for mathematical, metaphysical, and (strange combination!) poetical studies.

The plan of the poem is sufficiently designated by its title. The subject is such as must necessarily preclude all attempt at the higher species of poetical excellence: we must therefore not look for 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn;' harmony of numbers, chasteness of expression, and appropriate descriptions of rural scenes and manners, are all that can be expected; and for these, in many instances, the reader will not look in vain.

It has been a custom with the votaries of Parnassus to call in the aid of the muse or some other power, who may preside over the subject they celebrate. Our author has introduced no unpleasant variation from this hacknied plan, by commencing with an address to the powers of indolence, not to implore their assistance, but, as may be supposed, to deprecate their influence.

> 'No, listless Powers! alluring as you are,
> Your Syren blandishments in vain would check
> My fond emprise. Smiles practised to betray,
> Though soft as Hebe's, shall not now defeat
> Rekindled hope, and heedlessly consign
> The soothing visions of an inborn Muse,
> Faithful and free, to hourly disregard,
> And shades, oblivious as the paths I tread.' P. 3.

The following description is not deficient in pathetic simplicity.

> 'A mother, who, perchance, from better hopes,
> Fell to the slender earnings of her hands,
> And brought no other dowry to her mate
> Than truth, religion, and a feeling heart.
> Yet as the ribands, which in youth had graced
> Her own fair form, she opens to their view;
> Hints at these times, adjusts a simple slip,
> Or draws the comb of ivory, gently press'd,
> Adown the ringlets of their shining hair,
> And on a weeping cheek imprints a kiss,
> She feels a high delight, as if their charms
> (To her what charms! who saw them bud and bloom)
> Were deck'd in all the gay attire of wealth;
> For, are they not her own? Does she not see
> The mingled lineaments of him she loved,
> And her own race, adorn each visage fair?
> And, does not hope in future years pourtray

These scanty garbs thrown by? And when, at length,
Their budding beauties, blooming cheeks, their limbs
Of graceful mould, and all their mental gifts
Are constellated in mature display;
Then, does not Hope behold them act their parts
On life's conspicuous stage with well-earned praise;
Good without boasting; prosperous without pride;
And greatly happy close the arduous scene,
Where all that's mortal finds its destined goal?' P. 15.

The other poems, viz. 'an Ode to the Genius of the Lakes,' and 'Stanzas on the Death of Dr. Johnson,' possess little merit.

ART. 23.—*Christ's Lamentation over Jerusalem. A Seatonian Prize Poem. By Charles Peers, Esq. A. M. and F. S. A.* 4*to.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Hatchard. 1805.

THIS exercise, upon the whole, is far from being discreditable to the author. If it display none of the high and original powers of genius, it exhibits at least a considerable degree of taste, a mind stored with some of the fairest images of sacred poetry, an ear tolerably well attuned to epic harmony, and a style of diction at times strongly tinctured with Miltonic energy and loftiness. We shall transcribe as a specimen the following lines.

——— 'Thou hast felt in turn
The scourge of the destroyer! where are now
Thine ivory palaces and golden gates,
Thine olive groves, and marble fountains? where
Thine elder temple, that great archetype
Of wondrous masonry; her hangings rich
In gorgeous colours dipped, and cedar beams
Hewn upon Libanus, o'erlaid with gold
Of Ophir, dazzling each beholder's eye?
Where now her minstrels? Where the virgin train
That in full chorus chaunting hailed the dawn
Of peaceful sabbath or glad jubilee?
No sound is heard her vaulted roof beneath,
Save of unhallowed traffic—the loud din
Of tumult—shouts of blasphemy and wrong,
Bursting discordant from the house of prayer.
The voice of melody hath ceased; no more
Or harp or tabret cheer thy festal pomps:
No more the smoke of grateful incense, flung
From golden censers, fill the courts of heaven:
No more in midnight vision, to the sense
Of priest or prophet come the Sons of God
To speak his bidding: clothed in sable stole,
The garb of woe, her joyless elders sit;
And Sion's virgin daughters; they erewhile

So portly, they in costliest robes arrayed
Of Tyrian purple, and with braided hair
Dropping sweet odours, who for pride disdained
The ground they trod, weep silent and forlorn.'

ART. 24.—*Maurice, the Rustic, and other Poems, by Henry Summersett.* 12*mo. pp.* 110. Longman. 1805.

MR. H. Summersett is one of those many *uneducated* poets who have been induced to publish their literary efforts by contemplating the success of Chatterton and of Burns. He does not seem to consider, that these prodigies of genius did not meet with admiration merely because they were uneducated men, but on account of those productions which are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, which would have been admired as the works of any man under any circumstances of life, habits, and education, and which are viewed with increased wonder and astonishment from a consideration of the peculiar disadvantages through which they struggled into birth. The intrinsic merit of their poetry brought these poets into notice; but if the authors had never been known, their verses would have been admired; as we gaze with rapture on the beauties of the canvass, though the name of the painter is uncertain or unknown. Mr. Summersett comes forward at the bar of the tribunal of public taste, and as he does not use vain boasting, nor challenge admiration with that air of self-sufficiency, which too often accompanies men in his situation, he disposes us to listen to his claims with temper, and with a disposition to favour his pretensions. He informs us in his preface, that the 'golden advantages' of science were not within the reach of his attainment, and that 'many times and with painful mortification he has exclaimed—Had I been less ignorant, I must have been more happy.'

'I have written in haste; often in anxiety and adversity: I am still too proud to aim at exciting compassion by this declaration; but it will perhaps serve as an excuse for some of my many imperfections." 'At such an address criticism is disarmed; her arrows fall from her hand, and her eye, which glittered with eagerness to aim, is suffused with tears. Such language seems rather to intreat the advice of friendship, than to defy the scrutiny of criticism, and we shall therefore endeavour to answer the question, 'which our author acknowledges to have confused and alarmed him:' viz. *Ought an obscure uneducated man to commence author?* An uneducated man cannot form an accurate idea of the merits or defects of his own works. He may exhibit proofs of genius which will be more than counterbalanced by ridiculous error or gross ignorance: it is therefore his duty to refer to some learned friend for advice, whose pruning hand may remove deformities, which might deface and spoil every excellence. If this friend should advise him to venture before the public eye, it behoves him to reflect on what he aims to attain: he aims at the reward of genius, which is, in general, empty praise. He hopes to meet with some who do not despise the efforts of uncul-

tivated nature, and whose frowns blast not the bud of genius. He may be so fortunate as to find readers of this description, and if he is contented with the smile of their approbation, it is well: but if he publishes his literary essays under the fond expectation of lasting fame, and pecuniary profit, he will find himself miserably mistaken. A poem of moderate merit may be cursorily read once, but it is never read a second time; and the pecuniary reward ceases with the subscription to the first copy. If Mr. S is a mechanic, we advise him not to neglect his tools for his pen: he has certainly given a specimen of talents, which, under more fortunate circumstances, might have rendered him an ornamental figure in a bookseller's shop, which, in his present state, will procure him respect and consideration among his friends, and, as we should hope, will be great sources of pure pleasure to him in the intervals which can be spared from the important duty of earning his bread.

NOVELS.

ART. 25.—*The Pilgrim of the Cross, or the Chronicles of Christabelle de Mowbray, an ancient Legend, in four Volumes. By Elizabeth Helme. Small* 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THIS novel is full of incidents, which amused our attention through a pilgrimage of four volumes. The events are fixed in the romantic period of the Crusades, and the whole work may very properly be recommended to be taken in its turn by those who go through a regular course of novel-reading. Its inscription, by permission, to the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, is a sufficient indication that the principles which it contains are recommendatory of virtue.

ART. 26.—*Leonora; by Miss Edgworth.* 8vo. 2 *Vols.* JOHNSON. 1806.

THE professors of modern philosophy have been already hunted down by moral writers with such vigour that we trust very few of the race remain; but while a single animal of this description exists, the efforts towards a complete extermination must not be relaxed:—there is now less glory in the enterprize, but the attempt is in itself always meritorious.

This novel is written in a series of letters. Leonora is a virtuous woman, and attributing the reports which she hears of Olivia's conduct to the mischievous spirit of scandal and to the malignity of envy, invites her to her house as an asylum from the persecutions of the malicious. Olivia is a professor of the modern philosophy, and has no other conceptions of the rules of right and wrong, than of rules for the game of whist, which may be very useful in the game of life, but which may be broken through or complied with in any particular emergency. She comes ripe from France, a determined foe to all those restraints which confine *tide-less blooded* females within

the pale of virtue and decorum, and, as might naturally be expected, she shews her gratitude to Leonora by seducing the affections of her husband. Leonora's mother, the Duchess of ———, is fully aware of Olivia's character, and warns her daughter of the danger of introducing such a guest, such a '*she-wolf* of France,' into her domestic circle, in a strain so replete with discrimination and good sense, that, if it were not too long for our purpose, we could with pleasure quote her whole first letter to her daughter.

Olivia's character is pourtrayed with a strong pencil, and the whole novel is written with great spirit. The sixth letter is an excellent specimen of moral reasoning.

MEDICINE.

ART. 27.—*An Essay on the Entropeon, or Inversion of the Eyelids. By Philip Crampton, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, &c.* 8vo. Carpenter. 1805.

DR. Crampton's object in this well written pamphlet, is, to shew that the notion of the nature of the disease, and the operation deduced from it, which have been handed down almost unaltered from the days of Hippocrates, are erroneous; and to recommend an operation founded upon a more accurate view of the complaint, which has been attended, according to his own experience, with more certain and more permanent success. The common opinion of the cause of this inversion, namely, that it depends upon a relaxation of the external tegument of the eyelid, he controverts very satisfactorily.

A mere inspection of the eyelid, he observes, must convince us that an elongation of its external skin would never produce the disease. 'The numerous folds which we perceive in the eyelids of old and relaxed persons, demonstrate that the external integument gives no support to the tarsus; consequently the inversion of the one can never be produced by the relaxation of the other.' p. 35. The cure, however, is usually attempted upon this notion, by removing part of the external skin by various methods. This produces, Dr. C. affirms, only a temporary relief.

After giving a clear and accurate description of the eyelid and its appendages, he concludes, 'that a *contraction of the internal membrane of the eyelid*, and not an elongation of the external integument, is the immediate cause of the entropeon.' The object, then, of an operation which may permanently relieve this distressing disorder, is to divide the *conjunctiva*, lining the eyelid, especially near the external and internal canthus of the eye, and afterwards to retain the parts in their natural position, till, by recovering their original healthy state, they are enabled to perform their functions. The latter part of the operation is effected by an instrument which, with some trifling alterations in its shape, differs very little from the elevator of Pellier. The minute steps of the operation with the knife, are clearly detailed in the cases which are subjoined, to which

we must refer the practical reader, who may be disposed to adopt the method of cure which the author recommends. It appears to be founded on rational principles, and he avers that it is generally followed by success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 28.—*Prospectus of a Work entitled, a philosophical and experimental Inquiry into the Laws of Resistance of non-elastic Fluids and Cohesion of fibrous Fluids, as far as either is connected with the Theory or Practice of naval Architecture; &c. &c. By A. Maconochie, Esq.* 4to. Egerton. 1805.

ALTHOUGH no country is more indebted to navigation than our own, yet there is by no means that attention paid to the construction of vessels which their importance demands. Various circumstances have contributed to so strange a phænomenon, and they are such as probably to counteract every attempt at a remedy. Naval architecture has been left very much to itself, and, as this author properly observes, a single individual, a bookseller, has done more for its improvement, than the legislature, and all the incorporated societies for the encouragement of the arts and sciences together.

It will be a curious circumstance, if India should contribute more to this science than Europe: yet the work before us, written by a gentleman of Baypoor, near Calicut, Malabar, holds out encouragement which we little expected from such a quarter. His intended work will, we hope, meet with the protection of the East India company: from the prospectus we augur most favourably of the future benefits to be derived from it. His employment in the forests of India has afforded him every opportunity of acquiring an extensive knowledge of the materials of ship building, and his experiments are numerous and judicious. He proposes to give his work in two volumes, quarto, in three parts, the first containing a view of the present state of oak timber in England, the causes of its scarcity, with the prospects of a future supply; the second, a view of the timber trade of India, with a plan for its improvement; the third, a view of the present state of naval architecture in India, shewing in general the vast resources in naval staples, contained within the British dominions in that country. To assist him in this undertaking he calls upon men of knowledge and experience, and points out in this prospectus to what points he wishes their attention to be chiefly directed.

The resistance of fluids is doubtless an object of the first importance. To ascertain it, a variety of experiments is proposed on surfaces, moving in various directions with various velocities. These experiments will throw light on the motion of vessels in water: an inquiry into the laws of cohesion of fibrous solids will assist us in the framing of our vessels. Here the author has very successfully brought chemistry to his aid, and in the investigation of the pyroligneous

acid, has made many useful remarks on the action of iron and copper on timber. To expel a fluid from timber, the following ingenious process is recommended: Let a vessel be properly constructed to admit the wood, into which the steam of boiling water is to be admitted, and a hole being made at the bottom of the vessel, the air will be expelled, and the steam being condensed, a vacuum, nearly will be formed in the vessel. In consequence of this vacuum, the elastic fluids of the wood will rush out, and by repeating the operation the non-elastic fluids in the wood will be raised to the temperature of steam, converted into elastic vapour, and then discharged. The wood then being plunged into oil, will be freed from their future intrusion, and thus wood may be seasoned the moment it is felled.

A steam chamber of this kind is not expensive. The author had one in daily use in the year 1803, capable of containing twenty or thirty planks, forty feet long, and he conjectures, that the fire consumed in his Majesty's yards, would from the chips furnish tar more than sufficient to saturate all the oak wanted in the English navy.

When we have discharged the fluids from our timber, the proper mode of applying it to the construction of a ship becomes an object of inquiry, and that this is little considered must be evident, if the author's position be true, and we believe it is, that a ship in the light of a machine composed of wood and iron, is the feeblest, most inartificial and unworkmanlike structure in the whole range of mechanics. For the proofs of this position, which it is highly expedient for the shipbuilder to examine, we refer him to the present prospectus, where he will find many ingenious observations on the rolling and pitching of ships, on the nature of cross planking decks, and other points, which if they do not concur with his present practice, may produce improvements in it. The idea of constructing a ship's frames entirely of straight timber, bent to the required curvature by steam, is not to be rejected merely from its novelty, and the experiment is assuredly worthy of attention.

The above points will afford matter for the first part of the intended work; in the two next parts we have reason to expect much information: and if this work should meet with encouragement, another, under the title of Naval Philosophy, is prepared to succeed it. From the importance of the subject, and the manner of treating it in the present specimen, we shall hope that the author will be forwarded in his designs, and we recommend this prospectus to ship builders and their employers.

ART. 29.—*The Conveniences, Principles, and Method of keeping Accounts with Bankers in the Country and in London, with accurate Tables adapted to the calculating of Interest Accounts with Ease and Dispatch, and to the discounting of Bills of Exchange, wherein the Table of Interest for one Day is extended to one Million of Pounds, &c. By W. Lowrie.* 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THE greater part of this volume is filled with the tables of in-

terest, whose merit consists in their accuracy. The trouble in making them is not very great, as from a common rule of three sum, the interest of a pound for one day is found to a considerable degree of accuracy, and the multiplication of this number by the numbers up to a hundred, gives the interest for any number of pounds under a hundred, for one day. The multiplying of the interest thus found by the numbers up to twelve, gives us the interest for pounds up to a hundred, to twelve days. A continued multiplication in this manner by the numbers up to twelve, gives the interest for most of the days in the year, and for the precise numbers and their multiples, we proceed by addition and multiplication. Thus for the interest of a pound for thirteen days, we add together the interest of seven and six pounds for a day found, and then multiplying the number thus found by two, for the interest of twenty-six days; by three, for thirty-nine days; and so on. The great nicety is in knowing when to throw out the decimal below a farthing, or to increase it till it is a farthing. On which account all tables made on this plan should be perpetually rectified, and in fact they ought first to be made in decimals to eight or ten figures, and afterwards converted into pounds and fractions of pounds.

It seems to be a proper mode that when the decimal below the farthing exceeds 5, a farthing should then be given to the interest, that when it is below 5, the decimal should be rejected; but if the custom of trade throws aside all the decimals below the farthing, nothing is to be said against it, but to take care that in going by addition or multiplication this decimal should have its proper value in the higher numbers. We mention this, because at first sight, on examining these tables, we thought the decimal rejected in one instance large enough to admit of a farthing increase to the interest; but on looking to the multiples of the number, we found that it was taken into the account, and the interest properly given.

The account given of the various details in tradesmen's accounts is drawn up with great clearness, and will be found useful to the country tradesman in his connections with the trade in London. It contains all the processes relative to bankers and the drawing of bills, processes which every clerk in London is very soon made acquainted with, but which, if not known by the country tradesman, may subject him to much unnecessary trouble. The work is recommended by the imprimatur of Mr. Nutt, governor of the bank of England, and a few merchants' houses in London, Sheffield, and Wakefield.

ART. 30.—*The Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity briefly invalidated, by John Dawson, of Sedbergh. Second Edition. To which is now added an Appendix. pp.* 36. 12*mo.* Cadell *and* Davies.

THE reputation of Mr. Dawson as a Mathematician has been long and very extensively established. In this short tract he profess a very strong claim to the character of a sober, acute and profound

metaphysician. We have perused his remarks with much satisfaction, and think them deserving of very high commendation. Much more may be learned from them, on the subject of which they treat, than from whole volumes which we have seen, by less competent writers. We are sorry that they have remained so long unnoticed by us.

ART. 31.—*A few Thoughts on the Creation, Generation, Growth, and Evolution of the Human Body and Soul: on the Spiritual and Immortal Nature of the Soul of Man: and on the Resurrection of his Body at the last Day, in a spiritual, incorruptible, and glorified State.* 3*s.* 6*d.* 8*vo.* Hatchard. 1805.

THE chief intention of these pages is to state a few cursory thoughts and remarks on the creation of the body and soul of man; on the existence and immortality of the soul; on its generation, growth, and evolution with the body; on its happy or miserable state, immediately after the death of the body; and on some objections which have been offered to these doctrines: which the author is induced to produce, from a firm belief that they may prove serviceable to mankind; and particularly to those who, in this age of infidelity, have been led to disbelieve the scriptures, and that future state of rewards and punishments which they uniformly declare. In pursuance of this design the writer has occasion to advert to the opinions which have been entertained on the questions of the *natural mortality* of the human soul, on the doctrines of materialism, on the manner of the soul's propagation, on the intermediate state, and on the eternity of the world which is to be hereafter. On all these, and some other subjects, the reader may derive some information from the work which is before us. Reference is made occasionally to the works of Bishop Newton, Bishop Law, Doctor Taylor, Doctor Priestley, Mr. Ormerod, Dean (not *Biskop*, as this writer calls him,) Sherlock, and some others: men of whose opinions on any subject it cannot be altogether uninteresting and useless to be informed or reminded. This work therefore is not without its value as a record and recapitulation of some important points of literary history. We are pleased also with the piety and the humility of its author. Yet the book has very many defects. And particularly, which is so requisite a faculty in the subjects which he has selected for discussion, we cannot speak in high terms of his skill and exactness in the use of language, without which the metaphysician's labours and the divine's are little less than vain.

ART. 32.—*The Nature and Properties of Wool, illustrated with a Description of the English Fleece. By John Luccock, Woolstapler. pp.* 360. 12*mo.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Harding. 1805.

TO the volume of an artisan who writes on the business to which he has been regularly bred, we always turn with attention, convinced that if he has the vanity to publish, he will also have the can-

dour to communicate any secret of which he may be possessed. It is, however, from an opinion that professional knowledge is part of a man's capital, which should always be disposed of on the best terms, that artisans are most frequently induced to bestow it on the public in a respectable volume, the immense sale of which is to reimburse them for all their pains and cares. We need not observe how much the authors are deceived or the public disappointed in such works. Their little secret, their *nostrum*, which they would have communicated to their apprentices in two sentences, is either studiously concealed in obscure hints, or enveloped in a labyrinth of words, so that the hapless reader, obliged to purchase a thick volume, and lose tenfold its value in time, pays very dearly indeed for his trivial information. We are sorry that the work of Mr. Luccock is no exception to these reflections. Had he presented us with his personal observations only, they would not have exceeded one fourth the compass of the present volume; and in doing so, he might have required the same price for his work, which would then have been much more honourable and profitable both to himself and the public. All Mr. L.'s general observations, which, in more able hands, would have assumed an historical character, are totally erroneous; his account of Spanish sheep and wool cannot deceive even the most illiterate, as it is extremely defective in historical facts. Any of our Encyclopedias, although egregiously erroneous and defective in this branch, would have assisted the author in his general view of wool. Pliny or Strabo would have informed him of the excellence of Spanish wool long prior to the incursions of the Moors; and the works of many of our philosophers (Bancroft, for instance), would have taught him something of the nature of wool. Nevertheless, in justice, we must acknowledge, that his work contains many important and interesting observations, but they are so intermixed with extraneous incoherent matter, that it is an Herculean labour to collect what is truly valuable into a limited point of view. When thus lopped of its excrescences, it might be denominated 'a topographical Description of English Wool, interspersed with Observations on the Feeding of Sheep, Quality of the Staple, and Value of Fleeces as influenced by Commerce and Manufactures.' Under this title, which, we think, will convey to our readers a more just idea of its contents than any analysis we could give, it will be found to contain much local knowledge of the actual state of our wool-crops, with highly laboured estimates of their quantity and quality in the respective counties of England and Wales. Instances of good sense and shrewd reflections occur in almost every page, among which it is observed, that Malta produced a very considerable effect on our woollen-trade; a fact worthy the attention of politicians. The author very ingeniously estimates the quantity of wool by the number of piles necessary to cover an inch; of moderately fine Spanish staple he has found with a microscope 1600 piles in an inch; the average number of short English wool is 885, of long do. 600. Of the long staple, there is only half

the quantity, which is about one third of the value of the short. Total of England and Wales 393,236 packs; value 5,570,494l. Number of sheep slaughtered, 7,142,856, which exceeds the number of lambs yeaned, by 140,054 annually. This calculation, we apprehend, is tolerably correct, though it is much below what we have hitherto seen. Upon the whole, this volume is worthy the attention of wool-farmers and all persons concerned in the woollen trade.

ART. 33.—*Observations on the Cultivation of Waste Lands, addressed to the Gentlemen and Farmers of Glamorganshire. By James Capper, formerly Colonel and Comptroller-General of the Army and Fortification Accompts on the Coast of Coromandel. pp.* 61. 8*vo.* Egerton. 1805.

DID we not know the tendency of men's minds to extremes, we should be at a loss to say why a general bill of enclosure had not long since been adopted by the parliament of England. This is the more extraordinary; because general enclosures might almost immediately become a fertile source of revenue to the government, as well as of supply to the people. The evil, however, if not speedily obviated, will remedy itself; and public spirited individuals have embarked in speculations of local enclosures that will gradually extend themselves, until those vast plains shall be converted into fertile fields, and the overflowing wealth of their proprietors be at once the envy and the reproach of government. The moderate and judicious pamphlet of Colonel Capper will contribute materially to this end. From his impartial statement of facts it appears that the cultivation of waste lands, if properly directed, will yield a clear profit of 30l. per cent. on the capital employed. A field of 10 acres for paring, burning, (the system that he has found incomparably the best) manuring, sowing, &c. cost only 68l. 2s. 6d. and yielded 8 bushels of wheat per acre, leaving a clear profit, 51l. 17s. 6d. even in the first year of enclosure. The rotation of crops is wheat, which if good is then followed by turnips, barley or oats, ray grass and clover. To enclose 100 acres with the certainty of success, it is deemed necessary to have a disposable capital of at least 1000l.

It is worthy of remark how much more advantageous it is to drain marshes or fens, than to cultivate heaths, as Sir Joseph Banks and others have recently drained near ten thousand acres of such lands in Lincolnshire, which are now worth sixty pounds an acre! We trust that such a certain and rapid acquisition of great wealth, will be an incentive to other agriculturists, to attempt the total annihilation of these unhealthy wastes.

These observations are the result of four years experience, extracted from the minutes of the author's farming journal, which, as well as his improvements, he informs us, are always open to the inspection of his friends and neighbours; a conduct truly liberal. The work is prefaced by some hints for the establishment of a school of industry in Glamorganshire, for the children of the la-

bouring poor,' which, with the character here given of labouring people in general, do equal honour to the head and heart of the author. We should gladly see some such plan of schools of industry adopted throughout every county in the united kingdoms.

ART. 31.—*Observations upon the Composition and Uses of the Water at the New Sulphur Baths, at Dinsdale, near Darlington, in the County of Durham. By John Peacock. pp.* 82. 8*vo.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Mawman. 1805.

THIS sulphurated spring, situated on the banks of the Tees, was discovered in 1787, and in 1797 baths were erected on it. A wine quart contains 2 grains carbonat of lime; 25 grains sulphat of lime; carbonic acid gas 2 cubic inches; azotic gas 1.50 do. sulphurated hydrogen gas 8.32 cubic inches, which contain $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains of sulphur. This quantity of sulphurated hydrogen gas greatly surpasses the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but we hope to see it immediately analyzed by some chemist, as it must be a powerful agent that may succeed in many cases where the waters of Harrowgate have failed, as in herpetic and cutaneous affections. In the conclusion of this pamphlet there are some rational reflections on scrophulous and herpetic diseases, which the author very justly allows to be hereditary. A natural remedy for such diseases is the more desirable at present, because cutaneous affections are every day more and more common in consequence of the general use of pernicious lotions for beautifying the skin. Should these observations tend to make known a remedy so necessary and so powerful, (and we hope that they will excite a prompt and decisive examination) they will do considerable honour to the author.

With regard to Mr. Peacock's political reflections, we cannot help hinting that his genius is better adapted to wield the pestle than to direct the affairs of state.

Since writing the above, we have been informed of the discovery of two new wells at Harrowgate, which are supposed to approach nearly the strength of the Dinsdale water; they are to be fitted up immediately, as there is frequently a deficiency of water for the baths. This discovery will doubtless be found of very essential service to the restoration of the health of many persons, who have not hitherto been able to procure a sufficient quantity of this medicated water.

ART. 35.—*A Summary of parental and filial Duties, or an interesting Description of what Parents and Children owe to each other, inculcating also the most valuable Requisites for a liberal Education. The whole extracted from the Works of the Sieur de Charron, by J. Taylor, Head Master of the Academy, Dronfield, &c.* 12*mo.* Longman. 1805.

THIS valuable little treatise being in its original state unavoidably concealed from the notice of many families particularly inte-

rested in the greatest part of its contents, the Editor has been induced to present it to the world in its present form.

Should the perusal of it afford as much pleasure to others as it has done to us, no apology can be necessary for thus recommending it to the more general attention of the public.

ART. 36.—*A solemn Protest against the Revival of Scenic Exhibitions and Interludes at the Royalty Theatre, containing Remarks on Pizarro, the Stranger, and John Bull, with a Postscript. To which is prefixed, a Review of the Conduct of the Stage in general, and the Expediency and Lawfulness of Dramatic Entertainments. By the Rev. T. Thirlwall, A.M. Chaplain to Bancroft's Hospital, and Lecturer of St. Dunstan, Stepney.* 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1805.

YOU are too warm, Mr. Thirlwall, much too warm: when your passion is abated we will talk with you.

ART. 37.—*Children's true Guide to Knowledge and Virtue, or a Collection of early Lessons peculiarly calculated to promote a gradual Improvement in Reading, as well as to lay a valuable Foundation in Moral and Religious Principles, the Plan and Subject Matter being attentively adapted to the use of Schools in general. By J. Taylor, Head Master of the Academy, Dronfield, and Author of the New English Grammar, &c.* 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THIS book would be much better calculated for children, if the poetry were omitted.

ART. 38.—*Interesting Conversations on Moral and Religious Subjects, interspersed with Narrative. By a Lady.* 8vo. 5s. Williams and Smith. 1805.

AS these conversations are principally on religious subjects, and are of the same species with many which have been reviewed by us on former occasions; we refer our readers for our opinion of the present work to the 25th article of our Review for November last.