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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1809.

ART. I. *Observations on the Historical Work of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox.* By the Right Honourable George Rose. *With a Narrative of the Events which occurred in the Enterprize of the Earl of Argyle in 1688.* By Sir Patrick Hume. 4to. pp. 364. London. Cadell and Davis. 1809.

WE have now reached that precise point of distance from the Revolution of 1688, when the history of it may be written with the greatest advantage. It is sufficiently remote to open all desirable access to every repository of information regarding it; and to sanction the utmost freedom which justice may require, in the delineation of the conduct and characters of the individual actors in it, without indelicacy, or risk of offence to their descendants. But what is of far higher importance, the observer is now able to comprehend within his view the whole magnitude of the event, so as to perceive it in its true proportion and genuine aspects, to consider it unobscured by the passions and prejudices of existing factions; and, by comparing the age to which it gave birth, form, and character, not only with that which produced it, but with every other to which it bears any analogy, to make a just estimate of its real merits, and deduce with certainty the lessons it affords to the legislator, the statesman, and the political philosopher. At the same time the transaction is sufficiently recent to possess every advantage requisite for creating the most lively interest. The characters of those who were concerned in it, not only in their stronger features, but in the various colouring of light and shade that belong to them, are nearly those of such men as we now behold; and are still as fresh and blooming as their portraits in the galleries of their great grandchildren. The institutions to which it gave birth, or improvement, still form the government under which our country flourishes; and constitute a palladium, on the preservation of which in vigour every party

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party amongst us allows, that our liberty, public prosperity, and national happiness depend. And above all, the great events that marked the last century, the American and French Revolutions, whether imitating or deviating from the model which it furnished, in their origin, accomplishment, and effects, concur to confer an importance on the revolution in 1688, of which its authors and objects were little aware, and to render it an era, from which a new series of political phenomena must date their rise, changing the aspect, and deeply operating on the fortunes and condition of the whole civilized world.

It was impossible therefore that the surmise of Mr. Fox having engaged in so great an undertaking, should not have excited much interest, and raised much expectation. Acute and ingenious, an accomplished scholar, beloved in private society, maintained for a long course of years in the second situation in the state (the head of opposition) by the support of a numerous party during a most eventful period, and there distinguished as a statesman and an orator of the greatest brilliancy, resources, and power—Those, who regarded him as their oracle in politics, must have expected every thing from such a person employed on such a subject; and even the general mass of readers must have looked for a performance of great ability, and for a systematic delineation of public principles suited to Mr. Fox's views of the British constitution. There is, however, no sort of doubt, that, with whatever care it may be disguised, great and lamentable disappointment has been felt from the posthumous publication of his labours, by both these descriptions of persons. No glimpse of those original and profound powers of thought, which constitute the philosophical historian, is to be discovered throughout the whole production: and even the introductory chapter, written obviously with much care, and apparently finished for the press, though chiefly relative to the period, 1679, when, according to Blackstone and Mr. Fox himself, the constitution had reached theoretical perfection, not only contains no display of so fine a theory; but, while it overlooks in silence the consideration of all objections to the doctrine, however prominent in the course of his own political conduct, exhibits not a single symptom of patriotic glow, at the glorious discovery of combining monarchical order and permanency with republican energy, and both with a degree of civil freedom formerly unknown. All that Mr. Fox deduces and ponders on is the reflection, and, as he gives it without qualification, a reflection equally unphilosophical and dangerous, that the characters of men who execute laws, and not the laws themselves, are of most importance; and then assuming that 'this' forsooth 'was the best moment of the best constitution that ever human wisdom framed,'

framed, afflicts himself and his readers, through the tyranny which ensued, with impotent complaints of the inefficacy of human institutions.

Here, at any rate, it was certainly the duty of an enlightened historian of Mr. Fox's sentiments, to have considered the adequacy of the representative body, as then arranged and returned, to perform its constitutional functions; to have pointed out the sufficiency of the powers granted to the peerage and dignified clergy for the due exercise of their functions in the House of Lords; to have examined the royal prerogative in its various branches, and explained how, by the wise provisions of the constitution, means were furnished for maintaining the independance of the crown as a branch of the legislature, while the exercise of the executive power was duly subjected to the regular and effective controul of the two Houses of Parliament; and in fine to have proved, that under the established arrangements, there was either no occasion for any further controul upon the legislature and government as then constituted, or that the controul required was provided in the unalienable sovereignty of the people, that is, in the opinion of the nation gradually formed by the sentiments of its most enlightened citizens, and rendered irresistible when constitutionally announced. But if Mr. Fox had executed this task he must have discussed the thorny questions of parliamentary reform, and the necessity of a certain imperfection in the representation subservient to the interests of the peerage and the throne, the right of the crown to name ministers, and to augment the peerage without limitation, and in fine the extent of the dispensing power, and of the appeal to the people against the resolutions of the House of Commons.

After disposing of these points as he best could, he must have concluded with either renouncing his theoretical perfection of 1679, or accounting for the unrestrained and unpunished profligacy of the Cabal Administration, on other principles than the inefficacy of human laws without good men to execute them: a maxim, which seems merely a different form of expressing the common apology of all despotic systems, That good governors require no laws, and bad ones are not to be restrained by them: whereas the truth is, that good laws and institutions aid the best men in governing well, and restrain even bad men in public trust, from venturing to be criminal. Accordingly no man of information can doubt that the efficacy of our constitution at this day is such, as would render it impossible, even for a Charles the Second, and ministers as unprincipled as the Cabal, to form so much as a project of criminal ambition approaching to theirs. The certainty of detection is now so great, that nothing short of the courage of martyrs could undertake the danger, and madness alone could hope to succeed.

But to those who have been taught to think correctly on government, and to estimate justly the merits of Mr. Fox's political life, there is a much more serious objection to his performance than a mere deficiency of philosophical views, and a failure of displaying luminously and powerfully the principles and merits of the British constitution. There is an insensibility to the paramount importance of the monarchy in that constitution which transpires on every occasion, when the sentiments and behaviour of parties, or leaders of parties, are described. It is to the *moderation* of the Whigs, and not to true constitutional attachment, or a proper sense of its real importance, that the admission of monarchy into their plan of freedom is attributed: and it is to a blind idolatry, and not to any rational reliance on the crown, as essential to the protection of civil liberty, against oligarchic tyranny, religious fanaticism, and military usurpation, that the loyalty of the Church of England and the Tories is ascribed. No credit is given to the Southamptons, the Ormonds, the Nottinghams, the Somers', the Russells and other great leaders of Tories and Whigs, for genuine well considered attachment to the crown, as essential to the best plan of regulated freedom, notwithstanding every disapprobation of the unworthy characters that occasionally wore it: and the public feeling, which made way for the revolution of 1688, instead of being acknowledged as the result of the supereminent attachment of the nation to its constitution, and of a general sense among all parties, that a revolution was the only means left to save it, is degraded into a sort of truckling compromise between opposite factions, in which the Whigs submit to modify their republicanism by the admission of kingly power into the constitution, and the Tories sacrifice their passion for absolute monarchy, in order to remove their terrors for the safety of the church, to which they were attached with still more bigoted superstition.

But here the plain and obvious truth strikes every eye which is not jaundiced. There might be a few partizans of absolute power; there were a few republicans, and those chiefly among the sect of Independants; but the great mass of the people, whether Episcopalians or Presbyterians, were attached to the constitution of their country. Of these one half saw more danger in the encroachments of the crown than in the influence of demagogues with the people: these were called Whigs: the other half apprehended more from the turbulence of the people, and the ambition of factious leaders, than from the crown: these were called Tories. But, though all had their partialities and their prejudices, it is the mere abuse of hostile faction to call the Whigs republicans, and the Tories devotees of arbitrary power. In fact, the state of the government gave the nation, at times, the appearance of being all of one faction.

In 1641, all was Whig. Charles had ruled twelve years without parliament, and the nation appeared unanimous in its sense of danger from the crown. When parliament soon after aimed at grasping the power of the sword, a great proportion of the best and most enlightened part of the public became Tory. And in 1660, the recent usurpation, to which both the king and the church had fallen sacrifices, rendered nearly the whole nation Tory. And notwithstanding much public oppression, and profligacy in administration, the horror of the civil war, and the military government which followed it, maintained the public in Tory principles down to the Revolution, when the language of statesmen became once more Whig, and the principles of the new establishment were systematically inculcated. It is absurd to think that the nation became thus alternately republicans and partizans of arbitrary power. The simple truth is, that the nation, attached to its constitution, changed the object of its dread, as circumstances impressed it with a sense of danger from opposite quarters.

It is not easy to conceive that observations so palpable could escape the notice of Mr. Fox; and indeed he must have lived with little profit from his own experience, if he was not taught that public opinion is at this day strongly influenced by similar principles. When the combination of Lord North and himself led a majority in the House of Commons to assume a virtual election of ministers, the nation did not relish the attempt; and choosing (as Mr. Burke confesses) that the power of nomination should remain with the king, as the first gentleman in the country already at the top of his ambition, instead of becoming the prey of an oligarchy contending for power, it decided the question by depriving 150 members of their seats. In the same way the dread of French democracy rendered the public Tory for the time; and they apprehended, and not without just cause, that under the mask of parliamentary reform the monarchy and the aristocracy were threatened. But was the nation less attached to its constitution, because on these occasions it pronounced its opinion strongly? On the contrary, the energy it displayed was the best evidence of its constitutional spirit; and though the occasions called for anti-republican measures, opposite circumstances would have produced opposite effects.

There are symptoms which render it probable that it was not altogether fortunate for the correctness of Mr. Fox's views, and the propriety of his public feelings, that the American war should occur at a period when, perhaps, for the first time, he was thinking on general principles. Mr. Burke was thoroughly imbued with constitutional doctrines, and was certainly an able tutor to Mr. Fox. But the lessons at such a period must have been all of one tendency; and under an avowed approbation of American resistance, it is

at least likely, that the ideas of the pupil, placed in the vigour of youth at the head of opposition, would extend beyond the doctrines of the teacher. In America, the great experiment of creating an elective executive power was made with some success; a measure that could not fail to enlarge the ideas of the leaders of parties, as to objects of personal aggrandisement; and, under those political events which ensued in Europe, might possibly 'open,' as Mr. Burke expresses it, 'some new walks of ambition to Mr. Fox's view.*' And it is remarkable that, in the introductory chapter, where he alludes to the establishment of the American government, he could not omit paying a tribute to 'the most glorious of all parts,' performed by Washington; while he makes not a single effort to explain how it has happened that America, though defended by her scattered population, agricultural habits, and remote position from any immediate danger of military usurpation, oligarchic faction, or foreign corruption, should yet be obnoxious to most of those evils which have formed the miserable lot of every nation in whose politics foreign states felt any considerable interest, and where the executive was elective, and the royal prerogative nominal or weak.

Still, however, it certainly is extraordinary, that Mr. Fox's English heart could permit him to disparage the attachment of the people to their free constitution. And cold and insensible, as he seems to be, to the interests of religious establishments, and hostile to Tory and Church bigotry, it was yet to have been expected from the ostensible head of the Whigs of the present day, and an avowed zealot to gain them proselytes, that the loyalty of the party in former times would have been traced to an animating principle, which somewhat corresponded to the warmth of its professions. We might almost suspect that Mr. Fox had become an adept in the new philosophy which Mr. Burke imputes to the modern Whigs: and that while his sympathies had been exercised for the progress of American, and French, and universal liberty, he looked with much indifference at the patriotism of our ancestors, and their political contests, about a government made up from kings, peers, bishops, and other elements of barbarous times: contests too, carried on with so little refinement, that the indulgence for political crimes which Mr. Fox claims,† never appears to have once occurred to them, no more than the moral apology for the death of Charles the First, That it might be necessary for the safety of the Commonwealth; which, though suggested as a mere remark by Hume, was reserved for Mr. Fox to consider as a sort of justification.

* Observations on the conduct of the minority in Parliament, 1793.

† In direct opposition to Mr. Burke's formal and systematic opinion, which might be contradicted, but not confuted.—*Remarks on the Policy of the Allies with respect to France,*

When, however, we reflect on Mr. Fox's great discernment and talents, we rather incline to conjecture, that feeling, as he must, the smart of Mr. Burke's attacks, and perceiving the impossibility of discussing with him the question, That the old Whigs were loyalists and aristocrats as much as democrats, in short, that they were constitutionalists and not republicans, he saw, as confutation was impossible, and recantation, in his situation, equally so; nothing remained, but to leave his principles to posterity under the stigma of that immortal writer, or to compose a grave and authoritative work, where, without discussion of Mr. Burke's proofs, he could ascribe to the founders of his party such principles as he himself had assumed during the struggles of his political life, or such modification of them as he found it convenient and desirable to maintain. From such a work, to which he might naturally judge that he was fully adequate, founded generally on solid information, and adorned with the fascinating display of his manly eloquence, he might reasonably hope for a preponderance of fame, while it stamped the public mind with the political impressions which he wished it to bear. If this plan has failed of success, and it most assuredly has, the little progress made in the work may perhaps be said to account for the phenomenon. But some may also doubt, whether, when the inventive period of life has been passed in the turmoil of dissipation and business, and political notions have been formed and rivetted during thirty years employed in active opposition, it is to be expected that profound, comprehensive, impartial, and solid views of government, laws, and morals, can have replenished the mind, so as to form a proper historian of the revolution. Nor will the recollection of the claim to an hereditary right of regency, or of the opposition made to affording protection to Poland when regenerating herself after the model of the British constitution,* or of the unbounded admiration expressed at French legislation, tend in any degree to obviate such doubts.

It seems probable from the elegant and interesting preface of the editor of Mr. Fox's work, that its deficiency in philosophic views and political discussion was not unobserved. Accordingly we are there prepared to lay our account with the mere relation of a story unaccompanied with any thing resembling dissertation, as all that Mr. Fox judged admissible in history; and we are led by a series of interesting remarks to turn our expectations and attention to a singular accuracy to be found in the statement of facts, and to much purity and simplicity in the structure of the composition. And to this line of examination Mr. Rose accordingly appears in general to have

* And alas! to the calamity of the whole civilized world, for once a successful opposition!

been directed in his view of the work, and in the various remarks with which he has favoured the public; all of which will be found more or less deserving of consideration, not only by the future historian who performs the task which Mr. Fox was prevented from accomplishing, but by every person who wishes to attain a correct knowledge of the transactions and characters of what may justly be termed the classical period of English history.

Mr. Rose explains, in an Introduction, that the principal purpose of his publication was to vindicate an ancestor of the late Earl of Marchmont, from imputations in Mr. Fox's account of the Expedition of the Earl of Argyle in 1685. This ancestor was Sir Patrick Hume, who accompanied the Earl in that expedition, but escaped to Holland, and was after the Revolution created Earl of Marchmont, and Chancellor of Scotland, in reward of his merits and sufferings in the cause of his country. Mr. Rose subjoins to his 'Observations,' a narrative which Sir Patrick had left of what occurred in that expedition. It carries much intrinsic evidence of truth with it; and when the known character for worth and integrity which belonged to its author is considered, no impartial person will doubt that the statement of having deserted his leader, on the dispersion of the insurgents, is an error; and that the Earl of Argyle had taken his resolution not to proceed to Glasgow, as given out to them, but to separate, and that he actually had departed for Argyleshire before Sir Patrick reached the village of Kilpatrick; whence, with Sir John Cochrane and a few more, he forthwith effected his escape into Ayrshire. Subjoined to this narrative, is a very pleasing and interesting memorial by Lady Murray of Stanhope, granddaughter to Sir Patrick, containing some particulars of his concealment in the family vault, and the domestic life of himself and family when fugitives in Holland. We believe no man would have been more disposed to relish these documents than Mr. Fox, and to have done justice to those concerned; and as he did not live to be the publisher of his own work, it is but fair to suppose, that before sending it to the press he might have made more ample researches for information; and that at any rate, he would always have been ready to receive communications. It is obvious indeed, from Lord Holland's preface, that Mr. Fox did not undertake his work because he had made researches, or, because discoveries had fallen in his way; but that after determining to write, he set about searching for information, and inquiring where to find it!

Mr. Rose, however, is not satisfied with the vindication of Sir Patrick Hume. He seems inclined to abate considerably from the merits ascribed by Mr. Fox to the Earl of Argyle, and he is particularly dissatisfied with the contrast so beautifully drawn by that gentleman

gentleman between the tranquillity of the Earl, which permitted him to fall into a sound sleep a short time before his execution, and the agitation attributed to a privy counsellor on observing the circumstance. It is scarcely possible to discuss this question without detailing the arguments of Mr. Rose: this our limits will not allow; and we must therefore content ourselves with observing, that they do not appear altogether satisfactory. Woodrow, from whom the anecdote is derived, was an intelligent man, and, though a zealous partizan, highly worthy of credit. When we take into the account too, that Scotland was at this time subjected to a tyranny, violent, bloody, and rapacious beyond example; it does not seem so improbable that the conscience of a member of such a government should, on such an occasion, have borne witness against him.

Mr. Rose also controverts the fact of Monk having given up the private letters of the Marquis of Argyle, in order to convict him of being hearty in the cause of that usurpation to which the nation had submitted, and endeavours to obviate, in other respects, the severity of obloquy which Mr. Fox has poured on the character of Monk. There is, however, the positive evidence of Principal Bailie to the fact, and also of Bishop Burnet, who, though only eighteen years of age at the time, must have had ample opportunity afterwards of learning the truth of a proceeding, which was so interesting to many great families, and to the nation at large; and which, considering that Argyle had been mainly instrumental in placing the crown of Scotland on the head of Charles, was connected with the reputation of the sovereign himself. In such a matter too, the disappearance from the public archives of all the written documents exhibited at the trial, cannot be thrown intirely out of consideration. We cannot enter into any discussion of the personal character of Monk, or of the probability arising from particular instances of generosity, that he was incapable of the baseness imputed to him; neither can we canvas the character of Burnet, which Tories and Jacobites have so long selected as a favourite object of attack. But though something is said by Mr. Rose in favour of the former, and much collected from different quarters against the latter, we would rather, on the whole, incline to Mr. Fox's sentiments on these subjects than to those of his critic. We think, that the esteem of Lord Russell and of William the Third for Burnet, greatly overbalances the obloquy of Charles, and his ministers, and mistresses; and that if we suppose Argyle's letters only contained such general expressions of regard to the government of the time, as induced it to suffer the head of the presbyterians in Scotland to remain there;—there is nothing either in Monk's character, or in any of the arguments which Mr. Rose has collected, of sufficient weight to overcome the positive testimony to the charge. Accordingly

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Mr. Hume relates the fact as certain. And no person can doubt that it was merely the superior influence of Argyle with his countrymen, and no cordiality in supporting the usurpation to which he had ever been an object of jealousy and apprehension, that rendered him, at a period when Monk had still great power and influence, a victim to the fears, the hatred, and the profligacy of the Middleton administration; the same which a few years afterwards procured the condemnation of Lord Loine for writing an innocent private letter offensive to them, and carried through Parliament an act of incapacity, confiscation, and banishment against twelve political foes, whom they were afterwards to name by ballot!

Mr. Rose employs his three first sections chiefly in strictures on some of Mr. Fox's more general positions:—the advantage of the publicity of the trial and death of Charles—a restoration the worst species of revolutions*—the instruments of the restoration 1660 reprehensible for omitting all precautions for the security of public liberty—the theoretical perfection of the constitution in 1679—the complicated corruption and meanness of Charles's political relations with France—and the notion that James's primary object was the establishment of arbitrary power, while the introduction of popery was only a subordinate design in the policy of his government. We cannot think that Mr. Fox would have persisted in this last position, had he lived to review his work for publication. It is abundantly disproved by materials which he himself had provided, and which appear in his appendix; and surely the measures of James in favour of popery were at any rate sufficiently palpable to rouse the indignation and apprehension of protestants. It signifies nothing, therefore, to the establishment of Mr. Fox's charge against the nation, of indifference or dislike to freedom, what was the comparative degree of intensity of James's two favourite passions. His attacks both on religion and liberty were so open and decided, that if the nation loved either the one or the other, it had no choice but to resist. Mr. Rose leaves no longer any room for doubt on the nature of James's predilections.

The fourth and fifth sections of the 'Observations' are professedly directed to examine Mr. Fox's claims to that diligent and thorough research as to all facts, however minute, introduced into his narrative, which his Noble Editor has advanced in his behalf. And here it does appear, that Mr. Fox, besides being sometimes incorrect, and that even in a matter of translation, had not made that general inquiry after unpublished documents which we should have

* Another flat counterposition to Mr. Burke's opinion, without proof, discussion, or even notice of it.—*Remarks on the Policy of the Allies with respect to France,*

expected; that no new discovery of any importance has been made by him in his researches in France or elsewhere, and even that there is no peculiar sagacity to be observed in his work, either in weighing the historical evidence of facts, or in delineating the character and conduct of individuals. We must, however, repeat that a posthumous work ought not to be criticized without some reserve. And we note with pleasure, the tone of moderation and respect which Mr. Rose has constantly maintained towards his political adversary.

In the course of Mr. Rose's observations, he is led to take some notice of the accusations against Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney, of having received money from France. Every thing on such a subject is highly interesting, and we cannot resist favouring our readers with Mr. Rose's ideas upon it. He had been vindicating Sir John Dalrymple, by some detail of proofs, against the charge of concealment of evidence from Barillon's Letters, tending to criminate the conduct and characters of Charles and his brother, from which he concluded—

‘With such evidence before us, produced by Sir John Dalrymple, in support of charges against the two brothers, it appears not to be quite consistent with justice to reproach him with having “omitted to extract or publish important dispatches;” as it would be extremely difficult to devise a possible motive, after what he had produced himself, for withholding one sentence printed by Mr. Fox. The researches of the latter were confined to a part of the year 1685; whereas the Baronet applied his industry to every thing he could find, from the year 1667 to the revolution; to which glorious event the measures of James necessarily led.’

‘Nothing (continues Mr. Rose,) can justify the conduct of the two brothers, in their private communications and corrupt connections with the French king. An attempt to palliate it, by urging the long and hereditary connections which had subsisted between the Stewart dynasty and the monarchs of France, to whom they were always accustomed to look up for assistance against foreign, and protection against domestic enemies, would be but a bad defence: Every native of Great Britain, carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a foreign power, in matters touching the interests of Great Britain, is *prima facie* guilty of a great moral, as well as political crime. If a subject, he is a traitor to his king and his country; if a monarch, he is a traitor to the crown which he wears, and to the empire which he governs. There may, by possibility, be circumstances to extenuate the former; there can be none to lessen our detestation of the latter.

‘That large sums were received from France by the two monarchs, their ministers, and others of their subjects, it will be impossible to doubt, when the correspondence of Courtin and of Barillon with their court shall have been read: for, on arguing the testimony of the papers of those

those ambassadors as historical evidence, it must be acknowledged without reference to legal nicety, that their letters must be uniformly admitted or rejected; not admitted against the king, and rejected against his opponents. That will not, however, preclude the argument which their intrinsic nature, or the comparison of other cotemporary documents, affords, to criminate the one or exculpate the other. The zeal of some of the admirers of Sydney and Russell (a zeal natural to a British mind), led them at first to dispute the authenticity of Barillon's letters altogether, which, Mr. Fox says, "were worth their weight in gold." A better defence, however, has always appeared capable of being made by no very unreasonable suspicion, not of the authenticity, but of the authority, of that minister's correspondence, connected with the nature of the transactions themselves; and the equivocal purpose of his statements, with regard to the intercourse between him and the leaders in the British parliament.

'It is difficult to be persuaded, that the distributions stated by him are in all instances correct; particularly in the cases of the two distinguished men above mentioned, notwithstanding the observation of Sir John Dalrymple, "that when he found in the French dispatches, Lord Russell intriguing with the court of Versailles, and Algernon Sydney taking money from it, he felt very near the same shock as if he had seen a son turn his back in the day of battle." So strong an expression would naturally lead the reader to expect that the imputation would be established beyond all possibility of doubt: but some relief must be derived from learning that the proof of the facts, which occasioned this severe trial of Sir John's nerves, rests on the authority of Barillon's letters. That minister stated that he had given two bribes of 500*l.* each to Sydney; and that with Lord Russell he had been in a clandestine intercourse.

'Without resolving the question just now alluded to, or deciding what degree of extenuation is admissible in the case of a subject of one prince having private communications, on matters of state, with the ambassador of another, in time of peace; it must be observed, that in the whole of the correspondence between Barillon and his court, there is not one syllable tending to an insinuation that either of those persons shewed a disposition to give furtherance to any view of Lewis, hostile to what they believed to be the true interests of their country; on the contrary, Monsieur Barillon himself furnishes evidence of the principles which Sydney avowed to him, and on which he acted, very opposite to any wish of aiding James's objects. The statement by Barillon of Sydney having accepted money from him, is certainly very plain and distinct: but however we may differ from that distinguished man as to the form of government best adapted to promote the happiness and prosperity of his country, in judging on a point of high importance to his reputation, it will not, we hope, be thought illiberal, or bearing too hard on the memory of a foreigner of considerable note, if we have in our contemplation, on one hand, the high character of our countryman for inflexible integrity, and the improbability of his doing any thing unworthy of that for two sums comparatively so paltry; and, on the other hand,

hand, that Barillon was entrusted by his Sovereign with very large sums of money; the distribution of which he was of course to give some account of, but for which no vouchers could be required of him: and if it shall be thought allowable to entertain a doubt of the accuracy of the accounts of the ambassador, we may then venture to suggest that he had a two-fold inducement to place those sums to the name of Mr. Sydney, as furnishing a discharge for the amount stated to be given; and affording means of obtaining credit with his employer, for having been able to prevail with such a man to receive foreign money for any purpose.

‘This appears not to be an unfair way of viewing the subject. Mr. Fox, however, could hardly be aware how Barillon’s testimony bore on the character of these two men, on whom he bestows great and just eulogiums, when thinking it useful in support of a position he wished to maintain, he appreciated the value of Barillon’s letters too highly, as we have observed, and added, that his studies at Paris “had been useful beyond what he could describe.”’

We cannot bid adieu to the works of these two eminent writers, without expressing a hope, that they will effectually convince the public, that whoever undertakes the history of the revolution must begin with the reign of Charles the Second. Mr. Hume’s account of it is much too general, had it no other defect, to afford sufficient information on so important and so recent a period of British story. Besides, a great deal of most valuable matter, relative to it, has been brought to light since that work was composed. The Clarendon Papers, Dalrymple’s Collections, &c. have appeared; and Mr. Rose shews that much more might still be recovered. In short, a history of the revolution establishment is yet wanted, a history that shall be so full and detailed, as to afford satisfaction to the lawyer, the statesman, the philosopher, and the general reader; where at the outset the constitution, as it stood at the Restoration, shall be correctly delineated, the progressive movement of laws, government, factions, and opinions traced, and a kindly and paramount regard for all the branches of the constitution, and for the interests of religion, liberty, and order, without bias for individuals, parties, or opinions, be invariably maintained.

ART. II. *Voyages à Peking, Manille, et l’Isle de France, faits dans l’intervalle des années 1784 à 1801.* Par M. de Guignes, Resident de France à la Chine, attaché au Ministère des Relations extérieures, Correspondant de la première et de la troisième Classe de l’Institut. 3 tom. 8vo. pp. 1404. avec un Atlas en folio, à Paris, 1808.

AFTER an embargo of some years continuance, on the literary productions of France, a considerable importation has recently been permitted, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, smuggled, through

through the ports of Holland, into this interdicted country : and if we may be allowed to form our judgment from the article now before us, as well as from some splendid publications of voyages to, and discoveries of, countries long since discovered and described, we shall run little risk in pronouncing the art of book-making to be quite as well understood in Paris as in London. We hail with pleasure, however, any article, in the shape of literature, which is brought to us from the East; whether of the pure and genuine production of that quarter of the globe, or whether, in its passage through the continent of Europe, it may have suffered some little adulteration in the workshops of the West. Much as we should of course prefer the former, we are not yet become so fastidious as entirely to overlook the latter; among which description we fear we must be under the necessity of classing the work of M. de Guignes.

The great empire of China, notwithstanding its numerous and powerful claims to the attention of mankind, in consequence perhaps of its peculiarity of situation, and internal polity, remained for ages in almost total obscurity and exclusion from the rest of the civilized world; its existence being scarcely hinted at by ancient writers; and the real character and condition of its multitudinous subjects represented, by the moderns, in terms so incongruous and opposite, as sometimes to excite a doubt on our minds whether they speak of the same people. Long after its first discovery, the predominant opinion ran in favour of all its institutions; and this may easily be accounted for by taking into consideration the unfavourable circumstances under which the western hemisphere was labouring about that period. The strong impressions which must necessarily have been made on the mind of that man who, after traversing a dreary succession of wastes, over whose wide-extended surface were thinly scattered a few tawny-coloured, half-naked and half-famished inhabitants, was thrown at once upon a fertile and cultivated region, peopled by a race of men not materially differing from Europeans, many of them comfortably, and some superbly, clothed in vests of costly materials and curious workmanship, and where the multitudes on every side were so vast that, in speaking of them, he could not bring himself to employ a term expressive of less than millions—the impressions, we say, that such an adventure was likely to stamp on the mind of the traveller, would naturally dispose him to relate to his countrymen ‘a tale of wonder;’ and we cannot therefore be surprised if, under such circumstances, we occasionally meet with exaggerations in that account of China which is usually attributed to *Marco Polo*. Those religious men also, who, impelled by a laudable zeal for disseminating the truths of Christianity among the nations of the East, after traversing many a wild waste and sandy desert, entered this flourishing

flourishing empire at a time when neither the comforts nor the conveniences, much less the elegancies, of life were generally diffused over Europe, and who, at their departure, had seen but little of the world beyond the boundary of their respective convents,—such men also might well be excused for any little aberration from the strict line of truth, in their reports respecting a country and people so very different from all to which they had been accustomed. The flattering reception they met with at the court of this extraordinary nation, and the pleasing prospect which presented itself of a plentiful harvest in the field of the gospel, could not fail in some measure to influence their minds, and to give their narratives a bias in favour of such a people.

The relations published of the several missions were sought after with great avidity by the learned of Europe; those, in particular, which concerned China, were peculiarly interesting to the philosophers of the age, as describing a people endowed with every moral and social virtue, and enjoying the advantage of civil institutions, whose sole end was that of promoting the general happiness of mankind. The learned Isaac Vossius became such an enthusiast in favour of the Chinese, that he asserted there was nothing valuable on earth that was not to be met with in China, and he lamented exceedingly that he himself had not been born a Chinese! The French academicians extolled to the skies the profound knowledge of this wonderful people in civil polity, in morality, in literature, and all the useful arts and sciences; and the laborious Encyclopedists considered them as not only superior to the rest of Asiatic nations, but at least equal to the most enlightened of Europeans: nay, the incredulous philosopher of Ferney condescended, in this instance, to swim with the stream, and to prostitute his talents in the propagation of what, in his heart, he could not possibly believe to be true. During this frenzy of the French to establish the superior excellence of the Chinese, there was some little danger that the *Chee-King* would have driven the *Iliad* out of the field, and the *Lee-kee* have supplanted the sublime morality of the new testament, whose doctrines it was declared to have anticipated! In short, *Lao-tsé* was the prince of poets, and *Cong-foo-tsé* the first of philosophers.

With few exceptions, this extravagant character maintained its ground for some time in the literary world. The Abbé Renaudot however, in a dissertation on the state of learning among the Chinese, annexed to his ‘*Relation of Two Mahomedan Travellers who visited China in the 9th Century*,’ took a very different, and, as has since appeared, a more correct view of the national character. Most of the navigators also, who subsequently called for refreshments, and those who, for purposes of commerce, visited the port
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of Canton, whether English, French, Dutch, Danes, or Swedes, concurred very generally in representing the Chinese as a people deficient in real science, and totally devoid of every moral principle. But the evidence of such visitors, however, could not in fairness be considered as conclusive; and many doubts yet remained, when the question was taken up by M. Pauw, who, in a work of extraordinary merit, published under the title of *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Egyptiens et les Chinois*, discussed, in a very ingenious and satisfactory manner, the pretensions of the Chinese to the supereminent qualities which had so generally been ascribed to them. This inquiry seems to have arisen from some learned strictures published in the *Memoirs de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, most of them by M. de Guignes (the father of the gentleman whose work is now under consideration,) the object of which was to prove that the Chinese were originally a colony from Egypt. M. Pauw not only exposed the fallacy of such a conclusion, but incontrovertibly shewed that not one single point of resemblance ever existed between the two nations. A performance of so much ability, in which not merely the judgment but the veracity of the missionaries was impeached, could not be silently passed over by the advocates of the Chinese. The Abbé Grozier, in his preface to the *Histoire Generale de la Chine*, accuses the author of wilful misrepresentation, falsehood, and calumny, and is highly indignant at the effrontery of a German philosopher, who, from his easy chair at Berlin, presumed to pronounce judgment on a distant people whom he never saw. This argument however would equally apply to the Abbé Grozier's *Description generale de la Chine*, which is a mere compilation from the accounts furnished by the missionaries, the Abbé having no more local information than M. Pauw. The former, who was furnished with abundance of materials, seems deficient in the faculty of discrimination, whilst the latter, with great ingenuity, has sifted the grain from the chaff.

The works regarding China, having been mostly published on the Continent, excited but little interest in England. Our connection with that country was confined to one spot, and our concern limited to one object. We cared little about China so long as it supplied us with Bohea and Souchong. At length however an event occurred which drew the attention of the English towards that country: this was the embassy of the Earl of Macartney to the Court of Peking. The national curiosity now became so impatient to be gratified with some account of China and its inhabitants, that a publication, patched up in London from the meagre journal kept by a menial servant of the Ambassador, and plentifully interlarded with extracts from Du Halde and Grozier, went through several editions, before the 'Authentic Account' from the Secretary of the Embassy

Embassy could make its appearance. Since that event, our knowledge of China, though still very imperfect, has considerably increased.

The supposed failure of the English, said to be owing to their obstinacy in not submitting to the Chinese ceremony of salutation, was a spur to Mr. Van Braam, the chief of the Dutch factory, to try what might be done by an unconditional submission to all that Chinese etiquette should require. He therefore solicited permission from the Council of Batavia to proceed to Peking; the Council, though they approved the proposal, did not consider him as a proper person for the situation of Ambassador, but sent Mr. Titsingh, one of their own members, appointing Mr. Van Braam as his deputy. M. de Guignes, having little employ, as *Resident de France à la Chine*, offered his services to Mr. Titsingh, who took him under his protection, in the capacity of Secretary and Assistant Interpreter. Of this embassy we have two narratives; the one by Mr. Van Braam, in two very bulky and very stupid quarto volumes, and the work which is now before us, from the pen of M. de Guignes. The account given by Van Braam, though as clumsy a production as ever issued from the literary workshop of a Dutchman, contains some valuable facts; and we are not sorry on the whole that his ideas and observations have been laid before the public, as it is only by a comparison of the descriptions and sentiments of different writers, that we can hope to obtain any thing like a correct view of nations that are otherwise inaccessible to us. From M. de Guignes, however, we were naturally led to expect a great deal more than from Mr. Van Braam; he had resided among the Chinese for many years; he had studied their language; he was educated, we may say, in the very focus of literature; he travelled under the protection of an ambassador, to whom he acted occasionally as interpreter; he traversed the whole extent of the empire from north to south, proceeding by land to the capital, and returning by water to Canton; and to sum up all, he has taken twelve years to compose his book. Let us see then how far, under all these advantages, he has realized our expectations.

His book is arranged under three general divisions.

1. *Tableau de l'Histoire ancienne de la Chine.*
2. *Voyage à Peking—and, Retour de Peking.*
3. *Observations sur les Chinois.*

The matter contained under the first of these, is little more, in fact, than a *precis* or abstract from the ponderous work of that indefatigable missionary le père Mayrac de Mailla, published in twelve quarto volumes by the Abbe Grozier, under the title of *Histoire generale de la Chine*, with occasional extracts from the translation of the *Choo-king*; yet this transcript occupies no less than two hundred and fifty pages of the first volume. We could

have wished that M. de Guignes had been candid enough at least to acknowledge the sources from which he derived the information contained in this superfluous part of his work. In a book of travels announced to the world under this title, we are not prepared to look for a history of the change of dynasties, the succession of the imperial family, and the miraculous circumstances which foretold or accompanied those important events. We do not mean to depreciate the history of China; we consider it, on the contrary, as a curious and valuable record of the transactions of times antecedent to the period from which the earliest European history is dated. We object not to the many miraculous events, and the several instances of the interposition of a supernatural power, which occur in all ancient history: we object only to a mutilated abstract being placed at the head of a work avowedly announced as a book of travels. The *Table des Empereurs*, exhibiting their names in the characters of the Chinese language, and the *Itineraire*, which precede this historical abstract, might quite as well have been omitted, being of little use, except to increase the size of the volume.

The second division of the work occupies the remaining part of the first and one hundred and forty-six pages of the second volume. It is a journal of the progress of the Embassy to and from the capital, with a detailed account of its proceedings there, and of the feasts and entertainments given on the occasion, at the Court of Peking, and in the gardens of Yuen-min-yuen. Although we cannot compliment M. de Guignes on the clearness and accuracy of his descriptions, or on the depth of his observations and reflexions, we are yet inclined to believe that his statement of facts is strictly correct. We believe also that the objects which he has endeavoured to describe are such only as came under his own observation; this part of the work therefore we consider as original, interesting, and valuable. It presents to us almost daily notices of the general nature of the surface, the soil, and the productions of the country; it gives us the appearance of the habitations, and the dress of the people; it describes the various modes of travelling; it abounds with complaints of the roguish tricks of the mandarins; of the insolence of the common people; of the wretchedness of the Kong-quan, or houses of accommodation; the scarcity and bad quality of their provisions, the miserable condition of the horses provided for them, and the mean and contemptible carriages and palanquins in which they were conveyed. With an attention rather more minute than was absolutely necessary, M. de Guignes has noted down every bridge, pagoda, triumphal arch, and building of a public nature which occurred in the course of each day's journey: and here, by the way, we must be allowed to enter our protest against the general misapplication of the words *pagoda* and *triumphal arch*.

Use too frequently gives a sanction to abuse, which however is but a poor apology for the continuance of error. The Chinese word *ta*, or the English *tower*, might with more propriety be adopted than the Persic *pagod*, (*Boot-kooda*) which conveys the erroneous idea of a temple; and as for the objects which M. de Guignes, and all the missionaries before him, have dignified with the name of triumphal arches, they bear so little analogy to buildings of this description, either in form or intention, that there is not even the semblance of a curve in any part of their construction, being invariably a triple rectangular gateway of wood or stone thrown across a road or street; and bearing an inscription over the central passage to designate their use, which is generally to record the integrity of some great mandarin, or the chastity of some antiquated virgin; two characters which, from the honours thus bestowed upon them, it may be concluded, are not very common among this virtuous people.

We have already observed that the natural productions of the country are not unnoticed by M. de Guignes; they are noticed however in so vague and general a manner, as to convey but a small degree of information. Neither he nor any of the party possessed the least knowledge, as it would seem, of natural history, philosophy, or, indeed, the least taste for them; which, in this age, when every boarding-school miss is a botanist, and every school-boy knows something of the sciences, is a defect in a modern traveller that will not easily be pardoned by those readers who look for information. Of the manner in which M. de Guignes has noted down his daily remarks, and of their mode of travelling, the following will convey a tolerable idea.

‘ About four in the morning, seated, *deux à deux*, in our carts, which we had taken the precaution to line with great coats, we proceeded on our journey. The country is parched and dry, and thickly covered with dust; the roads however are bordered with trees, and this is the best circumstance attending them. The houses have a most wretched appearance, and look as if they were built of ashes, or rather cinders: the pagodas are abandoned, the idols thrown down, and exposed to the weather!—Such was the coup-d’œil which presented itself to us before we reached the town of Hokièn-fou. Here our drivers lost their way, and we had to wander up and down several streets. We observed a few gateways of brick, and a house here and there of a tolerable appearance: that which was selected for us belonged to the government. It was very spacious, and contained a number of rooms on the ground-floor, most of which had *estrades*, or raised platforms of brick.

‘ After eating some fruit, we remounted our miserable and inconvenient carriages: here we were very ill at ease, and jolted at every step beyond endurance: the shocks frequently dashed us one against another, and we had the utmost difficulty to escape mutual bruises, notwithstanding all our great coats. The cart was so short, that our feet hung out

before; and to this unpleasant circumstance, we had to add that of being completely covered with an impalpable dust, which filtered through the mats that formed the back of the carriage, and mixed with that which rolled upon us in front; for having no light on the sides, we were compelled to keep the fore-part open, that we might see the country. Such are the coaches, and such the diligences of the Chinese.' (Tom. i. p. 350.)

The summer amusements of the Emperor of China and his court have been described in a lively and entertaining manner by the Earl of Macartney. M. de Guignes has furnished us with specimens of their winter recreations in the frozen gardens of Yuen-min-yuán, and we should have laid them before the reader if they had possessed either interest or novelty: they consist in fact of such tricks of agility as may be seen at our country fairs, and of displays of fireworks, in which the Chinese must be allowed to excel. Even M. de Guignes is not a little scandalized at 'seeing the emperor and his ministry amuse themselves with contemplating such paltry performances, and above all, at their choosing to exhibit their fire-works by day, or when the moon was at the full.' p. 416.

Upon another occasion, after being entertained with a vast display of fiery dragons, snakes breathing flame, and men clothed in fire, and capering about with lanterns fixed on poles, they were presented with the following curious exhibition, intended perhaps as a sublime allegorical representation of an eclipse of the moon:—

'A number of Chinese, placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk or paper painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure; when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her. The moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them, and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding, apparently, that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire; which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity; a little flushed, however, with the chace which she had sustained.'

It is curious to observe how well-informed the Chinese appear to have been of the determination of the Dutch to submit to every demand, however humiliating; and how industriously they sought for opportunities of bringing poor Van Braam's head to the ground: three genuflexions and nine prostrations to 'a man of his kidney,' for, like Falstaff, he was 'out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass,' were attended with no little inconvenience, and the Chinese

Chinese seemed to enjoy it; for on every trumpery present of a plate of meagre venison or insipid sweatmeats, the two ambassadors were duly called upon to bow the knee to the absent Baal! In these and other petty circumstances concerning the conduct of the court towards the embassy, M. de Guignes is as tediously minute as if he imagined that the detail would be interesting to his readers, or honourable to his friends.

The last, and probably not the least valuable part of M. de Guignes' work, though like the first part, injudiciously placed in a book of travels, is that division which bears the title of '*Observations sur les Chinois.*' These observations occupy 330 pages of the second, and 362 pages of the third volume; they embrace a great variety of subjects, distributed under more than one hundred different heads, but placed promiscuously without regard to any systematic arrangement. Though presented as original observations, they have but little claim in point of fact to that title, being for the most part a compilation from the writings of preceding authors, with here and there an attempt to find fault with the more recent accounts of China, especially with those of Sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow.

Having thus drawn a very general outline of the contents of M. de Guignes' book, we shall now proceed to make a few observations on particular parts of it, extracting, in the first place, such passages as more immediately relate to the general character of the nation, and the manners and condition of the people, as viewed by this impartial observer; for such he professes himself to be, and such we are inclined to believe he really is.

'I describe the Chinese,' he says, 'such as I found them: I have no wish to depreciate them, but I am certainly far from thinking that they are a nation of sages, a steady and rational people, who scarcely require the restraint of law to be just.'

Yet, though he does not consider them with the Abbé Raynal, a nation of philosophers, he thinks they are deserving of a better character than they have received at the hands of Mr. Pauw and Mr. Barrow.

'In reading the latter,' he says, 'it is easy to perceive that he has frequently adopted the opinion of a man, whose prejudices against the Chinese are notorious, and whose account of that people is singularly erroneous.' p. 214.

It appears to us, however, that M. de Guignes, if we may trust his own account, saw them in most respects, in as bad a light as either of the above mentioned authors. We perceive nothing, either in his journal of occurrences, or in his observations, of that

decent and orderly demeanor among the middling and lower classes of this country, which has so frequently been extolled, and held up for the example and admiration of the rest of mankind; on the contrary, we are told that, while the suite of the ambassador were left by their bearers freezing with cold in their miserable palanquins, which he describes as—

‘Open, and only furnished in front with a wretched screen of cloth; the populace, to get a better view of them, quickly tore the whole away, and left them exposed to a keen north wind.’ p. 279.

At another time his bearers ran away, leaving him perched in his crazy chair, in the midst of the rain, while the peasantry annoyed him by pushing about the machine, opening the little windows, tearing away the curtains, and then laughing at the ridiculous situation in which he was placed.

‘The people,’ he observes, ‘of these countries, seem very prone to mockery, and often laughed without cause.’ And again, the ‘Chinese appeared very insolent; they followed us sneering and sniggering, and one of them had the impudence to thrust his hand into my pocket.’—Tom. i. 339.

A little further on, he complains of their impertinence.

‘The people of this canton are arrogant and inquisitive to a very troublesome degree; they opened our palanquins, tore the curtain, and insulted us in the grossest manner.’ p. 346.

Not far from the same place they were pursued by the populace, who abused them and pelted them with mud, (tom. i. p. 348); and at no great distance from the capital M. de Guignes tells us, that, being mounted on a lame horse, and left behind his companions, the people not only hooted, but threw stones at him, (tom. ii. p. 9). So much for the urbanity and decency of manners among the million of China! Had these intrusions been merely the effect of extreme curiosity, they might admit of some excuse; but curiosity has never been held to form a part of the Chinese character; and their conduct can only be ascribed to that intolerable self-conceit, and that gross ignorance of the rest of mankind, which induce those semi-barbarians to consider all foreigners as belonging to a class of animals, much inferior to themselves, whom they are pleased to designate by the opprobrious name of *Fan-quei*, which, without deviating widely from the idea meant to be conveyed, may be rendered “subjects of the devil.”

M. de Guignes seems very unwilling to believe that the Chinese can possibly be guilty of infanticide; but unfortunately for his scepticism there is on record such a host of incontrovertible evidence

dence of the existence of this unnatural crime, that all argument to throw discredit on the fact must fall to the ground. We observe also, that, in treating of this subject, he is either guilty of a wilful misrepresentation, or that he is very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, from which he pretends to quote. Thus, after making Mr. Barrow assert, that 30,000 infants are annually exposed *in the capital*, he adds,

‘This gentleman, however, soon corrects himself, and reduces this exorbitant number one-half, and even much more than one-half,’ Tom. ii. p. 286.

We have taken the trouble of turning to the passage alluded to in ‘Barrow’s Travels,’ where we find it run thus. ‘The number of children thus unnaturally and inhumanly slaughtered, or interred alive, in the course of a year, is differently stated by different authors, some making it about ten, and others thirty, thousand *in the whole empire*. The truth, as generally happens, may probably be about the middle. The missionaries, who alone possess the means of ascertaining nearly the number that is thus sacrificed *in the capital*, differ very materially in their statements: taking the mean, as given by those with whom we conversed on the subject, I should conclude that about twenty-four infants were, on an average, *in Peking*, daily carried to the pit of death.’ (*Travels in China*, p. 169). The number, therefore, stated by this author, instead of *thirty*, is considerably less than *nine*, thousand sacrificed in the capital. M. de Guignes, however, is as little cautious in contradicting his own statements, as in misrepresenting those of others. In speaking of the dreadful famines, which, he says, depopulate sometimes half the provinces, but which we are inclined to believe never yet took place to any thing like this extent, he observes,

‘Fathers then expose, sell, and even kill their children; thousands of people perish, and *eat one another*; circumstances which actually took place in Chan-tong, in 1786.’ (Tom. iii. p. 65.) And again, he says, ‘this feeding on human flesh is not a story forged at pleasure, but an undoubted fact; nor is this the only instance of it. About the same time too, in the northern part of Hou-Kouang, thirty persons were buried alive, by a party of famished wretches to whom they had refused some rice.’ (Tom. ii. p. 163).

We are rather surprised that M. de Guignes, after taking upon himself to vouch for these people being in the habit of eating human flesh, and of burying their fellow-creatures alive, to neither of which, with submission to his superior means of information, we feel disposed to give the least degree of credit, should boggle at the practice of infanticide, especially after gravely assuring us, that

there are cases where fathers expose, sell, and even *put to death*, their own children. We are persuaded that, how much soever the Chinese may pretend in their maxims to value the life of man, they are in reality indifferent to the feelings of human misery and human suffering. M. de Guignes tells us as a fact, which must have come within his own knowledge, that, on such a day, six of their coolies died from famine and fatigue, (Tom. i. p. 320), and this horrible event he simply enters in his journal as if it were a common occurrence, and required no comment.

It may perhaps be objected, that the general character of a nation is not to be estimated fairly from the manners and conduct of the lower orders of the people, but rather from the state of society as it exists among the middle class. In China, however, there is no middle class; there only the great and the little, are to be found; the governors and the governed, or, more strictly speaking, the drivers and the driven. Wealth in China, loses that influence which it acquires in most other countries; for without office, a Chinese has no consideration distinct from the mass of the people. Wealth, it is true, may and does purchase the insignia of office, but none of its power; such a purchase is a mere voluntary tax upon vanity, and operates only as a gratification to him who has the folly to pay it. Let us see then what M. de Guignes has to say on the manners, character, and conduct of the mandarins, or nobility of China.

In the first place, those great men who were delegated to conduct the Ambassador and his suite to the presence of their sovereign, not only defrauded the wretched, half-starved palanquin bearers of the greater part of the pitiful allowance to which they were justly entitled, but occasionally degraded their high situation so far as to pummel them with their fists if they attempted to remonstrate. They pocketed the money that the government allotted for the pay of the ambassador's Chinese servants. They sold half of the regulated allowance of provisions for the ambassador and his train. (Tom. ii. p. 439). The first minister, (or rather the favourite of the six *Colaos* which compose the cabinet, for in fact there is no such person as prime minister in China), condescended to appropriate to his own use two pieces of clock-work, which were amongst the presents for the emperor, substituting two mean baubles of no value in their stead, to prevent a disagreement in the number of articles contained in the catalogue. The many little tricks which the Dutch experienced, on their long journey to and from the capital, from these ministers of state or their deputies, can only be classed with the finesse of a post-boy, or a tavern-waiter, in Europe. So much for the honour and integrity of the great men of China.

Their good breeding is about equal to their integrity. Of this

M. de

M. de Guignes furnishes abundant proof; we shall not, however, weary our readers with the disgusting detail, but proceed to the passage in which the author sums up the national character.

‘The Chinese are active and laborious; they have no great genius for the sciences, but they have an aptitude for commerce and the arts. They are supple and pliant, though haughty; and look with contempt on other nations, to which they believe themselves very superior: maintaining, in this, the character of their ancestors, who are described by Pliny and Amm. Marcellinus as a sober and peaceable people, but resembling wild beasts in the carefulness with which they shunned the company of other men.

‘The Chinese are selfish, and prone to deceive: I have seen the peasants cram their poultry with sand to increase their weight. During our journey, the Chinese stuffed the rolls of silk which were presented to us, with paper, to make them appear more bulky; and at Peking, the mandarins gave M. Van Braam spurious gin-seng for true. Fraud is so habitual to this people, that they do not esteem it an evil; it is, according to them, simple dexterity! They love gaming, and debauchery; and under a grave and decent exterior, succeed, better than others, in hiding their vices, and irregular propensities and passions. Humble in their discourse, frivolously minute in their writings, and polite without sincerity, they conceal, under an appearance of coldness and indifference, a most vindictive character. They have no mutual attachments, but endeavour to injure one another. Cruel when they are the strongest, and cowardly in danger, they are attached to life; though instances are to be found of their destroying themselves: suicide, however, is less common among the men than the women, with whom it is the effect of jealousy, of rage, or of a wish to involve their husbands in trouble.’ Tom. i. p. 161.

We have heard of Roman matrons dying for their husbands, and even teaching them how easy it was to die; but it was reserved for a Chinese wife to commit suicide in order to draw her surviving husband into a scrape.

On the so-much-vaunted politeness of the Chinese, M. de Guignes makes this general, and we believe just remark, ‘politeness with them is merely a habit, and ceremony occupies the place of sentiment.’ And elsewhere he observes, with equal correctness,

‘When the missionaries inform us, that the grandees are even afraid to jostle a seller of matches, they somewhat exaggerate the politeness of the mandarins. In China, it is not sentiment which generates respect, but compulsion and terror. The road of duty is clearly defined, and whoever deviates from it, is quickly brought back by the bamboo.’ Tom. ii. p. 458.

And he sums up the character of the government in these words:—

‘I have

‘I have lived long in China; I have traversed this vast empire from north to south; every where I have seen the strong oppress the weak, and every man, who possessed the slightest portion of authority, make use of it to vex, to harrass, and to crush the people.’ (Tom. ii. p. 438).

His ideas of the government are equally unfavourable. The emperor is a complete despot, his ministers are all knaves and hypocrites, and the whole fabric is founded on tyranny and fraud. Each provincial mandarin strives to deceive his superior, that superior the great officers at court, and these the emperor!

By what causes and contrivances, so unwieldy, so badly planned, and worse constructed a machine, has continued to rub on and produce its effect, for so many thousand years, while more perfect systems have successively mouldered into decay, and many of them totally disappeared, M. de Guignes does not enable us to determine; nor, indeed, does he furnish any new lights to assist us in the inquiry. For the attainment of this knowledge, more information is necessary than the mere enumeration of the departments of government, and the number and rank of the mandarines, or officers of state: this we have already heard, and to say the truth, the tale is not one of that kind which, *decies repetita, placebit*.

Under the head of *Classes de Citoyens*, M. de Guignes is very ill informed in saying there is no permanent or hereditary nobility; and that the family of Confucius alone enjoys an honorary distinction, which passes in a direct descent; on the contrary, titles, pensions, and privileges are conferred on many families for services rendered to the state, transmissible to their descendants. He is also mistaken in dividing the people into seven classes; the law acknowledges no such division: Mention, indeed, is made in Chinese books of their distribution into four classes, called *Se, Nung, Kung*, and *Shang*, that is, the literary, agricultural, manufacturing, and mercantile classes; but this, if it ever existed, has been obsolete for ages, and the law now distinguishes only the privileged orders, officers and others in the civil and military employment of government, and the people.

The state of the arts and manufactures, our author has described under a variety of heads; in some he is abundantly tedious, in others not sufficiently clear and explicit; thus we have minute descriptions of the dwellings of Mandarins, of city gates, of bridges, barges, &c. of the splendid painting and decoration of the imperial palace, and of the humble furniture of the peasant's cottage, whilst he affords little information on the subject of those arts in which the Chinese excel, as in the composition and application of colours, and varnish, and the manufacture of porcelain: he tells us, however, that old Chinese ink is good for the stomach, and sovereign in cases of hemorrhage, which, he gravely adds, is not surprising,

prising; since it is composed of glue *de peau d'âne*, an infallible remedy, it appears, for a spitting of blood. (tom. ii. p. 236.) Under the heads of *Hatching of Ducks, Salutations, Dress, Feasts, Food, Marriage Ceremonies, Funerals, &c.* we do not perceive that M. de Guignes has added any thing deserving of particular notice, to what is to be found on those subjects in the works of Du Halde and the Abbé Grozier.

On the state of slavery in China the Missionaries have not been very explicit. Originally such only were considered as slaves who were made prisoners of war, or who, for their crimes, were by law condemned to that situation. At present, however, a father has the power, in certain cases, to sell his children as slaves. But the state of slavery in China is very different from that which exists in the European colonies; they can at any time be enfranchised on certain conditions; they are considered as members of the family in which they live; they partake of its pursuits, follow its fortunes, and are in many respects superior in their condition to our apprentices.

‘During our journey to Peking,’ says M. de Guignes, ‘one of our Chinese domestics purchased a little boy: he then drew up a writing, by which he engaged to maintain and clothe him. The instant it was finished, he called the child his brother, and treated him as if he had really been so.’

Under the head of *Comedie*, M. de Guignes complains of the total want of decency on the Chinese stage, where, he observes, ‘L’acteur met tant de verité, que la scène en devient extrêmement indécente;’ a remark which he strongly illustrates by an example, of which he was an eye witness, where the heroine of the piece ‘devint grosse et accoucha sur le théâtre d’un enfant.’ (Tom. ii. p. 324.) The excoriated lady, strutting about the stage without her skin, as described by Barrow, is decency itself when compared with this.

We pass over the compilations which he has arranged under the titles of *Sectes de Lao-kiun et de Fo; Secte de Confucius; Juifs; Christianisme; Mahometans; Cultes; Sortes; Pagodes; Bonzes; and Fêtes*; because we do not perceive that they add to our previous information on these subjects. Neither has M. de Guignes thrown any new light on the nature of the extraordinary language of this country; on the contrary, his attempt to construct a Grammar, on the plan of a Latin or Greek Grammar, for what has neither inflexion, change of termination, nor the least variation in the expression of the original monosyllable, is not only absurd, but conveys a very erroneous idea of a language the most meagre and imperfect in use among civilized society. The written character, however, is exceedingly curious, but the account of it by M. de Guignes conveys not half the information that may be

be acquired by consulting the *Meditationes Sinicæ* of Fourmont, or the *Museum Sinicum* of Bayer: the nature and construction of the system on which the Chinese character is founded, are satisfactorily explained by Sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow.

Our brethren of the north attribute the ignorance of Englishmen with respect to every thing that concerns China to a want of 'that encouragement which a wise and liberal government ought long ago to have afforded.' We should be surprised indeed if government, in their estimation, could, by any possible accident, stumble upon what was right: in the present instance, however, it so happens that government neither has, nor can have the least concern. Our intercourse with China is exclusively commercial, and confined to the East India Company; and this being the fairest field in their extensive patronage, the harvest is reserved for the near connections of the Court of Directors; it is a sort of family patrimony from which strangers are carefully excluded: in a few years it produces a certain fortune to their sons or nephews or cousins, without the employment of capital, or risque, or talent, or exertion. The whole establishment consists only of twelve supercargoes and eight writers; the latter have a small annual allowance and a free table; and they succeed in rotation to the situation of the former, who have also a free table, and annually divide among themselves, in shares proportioned to their seniority, a sum seldom falling short of 70,000*l.* arising from a per centage on the value of the import and export cargoes, and producing to each individual from 1,500*l.* to 8,000*l.* and to the chief of the factory from 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.* a year. The services to be performed for this liberal remuneration, consist in a residence of three or four months every year at Canton, for the purpose of delivering the imported goods to the Hong merchants, and of shipping the teas for England; they then retire to Macao for the rest of the year, where they have little or nothing to do, except to make out and register the daily bills of fare for the information of their honourable employers, who perhaps may be desirous of seeing that their servants abroad do not keep a better table than themselves at home. Here they are cooped up within a space not exceeding two or three miles, with scarcely any society but what is formed among themselves. Thus circumstanced, it might be supposed that they would fly with avidity to the study of the Chinese language and Chinese books, as a relief from *ennui*. But no:—Yet it cannot be said, that there is any want of liberal encouragement, though there certainly is of a proper stimulus. The Directors are sufficiently aware of the importance of their servants possessing a knowledge of the Chinese language, and are by no means backward in holding out encouragement for the pursuit of it; as appears by their recent appointment of Sir George Staunton as Chinese Secretary

Secretary and interpreter, with a salary of 500*l.* a year, in consequence of the essential services derived from his knowledge of that language. But an additional salary of 500*l.* a year, cannot be expected to operate very powerfully in stimulating others to acquire a difficult language, where the field is equally open to them for the attainment of 12,000*l.* a year, without this knowledge. In fact the whole system is faulty, but the remedy is obvious and of easy application. It requires only that before a writer be appointed to China, he shall be able from recollection to write down the 214 keys, or radical characters of the Chinese language, which a boy of fifteen, of an ordinary capacity, would accomplish in three months. With this introductory knowledge, and the help of a Chinese Dictionary, he would be enabled to make considerable progress in the course of his voyage to China; but alas! where is such a dictionary to be found? There are indeed plenty of them in this country, but they are all in manuscript. It is easy however to have one of them printed: True; but how is the expence to be defrayed? To publish a Chinese dictionary, with an explanation in some European language, of ten, twelve, or fifteen thousand characters, would perhaps require one third part of the sum which is annually expended in—but sacred be the festive board of the Directors! We will suppose however the dictionary printed: the writer, thus prepared, should not be allowed to succeed to the situation of supercargo, until he could read the first class of school-books usually put into the hands of Chinese youth; nor should a supercargo ever attain the enviable pre-eminence of chief, until he was able to address, by letter or memorial, in appropriate language, the members of government at Canton. By these or similar regulations, so that the knowledge of the language should be a *sine qua non*, either to an appointment or preferment, we should soon learn something more of the Chinese than the stale stories of the roguery of the common people, and the rapacity of the mandarins. We should augur much better from such a proceeding, than from any progress in Chinese literature, which can be hoped for from the recent establishment at Hertford.

In treating of the *Population* of China, M. de Guignes has ventured to launch into a wider field of speculation and argument than he is accustomed to do on other subjects; but his reasoning is inconclusive; and, after all, he leaves us as much in the dark with regard to the real state of the question, as when we first set out. He tells us that, from what *he saw* in the course of his journey to and from Peking, he is convinced that the population of China cannot exceed that of *other countries*. From so vague a statement, nothing can be collected: and the ocular proof, which he accounts so decisive, is worth no more than the opinion that a stranger might form

form of the population of London by walking from Portman, to Russel square, in the month of October. M. de Guignes doubts the accuracy of the enormous population of China, as furnished by the mandarins to Lord Macartney; but his endeavour to discredit the statement on account of a greater population being assigned to the province of Pe-che-lee than to Kiang-nan, while the latter is of greater extent than the former, is not a very happy specimen of critical acumen: as well might he assert that the United Provinces are less populous than the mountainous tracts of Siberia, because the latter is much greater in extent than the former. For our own part, we see no reason to call in question the authenticity of the statement furnished by Père Amiot from the *Tai-tsing-ye-tung-tché*, a sort of Encyclopedie or Circle of Sciences, published by the authority of the late Emperor Kien-long. According to this census, the population at the present time may amount to about two hundred millions of souls. It is an official document; and in a country where all are liable to personal service, and where the omission of enrolment on the public registers is a penal offence, government must necessarily possess a pretty accurate knowledge of the number of inhabitants which compose this extensive and populous empire.

If M. de Guignes has given little information respecting the population, his statements concerning the public revenue and expenditure are still less satisfactory; his premises are conjectural, his data gratuitous, and consequently all his calculations and conclusions of no value. We could wish he had given us more facts, and fewer extracts from other authors without acknowledgement from whence he drew them. Had he applied the small degree of knowledge which he appears to possess of the Chinese language, to the study of Chinese books, he might have been able, with the assistance of a native Chinese at his elbow, to collect a mass of very valuable information: we have heard enough of what Europeans say of the Chinese; we could now wish to hear what the Chinese have to say of themselves.

China is perhaps the only nation that has succeeded in adapting a scale of punishments to every species of crime. Here every offence, be it what it may, has its prescribed expiation; and the whole code is drawn up in such concise and intelligible characters, and so widely circulated throughout the empire, that no one can plead ignorance of the consequences that must result from the commission of any penal offence. The necessity is thus precluded of advocates and attornies; neither of whom are in fact known in China. The administration of justice is here wholly an affair of government, and free from all cost to the parties, unless that of a few strokes with the bamboo for occasioning trouble in frivolous cases.

There

There are four kinds of punishment for criminal offences:

1. A given number of blows with the bamboo, according to the nature and magnitude of the crime, from ten to one hundred, which the privileged orders (being officers of state) are allowed to commute for a proportionate fine.

2. Temporary banishment to certain distances, according to the nature and magnitude of the offence.

3. Perpetual banishment.

4. Death, the sentence of which admits of three degrees: first, by strangling; second, by decollation; and third, by a slow and painful process, in cases of treason, rebellion, sacrilege, and other crimes of extraordinary atrocity. M. de Guignes, by some strange mistake, has converted the third degree of punishment or 'perpetual banishment' into that of '*Tirage des Barques*,' tracking the public barges: no such punishment is mentioned in the *Leu-lee*, or *Code of Penal Laws*, where if it existed at all, it would most certainly have appeared. The mistake is partly copied from Grozier; and arose in the first instance, perhaps, from a misconception of the

character 流 (*lieu*) the general meaning of which is, *to flow as a stream*, but which, in the above-mentioned code, is used for *perpetual banishment*, probably in a metaphorical sense, implying that as the waters of a river are removed from their source to the sea, never to return, so is the exile removed from his home and his friends. The very context, mentioning the distances, as quoted by M. de Guignes, points out his mistake; the 'punishment of tracking the Imperial barges is imposed for two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and three hundred leagues, according to the enormity of the crime'; which, in fact, are the distances to which the offender is to be perpetually banished. Tracking of barges, is one species of personal service to which the land-holders are liable; it is possible, also, that the magistrates may possess the power of inflicting it as a punishment for petty crimes and misdemeanours. It gives us no small degree of pleasure to observe the notice of a translation in the press of the *Leu-lee*, or *Code of Penal Laws* above-mentioned, by Sir George Staunton; from this work we are persuaded, that more real knowledge may be collected, than from all the volumes which have hitherto appeared in Europe on the subject of China. We have long known that the whip and the bamboo are powerful instruments in the hands of government, but they are not sufficient to explain and unfold the system, by which such a mass of population has been kept so long in due order and obedience to the laws. We sincerely hope that Sir George will not stop here; having commenced his literary career with an arduous and important undertaking, we trust that he will not be deterred by any obstacles in the path which he has thus marked

marked out for himself. If, without being deemed guilty of presumption, we might venture to recommend to his attention any particular class of books, we should say that the world would be most highly gratified by translations from those numerous collections of moral tales with which we know the press in China to abound; or of those dramatic productions in which are represented the manners and customs of real life, and the state and condition of domestic society. Faithful versions of this kind would, in a great degree, supersede the tiresome papers scattered over the numerous volumes of the *Lettres edifiantes et curieuses*: and the mass of matter that is now shut up in the fifteen ponderous quartos of *Memoires sur les Chinois*. Du Halde and Grozier would then serve only as compilations of notes, to be referred to occasionally for the illustration of particular passages. But, we have extended our observations on this article as far as our limits will allow. We shall therefore only remark that, under the head of *commerce* and other subjects immediately connected with it, M. de Guignes has employed no less than one hundred and thirty pages, a great portion of which consists of matter that is altogether absurd and fallacious: he describes, for instance, companies and factories as flourishing in 1808, which actually ceased to exist near half a century ago; and he leads us to suppose that the French are still carrying on a flourishing and lucrative trade with China; whereas it is well known that not a single French ship of any description has, for the last seventeen years, made its appearance in the river of Canton, with the exception of one or two small vessels during Mr. Addington's truce. It would seem that the national vanity would not permit him to announce to the world the total annihilation of the trade and intercourse of France with that country.

We find nothing deserving of particular notice in the few remaining pages of the last volume, which are occupied with a brief account of the author's voyage to the Phillipine Islands, the Isle of France, and from thence to Europe. The 'Table Alphabetique des matieres,' which concludes the volume, would be useful, if the passages referred to were to be found under the respective pages indicated in the table. Upon the whole, we are not altogether satisfied with M. de Guignes' performance. It is not what the title page professes it to be, a book of travels; and, with the exception of the short diary of a journey to and from the capital, it might have been composed in the purlieu of the ci-devant Palais Royal by a person whose travels never extended beyond the suburbs of Paris. Considering the many advantages which the author possessed, we were certainly led to expect something better; the name too had long been familiar to the literary world: but great talents are not hereditary, any more than great virtues; and the Commercial Agent of China can never be recognised, by the present work, as a descendant

dant of the learned and ingenious author of the ‘*Histoire des Huns*,’ the translator of the ‘*Choo-king*,’ and the writer of many valuable articles in the ‘*Memoirs de l’Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*.’

We shall add but one word on the folio Atlas of plates which accompanies these volumes. It is in fact a most wretched specimen of the state of the fine arts in the capital of *la Grande Nation*; indeed the whole performance is so miserable, as even to disgrace a Chinese artist; to whose drawings in fact, if we are not greatly deceived, the engraver has been indebted. Yet many of these tame and trumpery prints bear the names of no less than three persons; thus we have ‘*De Guignes fecit*,’ ‘*Duval sculpsit*,’ ‘*Deseve direxit*.’ In this respect the national character has suffered no change—a Frenchman must still call to his assistance the whole ocean, when a pail of water would be more than sufficient for his purpose.

ART. III. *The Alexandrian School; or a Narrative of the First Christian Professors in Alexandria; with Observations on the Influence they still maintain over the Established Church.* By Edw. Jerningham. 8vo. pp. 58. London. Hatchard. 1809.

SOME tenderness perhaps is due to the author of this pamphlet, on account of the peculiar circumstances under which he writes. While he wishes to reform our established religion, he represents himself as having hazarded the displeasure of certain near connections by the preference which he has given to it. p. 57. Yet, though we are desirous of treating him with all the delicacy which his situation fairly requires, there is a higher duty to be performed. Amicus Plato, &c.—that is, we wish very well to Mr. Jerningham, and applaud the disposition which appeals from human systems to the Divine will, and makes the scriptures the foundation of faith. But our chief concern must be for the character of that establishment, which, as yet, he misunderstands, and which, with singular oddity, he at once supports, and labours to discredit.

It was indeed with no small surprise, that we first perused the title page of this essay. It was not very probable, that a subject of so much importance as the reformation of the Establishment should be satisfactorily discussed in so meagre a work; nor did it clearly appear, that, if the Church were sick, she was likely to find in Mr. J. a person particularly qualified to be her clinical attendant. p. 30. But, whatever might be his fitness for such a work, we knew that

his alarms were founded on a false assumption. He has indeed lately escaped from a church in which less equivocal relics of Platonism may be discovered ; and we suspect, that he views us through the antient mist which yet clouds his eyes, and that the fear which he shews on our account, still hangs upon him from the cave of Trophonius. As it is, we utterly deny his charge, and defy him to prove the influence which he affirms to be still maintained over the Established Church by the doctrines of the Alexandrian School. This defiance may indeed be given with the greater security, because, in the progress of his argument, Mr. J. has effectually abandoned his fundamental position, and saved us some small trouble by refuting himself.

Mr. J. seems to suppose, that, if his readers are to be convinced of the heathenism which is incorporated with the doctrines of the church, they should be previously acquainted with the character of the place from which it was derived. Accordingly, one half of his pamphlet is employed in giving some account of Alexandria, of its architect, of the museum of the Ptolemies, the catechetical school of the Christians, and some of the more eminent professors who admitted a mixture of Platonism into their interpretation of the Scriptures. We are sorry to say, that, if the reader is not already far better informed on the subject, he will gain but little insight from Mr. J., who snatches his broken and unsatisfactory notices from encyclopædiæ and other sources of easy access, starts from one name to another, confounds distant ages and writers, and gives an account of many things and of nothing. Thus, for a while, are we dragged along through shreds and scraps about Aumonius Secas (we know not where Mr. J. got his mode of writing the name), Gregory Thaumaturgus, Origen, and we know not how many others. At length, however, we are relieved : for, lo ! at the end of this muster-roll, is introduced a writer from another place, on the peculiarity of whose opinions depends the main subject of the book. From this moment, the reader has nothing farther to dread from the Alexandrian school ; for the attention of Mr. J. is now wholly engrossed by St. Austin of Hippo !

That this celebrated father indulged too fond a taste for Platonism in the earlier part of his life, is known to all. But Mr. J., who undertakes to give the world information about St. Austin, ought to have been aware that he lived to retract his error, and that no writer of Christian antiquity laboured with more diligence or success to establish the superior claims of the scriptures. He ought to have observed, too, in favour of others whose names he has mentioned, that their Platonic fancies were lamented by the more orthodox, as indiscretions which occasionally disfigured the cause of evangelical truth ; and that some of the early treatises in which they

they occur, were philosophical exercises intended for private use in an age unusually contentious,—preparations for dispute with Grecian infidels through the employment of Grecian learning, and an accommodation of it (not always safe indeed) to the purposes of the gospel. The question, however, lies beyond this. The peculiar doctrine which Mr. J. imputes to St. Austin, and which, it seems, the Church of England has received from him, is predestination. It is useless to ask whether this doctrine was taught by the school of Alexandria, the supposed *fons et origo mali*: the reader well knows that it was not. What is strange, however, is, that Mr. J. knows this too: for having so long detained us with his Platonic philosophy, he now most unexpectedly admits, that the opinion which remains to be discussed was a *novelty*, and to be ascribed to St. Austin alone!

‘ It would be difficult to ascertain in the present day, by what steps St. Austin ascended the throne of mental dominion, and by what means he subjugated so great a part of Christendom; for’ (an odd inference, by the way) ‘ he invented an almost new scheme of religious belief, which is *only to be found in his writings*. What Cicero says of Plato, is applicable to St. Austin: “ *Novam quamdam fixit in libris civitatem.*”’
p. 28.

We are thus transported from Alexandria to Hippo, and the discussion which was to have proved the Platonism of our church, ends in the discovery of an opposite doctrine.

As Mr. J. enters upon this part of his work, he seems to be conscious of something unusually dignified and important.

‘ I am now advancing to the second object of this essay, in which I am to consider, how far the doctrines of the Alexandrian school *and the opinions of St. Austin** have contributed to stain the purity of Protestant belief.’ p. 30.

His conduct of this part of his argument, however, is worse than that of the former. There, as the reader has seen, we have only to smile at the absurdity of a literary parade wholly irrelevant to the subject: but here we have to lament an attempt—feeble indeed—on the church and the cause of inspiration together.

Mr. J. travels Homerically. We have traced him from Alexandria to Hippo. His next stage is to Geneva; finally, he alights in England.

Τρις μὲν οὐξᾶτ' ἰων, τὸ δὲ τετραλὸν ἵκετο τεκμήριον.

‘ Our venerable reformers had no sooner separated the purer part of the stream from the surrounding pollution, and consigned it to a reser-

* A dexterous reunion after so decided a separation.

voir, than predestination, like the wild boar in Virgil, rushed into the receptacle.' p. 30.

He attributes this mischief to the return of our divines 'from Geneva, at the death of Queen Mary, where they had imbibed the severer doctrines of Calvin;' and he complains, in language rather unsuitable to a convert, that the articles of a church, which, notwithstanding, he prefers to all others, are calculated to diffuse 'gloomy and desponding ideas, which suit better the ritual of *nightly sorcerers*, than the benevolent system of the Son of God'! —p. 51. Good words, Mr. J.—But we shall restrain our feelings, and proceed.

In tracing the descent of the obnoxious doctrine here imputed to the church which he has adopted after the exercise of his 'most deliberate judgment,' it was the business of Mr. J. to prove, that the 17th article contains the doctrine of Calvin, and that the doctrine of Calvin is that of St. Austin. He has done neither. We must therefore take the liberty of reminding him, that there are points of essential difference between these writers; and that in his later and more mature works, Austin maintained opinions which can by no means be reconciled with the system of Calvin. We must hint to him too, that if he will faithfully compare the third book of Calvin's Institutes with the article in question, he can hardly fail to observe the important difference of their respective doctrines. Till this be done, we will not argue the question with him. Let him therefore set about another pamphlet of 50 or 60 pages. Thirty of them may be employed in giving an introductory account of any thing he pleases, the School of Athens, or the British Institute: and in the short remainder, let him discuss those great and momentous subjects which wisdom, and learning and piety have not yet exhausted in the numerous volumes which have been dedicated to the profound enquiry.

There is, however, a certain part of Mr. J.'s objection which must, at all events be noticed, on account of the discredit which it attempts to throw on an important doctrine of scripture. His primary quarrel, then, is neither with Calvin, nor Austin, but with St. Paul; and it appears, that the foundation of the doctrine contained in the 17th article,—a doctrine 'better suited to the ritual of *nightly sorcerers* than to the benevolent system of the Son of God,' is laid in the Epistle to the Romans! Determined, therefore, as Mr. J. is on the correction of the article, and stating, as he does, that the predestination of the happiness of those, whose 'love God foreknew,' was first asserted in the Epistle, ch. viii. v. 29, he wishes us to believe, that the sacred writer has thus expressed himself without the authority of the Divine Spirit!—

‘An opinion of such tremendous importance is brought forward incidentally, without any preparatory introduction, or any *acknowledgment of divine inspiration.*’ p. 22.

Is Mr. J. a stranger to the usual manner of the writer against whom he hazards this insinuation? Is it customary with St. Paul to introduce his doctrines with regular warnings to his reader concerning the inspiration by which he is guided in each particular? Are we not convinced of his sacred authority by other means? Is it not made to appear from the sanctity or sublimity of the subject, or from a peculiar mode of expression evidently suggested by the habitual guidance of the Spirit? Nay, is it not rather the manner of the Apostle to convey the fact of his general inspiration by a negation of the accustomed authority on some subordinate point? ‘I speak this by permission, and not of commandment.’ ‘I have no commandment of the Lord; yet I give my judgment.’ 1 Cor. vii. We entreat the better attention of Mr. J., and of others, who, like him, are in haste to censure what they do not stop to understand. We wish them to consider the consequences of their unadvised conduct. Mischief enough is done to religion by the open enemies of goodness; and it is hard that she should suffer from the awkwardness of those who profess to wish her well. As to ourselves, we shall fearlessly oppose ourselves to both parties. The cause of revelation is paramount to all other considerations; and if Mr. J. is not satisfied with this apology, we cannot help it. We must not stand by, and tamely see the attempts of infidelity seconded by the scarcely less pernicious effusions of opinionated weakness, and well-meaning absurdity.

Such, then, is the result of the second part of Mr. J.’s argument. It has already appeared that his School of Alexandria has nothing to do with his question; and now we see too, that the origin of the mischief which we have to lament in the 17th article, is to be attributed to St. Paul. The doctrine of the Apostle may have been exaggerated by Austin; and the exaggerations of Austin may have gathered additional gloom and terror from the hard and stoical mind of Calvin. But this is no concern of the Church of England. She stands on the doctrine of the Apostle, which, in spite of Mr. J.’s insinuations, will be found to have been inspired. Accordingly, she makes no assertion of the ‘reprobation’ which haunts the mind of Mr. J., and without which Calvin would have loathed his own system. Lest this should not suffice, the article points out the danger of indulging unfounded notions concerning predestination; and, lest any of the terms which it has employed should be supposed to lie open to an arbitrary and personal interpretation, it closes the subject with a caution, which is intended to cover and control the whole;—

'that, in point of belief, we are to receive the divine promises as they are *generally declared* in the scriptures; and that, in point of obedience, we are to follow that will of God which is *expressly enjoined* to us in his word.'

It is now time to dismiss Mr. J. He objects, indeed, to a few other things: but he talks about them all with the same sort of logic. He complains, that our liturgy represents infants as born under the wrath of God (though here again, his real quarrel is with St. Paul, who gives the name of 'children of wrath' to those who are in a state of nature); and we find him asserting, with apparent seriousness, that a doctrine which a fond mother cannot admit concerning her offspring, must be wrong:—'the feelings are true, and the *theory* is false.' p. 47. He contends, indeed, for the sanctity of unassisted nature, and the 'immaculate purity' of the heathen sages; and is even disposed to quarrel with those who do not see the concurrence of idolatry with Christianity. p. 44. He is willing to believe, what somebody has told him, that there was nothing reprehensible in the Pagan custom of sacrificing prisoners of war, and that it proceeded from the laudable wish of cultivating the 'fortitude of the soul!' In short, every idolatrous action becomes, in his interpretation, a proof of human virtue; and he is strongly inclined to infer the innocence of nature, from a procession in which 'the chariot of Jupiter was drawn by white horses!' He has, indeed, much more of this kind of logic. He states the Jews to have believed in evil spirits. St. Cyprian had the same notion. Hence he infers, that the early Christians borrowed it from—Plato! p. 7. Again, he informs us, that, in Tertullian's time, the Platonists had admitted into their system the proud fortitude of the Stoics. But Tertullian would not avoid martyrdom by flying from the scene of persecution: it follows, therefore, that fortitude does 'not harmonise with the meekness of the gospel.' p. 8. *Dû boni!* We do not recollect such syllogisms as these among the '*certò ac necessariò concludentes*' which Rhedycina once taught us; and will therefore leave them and their author together.

Mr. J. has aimed a few blows at the establishment; but he wishes to persuade us that they are proofs of his love for it: His censures are '*vulnera amantis.*' p. 53. This incidental confession seems to disclose the whole secret of the composition before us. 'To be in love and to be wise,' Mr. J. knows, is granted only to the gods. We advise him to be more moderate. As his ardour cools, his logic will probably improve; and as he regains the sober exercise of his judgment, he will be more ready to allow the sounder state of the church, and to retract the rash imputations against her which had escaped him in the paroxysm of his passion

ART. IV. *Poems, never before published, written chiefly at Bremhill, in Wiltshire.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 12mo. pp. 200. London. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

MR. Bowles has long been a candidate for literary fame, and one of the most deservedly popular of our minor poets. There is a certain melancholy sweetness in his style peculiar to himself, and although we have heard it objected to his earlier productions, that they dwell too long and too frequently upon the subject of his own private griefs, yet this is done in a manner so little offensive, that our sympathy towards the man begets our indulgence to the poet.

But although he has already given three volumes of miscellaneous poetry to the public, Mr. Bowles has chiefly been celebrated as a writer of sonnets, a species of poem which we are by no means disposed to place so high in the scale of merit, as its popularity appears to warrant. The dilation of a single idea into fourteen lines accords but ill with the energy of the English language; and it has ever appeared to us, that nothing but the soft melody of the Italian, or the majesty of the Spanish, could reconcile the ear to the monotony of metre, and the perpetual recurrence of the same rhyme necessary to the legitimate sonnet. We are aware, however, that this species of poem is highly esteemed in other countries, particularly in France, where the authority of Boileau may be cited by the advocates of the sonnet, both in support of its merit, and of the extreme difficulty of its composition. But the best of the modern French writers have ventured to dissent from this opinion; and Laharpe has not hesitated to affirm, that the decision of this great critic is more to be attributed to a servile compliance with the fashion of the times, than to his own candid and unbiassed judgment.

It is only within these few years that the sonnet has become so favourite a production with our English poets. Formerly (we speak not of the times of Elizabeth and James) few attempted it, and still fewer succeeded. But the present race of poetasters have made ample amends for this blank in our literature. Attracted by its brevity and supposed facility, and probably not a little dazzled by the meretricious ornament of which it has been found to be susceptible, every rhyming schoolboy and love-sick girl now give their crude effusions to the public under the denomination of sonnets. The press teems with volumes of this description, and unless another Censor shall 'sweep the swarm away,' in all probability the evil will progressively increase until it become a real disgrace to British literature.

But in stating these opinions we by no means wish to insinuate, that this species of poem is totally devoid of merit. The writings of Mr. Bowles alone would be sufficient to convince us of the contrary. Indeed we are of opinion, that his merits as a poet (and merit he certainly has) will be found to rest chiefly upon his success in compositions of this nature. His sonnets are superior to any we have read; and if they never obtain for him the character of a first-rate poet, they will at least secure to him the reputation of a pleasing and not inelegant writer.

With this impression on our minds, the result of Mr. Bowles's former publications, we opened the volume before us. The first poem it contains is entitled 'Old Time's Holiday,' a title for which, after a most careful perusal, we are still unable to account. It is, perhaps, enough to say, that the subject is allegorical, which in modern poetry is nearly a synonymous term for dullness. The versification by no means makes amends for the obscurity of the subject; with the exception of a few pleasing passages, it is extremely negligent. The reader will not easily recognize our author's former style in such verses as these:

'Golden lads and lasses gay,
Now is Life's sweet holiday;
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew.'—p. 8.

The Translations from Theocritus, which immediately follow, are imitations of detached passages rather than translations. 'They are not meant' (observes our author) 'to be literal translations, and I have selected only those passages, which appeared poetical and would form landscapes.'—This frank avowal renders it an unnecessary task on our part to point out the want of fidelity to the original observable throughout. We must, however, remark, that Mr. Bowles's choice has been far from happy. The pastorals of the old Sicilian might certainly have afforded better subjects for the canvass, than those which are here selected.

'To these pictures from an ancient' (continues Mr. Bowles) 'I have ventured to add as *notes* some pictures from the modern school'—That is to say (for it requires an explanation), Mr. Bowles having translated some passages from Theocritus, as subjects worthy of a distinguished place in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, now takes, *vice versa*, from the exhibition of the year 1805, some subjects which he conceives to be worthy of a poetical dress. It is necessary to recollect, that these are added as *notes* to his translations from the most natural, if not the most perfect of pastoral poets; and from this kind of bold competition with Theocritus we are naturally led to expect the very chastest of pastoral compositions,

sitions, the very breathings of Pau's own pipe. They begin as follows:—

‘What various objects strike with various force!—
 Achilles, Hebe, and Sir Watkin's horse!—
 Here summer scenes, there Pentland's stormy ridge,
 Lords, ladies, Noah's ark, and Cranford bridge—
 Some that display the elegant design,
 The lucid colours, and the flowing line;
 Some that might make, alas! Walsh Porter stare,
 And wonder how the devil they got there!’—p. 29.

Voilà la belle nature! exclaimed Voltaire, after reading one of the most extravagant passages of our divine Milton. The admirers of Theocritus will not be less struck with the delicate simplicity and true pastoral expression of these lines. They breathe the very soul of the Sicilian bard!—The portraits of Lady M. and the Hon. Miss Mercer are equally happy; but it is in his description of Louthembourg's scene in France that our author has reached the acmé of pastoral excellence—

‘Artist! I own thy genius; but the touch
 May be too restless, and the glare too much:
 And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
 Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
 But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
 And panting cry'd, “Oh Lord, how hot it is!”

We cannot but congratulate the public upon this valuable addition to the Idylls of Theocritus. In these Notes the classical reader will no doubt distinguish the very great and praiseworthy attention that has been paid to the peculiar excellencies of the Syracusan bard. Simplicity and nature are the characteristic features of his writings, and who will be bold enough to deny the same merits to his imitator?

The poem entitled ‘The Visionary Boy,’ though often extremely obscure, contains some poetical lines. Our author prettily says of the ‘heart-sick Minstrel,’

‘For him romantic Solitude
 Shall pile sublime her mountains rude;
 For him, with shades more soft imprest,
 The lucid lake's transparent breast
 Shall show the banks, the woods, the hill,
 More clear, more beautiful, more still;
 For him, more musical shall wave
 The pines o'er Echo's moonlight cave,
 While sounds as of a fairy lyre
 Amid the shadowy cliffs expire.’—p. 49.

Other passages, equally pleasing, might have been extracted, had the limits, which we were obliged to prescribe to this article, allowed their insertion.—We cannot, however, leave the consideration of this poem without strongly objecting to such epithets as ‘*skiey blue*’ (p. 51) and ‘*bluey fading hills*’ (p. 54)—Nor can our ears be reconciled to the substitution of ‘winged griffin horse’ for hippogriff,—especially in a passage which is partly conveyed (‘*convey the wise it call*’) from the beautiful lyrics of the Satyr in the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher:—

‘I can sail, and I can fly
To all regions of the sky,
Or the shooting meteor course
On a winged griffin horse.’—p. 62.

The fancy readily attaches something wild and poetical to the word hippogriff, but the ‘winged griffin horse’ can recal nothing to the imagination but one of those ‘chimæras dire’ that live only in the distempered imagination of the sign-painter.

But the longest and most remarkable poem in the volume is entitled ‘The Sylph of Summer, or Air.’ Mr. Bowles informs us, ‘that it was written as part of a projected poem on the elements; air, earth, fire, water—The subject is in every respect capable of the highest poetical ornament. I leave it to abler hands, having closed my book for ever.’—The poem opens in the following manner:—

‘God said, let there be light, and there was light!—
At once the glorious Sun, at his command,
From space illimitable, void and dark,
Sprung jubilant, and angel hierarchies,
Whose long hosannah peal’d from orb to orb,
Sung, Glory be to thee, God of all worlds!—p. 99.

The full-mouthed majesty of this exordium certainly prepared us to expect the introduction of personages very different from sylphs and spirits: but on proceeding we found, to our extreme astonishment, that the Deity was merely brought forward as a kind of *avant-courier* to prepare the way for the Spirit of Air, and Sylph of the Summer Gale:—

‘To thee,
Spirit of Air! I lift the venturous song,
Whose viewless presence fills the living scene;
Whose element ten thousand thousand wings
Fan joyous; o’er whose fields the morning clouds
Ride high; whose rule the lightning shafts obey,
And the deep thunder’s long careering march.

• The winds too are thy subjects: from the breeze,
That, like a child upon a holiday,
On the high mountain's van pursues the down
Of the grey thistle, ere the autumnal shower
Steals soft and mars his pastime, to the King
Of Hurricanes, that sounds his mighty shell,
And bids Tornado sweep the western world.

• Sylph of the summer gale, to thee I call,' &c.—p. 101.

The poetical propriety of Mr. Bowles's sylphic mythology we are by no means inclined to dispute, but we most certainly object to this absurd combination of truth and fable; to this division of power between the Deity and the Spirit of Air,

..... 'whose rule the lightning shafts obey,
And the deep thunder's long careering march.'

In fact, the exordium is no way connected with the poem. The introduction of the Deity is nearly as much misplaced, as it would have been at the commencement of the 'Rape of the Lock,' nor can we account for it in any other way, than by supposing that Mr. Bowles had a beginning ready made in his portfolio, which, as he was about to close his book for ever, he determined should not be lost to the public.

Shakespeare tells us, that

'The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n:'

and certainly we have never seen this so fully exemplified, as in the poem now before us. Mr. Bowles has wandered from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, in so extraordinary a manner, that we must either give him credit for the finest frenzy that ever attacked a poet's brain, or be compelled to suspect that these divine flights and abrupt transitions are merely the result of chance, the obvious consequence of injudiciously joining the shreds and patches of a poet's common-place book. We give the following example, the first that presents itself, of the abruptness to which we allude. After five pages on the existence of a Deity, Mr. Bowles concludes,

'Let Man then walk meek, humble, pure, and just;
Though meek, yet dignified; though humble, raised
The heir of life and immortality;
Conscious that in this awful world he stands
The only of all living things ordain'd
To think, and know, and feel, "there is a God!"
Child of the Air! though most I love to hear
Thy gentle summons whisper, when the Spring
At the first carol of the village lark
Looks out and smiles,' &c.

Who this 'Child of the Air' is, or why he is introduced immediately upon the completion of our author's proofs of the existence of a Deity, the reader is left to divine. Mr. Bowles's religious flight is preceded by some common-place reflections on the 'sole erratic comet,' whose re-appearance he nicely calculates at 'twice three hundred years.'—p. 111.

At page 106 Mr. Bowles attributes a property to the leaves of the white poplar, which, we believe, has escaped the researches of the Linnæan Society.

'The magic instrument
 most musically rings,
 Sometimes in joyance, as the flaunting leaf
 Of the white poplar,' &c.

Now we have never heard of a leaf ringing either in joyance, or in sorrow. We have hitherto presumed the 'music of the groves' to be a figurative expression, alluding to the feathered tribe rather than to the grove itself. It appears, however, that poets are more matter-of-fact men than we had supposed them to be, and that when they talk of such music they mean literally the music of the oaks, the elms, and the white poplars. This truly pastoral idea would not have disgraced our author's valuable additions to Theocritus.

We were not a little surprised at the many instances of bad taste with which this poem abounds. Amongst the number we particularly noticed the comparison between the 'proud patriot King,' and 'the *laboured* hind' sitting on his 'inverted barrow' as 'solemn as a Sophi,' smoking 'his broken tube,' 'feeding robins,' and 'snaring mice':—

. 'and say, ye great,
 Ye mighty monarchs of this earthly scene,
 What nobler views can elevate the heart
 Of a proud patriot King, than thus to chase
 The bold rapacious spoilers from the field,
 And with an eye of merciful regard
 To look on humble worth, wet from the storm,
 And chill'd by indigence?'—p. 119.

We remember to have seen, some years ago, certain poems, called Botany Bay Eclogues, where such an appeal to the 'mighty monarchs of this earthly scene' would by no means have been misplaced. It came upon us rather unexpectedly in the present volume. Mr. Bowles does not appear to be aware of the absurdity of endeavouring to assimilate things in themselves totally dissimilar.

The lesser poems deserve little notice, with the exception of the ‘Dirge of Nelson,’ which we may safely pronounce to be the very worst of all the bad poems which have been written upon the same subject.

In summing up our opinion of the present publication, we are reluctantly obliged to pronounce it to be unworthy of the author whose name it bears. It is evidently a patched compilation from the refuse of his portfolio. We cannot allow ourselves to be disarmed by the declaration, ‘that he has closed his book for ever.’ It has been so much the custom lately for authors to launch forth their crude and undigested productions under this pretence, that we deem it necessary to endeavour to check a practice by which our press is inundated and our literature disgraced. Still we are willing to admit that the present volume contains some few passages fully equal to any thing of our author’s composition. The poem called ‘The Winds,’ which is given in the Appendix, is of this description—We regret that its length prevents us from transcribing it. The opening of the little poem written at Cadland possesses all the prettiness of his earlier manner.

‘If ever sea-maid, from her coral cave,
Beneath the hum of the great surge, has lov’d
To pass delighted from her green abode,
And seated on a summer bank to sing
No earthly music; in a spot like this
The Bard might feign he heard her, as she dry’d
Her golden hair, yet dripping from the main,
In the slant sun-beam,’ &c.

But in our opinion neither a few pleasing passages, nor the eight dedications with which the present volume is graced, will long preserve it from oblivion. Indeed we almost fear, that its weight may prove sufficient to involve its three predecessors in a similar fate. Few persons are fastidious enough to refuse a place in their libraries to a volume of pleasing poetry, but it requires merit of a superior cast to entitle four to a similar admission. Upon leaving off trade, why did Mr. Bowles think it necessary to regale us with the sweepings of his literary shopboard?—Many authors have been misled by a certain degree of success, and by the ill-judged flattery of friends; we most sincerely regret that Mr. Bowles should be found amongst the number.

ART. V. *Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the Years 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808.* By Robert Ker Porter. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 600. London. Phillips. 1809.

IT has seldom been our misfortune to meet with a greater quantity of what, by the courtesy of England, are termed good things, than is here presented to us by the study and travel of Mr. Porter. These volumes are indeed a very wilderness of sweets, comprising jests, some original, and others very little the worse for wear, adapted to every possible occasion of life. If we are laid fast by want of horses, or mutiny of drivers;—if we are bitten by bugs or bears;—if our inns are dirty, if our mistresses “*olfac*,” (Vol. i. p. 144); or, worse than all, if we have a marquis for our fellow-traveller;—we have here a treasury at hand to refer to, for the most approved and facetious manner of venting our murmurs. Then there are puns mournful, puns merry, and puns sentimental, many of which, it must be owned, are introduced in company, where (if it were not that a good thing must be always worth having) we should never expect to find them. Thus, Mr. Porter stops us short in a storm, to quibble on the name of a rock;—and in a grave treatise on the situation and history of Archangel, he, with somewhat more wit than gentleness, remarks on that ancient and wealthy town, that ‘Arch-Devil’ would be its fittest name. And here we cannot but commend his prudence in guarding against the dulness of some readers, and the inattention of others, by marking the least conspicuous of his jokes, according to the advice of the Reverend Mr. Brand, in *Clarissa*, ‘*by a different mode of printing*’;—a precaution to which we readily acknowledge ourselves indebted, for the discovery of some of the very best things in the book.

To speak seriously, however, were not this bad taste, this idle merriment continually intruding on the reader’s attention, we might have derived, if not much information, at least considerable amusement from the sketches of a good-humoured, amiable man, who is pleased with himself, and every thing around him, and who has really had more opportunities of becoming acquainted with the manners and habits of the higher classes, than generally fall to the lot of travellers in the northern states of Europe.

These states, in many respects, as interesting (though in a different way) as even the delightful climates of France and Italy, and, for several years, almost the only opening afforded to the curiosity of an Englishman, have as yet been very imperfectly described by any tourist. Of statistic writers, there are indeed enough, and to spare; but of these it may be observed, that it is a defect inherent

in their system, to want the power of delineating with force and expression the temper and character of a country; to catch the manners living as they rise; and to point out the bearing of each particular custom and ceremony, in itself apparently unimportant, on the ideas and actions of the people. It is this which constitutes the essential difference between the travels of Bruce, and the dull common-place book of Dr. Shaw;—it is this, which, even where the narrative is avowedly fictitious, distinguishes Barthelemy's *Anacharsis* from Porter's *Grecian Antiquities*; and which would elevate such a tour as Sweden and Russia deserve, above the tedious and indistinct descriptions of Tooke and Storch, and Guthrie and Catteau. There exist, however, many circumstances, to prevent the appearance of such a tour as we speak of, through the Northern states. Those who have past hastily through them, have seldom found courage to possess themselves of the language, though the languages of Sweden and Denmark are, to an Englishman, of very easy acquirement, and would amply repay his trouble, both from their connection with the history of his own, and the valuable stock of knowledge to which they are the key. In Russia, it is true, the entire novelty both of language, and alphabet, and (in spite of Lomonozoff, Sumarokoff, and Karamsin) the dismal want of literature, or of any fruits to be reaped from the most successful labour, have been sufficient to deter from its study almost every man who was not stimulated by mercantile interest, or the ambition of rising in the state. And those, who by such hopes or interests have been long established in the country, are apt to lose by degrees that discrimination, which enabled them at first to seize instinctively the prominent features of the place or people, and to convey them with warmth and feeling to those who know less than themselves.

It is a misfortune too, with the generality of foreigners, that even among the educated part of the Northern population, neither French nor English can be considered as sufficient passports, even if the language of the country be put out of the question. French is indeed the language of the court and the nobility, but among the elderly people, the military, (particularly in the remote provinces), the middle classes of life, and the clergy, German is at least equally necessary, and these are precisely the sort of people, from whom most real knowledge may be acquired. It is thus that the traveller, excluded from all intercourse with 'week-day man,' and more attracted perhaps by the flattering attentions of counts and princes, is apt to see mankind only in those moments when all mankind are alike, when the insipid uniformity of amusement has destroyed every thing peculiar or characteristic, and where little but the presence or absence of a carpet, the difference of hours, and the number of servants, distinguish a Russian from an English card-table.

And

And even to this society, unprofitable as it generally is, the persons who are most likely to commit their observations to writing, are not always enabled to penetrate. Merchants are an abomination to the Muscovites; and the clergy, who form no trifling part of the English tourists, are generally referred by the opinion of the great, to the same class as their neglected '*popas*.' After what has been said, it will excite no surprise to learn, that a Northern tour, such as it ought to be, is still a desideratum. The best guides to Sweden and Norway may perhaps be found in a little volume, entitled '*Promenade en Swede, &c.*' by a pert Frenchman named Latocnage;—and in the virulent caricatures of Acerbi, which, caricatures as they are, were so severely felt in Sweden, as to prove in some degree that there existed a resemblance.

Mr. Coxe indeed, though he is rather a compiler than an observer, gives us much useful information;—but the rest are all alike unworthy of criticism, from the flippant inaccuracy of Wraxall, down to the utter emptiness of Sir John Carr. Russia has had her Acerbi, in De La Chappe, whose work, (Frenchman and prejudiced as its author always appears,) deserves attention from the splendor and accuracy of its engravings, and the powerful description of manners and character. Lord Macartney too, in a short sketch, which every body must wish longer, has given more information than is to be met with in ten such quartos as those we are now reviewing;—but for more detailed pictures of that style of manners, which is not yet extinct in the bulk of Russian society, we must still go back to the antiquated volumes of Lord Carlisle and Olearius. There remains a chasm which Dr. Clarke we hope will fill.

Mr. Porter, in his preface, premises, that

'It is not the studied work of an author, bringing forward deep researches, valuable discoveries, and consequential observations, that is now laid before the public, but the familiar correspondence of a friend, noting the manners of the people with whom he associates, their fashions, their amusements, the sentiments of the day, and mingling with these a few occurrences happening to himself, and the reflexions to which they gave rise.'

Now to all this we have no objection. Many entertaining books have been written, without either 'deep researches, valuable discoveries, or consequential observations;'—and the letters of Lady Mary W. Montague,—nay, of Pope and Pliny, were all written on 'the sentiments of the day, a few occurrences relating to themselves, and the reflections to which they gave rise.' But though we have no objection to the plan of his work, and would by no means lay on him so useless a task as to 'recompose the whole,'—

yet

yet we cannot allow him to plead the want of time, as an excuse for not correcting its blunders.

Mr. Porter, with the usual flourish of 'parting pains,' and 'joys of expected return,' sets sail for Cronstadt, August 29, 1805.—Though the wind was favourable, he must have had an extraordinary voyage, since 'not many days elapsed,' says he, 'before I saw the shores of old England gradually disappear, and those of Denmark rising along the horizon.'

If there is any meaning at all in this, it must be, that his favourable wind blew in his teeth for several days, so as to keep him in sight of England, 'old England,' as he tenderly terms it;—and that by some strange accident, such as seldom happens in the German ocean, England had hardly vanished from his sight, when he found himself off the coast of Denmark. The next day, he informs us, he landed at Elsineur: here he quarrelled with the town, because he could not find 'the deep shadows of the platform, encounter the gray ghost of the royal Dane, and kill Polonius in the queen's closet!' He does not suffer us, however, to leave it, till he has gone through the whole story of Hamlet, which unfortunate prince is murdered over again by a vile translation from the vile Latin of Saxo Grammaticus. We extract a specimen from this 'rough diamond,' as he calls it;—it is Hamlet's address to his mother.

'By what a course of folly hast thou become a common whore!—Granted thou *marc-mated* that thy victory is gained,—that thou art now linked to the sun of thy lechery;—nature of brutes!—and like them, ye lose no moments of gratification, impelled but by your beastly wishes. I had forgot, to one worn out, and self-consumed by much enjoyment, these examples are excellent, and to a married woman's mind, most suitable. Age, forsooth, it must be preferable too, to carry on such warm desires as far as they will extend, that she should be a husband's brother's wife! And to add yet *unto* its pleasures, she must not stand to gain the foul accomplishment, but by the *bearing down* her wedded lord.—Thou dam of cruelty! &c. &c. &c.'—'I well know,' continues Mr. Porter, 'how feeble is my unpractised pen in transmitting the strength of the original;—but take it as the shadow of a sublime subject, and you will see sufficient to afford you an opportunity of judging how much the Hamlet of Saxo Grammaticus and the Hamlet of Shakespeare thought alike!'

Mr. Porter arrived at Cronstadt on the 12th of September, and gives a lively picture of the barbarous and motley population of a Russian town.

'Men with long beards, brown and sun-burnt skins, strangely shaped caps, and greasy skin habits of all possible forms, were mingled with a few dressed in the fashion of our nation, and numberless others in the

dapper cut uniforms of their own military, naval, and civil departments. This widely contrasted crowd meeting my eyes, at the moment my ears were first saluted with a language I had never before heard, made altogether so strange an impression on my mind as is not to be described. I seemed in a new region, and indeed every sense was called forth to wonder and exercise.

The island on which Cronstadt is built, 'exceeds,' (extends, we suppose, is meant,) 'nearly five English miles in length, but no more than one in breadth.' The fortifications, raised by Peter the Great, from drawings by his own hand, which are still preserved; the well-constructed forts in the gulph, and the difficulty of navigation, render it almost impregnable. He bestows just praise on the 'basons, docks, canals, and spacious moles, fronted by solid and colossal masses of granite.' The town and public buildings, though magnificent at a distance, appear to have suffered by the caprice of the late emperor, and still more by that eternal variation of plan, which often distinguishes despotism.

We admit, in its fullest extent, the merit of the benevolent Admiral Hennacoff, who interposed in behalf of the English, removed from Cronstadt, by the order of Paul;—but we were a little startled on reading, that these sufferers were sent '*many thousand versts* into the interior;' a march which would have brought them almost to Kamtchatka. Kostroma, we believe, and Yaroslav, a distance of 600 versts, (enough, in all conscience,) were two of the most distant points; and it should be observed, to the honor of the nobles and manufacturers of those remote, but populous regions, that large subscriptions were immediately raised, for the relief of the victims of tyranny who were sent there.

From Cronstadt, Mr. Porter proceeds to St. Petersburg:—In his account of this noble city, what first requires our notice, is the strange indistinctness of his description, which is so overlaid with eulogium, so stuffed with indiscriminate praise, that we are completely bewildered in a vast huddle of 'superb,' and 'grand,' and 'beautiful objects.'—'Such grandeur and symmetry in building!'—'Every house a palace, and every palace a city.'—'The taste of the emperor,' 'the same august hand,'—'colossal pillars,'—'Imperial magnificence.'—'Trees, fruits, and flowers,'—'luxuriant maze of oranges, myrtles, and clustering vines,' occur in every sentence, and resemble rather the puff of an auctioneer, than the description of an artist. This vague and general praise is particularly tantalizing in the instance of the metropolitan church, which, with 'its forest of columns,' deserves a far more accurate account.—Though very inferior in size, and on a plan completely different from St. Paul's or St. Peter's, it merits indeed the highest praise for the boldness of its interior.

'The

'The pillars for the inside of the church, are to be each of one entire stone,—the shaft, in length, 52 feet, polished to the utmost perfection, and surmounted with a capital of the Corinthian order, richly gilt and burnished. Niches are formed on the exterior, for the reception of bronze statues of saints, 15 feet high. And at some distance, in front of the building, is to be erected a single column of granite, 200 feet in length,' (we apprehend some exaggeration here) 'a piece of that size sufficient to form it, having lately been discovered.'

Amid all these flowers of rhetoric, Mr. Porter entirely forgets to point out the remarkable resemblance of the internal plan to that of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on which it bids fair to be an improvement;—and what is still more inexcusable, says, nothing of the bold semi-circular portico, which, though the idea is borrowed from that of St. Peter's, is of far more colossal proportions, and only fails from the badness of its materials, a perishable free-stone, covered with stucco, which is lamentably contrasted with the polished granite of the interior. To this, however, which is the misfortune of the public buildings in Petersburg, Mr. Porter has wilfully shut his eyes; he can see nothing but beauties, and where he does not find them ready-made, he adds them from his own fancy, and according to his own notions of elegance. These are sometimes singular, as where he talks of 'the stately mansions of the nobility, the roofs of which are curiously painted in rich colours,'—a style of decoration which we should conceive not a little barbarous and tawdry. In justice, however, to the Russian nobles, we must assure the reader, that these curious paintings never existed, but on the retina of Mr. Porter's imagination. It is in the same manner he assures us, that

'The glare of bricks, or the frippery of plaster, seldom offend the eye in this noble city.—Turn where you will, rise immense fabrics of granite;—and did you not know the history of the place, you might suppose that it had been founded on a vast plain of that rocky production.'

Now, though the 'glare of brick' seldom offends the eye, Mr. Porter may be assured, that he is only preserved from this offence, by the 'frippery of plaster;—since, however strange it may seem, there are hardly ten stone buildings in Petersburg;—and those of so bad a kind, that, as in the instance of the cathedral, a plaster covering is necessary;—where this is omitted, or not yet supplied, Mr. Porter himself must have seen (as in the building for the academy of arts,) the poverty of the original materials. The granite, of which he is so liberal, is as yet, chiefly confined to the quays, which are indeed stupendous, the bridges over the Fontanha canal, and the ramparts of the citadel. With all these imperfections,

Petersburgh as a whole, is perhaps the noblest city in the world, though we cannot agree in praise, so indiscriminately and idly lavished.

The following is a singular picture of the want of mechanic invention, which prevails where slaves are employed. The tribute at the end is deservedly paid to the care and attention of the weak, though well-meaning Sovereign of Russia.

‘ Many of the labourers employed on these buildings, come some thousand versts from the interior; and when the frost sets in, they retire thither again, to await the more genial season, which will allow them to recommence their toil. The multitudes now engaged in forming the various parts of these large works, are interesting and curious. All difficulties connected with their business, are overcome by human exertions alone. What in England would be easily performed by one horse, with a little mechanical aid, is here achieved by the united strength of numbers of men. Hence there is much useless labour to regret. Frequently we see a hundred men, with ropes and handspikes, busied in accomplishing no more than one quarter of that number, with a few of our assisting inventions, would easily finish in half the time. Setting aside utility, these groupes add to the picturesque of the scene, which is considerably heightened by their long beards, rugged sheep-skins, and uncouth attitudes. How strange it is to look on these apparently savage beings, and think that from their hands arise such elegant and classical structures! Indeed, I never saw in all its parts so regularly built a city; nor in any place, so much attention to keep all in due order. The present Emperor, who like its illustrious founder, has the perfecting of this residence at heart, leaves no suggestion unexecuted, which can increase its ornament, or the people's convenience.’

It is whimsical in an artist, to speak of the great Falconet in this manner :

‘ The name of the artist is Falconet; *he was a Frenchman*, but this statue for genius, and exquisite execution, would have done honor to the best sculptors of any nation !’

Surely the being a Frenchman does not prevent a man from becoming a good sculptor.

After a meagre account of the Taurida and Hermitage, and an interesting detail of the institution for promoting the arts and sciences, we find ourselves plunged at once into the mysteries of the Greek Church, which are given from Dr. King's work, with sundry comments by the ingenious selector. We know not what the Princess S—— will say to the following, on the marriage ceremony.

‘ On the perusal of the whole of this service, I prefer its principle before that used in the English Church on the same occasion. Here we

we do not meet with vows of an everlasting love; a vow which is in no person's own power to keep.'—'All these unreasonable pledges are avoided in the Greek ritual, and hence it interferes not with either the law of nature, or the law of the land.'

Our traveller seems on the whole much elated with the discoveries which he has made in the Greek Church, but he cannot help expressing some fears, though very needlessly, that he may be considered as an intruder. He likens himself, with singular propriety, to Clodius, who attempted, as every classical reader must remember, to print and publish the liturgy of the *Bona Dea*, and, as Mr. Porter informs us, was 'hooted for his pains.'—This classical spirit is indeed very visible in many parts of these volumes. The frozen Neva, and the furred, and muffled nobles, recal to his mind the naked youths, and olive trees of the Olympic Stadium; and all his Grecian fury is awakened against the miscreants, who stole 'the tomb of Homer,' and sold it to Count Strogonoff. It was not thus, he tells us, that '*Homer himself*' behaved:

'He did not send mariners to steal away the monument of Achilles from the promontory of Sigeum; but he travelled thither himself: he stood by his hero's grave, and while invoking the spirit within, his own mighty genius,' (*oh mercy! mercy!*) 'his own mighty genius burst the confines of the tomb, and the hero appeared!!!—The vision passed before the poet, clad in arms, and in glory; and he beheld the light no more.—Insufferable brightness drank his visual ray,—but lit up all within, with Heaven's immortal fires. And Alexander too, that powerful monarch, might not he, who uprooted empires, have easily raised from the ground a block of marble,' (supposing, we guess, that the tomb of Achilles was of that material,) 'and ordered the monument of his often-boasted model, the great Achilles, to be brought to Macedon! But no; he also went to Sigeum to pay his vows to the illustrious shade, and placing a crown upon the tomb, exclaimed "Achilles, thou wert thrice happy!—Happy in thy valiant life, happy in such a friend as Patroclus, and happy in such a poet as Homer, to immortalize thy memory!!!"'

We can only compare this to the history of Godfrey of Bouillon's intrigue with Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, as related by Dean Swift.

The military of this vast empire must be always one of the most interesting and important subjects of discussion. His attachment to the army, Mr. Porter says, is the first-born passion of his breast,—and he in consequence gives us a very erroneous account of their pay, which he makes to a private, three roubles and thirty copecks annually, instead of three times that sum.—To this he adds a miserably defective account of the Donsky Cossacs, who no longer, as he supposes, preserve the right of electing their own

Hetman, and who, instead of 16,000, can raise, if necessary, 60,000 cavalry. The rest of his account is merely occupied by the uniform of the troops, which, it is some comfort to discover, is no less inconvenient and foppish than our own.

From Petersburg, we are glad to attend Mr. Porter to Mosco; —his journey, like that of the Athenian ambassadors in Aristophanes, being performed over wide plains.

ἔφ' ἀρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατὰκείμενος.

He was received, as every one is at Mosco, who brings good letters of introduction, with hospitality; and arrived in time to be present at the public dinner, given in honour of Prince Bagration. We willingly insert the portrait of this eminent man, the favorite pupil of Suvarrof.

He is below the middle stature, of a dark complexion, deeply tinged with the climates in which he has served; his eye is small, quick, and penetrating; his nose a very high aquiline, and his face, perfectly Georgian (he being of that country), expresses the most charming affability and sweetness; his demeanor is in unison with his countenance, being demonstrative of a modesty as winning, as it is admirable, in so idolized a character.

We could however excuse the prose translation of some idle Russ verses on the same hero. The horn music which he heard on that occasion, is unknown except in Russia or Poland.

It was invented by a Prince Gallitzin in the year 1762. This instrument consists of forty persons, whose life is spent in blowing one note. The sounds produced are precisely similar to those of an immense organ, with this difference, that each note seems to blend with its preceding and following one: a circumstance that occasions a blunt sensation to the ear, and gives a monotony to the whole. However, the effect possesses much sublimity, when the performers are unseen; but when they are visible, it is impossible to silence reflections which jar with their harmony. To see human nature reduced to such a use, calls up thoughts very inimical to admiration of strains so awakened. I enquired who the instrument belonged to? (by that word, both pipes and men are included!) and was told it had just been purchased by a nobleman, on the recent death of its former possessor.

Some of these individuals, thus destined to drag through a melancholy existence, play at different times on several pipes of various sizes which breathe the higher notes; but the base pipes have each their unchanging blower; they are extremely long, and are laid upon a machine or trussel, close to which the performer stands, and places his mouth to the smaller extremity of the pipe, in a horizontal position. The shape is exactly that of a hearing trumpet; a screw is inserted near the bell of the tube, to give it a sharper or flatter note.

as may be required. The performers are in general thin and pale, and I have little doubt, but that the quantity of air the instrument takes, and the practice necessary for perfection in execution, must subtract many years from the otherwise natural term of their lives.'

We have given this description as we found it, though it is, after all, very absurd to whine over those, who are no otherwise pitiable, than all musicians must be, and we apprehend, are as healthy as a common regimental band; nor are their lives more spent in this employment, than the blowers of clarionets in the Middlesex militia; if indeed so much, as their powers are seldomer called into practice: and the slave who blows occasionally one of these horns, is, off the stage, employed like other servants, as footman, coachman, or gardener.

At Mosco, Mr. Porter is much more accurate than at Petersburg; he is a little awakened from the amazement with which he was afflicted on his first landing, and his description of that singular and delightful town, though highly coloured, is scarcely overcharged. We could willingly make many extracts from this part of his work, but one must suffice, which will be recognised by every visitor of Mosco, and is taken from his description of the Kremlin, the interior circle of the city; the ancient imperial residence, founded on a lofty hill, and parted from the 'Tartar town,' (as Mr. Porter very judiciously translates 'Khitai Gorod') by a brick wall very high, whitened, and embattled in the eastern manner.

'At various distances are towers, square and round, with spiral minarets, covered with scaly tiles, like the skin of a fish, painted green, yellow, and crimson, surmounted with a gilded ball and fane. It is curious to observe the similarity between this turretted bulwark, and the well known Chinese wall, so well pourtrayed in Lord Macartney's account of his embassy to China. The resemblance is so close, that we might think the same engineer had exerted his abilities in both countries. Before I left the precincts of this interesting place, I ascended the tower of the church of Ivan the Great, which commands a view of the whole surrounding plain. Although the monotonous paleness of winter then shrouded its bosom, yet the *coup-d'œil* was transcendently magnificent. The sun shone with untempered splendor through an atmosphere, whose clearness cannot be conceived in England;—the variegated colours on the tops of innumerable buildings;—the sparkling particles of snow on the earth and palaces;—the fanes and crescents of the churches flashing their blazing gold; and added to all, the busy world beneath, passing and re-passing in their superb dresses, and decorated sledges, presented such a scene of beauty and grandeur, that I should have thought myself repaid for my disagreeable journey, had I even been obliged to return to St. Petersburg immediately, in beholding so glorious a view.'

Mr. Porter is however mistaken in thinking that the church, respecting which the famous story is told of Ivan II., was within this circle. It is the Casan church, immediately without the holy gate of the Kremlin, on the building of which, that atrocity, generally considered as fabulous, is said to have happened. We are presented with a somewhat exaggerated, yet, in a lover, a very pardonable eulogy, of the beauty of the Muscovite ladies;—but Mr. Porter is really more severe than justice will allow, on the unfortunate Grisettes, whom he saw at the bath. Their form is Asiatic, and their bosoms partake of that general relaxation, but certainly not in so enormous a degree as he wishes us to believe. He speaks with much justice of the superior morality of the Russian females, to the sentimental ladies of Germany, or the voluptuous Houris of Paris. The character, in fact, of this people, associating with slaves during childhood, and rather instructed in languages, than in books, in many points resembles that of the West Indian Creole;—gentle, indolent, outwardly irreligious, and in private superstitiously observant of every tittle of the ordinances of their church;—ostentatious in public, and domestic amid their family, they are at once cruel mistresses to their slaves, and charitable to any object of distress they meet with,—slovenly devotees behind the scenes, and voluptuous Cleopatras on the open stage.

He is unreasonable in his complaints of the prison, which is built after a plan given by Howard, and when compared with even the lodgings at Mosco, not pre-eminently filthy; in many points, contrasted with the German prisons, it is exemplary. Of Russian humanity indeed, and of the liberality in which they are almost unequalled, the numerous hospitals, the colleges, orphan houses, &c. &c. supported by private donation, are noble proofs; and there are few countries, where even the prisons receive more regular visits from the officers appointed to inspect them. With all their childish parade, their 'cow's bladders,' and Asiatic ignorance, this should be remembered in their favour:—That their officers and soldiers are cruel, arises more from stupidity, than wickedness—from want of perception, rather than want of humanity. Yet certainly, the men in particular, and all the lower classes are immoral, and the name of 'unprincipled,' which the genius of Ledyard affixed to Russia, may be taken, as no unfair general account of a nation of 40 millions of rational creatures, who are now awakened to discontent, and murmuring under their slavery. The nobles already

Incedunt per ignes
Suppositos cineri deloso.

The explosion will be terrible.

Mr.

Mr. Porter, on his return to Petersburg, falls in with many Gypsies. This extraordinary people, who are found in every part of Europe, and many of Asia and Africa, and of whose origin, or first appearance, though comparatively modern, no good account has yet been published, are the same in Muscovy, as they are in Spain, and in both countries equally unaccountable. Mr. P. fancies they resemble the Jews; and it is indeed a singular fact, that the Jews in Juvenal's time, are described as living in the same manner, and occupying nearly the same place in society, as the present race of Gypsies, supporting themselves by palmistry, and wandering with a household establishment of hay and panniers.

On our author's arrival at Petersburg, he is again seized with a fit of wondering and praising; he sees, however, a person knouted—gives us a description of his own paintings in the new Admiralty, and returns on the wings of love to Mosco.

To those who justify the inactivity of England, during the campaign in Poland, by the pretence that Russia was not to be relied on, we recommend the following paragraph, of the truth of which, no doubt, we think, need be entertained.

'An ukase has been issued, obliging the nobility to furnish peasants, to the additional amount of 200,000, between Petersburg and Cazan; each proprietor is to furnish five soldiers, out of every hundred slaves, with clothing, arms, and provisions for three months, and also provide pay, during that time, for each, at the rate of a rouble a month.'

Contrast this energy with what follows a few pages after.

'The whole cry here, is the non-arrival of our troops off Dantzic, and he who 'till then greeted every Englishman as a brother, now turns from even a friend of that nation, with a cold bow of suspicion.'

Before the Russian zeal was chilled by our selfishness, Mr. P. had opportunities of seeing large bodies of those irregular auxiliaries, who are only summoned in the most urgent necessity, pass through Mosco for the frontiers. Inefficient as such troops were in the field, we cannot help sympathizing in the glow, with which he describes these barbarous warriors, who bore again to the heart of Poland, those banners, which had not been seen there, since the domination of the Golden horde, and the sultans of Kipshak.

'As this strange people passed forward, I was so struck by their appearance, so peculiar, grand, and picturesque; so totally different from any thing in our quarter of Europe, that I thought myself transported back many centuries.—I was viewing the armies of Tchingis Khan, or Tamerlane!—In short, I could not believe the scene to belong to the present times; and every object conspired to preserve the illusion.'

illusion. The men were cased in shirts of mail, with shining helmets, and armed with long pikes, adorned at the top with various coloured pennons. Their other weapons were swords, bows and arrows; each sheaf of the latter containing twenty-four. The bows were short, and of the Asiatic form and materials, not well made, neither were their arrows carefully feathered or strait. Yet in spite of these disadvantages, their dexterity in shooting at a distance, or at objects in rapid motion, is amazing.

Mr. Porter's return to England, was through Finland and Sweden, and contains little which calls for criticism; there are many mistakes, but not of material consequence, and as his stay was short, they are more excusable than in Mosco, or Petersburg. Like other travellers through Sweden, he fights over again the battles of Charles XII., and according to his never-failing custom, he expatiates learnedly on the present uniform of the guards. He finds too, as usual, bad inns, amiable peasants, respectable pastors, and venerable archbishops; the Queen is all loveliness, the King (poor Gustavus) all spirit and dignity, and the people the most loyal under the sun. Of their loyalty, they have since given a very conspicuous proof; and if Mr. P. had been endued with ears, he might, even then, have heard quite sufficient to shew that a doubtful legitimacy, an unpopular war, and above all, the deeply remembered injuries inflicted by the last Gustavus on their diet, and constitution, were all preparing to burst on the brave but unfortunate young man, who then sat on the throne of the Goths and Vandals.

There are some interesting particulars respecting Gustavus Vasa, and a short account of the mines and of Upsala. Near this latter place, he is particularly pleased with the sonorous name of the plain of Furissival, which, with all respect to its dignity, he presents to us in large letters.

He pays a due tribute of praise to the great sculptor Sergel, though he cannot help misspelling his name. Then, after lamenting and admiring the royal family of France, whom he met at Gottenburgh, and wondering, with all Europe, at our unaccountable Swedish expedition, he re-embarks for England.

We did not notice, because the task would have been endless, the many defects in Mr. P.'s mode of spelling foreign names: thus we have 'Drojeka,' for Droschka; 'Porphyrogenneta,' for Porphyrogenetes; 'Gorgorin,' for Gargarin; 'Jutchinna,' for Gatchina; 'Upsilius,' for Afzelius; 'Danamora,' for Dannemora, and many others. With regard to the plates, which from an artist of Mr. P.'s talent, might be expected to display the utmost spirit and exactness, it is our duty to observe, that the aquatinta views are really infamous, possessing neither the merit of execution nor accuracy:

curacy : the coloured sketches of figures are better: and do him credit, with the exception of the Calmuc. On the whole, we dismiss Mr. P.'s travels as a book, which will seldom find a place in a library, but may lie without offence on a table; which, if not the best, is far from the worst account of one of the most interesting countries in the world. If he ever publishes again, we entreat for more drawings, and fewer travelling sketches; nor shall we be displeased to see him pay some little attention to the finishing of the first, and the spelling of the latter: above all, we warn him to shun the tomb of Homer, &c

Interfusa nitentes
Vitare æquora Cycladas.

ART. VI. *Intolerance the Disgrace of Christians, not the fault of their Religion.* By the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. pp. 112. Johnson. London.

IT is of the first importance towards accuracy of reasoning, to define terms, before we assent to propositions.—Intolerance, Mr. Wyvill tells us in his title page, is the disgrace of Christians. If the term be used in the accepted sense,—i. e. of a disposition to force the consciences of men, to propagate religious tenets by fire and sword, and to persecute and destroy for matter of faith, we trust that there are few members of the church of England, who, do not fully accede to the truth of this proposition. But what is Mr. Wyvill's understanding of it? When our readers are informed that he is pleased to brand with this opprobrious title, those laws against the admission of dissenters into offices of trust and power, by which the framers of our constitution thought proper to guard the Established Church; we apprehend that their unwillingness to assent to the proposition in *this* sense, may probably bear an exact proportion to the readiness, with which they acceded to its truth in the other.

Of Mr. Wyvill, we are disposed to know nothing more than what is unfolded in the work before us. It were an act of injustice to suppose him otherwise than sincere in the plans which he proposes. We give him full credit for sincerity; but here we must stop: for we can neither approve the cause which he undertakes, nor commend the temper and manner, in which he thinks proper to discuss the question. We greatly wish that age had matured his judgment, and cooled his ardour for crude and chimerical plans of innovation: we wish it had taught him to deal more in solid reasoning, and less in vague declamation: above all we wish, that experience had impressed upon him how little any cause

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can gain with considerate persons by the unnecessary use of coarse and virulent invective. As it is, we are nearly at a loss to discover, amidst the confused materials of which his work consists, any semblance of real argument for the cause which he labours to support.

Mr. W. begins his pamphlet, (p. 1—30,) with a general view of the evidences of the Christian religion, of its successful propagation, and of its effects in improving society. In such a preparatory sketch, novelty of remark is scarcely to be expected: the author, however, appears to write under a full conviction of the truth and excellency of Christianity, and he expresses himself in sufficiently clear and flowing language. He proceeds to vindicate the endowment and establishment of Christian churches (30—36,) laments the barbarous workings of that intolerant spirit, from which characters, otherwise great and noble, have not been exempt, (36—46) and traces the gradual developement of more mild and truly Christian principles.

He now arrives at his main purpose, that of destroying what he is pleased to term the remains of intolerance and persecution. He throws completely out of the question (p. 54,) any sanguinary laws against dissenters, which may be still lurking in our statute books, a mere dead letter, scarcely known to exist, and never likely to be enforced. We gladly join with him in keeping these in the back ground, and think that the circumstance of their not being repealed in name, as they have long been in practice, is really too unimportant to be made matter of serious regret. Under the head of relics of intolerance, he means solely those restraints and disabilities, which the law imposes on dissenters; and against these he pours forth the phials of his wrath, as being contrary to justice, religion, &c. &c. &c. p. 55.

There are two modes of conducting an attack adopted by controversial writers. The one is to bring forward reasonings in the first instance, and then to draw inferences, and make comments. The other is, to begin by assuming the matter in dispute, and applying hard names and free invectives; and not to attempt any thing in the shape of reasoning, till these shall have produced their due effect on the reader's mind. Now if the first of these methods of proceeding be the most regular and efficient, provided the cause itself be a good one; the second, it will be readily allowed, is incomparably the best in a cause which incurs the suspicion of being radically unsound, and in which the understanding has little chance of being fairly convinced if the passions be not previously warmed, and prejudices excited.

It is the latter of these modes, which Mr. W. has thought proper to adopt in his attack upon the test laws. He first assumes
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the fact,^a that they are fit objects of reprobation—avails himself freely of this assumption to deal out his abuse and invective—and then, when he has reason to suppose the reader's mind is properly prepared, he condescends to answer the specious, but hollow plausibilities, (p. 68,) by which he thinks it possible that their advocates may have the hardihood to hazard their defence.

He perhaps may deem it a compliment to be told, that he betrays no diffidence in roundly expressing his opinions, and freely stigmatizing what he disapproves. He tells us (p. 59,) that our test laws are 'relics of intolerance, no less contrary to justice and religion, than those murderous laws, which we have rejected with abhorrence.' They are 'a system of corrupt influence; a mean monopoly of civil patronage' (p. 60.) The conduct of the church in continuing them is 'inhuman and illegal.' (p. 79) Our statesmen, who do not abolish them, have their conduct honoured with the gentle titles of 'infatuated,' 'political absurdity,' &c. p. 63.—Now, we are willing on common occasions to make allowance for the effects of excessive and intemperate zeal in any cause. We know how easily the passions become heated, and hurry a man farther than his sober reason can approve. But really when we find such coarse and outrageous expressions used in reprobating laws, which have long formed an important part of our constitution, and in stigmatizing statesmen of all parties who have sanctioned them with their approbation; we are tempted to put the question whether the person, who assumes this license, stands on that commanding eminence of reputation either for judgment, acuteness, or genius, which can make such consummate arrogance at all palatable or excusable.

It is no less amusing than instructive to observe that notable style of argument called begging the question, with which the work before us abounds. When Mr. W. has been bestowing his hard names, and degrading epithets on the test laws, he informs us in a note, with some semblance of an apology, that he applies these strong expressions, *because he trusts they are just*. Now the question whether they are just or not, viz. whether the test laws are good or bad, is evidently the whole matter in dispute. To apply these expressions therefore, because they are asserted to be just, before any attempt is made to prove them such, is to assume the whole business, to leave us exactly where we were without advancing one step towards a right conclusion.

But that we may duly appreciate the representations of Mr. W. it may be advisable just to recall to our reader's recollection, what the test laws really enact, in what principle they originate, and on what grounds they are to be justified and defended.

The test laws require that every person, who holds offices in the state,

state, shall be a member of the Church of England, and they consider that a more certain and convenient proof of his being such cannot be found, than that he should have attended, within a prescribed time, the celebration of the sacrament according to the rites of that church.

As to the general right, which a state possesses of excluding from its offices any portion of its subjects for just and satisfactory reasons, we apprehend there can be no dispute. It is a first principle with every society of men, that the good of the whole should preponderate over the interests of individuals—and, in whatever case, more advantage arises to the community from the exclusion of individuals from office, than detriment to the individuals themselves, in that case the exclusion is just. None would contend that persons of known disaffection should be admitted into offices of trust. A papist is excluded from the throne. Females (one half of the population) can hold no offices whatever. Persons below a certain stature are excluded from military situations.

Thus then, in excluding dissenters from offices of trust, the question of right resolves itself into the question of expediency. It must be shewn that the general advantage resulting from the measure overbalances the particular inconvenience. The particular inconvenience is the placing of so many subjects in a situation of inferiority to the rest. The general advantage is the security of the constitution, and the maintenance in consequence of that peace and good order, in which the whole community partakes.

To estimate this general advantage, it must be recollected, that our constitution consists of two parts, civil and ecclesiastical,—supported by the same laws, closely allied and intimately united into one indivisible whole. Those, who dissent from the state ecclesiastical, are but imperfect members of the whole. Acknowledging the authority of one part of the constitution, they reject that of the other. True subjects as to the state political, they are aliens as to the state ecclesiastical. Hence, their claim to the full rights and privileges of citizens cannot be on an equal footing with the claim of others. A presumption must always arise, that, however well affected toward the civil part of the constitution; they cannot have equally friendly dispositions towards the ecclesiastical, from which they separate themselves. Again, the idea of an established church necessarily implies that legal provision should be made for ministers of religion, to whose support dissenters from the church must contribute. This may be defended on the soundest principles. But, in such an arrangement, the dissenters, considered separately, are a party aggrieved: they suffer partial hardship from the operation of a measure, which is indisputably necessary for the whole community. Hence it may be apprehended, that,
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having a present feeling of their particular inconvenience, and partial views of the general expediency of such a measure ; they may labour under an irritation of mind tending to generate an hostility to this part at least of our established laws.

From these presumptions arising from the situation and circumstances in which dissenters from any established church must be placed, let us turn to facts. Has it appeared that our dissenters, taken as a body, have been less loyal and trustworthy subjects than the members of the church ? History too plainly tells us that they once largely contributed towards the complete overthrow of the constitution, and have more than once brought its existence into danger. But if this be allowed for times past,—are they not now far more moderate in their political principles, and worthy of public trust ? It is a matter on which we wish to touch with tenderness. We are aware that amongst the dissenters, are to be found many *individuals*, faithful, loyal, and honorable. We wish to avoid as much as possible, all those sweeping expressions, which cast imputations on collected bodies of men. But, when we are called upon to speak openly, we must not dissemble. When we recollect that the hostility of the dissenters to our church establishment, so essential a part of the constitution, is not left to be indirectly inferred from the presumptions above stated, but confessedly subsists, and has been on some occasions, plainly and openly avowed,—when we know that peculiar political tenets adverse to the state, have been usually maintained among them, and that, on all party questions, they have systematically embraced the side most opposed to the government—When we find that they industriously form themselves into a party, act with common views, use every exertion to strengthen their interests by detaching members from the church, and are always on the watch for the attainment of political influence ; we apprehend that more solid grounds will not be required to justify the continuance of those restraints, which the wisdom of our legislature has imposed, as needful measures of precaution or defence.

Let us now turn to Mr. Wyvill,—according to him, (p. 98) the test laws punish dissenters, and brand them with infamy for not believing as we do. (p. 79 & 98) Now, when he makes this assertion, he must either believe it to be true or false. If he knows it to be false, and merely advances it for the purpose of colouring an argument, he forfeits every claim to the character of an honest writer. If, as we have no wish to doubt, he believes that he is asserting a truth ; we must be at liberty to say, that he betrays a want of right conception on the subject, which marks him wholly unfit to instruct or convince others. The representation, that the law inflicts punishment on a person for being a dissenter, is decidedly

cidedly false. The legislature does not say to him,—‘because you are a dissenter, we hold you to be a criminal—and we adjudge you to be punished for your offence with such and such disabilities.’—It holds a widely different language. It tells him, that, because he is not a member of the state ecclesiastical, he is held to be an imperfect member of the whole constitution—because he is connected with a particular party, he incurs a share of those suspicions, to which that party have been, and still are obnoxious. On these accounts, and these alone, it does not admit him to the full rights and privileges which other subjects enjoy. Mr. W. may contend that, in the end, it is all the same—that the broad fact remains, that a dissenter is deprived of certain privileges, because he is not a member of the Church of England. Now we contend that the difference in the statement of the ground on which the matter rests, makes the whole difference in the justice or injustice of the case. To inflict penalties for matters of faith, is real injustice—it is intolerance in the old and justly detested sense of the word. But, to deny certain privileges to a particular class of subjects, for reasons specified and alledged as sufficient to justify the measure,—carries on the face of it no injustice, and must take its character altogether from the sufficiency and validity of the reasons alledged.

Again—Mr. W. tells us—the legislature destroys liberty of conscience; it tempts men by the lure of political privileges, to violate their principles and to embrace doctrines which they do not approve (p. 99.) We have here to regret an error no less gross, in stating that to be the intention of the legislature in framing its enactments, which is, or may be, an accidental consequence arising out of them. We can positively state that the idea of throwing out a lure to conscientious dissenters, is wholly excluded from its motives and intentions. That the test laws may, in some instances, operate in this manner, we do not deny: when this occurs, it is an evil much to be deprecated and lamented. The great fault however lies in the persons who are tempted, not in the law, whose wholesome provisions are unduly perverted into means of temptation. The State has no such end in its contemplation. The church would willingly eject from its bosom those who, from motives of worldly emolument, seek to take shelter in it.

Let us then have done with these false views and representations of the test laws. They are not ‘relics of intolerance;’ they are not ‘intended to punish men for being dissenters, to preserve to the church a monopoly of civil emoluments, or to allure men to the violation of their consciences by the hope of political privileges.’ They are designed to be, and in their main operation they are, wholesome guards and fences for ensuring the safety of the constitution.

stitution. It is principally in this view that their merit or demerit ought to be discussed. Framed in no narrow spirit of intolerance or of selfishness, they may be defended on the broad ground of a just and liberal policy.

It will be observed, that we are talking of conscientious Dissenters, of those who really differ in sentiment and doctrine from the Church of England, and who could not, without doing violence to their consciences, come within its pale. We respect the feelings of such, and should be truly unwilling to utter any expressions which might wound them. But we must not conceal, that we by no means deem these to form any large proportion of the nominal Dissenters from our church. Many are so entirely from caprice and whim, many from spleen and spite, many from no assignable motive whatever. Now, as to Dissenters of these descriptions, we trust we shall not be accused of an intolerant spirit when we say, that if the legislature were to punish them for the needless and mischievous spreading of religious schism, it would do nothing more than might be fully justified. However, it understands too well the principles of a free toleration in matters of religion, to think of inflicting punishment in any instance. It deems it preferable (though we must express our fears as to the consequences of so broad an indulgence), to give full scope and licence to every illiterate field-preacher who may start up, to permit the wildest fanatics to practise at will their low arts in seducing the ignorant and vulgar, rather than to set an example of interference which might be drawn, in any circumstances, into a sanction and precedent for the adoption of harsh and intolerant measures.

Mr. Wyvill professes himself to be aware, p. 84, that many persons may oppose his plan from the dread of its becoming a prelude to further innovations. On this head he distinctly avows, that he has other 'ecclesiastical reformations in view,' p. 89. He talks of changes and omissions in the liturgy, and seems desirous of abolishing subscription to the articles, p. 91. He does not explain his meaning clearly or definitely. He tells us, however, that he wishes for no other changes than those which many moderate and eminent churchmen have approved. Be it so. Be it allowed, for the sake of argument, that the views of Mr. Wyvill himself are (at least for the present) neither immoderate nor unreasonable. Still it must be asked, what are the views of the person who stands next him? What say the rest of the train who join him in the loud cry for the repeal of the test laws? What will he himself say, if his appetite for innovation be once whetted by concession? One person, perhaps, thinks it hard that Dissenters from the church should contribute to the church establishment; another

is scandalised at the great revenues of some of the clergy; a third deems the episcopacy an useless and burthensome incumbrance. Mr. W. himself may now only propose some trivial alterations in the liturgy; he might soon advance to the abolishing of subscription to the articles, to the discarding of our creeds, &c. Now we by no means allow the general fairness of the argument, that a measure, reasonable in itself, ought to be rejected, because it may eventually lead to other measures which we wish to resist. We should make a firm stand exactly where we perceive that good ends, and evil begins. But it certainly forms a very just and reasonable ground of objection against any plan, that the persons who urge it have in view other vague, undefined innovations, to which they intend that it should lead. The wild spirit of speculative reformation must not be too readily indulged. The first step of concession may indeed be the opening of a floodgate; and if political power is once granted to Dissenters, we may afterwards find every barrier against their encroachments and innovations feeble and unavailing.

In Mr. Wyvill's judgment, the repeal of the test laws would produce unheard-of wonders. It would be the dawning of golden days upon the Christian world. Learned and philosophical infidels would become believers! p. 70. Religion would be brought to an enviable state by the spreading of mutual confidence, charity, and candour! p. 73. The sources of animosity would be cut off which have exposed the empire to ruin!—Papists would be converted to Protestantism! &c. p. 109.

We should be well satisfied if we could be induced to believe, on good grounds, that any of these numerous advantages could be expected from the measure. We should be found amongst its most decided advocates, if it were indeed likely to increase in any degree, or by any consequence, the stability of the empire, and to make Christians of different denominations more moderate, charitable, and candid. We apprehend effects directly the reverse. We perceive many modes by which the concession would tend to generate disorder, to inflame animosity, to widen division; and scarcely one by which its tendency may, with a fair colouring of probability, be presumed to be of an opposite nature.

As to the argument that the admission of Dissenters to political privileges would give strength to the established church, we can scarcely believe a person to be serious when he advances it.

'A common interest,' says Mr. Wyvill, 'may, and it probably will, unite them (the Dissenters) against intolerance; but, liberty of conscience once obtained, no common interest would be found to unite them

they in any measure of reformation against the will of the establishment.' p. 88.

Papæ ! Would *no common interest* remain to unite the Dissenters against the church, after they had obtained the concession of political privileges? Can it be doubted for a moment, that the attainment of an establishment at least on an equal footing with our church, is the grand object towards which the views and exertions of all Dissenters are ultimately directed? The admission to political privileges, considered in itself, is but a feeble and remote object of desire to individuals: it is only when considered as a mean towards an end, and that end the attainment of a legal establishment, that it becomes of first-rate value and importance. What, then, is the sum of Mr. Wyvill's advice? Grant, he tells us, to the Dissenters that boon of political power which will give them confidence and strength, which will inflame their hopes of further concession, and place the accomplishment of those hopes more within their grasp, you will then find them so grateful for your kind indulgence, so completely satisfied with what they have already gained, that they will sit down at once quietly and contentedly, unite with you in the most warm and cordial friendship, never think of urging any further claim against you, or give you future disturbance! How does this consist with the usual movements of the human disposition, and with the common principles of human action?

It is intimated, p. 106, that an intention prevailed of presenting a petition to Parliament, for the repeal of the test laws, during the last session. The session has passed, and no such petition has been presented. Have Mr. Wyvill's arguments and declamations failed of producing their desired effect, or is the prosecution of the design only for a time postponed? If a discussion of this subject should be brought on, we have one request to make. It is, that no member of the Legislature will give a suffrage on the question, without previously perusing a small tract of Bishop Sherlock on this subject, a tract first drawn up in the Bangorian controversy, and lately reprinted in a separate pamphlet. We care not if every thing be read over and over again that was ever written against the test laws; but shall be amply satisfied if only this small treatise be read in their defence. Let a plain understanding, biassed by no prejudices, be brought to the discussion; and we shall have no fears as to the result.

ART. VII. *A Translation of the Record called Domesday, as far as relates to the County of York, including also Amounderness, Lonsdale, and Furness, in Lancashire, and such Parts of Westmoreland and Cumberland, as are contained in the Survey; also the Counties of Derby, Nottingham, Rutland, and Lincoln.* By the Rev. William Bawdwen, Vicar of Hooton Pagnell, Yorkshire. Doncaster, 1809. 4to. pp. 628.

THAT numerous class of readers, who are contented with information, as distinct from erudition, will feel themselves not a little indebted to the industrious translator of this great national record. Genuine antiquaries will indeed 'desiderate' in the volume before us, the curious and motley language of the original, the technical marks and contractions with which it abounds, and the venerable appearance of the page, as exhibited in the magnificent edition already printed. But this great and expensive work was never meant for general circulation, and indeed, had it been universally accessible, the cause already hinted at must have rendered it unintelligible to the bulk of readers. While, therefore, the favoured few continue to revel upon the charms of the original Domesday in secret, let them not murmur at seeing their favourite produced, for the first time, before the public eye, in the garb of their own age and country.

The volume commences with a judicious and able introduction, in which the editor, with an eye, no doubt, to the class of readers already described, after having very distinctly related the systematic manner in which this vast survey was accomplished, proceeds to examine into the consequences which resulted from its completion, the importance of Domesday in all succeeding ages as a national record, and its utility to the courts of justice as a book of reference, at present. He then reverts to the period immediately antecedent to the Conquest, and gives a short but clear detail of the manners and civil institutions of our Saxon ancestors.

The next object of his attention is one which, perhaps above every other human institution, civil or military, has exercised the ablest pens, and challenged the most profound investigation: we mean the Feodal system. On a subject of such extent and difficulty, neither the limits of Mr. Bawdwen's work would allow, nor the expectations of his readers require, more than a faithful outline. On this part of the subject, therefore, it will suffice to say, that, modestly following in the train of superior writers, he traces the feodal tenure from the customs of ancient Germany, as transmitted to us by Tacitus and other contemporary authors—their progress from allodial and proprietary in the strict sense, to beneficiary dependencies, and

and their gradual resolution into numerous fiefs, which, 'before the conclusion of the reign of William the First, had already become general in Great Britain,' (more properly in England).

It is very certain that in all this we meet with little, which, strictly speaking, can be called new; neither, after the labours of our great legal antiquaries, could discoveries on such a subject well be expected. The author's purpose and that of his readers was equally answered by a clear arrangement and intelligible detail of materials, for which not one in a thousand of the latter would have had either means or inclination to search in the bulky volumes of Selden or Spelman, of Craig or Du Cange.

The Conqueror was undoubtedly a man of genius, and there is something magnificent in the conception of a great national survey like that of Domesday. Yet it must strike every attentive mind, that the execution of this vast undertaking was inartificial and even barbarous. Surveying as a science was probably unknown; and hence in particular, the mode of reducing manors to imaginary geometrical forms, as for example, one leuca in length, and half a leuca in breadth, besides that, like round numbers, it must always be inaccurate, is perpetually contradicted by the number of carucates of which the same manor is made to consist, some exceeding and as many falling short of the number of acres included within the general outline, making every reasonable allowance for its irregularity.

Of this mode of inexactness, if the present were a critique upon Domesday itself, numerous instances might be given. At this period of universal intelligence and activity, which afford a reasonable expectation that at no distant æra, scarcely an acre will be left in the kingdom unappropriated and unimproved—the state of husbandry, as represented in Domesday, must appear deplorable indeed. To say nothing of the waste of muscular strength upon their clumsy ploughs, which, from many circumstances, appear to have required eight oxen, it appears that in many manors almost half the surface was covered with brushwood, or what Mr. B. translates, 'wood pasture,' which equally deprived the owner of the profits of planting and pasturage; for, while on the one hand the growth of timber would be perpetually interrupted by the browse of cattle, the herbage on the other hand would be choked by a thick covering of stunted brushwood.

Another observation occurs on the perusal of the translation before us. The orthography of our English Villare in the reign of the Conqueror cannot have been so widely different from what it is at present, as we find it represented in Domesday. What to allow for the melting down of the Saxon orthography into that which took place about the reign of Henry the Second, as heved for head, &c. we know precisely; but the pronunciation at the time of the

Conqueror's Survey must have been nearly the same as at present ; at least, it is absurd to suppose, that any change should have taken place in the radical consonants, of which instances perpetually occur. Of this species of inaccuracy no other account can be given than that the returns made by many of the commissioners for surveying particular districts were obscurely written, while the transcriber of the whole (for the uniformity of the hand-writing seems to prove that the work was not divided) unaided by local information, was compelled, in many instances, to guess at the reading of proper names, and in consequence frequently guessed wrong. We have also to remark, incidentally, that the word *quarentena*, which, as referring to superficies, is known to be equivalent to a rood of land, has never been accurately defined as a measure of length—it appears, however, to be something less than one-twelfth of the leuca, and therefore less than 40 perches, but certainly much more than 40 yards. But perhaps the Normans had a smaller *pertica* or pole than our own, 40 of which constituted the lineal *quarentena*.

This observation introduces us in the last place to Mr. B.'s useful, but not always accurate glossary, in which he has been unfortunately misled by the authority of Hearne to confound the *carucate* with the *oxgang*, whereas the latter, as we apprehend in every instance, (certainly in the north of England, to which the present volume is nearly confined,) was only an eighth part of the former—one consisting of as much land as a single ox could 'ear' or plough in a season, the other of the measure, which required an entire team of eight. But though the proportion between these two measures never varied, the *oxgang* was expanded or contracted according to the quality of the land ; yet so, that about 40 acres and six acres constituted the maximum and minimum of the *oxgang*.

Antiquaries have doubted, how far it may be inferred, that no churches existed in England at the close of the Conqueror's reign beside those which are enumerated in *Domesday*. Undoubtedly the commissioners of survey were required to make exact returns of the number of churches and priests in every district ; yet, whatever may have been the reason, this part of their office appears to us to have been very negligently and imperfectly discharged : since to acquit them of all inaccuracy on this head, would lead to more than one improbable conclusion ; as first, that all the towns or villages in the north of England enumerated in *Domesday*, of which the names begin with *kirk* or *church*, and those also denominated in whole or in part, *Preston*, where no church is specified, had received their appellation from ancient Saxon churches then dilapidated ; and secondly, that many fine specimens apparently of Saxon architecture, are nevertheless posterior to the year 1080. The exact and distinctive criterion between the Saxon and Norman styles has not

not yet been ascertained, with respect to the latest examples of the former and the earliest of the latter, but we think ourselves justified in affirming that there are some churches unnoticed in Domesday, which, from their diminutive size, great strength, square piers, &c. bear marks of a period greatly anterior to the Conquest.

The character and contractions of Domesday, from their uniformity, are easily mastered, and he who has decyphered the survey of three or four manors, will meet with little to obstruct his progress through the whole volume. We subjoin, however, for the reader's satisfaction, a short specimen of the original, and of Mr. Bawdwen's version. 'In RIPV^m Leuga S' Wilfridi poss. e'e' x caruce, þoc maner' tenuit Eldred, arch' n'c Thom. arch. hē in dmo ii car' 7 i mold x sol 7 i piscaria iii sol' 7 viii villi 7 x bord' hīntes vi car. pti acre x—silva minuta—' which is thus rendered. 'In Ripum Leuga Wilfridi, (St. Wilfred's lowy or) liberty in Ripon, there may be ten ploughs—Eldred, archbishop, held this manor—Thomas, archbishop, now has in the demesne two ploughs and one mill of ten shillings, and one fishery of three shillings, and eight villains, and ten bordars, having six ploughs—meadow ten acres—coppice wood.'

The contemplation of Domesday cannot but awaken in the breast of every Englishman other feelings, at present, than those of an antiquary. A conqueror issuing from the northern ports of France, overwhelming, in a single engagement, the collected force of this country, mounting the vacant throne, and then extending the measuring line of an absolute proprietor from east to west, and from north to south; disregarding all rights, annihilating all property, and binding the yoke of military despotism on the necks of an entire nation, is a spectacle at once awful and interesting. 'Were it our cue' to despond at so momentous a period, we might anticipate the multiplied evils of conquest and confiscation; the insolence of recent domination, and the sullenness and dejection of unaccustomed servitude:—but we are full of hope and confidence; and cheered by a thousand animating circumstances which meet our view on every side. Our Saxon progenitors, though a brave, were yet a stupid and brutal people, while the bulk of the nation, 'Bordars and Dringes,' (who were not called to the contest,) thought little more, perhaps, of a change of masters, than the ox their fellow-drudge. At present, all ranks feel an interest in the state; all have comforts to enjoy, or rights to defend; more enlightened, but not less courageous than their ancestors, the peasantry, yeomanry, and gentlemen of England, comprehend their advantages, and are unanimous in their resolution to maintain them; the 'carucates and oxgangs' which they received from the fathers, they will transmit

mit to their children; and from the dreadful example before them, derive wisdom and energy to crush the ambitious foe, who should aspire to profane the soil, and stretch, once more, the line of desolation over this free and happy country!

ART. VIII. *Emily, a moral Tale, including Letters from a Father to his Daughter, upon the most important Subjects.*
By the Rev. Henry Kett, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Author of the *Elements of General Knowledge*, &c. in two vols. 8vo. London, 1809.

THIS publication arises, as it should seem, from pure good will and affection to the female sex. The author takes the very judicious precaution of informing us in his preface, that he once wrote a certain book called 'The Elements of General Knowledge,' designed, as he gives us to understand, for the edification of the male part of the creation. He is naturally unwilling to leave any cause for the suspicion that he is less favorably disposed towards the other sex: and accordingly sends forth the present work, designed exclusively for their service.

The volumes are ushered in, with a glare of exalted names, which dazzles the critic's eyes almost to blindness. They are dedicated, 'by permission,' to no less than five Princesses of this realm. These illustrious ladies, it should seem, are ever ready to aid by their gracious patronage any undertaking, which has for its object the advancement of useful knowledge and sound morality.

And, as far as regards the design of Mr. Kett, we freely allow that this patronage is, on the present occasion, well bestowed. The design of infusing into the minds of females a zest for useful information and polite learning—of guarding their morals by sound practical precepts—of giving a right tone to their feelings and dispositions—of cultivating and refining their tastes—of turning their attention from mere outward accomplishment, to pursuits of real and solid value—is too intimately connected with the general improvements of social life, to be ever deemed of inferior importance. Indeed, there is no feature in the character of the present times, which we contemplate with greater pleasure, than the increased and increasing care employed in training and informing the minds of females through the higher and middling ranks of society.

When however we proceed to consider the execution of the design, we are compelled to express very considerable doubts whether the literary merit of the work at all answers to the illustrious patronage

patronage which it has obtained. The tenor of the whole performance is tame, languid, and spiritless.—With the qualifications necessary to form a writer of novels, Mr. Kett is very slenderly endowed. He exhibits no keen penetration into human nature, no quick and lively powers of catching living manners, or painting nice shades of character. His language is singularly loose and nerveless. His incidents are stale and common; ill chosen, and brought about in a very bungling manner. His success is, we think, greatest in the description of natural scenery. When he aims at the expression of tender sentiment and passion, we often find strained and affected conceit, in the room of simple and natural touches. In the information which he wishes to convey, his inaccuracies and errors (some of which we must notice) are glaring and even ridiculous. His instruction on the subject of moral and religious conduct is the best part of the work, and evinces the best intentions; but it is unfortunately delivered with a grave and repulsive formality, instead of being artfully dressed up and interwoven with the narrative, so as to steal on the attention, and work strongly on the feelings. This is the story.

Emily, daughter of Colonel Lorton, a widowed officer in Cumberland, is educated by her father. She is, of course, exquisitely beautiful. A comely youth, yept Edward, son of a worthy clergyman, resides in the same neighbourhood. An incident of the truly *novel* cast makes this pair as loving as can be wished. While they are engaged on a water party, a sudden squall oversets the boat in which Emily is seated. All the rest gain the shore in safety, but she is about to be drowned; when Edward flies to her assistance. No finer incident can be imagined for the purpose of moving soft feelings and tender sympathies!

But fate ordains that they should part. Edward finds it convenient to accept a chaplaincy on board a man of war—sails for the Mediterranean—goes to Egypt—visits a tribe of Bedowin Arabs—proceeds to Constantinople, Greece, and Malta.—Emily is invited to London by a Mrs. Wilson, a distant relation of the family. Her father, glad of the opportunity of giving her a little town polish, consents to let her remain there for two years. As our author was desirous of introducing a series of letters from the father to the daughter, some expedient for keeping them separate was indisputably necessary: but we do not think it very probable that an affectionate and careful parent should trust his daughter in the hands of a woman, such as Mrs. Wilson is described to be, of bad principles and dissipated habits. While Emily is engaged on this visit, a scheme is laid to marry her to a worthless coxcomb, Sir Lionel Wager. For the purpose of ensuring
her

her compliance, she is induced by Mrs. Wilson to play at faro with him, and becomes his debtor to the amount of 100/. Here again probability is violated. Emily, a young girl, most correctly educated, ought to have been more guarded in her conduct than to contract so enormous a debt, of all means of discharging which she was destitute.

Edward at length returns, and finds Colonel Lorton overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties. A rich German Baron who had accompanied him to England, opportunely recognizes the Colonel for a former benefactor, and generously steps forwards to free him from his embarrassment. Thus all goes right—Edward and Emily are married and happy—the other dramatis personæ are disposed of, and the scene closes.

The story, as the reader sees, is meagre and barren enough—some little episodical incidents are now and then introduced. As the author's main purpose however is to convey information, the management of the plot forms only a secondary consideration. His information is either conveyed in the dialogues between Emily and her father, or in the series of letters before alluded to.

The dialogues are very much in the style of those which are usually appropriated to the nursery. If Mr. Kett has composed them anew, we think that he has taken very unnecessary trouble; he might have found them, by wholesale, in the shop-windows of Mr. Newbery, who has certainly just reason to complain of his officiousness. For what description of female readers he intends them, we cannot say; but we certainly think that many parts of them will not prove very edifying to any young lady who has entered on her teens. For instance, vol. i. p. 35.

- ‘ E. What is concord ?
- ‘ C. It is the agreement of one word with another in gender, number, case, and person.
- ‘ E. How many concords are there ?
- ‘ C. Three. The first consists, &c. &c.
- ‘ E. How do stops mark the different parts of time ?
- ‘ C. The comma represents the shortest pause, the semicolon, &c.

Of accuracy in conveying instruction, Mr. Kett appears to be no very extraordinary master. He tells us, p. 74, that ‘ China cups and saucers are made of a *fine sort of clay called porcelain*.’ Now any common dictionary would have informed him that the term porcelain is derived from a Portuguese word, signifying ‘ a cup,’ and is the name of the manufactured article, not of the clay from which it is made.

He recommends very earnestly the study of geography; but seems

seems to employ for his own private use charts of a new and peculiar construction. Thus he finds by looking stedfastly on the map (vol. i. 73,) that the Isthmus of Suez joins *Europe* to *Africa*.

Again, in detailing (vol. ii. p. 215,) a voyage from the Mediterranean towards the Black Sea, he says—

‘ They passed the rocky islands of Marmora, through the *narrow* sea of that name. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the varied prospects, as they sailed up the Hellespont or *sea* of the Dardanelles,—Olympus topped with snow, famed by the poets as the residence of the heathen gods, appeared elevated far above the long range of the Asiatic mountains.’

Now we do most shrewdly suspect that the author mistakes, in this passage, the sea of Marmora for the Dardanelles. The sea of Marmora is not narrow, as he describes it, but comparatively wide; the ancient Hellespont is not called the sea, but the Strait of the Dardanelles: and, in the voyage from the Mediterranean towards Constantinople, the act of passing the ‘rocky island of Marmora’ is consequent to that of sailing up the Dardanelles.

Again, we more than suspect, that he blunders between two Mount Olympus’s. The Olympus seen from the Dardanelles is, certainly, one of the Asiatic mountains: but that, which was ‘famed by the poets as the residence of the heathen gods,’ is situated in the North of ancient Thessaly.

When the same travellers arrive at Constantinople, they make an important discovery.—They inform us (p. 216) that ‘this city is, by way of eminence, very properly called the *port*, as it possesses superior advantages for commerce and navigation.’—A stroke of singular originality!—we certainly had conceived that the term ‘Porte’ (La porte), which is used to denominate the seat of the Turkish government, was taken from the ‘gate’ of the grand palace of the Vizir, the place where all public business is transacted. We now recant our error—believe that the true reading is, not Porte, but Port—and are convinced that ‘La porte sublime’ means ‘a sublime harbour for ships.’

Amongst the sciences which Mr. Kett kindly undertakes to teach, is the theory of the tides.—And we regret exceedingly that he did not live in the days of Aristotle, as he might have prevented that desperate plunge into the Euripus, which deprived the world of this great philosopher. But let us hear Mr. Kett.

‘ E. What is the cause of the tides?’

‘ C. They are caused by the attraction of the sun, and more particularly

cularly of the moon : when the moon is *nearest to the earth, or as the astronomers say, in conjunction with it*, the tides rise highest : and when she is *farthest off, or in opposition to the earth*, they are the lowest.'

' E. What is a spring tide ?'

' C. It happens by the sea being raised in certain places many feet above the natural level, at the new and full moon, *when the sun and the moon are in conjunction, that is, are nearest to each other.*'

' E. What is a neap tide, and when does it happen ?'

' C. It is a low tide, and it happens when the moon is in her quarters, *and of course in opposition to the sun.*'—Vol. i. p. 139.

Amongst the numerous treatises on this subject, we cannot recollect a passage comparable for precision of language and clearness of ideas to the above specimen. Mr. Kett speaks from the authority of 'the astronomers.'—We remember a few years ago a hair-dresser who gave lectures in the metropolis, to confute Newton.—Is *he* among them?—As there is in these passages some novelty and display of ingenuity, we give Mr. Kett credit for not taking the merit to himself.—In the last of these sentences he will probably startle our readers, who learned their philosophy in the schools exploded by Mr. Kett, and who probably continue to imagine that the moon is *at the full* when she is in opposition to the sun.

After all, what can we conclude? Does Mr. Kett pay his female readers so bad a compliment, as to think information of this very moderate quality sufficiently good for them? or has he purposely scattered these seeming blunders over his work, in order to prove their sagacity in detecting them? or are they real and palpable blunders, arising from sheer honest ignorance and stupidity?—We must leave our readers to form their own opinions.

There is a chapter on the subject of letter-writing—and a specimen of pompous affectation is attempted in the following style—a lover is supposed to be addressing his mistress.

' Impel me not, I supplicate, to the abyss of desperation, emancipate me from the tortuosities of agonizing dubitation; nor drive me, O cogitation pre-eminently terrific, to seek on the ramification of a tree, or in the voraginous profundity of a stream, the privation of my vitality.' Vol. ii. p. 25.

This is so injudicious and absurd, as to lose all its effect. It is utterly impossible to conceive that such a specimen could really proceed from any combination of ignorance and affectation whatever.

It is by no means our wish, in what we have said, to deter our female

female readers from attempting to peruse this publication. They will find in it, combined with some gross blunders, many useful and instructive hints on subjects connected with their conduct in life, and their intercourse with the world. We can assure them with the fullest confidence that they will encounter nothing tending to vitiate their principles, to generate an indisposition to serious reading, or to fill their heads with romantic follies : and we recommend it to their notice, in preference to the sickening trash, which usually drivels from the Minerva press. In the worst event, we can assure them, from our own experience, that, if they have the misfortune to be bad sleepers, and are afraid of having recourse to the more violent opiates, they will find, in many parts of these volumes, a substitute at once simple, innocent, and effectual.

ART. 1X. *American Annals; or, a Chronological History of America from its Discovery in 1492 to 1806.* By Abiel Holmes, D.D. Fellow of the *American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, Member of the *Massachusetts Historical Society*, and Minister of the First Church in Cambridge, 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge (in America).

NOT many years ago an American published an Essay advising his countrymen to change their name, or rather to assume one, because in fact they have none which properly and peculiarly belongs to them. He proposed *Freden* for the country, from which there would be the regular derivatives *Frede* and *Fredish* : for the poets there was *Fredonia*, a word, it was thought, not less sonorous than *Britannia*,—and its adjective *Fredonian*, to which the English would have nothing comparable. There is something whimsical in the fancy of changing the name of a nation, yet many inconveniences in literature arise from the anomaly of calling a part of the American continent by the appellation of the whole. There is an instance in this work of Dr. Holmes :—as *Fredish annals* (if we may be allowed to accommodate ourselves from the essayist's nomenclature) it displays great industry and research, and is exceedingly valuable ; but if it be considered according to the full import of its title as *American Annals*, it is meagre and miserably imperfect. Few
of

of the Spanish writers have been consulted, those few only in translation, and Herrera, the most important of all, in a very mutilated one. The author's collection of French authorities is equally incomplete; and of the many important works which the Ex-Jesuits have bequeathed to the world, as the legacy of their illustrious order, not one appears in his catalogue. Whoever has attempted to form an historical collection relating to any particular country, will have learnt how difficult a task it is, and what a length of time and persevering search it requires; but of all collections there is none so difficult as that of American history, because its materials are in so many languages, most of them are very rare, and the old books of one country are seldom to be obtained in another. In America the difficulty must be insuperable. Dr. Holmes will do well therefore in a subsequent edition to restrict his subject to the History of the United States, beginning with the first voyage of Cabot. Whoever writes concerning the new world begins with Columbus now, just as two centuries ago every body that wrote concerning the old one began with Adam, or at least with Noah. It is time to have done with this; the History of Columbus is as well known to all who read history, as that of Noah himself;—books are now too numerous, paper too dear, and time too valuable to allow of these unnecessary repetitions.

Raleigh was the first person who attempted to form a settlement on what is now the United States. The second and successful attempt was projected by Hakluyt, a man to whose political foresight and literary zeal Europe and America are equally indebted. Sound political wisdom established the colony. The next in order of time owes its origin to a yet higher principle. The Puritans who had fled into Holland to avoid intolerance at home, carried with them English hearts: they could not bear to think that their little community should be absorbed and lost in a foreign nation;—they had forsaken their birth-place and their family-graves, but they loved their country and their mother tongue, and rather than their children should become subjects of another state and speak another language, they exposed themselves to all the hardships and dangers of colonizing in a savage land. No people on earth may so justly pride themselves upon their ancestors as the New-Englanders. 'Their humorous ignorance,' says the Captain Smith, who is so conspicuous in Virginian history, 'caused them for more than a year to endure a wonderful deal of misery with an infinite patience.' Within the first three months, half their number was swept off by the mortality to which new Colonists are always subject. The dead were buried in the bank, at a little distance from the rock on which they landed;

landed; and their graves were levelled and sown, lest the Indians should discover the loss which they had sustained, and attack the weak and wretched survivors. The rock was covered over about 70 years ago, in the erection of a wharf. An old man was then living, almost in his hundredth year, who remembered the first settlers, and he wept when he heard that this rock, which should have been preserved with religious veneration, as the spot on which their fathers first set foot, had been thus carelessly put out of sight. His tears, says Dr. Holmes, perhaps saved it from oblivion. Having said thus much of this relic, it is remarkable that he has not given the remainder of its history. At the commencement of the Revolution it was determined to bring it again to light: the sand with which it had been covered to the depth of twenty feet was cleared away, and as the rock in being laid bare was split into two parts, that circumstance was regarded as ominous of a separation between the Colonies and the Mother Country. The larger half was left in its natural site, the other removed with great labour to the market place of the town of Plymouth: and though no inscription has yet been placed upon them, both are pointed out to all strangers with the reverence which they deserve.

While these truly patriotic men were struggling with their first difficulties, the Virginians were making a rapid progress. Some curious methods were adopted to forward the growth of this colony. Upon the motion of Sir Edwin Sandys, Treasurer of the Company in London, ninety girls, young and uncorrupt, 'were shipped off in one consignment, by the grace of God and in good condition,' and in the year following a cargo of sixty men, all 'handsome, and well recommended for their virtuous education.' How these women were bought in England does not appear, they were however literally sold in Virginia for the benefit of the Company, which had never speculated in so marketable a commodity. The price of a wife was at first an hundred pounds of tobacco, but rose by degrees to a hundred and fifty, tobacco being worth three shillings a pound. The system of transporting criminals began at the same time. Transportation should be the punishment of state offences, and of no other. A man is not disqualified by his anti-patriotic feelings towards one country from being a valuable member of society elsewhere,—change of climate is specific for treason and sedition; but habits of profligacy render the moral criminal a bad subject any where. All that can be said in favour of the system is, that it is better to use men in this way than to waste them at the gallows; but it is the most expensive and least efficacious method of colonization.

During

During that unhappy war for which we have cause to feel shame, but they perhaps will have most reason to feel sorrow, a Grenadier said of the Americans, 'the Adam and Eve of this young nation came out of Newgate.' The wit of the saying would have tempted many a man to the falsehood; but the soldier was probably ignorant enough to believe that his sarcasm was fairly applicable to the whole people. There are however few states whose origin is on the whole so respectable, none whose history is sullied with so few crimes. As for the usurpation of territory from the natives, he must be a feeble moralist who regards that as an evil:—the same principle upon which that usurpation is condemned would lead to the nonsensical opinion of the Bramins, that agriculture is an unrighteous employment, because worms must sometimes be cut by the ploughshare and the spade. It is the order of nature that beasts should give place to man, and among men the savage to the civilized; and no where has this order been carried into effect with so little violence as in North America. Sir Thomas More admits it to be a justifiable cause of war even in Utopia, if a people who have territory to spare will not cede it to those who are in want of room. The Quakers of Pennsylvania have proved the practicability of a more perfect system than he had imagined, and the treaty which the excellent founder of the province made with the Indians, has never been broken. Only one Quaker has fallen by hands of the Indians since the foundation of the state, and his death was the consequence of deviating from the principles of the community to which he belonged—the savages believing him not to be a Quaker because he carried a gun. If the conduct of the other states towards the natives be fairly examined, there will be found a great aggregate of individual wickedness on the part of the traders, and back-settlers, but little which can be considered as national guilt. They have never been divided among the colonists, like cerfs; they have never been consumed in mines, nor in indigo works; they have never been hunted down for slaves, nor has war ever been made upon them for the purpose of conquest, though the infernal cruelties which they exercise upon their prisoners might excuse, and almost justify, a war of extermination.

Dr. Holmes makes some remarks which are honourable to his feelings on the great war with Metacom, Sachem of Pokanoket, famous by his title of K. Philip, which was the decisive contest between the red and white races in this part of America. 'The death of Philip, in retrospect, he says, makes different impressions from what were made at the time of the event. It was then considered as the extinction of a virulent and implacable enemy:

enemy: it is now viewed as the fall of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman and a mighty prince. It then excited universal joy and congratulation as a prelude to the close of a merciless war: it now awakens sober reflections on the instability of empire, the peculiar destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. The patriotism of the man was then overlooked in the cruelty of the savage, and little allowance was made for the natural jealousy of the sovereign, on account of the barbarities of the warrior.' Whenever America produces a Homer, this must be the subject of his poem. 'In this short but tremendous war, about six hundred of the inhabitants of New England, composing its principal strength, were either killed in battle or murdered by the enemy; twelve or thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; and about six hundred buildings, chiefly dwelling houses, were burnt.' It ended however in complete victory, and the ascendancy of the white race was for ever established.

This war affords in every respect a finer subject for the poet than that upon which Ercilla composed his famous *Araucana*,—it has a good cause, an entire action, and a decisive event,—all of which the Spanish poet wanted. There are also in its progress many circumstances peculiarly fitted for poetry. The character of Metacom himself is very striking, he and his chief old men were at first averse to the war, but he was prest into it by the irresistible importunity of the young warriors; he is even said to have wept at the news of the first English who were killed,—but when he had taken up the hatchet, he displayed all the craft and cruelty of the savage. It was commonly reported that he killed some Mohawks in the woods, and imputed their death to the English, for the purpose of drawing their nation into the alliance: one however who had been left for dead, recovered and informed his countrymen of the truth. His death was occasioned by his own ferocity. After his last defeat he took refuge in a swamp: there were two brothers among his companions, one of them gave him some advice which displeased the fierce Sachem, and in his anger he killed him, the other immediately fled to the English, and guided Church, who was the hero of the New-Englanders, with a handful of volunteers to the swamp, in hopes of revenging his brother with his own hand. It was by an Indian hand that he fell, but whether this was the man who shot him is not explained. The death of Nanuntenuo, his chief ally, was even more striking. Being made prisoner by the Indian allies of the English, his life was offered him on condition that he should make peace, but he refused: when informed that his death, in consequence, was determined, his answer was, 'I like it well;

I shall

I shall die before my heart is soft, or I shall have spoken any thing unworthy of myself.

The most impressive circumstance in the course of this war occurred at Hadley: the Indians having laid Deersfield in ashes, surprised that town during the time of public worship. The men of the town had long been in the habit of taking their arms with them when they attended divine service,—they were however panic-stricken and confused, and in all human probability not a soul would have escaped alive, had not an old and venerable man, whose dress was different from that of the inhabitants, and whom no one had seen before, suddenly appeared among them; he rallied them, put himself at their head, gave his orders like one accustomed to battle, led them on, routed the enemy, and when the victory was complete, was no longer to be found. This deliverer, whom the people, thus preserved from death and torments, long believed to be an angel, was General Goffe, one of the men who sate in judgment upon Charles I. His adventures in America are deeply interesting. He and his father-in-law General Whalley, another of the King's judges, left England a few days before the Restoration; they landed at Boston, waited on Endicot the Governor, to inform him who they were, took up their residence in a neighbouring village, and were greatly respected till the hue and cry followed them from Barbadoes. They were then warned to make their escape, and accordingly they removed to Newhaven, a place about an hundred and fifty miles distant. Here they owed their lives to the intrepidity of the minister John Davenport, who when their pursuers arrived preached to the people from this text. "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon day, hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab,—be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." (Isaiah xvi. 3, 4.) Large rewards were offered for their apprehension, or for any information which might lead to it. Davenport was threatened, for it was known that he had harboured them:—upon hearing that he was in danger, they offered to deliver themselves up, and actually gave notice to the Deputy Governor of the place of their concealment; but their friend had not preached in vain, and the magistrate took no other notice than to let them be advised not to betray themselves. Their hiding-place was a cave on the top of West Rock, some two or three miles from the town. Once when they ventured out for provisions, they hid themselves under a bridge while their pursuers past over it:—once they met the sheriff who had the warrant for their apprehension in his pocket,—but they fought for their lives, and before he could procure

cure help escaped into the woods. After lurking two or three years in the cave, or in the houses of their friends, they found it necessary to remove, and were received at Hadley by Russell, the minister of the place, with whom they were concealed fifteen or sixteen years. Whalley sunk into second childhood. Goffe speaks of him thrice in a letter to his wife, with whom he corresponded under a feigned name,—‘he is scarce capable of any rational discourse; his understanding, memory and speech doth so much fail him, that he seems not to take much notice of any thing that is either done or said, but patiently bears all things, and never complains of any thing.—Being asked whether it was not a great refreshment to him to hear such a gracious spirit breathing in your letters, he said it was none of his least comforts; and indeed he scarce speaks of any thing but in answer to the questions that are put to him, which are not of many kinds, because he is not capable to answer them. The common and very frequent question is to know how he doth, and his answer for the most part is “very well, I praise God,” which he utters in a very low and weak voice.—When he wants any thing, he cannot speak well for it, because he forgets the name of it, and sometimes asks for one thing when he means another, so that his eye or his finger is his tongue: but his ordinary wants are so well known to us, that most of them are supplied without asking or making signs for them. I bless the Lord that gives me such a good measure of health and strength, and an opportunity and a heart to use it in so good and necessary a work; for though my help be poor and weak, yet that ancient servant of Christ could not well subsist without it, and I do believe, as you are pleased to say very well, that I do enjoy the more health for his sake. I have sometimes wondered much at this dispensation of the Lord towards him, and have some expectation of more than ordinary grace. The Lord help us to profit by all, and to wait with patience upon him, till we see what end he will make with us.—I will now ask him what he would have me say to his friends concerning him.—The question being asked, he saith, I am better than I was. And being asked what I should say more to his cousin R. or any other friends; after a long pause he again saith, the Lord hath visited me in much mercy, and hath answered his visitation upon me. I give you his own words. Being desirous to draw more from him, I proposed several questions, and the sum of his answers was, that he earnestly desires the continuance of the fervent prayers of all friends for him.’ Whalley died at Hadley in 1688, and about a year afterwards all tradition of Goffe is lost;—one is willing to hope that he returned to England. Colonel Dixwell, another of the King’s judges, found

shelter also in America;—he visited his fellow-exiles in their concealment, and being himself unknown, settled and married at Newhaven under the name of James Davids. By that name he signed his will; but there he adds to it his own, and his tomb-stone is shown at Newhaven with only the initials J. D. Esq. deceased March 18, in the 82d year of his age, 1688. Another stone with the initials E. W. Esq. is traditionally supposed to mark the grave of Whalley:—if it be so, his bones must have been removed there by Dixwell; an affecting act of pious friendship.

Dr. Holmes is censurable for endeavouring to palliate the persecution of the Quakers in New England. ‘The prevalent opinion, he says, among all sects of Christians at that day, that toleration is sinful, ought to be remembered.’ *He* ought to have remembered that one state in North America had then been established on the broad basis of freedom in religion. ‘Nor may it be forgotten, he adds, that the first Quakers in New England, beside speaking and writing what was deemed blasphemous, reviled magistrates and ministers, and disturbed religious assemblies; and that the tendency of their tenets and practices was to the subversion of the commonwealth, in that period of its infancy.’ It is absolutely false that the Quaker tenets ever tended to the subversion of government, in any other manner than Christianity itself may be said to tend to subvert all governments, by recommending a purity of life which would render them useless. The manner in which he relates the most remarkable of these martyrdoms must not be past over without reprehension. ‘William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and Mary Dyer, Quakers, were brought to trial before the general court of Massachusetts, and sentenced to die. The two first were executed.’ To which he adds in a note, ‘they received this sentence *for their rebellion, sedition, and presumptuous obtruding themselves after banishment on pain of death.*’ Mary Dyer was reprieved on condition of her departure from the jurisdiction in forty-eight hours, and if she returned, to suffer the sentence. She was however carried to the gallows, and stood with a rope about her neck until the others were executed. This infatuated woman returned, and was executed in 1660. A declaration of the general court, in justification of these proceedings, was soon after printed. And Dr. Holmes informs the reader where this *justification* is to be found. This account is as reprehensible for its inaccuracy as for the want of right feeling which it displays. Mary Dyer was led to execution with the two men,—they went hand in hand, she ‘being the middlemost, which made the Marshal say to her, who was pretty aged and stricken in years, are not you ashamed to walk

walk hand in hand between two young men? No, replied she, This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could enjoy in this world. No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand the sweet incomes or influence, and the refreshings of the spirit of the Lord which now I feel. When the men had been executed, she 'seeing now her companions hanging dead before her, also stepped up the ladder, but after her coats were tied about her feet, the halter put about her neck, and her face covered with a handkerchief, which the Priest Wilson lent the hangman, just as she was to be turned off, a cry was heard stop, for she is reprieved. Her feet then being loosed, they bade her come down. But she, whose mind was already as it were in Heaven, stood still and said she was there willing to suffer as her brethren did, when they would annul their wicked laws.' This is the account given by the plain and faithful historian of the Quakers: it is not the less interesting for the enthusiasm of the parties, nor for the sympathy of the writer. No condition was made with Mary Dyer, nor would she have assented to any such condition. Madness never makes conditions; and that this was madness we are as willing to admit as Dr. Holmes, though our pity for such insanity is not without some reverence and admiration of the principle which could produce it. The letter which she addressed to the court the day after the reprieve, proves that she did not accept her life on any condition. 'Once more,' she says, 'to the general court assembled in Boston, speaks Mary Dyer, even as before. My life is not accepted, neither availeth me in comparison of the lives and liberty of the truth and servants of the living God. Yet nevertheless with wicked hands have you put two of them to death, which makes me to feel that the mercies of the wicked are cruelty. I rather chuse to die than to live as from you, as guilty of their innocent blood. When I heard your last order read, it was a disturbance with me that was so freely offering up my life to him that gave it me.' These are not times when any palliation of such intolerance is to be lightly past over, or noticed only with contempt. There is too much fanaticism abroad, and be it remembered that the Quakers are the only sectarians in whom fanaticism is not inseparably connected with the spirit of persecution. The penal laws against heresy have been circulated *in terrorem* by the Society for the Suppression of Vice; a defence of Calvin for burning Servetus has been published by an English Methodist within these few years;—and Mrs. More herself, to whose natural liberality and excellent qualities all who know her will cheerfully bear witness, speaks of 'Egyptian points of doctrine which are to be cut off by the edge of the sword.' Catho-

lics have been burnt as Jews, and if such hints as these do not give the alarm in time, Englishmen must not be surprised if, at no very distant period, they should find themselves voted Egyptians in their own country.

One of the men who most distinguished themselves in America by persecuting the Quakers, was John Perrot, who had himself been the most extravagant of the sect. In the days of his honesty he went to Rome to convert the Pope: he began this hopeful undertaking by calling upon the Pope's chaplain, who happened to be an Irishman, and telling him upon what errand he 'John, the servant of Jesus, in the holy and blessed calling of the quaking and trembling at the word of the Lord God,' was arrived in that city. The next night he was taken out of his bed by the chief Marshal and carried to prison, from whence in a few days he was removed to the Inquisition. This was in 1658: the Inquisitors at Rome were less cruel than they had been half a century before: they furnished him with pen, ink and paper, and desired him to write whatever he pleased. John began by an Epistle General to the Romans, and another to 'Fabius Guisius, Pope of Rome.' 'Friend,' he said, 'my message is not unto any part of the *natural*, either wit, will, or wisdom; it is neither meat for serpents, nor air for camelions.—Behold Overturn cometh, and Overturn followeth, until the last Overturn be fulfilled.—Be thou henceforth no more called Pope, for that was never promised nor prophecied of by the word of the Lord;—I am Peter's successor, who am of his spirit.' He then addressed two and forty queries to all the colleges in Rome. 'Having received no answer from any of them,' says he to his friend the Pope, 'I now query to thee—whether hast thou the true eye of discerning, to trace the way of a serpent over a rock, dost thou know the course of a dolphin in the deeps, or the path of a young dolphin in the shallow waters? If thou knowest not this, how knowest thou to take the wings of the morning, to meet the sun in the south, to be at rest with the children of the day, when the light of the moon is as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days, the everlasting Sabbath of God?' If such queries did not very clearly explain the opinions of poor John, they sufficiently explained his case. After eighteen weeks confinement in the Inquisition he was transferred to a mad-house, and delivered over to medical tormentors, who chained him by the neck and beat him from head to foot. At length he was judged incurable, and they had humanity enough to let him return to his own country. Here he was in great glory,—his manuscripts had been returned to him, and finding that his epistles and queries had not profited the Pope and the Italians, he published them for the benefit

of

of other Catholics, with the title of "Battering Rams against Rome, or the Battle of John, the Follower of the Lamb, fought with the Pope and his Priests, whilst he was a Prisoner in the Inquisition Prison of Rome : also a certain Remonstrance of Righteous Reason, written in Rome's Prison of Madmen, unto all Rome's Rulers." The respect which was shown him as a Confessor puffed him up, and he made a schism among the Quakers; for he insisted that it was a formality to put off their hats in a meeting when any one prayed; and he let his beard grow. This man outgrew his madness; but when he recovered his senses he lost all that was good in him. He went to America, led a licentious life, got a place under government, and became a severe persecutor of the people among whom he had been so conspicuous for enthusiasm.

It is curious that Locke should be a predecessor of the Abbé Sieyès in the art of Constitution-making, and that the one which he made for Carolina was in as bad a taste as the Consular Constitution of France, affixing, in the same manner, old titles to new and inappropriate offices. His President was called Palatine; and his Earls and Barons, Landgraves and Caciques. This mongrel nomenclature expired with the system, having subsisted only three and twenty years. The Landgraveship with which Locke had been requited for his legislative labours expired also; and his four domains, each of six thousand acres, seem to have been of little value, for some of his biographers neither mention them nor his title. There is an interesting anecdote respecting the Charter of one of the other States. When James II. was proceeding as despotically with the colonies as with the mother country, Sir Edmund Andros was sent with a body of troops to demand the Charter of Connecticut and dissolve the existing government. The Assembly, unwilling to produce it, prolonged the time in debate till evening; then it was brought forth and laid on the table, and instantly the lights were all put out. There was no disturbance, but when the candles were relighted the Charter was gone: Capt. Wadsworth had carried it off and secreted it in the hollow of an oak. This venerable oak, which was in its prime before ever European set foot in America, is still a fine tree. Its trunk is one and twenty feet in circumference. The cavity, wherein the Charter was preserved till better times, was near the root. 'Within the space of eight years, says a daughter of the family before whose house it stands, that cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the Divine purpose for which it was appointed!'

The subsequent part of these annals is uninteresting till it begins to be painful, by entering upon a subject which neither we

nor our Trans-atlantic brethren should wish to remember.^c We turn to the history of Anglo-American literature as a happier topic. The first English work written in America was Sandy's Translation of the *Metamorphoses*; a version, says the translator, 'limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the New World, of the rudeness of which it could not but participate; especially as it was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influence of the Muses.' Dr. William Vaughan's poem of the *Golden Fleece* was written in Newfoundland about the same time. Jocelyn, who wrote the *New England Rarities*, and the account of his two voyages, took over with him a version of part of the *Psalms* by Quarles, which, if they had received the minister of Boston's approbation, were to have succeeded Sternhold and Hopkins in the New World. The first printing press was set up at Cambridge in 1639. Glover, at whose expense it was established, died on his passage out; the printer's name was Daye. The first thing which was printed was the *Freeman's Oath*; the second was an *Almanack* calculated for New England by Pierce, a sea-faring man; the third was the *Psalms* newly turned into metre. Such were the beginnings of literature among the Anglo-Americans; its progress has not been rapid. No work of distinguished merit in any branch has yet been produced among them; that which lies before us is perhaps one of the most meritorious; and this is of an inferior class. Their *Life of Washington* is ill-proportioned, nor can much praise be bestowed upon its execution. Their drama is so bad—as almost to reconcile us to the present state of our own. Of their two best poets, Dwight has failed because he imitated bad models, and Barlow because he formed a bad style for himself. It is no great reproach to the Americans that they have not as yet done more; more ought not to be expected from their circumstances and population. Some blame, however, is due to their government for the little encouragement which it holds out to literature. It is especially incumbent upon a nation which professes to despise factitious distinctions, to acknowledge intellectual rank with every thing short of ostentation, and to set other countries an example by patronizing and promoting those efforts of genius which all civilized nations consider as their proudest boast, and their only permanent glory.^c

Two centuries have but just elapsed since the first English settlement was formed in America. The colonies took with them the opinions, and feelings, and manners of their country; none of those political earthquakes which subvert every thing
have

have visited either the colony or the parent state, and yet the Americans have acquired a distinct national character, and even a national physiognomy. An Englishman indeed may pass for an American on the continent; but in England it rarely happens that Nathan could be mistaken for John Bull. The family likeness has been lost. God forbid that the family feeling should be lost also. To what is this specific and striking difference to be attributed? It is not to any mixture of nations; there has been little of this in America—not more than has taken place during the same time in our own island. The Germans, who are more numerous than any other emigrants, intermarry among themselves. The French settlers are inconsiderable in number, and they hate the Americans; even their own countryman, the Duke de Liancourt, complains that this insolent dislike is general among them, and tells us that some of the French boasted they would never learn the language of the country, nor enter into conversation with the people. There is scarcely any mixture of Indian blood: in this the Anglo-Americans differ from all other white men, and the difference is greatly to their honour. It has been observed that the French accommodate themselves more easily than any other Europeans to the habits of savage life; more of them have connected themselves with Indian women, and more have become savages. The reason is obvious: a Frenchman has no respect for himself, because he has no sense of moral dignity; to become a savage he has nothing to do but to put off the coxcomb, or rather to change the coxcomb's fashions; and he remains with his craft and his cruelty; his shallow feelings and his profound dissimulation; his animal activity and the inexhaustible resources of his ingenuity; all the bad qualities of the savage, and a few of the good ones.

There is however both in the physical and intellectual features of the Americans a trace of savage character, not produced by crossing the breed, but by the circumstance of society and of external nature. It is only in the great cities and their immediate vicinity that the accompaniments of civilization are found; in the new settlements every thing partakes more of savage than of civilized life. The back settlers, useful as they are when considered as the pioneers of civilization, are a worse race than the Indians upon whose border they trespass; in as much as they have been better taught, possess greater power of doing mischief, and are without principle. The succeeding classes for many steps upward, find themselves without the priest, without the physician, and without any other law than serves for the purpose of litigation. The execution of justice they take into their own hands; the man whose horse is stolen pursues the thief, and frequently

frequently kills him on the spot, to save the trouble of lodging him in prison. There is a sort of wildness which is caught by living in a forest; even in England it is exemplified. Just as our mountain mutton approaches to the flavour of beasts of the chase, so is man altered in his moral and physical nature by woods and wildernesses. Their different effect upon the horse is very interesting. 'However wild,' says Mr. Ashe,* 'the horse of the western country may be at his home, and when turned into inclosed pastures, he never wanders from his rider in the woods. He will graze about and pick up shrubs and provender from the roots of trees, but never loses sight of his camp, or the light of its fire. He too is sensible of fear and protection; he trembles in the gloom of the woods, and on the most distant howl of the wolf, approaches the fire, and often draws up and looks into the tent of his master.' The horse is perhaps of all animals most subject to violent fear; man is of all animals the bravest, and circumstances of danger increase his courage. An American's first plaything is the rattle snake's tail; if he strays out of sight of his father's door he is lost; an accident which frequently happens: but hence like the savage he acquires an early habit of tracing his way by signs imperceptible to another's eyes. As he grows up he lays traps for opossums, and shoots squirrels for his breakfast; he cuts down a tree on which the wild pigeons have built their nests, and picks up a horse-load of young birds. He notches his pigs in the ear, and lets them run in the woods; when the pork season comes, the neighbourhood assemble to hunt the wild swine, and each man knows his own by its marks. He takes his pigeons or his pork to the nearest town; sell them he cannot. The words buy and sell are nearly unknown in the new settlements; he *trades* them, and takes in exchange, not what he wants, but what he can get. 'I have known a person,' says Ashe, 'ask for a pair of shoes, and receive for answer, that there were no shoes in the store, but some *capital gin* that could be recommended to him. I have heard another ask for a rifle-gun, and be answered that there were no rifles, but that he could be accommodated with the best *Dutch looking-glasses* and *German flutes* in the western country. Another was directed by his wife to bring her a warming-pan, smoothing-irons, and scrubbing-brushes; but these were denied, and a *wooden cuckoo-clock*, which the children would not take a week to demolish, was sent home in their stead. I rode an excellent horse to the head of

* We give no credit to this traveller when he goes a monument-hunting; but notwithstanding this mixture of romance, and the impudent vanity of the preface, his book contains a few valuable facts.

the waters, and finding him of no farther use, from my having to take boat there, I proposed selling him to the best bidder, I was offered in exchange for him salt, flour, hogs, land, Indian corn, whiskey—in short every thing but what I wanted, which was money. The highest offer made was cast-iron salt-pans to the amount of a hundred and thirty dollars. I asked the proprietor of this heavy commodity how much cash he would allow me instead of such an incumbrance; his answer was, without any shame or hesitation, forty dollars at most. I preferred the pans, though they are to be exchanged again for glass bottles at Pittsburg, become tobacco or hemp in Kentucky, and dollars in New Orleans.’

Men in this semi-savage state, crave like savages for spirituous liquors. Ale, cyder, and wine are insipid to their coarse and blunted sense: they are without taste, and must have something which the palate can feel. Intoxication with them is not social hilarity betrayed into excess; it is too rapid a process for that interval of generous feeling which tempts the European on. Their pleasure is first in the fiery stimulus itself, not in its effect—not in drunkenness, but in getting drunk. In the southern states a dram, mixed with some pungent herb, and taken before breakfast, is called a *sling*, and they whose custom it is to begin the day with it are so many as to be distinguished by the name of *slingers*. Another set are called *eleveners*, because they take the potion an hour before noon; and there are some who *eleven* as well as *sling*. According to Dr. Rush, half the cases of madness in the Philadelphia hospital are occasioned by dram-drinking. Modern physicians, in their rage for generalizing, have involved all spirituous liquors in one sweeping sentence of condemnation, as if their effects were not specifically different like their constituent parts. Ale stupifies the drunkard, wine exhilarates him, drams make him frantic. Hence the ferocity with which the Americans decide their quarrels; their *rough and tumbling*; their biting and lacerating each other; and their *gouging*, a diabolical practice which has never disgraced Europe, and for which no other people have even a name.

Living in this semi-savage state, the greater part of the Americans are so accustomed to dispense with the comforts of life which they cannot obtain, that they have learnt to neglect even those deficiencies which are within their reach. This is not meant to allude to the custom of *bundling*, which probably never was general, and which was not the consequence of any particular stage of society; but it applies to the detestable state of their inns, which are as disgraceful to America as they are disgusting to the
unlucky

unlucky Englishman whose fate it is to travel there. The traveller must eat with the family, and must wait for their hours let him arrive when he will; every apartment is considered as common, and that room in which a stranger sits down, says* Mr. Weld, is sure to be the most frequented; his chamber is filled with beds, in which men and women, if women happen to be travelling, lie promiscuously; and when he has fallen asleep in foul sheets, he may think himself fortunate if some dirty American does not awaken him by turning in by his side. In these beastly taverns the stranger must be an unwilling spectator of riot and drunkenness, and its bloody effects. Some advancement has however been made towards a more decent system by opening houses for travellers and travellers only; the persons who do this take out no license, and do not hang up a sign. The Americans have overrun an immense country, not settled it. In this, as in every thing else, the system of things is forced beyond the age of the colonies; and the state and indeed the very existence of their inns is one of the consequences. Half a century back whoever wandered in these wilds would have been lodged in an Indian wigwam; half a century hence, perhaps, the priest, the magistrate, the neighbouring gentleman, will keep open house for every respectable traveller, as well to gratify themselves with the enjoyment of society, as to save him from the inconveniences of unclean quarters, and boorish or rather brutal manners. In Virginia this is now the case, and it must be so in the new settlements whenever they are equally advanced.

In the other colonies other causes have prevailed hostile to improvement. Slavery exists in the southern states, and consequently hardens the hearts and corrupts the morals of the people. The northern states have hardly outgrown their fanaticism. We have borne a willing testimony of respect to the principles of the first colonists in New England; but it cannot be denied that their religion is in the highest degree unfavourable to arts and manners. It tolerates no music except psalm-singing; loves no poetry above the pitch of a tabernacle hymn; and not content with the exclusion of graven images, and the likeness of any thing that is in heaven or earth from its churches, reduces the church itself to the appearance of a barn. You look in vain for the steeple and the weathercock, the clock and the church-yard yew, for all that is venerable and all that is beautiful; within

* Mr. Weld is proverbially quoted as a fabler in America for his story of the mosquitos that bit General Washington through his boots! It is marvellous that he should not have perceived the absurdity of such a story; but though his Travels are written in an unfriendly temper towards the Americans, this seems to be the only gross exaggeration which they contain.

there is neither font nor altar; and if the priest be at all distinguishable from the people, it is by an aspect even more dismal than that of his flock. Popery has its festivals as well as its *autos-da-fe*. It fools the people, but it sometimes makes them happy; it insults their understanding, but it cherishes and keeps alive their love of beauty. It has destroyed mighty empires; yet let it be remembered that it founded them, that it civilized the barbarians of Northern Europe, and that wherever it struck root it has left monuments not less magnificent than the grandest ruins of Greece and Rome. Calvinism has retained many of the evils of Popery, and rejected all that serves to counterbalance them. The New Englanders regulated the most indifferent things by law. Women were ordered to wear their gowns closed round the neck, and forbidden to expose the arms above the wrist. Men were compelled to crop their hair, that they might not resemble women. No person was permitted to take tobacco publicly, and the indulgence of a single pipe or quid was to be atoned by the fine of one penny. To drink a health was condemned as a heathen libation. Even in Virginia, a colony which was not established upon Puritanical principles, it was enacted, 'that every person should go to church on Sundays and holydays, or be kept confined the night succeeding the offence, and be a slave to the colony the following week; for the second offence a slave for a month; and for the third a year and a day.' Stage coaches are at this time prohibited in Connecticut from running on the Sabbath, and if Mr. Janson's authority is to be relied on, horsemen, whose way lies by a meeting-house, are sometimes dismounted, and, in literal obedience to the precept of the parable, compelled to go in. In Massachusetts every kind of amusement on Sunday is prohibited by a law enacted so late as 1794; even the act of walking for pleasure is included in the prohibition. Quakerism has never appealed to positive law, but even this system, excellent as it is in other respects, has hitherto tended to keep the people ignorant and unimproved. If a Quaker, says Paine, had been consulted at the creation, what a drab-coloured world it would have been!

There is scarcely any medium in America between over-godliness and a brutal irreligion. In many parts of the southern states baptism and the burial service are dispensed with. The ceremony of marriage is performed by a justice of the peace, and pigs are suffered to root in the church-yard and sleep in the church! From superstition to infidelity is an easy transition, and it is as easy from infidelity to superstition. America has its age of reason, and it has also its Dunkers and its Shakers. The all-friend Jemima Wilkinson, and her prophet Elijah, will have a
chapter

chapter in the next history of heresies with our Joanna Southcote, and her four and twenty elders. Methodism is even more obstreperous there than it is with us. Our fanatics, though their name is legion, have not yet ventured to hold camp-meetings. These meetings, as the name implies, are held in the open field, and continue, day and night, sometimes for a fortnight. Thousands flock to them from far and near, and bring with them as the official advertisement recommends, provisions, and tents, or blankets; 'all friendly ministers and praying people are invited to attend said meeting.' The friendly ministers work away, and as soon as the lungs of one fail, another relieves him. 'When signs of conversion begin to be manifest,' says Mr. Janson, 'several preachers crowd round the object, exhorting a continuance of the efforts of the spirit, and displaying in the most frightful images the horrors which attend such as do not come unto them. The signs of regeneration are displayed in the most extravagant symptoms. I have seen women jumping, striking, and kicking, like raving maniacs, while the surrounding believers could not keep them in postures of decency. This continues till the convert is entirely exhausted; but they consider the greater the resistance the more the faith, and thus they are admitted into what they term the *society*.'

The state of law in America is as deplorable as that of religion, and far more extraordinary. The people appear in the courts of justice with their hats on at the bar; they talk, they make a noise, they smoke, and they cry out against the sentence if it does not happen to please them. This last piece of conduct, says the Duc de Liancourt, is universal; and there are perhaps some petty instances of injustice in the courts, which make it to be not without its use. We have lately seen a state criminal tried there some half dozen times for the same offence; and the trials have been such that it is impossible to discover whether he was guilty or not. In the natural order of things official rank would be most respected in countries where there is no hereditary rank, but in America nothing seems to be respected. There the government is better than the people; in every part of Europe (except France, where both are equally bad), the people are better than their governments; a century will decide which situation is most favourable, or rather perhaps, which is least inimical to general improvement. The want of decorum among the Americans is not imputable to their republican government, for it has not been found in other republics; it has proceeded from the effects of the revolutionary war, from their premature independence, and from that passion for gambling which infects all orders of men, clergy as well as laity, and the legislators

legislators as well as the people. A Captain drives the stage-wagon, and it puts up at the house of a Colonel;—rank therefore becomes ridiculous. When the country became independent, it had no race of educated men to fill those situations which used to be respected; and they ceased to be so when the persons who filled them were no longer respectable. This evil might soon be remedied; a generation is sufficient to educate judges and magistrates. The spirit of gambling has produced more lasting injury. It is not confined to their speculations in law by which so many emigrants have been duped and ruined; it extends to their commercial dealings, and the American merchants have a worse character than those of any other nation.

This is an unfavourable picture, yet surely not an unfair one, nor has it been drawn by an unfriendly hand. Let but the American government abstain from war, and direct its main attention to the education of the people and the encouragement of arts and knowledge, and in a very few generations their country may vie with Europe. Above all, let not that Anti-Anglican spirit be cherished, for which there no longer exists a cause. With whatever indignation they may think of the past, they ought to remember that it was from England they imbibed those principles for which they fought and by which they triumphed. There is a sacred bond between us of blood and of language, which no circumstances can break. Our literature must always continue to be theirs, and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same Bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies, why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?

ART. X. *Sur la Loi de la Réfraction extraordinaire dans les Cristaux diaphanes. Par M. Laplace. Lu à la première Classe de l'Institut, dans sa séance du 30 Janvier, 1809. Journal de Physique, Janv. 1809.*

THE few who have arrived, in the different departments of learning and science, at such a degree of eminence, as to be almost 'without a second, and without a judge,' have not only the advantage of being able to propagate real knowledge with uncontroled authority, but also the less enviable prerogative of giving to error the semblance of truth, whenever accidental haste or inattention may have led them into those inaccuracies, from which no human intelligence can be wholly exempt.

It

It is necessary therefore for a critic, who undertakes to make a faithful report of the progressive advancement of the sciences, to watch with redoubled care the steps of those, who are the most likely to lead others astray, if they happen to follow a wrong path; and while the ultimate decision always remains with the public, as with a jury, the judge is bound to state, as fully and impartially as possible, the whole mass of the evidence before him; not fearing to adduce all such reasoning as can tend to the support of the weaker side, when there is any danger of its being oppressed by the authority and respectability of the stronger.

These reflections have been suggested to us by an essay, for which we are indebted to a very celebrated continental mathematician; a man of whom we willingly say, with Heraclitus, εἰς ἐμοὶ ἀνδρῶνος τρισμύριοι, but on whose works we thought it necessary, on a former occasion, to make some free remarks. We then objected to him a want of address or of perseverance in the management of his calculations, presuming that the principles, on which they were founded, were capable of being applied, with much greater precision, to the phenomena in question: our suspicion has since that time been justified by an essay of an anonymous author in this country, who, without any great parade of calculation, appears to have afforded us a general and complete solution of the problem, which Mr. Laplace had examined in particular cases only. We have now to accuse him of an offence of a different complexion; that is, the hasty adoption of a general law, without sufficient evidence; and an inversion of the method of induction, equally unwarrantable with any of the paralogisms of the Aristotelian school. We complain also, on national grounds, of an unjustifiable want of candour, in not allotting to the observations of different authors their proper share of originality. What has a man of science to expect from the public, as a reward for his labours, but the satisfaction of having it acknowledged, that he has done something of importance towards extending the sphere of intellectual acquirements? And who is so capable of directing public opinion, on subjects respecting which very few will form an opinion of their own, as a philosopher like Mr. Laplace, whose works are sure of commanding universal attention; and almost sure of enforcing implicit belief? The Huygenian law, of the extraordinary refraction of Iceland crystal, has lately, he says, been confirmed by 'Mr. Malus.' We know nothing of the extent of Mr. Malus's researches, but we know that Mr. Laplace sometimes reads the Philosophical Transactions, and he either must have seen, or ought to have seen, a paper published in them by Dr. Wollaston, as long ago as the year

year 1802, which completely establishes the truth of the law in question, on the most unexceptionable evidence, and by the most accurate experiments. But it seems to be one of the attributes of a great nation, to disregard, on all convenient occasions, the rights of its neighbours: we might have made the same remark in our former criticism on Mr. Laplace, but there is so little novelty in the circumstance, that it is unnecessary to dwell any further on it at present.

It has long been known to opticians, that many crystals, of different kinds, have the remarkable property of making substances, viewed through them in certain directions, appear double; the effect of their refraction being almost the same, as if a rarer and a denser medium existed together in the same space; some part of the light passing through them being refracted in the same manner, as if the denser medium alone were present, and some as if the rarer only were concerned. The reason of this double refraction is wholly unknown; nor has any attempt been hitherto made to discover it. The crystals of carbonate of lime, in their primitive form, have also a further peculiarity: they afford a double image, even when the object is viewed perpendicularly through the two opposite and parallel sides of a crystal; an effect which could never arise from the combination of any two mediums acting in the ordinary manner; in fact one of the images only is seen according to the laws of ordinary refraction, and the place of the other is determined by a law, which is the subject of the present paper. This law was experimentally demonstrated, and very elegantly applied to the phenomena by its first discoverer Huygens; but having been suggested to him by a hypothesis which was not universally adopted, it was rejected or neglected by his antagonists, without any accurate investigation; and the testimony of the greatest philosopher of that age, or of any age, having been opposed to it, it remained forgotten for almost a century. Nor is this the only instance in which, even within the limits of the physical sciences, high authority has been suffered to prevail against unassuming truth. Mr. Haüy is the first of the later observers, who remarked, that the true law of extraordinary refraction was much nearer to the Huygenian law, than to that which had been substituted for it by Newton. Some time afterwards, Dr. Wollaston had made a number of very accurate experiments, with an apparatus singularly well calculated to examine the phenomena, but he could find no general principle to connect them, until the work of Huygens was pointed out to him: he was then enabled, by means of the Huygenian law, to reduce his experiments to a comparison with each other; and in communicating them to the Royal Society,

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he remarked that 'the oblique refraction, when considered alone, seemed to be nearly as well explained as any other optical phenomena.' Here the matter rested, until Mr. Malus made the experiments which have led to the present paper.

'Mr. Malus has lately compared the Huygenian law,' says Mr. Laplace, 'with a very great number of experiments, made with extreme precision, on the natural and artificial surfaces of the crystal, and has found that the law agrees exactly with his experiments, so that it must be placed among the most certain, as well as among the most striking results of physical observation. Huygens had deduced it, in a very ingenious manner, from his hypothesis respecting the propagation of light, which he imagined to consist in the undulations of an ethereal fluid. This great geometrician supposed the velocity of the undulations in the ordinary transparent mediums to be smaller than in a vacuum, and to be equal in every direction: in the Iceland crystal, he imagined two distinct species of undulations; the velocity in the one being the same in all directions, in the other variable, and represented by the radii of an elliptic spheroid, having the point of incidence for its centre, and its axis being parallel to that of the crystal; that is, to the right line which joins the two obtuse solid angles of the rhomboid. Huygens does not assign any cause for this variety of undulations; and the singular phenomena, exhibited by the light, which passes from one portion of the crystal into another, are *inexplicable* upon his hypothesis. This circumstance, together with the great difficulties presented by the undulatory theory of light in general, has induced the greater number of natural philosophers to reject the law of refraction founded on the Huygenian system. But since experiments have demonstrated the accuracy of this remarkable law, it must be entirely separated from the hypothesis which originally led to its discovery. It would be extremely interesting to reduce it, as Newton has reduced the law of ordinary refraction, to the action of attractive or repulsive forces, of which the effects are only sensible at insensible distances; it is indeed very probable that it depends on such an action, as *I have satisfied myself* by the following considerations.

'It is well known that the principle of the least possible action takes place *in general*, with respect to the motion of a material point actuated by forces of this kind. In applying this principle to the motion of light, we may omit the consideration of the minute curve, which it describes, in its passage from a vacuum into the transparent medium, and suppose its velocity constant, when it has arrived at a sensible depth. The principle of the least action is then reduced to the passage of the light from a point without to a point within the crystal, in such a manner, that if we add the product of the right line described without into its primitive velocity, to the product of the right line described within the crystal, into its corresponding velocity, the sum may be a minimum. This principle always gives the velocity of light in a transparent medium, when the law of refraction

tion is known, and on the other hand, gives this law, when we know the velocity. But there is a condition, which becomes necessary in the case of extraordinary refraction, which is, that the velocity of the ray of light in the medium must be *independent of the manner in which it has entered it*, and must be determined only by its situation with respect to the axis of the crystal, that is, by the angle which the ray forms with a line parallel to the axis.' 'I have found that the law of extraordinary refraction, laid down by Huygens, satisfies this condition, and agrees at the same time with the principle of the least action; so that *there is no reason to doubt that it is derived from the operation of attractive and repulsive forces*, of which the action is only sensible at insensible distances. The expression of the velocity, to which my analysis *has conducted me*, affords a *valuable datum* for determining the nature of these forces; this velocity being measured by a fraction, of which the numerator is unity, and the denominator the radius of the spheroid which is described by the light, the velocity in a vacuum being considered as unity. The velocity of the ordinary ray, in the crystal, is equal to unity divided by the principal axis of the spheroid, and is consequently greater than that of the extraordinary ray: the difference of the squares of the two velocities being proportional to the square of the sine of the angle which the latter ray makes with the axis; and this difference represents that *of the actions of the crystal* on the two kinds of rays. According to Huygens, the velocity of the extraordinary ray, in the crystal, is simply expressed by the radius of the spheroid; consequently his hypothesis *does not agree* with the principle of the least action: but *it is remarkable* that it agrees with the principle of Fermat, which is, that light passes, from a given point without the crystal, to a given point within it, in the least possible time; for it is easy to see that this principle coincides with that of the least action, if we invert the expression of the velocity. Thus both of these principles lead us to the law of extraordinary refraction, discovered by Huygens, provided that, for Fermat's principle, we take, with Huygens, the radius of the spheroid as representing the velocity, and, for the principle of the least action, this radius be made to represent the time employed by the light in passing through a given space.' 'If the diameters of the spheroid are equal, the figure becomes a sphere, and the refraction resembles ordinary refraction; so that in these phenomena, nature, in proceeding from what is simple to that which is more complex, *takes the form of the ellipsis* next to that of the circle, as in the motions and the figures of the heavenly bodies.'

Mr. Laplace then gives an account of the controversy between Descartes and Fermat respecting the velocity of light, and concludes his abstract with the following remarks.

'Maupertuis, convinced, by the arguments of Newton, of the truth of the suppositions of Descartes, found that the function,

which is a minimum in the motion of light, is not, as Fermat supposed, the sum of the quotients, but that of the products of the spaces described, by the corresponding velocities. This result, extended to the fluent of the product of the fluxion of the space into the velocity, where the motion is variable, suggested to Euler the principle of the least action, which Mr. de Lagrange afterwards deduced from the primitive laws of motion. The use which I have now made of this principle, first in order to *discover* whether or no the law of extraordinary refraction laid down by Huygens *depends on attractive or repulsive forces*, and thus to *raise it* into the rank of those laws, which are mathematically accurate, and secondly to deduce mutually *from each other* the laws of refraction and of the velocity of light in transparent mediums, appears to me to be worthy *the attention* both of natural philosophers, and of mathematicians.

Such is Mr. Laplace's own account of the investigations, into which he has been led by Mr. Malus's experiments; and we shall give him full credit for having demonstrated, in the original memoir, every thing which he has here asserted.

The principle of Fermat, although it was assumed by that mathematician on hypothetical, or even imaginary grounds, is in fact a fundamental law with respect to undulatory motion, and is explicitly the basis of every determination in the Huygenian theory. The motion of every undulation must necessarily be in a direction perpendicular to its surface; and this condition universally includes the law, that the time occupied in its propagation between two given points must be a minimum; or rather, more generally, the effects of the collateral undulations must always conspire the most completely, where the time occupied in their arrival at two neighbouring points in the direction of the undulations is equal, which is necessarily a condition of a minimum. Mr. Laplace seems to be unacquainted with this most essential principle of one of the two theories which he compares; for he says, that 'it is remarkable,' that the Huygenian law of extraordinary refraction agrees with the principle of Fermat; which he would scarcely have observed, if he had been aware that the law was an immediate consequence of the principle.

In the second place, the law of the least action is precisely the same with the law of Fermat, excepting the difference of the interpretation of the symbols. In the law of Fermat, the space is divided by the velocity, to find the time: in the principle of the least action, instead of dividing by the velocity, estimated in the Huygenian manner, we multiply by its reciprocal, to which we give the name of velocity, upon a different supposition: but the mathematical conditions of the two determinations

inations are always necessarily identical; and the law of the least action must always be applicable to the motions of light, as determined by the Huygenian theory, supposing only the proportion of the velocities to be simply inverted.

Mr. Laplace has therefore given himself much trouble to prove that coincidence in a particular case, which must necessarily be true in all possible cases. In a person who seems to delight in long calculations, this waste of labour may easily be excused. A Turk laughs at an Englishman for walking up and down a room when he could sit still; but Mr. Laplace may walk about, and even dance, as much as he pleases, in the flowery regions of algebra, without exciting our smiles, provided that he does no worse than return to the spot from which he set out: but when, in the rapidity of his motion, his head begins to turn, it is time for the spectators to think of their own safety.

Not satisfied with his important discovery, that the extraordinary refraction is consistent with the principle of the least action, he proceeds to infer, that 'there is no reason to doubt' that this refraction *depends* on the immediate operation of attractive and repulsive forces. With as much reason might it be asserted, that because the sound produced by a submarine explosion is, in all probability, regularly refracted at its passage into the air, the sound must be attracted by the air, or repelled by the water.

Nor would such a conclusion be by any means *equally* unwarrantable with that which Mr. Laplace has drawn; a simple attractive or repulsive force, acting on a projected corpuscle in a direction perpendicular to the surface of the water, would be sufficient to explain such a refraction: but Mr. Laplace has not attempted to describe the kind of force which would be capable of producing the effects in question with respect to light. He contents himself with saying, that the velocity within the crystal must depend only on the situation of the ray of light with respect to the axis, and that this is a necessary 'condition' of the refraction. The musician, celebrated by the epigrammatist, thought it 'a necessary condition' that a string and its octave should vibrate together, because the materials of both strings were taken from the same sheep; and he applauded himself on the sufficiency of his explanation with about as much justice as our author. In fact the deduction of this 'condition,' from any assignable laws of attraction, is *the only difficulty* in the question: and this is the 'dark passage' which the 'commentators' have shunned.

But the insertion of such a condition seems even to exempt the problem from being directly amenable to the law of the least

action.

action. We apprehend that this law is only demonstrable, from mechanical principles, in cases of the operation of attractive forces directed to a certain point, whether fixed or variable, or acting in parallel lines, so that the velocity, between the same parallel or concentric surfaces, may be always the same, whatever its direction may be: it cannot therefore be applied, without the most unjustifiable violence, to cases in which the velocity deviates most essentially from this description.

When we consider that, upon such grounds as these, a mathematician of the first celebrity professes to have elevated the principle of Huygens 'to the dignity of a rigorous law,' we cannot help being reminded of his Egyptian predecessor, who had 'spent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the celestial bodies, and had drawn out his soul in endless calculations,' in order to be persuaded at last, that 'the sun had listened to his dictates, and had passed from tropic to tropic by his direction; that the clouds, at his call, had poured their waters, and the Nile overflowed at his command.'

Mr. Laplace very justly remarks, that nature, in these phenomena, as well as in those of astronomy, has *taken* the form of the ellipsis next to that of the circle. But in astronomy, we know *why* nature 'has taken the form of the ellipsis,' since the elliptic form depends on the simple law of the variation of the force of gravitation: in these phenomena of extraordinary refraction, on the contrary, no satisfactory attempt has been made to obtain any such simplification. A solution of this difficulty might, however, be deduced, upon the Huygenian principles, from the simplest possible supposition, that of a medium more easily compressible in one direction than in any direction perpendicular to it, as if it consisted of an infinite number of parallel plates connected by a substance somewhat less elastic. Such a structure of the elementary atoms of the crystal may be understood by comparing them to a block of wood or of mica. Mr. Chladni found that the mere obliquity of the fibres of a rod of Scotch fir reduced the velocity, with which it transmitted sound, in the proportion of 4 to 5. It is therefore obvious that a block of such wood must transmit every impulse in spheroidal, that is oval, undulations: and it may also be demonstrated, as we shall show at the conclusion of this article, that the spheroid will be truly elliptical, when the body consists either of plane and parallel strata, or of equidistant fibres, supposing both to be extremely thin, and to be connected by a less highly elastic substance; the spheroid being in the former case oblate, and in the latter oblong. It may also be proved, that while a complete spheroidal undulation is every where propagated by the motion of

of the particles in a direction perpendicular to its surface, a detached portion, like a beam of light or of sound, will proceed obliquely, in the rectilinear direction of a diameter.

It has often been asserted, and Mr. Laplace repeats the charge, that the phenomena, which are observable upon the transmission of light through a second portion of the crystal, are 'inexplicable' upon the Huygenian theory. It is true that they have not yet been explained; but what right has Mr. Laplace to suppose, that this theory has yet attained its utmost degree of perfection in every other respect, under all the obloquy with which it has been loaded? Had the more prevailing system afforded any thing like an explanation of the perfect ellipticity of the undulations, it would have been opprobriously objected to the Huygenian system, that it was incapable of accounting for this circumstance; and the reproach would have remained hitherto unanswered. It may, however, be observed, that an undulation, which has passed through a crystal, is not, as some authors have taken for granted, alike on all sides; nor can it be proved, that the difference of its curvature, in its different sections, may not be sufficient to produce all the observable modifications of its subsequent subdivision.

These considerations, we trust, will amply justify us in giving it as our opinion, that Mr. Laplace has, in this memoir, been not a little superficial in his arguments, and extremely precipitate in his conclusions. We must again lament the serious evils which are likely to arise, and which in this case have actually arisen, from that unfortunate 'rage for abstraction,' which we have already noticed as too universally prevalent. 'To avoid such paralogisms and such whims,' said the late Professor Robison on a similar occasion, 'we are convinced that it is prudent to deviate as little as possible, in our discussions, from THE GEOMETRICAL METHOD.'

The proposition, which we left to be demonstrated, was this: 'an impulse is propagated through every perpendicular section of a lamellar elastic substance in the form of an elliptic undulation.' The want of figures will, perhaps, render the demonstration somewhat obscure, but the deficiency may easily be supplied by those who think it worth their while to consider the subject attentively.

'When a particle of the elastic medium is displaced in an oblique direction, the resistance, produced by the compression, is the joint result of the forces arising from the elasticity in the direction of the laminæ, and in a transverse direction: and if the elasticities in these two directions were equal, the joint result would remain proportional to the displacement of the particle, being expressed, as well in magnitude as

in direction, by the diagonal of the parallelogram, of which the sides measure the relative displacements, reduced to their proper directions, and express the forces which are proportional to them. But when the elasticity is less in one direction than in the other, the corresponding side of the parallelogram expressing the forces must be diminished, in the ratio which we shall call that of 1 to m ; and the diagonal of the parallelogram will no longer coincide in direction with the line of actual displacement, so that the particle displaced will also produce a lateral pressure on the neighbouring particle of the medium, and will itself be urged by a lateral force. This force will however have no effect in promoting the direct propagation of the undulation, being probably employed in gradually changing the direction of the actual motions of the successive particles; and the only efficient force of elasticity will be that, which acts in the direction in which the undulation is advancing, and which is expressed by the portion of the line of displacement, cut off by a perpendicular falling on it from the end of the diagonal of the parallelogram of forces; and the comparative elasticity will be measured by this portion, divided by the whole line of displacement. Calling the tangent of the angle formed by the line of displacement with the line of greatest elasticity t , the radius being 1, the force in this line being also 1, the transverse force will be expressed by mt , the line of displacement by $\sqrt{(1+tt)}$, its diminution by $\frac{(1-m)tt}{\sqrt{(1+tt)}}$, the diminished portion, which measures the force, by $\sqrt{(1+tt)} - \frac{(1-m)tt}{\sqrt{(1+tt)}}$, and the elasticity, in the given direction, by $\frac{1+mtt}{1+tt}$. Hence it follows, that the velocity of an impulse, moving in that direction, will be expressed by $\sqrt{\frac{1+mtt}{1+tt}}$.

It is next to be proved, that the velocity of an elliptical undulation, increasing so as to remain always similar, by means of an impulse propagated always in a direction perpendicular to the circumference, is such as would take place in a medium thus constituted. It is obvious that the increment of each of the diameters of the increasing figure must be proportional to the whole diameter; and this increment, reduced to a direction perpendicular to the curve, will be proportional to the perpendicular falling on the conjugate diameter, which will measure the velocity. We are therefore to find the expression for this perpendicular, when it forms an angle with the greater axis, of which the tangent is t . Let the greater semi-axis be 1, and the smaller n : then the tangent of the angle, formed with the greater axis by the conjugate diameter, being $\frac{1}{t}$; the tangent of the angle subtended by the corresponding ordinate of the circumscribing circle is found $\frac{1}{nt}$, and the semi-diameter itself, equal to unity,

unity, reduced in the ratio of the secants of these angles, that is, to $n \sqrt{\frac{1+tt}{1+nn tt}}$; but, by the known property of the ellipsis, the perpendicular required is equal to the product of the semi-axes divided by this semi-diameter, that is, to $\sqrt{\frac{1+nn tt}{1+tt}}$: we have, therefore, only to make $nn = m$, and the velocity in the given medium will always be such as is required for the propagation of an undulation, preserving the form of similar and concentric spheroids, of which the given ellipsis represents any principal section.

‘If the whole of the undulation were of equal force, this reasoning would be sufficient for determining its motion: but when one part of it is stronger than another, this superiority of pressure and motion will obviously be propagated in the direction of the actual resistance produced by the displacement of the particles, since it is this resistance which carries on the pressure, and consequently propagates the motion. It is very remarkable, that the direction of the resistance will be found, on the supposition which we have advanced respecting the constitution of the medium, to coincide every where with the diameters of the ellipsis, when the displacement is perpendicular to the surface. For it is proved by authors on conic sections, that the subnormal of the ellipsis is to the absciss, as the square of the lesser axis is to the square of the greater, that is, in this case, as nn to 1, or as m to 1; but if we divide the ordinate in the same ratio of m to 1, and join the point of division with the extremity of the subnormal, this line, which will evidently be parallel to the diameter, will express, as we have already seen, the direction of the force, when the normal represents that of the displacement. An immediate displacement in the direction of any diameter, making an angle with the axis of

which the tangent is t , would give a velocity of $\sqrt{\frac{1+mtt}{1+tt}}$, while the increment of the diameter would require a velocity of $\sqrt{\frac{m+mtt}{m+tt}}$, which does not vary in the same proportion. It must

however be remembered, that the rectilinear direction of the beam is not supposed to depend on this circumstance alone: Huygens considers each point of the surface of the crystal, on which a beam of light impinges, as the centre of a new undulation, which spreads, in some measure, in every direction, but produces no perceptible effect, except where it is supported by, and co-operates with, the neighbouring undulations; that is, in the surface which is a common tangent of the collateral undulations; but if this principle were applied without the assistance of the obliquity of force, which we have deduced from the supposition of a stratified medium, it would lead us to expect that the elementary impulses, being propagated in a curvilinear trajectory, might be intercepted by an object not situated in the rectilinear path of the beam; a conclusion which is not warranted by experiment.’

It is not probable that any other supposition respecting the constitution of the medium, in the Huygenian theory, could afford a result so strikingly coincident with the phenomena of extraordinary refraction: and the most decided advocates of the projectile system must allow, that there is scarcely a chance, especially after Mr. Laplace's fruitless researches, of its being capable of an application by any means comparable to this for precision and simplicity. But it must be remembered, that we have been considering a single class of phenomena only; the two rival theories must be viewed in a multiplicity of various lights, before a fair estimate can be candidly formed of their comparative merits; and we are not arguing for a decision in favour of either, but for a temperate suspension of judgment, until more complete and more satisfactory evidence can be obtained.*

ART. XI. *William Tell, or Swisserland delivered.* By the Chevalier de Florian, &c. *A posthumous Work. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author,* By Jauffret. *Translated from the French.* By William B. Hewetson, Author of the *Blind Boy*, &c. London: Sherwood and Co. 1809. 12mo. pp. 115.

FEW readers of French are unacquainted with the works of Florian. His style, at once elegant and easy of construction, has universally recommended him to the teachers of the language, and Telemachus is commonly succeeded or supplanted by Numa. Gonzalve de Cordove, Estelle, and Galathée are stock-books in all the circulating libraries, and the Tales of Florian are almost as generally read as those of Voltaire and Marmontel. He possesses indeed very great attractions for the lovers of light reading. His narrative is spirited and interesting. Love, Friendship, and Heroism are his themes, and he commonly descants upon them with that genuine warmth which results from the combination of sensibility with genius.

Though he never reaches that full power of pathos which characterizes some of the sentimental writers of the French school, he is

* We must do Mr. Laplace the justice to observe, that since this article was written, he has published, in the *Memoirs of Arcueil*, another paper on this subject, in which the name of Dr. Wollaston is mentioned with due respect. The same volume contains also an account of some highly interesting and important experiments of Mr. Malus, on the apparent polarity of light, as exhibited by oblique reflexion, which present greater difficulties to the advocates of the undulatory theory, than any other facts with which we are acquainted.

raised above the great majority of them by a much prouder distinction. The feelings with him are never exalted at the expence of Virtue. His women are tender without licentiousness, and his heroes daring without violating the laws of their country, or questioning the existence of their Creator. But his merits in this respect, are not merely negative. In his exhibitions of correct moral feeling, he displays the same beauties which many of his rivals exhibit in the effusions of a vicious sensibility; and while they give an artificial energy to their sentiments, by violating all the restrictions which Virtue would impose, he imparts a genuine vigour to his, by courting her alliance. He combines the morality of Fenelon with the enthusiasm of Rousseau or St. Pierre.

The writings of Florian derive an additional charm from his glowing descriptions of the beauties of nature, an excellence of close affinity with that which has been already noticed. He seems tenaciously to uphold the poetical connection between rural life and moral purity, and loves to annex to tales of love and hardihood their appropriate scenery of rivers, woods, and mountains. These propensities naturally led him to pastoral and romance, and his most celebrated works are accordingly of one or other of these descriptions.

'Gonzalve de Cordove', is a prose epic, not inferior to *Telemachus* in beauty of diction, or interest of narrative. The author has most happily engrafted upon the plan of the *Iliad* every charm which could be derived from the martial and amorous gallantry of the middle ages: and had this work been less exclusively dedicated to entertainment, the true genius and classical taste with which it is written, would have raised its author to a much higher rank in the scale of literary eminence, than he has actually attained. But to exercise with dignity the province of mere amusement, is a privilege by invariable, though perhaps arbitrary prescription, appropriated to the poets.

The historical romance of '*Numa Pompilius*,' is in a higher style of composition. It is founded upon some passages in the history of early Rome, and aspires to the dignity of moral and political instruction. The fabulous part of the story is well imagined, and of sufficient probability to be interesting. The youth of the religious and peaceful Numa, is arrayed in all the splendours of heroism and romance, and the connection with Egeria resolves itself, of course, into an *affaire du cœur*.

The '*Estelle*' and '*Galathée*' seem formed in some degree upon the *Idylls* of Gesner; and were a bold and not unsuccessful attempt to revive in France, the long-forgotten pastoral romance. Of the merits of this species of composition, a very inadequate estimate will be formed by those who pretend to judge of it from the '*Arcadia*' of Sir Philip Sidney, the only work of the kind in any repute in the English

English language. It is a style of writing very capable of being conducted in a natural and lively manner, and does not labour under the same radical objections as the dramatic or the amœbæan pastoral. When uneducated rustics are made to utter their own sentiments, their language, if correct, is unnatural; and if vulgar, disgusting. But this dilemma, of improbability on the one hand, and coarseness on the other, which has proved so embarrassing to the writers of pastoral dialogue, is avoided by throwing the same ideas into the form of a narrative. The difficulty is not to conceive that shepherds may be capable of the refinements of love and friendship; but that they should be able to give expression to those feelings in refined or delicate language.

The remaining works of Florian chiefly consist of plays and *poesies légères*, which never obtained much notoriety in this country, nor, indeed, any extraordinary celebrity abroad. Yet he cannot write in vain, and there are few of his numerous productions in which some traces of taste and spirit are not discernible.

Among those of his works, which have least contributed to his fame, is the subject of the present translation. ‘*William Tell*’ was not published till after his death, and does not deviate from the established character of posthumous publications. Experience has proved, that little is to be hoped from works of this description. We open them indeed with avidity; for it is pleasing to possess the last memorials of departed excellence; but it is a pleasure

‘*di memoria, via piu, che di speranza.*’

the result rather of remembrance than of anticipation.

For the posthumous degeneracy of which we complain, it is not difficult to account. The vanity of an author has its bounds. To deny to the world the happy product of the hour of inspiration, or the well-digested labours of a life of industry, he would indeed feel to be inhuman; nay, he would think it rigorous perhaps to withhold even the every-day achievements of his pen, in which, though inferior, the hand of so great a master is observable: still however, there is a certain portion of the contents of his portfolio, which, though he feel himself unable to commit it to the flames, he thinks may be retained in manuscript without any serious detriment to the interests of literature. But there are no limits to the blind partiality of an injudicious admirer, or to the experimental hardihood of a speculating bookseller. The folly of the one, or the impudence of the other, drags to light what the modesty of the author had endeavoured to conceal. Unfinished and unrevised, it is rapidly prepared for the press by some literary journeyman; and the public is presented with a posthumous work, half of which the deceased author never wrote, and the other half of which he never approved. We
do

do not, of course, state this as the invariable history of books of this description: the case has, without doubt, many exceptions; but we believe it to be so general, that we always anticipate it where we see (as in the present instance) no proof offered that the wishes of the author had sanctioned the publication.

'William Tell' has few touches of the genius of Florian, and abounds more than any other of his compositions in a fault to which, in common with most of the fine writers of his country, he is greatly addicted. It is that which Martial objects to a writer of *his* day. *Omnia vult bellè Matho dicere*. There is a perpetual studiousness of point and finery. Every thing must be strikingly said. Whether the most trivial or the most exalted images are to be conveyed, the same ambition of splendor is perceptible. If this author wishes to say that a man rose every morning to plough, he tells us that,

'He arose with the dawn of day, and sustaining, with a vigorous arm, the extremity of a plough, which two oxen drew with difficulty, he buried the shining iron in a flinty soil, hastened the sluggish animals with the goad, and his brow covered with sweat, only sought repose at the close of the day.' p. 7.

An old man, who ferries passengers across a river, is sure to 'strike the transparent wave with equal and sturdy strokes.' p. 40. And the son of Tell, when asked where his father lives, makes an epigram upon the occasion, and answers, 'in the mountains, in the midst of a desert, where he cultivates the fields, and practises the virtues.' p. 51.

But the great objection to this work is to be found in the injudicious choice of the subject. Of a story so well known as that of the deliverance of Switzerland, it was not easy to adhere to the facts without dulness, or to deviate from them with that degree of credibility which even fictitious narrative ought to preserve. This difficulty, inherent in the design of the work, has not been overcome by any great dexterity in its execution. The fabulous and the authentic parts of the tale do not happily coalesce, and by the struggle between them the interest is divided, and the general impression weakened. Nor is the intrinsic merit of the fictitious embellishments such as to compensate for their unsuitable introduction. The story, as it appears in the work of M. de Florian, is briefly as follows:

While Tell is enjoying virtuous independence, in the cultivation of his paternal farm, his peace is disturbed by the oppression which the Austrian governor exercises over his countrymen: and he had already formed a plan of revolt, when a new provocation urges him to its immediate execution. Melctal, an old man to whom he is much attached, has his eyes torn out as a punishment for concealing his

his son from the unjust vengeance of the tyrant. Young Melctal and Tell, exasperated by this barbarity, concert measures for an immediate insurrection, and appoint a day with their confederates to appear under the walls of Altorff. In the mean time, the son of Tell offends the governor, is thrown into prison, and commanded to name his parents. This the youth refuses to do, and at this juncture, Tell enters Altorff with a view to obtain, if possible, the co-operation of the citizens in the proposed revolt. He finds the governor's hat erected as an object of the public obeisance, and distinguishes himself from the crowd, as the only one who refuses to submit to the degradation. He is therefore dragged before the governor, and being confronted with his child, is led by his emotion to discover the relation between them. This suggests to the tyrant a refined cruelty of punishment. Tell is renowned for archery, and his own life with that of his son, is offered him on the condition of striking an apple off the boy's head. The father, with great agitation complies, and is successful; but it is discovered that he had concealed an arrow to avenge himself, in case of failure, on his oppressor. The governor enraged and alarmed, resolves to convey Tell to a strong castle at the extremity of the lake of Lucerne. On the passage the boat is overtaken by a violent storm, and the lives of the party are in extreme danger. The helm is consigned to Tell, who is as renowned for navigation as for archery. By his skill he weathers the storm, but contrives at the same time, imperceptibly to turn the boat, and to make his way back to Altorff. Just as he reaches land, the governor perceives the stratagem, and gives orders to the soldiers to put him to death. Tell snatches a bow, pierces the tyrant's heart, joins his confederates, who are already assembled in Altorff, demolishes the Austrian fortress, and gives liberty to Switzerland.

Into such a story of alarm and bloodshed, it would not seem easy to introduce any mention of love. Yet in a French tale, it is not possible to abstain from the subject altogether. In the present case, there would have been something so *triste* in the omission, that it was not to be thought of. It seems, however, to have been very difficult to fix upon a proper person to fill the love department. It was not reasonable to require Tell to fall in love, not only because he had so much of other important business on his hands, but because he was already become a parent for the purpose of shooting an apple on his son's head. Gesler was too barbarous to be susceptible of the tender passion; and besides, as he was to die at the end of the book, the affair would have had an unhappy conclusion, which, as every body knows, love-affairs should never have. It was at last fortunately recollected, that boys and girls often fall in love with each other; Tell's son therefore might very naturally form an attachment;

tachment; and as Melctal lived very near his father, and happened to have a daughter, it was equally natural that she should be the object of his passion. This matter being happily adjusted, the children make love for a few pages; but as their *tendresse* has no connection with the rest of the narrative, it is unnecessary to betray their secrets.

The translation of this work is introduced by a prefatory memoir, to which those who are acquainted with Florian only through the medium of his writings, will turn with some curiosity. If they expect much information from it however, they will be disappointed. His monotonous and unobtrusive habits of life appear to have afforded in themselves but scanty materials for biography, and the little which it was interesting to tell, seems entirely to have escaped the knowledge of M. Jauffret. That the Chevalier de Florian was by birth a gentleman, and by profession a soldier, that he was introduced to the wits of Paris by Voltaire, and that he was imprisoned and ill treated by the National Assembly, is nearly the sum total of his biographer's account. If M. Jauffret had no more to communicate, he should have spared himself the trouble of writing what was already known to most of his readers; and if he had, it is not easy to excuse him for having recourse to such ludicrous substitutes for intelligible composition as the following.

‘He, who called into life, loaded with all the favours which nature lavishes on the object of her affections, regards the place on which he is destined for awhile to move with an eye of indifference or contempt; he, who still more culpable, sullies the earth with his vices, in place of embellishing it by his virtues, seem both equally unworthy, &c. But the man whose heart is, as it were, the very asylum of feeling, whose eyes glisten with the tears of gratitude at beholding the beauties of nature, the man, whose virtues recall to our mind the golden age, whose songs, pure as the morning breeze, never raise a blush upon the cheek of innocence; such a man as this should never die, &c. I have described Florian, without having as yet named him.’

This is undoubtedly pleasant, and, as a specimen of enigmatical biography, entirely new:—but we have exceeded our limits, and must therefore dismiss Mr. J. with our sincere condolence on the demerits of his translator. Violations of grammar occur perpetually in this little volume, which are rendered yet more offensive by barbarous and affected inversions of the common forms of speech. Mr. Hewetson's idea of translation seems to be merely that of turning a French word into an English one by the aid of a pocket Dictionary:—this, as he is no great proficient in either language, sufficiently accounts for his ridiculous anomalies. ‘If I have failed,’ says he, ‘the fault is mine alone.’ Granted; but we must beseech him to recollect,

recollect, before he again ventures to translate, that the disgrace may be more extensive. So wretched a version of an elegant and classical French writer, is a reproach to the literature of the country.

ART. XII. Ἡροδοτὸν Ἀλικαρνησσοῦ Ἱστοριῶν Λογοὶ Θ'. *Herodoti Halicarnassei Historiarum Libri IX. Textus Wesselingianus passim refectus opera Frid. Volg. Reizii. Accedit Index Rerum necnon Editionis Wesselingianæ cum Edit. Reizii et Schäferi Collatio.* Oxonii, Sumptibus J. Cooke et J. Parker, et J. Payne et J. Mackinlay, Londini. 1808. 8vo. pp. 867.

Ἡροδοτὸν Ἀλικαρνησσοῦ Ἱστοριῶν Λογοὶ Θ'. *Επιγραφόμενοι Μουσαί. Textus Wesselingianus passim refectus Argumentorumque ac Temporum Notatio. Opera Friderici Volg. Reizii.* Oxonii, Typis N. Bliss; impensis M. Bliss et R. Bliss, 1809. 8vo. pp. 637.

IT seems to have been the peculiar privilege of Greece, that the most remarkable periods of her history should be recorded by writers of great ability, who were contemporary with the events which they relate, and in which some of them bore a distinguished part. The celebrated expedition of Xerxes, the long and eventful war of the Peloponnese, and the subsequent contentions of rival states to the battle of Mantinæa, have been transmitted to us by a chain of history so luminous and connected, that we feel more familiar with those periods of remote antiquity than with many of the occurrences of modern times.

But although the authenticity of these ancient records has never been questioned, there have not been wanting those, from the Augustan age to the present, who have attempted to depreciate the authority and to impeach the veracity of the Helladian writers.

We have been told by a learned and acute critic, that it was owing not so much to a want of memorials, that the early period of Grecian history has come down to us so doubtful and confused, but to an inordinate vanity inherent in the Grecian character, which led them to ascribe to their own nation whatever was splendid in others, and to consider even freedom of investigation as criminal, where it did not conduce to the honour of their country. Now, although we are ready to allow, that in speaking of the origin of their mythology, or of the foundation of states, where they had no other light to guide them but the glimmering of obscure tradition, they may frequently have betrayed a prepossession in favour of their own nation; yet we cannot agree with Mr. Bryant, that their credibility

credibility is therefore to be suspected and arraigned, when they profess to write of facts which came under their own knowledge, or which they received on the credible information of others. We may admit them to have been bad antiquaries, whilst we support their veracity as historians.

But of all the Helladian writers, there is none who has been the object of more invidious and unmerited obloquy than the venerable patriarch of profane history. Herodotus is celebrated by Cicero as the first who embellished the dry details of the annalist with the graces and ornaments of language; and as he has blended the information which he collected as a traveller, with the events which came before him as an historian, his enemies have not failed to charge him with sacrificing in some instances the dignity of historic truth to a natural fondness for fable, or a desire to increase his popularity by gratifying the ears of his auditors. The most violent and determined attack upon the character as well as the authority of Herodotus is contained in the celebrated treatise of Plutarch *περί της Ἡροδοτῆς κακοηθείας*, in which he endeavours to convict that historian of gross and wanton malignity in his statement of facts, and with impiety in several of his observations. But, though he has exhibited much learning and ingenuity in support of his charge, yet he has so far overshot his mark, and so palpably betrayed the selfish and ungenerous motives by which he was actuated, that the imputation of malignity recoils most powerfully on himself.

In his remarks on the geography and the manners of the several countries through which he travelled, Herodotus has exhibited a minuteness and diligence of research which make his reader familiar with the scenes which are described, and seem to prove beyond a doubt that the writer had drawn his descriptions on the spot. A learned Frenchman, however, Des Vignoles, has not scrupled to assert, in the face of most conclusive evidence to the contrary, that Herodotus never visited Babylon; though he professes to give his very minute description of that city from his own actual observation. To remove every doubt on this point, which is chiefly material as it affects the veracity of the historian, it is only necessary to refer to those passages where he relates the conversation which he held with the Chaldees who lived in the vicinity of Babylon; and his account of the temples and statues which were there in his time, of which he enumerates one—*ἐς ἑμὲ τὸτο ἐτί εἶον*; and of the statue of solid gold which Xerxes had taken away, he observes, *εἶναι μὲν μιν οὐκ εἶδον*.

The opinion which Lord Bolingbroke has given on the merits of Herodotus, is delivered with such sarcastic levity, and accompanied with sentiments of such general disbelief and contempt for all

ancient histories whatever, whether sacred or profane, that one would almost imagine he intended rather to expose the extravagant lengths to which modern scepticism might be indulged, than to bring any serious charge against the greatest writers of antiquity: so that the admirers of Herodotus may rest sufficiently satisfied with that portion of praise which his Lordship has allowed him, that ‘*something like a thread of history* of the Medes, and then of the Persians, to the flight of Xerxes, which happened in his own time, is carried on;’ and that ‘the events of his own time are related with *an air of history*.”

These and similar attempts to depreciate the fair fame of the Father of Grecian History seem to afford some grounds for the suspicion of Gronovius, who, in his honest but extravagant zeal for the cause of his author, asserts that a conspiracy had for many ages existed among the admirers of Ctesias to raise the credit of their favourite historian on the ruin of his rival and contemporary Herodotus; and he even goes so far as to imagine, that this spirit of jealous rivalry was transmitted down to the origin of printing, and obtained to such a degree, that most of the errors and corruptions which are found in the MSS. of Herodotus, are to be attributed rather to the wilful misrepresentation, than the ignorance or carelessness, of transcribers.

However this may be, we cannot but remark a certain fastidious scepticism in many of our modern writers whenever they cite the authority of the Helladian historians, which it is difficult to reconcile with that implicit confidence with which they seem to rely on the accounts of men who lived many ages subsequent to the events which they relate. From the freedom, indeed, with which Strabo and Diodorus censure the works of all preceding historians, and the assurance with which they profess to draw from purer materials and with stricter adherence to truth, we might certainly be induced to listen to their superior pretensions, if they could fully convince us that what has hitherto been considered as the best era of talent and of virtue amongst the Greeks, was either so illiterate or so corrupt, that its historians were unable to record the transactions which passed before their eyes, or unwilling to record them faithfully. But in spite of all the cavils and the calumnies with which they have been assailed, the works of Herodotus have descended to the present time entire and unmutilated; the fame which they acquired at the festivals of Elis and of Athens, above two thousand years ago, is now associated with feelings of veneration; and it is only justice to the memory of this great historian to allow, that the more we have become acquainted by the means of modern travellers with the history and the customs of the eastern nations, the less are we inclined to doubt whatever might at first excite our surprise or stagger

stagger our belief. If Herodotus has been censured as a fabulist, we should not forget that Bruce has been stigmatised as an impostor.

Though the translation of Herodotus into Latin by Laurentius Valla was printed at Venice so early as the year 1474, it was not until 1502 that Aldus Manutius first gave him to the world in his original language. The editions of Aldus were so deservedly esteemed, on account of the learning and accuracy of the editor, that they were made the basis of every future edition, and are even now referred to as almost equivalent to MS. authority. This edition was reprinted at Basle, under the direction of Camerarius, 1541-1577; but few emendations were made in the text until the editions of Henry Stephens in 1570 and 1592, who collected the various readings of several MSS. and introduced some conjectural alterations of his own. Jungermann reprinted the second edition of Stephens, at Francfort, 1608, and divided the history into chapters and sections. To the industry of this scholar we are also indebted for the Latin Index which now accompanies the text of Herodotus. But one of the most respectable and useful editions of this historian, which appeared in the 17th century, was that of our own countryman, Gale, which was printed at London, 1697. It received many valuable corrections from the collation of two MSS. to which the editor had access; and does not yield the palm even to the subsequent edition of Gronovius.

When Gronovius published his edition of Herodotus in 1715, the expectations of the learned had been considerably raised by the discovery of a MS. in the Medicæan Library at Florence; which had been represented as of standard authority, and free from those corruptions which had crept into all the other MSS. The intrinsic value however of this boasted MS. appears by no means to justify the encomiums which Gronovius has so profusely lavished upon it; or the solemn manner in which he assures the public that he never failed, in his private devotions, to remember with gratitude, that auspicious day which first brought this treasure to his view. His edition, however, must be allowed to possess considerable merit, on account of the learned annotations of the industrious editor.

At length appeared the edition of Wesseling, the most splendid and valuable work which perhaps ever issued from the press. It is enriched with the observations and corrections of almost every scholar of that period, who seem all to have felt ambitious of contributing their aid in erecting this magnificent pile. But amongst the many celebrated names to which the editor acknowledges his obligations, that of Valckenæer is peculiarly distinguished, from whose ample and judicious remarks the edition derives no inconsiderable share of its value. The text of this edition was printed

from a copy of Gronovius which Wesseling had himself corrected; but such was the amiable diffidence of this learned critic that he chose rather to point out what he conceived to be erroneous, and suggest what appeared to him to be the true reading, than to alter the text on his own conjecture. In this point he candidly allows that he has been 'justo cautor. Sed illud malui, satis habens si ad medicinam via monstraretur.' However we may regret that Wesseling should have declined a task for which he was so eminently qualified, yet we cannot but admire the dignified composure with which this venerable scholar resigns to future editors, the merit of reaping that harvest which his own labours had brought to maturity; he leaves to others the pageantry of the triumph, satisfied with the consciousness that he has already achieved the victory.

The task of completing the work which Wesseling had so ably begun, and of applying this rich mine of criticism to restore and elucidate the text of Herodotus, was undertaken not long after by Reizius, a scholar of considerable talents, who, whilst he uses the knife with a less sparing hand, appears to have exercised it with judgment. Reizius informs us, that it was his first intention merely to reprint the text of Wesseling without any other alterations, than the correction of typographical errors, some necessary change of the punctuation, and an accurate attention to the position of the accents, a point which he appears to have well understood, and on which he had already published a treatise. He was induced however to abandon this plan, on considering the number of erroneous readings which Wesseling had admitted into his text, to the exclusion of emendations which he at the same time acknowledged and approved. Reizius has indeed been censured for the severity of his remarks on this timidity of Wesseling; but surely without good reason; for though he laments his great reluctance to improve the text, he justly and candidly observes, that there was less occasion for such alterations in Wesseling's edition since the various readings and notes were there subjoined to every page. As it was the intention of Reizius, however, to make his edition as useful, and at the same time as compendious, as possible, these subsidia could not be admitted, and it was therefore requisite that he should adopt the best readings into his text, and thus supersede the necessity of a mass of notes. With this view he applied himself to the correction of the text, partly on the authority of esteemed MSS. and partly on the conjectures of Wesseling and Valckenæer, or sometimes on his own. This was a labour of considerable magnitude: for though such ample materials were already concentrated in the notes of Wesseling, it still required no ordinary degree of judgment to select what was most eligible, and much firmness of decision in determining

determining a point on which the opinions of the learned were doubtful or discordant.

The instances, in which Reizius has restored and improved the text of his author, occur in almost every page, and their value cannot fail to be highly appreciated by every admirer of Herodotus. Of the emendations which he has introduced on his own conjecture, we shall select a few from the specimens which he has noticed in his preface.

Lib. i. 38. 9. τον γαρ δὴ ἕτερον, διεφθαρμενον ΤΗΝ ΑΚΟΗΝ, ὅτι εἶναι μοι λογιζομαι. Reizius discards the words *την ακοην*, as the gloss of some reader who had mistaken the true meaning of *κωφος*, which occurs 34. 7.; and which is used by the ancients solely in the signification of *mutus*, though later writers have given it the sense of *surdus*. That the omission of *την ακοην* is absolutely necessary to the sense and consistency of the passage is evident from the context. We are told, i. 34. that Cræsus had two sons—των ἑτερος μὲν διεφθαρτο· ἡν γαρ δὴ κωφος. Again, 35: ἡν οἱ παῖς, τὸ κ' ἑποτρυνον ἐπεμνησθην, τὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ἐπιεικῆς, ἀφῶνος δέ.

Lib. ii. 127. 11. ὑποδείμας δὲ τον πρῶτον δομον λιθῶ Αἰθιοπικῆς ποικίλης, τεσσαρεσκατὰ ποδας ὑποβάς, τῆς ἑτέρης τῷτο μεγαθός, ἐχομενην τῆς μεγάλης οἰκοδομῆς. Henry Stephens first supplied the verb, which was before wanting in the sentence, by reading *οικοδομησε* for *οικοδομῆς*. But the greatest difficulty still remained; and so various and unsatisfactory were the emendations proposed, that Wesseling leaves the point undecided. By a most acute and felicitous correction, Reizius has made this obscure passage clear and perspicuous. ‘Omnes vident hæc esse corrupta, si non et lacunosa: varii variè tentârunt; a me locus ita exhibitus est: ὑποδείμας δὲ τον πρῶτον δομον λιθῶ Αἰθιοπικῆς ποικίλης τεσσαρεσκατὰ ποδας, ὑποβάσιν τῆς ἑτέρης τῷτο μεγαθός, ἐχομενην τῆς μεγάλης οἰκοδομήσε. Struxit autem ex Æthiopico lapide versicolore primam compagem altam quadraginta pedes, basin alterius eadem magnitudine, pyramidemque hanc magnæ contiguam ædificavit.’

Lib. iv. 53. 16. speaking of the Borysthenes: μέχρι μὲν νυν Γερρῆς χωρῆς, ἐς τον τεσσαρεσκαίδεκα ἡμερῶν πλοος ἐστὶ, γινώσκεται ῥεων ἀπο Βορῆω ἀνεμῶ. The old reading was *τεσσαρεσκατὰ*, though it is evident, from the account which Herodotus himself has given us of the course of this river, that it could not be more than fourteen days sail from the mouth of the Borysthenes to the country of the Gerrhi. It is remarkable that this error is so ancient as to have been admitted by Pomponius Mela. ii. 1.

Lib. iv. 458. 3. ἡγον δὲ σφῆας ἐβέντεν οἱ Λιβυεὶς ἀναστῆσαντες πρὸς ἑσπερην, καὶ τον καλλιστον των χωρῶν· ἵνα διεξιόντες οἱ Ἕλληνες μὴ ἰδοιεν. συμμείλησαιμενοι τὴν ὥρην τῆς ἡμέρης, νυκτὸς παρεξήγον. ἐστὶ δὲ τῷ χωρῷ τεττῶ ἑνομα Ἰρασα. In this manner the passage had been punctuated by every editor

from Aldus to Wesseling, with a colon inserted between *χωρων* and *ια*, though it manifestly confuses the construction and perverts the sense. It could not have been the intention of the Lybians that the Greeks should settle in the beautiful country of Irasa; else, why should they have taken the precaution of leading them thither by night? And we find, moreover, in the very next chapter, these Greeks inhabiting the country of Cyrene, which was further to the west of Irasa. By a slight but most judicious change of the punctuation the true meaning of the passage is restored. *Ηγον δε σφειας οι Λιβυες αναστησαντες προς εσπερην και τον καλλιστον των χωρων ια διεξιοντες οι Ελληνες μη ιδοιεν, συμμετρησαμενοι την ωρην της ημερης, νυκτος παρξεληγον.*

From these extracts our readers will have formed a favourable opinion of the critical talents of Reizius. Besides the Greek text, he proposed to give an entire new Latin version, improved chronological tables, and maps illustrative of the geography of Herodotus. The third volume was to contain his notes, and a *Lexicon Herodoteum*, which, he assures us, should be more full and compendious than the *Ionic Lexicon* of Æmilius Portus.

It is a subject of deep concern that this fair and ample promise was so untimely frustrated by the death of the learned editor, who only published the first four books of Herodotus. The work has indeed been ably continued by Schäfer; yet it is probable that the learned world will still have to regret the loss of much which they had been taught to expect, as there were found amongst the papers of Reizius only a review of the five first books, some observations on the history and chronology of Herodotus, and the *Lexicon* of Portus considerably enlarged. Schäfer, who is known not only as the continuator of Reizius, but as himself the editor of a new, though as yet imperfect, edition of Herodotus, appears to have adopted the same plan as his predecessor, and to have availed himself even more fully of the suggestions and remarks of Wesseling.

Being now in possession of so valuable, and comparatively so pure, an edition of the Greek text, we have little left to wish for, except a concise selection of commentaries on the more difficult or disputed passages. We hope, however, that this beautiful work will continue free from the incumbrance of a Latin translation. The adoption of such auxiliaries might be expedient in earlier ages, when the Greek language was less cultivated, but experience has sufficiently demonstrated their injurious effects in retarding the advancement of sound and classical erudition.

It is now time to congratulate the public on the appearance of two rival impressions of this edition of Reizius from the University of Oxford. And, indeed, however the dearth of original criticism in this island may seem to justify us in censuring the inactivity (for we cannot

cannot doubt the talents) of our countrymen, we must candidly acknowledge the diligence which has lately been displayed by the presses at Oxford in particular, in multiplying copies of those valuable foreign editions of the classics, which are either absolutely scarce, or are become so for a time, on account of, our present precarious intercourse with the continent.

The two editions, which are the object of the present article, were published about the same period; the one from the press of Mr. Bliss, the other at the expense of Messrs. Cooke and Parker; which, having been printed, as we understand, at the Clarendon Press, we shall distinguish by the title of the *Clarendon edition*, though that term belongs peculiarly to such works as are edited at the expense, and under the sanction, of the delegates of the Clarendon Press.

As these rival impressions offer no higher pretensions than to be considered as a republication of Reizius; our task, though tedious, will necessarily be limited (after what we have previously remarked of the original edition) to a careful examination of the accuracy with which they have exhibited the text, and attended to the instructions which Reizius has given in his preface. Yet simple and easy as this task at first appeared, it assumed a more complex and mysterious form as we proceeded. For though few variations, except typographical errors, might naturally be supposed to exist between two editions, which professed to copy from the same original, yet we soon discovered in that of Bliss an impatience of servile imitation which aspired to something like discretionary criticism; though it unfortunately happens that the editor has only deviated from the original to commit an error, or to restore a repudiated reading. On this occasion we may apply the observation of Wesseling on the republication of Jungermann's edition of Herodotus by Paul Stephens at Geneva: 'Illam autem viri optimi operam Genævæ ita repeterunt, ut utrâvis recte cognitâ, ambas te nosse putes; at res secus habet.' The case is indeed so far otherwise that we are at a loss how to account for it. That these remarks are not without good foundation our readers will be enabled to judge from the instances which we shall lay before them.

Lib. I. c. 41. line 9. *προς δε τῆτο*. The emendation of Reizius, *προς δε, ες τῆτο*, is rejected, though supported by this conclusive testimony of Valekenæer; '*προς δε τῆτο* nuspiam alibi reperietur apud Herodotum; nonnunquam legitur, *προς τῆτοισι* quinquagies minimum *προς δε*.'

c. 45. l. 14. *εικος* instead of the Ionic form *οικος*.

c. 53. l. 9. *επερωτᾷ* for *επειρωτᾷ*.

- c. 54. l. 1. θεωροπια, an error copied from Wesseling, though corrected by Reizius.
- c. 54. l. 7. ατελειην for ατεληϊην, an emendation suggested by Wesseling and Valckenaer.
- c. 57. l. 7. οικησαντων for οικισαντων.
- c. 57. l. 16. ειρεικαντο for ενεικαντο.
- c. 122. l. 14. κατελασον, an error of Wesseling restored (though noticed by him in his errata), to the exclusion of the true reading κατεβαλον.
- c. 141. l. 2. κατεσρεφατο for the true Ionic form κατεσραφατο.
- c. 146. l. 7. Μινυαι δε Ορχομενιοισι for Μινυαι δε Ορχομενιοι, the old reading restored, to the exclusion of an emendation which Reizius had adopted from Palmerius, and which is supported by Wesseling on the authority of Pausanias.
- Lib. II. c. 30. l. 27. ησαν οι for ησαν οι, the error of Wesseling's text restored, by which the word οι is made the *nominative plural*, instead of the dative singular.
- Lib. III. c. 135. l. 17. μη εϋ εκπειρωτο. Again copying the old reading of Wesseling, Bliss has substituted the adverb εϋ, *benè*, for εϋ, the genitive of a pronoun; which neat and easy emendation Reizius had adopted on the suggestion of Reiske.
- Lib. IV. c. 179. 12. δεξιεν, instead of the Ionic form, δεξιεν.
- Lib. V. c. 86. l. 4. απαμυνεσθαι, for απαμυνασθαι.
- Lib. VII. c. 23. l. 14. ωρυσσον, the old reading restored, though the alteration was adopted from MS. authority.
- c. 154. l. 13. πολεμιοισι, for πολεμοισι, an emendation on MS. authority, approved by Wesseling.
- c. 167. l. 2. εικονι, for εικοτι, a simple and elegant emendation suggested by Gale and Reiske. 'Utriusque ignarus οικοτι legendum vidit et Koenius,' which would perhaps be the better reading.
- Lib. VIII. c. 98. l. 7. ετε νιφετος, &c. for ετι νιφετος. The old reading restored to the enfeebling of the passage, and to the production of a deviation from the general structure of the Greek language.
- c. 142. l. 9. περι της υμετερης αρχης. Schäfer reads περι της υμετερης αρχην, which is countenanced by the opinion of Wesseling; 'Arbitror reliquisse Scriptorem περι της υμετερης αρχην ο αγων εγενετο, de vestra regione *primum* decertatum fuit, tum sequetur opportune νυν δε φερει κ. τ. λ.'

Such and so many are the instances where the edition of Bliss has rejected the emendations of Reizius and his continuator, and, with a perverseness altogether unaccountable, foisted in the repudiated readings of Wesseling. But whilst it omits so large a portion

portion of the improvements of the original, it has been but too faithful a copyist of its blemishes. It may indeed be excusable in some branches of the imitative art to preserve even faults with superstitious accuracy, but this licence, we apprehend, will scarcely be conceded in the walks of philology.

‘———— Scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret.’

Lib. I. c. 38. l. 9. διεφθαρμενον την ακοην. The words την ακοην, which Reizius proves to be an interpolation, and that they ought to be omitted, though he had carelessly neglected to do so, are retained in the edition of Bliss, as well as in that from the Clarendon.

Lib. I. c. 65. l. 23. Bliss has a comma after επιτροπευσε, against the example and injunction of Reizius.

Lib. I. c. 194. l. 12. βικης φοινικη̄ς καταγασι οινς πλες. The passage is thus reprinted in Bliss, notwithstanding the caution which Reizius had given in his preface. ‘Ne ipsi quidem Wesselingio dubium est, quin legendum sit, φοινικη̄ς, relatione ad οινς factâ, non ad βικης. Illum religio, me casus impediit, quo minus ita scriberemus.’

Lib. I. c. 107. In margine, Reizius and Bliss have ‘Astyages, A. 685, factus rex,’ which is evidently wrong: for if Cyaxeres began his reign, A. 625, and reigned forty years, Astyages must have succeeded to the throne, A. 585, as in the Clarendon edition.

Lib. II. c. 102. l. 7. The comma retained in Bliss after ενδευτενδε, though Reizius declares it ought to be omitted, and apologizes for having inserted it in his text.

Lib. V. c. 3. l. 9. κατα παντα ειναι. The word ειναι, which had crept into the text of Schäfer, is faithfully copied in this, though very properly omitted in the Clarendon edition.

The following typographical errors are all implicitly repeated from the original edition.

Lib. V. c. 101. l. 9. pro εν lege εκ.

Lib. VI. — 1.— 6.— γενο̄ς lege γεγον̄ς.

— 66.—11.— ἀπάπυσα lege ἀνάπυσα.

— 86.— 7.— ἐκτέτριπ̄αι τε lege ἐκτέτριπ̄αί τε.

Lib. VII. — 10.—10.— ἀμείνω lege ἀμείνω.

— 37.—14.— σελήνων lege σελήνην.

— 40.— 2.— ταῦσα lege ταῦτα.

— 46.—16.— μᾶλλον lege μᾶλλον.

— 49.—11.— γιμένων lege λιμένων.

— 51.—15.— τὴν σὺν lege τὴν σὴν.

— 96.— 4.— ἐκ τὸν lege ἐς τὸν.

— 119.—22.— λείποντος lege λείποντες.

— 120. Margine, pro Magacreontis lege Megacreontis.

Lib. VII. c. 146. l. 15. *pro ταῦτα lege ταῦτα.*

Lib. VIII.—132.— 4. — *ἀπικόμενοι lege ἀπικόμηναι.*

Lib. IX. sec. 103. The strange confusion of the text which has taken place in the first sentence of this section, as exhibited in Schäfer, from a gross and most palpable blunder of the printer, is transferred into this edition without the slightest intimation being made in the collation of various readings from Wesseling.

Having been thus minute in examining the merits of one of these republications of the Leipsic edition, it will be expected that we should proceed to do equal justice to the other. Our remarks however on the Clarendon edition will be comparatively so few, and in a strain so much more gratifying to our feelings, that we should almost be afraid lest our impartiality might be called in question, if we were not entirely conscious of the truth of what we advance.

If the edition of Reizius has been so essentially deteriorated in passing through the press of Bliss, it has acquired a purer degree of refinement from the diligence of the Clarendon editors. In every instance which we have adduced of the corruptness of Bliss's text, the emendations of Reizius and Schäfer have been most scrupulously attended to in the Clarendon edition. The readings, which Reizius had marked in his preface as erroneous, are corrected according to his suggestion, with one exception only, viz. Lib. I. c. 38. where the words 'την ακονη' are still retained in the text. And, lastly, the typographical errata of the original edition are here carefully corrected.

If we proceed, from the consideration of the intrinsic merit of these rival impressions, to a comparison of their exterior pretensions, we must still assign the palm of superiority to the Clarendon edition. In this the sections are more distinctly marked than either in that of Reizius or Bliss: and the text is printed in a character much more beautiful and clear; though this is a point which belongs perhaps more to the bibliographer than the critic.

To both these editions is subjoined a collation of Wesseling's edition with that of Reizius and Schäfer. Our curiosity naturally led us to examine whether the emendations of Reizius, which Bliss had discarded from his text, were at all noticed in his collation: but he has displayed as much cunning in fabricating the one, as audacity in corrupting the other. Wherever his text had deviated from the original, the various reading of Reizius and Schäfer is most artfully and cautiously suppressed; it is so far, therefore, from being what it professes, a collation of the Leipsic edition with that of Wesseling, that it is merely a collation of his own mangled republication with the edition of Wesseling—if indeed the wide difference between the two, in the four first lines of Book IX. c. 103. would allow

allow us to suppose that he had consulted Wesseling at all in search of various readings.

At the end of his second volume, Bliss has given 'a Tabula Chronologica,' and a 'Λεξικὸν τῶν Ἡροδοτέων Λεξέων.' As these are wholly gratuitous, and more than we had any claim to expect in a mere republication of the Leipsic edition, it may seem ungracious perhaps to make any remark upon them; we wish, however, that, instead of the Lexicon of Goldastus, he had given us that of St. Germain's, which Wesseling has inserted in his edition, and pronounces to be the most complete and the best.

We cannot take leave of Herodotus and his Oxford editors without intreating those who superintended the edition of Bliss, to tamper less with the text in future, and to be more studious of accuracy; lest they injure the well-earned reputation of a press which has sent forth so many respectable editions of classical literature. To the publishers of the Clarendon edition, we must express our acknowledgements for the diligence with which they have reprinted Reizius. We trust they will be encouraged to give us the remaining historians of Greece in the same useful, correct, and compendious form in which they have now exhibited the Muses of Herodotus.

ART. XIII. *Washington, or Liberty Restored: a Poem in ten Books.* By Thomas Northmore, Esq. pp. 264. London. Longman, Hurst, &c. 1809.

MR. Northmore, having fortunately discovered, in the course of his reading, that Æschylus 'wrote his patriotic tragedy of Prometheus, to confirm the Athenians in the love of that liberty which they enjoyed,' has, after much study and fatigue, produced an epic poem, in ten books, to excite his countrymen, as he informs us, 'to struggle for that liberty which they have lost.'

It is our misfortune, scarcely to have heard of Mr. Northmore before, though he has been neither silent nor inactive. His life has been spent, he says, in combating 'the malignant effusions of corruption,' and, as he pathetically adds, to very little advantage! p. iv. This obscure warfare never extended, we suppose, beyond the scene of action; yet Mr. N. with a vanity very excusable in so pugnacious a character, has fully persuaded himself, that the report of it has reached the critics, and will subject his work 'to censure and abuse.' p. iv.

From

From the *lentum duellum* just mentioned, to the vigorous onset before us, is a prodigious advance towards final success ; and unless one of Mr. N's. antagonists speedily produce an epic poem of equal length in favour of George III. we shall feel ourselves obliged, in justice, to award him the victory.

It may be objected, Mr. N. observes, that the subject of the work is too near his own times ; but to this he replies, very triumphantly, that if the poem had been put off till he was dead, he could not have written it at all : other petty cavils, such as, that the Americans were enemies to this country, and the author no great friend to it, are disposed off very succinctly ; they are the suggestions of malice and ignorance, and therefore deserve no answer.

Mr. N. has adopted 'the imagery of *Paradise Lost*.' The language and versification of that poem he seems to have found somewhat too incorrect for his purpose. He has 'taken fewer liberties,' he tells us, 'than Milton, and no liberty which is not to be found in him.' p. vii. As the author's notions of liberty are peculiar to himself, we will not dispute the point with him.

WASHINGTON, like *Paradise Lost*, opens with a grand view of the infernal regions. Satan bursts upon us surrounded by his compeers, and here occurs a remarkable improvement on Milton. In hell, as described by that trivial poet, no information could be gained of what was transacting elsewhere, and therefore Satan is involved in a long and perilous expedition to procure it. After traversing 'millions of leagues,' he reaches the sun, whence he is directed to this globe, a star among the stars, by an angel. The eyes of Satan and his compeers have been washed in euphrasy since that period, for they not only see the earth from Pandemonium, but every man on it ; nay, they even see a sound in one of the American woods, which disconcerts their councils, and alarms Satan with the fear of death, so that he hastens to make 'his last speech.' This is somewhat abruptly terminated by the appearance of Seraphic Splendour, who 'glides down the western sky, and halts over York town,' where Cornwallis was defeated : for Mr. N. very judiciously begins his poem at the end of his subject. At this sight, Satan 'trembles in all his pond'rous limbs,' and exclaims,

'Moloch, why *sleepest* thou ? Beelzebub !
Mammon ! and all ye potentates of hell,
Rouse, rouse your energies.
E'en hell itself's in danger ; saw ye not
The archangel, Liberty ?
That Liberty's our death ! Then farewell hell !
Farewell our throne ! Annihilation, hail !

p. 6.

Beelzebub and Mammon take the reproof of Satan with great composure ;

composure; but Moloch is less passive: nothing, however, seems to mortify him so much as the charge of *sleepiness*.

‘Moloch, why sleepest thou? Did Moloch sleep
When all the embattled Seraphim engaged
In doubtful war on *either side of heaven*?
Where then was Moloch, when the forked light
Hurl’d us down headlong?’

Ay, where, indeed? He then retorts on Satan, with admirable spirit and success.

‘I never prophesied of *death* to hell,
I never bid annihilation *hail*,
I trembled not, because Seraphic Light
Hath halted over York-town. If it have,
Moloch will meet it there.
This is the first time that Moloch branded stood
With *sleepy* cowardice, and this the last!

p. 7.

From some unaccountable caprice, the author has judged it expedient to print his work in lines of various lengths. This disposition we have deemed it our duty to follow, though it subjects us to considerable difficulties; for as we have neither rhythm nor metre to direct us, we are obliged to trust solely to the capital letter which begins the line, and which may sometimes elude our best care.

With this apology for any incidental oversight, we return to Moloch, who after a gentle admonition from Beelzebub, grows ‘temperate,’ and acquiesces in the notion of *dying*;—with this characteristic addition, however.

‘And if we are to *die*, let’s die the death
Of unextinguish’d hate!’

We have now *more last words* from Satan, and, we are sorry to add, very scurrilous ones where this country is concerned; he terms her governors ‘money’d muckworms, merchant-ministers,’ &c. and expresses a great dislike of our paper currency, though in the same breath, he compliments the American secretary,

‘—— financier Morris, who doth seem
To have found the *talisman* of making gold.’

Indeed this is not the only instance of his inconsistency; for after celebrating the patriotism of the ‘pure and virtuous’ citizens of America, who stripped themselves of every thing to support the army, he tells us, that the troops were actually left to starve; insomuch that had not Washington fed them without food, they must have sold themselves to the accursed gold of Britain:

‘Sometimes

——— ‘ Sometimes indeed,
 By their great leader's foresight, they *regaled*
 In huts of mud and logs ; but even here
 No respite could they find, for *none* would bring
Provisions ! p. 22.

Here Satan interrupts his interminable harangue to transact a little business, namely, ‘ to enrol the title of Arnold in the state office of hell,’ for Satan makes princes almost as compendiously as Buonaparte. Arnold, therefore, is constituted, by patent, (without his fees) Prince Apollyon !

‘ Instant, hell's palace rang with loud acclaim,
 Apollyon ! Apollyon ! was cried ——
 Hail, our new prince,’ &c.

He then proceeds to inform his legions, that they must prepare to combat Washington, backed by ‘ Michael, and all the host of heaven.’

‘ Clothed in new arms, of which *they stand in need*,
 Since erst with well-devised engin'ry,
 Them of their antient armour we despoiled.’

Here Azazel, a cherub tall, who still retains the rank conferred on him by Milton, prepares to unfurl the glittering ensign ; when he is prevented by Mammon, who makes a very prosing speech, by anticipation, from the history of one Belsham, a great favourite in hell, it seems, and a pestilent scribbler upon earth ; in which he points out the proper method of framing acts of parliament, securing majorities, &c. &c. After venting a torrent of abuse on his ‘ favoured isle’ as he calls Britain, he starts up, fills a couple of empty coffers with gold, and hurries away with them to the court of St. James's.

Azazel now unfurls the standard for good and all, when it is instantly consumed before his eyes : upon which, Moloch ‘ rapt in himself,’ seizes the staff, (for in affirming it to be *consumed* the author spoke by a figure,) whirls it round his head, and shouting ‘ victory or death !’ sets all hell in motion. Beelzebub rushes forward with the van ; Moloch leads on the main body, ‘ hissing slaughter from his horrid jaws ;’ and Chemos and Belial bring up the rear with the artillery and heavy baggage. Satan, thus left alone, gazes pensively on his splendid palace, which is forthwith swallowed up by a hell-quake ; at this, he bursts into a flood of tears, and turns towards the next article of finery, a glittering car, of which the axle ‘ was formed of platina,’ and the body ‘ of some new discovered substance,’ which the chemists, according to Mr. N. have not yet had ‘ an opportunity of analyzing, and which therefore he very prudently forbears to name.

Into this car, Satan leaps,

‘ And the ætherial steeds, who know his will,
And need nor goad nor spur, no sooner feel
The awful presence of their mighty chief,
Than, quick as forked lightning, with *one bound*
Spring from hell’s confines to Columbia’s Alps. p. 43.

Where Satan procured those ætherial steeds, Mr. N. does not inform us. We never heard of them before, nor of any of their race ; they are certainly most wonderful animals.

Book II. Mr. N. having halted Seraphic Splendour over York town, placed Michael and his angels by the side of Washington, and ‘ the devil and his angels’ by that of Cornwallis, deems it a fit opportunity to take a retrospective view of what was done in Switzerland five hundred years ago ; and gives us a dogged account of William Tell and his apple, from that rare and authentic document, Salmon’s Modern History. No mention of Satan occurs in this book : there is indeed much abuse of religion, but not by him ; there is also a rapturous panegyric, in prose, on the benevolent and pacific nature of Buonaparte, who is clothed with the attributes of divinity, and very properly opposed to his Britannic Majesty, the great disturber of the peace of mankind.

Book III. contains the speeches of Philip of Spain and his brother John, on the novel and interesting subject of the war in the Netherlands. Philip’s case, as far as we understand it, seems somewhat pitiable.

‘ Spain’s despot *saw*, but harden’d at the *sight*,
Seeing, saw not, for tyranny is *blind*.

Queen Elizabeth also makes speeches, but her’s are in favour of the rights of the people, as opposed to the prerogatives of the prince ; than which nothing, as every one knows, can be more germane to her real sentiments on the subject.

Book IV. takes a leap of two centuries, and brings us at once to the administration of Lord North, who is honoured with the tender epithets of fool, dolt, idiot, knave, &c. as, indeed, is every one who has the misfortune to differ from Mr. N. and his oracle Belsham. As these gentle terms appeared to offer a fit occasion, the author checks his narrative, to animadvert with becoming warmth on the use of hard language, which, as he truly remarks, serves only to exasperate and inflame. Recollecting too the mild and conciliating, the polite and generous language, of Buonaparte’s bulletins and manifestos, he reprobates with just indignation the outrageous intemperance of our own ; and hints, with equal patriotism and sagacity, that such virulence only serves to make the day

day of retribution more just. It certainly does; and we cannot therefore sufficiently applaud the saving prudence of Mr. N. who, on the expected entry of Buonaparte into St. James's, may conscientiously assure that divine hero, 'who knows how to distinguish,' that his whole vocabulary of opprobrious terms, (no very confined one, by the bye) had been carefully reserved for the government of his own country.

Book V. continues the patriotic abuse of England, raked from the columns of some crack-brained gazeteer, and put into the mouth of Franklin. The cowardice of the British is a favourite theme: it is thus classically illustrated by 'that modest sage.'

'If all your foes were tenfold multiplied,
And you yourselves divided in ten parts,
One single part in freedom's glorious cause
Would gain *an easy victory* o'er the whole.'

p. 130.

It subsequently appears, however, that this great calculator, 'at whose side sat Wisdom clothed in light,' had admitted some error into his statement; for at Bunker's hill, where this ten times ten-fold disproportion did not exist, the Americans, Mr. N. says, would have been entirely defeated, had not the archangel Liberty taken upon himself the shape of Warren, and drove, as he well might, the English before him like a flock of sheep! Accident alone saved them from total destruction: their good friend, the devil, happened to be turning over 'the book of life,' (how it got into his hands, nobody knows,) when just at the critical minute, he observed the ink, with which the name of Warren was written, turn pale—

'——— gladden'd at the sight,
Instant to Death he cry'd, My son, my son!
The hard-fought day is our's.

p. 141.

He then orders Death 'to poise a dart with fate' and dispatch him. Instead of aiming at the archangel, from whom all the mischief proceeded, Death unfortunately strikes down the real Warren, who was perfectly harmless: this, however, terrifies the counterfeit so effectually, that he retires from the field; and the 'host of disciplined warriors' is permitted to *repel* the 'few raw troops' of the enemy. Mr. N. however, comforts himself by adding, 'that the dead on the English side surpassed their foes thrice told.'

Book VI. opens with a hymn to the 'pure soil of Virginia,' which being more crouded with slaves than any other of the American states, is judiciously described as glowing, above them all, with 'the divine love of freedom.' The song then ascends, with equal propriety, to Washington, who, we believe, to the day of his death, was seldom possessed of more than three hundred negroes at one time;

time; and celebrates his utter abhorrence of all restrictions on the natural rights of man, in the most forcible and impressive manner. Mr. N. now, as persons of a certain description are said to rush in where angels dare not tread, speeds to heaven, exalts the American chief to the office of *MEDIATOR*, and assures us that he is employed in supplicating mercy *over* the sins of men, once his fellows.. p. 152. Arnold and Clinton now make their appearance, (not in heaven, the reader may be pretty confident,) and encourage each other to mutual horrors: this introduces the mention of the loyalists, who having the folly to preserve their throats, (at least to attempt it,) and the presumption to differ from Mr. N. are described as 'fired by revenge, fury hot from hell,' &c. and the book ends with a pious ejaculation for justice upon them, which he seems to think has been somewhat too long delayed.

Book VII. Washington prays for advice, and the Archangel Liberty, who is forthcoming on all occasions, is instantly at his side. From what he says, it would appear that the cause of the United States, notwithstanding the folly, knavery, and cowardice of the English, and the wisdom, virtue, and bravery of the Americans, (to say nothing of 'the host of heaven' marshalled on their side), had really been in some danger: for the Archangel remarks, with uncommon exultation, that he now 'came with tidings of great joy;' tidings not only that Russia (the eternal enemy of slavery) had 'resolved to defend the law of nature;' but, what he seems to consider of much higher importance, that 'neutral powers had at length agreed to guarantee the rights of God!' p. 175. Lest all this should be insufficient to subdue Washington's fears, the Archangel adds, that 'the fleet of pitying Louis, wrapt in celestial clouds,' had eluded the English, and was now entering the harbour. Washington has scarcely expressed his thanks for this intelligence, ere the French generals appear—all heroes—all burning with the genuine love of freedom. The spectacle overcomes the American chief, and he bursts into an involuntary song of praise:

————— 'Our gratitude
To mighty Louis passeth utterance:
Next to our nature, and to nature's God,
We owe to him our freedom.' p. 176.

Mr. N. corroborates, in a note, this statement of the benefits bestowed by mighty Louis on the Americans, as well as their deep sense of them. This is perfectly right: we only lament that he did not exemplify it by stating, from the papers before him, that festivals were instituted through the United States for the annual celebration of their benefactor's murder; and that Joel Barlow, the Laureat of America, was called upon for a song of triumph over his bleeding

trunk,

trunk, which was not only sung with extraordinary rapture there, but in every part of Europe, where two or three Americans could be got together.

Book VIII. brings us to the opening of the poem! 'Seraphic Splendour,' whom we now find to be the Archangel Liberty, 'halts over York-town,' and amuses Washington with the relation of a scurvy trick which he has just put upon the English re-inforcements. 'He has lured them,' he says, 'to Eustathius,' and put out their eyes, so that they cannot discern friends from foes. p. 193. On the other hand, he clears Washington's sight, and enables him to distinguish the infernal host, which is just arrived from hell. Finding, as it should seem, that the General was not very conversant with the faces of the leaders, the Archangel condescends to point them out to him with great minuteness. Among the rest, he shews him Satan 'wrapt in thick darkness,' and concealed behind his shield, of which 'the boss was a vast and solid rock.' p. 196. Of this shield we are favoured with an elaborate description; and certainly Bedlam never produced any thing so wild and incoherent. It is madness, stark staring madness, without a glimpse of intervening reason, and evinces the writer to be, not like the lunatic of Shakespeare, '*of imagination all compact*,'—but of some earthy, atrabilious matter, jumbled into effervescence by the concussion of moody passions.

Book IX. opens with the battle of York-town. Cornwallis is terrified by the appearance of a balance 'in the sable sky,' in which the justice of Britain is weighed, and found wanting:

—————' back aghast
The hero shrank'—

and soon after, the day breaks, which is to witness the total extirpation of slavery from the United States.

—————' the dawn
'Gan to dispel from off the tainted earth,
Foul *slavery's* latest vapours!

Mr. N. is the most accurate of historians as well as of poets. We have not the American Census of this year before us; but if we recollect rightly, there cannot be above two millions of slaves now smarting under the lash there; nor, as we verily think, have more than three millions of them been imported and sold in those pure regions, since the glorious defeat of Cornwallis established for ever the reign of freedom there on the natural rights of man. So consistent is the language of our author, and so correct are his feelings!

We must not pass over a circumstance in this book—indeed the only one worth noticing, if we except the scandalous conduct of Satan,

tan,

tan, in witnessing the defeat of his allies without an effort in their favour. We allude to the singular happiness of Mr. N. in being enabled to embellish his poetry by a simile drawn from *his own estate*! Homer and Virgil, his great prototypes, have left us in doubt whether they possessed any property or not; they talk indeed of their Muses and their Lyres; but of their 'seats!' Mercy on us! unless on mount Parnassus, indeed.—But hear Mr. N.

'As when the rapid Exe, by melted snows
And northern torrents swoln, sweeps o'er the plains,
Nor herds, nor fields, nor hedge, nor bridge, nor town,
Can stop its furious course, while Exon's walls
And CLEVE's green summits echo back the roar.'—p. 216.

'Cleves,' he subjoins, and we humbly thank him for the information, 'has long been the SEAT OF THE NORTHMORES. It is situated on a commanding eminence' (grammercy, Monsieur) 'opposite to the ancient city of Exeter, the capital of the west of England.'

————— baccare frontem
Cingite :—

for, if this does not excite envy, we know not what will.

Book X. Satan apologizes for his inactivity, and summons Moloch and the infernal spirits to arms. Nothing can exceed their rage, but their determined resolution: they give a horrid shout, which shakes all creation to its centre, and rush forward.—'And now the earth had gone, *against the will of heaven*, to eternal wreck,' had not Washington seen their approach, and called, in great haste, for the Archangel Liberty, whom Satan, just before, terms 'a puny seraph.' But what can one do against millions? Leave that to Mr. N. The seraph, puny as he is, flies to meet them, and uncovering a resplendent shield, which had hitherto 'been wrapt in clouds,' flashes it in their faces, and puts them all to flight!

————— 'Angel with archangel turn'd
With terrible dismay; nor staid their course,
Till thro' the gates of hell they wing'd their way!

Call you this backing your friends? Satan, however, Beelzebub, Moloch, and a few other chiefs, whose eyes Mr. N. thinks were stronger, remain behind, and enter into a consultation, the result of which—O most lame and impotent conclusion! is, to lay aside the arms which they had brought with such parade from hell, 'put off their *heavenly* forms,' and, in the shapes of their 'fellow men,' mix with the English and assist them with their advice:

'And may success, and better fate prevail.'—p. 230.

How Beelzebub and Moloch dispose of themselves, does not appear; but Satan, finding a dead body on the field of battle, enters it, and repairs to Cornwallis, whom he advises to run away. The

general is easily persuaded, and the preparations for flight are in some forwardness, when the whole plan is disconcerted by Michael; who, having discovered his old antagonist in the disguise of a dead man, instantly raises a storm, which prevents the embarkation of the troops. Satan, who is justly nettled at this *contretemps*, takes his revenge on the following day, by furnishing Death with 'a musket ball' to shoot Col. Laurens, whose death is tenderly lamented by Washington and his army, and who, Mr. N. assures us in a note, was killed, 'not in this battle, but, in a petty squabble somewhere else, about a twelvemonth after!' p. 236.

Things now hasten to a conclusion. Cornwallis, who can neither fight nor fly, is kindly advised by the Archangel Liberty to humble himself before Washington and ask for mercy. Upon which 'he pours a flood of penitential tears;' and his friend Satan, who has now lost all hope, takes leave of him and earth forever, and returns to hell; leaving his splendid car to enrich the nomenclature of the chemists, when it shall fortunately be discovered behind the Apalachian mountains. Beelzebub, Moloch, and the rest, follow their chief; so that Mammon, who was then in England with his 'two coffers,' is now the only demon at large; but Mr. N. thinks that his stay among us will be short, and that the reign of universal peace and virtue will then commence. Meanwhile Michael shuts the gates of hell upon the fugitives: Cornwallis begs mercy of Washington, which is instantly granted, and Mr. N. patriotically exclaiming,

'But cease my soul, thus *harrassing thyself*
To sing of Britons vanquish'd.'

concludes with a prayer to the Archangel Liberty.

Such is Washington, as far as we have been able to decypher the story. As a composition it is utterly contemptible, devoid alike of consistency, spirit, poetry, grammar, and sense. The author is evidently some gloomy discontented fanatic, who having sedulously collected all the factious and all the frantic trash which was published during the heat of the American war, and added to it whatever the restless spirit of more recent malevolence could supply, has for twenty years been sullenly brooding over the noxious mass; and now, that every one wishes to forget the transactions of that lamented period, comes forward with a heated brain, and a perverted mind, for the unworthy purpose of reviving hatred, exasperating animosity, and tearing open the wounds which the lenient hand of time had well nigh closed. Let us not, however, be misunderstood;

————— 'The *attempt*, and not the *deed*,
Confounds us.' ———

Mr. N. will assuredly effect nothing of this; nor should we have wasted a word on his most miserable doggrel, had not the spirit in which

which it was produced called for exposure and reprobation. We can honest folly, and smile indulgently at well-meant absurdity: but when we find, as here, malevolence striving, in despite of natural imbecility, to fling its venom over all that we have been accustomed to revere, and to calumniate the sense, the spirit, and the honour of our country, under the hypocritical pretence of mewling about freedom, we hold it a sacred part of our duty to reject the offender's plea of stupidity, however gross and palpable, and, as the only punishment in our power, to suspend him for an instant over the gulf of oblivion, a mark for the finger of scorn and ridicule, before we suffer him to drop, and be lost for ever.

ART. XIV. *Characters of the late Charles James Fox, selected, and in part written by Philopatris Varvicensis.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 846. London, Mawman; Birmingham, Belcher. 1809.

NO tears are more sacred than those with which friendship waters the tomb of worth or genius. The great abilities and benevolent dispositions of Charles Fox had won from his countrymen that esteem, which yet many, if not most of them, withheld from his political character; when the event of his death, rendering admiration safe, and jealousy impossible, afforded them the opportunity of an unmixed, although melancholy indulgence of their kinder feelings. At a period so near to that event, that the public mind, if the expression may be allowed, is not yet *out of mourning* for his loss, appears this publication;—a sort of funeral offering to his memory, from one who is known to have long cherished for him an attachment, respectable for its disinterestedness, and amiable for its fidelity. Nor was this friend a mere humble retainer in the train of Mr. Fox; but a man ever acknowledged by all to possess considerable talents, and almost incomparable learning. Under all these circumstances, we should have been apt to regard the work before us with sentiments of profound and unqualified sympathy, were it not that there is always in Doctor Parr's manner a certain mixture of pomposity and *naïveté*, affectation and *bonhomie*, self-importance and innocence, which we find it as completely impossible to contemplate with gravity as with disrespect.

We have referred to the real parentage of this work as to a matter of notoriety. In fact it is so, nor do we believe that the author wished it to be otherwise. The name must be intended to be guessed, where every thing but the name is so frankly revealed; and it is plain that Doctor Parr, who formerly puzzled the literary world by walking abroad in a veil, now wears one for the purpose, not of disguise, but of ornament. What sort of gratification, indeed, a learned man of a certain age can possibly derive from thus

playing at bo-peep with his readers, we find it hard to understand ; but the mighty professors of classical mysteries, the *scavans en-us*, have always, if we mistake not, been addicted to this little species of merriment. In the instance before us, however, the diversion is refined upon in a very original manner ; for we here find Doctor Parr, otherwise called Philopatris, actually speaking of Doctor Parr, surnamed Bellendenus, as of some distinct or third person. ‘ The character of Mr. Fox (he tells us) which, some years ago, appeared in the Preface to Bellendenus de Statu, is inserted with the permission of the author.’—The distinction between that author and himself, once made, might as well have continued ; but he immediately adds, whimsically enough,—‘ and the same person’ (that is, the author of the preface to Bellendenus,) ‘ is to be considered as the writer both of the letter and the notes which are placed at the conclusion of the work ;’—that is, as no other than Philopatris himself who is speaking. So that we have here one author obtaining a certain permission from another author, which other author is all the time the same with the first. It would have been truly amusing to have witnessed the interview in which we may conceive the affair of this permission to be negociated ; conducted, as it was, between two worthies so exactly paired in figure and speech, and so strangely compounded together, that their dialogue (which doubtless flowed in Greek and Latin,) must have resembled the soliloquy of an *amphisbæna*, or a cabinet-conference held in Rome *consulibus Julio et Cæsare*.

The work which Julius and Cæsar have here produced, is, like its parent, of a very anomalous nature. The extract, already mentioned, from the preface to Bellendenus, is followed up by a variety of characters of Mr. Fox, all either in prose, or prosaic, transcribed from newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, and other fugitive publications of the day. Then Philopatris himself enters the lists, and, in an English essay calling itself a letter, expatiates on the merits of the departed statesman. Thus far the olio, with all its peculiarities, sufficiently answers to its title, and here ends the first volume ; when lo ! a second of far greater bulk, treating *de omni scibili*, in the form of notes on the letter, and notes on those notes, and ‘ additional notes and additions to notes,’ and long additional notes on the additional notes,

‘ And in the lowest deep a lower deep
‘ Still threatening,—’

till the mind is perfectly bewildered, and the book drops from the hand. In the prolix dissertations here termed notes, it is not a little odd to encounter, at every turn, the epistolary phrase *Dear Sir* ; the more odd, as few among them have any other relation to the letter on which they ostensibly hang, than such as one part of space

space must necessarily bear to another. The longest of them (and, by actual computation, we have found it to be just twice as long as the letter itself,) is altogether employed in treating of capital punishments. Now as Mr. Fox, in spite of all those imputations of treason against which this author so zealously defends him, died quietly in his bed, it is not easy to perceive any affinity between the subject of this note and the professed subject of the book at large. Philopatrius himself, however, assists us in tracing the connection sought; 'the note (he says,) was suggested to him by the remembrance of a most serious, and in truth, nearly the last conversation which passed between himself and Mr. Fox.' Some other disquisitions, equally irrelevant, he vindicates on the plea that the matter contained in them *related to subjects which the author thought important*. On encountering these explanations, we experienced that chilliness of the heart, which men feel when they discover that they have unconsciously passed through some dreadful danger. For, considering the number of topics which must have employed the mind and conversation of so enlightened a man as Mr. Fox, and the still greater number of subjects afloat in the world that may justly be 'thought important,' how easily might so fertile a penman as Doctor Parr have multiplied his work to fifty octavos, on the very same principle which has swelled it into two!

From the preceding details the reader may guess that it is not necessary for us to bestow equal attention on every part of these volumes. The preface to Bellendenus is too well known, and, as we conceive, too justly appreciated, to require any minute criticism in this place. It is a cento of Latin phrases, wrought up, on the whole, with very uncommon skill and felicity; yet not uniformly free from a fault which is the besetting sin of that species of composition; namely, that the sense is somewhat trimmed and forced in order to accommodate it to the expression, and the authorities, therefore, rather *mocked* than fairly imitated. As a piece of Latin, it appears open to some exception in point of principle. The author has proceeded, we presume, on this notion, that a modern, composing in a classical language, must use no phrase which has not the direct sanction of some classical precedent. A phrase, however, is only a certain combination of words; and, if such a combination is not to be formed without a particular warrant, by what right can we, without a similar warrant, form those larger combinations of words, called clauses, periods, and paragraphs? Or where will this notion ultimately land us, but in the paradox, that every piece of modern Latin must be a literal transcript of some piece of ancient Latin?

Besides this, it is to be observed, that the expressions of which this preface is made up, are derived from very various sources; and, as they are preserved pretty scrupulously, the necessary result of

thus putting together bits of sentences in every possible style, is—no style at all. It is, in fact, plain, that servile imitation will never attain to unity of effect, except by confining itself to a single model. He who borrows in a liberal manner, who modifies freely what he takes, who creates as well as copies, may, like the Grecian painter of old, transfuse into a single portrait the several graces of a variety of different objects. But the superstitious copyist must decline this extended plan of study, or his toil will issue in something like that monstrous figure, *undique collatis membris*, which Horace points out to the derision of his friends. A scrap from Tully transposed, a scrap from Virgil *transposed*—a muscle from this author, a joint from that—half the hand of an orator, terminating in the claw of a satyr—whisker shorn from the grizzled lip of a rhetorician, close beside a plume plucked living from the shoulder of a poet:—such is the strange compound to which his pencil will give being; and such, in a degree at least, is, with all its admitted beauties, the preface to Bellendenus.

It is said that the native notes of the mock-bird, though less wonderful than its exquisite exhibitions of mimicry, are far more pleasing. Had Doctor Parr, in composing his preface, relied rather on his general acquaintance with the Latin language, than on that particular system of imitation which he has adopted, that celebrated production, though perhaps less of a miracle than it is, would probably have been far more perfect.

The next division of this work comprises various characters of Mr. Fox; chiefly such as appeared in the journals or other light publications of the day, immediately on his decease. On this wide field of miscellanies we cannot undertake to enter; but must leave the York Herald, the Morning Herald, the Kent County Herald, and all the other Heralds, Mercuries, Chronicles, Suns, and Stars, to hold their places unmolested in this ‘limbo large and broad,’ whither they have fled since they were ‘dissolved on earth.’ Doctor Parr, indeed, kindly hints to these anonymous beings, that, in his pages, they will have a chance of living for ever:—‘Perhaps (says the Doctor,) *even to distant generations* they will not be wholly uninteresting.’ That they will *reach* distant generations in such good company we presume not to doubt; but what, in the name of common sense, is to make them interesting to those generations, when they have done so? When a great man dies, all are moved, all talk of him; and at that moment, even the hasty effusion of a daily print on the occasion, attracts the attention of the breakfast-tables for the use of which it is intended. But does the Doctor imagine that the interest thus transiently raised will be perpetuated by the mere preservation of the document that excited it? As well might he believe that pickling an ephemeron-worm is the way to make it immortal. The pickle, indeed, may have a certain value; and there

there is a view in which, quite independently of their intrinsic merits, even newspaper-tirades about public men may be prized by a future age. We mean, when they are considered as illustrative of the state of popular sentiment at a given period. To answer this purpose, however, with any precision, it is self-evident that they should be handed down *indiscriminately*, whereas the collection before us is declaredly *choice*. The characters 'here presented to the reader, have been selected from many others,' and, even of those preferred, 'the Editor has exercised his own judgment in republishing the whole, or what appeared to him the more important parts.'

To this comprehensive censure, we do not deny that there are here to be found some very respectable, and one or two even splendid exceptions. There is, for example, a comparative view of the public merits of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, ably, though very partially drawn by Mr. Godwin. There are also the very pleasing account given by Gibbon, of Mr. Fox's visit to him in Switzerland, the masterly character of Mr. Fox generally ascribed to the pen of Sir James Mackintosh, and the magnificent panegyric on the same person which concludes Mr. Burke's speech on the notorious India Bill.

We shall now willingly address our attention to the most conspicuous portion of this work; to that which is penned by Philopatris himself in his native language. And yet, this is, in truth, a deceptive sort of designation; for, even in his letter, but far more in his notes, our patriot of Warwick has incorporated with much English of his own, so much that is not his own though English, and so much that is neither English nor his own, as to make it dubious in what class of existences the aggregate is to be ranged. His acquaintance with the writers of his own country is very extensive, his empire over the stores of classical learning almost absolute; and of both these advantages he has fully availed himself to quote without stint. Now this may be all very right; but we must really be allowed to feel a little for those who may be in the habit of resorting to an author for his own sentiments, not for those of other people, and who may think that, though Greek and Latin are very good things, one's native tongue is still better. To be honest, we are ourselves of this number, and do venture to hint that there is such a fault as quoting to excess. At all events, why is it not enough that we receive (which we grant that we here do,) our fill of such quotations as are new and good? Why are we to be farther crammed with trash that is either natively insipid or stale; that either has never had any flavour, or has been thumbed and re-thumbed till it has lost all that it possessed? Why, instead of saying that, in conversation, Mr. Fox was not content to be a mere hearer, must Philopatris needs 'look back to many hours when Mr. Fox was not content to be *auditor tantum*? Mr. Burke describes Mr. Fox as having 'risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world

world ever saw ;' and why must Philopatris alter this sentence, and inform us that 'in the opinion of Mr. Burke, the fame of Mr. Fox, as a brilliant and accomplished debater, *Crevit occulto velut arbor ævo?*' In what consists the merit of such hackneyed scraps as these, that good honest English must be displaced to make room for them?

That a man of deep erudition, and a most ready memory, should descend to common-place citations, can only be attributed to the rapidity with which he composes. Our author has, however, another fault, which, to qualifications like his, we can still less forgive. Not content with quoting when he recollects a passage that is in point, he is somewhat apt to quote only because he recollects one of an exactly opposite description. *Mr. Fox was not obliged to say, as Demosthenes once did,—He would not have been disposed to say what was said by Megillus,—It could not have been said of him as it has been said of somebody else:*—thus, instead of hearing what people said, we are put off with what they did not say, and even could not have said. Philopatris's more favourite method, however, when his time is come for quoting, and when he only finds a morsel that will not suit, is to alter and mangle it till, in his opinion at least, it does suit; and this sometimes, (but, we imagine, by accidental omission,) without apprising the reader of the alteration made. Now commit to paper what we will, and all the passages in all the books extant stand in one of two relations to that which we have written; either they apply to it, or they do not. If, then, both degrees of relationship entitled them to introduce themselves on the occasion, what bounds can we possibly set to quotation? Or are great scholars, like Doctor Parr, really at liberty to wreak upon us, on such grounds, the whole of their immense reading?

It is true that what is cited by way of contrast, may be as strictly relevant as what is introduced for the sake of assimilation. Contrariety associates ideas; in the scheme of the human mind, as on the plane of a compass, the opposite points are united by immediate lines of junction. This very illustration, however, may remind us that there must be actual contrast, not a mere approximation to it, still less a simple diversity. What shall we say, then, to such instances of quotation as the following?

'The sting of death (says the Apostle Paul,) is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.' These words, where they stand in the original, are clear, apt, forcible. 'The sting of death' (says Philopatris, while expatiating on the severity of our penal code,) 'is sin, and the strength of sin in the law of England, is far too great. Let "grace," in conformity to the real import of the scriptural word, abound in the exercise of human power, and as members of society, we shall have less to deplore, in sin against the law, and in death under it.' (Vol. ii. p. 777.) Thus does a critic of acknowledged

taste garble a fine passage into nonsense, for the sake of two or three poor puns!

Cicero fares little better than Saint Paul. In the remarks of the Roman orator on the eloquence of Hortensius, the following sentence occurs: 'Longius autem procedens, et in cæteris eloquentiæ partibus, tum maximè in celeritate et continuatione verborum, adhærescens, sui dissimilior videbatur fieri quotidie.' But Mr. Fox was not like Hortensius; and therefore Philopatris applies to him the above sentence in a negative form;—'sui dissimilior *non* videbatur fieri quotidie.' Now when Cicero informs us that the person whom he is describing, 'seemed to grow more and more unlike himself every day,' he says what is curious and worth recording; but how strangely it sounds to be told of a man that he did *not* seem to grow more and more unlike himself every day! If, however, the altered clause, thus singly taken, is the extreme of baldness and insipidity, take it (as Philopatris gives it) with the context, and the entire sentence does appear to us, we say it with all deference, downright contradiction and gibberish. Let the learned reader only try his skill on it, and if, without applying torture to the words, he can draw from them any thing like a meaning, we wish him joy.

The affecting and much-admired reflections of Cicero on the death of Crassus, beginning, *O fallacem hominum spem fragilemque fortunam*,—are accommodated by our author to his own hero. The passage is altered with much art, and retains, even in a state of mutilation, no small portion of its beauty. The misfortune, however, is, that with all the dexterous cobbling which it has undergone, it is still lamentably far from fitting its new situation. 'Nam qui annus ab honorum perfunctione *primus*, aditum Crasso ad summam auctoritatem dabat, is ejus omnem spem atque omnia vitæ consilia morte pervertit.' With what accuracy can this be said of the English Crassus? *Summa auctoritas* stands, we suppose, for the foreign secretaryship of state; and, admitting the propriety of this intended construction, (a point, however, on which Lord Grenville, who is a good scholar, might have his doubts,) then surely we need not remind any friend of Mr. Fox's, that the year of his *first* accession to the chief authority was *not* the year of his death.

The observations which we have offered on this learned man's quotations, apply equally to his introduction of historical or other anecdotes. Indeed, these two sorts of reference are very closely connected; and, in the pages before us, sometimes appear intermixed. The reader will be amused with learning what a crowd of classical resemblances and dissimilitudes is summoned up to attend Mr. Fox in his character of a courtier. That gentleman has been charged with having been guilty of personal rudeness to his sovereign. His friend, in repelling the charge, assures us that Mr. Fox
had,

had, from his education, 'acquired the habits of politeness without servility, and freedom without impertinence.' But this concise encomium is not enough; both its members must be illustrated by appropriate examples. Accordingly, we are told, (too diffusely, however, to admit of our repeating it at length,) first, that Mr. Fox was not like Demosthenes, who had, before his embassy, boasted that 'he would sew up Philip's mouth with a bulrush,' and yet lost all his courage on entering Philip's presence: secondly, that, 'in the presence of *young Ammon's son*,' Mr. Fox, 'in all probability, would not have carried one shoulder too high, nor have imitated the soothsayer, who, for the purpose of adulation, violated the idiom of the Greek language:' thirdly, that, in the palace of Augustus, he would not have meanly cast down his head to gratify an emperor who prided himself on the piercing brightness of his eyes: fourthly, that, 'in transacting business of state with Charles the Sixth, he would not have gone away satisfied' with the unmeaning gibberish employed by that sovereign to disguise his thoughts: fifthly, that he might so far have resembled the philosopher Chrysippus, 'as not to dedicate any of his writings to sceptred patrons:' and, after some interval, sixthly (which is indeed a simple quotation, altered in the usual manner,) that he was not like Pope's 'smooth courtier, the humble servant to "all human kind, who when his tongue could scarce stir, brought out this, If, where I'm going, I could serve you, Sir!" All this, it will be observed, is an expansion of the expression *without servility*, and the *without impertinence* must also have its example. Indeed it has but one; but, to say the truth, this one may fairly be matched against all the rest. In allusion to a common story about Diogenes, we are informed that Mr. Fox 'was the most unlikely person in the world to gratify his pride or his spleen, by presuming to tell a king *not to stand between himself and the sun*!'

We have been more diffuse on this subject than was proper; but it was so forced upon us by what was under our eyes, that we really had no option how to act. At this very moment, so deeply are we imbued, or rather infected with it, that, in whatever direction we look, we seem to see nothing but 'English cut on Greek and Latin,' and with difficulty restrain ourselves from pouring forth all the few *ends of verse* that we can recollect in all the few languages that we know. We will, however, calm our feelings, and pass on to other matter of observation.

The style of Philopatrís (for, *quocunque nomine*, this author writes the self-same style,) is probably familiar to our readers. Some of its characteristics were long ago well portrayed by his own favourite, Quintilian. 'Nam et quod rectè dici potest, circumimus amore verborum; et quod satis dictum est, repetimus; et quod uno verbo patet, pluribus oneramus; et pleraque significare melius puta-

mus quàm dicere.* But to say of this style that it is verbose, or elaborate, however justly these epithets may be applied to it, is not to reach the radical peculiarities of its character. What those peculiarities are, we are inclined to believe that we feel, but are not sure that we can, by description, do justice to our impressions.

Men always think, it is said, in some language. Doctor Parr seems to us to think, if we may so say, in the language of rhetoric. It is not merely that the structure of his periods, or, what is much more, that of his groups of periods, both in their matter and their more comprehensive divisions, is stiff and artificial; but there is a certain ease in all this stiffness, a sort of *naturalness* amidst all this artifice, which shews that, by original or by acquired nature, he does not so properly *compose*, as *think*, according to the formularies of Cornificius and Quintilian. Take him musing at random in the solitude of his study, (sub tegmine fagi, as he himself might perhaps be disposed to express it,) and embody in writing his musings as they occurred; and they would unquestionably appear in the form of a regular rhetorical exercitation. Instinctively do his cogitations range themselves in all the orderly array of the schools,

‘ In rhombs and wedges and half-moons and wings,’

in the *figuræ verborum* and the *figuræ sententiarum*, in *interrogatio* and *exclamatio* and *dubitatio* and *geminatio* and, above all, *amplificatio*, of which Quintilian, if we recollect right, enumerates four sorts, but of which we are well persuaded that there are somewhere nearer 40. Amidst all these figures, there is one, familiar to the rhetoricians, which we greatly desiderate. It is called *aposiopesis* or *reticentia*, and may be defined ‘the leaving unsaid a thing which you were just going to say.’ Critics attribute much force and effect to this figure; and we cannot help thinking that the use of it on a large scale would have very considerably improved the production before us.

In sober earnest, we do extremely regret that the vigour, both of conception and of expression, which this eminent scholar undoubtedly possesses, and possesses in no mean degree, should be at once impaired and obscured by the unhappy manner to which he is addicted. We say, at once impaired and obscured; for this technical and cumbrous method of writing may be compared to the redundant and unwieldy dress of a Mameluke, which partly takes from the wearer his real strength by restricting the freedom of his movements, and, still more, takes from him the overawing appearance of strength, by transforming him into the likeness of a bale of silks. So it is that our author both is weaker than he might be, and seems weaker than he is:

* Instit. lib. viii. cap. 1.

After an exordium, in which he comprehensively sketches all the good and great qualities of Mr. Fox, Philopatris proceeds to state his purpose of assuaging both his own grief and that of the friend to whom his letter is addressed, 'by entering upon a large,' and he hopes, 'an impartial view of Mr. Fox's attainments as a scholar, his powers as a public speaker, and his merits as a statesman.' If he intended to arrange his matter according to this division, he saw reason, in the sequel, to abandon his purpose.

The account which he has given of the classical acquirements of Mr. Fox constitutes, perhaps, one of the best-written and most interesting portions of the whole letter. An extract from it may not be unacceptable to the reader.

'His memory seems never to have been oppressed by the number, or distracted by the variety of the materials which he had gradually accumulated. Never, indeed, will his companions forget the readiness, correctness, and glowing enthusiasm with which he repeated the noblest passages in the best English, French, and Italian poets, and in the best epic and dramatic writers of antiquity. But that he should look for relaxation to his understanding, or amusement to his fancy in the charms of poetry, is less remarkable than that he should find leisure and inclination to exercise his talents on the most recondite, and, I add, the most minute topics of criticism. He read the most celebrated authors of Greece and Rome, not only with exquisite taste, but with philological precision, and the mind which had been employed in balancing the fate of kingdoms seemed occasionally, like that of Cæsar, when he wrote upon grammatical Analogy, to put forth its whole might upon the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, the quantity of syllables, and all the nicer distinctions of those metrical canons, which some of our ingenious countrymen have laid down for the different kinds of verse in the learned languages. Even in these subordinate accomplishments he was wholly exempt from pedantry. He could amuse without ostentation, while he instructed without arrogance.'—Vol. i. pp. 182, 183.

Such praise, from such a quarter, is of no mean value. We have always understood, indeed, that, in classical literature, Mr. Fox was as deeply versed as most of those who may be called scholars by profession; but we were not aware that his taste in that department of reading had been equally eminent; and, indeed, had been led to imbibe the contrary notion, from hearing that, in Latin poetry, he preferred the Ovidian to the Virgilian style. But in this particular, we must have been misinformed; for Doctor Parr would have praised the taste of no man who was capable of making that preference.

We do not set to the account of bad taste another preference which Mr. Fox entertained, and which is noticed and commented on by his friend in the following manner:

'Critics must often have observed a peculiar resemblance between
Mr.

Mr. Fox and Demosthenes in their disregard of profuse and petty ornaments, in their application of the sound, the salutary and sometimes homely maxims, which common life supplies for the elucidation of politics, in the devotion of all their mind and all their soul and all their strength to a great subject, and in their eagerness to fix upon some pertinent and striking topic, to recur to it frequently, suddenly, forcibly, and upon each recurrence to hold it up in a new light, and point it in a new direction. But biographers will do well to record that in conversing with a learned friend he professed to receive more delight from Cicero, than from Demosthenes. Experience in this, as in other instances, puts to flight the conclusions which theorists might be prone to draw from apparent likeness in the characteristic traits of style. Similitude is not always the effect of voluntary and conscious imitation, nor does imitation always imply direct and general preference for the purposes of composition. We have been told that Euripides was the favourite writer of Milton in his closet; but in Milton's poetry we often meet with the bolder features and the more vivid colouring which enrapture and astonish us in the tragedies of Æschylus.—Vol. i. p. 184.

This is certainly well put. The analysis of the resemblance between Mr. Fox and Demosthenes is, in part, borrowed from the preface to Bellendenus; an innocent piece of plagiarism, we presume, since it probably was sanctioned by *the permission of the author*. With regard to the question of the comparative merits of the two ancient orators, it is one that has divided the critical taste of all ages; but that Mr. Fox should have been one of the partizans of Cicero, is not more surprising than it is that Doctor Parr should give his own vote, (which he does in his notes,) in favour of Demosthenes.

Had the manly manner of writing that appears in the two extracts which we have just exhibited, been maintained throughout the rest of the letter, it might have been pronounced a very superior piece of composition. But our author too soon reverts to the favourite antithetical form. In descanting on the colloquial powers of Mr. Fox, he states, that there were many occasions when that personage 'trifled without loss of dignity, or disputed without loss of temper—when he opposed only because he really dissented, and yielded as soon as he was convinced—when without preparation he overcame the strong, and without display excelled the brilliant'—that 'sometimes indeed he was indolent, but never dull, and sometimes reserved, but never morose'—that 'he was swift to hear, for the purpose of knowing and examining what scholars and men of sense were disposed to communicate, and slow to speak, from unwillingness to grapple with the ostentatious and to annoy the diffident'—and, soon after, that 'when silent, he was not contemptuous, and, when communicative, he was not vain.'

On the merits of his friend as an orator, Philopatrius is of course diffuse. Some of his reflections on this theme are excellent, nor
has

has it drawn from him a single sentence, which we should be particularly apt to denounce as affected or *ventose*, excepting that in which he relates that Mr. Fox was, in closing his speeches, 'temperate without languor, earnest without turbulence, pithy without quaintness, or solemn without grimace.' But having given this most unfavourable specimen, we are bound to accompany it with a better.

'The most severe and fastidious critic would hardly withhold the praise of originality from the manner of Mr. Fox's eloquence, and perhaps no public speaker has an equal claim to the encomium which Quintilian bestowed upon the philosophical writings of Brutus. "*Scias eum sentire quæ dicit*.*" Systematically Mr. Fox imitated no man, and to no man, who is not endowed with the same robustness of intellect, and the same frankness of disposition, is he a model for imitation. The profuse imagery of Mr. Burke, and the lofty sententiousness of Mr. Pitt, have produced many followers among the "*tumidos, ac sui jactantes, et ambitiosos institores eloquentiæ*†." But the simple and native grandeur of Mr. Fox is likely to stand alone in the records of English oratory. Every man of taste would abandon the hope of resembling him in the rapidity of his elocution, in the quickness and multiplicity of his conceptions, in the inartificial and diversified structure of his diction, in the alertness of his escapes from objections which we should have pronounced insuperable, in the fresh interest he poured into topics which seemed to be exhausted, and in the unexpected turn he gave to parliamentary conflicts, which had already exercised the prowess of veteran combatants. Every man of sense, if he reflects upon these transcendental excellencies, will cease to wonder at the complaints which hearers in the gallery, and hearers on the floor of the senate, have so often made of their inability to follow Mr. Fox through all his impetuous sallies, his swift marches, and his sudden evolutions—to calculate at the moment all the value of arguments acute without refinement, and ponderous without exaggeration—to discern all the sources and all the bearings of one observation, when, without any respite to their attention, they were called away to listen to another, equally apposite, sound and comprehensive.'—Vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

The latter part of this paragraph seems to wear, in common with the rest of it, an air of commendation; but, since most of the ends of speaking must be frustrated, unless we are comprehended by those whom we address, it is surely paying but an equivocal compliment to a speaker, to assert that he was so *transcendently excellent* as to be often incomprehensible.

With respect to the confusion and want of order which have been

* Vid. lib. x. cap. 1.

† Vid. Quintil. lib. xi. cap. 1.

often imputed to the orations of Mr. Fox, we have here the following remarks :

‘ The luminousness and regularity of his premeditated speeches are, I believe, universally acknowledged, and yet in preparing even them, however convinced he might be with Cleanthes “*artem esse potestatem, quæ viam et rationem efficiat,*” he seemed never to forget “*desinere artem esse, si appareat* *.” But they who impute a frequent and unbecoming neglect of method to his extemporaneous effusions should be reminded, that in arrangement, as well as expression, genius may sometimes “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.” Mr. Fox was not accustomed, like Hortensius, “*argumenta diducere in digitos, et propositionum ac partitionum leporem captare,*” and for this, as well as other reasons, the speeches of Mr. Fox, when we read them, are not exposed to the remark which a critic of antiquity made upon Hortensius, “*apparet placuisse aliquid eo dicente, quod legentes non invenimus*†.” Mr. Fox did not bestrew his exordiums with technical phrases coined in the mintage of rhetoric. He did not tacitly compliment the sagacity of his hearers, nor entrap them into admiration of his own precision, by loud and reiterated professions of solicitude to be precise. He did not begin with requiring their attention to a long and elaborate series of divisions, and then, insidiously throw in some extraneous matter to make them overlook the studied violation of the order before proposed, to catch the credulous by surprise, and to let the unwary imagine that a difficulty had been solved, because the intention of solving it had been confidently announced. His transitions were indeed abrupt, but not offensive. They exercised our judgment, but did not perplex or mislead it. Artless and eager he pushed onwards where inferior speakers would have been anxiously employed in anticipating petty cavils, in deprecating perverse interpretations, in stimulating the dull, and flattering the attentive. If a vivid conception sprung up in his mind, he chased it till he had seized and laid open every property which belonged to his subject, and upon quitting it, he without effort returned to the leading points of the debate.’—Vol. i. p. 226—228.

With these sketches it may amuse the reader to constrast a miniature portrait, drawn by the same hand, of another celebrated person. It is far from a favourable likeness ; but the execution has merit :

‘ Great, I allow, under any circumstances, and in any large assembly, must be the fascination of such a speaker as Mr. Pitt, from the fulness of his tones, the distinctness of his articulation, the boldness of his spirit, the sharpness of his invectives, the plausibility of his statements, and the readiness, copiousness, and brilliancy of his style.’—Vol. i. p. 229.

In one of the citations which we have just offered, it will have

* Vid. Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 18, and lib. iv. cap. ii.

† Vid. Quintil. lib. xi. cap. 3.

been seen that Philopatris, with no very doubtful voice, exalts the eloquence of Mr. Fox beyond that of Hortensius. The moderns are very safe in preferring themselves to the ancients, who cannot be present to maintain their own claims; but if modern oratory has really reached the standard of that of antiquity, it must have attained its elevation by miracle. Let it be assumed, that the genius of Cicero and of Demosthenes has risen again in England; yet certainly the intense labour which those orators bestowed on the study of their art has nothing like a parallel in modern times; and, if all their labour went absolutely for nothing, then this is a phenomenon for which there is clearly no other appellation but that of a miracle.

Philopatris, however, as we have seen in a former extract, appears to set the eloquence of his hero on a level, not merely with that of Hortensius, but even with that of Demosthenes; and, according to Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Fox 'certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.' Considering this judgment as only comparative, we feel no great inclination to contest its propriety; but if it is intended to countenance the opinion that Mr. Fox was altogether a Demosthenean speaker, we apprehend it to be far from accurate. In wit, surely, the English orator greatly surpassed him of Athens, who had little or none; and the superiority which he possessed on this ground, was, we suspect, more than lost on some others. On the whole, Mr. Fox, as it seems to us, might have been described rather as the *raw material* of Demosthenes than as Demosthenes himself. The simplicity of his manner frequently bordered on coarseness; that of his diction on slovenliness; that of his arrangement on desultoriness and disorder. These qualities it may, perhaps, be *John-Bullish* to admire; but an Athenian assembly would hardly have preferred them before the strictly methodical composition of Demosthenes (whom, as to the distribution of a subject, Quintilian places on the same footing with Cicero*); before his style, the last work of combined study and genius; before his delivery, refined and purified by a long course of the most painful discipline. If Mr. Fox had practised declaiming, like Demosthenes, with sharp weapons suspended about him, such were his gestures that the whole of his ample frame would have been one continued wound; and, as to speaking with pebbles in his mouth, he never seemed to speak without them. Should any think that, in eloquence alone, refinement is incompatible with the most perfect

* 'Quorum ego virtutes plerasque arbitror similes; consilium; ordinem; dividendi, præparandi, probandi rationem; omnia denique quæ sunt inventionis.'—*Instit. lib. x. cap. 1.*

air of simplicity, art with that of nature, we can only refer such critics to the common-places of all the great masters of rhetoric; or, as a shorter road to confutation,—let them read Demosthenes.

With his simplicity, Mr. Fox is said to have united ‘reason.’ His reasoning faculties were undoubtedly of the first rate; but their effect was considerably marred by that want of method which we have already ascribed to him. With an understanding as lucid as day-light, he yet seldom furnished those whom he addressed with a very complete or comprehensive view of his subject. Every thing was there, but hardly any thing exactly in its place. Indeed his powers of recollection only seemed the more stupendous, from their acting in so desultory a way. Rising towards the end of a long debate, and bursting into a speech as immethodical as it was impetuous, he yet recalled, without a single omission, every topic of importance that had been touched upon through the night. This was a memory that might be termed *intuitive*; it appeared to act always primarily, and without the help of the principle of association; it could retain, as it were, individually such a number of ideas as an ordinary mind can command only by stringing them together, and holding one end of the series. It was, in truth, a prodigy; but a prodigy of no good omen to Mr. Fox’s audience, who would have received the ideas more easily, had they been presented to them in good order on the string, than when they were poured forth thus promiscuously.

Sir James Mackintosh celebrates also the vehemence of Mr. Fox; and with good cause. Vehemence indeed is, in itself, a quality of doubtful virtue; but that of Mr. Fox had this enviable peculiarity that, intense and furious as it was, it scarcely ever occasioned his over-reaching himself or missing his blow. His darts were like those of a Parthian horseman: though always aimed on the full gallop, they invariably took effect. Yet surely we may be forgiven for observing that here likewise, as in every other point, the oratory of Mr. Fox betrayed its *want of education*; that his vehemence was too apt to be unmeasured and monotonous, and his intervals of relaxation from it, when he allowed himself such, to subside into absolute flatness and languor. In fact, this wonderful man could not be great in a sober style. He was unequal, in the sportsman’s phrase, to a *standing leap*. He was the *cursu concitus heros*, who, when he wished to make his prowess felt, put himself in violent motion. We incline to think too that his rage was less dignified than that of the mighty Grecian orator to whom he has been so studiously compared; while in the efforts of his great parliamentary rival, we mean in his happiest efforts, there was a certain severe and majestic earnestness, a calm and self-balanced energy, which we believe to have been more in the manner of Demosthenes, but

which certainly coincides more nearly with our conception of a superior intelligence, new-lighted upon earth, to warn mortals of some impending danger, or rouse them to the performance of some hard and heroic duty.

Both these renowned contemporaries were deficient in what may be called *pure eloquence*,—in the poetic part of oratory,—in splendour of imagination and richness of sentiment. This was the more extraordinary, as, in every thing else where invention could be displayed, in fertility of matter, in variety of argument, in felicity of illustration, both discovered great mental resources. Their inventive powers had the effect of giving them a more extensive range on the level of the earth, but did not transport them to the ‘third heaven’ of fancy. Their wings, if we may use so humble a simile, like those of the ostrich, assisted them, not in flying but in running. The example of these eminent men seems to have bred, in this country, an unfortunate prejudice against the bold and figurative style of speaking; a prejudice, which has perhaps been strengthened by the circumstance, that some other orators of the day who actually ventured on this style, either blended with it too much of metaphysical speculation to make it palatable to a mixed assembly, or too obviously adopted it for the mere sake of shew and delectation. All this has had a pernicious effect on our senatorial eloquence. A prosaic tameness generally reigns in our debates. We seem disposed to refuse to imagination all privilege of parliament, and carefully avoid, in our speeches, all figures but those of the counting-house.

Let us not be accused of injustice towards the orators of our country, because we have shewn an inclination to reduce the extravagance of the praise which has been heaped upon them. Those who contemplated Mr. Fox’s eloquence with superstitious homage, were not therefore the better fitted to appreciate the real beauty of its massy structure and Tuscan proportions. If our veneration was more discriminate than theirs, there were times when it was not less fervent; for there were times when he was all that their partiality could make him. We have heard him when the *mens divini*or, the immortal soul of oratory, rose completely victorious over the defects of the manner in which it was embodied. We have heard him when we would not have yielded, in a single feeling, to his fondest idolaters; when every swell of sympathy, every start of admiration, every thrill of delight, we would have disputed with them to the uttermost. Nor is it a paradox to say, that we wished him greater only because we esteemed him so great. We regretted that his oratory was not wrought to the highest polish conceivable, only because we believed its substance to be adamant of the firmest grain.

But

But we are forgetting our author in his subject.—On *the merits of Mr. Fox as a statesman*, which, it may be recollected, were laid out as one branch of the triple discussion proposed in this essay, we have not left ourselves room to quote many of the observations here offered. They refer chiefly to the conduct held and the opinions professed by Mr. Fox at the memorable æra of the French revolution. That conduct and those opinions Philopatrius does not merely aspire to vindicate; allowing them to have been partially faulty, he holds them generally up as the manifest result of the profoundest wisdom, and of a political sagacity only not amounting to prescience.

The partizans of Mr. Fox were, in general, we believe, fond of complimenting their chief on his powers of divination, and with the same exemplification of their compliment as that used by Philopatrius. Whatever becomes of the compliment, the exemplification does not strike us as happy, nor indeed can we well discover on what grounds it has been hazarded. The claims of Mr. Fox to the prophetic character, will not, we suppose, be rested on the two naked facts of his having predicted the ill-success of the plan of measures adopted by the government at the time in question, and of that prediction having been verified. Every leader of every opposition predicts the ill-success of the measures of the party in power, and might have been expected to do so in Mr. Fox's place. The *croak from the left* is always inauspicious. All ex-placemen are thus far Cassandras; with this only peculiarity, that, whereas Cassandra was not in credit because she prophesied evil things, they prophesy evil things because they are not in credit. But if ever there was a season at which this dismal kind of augury might be expected particularly to prevail, it was immediately on the French revolution, when political animosity of every sort throughout Europe was inflamed into a madness which mistook itself for inspiration. The fact is, that at that period, all the *militant* parties in this country, whether the enemies of the administration, or the enemies of the constitution, every underling in the circles at Debrett's, every flutterer about the doors of Copenhagen-House, all were as alert with their denunciations of woe as the great luminary of opposition;

‘Tempore quanquam illo, tellus quoque et æquora ponti,
 ‘Obscænique canes, importunæque volucres,
 ‘Signa dabant.’——

It becomes, therefore, necessary to inquire the specific foundations on which this eloquent man built his vaticinations with respect to the failure of the first coalition against France; and this, too, not at a point when the matter was already half decided, but towards

the outset of the contest. Now the basis and the burden of his prophecy we conceive to have been the supposed unconquerableness of the French as a free people. While England, indeed, yet remained neutral in the war, Mr. Fox had very clearly intimated his opinion, that to the inspiring influence of domestic liberty, France, as she had owed her first, would likewise owe her final successes against her enemies. On the accession of England to the coalition the probable result of the struggle naturally became a consideration, not unattended with some delicacy, and calling for a degree of reserve. Yet, at this period, Mr. Fox, on the one hand, deprecated in general terms, the war, as of a tendency ruinous to this country; and, on the other, while he deplored those successive despotisms which had now begun to chase and hurry after each other over the political firmament of France, he yet considered this voluminous rack of thunder-clouds, rather as obscuring for a season, than as finally closing, the prospect of revolutionary liberty. It would seem, therefore, that his views, neither of the war, nor of the revolution, had then materially altered; and, as he still expected the French to be free, and still foretold that they would be unconquered, we are surely safe in presuming that his predictions of the one event were still grounded on his expectations of the other. It did not once, at that time, enter into his conception, that the organization of ruin which he was celebrating as 'a glorious fabric' of liberty, was essentially made up of instability and rottenness; that, having risen like an exhalation, like an exhalation it would vanish; and that it was to be succeeded by a structure, more terrifically durable, indeed, but of which the foundations should be laid in the depths of popular debasement, and which should be 'glorious' only to a tyrant.

But if Mr. Fox foretold the ultimate discomfiture of the coalition, as well before as after our ministers had declared themselves in favour of that alliance, and, indeed, more plainly before than after, with what fairness, it may be asked, can his auguries be ascribed to a party-feeling against the ministers, or classed under the general head of *Opposition-croakings*? With none, perhaps, if they preceded, not only our entrance into the coalition, but all prospect or surmise of our entering it; a point of fact, on which we are not competent to speak. The surmise might, perhaps do something; and, previously to the surmise, a vague inclination to what seemed formed for the popular side of the question, might, with a member of opposition, do something also. But, though we think both suppositions plausible, and though, to all merely general encomiums on the *Cassandrian* forebodings of Mr. Fox, it seemed to us fair to oppose a general intimation that a losing party is naturally disposed to ill omens, we are far from denying that, independently of all such

such considerations, Mr. Fox might feel an inherent bias in favour of the French Revolution. The truth we believe to have been, that his views of that event were greatly swayed by his recollections respecting another memorable revolution which had occurred within the term of his parliamentary life. The profound attention with which he had, for many years, watched the course of the conflict between Great Britain and her colonies, appears to have bound fast, in his mind, the idea of revolution with those of holy warfare and blood-bought liberty. He remembered how truly, in that case, Lord Chatham had forewarned the British cabinet that ‘three millions of whigs’ would be found unconquerable; and imagined that, to apply the precedent to the instance before him, he had merely to substitute twenty-six millions for three. He spoke of the ‘glorious fabric’ of the French revolution, but he had in his thoughts only the glorious fabric of American independence.

If it should be said that, in hoping so well of the result of the grand experiment made in France, the sagacity of this great man was warped by his generous philanthropy and his ardour for freedom, this is to pay him a compliment, perhaps, but it is directly to give up his sagacity, which is every thing in dispute. If it should be contended, (as it will hardly now be contended,) that his hopes would have been justified, if war had not disturbed the process of the grand experiment in question, this again is, in effect, to give up his sagacity, because, in the case supposed, such disturbance ought to have constituted a part of his prophetic vision. But whatever praises we yield to the foresight which Mr. Fox discovered on this occasion, he must share them, as we have already hinted, with the *opposing* politicians, in general, of that day, whether they were anti-monarchical or simply anti-ministerial. All said, or sung, that France would be externally strong, because they believed that she would be, or rather was, internally free. All, therefore, gave this common token of their proficiency in the occult art, that, as they were altogether wrong in their premises, they must have been right, we presume, in their conclusion by preternatural intelligence. Of course, we mean not to impute to these parties any farther similarity of views, than such as would just collect them together within the generic description which we have given.

It will not be supposed that we intend to deny to Mr. Fox the credit of political penetration, because we regard him as having been, in this instance, deceived. In this instance, indeed, every statesman was deceived, of every party. The proper inquiry, as in one place, Philopatrius, notwithstanding his partiality to Mr. Fox, with great truth and candour observes, is, Who among our countrymen was the least wrong? ‘Quis est tam Lynceus (as his quotation aptly expresses it,) qui tantis tenebris nihil offendat, nusquam

incurrat?' Strewed, as the area of Europe appears at this moment, with wrecks of the fairest hopes, and glittering fragments of the most brilliant prophecies, we have only to contemplate, in silent resignation, the effects of that tremendous storm, which has at once confounded the strength of the strong, and made foolish the wisdom of the wise.

We should be disposed to close, in this place, our strictures on the letter of Philopatris, were it possible to leave altogether unnoticed some personal questions into which it very diffusely enters. While the author generally treats the memory of Mr. Pitt with respect, and almost with kindness, of Mr. Burke he uniformly expresses himself with profound admiration, indeed, for his genius, but with a strong personal dislike and disesteem. These sentiments towards Mr. Burke, he caught, we fear, from Mr. Fox, whose love and veneration for the political instructor of his youth, latterly gave place to feelings of a far less complacent nature. This change in the sentiments of Mr. Fox is well known not to have been unprovoked; but the more immediate cause of it we first learned from the following passage, which, amidst the dearth of anecdote that distinguishes this book, is doubly interesting, although to a benevolent mind it will suggest some painful reflections.

'But mark, I beseech you, the behaviour of the two men—Mr. Burke not only ceased to act with Mr. Fox, but had begun, aye, and continued to vilify him—Mr. Fox, on the other hand, continued to speak with tenderness of Mr. Burke's former friendship in public, and in private; he deplored, but rarely censured the political change of Mr. Burke; he praised Mr. Burke's intellectual endowments, mourned for his domestic loss, and left, as long as was possible, an opening for personal reconciliation. Closed it was not, till the charge of a 'high treasonable misdemeanor in Russia,' demonstrated the bitterness of Mr. Burke's resentment, and the restlessness of his hostility—That charity which had endured many other things, could not patiently endure this one most deliberate wrong.'—Vol. i. p. 288.

Tum demùm assurgunt iræ; insidiisque subactus—the altered dispositions of Mr. Fox towards his early friend are discovered, where we could hardly have expected to trace them, in his posthumous work. No reader of the smaller fragments which make a part of that work, can have failed to observe the allusion involved in the sneer on those statesmen who maintain 'the pride of submission and the dignity of obedience,' nor, we hope, to have heaved a sigh over the sad mortality of human attachments.

'The charge of a high treasonable misdemeanor in Russia' occurs in Mr. Burke's *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority in 1793*. The chagrin which that tract seems to have cost Mr. Fox, would naturally give it a 'bad eminence' in the eyes of his friends;

friends; and Philopatris, accordingly, has made it the ground-work of a *diatribe*, twenty pages long, against its author. On the political discussions which the work is calculated to provoke, we shall resist the temptation of venturing ourselves; but we must observe that Philopatris has very injuriously, though, we presume, not intentionally, misrepresented the circumstances of its first appearance. • The truth is, that it was written by Mr. Burke exclusively for the use of some of his private friends, and by him was never published at all; that a person employed to transcribe it having treacherously sent it to the press, in a mangled state, and under a false title; and three thousand copies having been circulated past recal, it became necessary for Mr. Burke to present it to the world in a correct form; a task, which he projected, but, as we understand the Editor of Mr. Burke's works to say, did not live to accomplish. Such is the account given by the learned and able Editor, and, as it strikes us, satisfactorily made out, but which, if not admitted, ought surely to be disproved. It is, however, strongly confirmed by internal evidence arising from the Observations themselves. It can hardly be thought, for example, that the very free strictures, which occur in the course of them, on the conduct of Mr. Pitt, were intended for the public eye; and, least of all, can this be thought by those who imagine that one main object of Mr. Burke's later political life, was to conciliate the party in power.

With what justice, then, can Doctor Parr represent Mr. Burke as having '*endeavoured to convict*' Mr. Fox '*of a high treasonable misdemeanor?*' What becomes of his assertion, that '*the effects intended*' by this work, were '*to blacken Mr. Fox with indelible disgrace in the mind of the king, the parliament, and the country?*' What credit is to be attached to his renewed declaration, that the '*representations*' of Mr. Burke '*issued from the press, and to the press they were sent, after much deliberation, and in a very offensive form?*' Or whence has he learned, that Mr. Burke '*meant to publish the work in question, that he suffered it to be published, that he himself republished it?*' For all this information our author is indebted, we suppose, merely to that loose hearsay, which he professedly quotes as his authority, when he describes the tract of Mr. Burke as

'A pamphlet *said* to have been enlarged and shortened, corrected and re-corrected, during a long and agonizing struggle between rage without fortitude, and self-reproof without self-command; where many changes *reported* to have been made in the matter, and the style, indicated no change in the vindictive purpose of the writer—against one, whose courteous and affectionate proposal for an interview, he is *said* to have rejected, on the approach of those awful moments, when the interrupted or forfeited endearments of friendship are regretted most painfully,

fully,' 'and when the good and the bad are alike anxious to forgive and be forgiven, before they go hence and be no more seen.'—*Said!—Reported!—*

But it seems that Mr. Burke, long after all connection between him and Mr. Fox had ceased, spoke of that gentleman to a friend (we collect that it was Sir James Mackintosh,) as a man 'born to be loved.' When he thus praised a person, whose friendship he had discarded, and whom he had accused of a high treasonable misdemeanor, if not of treason, he, according to the inference of Philopatris, passed a virtual sentence of condemnation on his own conduct. In this inference, however, there manifestly is no conclusiveness, unless the laudatory expression used by Mr. Burke necessarily implies *moral* approbation; which, in popular acceptance, we humbly conceive that it does not. A man born to be loved, is a man whom nature has endowed with singularly amiable dispositions. The question then is, whether a man, whom nature has endowed with singularly amiable dispositions, may not commit high treason; a question, which we should feel little difficulty in resolving.

We need not meddle farther with this contest, so to term it, between the memories of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox. Political questions, indeed, of whatever kind, it is far from our wish to meet in this place. In our remarks on the letter of Philopatris, it has been our general object to confine ourselves, as much as possible, to the consideration of Mr. Fox's intellectual powers, and to leave untouched his moral and political character. Only, the connexion between intellect and political qualifications is so intimate that, on this side, we found it impossible not to relax our rule. To this letter we now bid adieu, and, with it, to the first volume of the 'Characters.' But there is yet much behind. *Insequitur nimbus pedutum.* A thick cloud of annotations follows; or, if after the example of the learned authority whom we are reviewing, we may be indulged in a quibble, (an *amphibolia*, as he himself and Quintilian would say,) we might not unaptly call it a thick *volume* of annotations. Virgil, however, was content with mentioning his *cloud of foot* in the mass; and, considering the length of what we have already written, we may surely suffer our voluminous notes to pass on in undistinguished nebulosity.

Yet *one* note, to which we casually alluded in the early part of this article, on the criminal laws of Great Britain, is too long, too good, and too odd, to be dismissed, without at least, some slight mention. It is full of severe, though apparently fair comments on the rigour of our penal code; and the good sense and humanity which Dr. Parr discovers in his criticisms on that code, can only be rivalled by his simplicity in recommending that it should be forthwith abrogated by one sweeping enactment. He attempts to secure, indeed, this plan

plan against the charge of rashness, by adding that the stoppage of the old laws may be instantaneously succeeded by a relay of fresh ones, previously prepared and accoutred. But this expedient, while it would undoubtedly save us from that last of evils, an utter want of laws, would evidently confirm to us the scarcely less evil of a sudden change of system. Between a new code and no code, there is a mere trifle to chuse. Our author, however, is impatient that something should be done. He seems alarmed lest his country should be left last in the race of humanity, and not a little discomposed that the despotic government of Russia should have 'stept before our own free government in the mitigation of capital punishment.' On this precedent, he would probably have laid less stress, had he recollected that the despotic government of Russia has substituted, for the horrid abomination of capital punishments, the mild and parental discipline of *knouting* delinquents to death.

Without entering on the multifarious contents of this note, we will select from it a morsel so characteristic of Philopatris, that the reader can hardly fail to be amused with it. It must be premised that the author is sketching the portraits of three English judges of his own time, though not now living.

'With learning, taste, and genius, which adorned the head, but improved not the heart, one of them was a sober, subtle, inexorable interpreter and enforcer of sanguinary statutes. With a ready memory, keen penetration, barren fancy, vulgar manners, and infuriate passions, another indulged himself in the gibberish of a canting fanatic, and the ravings of an angry scold, before trembling criminals. With sagacity enough to make the worse appear the better cause to superficial hearers, and with hardihood enough not to profess much concern for the bodies of men, or their souls, the third carried about him an air, sometimes of wanton dispatch, and sometimes of savage exultation, when he immolated hecatombs at the altar of public justice. Armed with 'giant strength,' and accustomed 'so use it like a giant,' these protectors of our purses transferred to thievery that severity which the court of Areopagus employed only against cut-throats, and they did so, where judges were not bound by a *peculiar*, direct, and sacred oath adapted to the *peculiar character of the tribunal*, and where offenders had not the chance, as among the Athenians, of a more favourable issue from appeals to *Thesmothetæ*, nor that privilege of going before trial into voluntary exile, which, on the first institution of this court, had been granted to them by legislators, who εἶθ' Ἡρώες ἦσαν, εἶτε θεοὶ, ἢ ἐπιδέγντο τοῖς ἀτυχήμασιν, ἀλλ' ἀνθρωπίνως ἐπεκέφισαν, εἰς ὅσον εἶχε καλῶς, τὰς συμφορὰς.'

'If a Βῶμος Ελέα, like that at Athens, had been placed in the avenue to our English courts, these δικασπίλοι ἄνδρες would have differed from each other in their outward demeanor, and yet have remained equally guiltless of 'bearing the sword in vain.' *Elaphocardius*, upon approaching the hallowed spot, might have paused for a second, winced under

under a slight stroke of rebuke from the monitor within, and quietly sneaked by on the other side. *Cardamoglyphus* would have wrung his hands, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveness to himself as a miserable sinner, and before sunset would have boasted of 'not being as other men are,' regraters, sabbath-breakers, libertines, and more especially, as that execrable criminal who stood before him at the bar. But the steps of *Cynopes* would not have been turned aside to the right hand or to the left; his eye would have darted upon the emblems of the altar with a glare of fierce disdain; he would negligently have swept the base of it with the skirts of his robe; he would have laughed inwardly at the qualms of one of his compeers, and scoffed without disguise at the mummeries of the other.'—Vol. ii. p. 344.

It will be remembered that we before took the liberty of describing Doctor Parr, as a sort of *rhetorical thinker*; and we appeal to the reader whether that description does not exactly apply to the passage which he has just been perusing. On a subject, in itself most solemn, and which the author evidently regards with the most suitable feelings; it is infinitely curious to see him thus frisking about in mere classical wantonness, digging this unfortunate trio out of their graves, calling them by hard Greek names, then dragging them away to that dismal old court of Areopagus, and straightway sacrificing them on the altar of mercy. Perhaps, indeed, we ought to have represented him, rather as dragging the Areopagus to them; for there seems to be, in this instance, as wilful and determined an introduction of a classical reference as ever converted a passage into nonsense. The peculiarity of the oath to which, as we believe, Philopatriss alludes, and which, in his opinion, so much tended to impress those who took it, exclusively respected the mode of its administration. It was taken on the intestines* of a boar, a ram, and a bull. Now we really have great doubts, whether our judges of assize would feel their consciences much impressed by being sworn before a butcher, according to this ancient fashion. It would be just as much, and perhaps rather more to the purpose, to swear them on their own furs and sheep-skins. To be serious,—in what manner or degree can the *obligation* of an oath be affected by its deep colouring, or tragical accompaniments; by the direness of its imprecations, or the solemnities amidst which it is administered? In none surely, excepting to those casuists who are apt to measure their moral liberty, not by the length, but by the strength of the tether that binds them. Such a rule of measurement, however, is seldom avowed, even by those who use it, and nothing but the pure accident of being absorbed in Greek, could have made an honest man slip into a justification of it.

* Τα τόσσα—

Since this piece of learning is useless, and worse than useless, there is the less necessity for observing that it seems erroneous. It does appear to us, however, that Doctor Parr must have strangely misread a passage of Demosthenes, a part of which he subsequently quotes, and from which, as we imagine, all this account of the peculiar oath of an Areopagite is taken. In that passage there is, indeed, a peculiar oath mentioned; but it is the oath imposed, not on the judges, but on the parties * who entered the Areopagus, either to be tried or to prosecute. No oath peculiar to the court is mentioned by Demosthenes. And since we are on this subject, we may state here another point of difference between the learned annotator and his authority. The annotator speaks of the privilege which persons accused in the court of Areopagus enjoyed, 'of going *before* trial into voluntary exile;' whereas, from the authority we learn only that the accused party might go into exile, '*after he had made his first defence.*'† These privileges are not necessarily one and the same thing. If the liberty of escaping *after* the first defence might be supposed to include the liberty of escaping *before* it, at least it should have been distinctly explained, that the existence of the latter privilege was asserted merely as a matter of inference from that of the former.

Of the other notes of Philopatrís, we cannot help particularizing one which treats of the degree in which the practice of infanticide prevailed among the ancient Greeks, and particularly among the Athenians. Although the evidence which the author has collected on the subject, is not altogether complete,‡ we were much entertained

* —ἐῖ τινα ἀδικώμενος ἐγγράσθαι τι τοιοῦτον. Ἐπ' οὐδὲ κατὰ τυχόντά τιν' ὄρκεν τοῦτο ποιήσειν ἀλλ' οὐκ. τ. λ. —Demosth. contr. Arist.

τῷ δὲ φεύγοντι, τὰ μὲν τῆς διαμυσίας τοιαῦτα. —Ibid.

† —τὸν πρότερον δὲ ἔξεστιν εἰπόντα λόγον, μεταστῆναι. —Ibid.

‡ Since, in referring to the Hecyra of Terence, Doctor Parr has resorted to *indirect* evidence on the subject of ancient infanticide, (for, in the Hecyra, no child is actually exposed,) we are surprised that he did not complete this head of evidence, which, indeed, as to the general existence of the crime, is just as good evidence as could be obtained. We subjoin three or four passages of this class from the Latin comic poets; most of them relating to Athens, one to Thebes. It may be observed, by the way, that, for very obvious reasons, the comic poets are more competent witnesses as to the customs or manners of the Athenians, than as to those of most other nations.

'Nam inceptio est amentium, haud amantium;

'Quicquid peperisset, decreverunt tollere. —Andr. Act. i. Sc. 3.

And, again, in a dialogue between Pamphilus and Davus,

Pa. 'Nam pollicitus sum suscepturum. Dav. O facinus audax! Pa. Hanc fidem

'Sibi, me obsecravit, qui se sciret non deserturum, ut darem. —Act. ii. Sc. 3.

From what admirable motives did these parents save the life of their new-born infant! The following lines are from the Truculentus of Plautus. Phronesium speaks.

'Nunc huc remisit nuper ad me epistolam,

'Sese experturum quanti sese penderem,

'Si, quod peperissem, id educarem et tollerem,

'Bona sua me habiturum omnia. —Act. ii. Sc. 4.

tained with his note, and regard it as a specimen of sound learning agreeably applied to the elucidation of an interesting point in the history of the species. In terms of almost equal commendation should we be apt to describe the critical observations, replete with various information, which Philopatriss offers on the historical work of Mr. Fox. But our space is limited; and even were it otherwise, it might be advisable for us to avoid the risk of surfeiting the reader with a subject, which already forms the ground-work of an article * in our present number. Nor shall we fatigue him with any detailed account of our annotator's *thesis* on the Catholic emancipation, a thesis which, from its length (for we have not read it,) we should conjecture to contain succinct histories of all the Popes; nor of his lively, but not very polite comparison of Mr. Percival to an owl; nor of his endless guesses about the meaning of some passage in the British Critic, which he is forced, after all, to give up as hopeless; nor finally, of his curious attack on Joanna Southcote, Mr. Percival, Jacob Boehman, the Methodists, and various other orders of Christians, all of whom he classes together, and overwhelms under a shower of heathen Greek.

We have been prolix. We will, however, somewhat aggravate our fault, and shall perhaps add to it another, by making bold to subjoin a few words of remonstrance to our author. Though we have been somewhat diverted by his singularities, we have the deepest respect for his learning, and ardently wish that, instead of only occasionally bestowing a few dazzling glimpses of it on the world, he would cause it to shine with a steady and beneficial lustre. It is lamentable that a scholar, surpassing, perhaps, by some of his contemporaries in the art of verbal criticism, but to whom probably Europe could furnish no equal in valuable and elegant classical knowledge, should be celebrated chiefly as a sort of walking *dictionary of quotations*. Doctor Parr, we doubt not, amuses his vacant hours

From the prologue and other parts of the *Truculentus*, it appears that the scene of its action was in Athens; which is also notoriously the case with the *Andria*. Both, therefore, furnish us with evidence as to the prevalence of infanticide in that city; though both indirectly, as in both a reason is given why an infant should *not* be exposed.

In the *Amphitryon*, Jupiter is introduced thus addressing Alcmena.

—menses jam tibi actos vides:

‘Mihi necesse est ire hinc; verum quod erit natum, tollito.’—Act. i. Sc. 3.

But the scene of this play not being laid in Athens, and its action being supposed to take place in the fabulous ages, nothing can be safely concluded from it, excepting as to the general feelings of the ancients on the practice to which Jupiter is introduced as indirectly alluding. In fact, when Plautus wrote, infanticide was prohibited at Thebes by law.

To the other sort of infanticide mentioned by Doctor Parr, a strong allusion occurs in the *Truculentus*; Artaphium is speaking of Phronesium.

‘Celabat, metuebatque te illa, ne sibi persuaderes

‘Ut abortioni operam daret, puerumque ut euocaret.’—Act. i. Sc. 2.

* Rose's Observations on Fox's history.

with

with useful literary research; and surely it is not too much to ask, that the public may sometimes be admitted into his study. Such disquisitions as that which he has given us on ancient infanticide, are important as well as interesting; and of such the author, to whom the labour of writing seems as nothing, might prepare for the press a whole *silva*, at no other expence than the trouble (to him, indeed, perhaps a grievous one,) of selection. This undertaking we suggest, because it is the very utmost of which we are sanguine enough to expect the accomplishment; but, if a choice of requests were allowed us, we should assuredly be tempted to beg for something of a more regular cast and a higher nature. An exposition, for example, either partial or general, of the technology of the old Greek philosophers, is one among many tasks, not distantly connected with the illustration of great truths to which the talents and acquirements of Doctor Parr appear peculiarly well adapted. If he would embark in some such labour, and would, in the course of it, steadily avoid digression, abstain from attitudinizing, and abjure antithesis, we should not doubt of his 'leaving something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.' With respect to some of the works which he has already written,—we say this to the reproach, not of his powers, but of his application of them,—it is much to be feared that *aftertimes* will hardly have the opportunity of exercising their volition on the subject.

ART. XV. *Letters from a late Eminent Prelate to one of his Friends.* Kidderminster. 4to. pp. 380, and 8vo. pp. 510. London. Cadell and Davies.

'A Man of eminence owes it to himself, to put together, all such letters and papers as he would wish to have preserved, and to destroy the rest. There is otherwise no security against the folly or indiscretion of those, into whose hands they may afterwards come.' This sound advice was given to Warburton by the venerable Bishop to whom we owe the present publication; and his apparent neglect of it, adds, in our opinion, a new argument in favour of its justice. There are grounds, undeniably, that may warrant the publication of private correspondence, even where it is impossible to learn the writer's wishes. Letters, like those of Cicero for example, which throw important light on the history and politics of the age; or which bear intrinsic marks of excellence as compositions, like those of Pliny and Pope; or which unite a portion of both these merits, as, among many others, those of Lady Wortley Montague and Madame de Sevigné: carry with them

a reason

a reason and an excuse for their publication. The letters before us, however, possess none of these qualities in any considerable degree. Too hasty to be elegant, too violent to be amiable, too personal to be generally interesting; even though they abound with proofs of a bold imagination, and a mind stored with various learning, what can they add to the fame of Warburton, whose erudition, acuteness, vigour, and luxuriant fancy, his bitterest enemies never ventured to decry?

The Bishop, however, assigns as his own reason for presenting these letters to the world, that 'they give a true picture of the writer's character, and are besides, worthy of him in all respects.' To the first of these praises they have an undoubted claim. And if it was before insufficiently known, that the principal features of Warburton's character were intolerance of opinion, and energy of mind; warm* friendship, and vehement animosity; these letters may be said to draw an original portrait. But in fact, this portrait was already in the possession of all the readers of his works. His character was already descending to posterity, as 'uniting a most vigorous and comprehensive intellect with an open and generous heart: as zealous and constant in friendship, as choleric, but not implacable in enmity.'† Warburton was incapable of disguise; and disclosed his sentiments to the public almost as fearlessly as he addressed his friend.

But though we deny the necessity, advantage, or policy of introducing again upon the stage Warburton's 'hardy opposition to the general sense of mankind,'‡ we are nevertheless tempted to stop and admire a character so wholly and altogether literary: especially as this character is particularly drawn out by the nature of the correspondence before us. Warburton, it would seem, had attained a certain age and a considerable reputation, without finding in any one, even in Dr. Balguy, such kindred pursuits and studies, that he could communicate in unreserved openness, his literary projects and opinions. At length, in 1749, Mr. Hurd, then resident at Cambridge, sent him a copy of his critique on Horace's *Ars Poetica*. He 'became on a sudden his acquaintance, his correspondent, and his friend.'§ Warburton, even in the formation of his attachments displaying his constitutional ardour, passes over all the uninteresting detail of compliments and introductions which

* It is just to observe, that many instances of this, approaching even to tenderness, may be selected from these letters. See particularly letter 107, 231, 240, 257. But the best proof was long ago before the public, in the second and third of his *Letters to Lowth*.

† Tracts by a Warburtonian, p. 156.

‡ Leland Diss. p. 41.

§ See Let. 92.

usually pave the way to familiarity, and rushes at once into intimacy with the Cambridge critic, his admirer.

From this period Warburton, with the alacrity of a person who, after some tedious confinement is restored to a congenial air, breathes out to his friend, in a very unremitting correspondence, his sentiments and plans, his bitter and affectionate feelings, with all the confidence of early intimacy. Those to whom the literary and controversial history of the times is familiar, will read with interest the contemporary remarks which at once recal the books, the events and the characters to which they allude. We transcribe a specimen of this almost graphic illustration.

‘Have you seen Lord Hallifax’s book of Maxims. He was the ablest man of business in his time. You will not find the depth of Rochfoucault’s nor his malignity. Licence enough, as to Religion. They are many of them very solid, and I persuade myself were made occasionally, as the affairs of those times occurred, while he was in business. And we lose half their worth by not knowing the occasions. Several of them are the commonest thoughts, or most obvious truths, prettily turned: some, still lower, pay us with the jingling of sound for sense.

‘Bp. Berkley, of Ireland, has published a thing of a very different sort, but much in the same form, which he calls *Queries*, very well worth attending to by the Irish nation. He is indeed a great man, and the only visionary I ever knew that was.

‘I suppose this shallow dirty Brooke* you have been dabbling in may fancy me to be the author of a foolish pamphlet writ against him. I know some of Dr. M.’s friends suspected me to be the author. I have heard it was the Lay-Dodwell’s. If this be Brooke’s ground of abuse, he does me much less honour than Weston did.

‘Pray once more let me know that you are in earnest with your plan, and believe me to be, &c.’

‘P. S. Pray did you feel either of these earthquakes? They have made Whiston ten times madder than ever. He went to an ale-house at Mile-End to see one, who, it was said, had predicted the earthquakes. The man told him it was true, and that he had it from an Angel. Whiston rejected this as apochryphal. For he was well assured that, if the favour of this secret was to be communicated to any one, it would be to himself. He is so enraged at Middleton, that he has just now quarreled down right with the Speaker for having spoke a good word for him many years ago in the affair of the Mastership of the Charter-House. The Speaker the other day sent for him to dinner, he said he would not come. His Lady sent, he would not come. She went to him and clambered up into his garret to ask him about the earthquake. He told her, madam, you are a virtuous woman, you need not fear, none but the wicked will be destroyed. You will escape.

* Mr. Zachary Brooke, of St. John’s College, Cambridge. H.

I would not give the same promise to your husband.—What will this poor nation come to! In the condition of troops between two fires; the madness of irreligion and the madness of fanaticism.'—p. 33.

Interest of this kind is the charm of the collection; and will not be undervalued by those who are pleased with the anatomy of an energetic and literary mind. But it could only have been disguised from the partiality of friendship, that the very fidelity of delineation, whence our interest arises, endangers the character of Warburton. Letters like these, in the truest sense, 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires,' subject the writer, and not his style, to criticism: and it is forgotten, while the torch of controversy burns before us, that the same ardent mind which kindled it, was ever susceptible of the pure flame of friendship, and shone with a steady light in the cause of religion. He must be an unusually accurate composer, who entrusts his rough draft to the public eye; and that heart unusually pure, whose secret workings are disclosed. Every man has indeed an undoubted right to make his own confession to the world, with the severity, if he is so inclined, of Cardan, the solemnity of Pascal, or the tremendous fidelity of Rousseau; but we cannot think every man's friend at liberty to make this confession for him, or to deem it an 'honour to his memory' to divulge his private thoughts and feelings. And if we needed not, as has been already hinted, proofs of the ready learning, the fertile wit, or the originality of Warburton; still less needed we, to complete the 'picture of his character,' additional testimony of his irascibility, arrogance, and pertinacity of opinion. The public, it should be remembered, are impartial spectators; and do not sympathize, as Dr. Smith has taught us, with those hasty effusions of spleen, envy, contempt, or anger, which a man of ardent temper pours out to his intimate friend, but checks in presence of a stranger. Passages of this impetuous nature are scattered throughout the work; and in justification of our censure, we should be tempted to exhibit a few of them, did we not feel a kind of reluctance to aid the propagation of what, in our hearts we highly disapprove.—We have yet stronger objections to the levities upon sacred subjects, which occasionally occur; and sincerely regret that the editor was not so just to himself or so generous to his friend, as to suppress the letters in which they are found.

But we have farther grounds of dissent from the partial judgment, that held these letters in all respects worthy of their writer. The prevalent subject which meets us at every page, is controversy. Now it cannot honour the memory of the author of the *Divine Legation*, to revive the adversary of Jortin, and the antagonist of Lowth. It is derogatory to his fame, to represent to posterity as an angry disputant, the man whom posterity should admire as the sturdy defender

defender of Revelation. Had indeed that vehemence of temper, which distinguished Warburton in his controversial writings, been directed against the enemies of religion alone, it would rather have discredited his judgment, than stained his reputation. On this matter he has said, with some justice, in his own defence, 'What must an indifferent person think of a world, by profession Christian, of so exceeding delicate a feeling, as to be less scandalized at three or four bulky volumes of red hot impiety, than at the cool contempt of such an insult in a defender of the religion of his country?*' For, with respect to Bolingbroke, whose system, if it deserves the name, would break down all moral, as well as all religious sanctions; and who had entered the lists, by stigmatising divines in the lump as 'fools, knaves, cheats, madmen, impostors, and blasphemers;' and as 'in general much fitter to hinder by their example, than to promote by their doctrine the advancement of religion, natural or revealed;' and Hume,† who had termed Judaism 'one of the most absurd and unphilosophical superstitions which have yet been known in the world:' it must surely be confessed on all sides that they had no *claim* to civility or moderation, who had shewn so little: and indeed it was particularly acknowledged that Bolingbroke had deserved any severity from Warburton, whom he had personally ill used, and who was 'a member of that order which he had treated in the like manner.'‡ But if the question be turned from justice to policy, we would use 'gentleness' as our strongest 'enforcement.' First, because warm expression will be malignantly ascribed to personal pique, or bigotry, or any thing except earnestness in the cause, by those who cannot conceive sincere warmth on the subject of religion: Secondly, because vehemence in argument will be attributed to weakness of reasoning, and by affording this objection to an adversary, will supply, like the Pelian spear, a cure to a wound otherwise irremediable. On this account it is better to sustain the charge of lukewarmness from the over zealous, than to receive the praise of zeal at the expense of the interests of religion.

If however it is indiscreet, though perhaps pardonable to resent with vehemence the injuries of a sacred cause, what must we think of the intolerance which treats as personal enemies the adversaries of indifferent opinions? Warburton seems to have considered the ground which he had chosen to argue and reason upon, as conse-

* Apology for two first letters to Bolingbroke.

† In the first edition of his essays, under the title of 'A Treatise on Human Nature.' This censure was subsequently confined to modern Judaism. In that publication Hume provoked a treatment, which his caution afterwards would not have demanded.

‡ See the anonymous letter, contained in the apology.

crated to his use ; to have attacked without ceremony all who ventured to approach that magic circle. To differ respecting the age and nature of the book of Job, and the sixth book of Virgil, was heretical in Lowth, and criminal in Jortin : nor was Leland permitted to maintain the undisturbed possession of his opinion, concerning a subject so open and general as the nature of eloquence. It has been said, that when, as in solitude, ' we are apt to feel too strongly whatever relates to ourselves ; to over-rate the good offices we may have done, and the injuries we have suffered ; the conversation of a friend brings us to a better temper.*' It is to the praise of Hurd, that while he exposes to censure the ' departed excellence' of his friend, he has not concealed from posterity that he himself fostered that trembling sensibility to the breath of opposition, which it was rather his duty to repress, as being Warburton's characteristic failing. The Dissertation on the delicacy of friendship, and the letter to Leland, are here for the first time formally acknowledged : and the style in which they are written gives too just foundation to that accusation of petulance, urged by Hume against the Warburtonian school. Dr. Hurd indeed, in all his works, has shewn himself a correct, rather than a vigorous writer ; and fonder of recurring to the critical examination of particular passages, than is suitable to the conductor of a general argument. We have no wish to disturb the ashes of the dead ; and are contented to abide by the public voice, which determined, that if Jortin had offended, his demerits were so overpaid as to turn the balance of opinion in his favour : and that Dr. Hurd had as little reason to look back with satisfaction on his contest with Leland, as either Lowth or Warburton on their personal hostility, in which, says Johnson, both were very abusive, with very little argument on either side. .

From these unworthy controversies, which seem to be occasionally required by literature, to carry off her superabundant humours, we revert with pleasure to Warburton's great work, ' The Divine Legation ;' in which Learning appears in her natural character, supplying such arms to Genius, as only Genius could wield. The tempest of discordant censure and adulation with which this performance was ushered into the world, has been succeeded by a calm which is as much more conducive to a true appreciation of the merits of the book, as it is more congenial to the cause which the writer defends. No one now reads Warburton, who is not able to read him dispassionately, neither dazzled by the splendid array of his authorities, nor frightened by the boldness and novelty of his arguments. The book, which was never written for the

* Smith's History of Moral Sentiments.

multitude, now holds its proper place on the shelf of the learned divine; who though reserving his own opinion as to the subordinate branches of the argument, and by no means disposed 'jurare in verba magistri,' wonders equally at the timidity which could fear the recoil of the reasoning, and at the superficial judgment which mistook originality for absurdity.

Nothing has been more prejudicial to the author of 'The Divine Legation,' than the idea that he confined the credibility of the Jewish revelation, to the truth and force of his individual argument. Revelation may say with the poet,

Πολλα μοι ὑπ' ἀγκω-
-νος ὤκεα βελη
Εἰδὸν ἐντὶ φαρείρας
Φωναντὶα συνέλοισιν· ἐς
Δε το παν, ἐρμηνεων
Χαλίζει.

The divine commission of Moses will stand confirmed by the internal evidence;—we mean by the confident authority with which the lawgiver, in that early age, and to that unsettled, unlearned people, proclaims the Being and Unity of God; by the fearlessness with which he founds his laws upon this conviction, and refers them to this original; by the manifest and uniform consciousness that the truth he proceeded upon had been miraculously proved to the satisfaction of the people he was addressing:—by this, collaterally supported as it is by the whole history of the Jewish nation, the divine commission of the legislator will stand confirmed to all who are able to judge of such a basis, and willing to examine it,

Ες' αὖν ὕδωρ τε ρέη, καὶ δένδρεα μακρὰ τεθλη.

But as there must always be many, who are more easily captivated by the specious objections which appear upon the surface, than guided by the truths that lie below, the Jewish revelation has been frequently assailed, because it was supported by other sanctions than those which arise from the doctrine of the soul's immortality: a doctrine, which, as all who are conversant with antiquity must allow, has obtained its universality from the Christian dispensation; and which the adversaries of all revelations, with no great fairness or consistency, have borrowed for the purpose of discrediting the Hebrew code. Bolingbroke began the charge, by observing, that 'One cannot see without surprise a doctrine so useful to all religions, and therefore incorporated into all the systems of Paganism, left wholly out of that of the Jews.'—(V. 5. p. 240.) 'We might naturally expect,' says Gibbon, in his usual insidious tone, 'that a principle so essential to religion would have been revealed in the clearest terms to the people of Palestine; and that it might

might safely have been entrusted to the hereditary priesthood of Aaron. It is incumbent on us to adore the mysterious dispensations of Providence, when we discover that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is omitted in the law of Moses.* The argument of 'The Divine Legation' is specifically directed against this objection; and the force of the shaft, striking upon this shield of Ajax, is not only repelled, but retorted upon the assailants.

That the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is no less useful to the practical legislator than to the philosophic theist, is abundantly shewn by Warburton, both from the professed object of legislation, and from the limitations of its power. Those in fact who deny it, must either affirm that the doctrine has no tendency to discourage vice, and promote virtue; or that the legislator is indifferent to the virtuous or vicious habits of his community. No one, we conceive, will be hardy enough to maintain the first of these propositions. With respect to the second, it is no doubt true that the legislator has no concern with virtue and vice, morally considered. But as it has proved the result of experience that a community is happy in proportion as it conforms to the great rules of morality, that vice and disorder, virtue and order are inseparable companions, the lawgiver having, as is supposed, the welfare of his community at heart, must encourage virtue by all the means in his power, and restrain vice by whatever punishments it is within his views of expediency to threaten. The legislator however, though he threatens delinquents, is so far unlike the executioner, who is said to delight in vice, because it affords him an opportunity of punishing, that he never wishes to have recourse to the terrors of the law. He knows that of ten offences which are committed, scarcely one will be disclosed to justice; that punishment therefore affords a very inadequate security against the frequency of crimes, and that the existence of a strong moral sense in the society is more valuable to him than the ingenuity of Perillus, or the power of Phalaris. Accordingly he inflicts punishment, not to avenge the injured person, but to deter the future offender. Having this object alone in view, he will avail himself of the dread of future punishment as his most powerful and naturally, which not only holds over the head of the one discovered offender a fear of punishment beyond the force of human law, but points out to the nine undiscovered offenders an assurance, that the vengeance which is uncertain and tardy on this side the grave, will be swift and certain on the other.

But in the second place, there is a still more important reason, why the lawgiver should desire the aid of religion. It is his interest

to wish not only the absence of vice, but the positive existence of virtue. It is his interest not only that Gaius should be prevented from robbing Titius, but that he should be encouraged to assist him. But there are two obstacles, as fully stated by Warburton, which must always oppose any direct encouragement of private virtue on the part of the state; first, the impossibility of distinguishing it, unless man could fathom the heart, and dive into the motives of his fellow man; and secondly, the impossibility of saying how it shall be rewarded, even when clearly ascertained. The lawgiver, therefore, who called in the terror of future punishment to assist him in what he could effect but imperfectly, calls in the hope of future reward to do for him what he is himself unable to effect at all.

It may be alleged indeed, that such is the natural amiableness of virtue, as to conciliate its proper reward, love and admiration; that benevolence is sufficiently repaid by gratitude, and private justice by public esteem. It is certainly most true, that the favor which virtue commands on earth, is a sort of earnest of God's moral government; 'is a declaration,' as Butler argues, 'from him who is supreme in nature, which side he is of, or what part he takes; a declaration for virtue and against vice.' But is the consequence either universal, or impartial? Is the public voice always just in its applause, or its condemnation? Is the public judgment never perverted by false principles, nor misled by false appearances? As ostentation is often mistaken for charity, is charity, on the other hand, never miscalled ostentation? Does hypocrisy, while it assumes the garb of virtue, never receive its honorable reward? It will not be denied that these instances are most frequent; and every such instance tends to confound the landmarks which ought decisively to separate virtue from vice, if she was to seek no other reward than temporal esteem and approbation. It is manifest too that this approbation would be wholly engrossed by the social virtues, which as they communicate pleasure, have a natural tendency to excite affection. But is the favor of the world so clearly shewn towards temperance and patience, and all the train of silent and unobtrusive virtues which must be cultivated in the individual; which are not blazoned out into public view, but are an affair between man and his own heart: and which by controuling the affections and resisting the first impulse of the passions, check the vices which break the peace of society, and impose restraint not on the hands, but on the mind of the offender? The silent consciousness of well-doing is a powerful principle; but it must sink in spiritless languor, unless supported either by the hope of present justification or future reward.

It is a mere sophism to deny that the vices which violate the rules

of society, are prevented by the hope of reward. Revenge and robbery are among the most flagrant disorders of society, and are excited, it is plain, by the desire of some present gratification. But if a man foregoes the gratification of his revenge, or exchanges his love of plunder for laborious exertion, in the hopes of future recompence, the benefit to the society is direct and obvious. Why human actions should be deprived of the cheering animation of hope; and confined to the servile principle of fear, we should be at a loss to say if we considered the mere reason of the thing; and if we refer to Scripture, we find the hope of a glorious immortality represented as no ignoble motive, either for the encouragement of virtue, or the restraint of vice. We would not however here be misunderstood. We no more intend to assert, than Warburton imagined, that the doctrine of future rewards and punishments is supported by the same arguments which prove its beneficial tendency: much less to represent the necessity of a future state, in order to remedy, as it were, the imperfections of human law. The proper foundation which natural reason affords of such a belief, is the inequality in the conditions of mankind, and the misfortunes into which the best men are sometimes suffered to fall, not only in spite of their virtue, but even in consequence of it. We are not indeed here concerned with the truth of the doctrine, but with its utility. And that legislators have been perfectly sensible of its value, is clear from the example of all antiquity: where we find the same philosophers who were prepared to dispute the doctrine in the academy, maintaining its truth in the forum: and prefacing their laws by an elaborate proof of what their treatises confuted and their practice denied.

How then, says Warburton's argument, does the Hebrew law-giver omit that sanction which the imperfection of human justice requires? And how does he support the strictest moral code which was ever imposed upon the freedom of human actions, without the assistance of a doctrine which was found a necessary prop even to the lax morality of Greek and Rome? By the Theocratic government which was peculiar to the Jews, which being administered by an extraordinary Providence, dispensed, with exact equality, temporal rewards and punishments, both to the community and individuals. It is the government of the world by general laws, which renders a future state necessary to the purposes of justice; because these laws, 'though they usually contribute to the rewarding virtue and punishing vice, as such; yet they often contribute also, not to the inversion of this, which is impossible, but to the rendering persons prosperous, though wicked, afflicted, though righteous; and which is worse, to the rewarding some actions, though vicious, and punishing other actions, though righteous.'—*Butler's Analogy*, b. i, c. 3. From these consequences, the necessary result of general laws, a
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Theocracy or particular providence, like that which governed the Jews, being alone exempted, can alone succeed and flourish without the doctrine of future rewards.

Now we do confess it appears to us to be a very low appreciation of this argument, as it is strengthened by the research, and illustrated by the ingenuity of the Divine Legation, to assert that it sets for ever at rest the particular objection to which it is opposed. 'For if it is indeed proved that the doctrine of a future state is necessary to the well-being of civil society, under the ordinary government of Providence---that all mankind have ever so conceived of the matter---that the Mosaic institution was without this support, and yet that it did not want it:---what follows but that the Jewish affairs were administered by an extraordinary Providence, distributing reward and punishment with an equal hand; and consequently that the mission of Moses was divine?'—*Div. Leg.* b. 6, s. 6. The Jewish religion, say the unbelievers, cannot be of divine authority, because it wants the sanction of future rewards and punishments. The Jewish religion, says the answer to that argument, must have been divine: because it neglected that support which all other lawgivers have caught hold of, and stood without that sanction which all other governments have required. The objection is grounded on a supposed acquaintance with those laws which the Supreme Being must prescribe to himself, in promulgating a revelation of his will: the answer is grounded on the intelligible analogy, which the experience of human actions affords.

We have been led to these general remarks upon the argument of the Divine Legation, not under the idea that its forcible reasonings require any illustration, much less that they can receive any from ours: but rather to recal the attention of the age to the book itself which it has been too much the fashion to condemn without inquiry, and to attack without examination. At the same time we are far from pretending that all the ramifications into which the general argument branches out, are equally sound with the stem from which they proceed. Learning, when it comes to the aid of argument, has much reason often to stop and look round, lest the facility of supporting an opinion should lead to temerity in forming one. For want of this necessary circumspection, the argument of the Divine Legation has lost much of its clearness and something of its vigour from the multiplication of its branches and the exuberance of its foliage. We maintain however,

Pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per aera ramos
Ostendens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram.

No one, we think, will turn from this work to the verbal criticism and personal disputes, which disfigure the controversies of Warburton, and which have been rudely awakened from the sleep that justly awaits

awaits all controversial writings, by the volume before us. Nor will posterity forget the Discourses on Prophecy, and rest the fame of Bishop Hurd on his Seventh Dissertation or Letter to Leland; or even on those respectful compositions addressed to Warburton, with which we are now for the first time presented. To counteract however the impression which this publication may leave, we should wish to add to the frontispiece of these letters, which misjudging friendship intended as a posthumous monument to the author's fame, the inscription of a hand confessedly impartial: 'The dawn of Warburton's fame was overspread with many clouds, which the native force of his mind quickly dispelled. Soon after his emersion from them, he was honoured by the friendship of Pope, and the enmity of Bolingbroke: in the fulness of his meridian glory, he was caressed by Lord Hardwicke and Lord Mansfield; and his setting lustre was viewed with nobler feelings than those of mere forgiveness, by the amiable and venerable Dr. Lowth. Halifax revered him, Balguy loved him, and in two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers.'*

ART. XVI. *Two Letters from the Right Honorable George Canning to the Earl Camden, Lord President of the Council.* 8vo. pp. 31. London. Cadell and Davies.

THE publication on which we are about to offer some observations to our readers, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary in its nature and circumstances, that ever issued from the English press. The attention which its novelty and singularity would alone have been sufficient to excite, is heightened by a consideration of the manner in which the transactions recorded in it, bear not only upon the character of many eminent individuals, but upon the general interests of the country.

However much we may regret the causes which have led to the present publication, and however unwilling we should be to see it established as a principle, that persons who have filled high offices in the state, should be bound to adopt this irregular and extrajudicial mode of justification, we cannot but admit, that preceding publications, upon the same subject, of an equally delicate nature, and coming from avowed authority, and the various misrepresentations founded upon them, may fairly be considered as having extorted from the writer of these letters such a vindication of his character.

The event which has given occasion to these publications, is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of modern times : nor is it easy to find expressions of reprehension sufficiently strong to censure an act, which, in addition to its criminality in a moral and religious point of view, was calculated to produce universal disgust throughout this country ; to lower the reputation of our government in the eyes of Europe ; to afford cause of triumph and exultation to all those who rejoice in the degradation of exalted characters ; and to excite the deepest sorrow and disapprobation, in the mind of every man who is anxious to uphold the respect due to high public station.

However impracticable it may have been found, in any age or country, so far to subdue the private feelings of men, by the precepts of religion, and to subject them to the authority of law, as to prevent individuals from arrogating and exercising the right of seeking or offering reparation for private injuries by the mutual hazard of their lives, we cannot proceed to the discussion of any instance of this sort, without protesting generally against a custom, contrary to every ordinance and obligation human and divine.—Such being our general feeling, it is impossible that we should not mark with peculiar reprobation an instance attended with almost every imaginable circumstance of aggravation. The situation of the persons concerned, bound as they were by their characters as legislators, as magistrates, and as confidential servants of a sovereign conspicuous for morality and piety, to afford an example of strict obedience to the law, and to avoid any occasion of public scandal, necessarily exposes their conduct to peculiar blame, and requires more than ordinary justification. It is also a further aggravation, that such justification could not be produced but by the disclosure of circumstances which are most unfit for public scrutiny and discussion. Such was the character of the letter from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Canning, which has, unfortunately and unaccountably, been made public ; and such must of necessity be, in a great measure, the character of any document by which the allegations of that letter are refuted.

The peculiar blame which, as we have said, arises from the high official situation of the parties concerned, is enhanced, in no small degree, by the consideration that the delay of a few weeks, or perhaps of a few days, would have reduced both the parties to that ordinary level of society, in which their meeting would have been,—not blameless indeed, (for in no case could it be blameless,) but exempt from that particular scandal which it has brought upon this government in the eyes of Europe.

It must be admitted, however, that the criminality which belongs to the choice of the time, must fall exclusively upon the challenger : unless the challenge had been sent under the impulse of unreflecting

reflecting resentment upon some sudden provocation, or conveyed in such terms as might have left to the receiver of it an option as to its immediate acceptance or refusal.

Enemies as we are to this sort of ordeal as a test of character, we cannot be so insensible to the prevailing prejudices of mankind, as not to admit that any individual, (not protected by age, or by profession) who should refuse a summons to that ordeal, would subject himself to imputations, which, whether justly attributable or not to such refusal, a man possessing a high and delicate sense of honour, could not be expected willingly to incur; and we are obliged to confess, that Lord Castlereagh's letter was not framed in such a tone as to make such an exercise of forbearance, on the part of Mr. Canning, very easy. Still, however, we could have wished that the acceptance of the defiance, if accepted it must be, had been qualified by a proposal for postponing the meeting till both parties should have actually quitted the service of the king. But we must admit, at the same time, that as Mr. Canning could not be master of the secret during the interval, he would have subjected himself to the suspicion, if disclosure had taken place, of having proposed delay with a view to the possibility of prevention.

No apology, however, of this kind, occurs to us on behalf of the appellant. His secret was in his own breast; he was at liberty to hasten or to delay the gratification of his intended revenge; the excuse of having acted under the sudden impulse of passion, cannot be pleaded in a case, in which, as it appears, an interval of twelve days elapsed between the provocation and the demand of satisfaction; and certainly it does not appear that this interval was employed in putting that demand into such a shape as to afford the option of an explanatory answer.

Without pretending to be nicely acquainted with the institutes of a code, against the jurisdiction of which we have protested, we nevertheless must assume that the laws of modern honour bear some conformity to the principles of simple equity: and if this be admitted, a demand so peremptory and unconditional as Lord Castlereagh's, would not be justifiable even in a case where the provocation had been so notorious, and of a nature so little doubtful, that the challenger could not by possibility have been liable to mistake, either as to the degree of the offence, or as to the person responsible for it. We have always understood that even in such cases, according to the laws of honour, there usually is in the language of defiance, a courtesy, which leaves room for explanation or extenuation; and we are confident, that according to the principles of equity, in a case wherein a doubt could exist as to the degree or evidence of the offence, no man has a right to proceed to the last extremity, without either having obtained the most complete

plete previous ascertainment of the facts, or leaving the most ample room for explanation.

Now, Lord Castlereagh's letter contains a series of assertions as to the circumstances of a delicate and complicated transaction, obviously liable in their nature, either to have been wilfully misrepresented, or to have been innocently misunderstood. The truth of these circumstances could in no other manner be ascertained than by collecting and comparing the testimony of the several parties to the transaction. Of these parties, it was evidently the interest of some to throw the blame, if blame there were, upon the others: and yet it appears, that on testimony, manifestly partial, Lord Castlereagh addressed to Mr. Canning, not such questions as would have obtained from him the confirmation or the refutation of that testimony, but a positive affirmation of the facts thus imperfectly established; an accusation founded upon them; and a challenge.

When we look to one possible result of the duel into which the accused party was thus precipitated, without the option or opportunity of previous vindication; we cannot but be struck with the injustice of a proceeding, which would have left Mr. Canning's posthumous reputation without defence against the recorded charges of his antagonist.

Nor would Mr. Canning's character have suffered alone, if such a letter had remained uncontradicted. If it had been generally received as true, that Mr. Canning had obtained a power which rendered him the arbiter of Lord Castlereagh's official existence, and that he treacherously concealed that power until he found the opportunity of maliciously exercising it; those from whom he derived that power, (including even the highest authority in the state) those who were privy to his possession of it, and those who connived at his imputed abuse of it, must be involved in Lord Castlereagh's accusation, equally with Mr. Canning himself, as parties to his treachery and abettors of his malice.

Fortunately, however, the circumstances under which Lord Castlereagh's letter was published have been such as to admit of its being answered. An opportunity has thus been afforded of vindicating the conduct and character of those exalted persons, who, if Mr. Canning had been liable to blame, must have shared that blame with him,—and of explaining to the world, and perhaps for the first time to Lord Castlereagh, what was the real nature of the transaction which his lordship appears so much to have misapprehended, and who were the real authors of that conduct which he expressly professes to be the object of his resentment.

The result of the singular narrative which has been laid before the public is this. Mr. Canning represented the expediency of a change in the war department, tendering as the alternative his

own resignation. Those with whom it rested to decide upon that alternative, decided for a change in the war department. Other persons nearly connected with Lord Castlereagh, admitting the propriety of that decision, proposed a mode of carrying it into execution, calculated as they thought and as they represented, to reconcile it to Lord Castlereagh's feelings. This mode of executing the decision, and not the decision itself, nor the suggestion which led to it, is what Lord Castlereagh professes to consider as offensive. He admits that the original suggestion is that which he has no right to resent; he contends that the mode of executing it afforded him just ground of offence: and he visits that offence, not on any of its authors, but on the author of the proposal which he had disclaimed the right of resenting.

If Lord Castlereagh had been less candid in admitting that the demand of his removal from office was in itself justifiable, it would not have been difficult to account for his selection of the person who made that demand. It would then have been obvious to vulgar apprehension, that the loss of his office was the substantial injury which he thought worthy to be vindicated in the most signal manner. But precluded as we are from this solution we confess ourselves unable to render Lord Castlereagh's conduct consistent with his reasoning. Even, according to his own supposition, Mr. Canning was but an accessory, and others the principals, in the offence which Lord Castlereagh revenges. It subsequently appears, from Mr. Canning's statement, that he was not even an accessory to that offence, but either altogether unconscious of it, or when he was aware of it, strenuously protesting against it. Of this, to be sure, it may be said, that Lord Castlereagh was not apprised; but if he was not so, it was because he neglected the obvious means of ascertaining the truth, and by his own shewing was contented to proceed against Mr. Canning as the accomplice, on the testimony of those whom he knew to be themselves the offenders. That testimony, which has been since contradicted by a detailed and authentic narrative of facts, might, one should imagine, have excited some suspicion from its manifest improbability:—for it is not usual to believe of any man that he has pursued a conduct which is at once atrocious and inconsistent with any assignable motive; and it is utterly inconceivable what motive Mr. Canning could have had for first demanding the dismissal of Lord Castlereagh, and after he had obtained it, for contriving by deceit to retain him in office.

Can it be said, that he retained him with a view of profiting during the interval by his lordship's talents and activity in his department? This motive might indeed be attributed to any of his lordship's friends who might entertain a favourable opinion of his conduct in that department; but it is directly contradicted by the purport of
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Mr. Canning's representation, and by the fact of his being prepared to quit his own office, if Lord Castlereagh should continue in his. Is it meant to be imputed that he wished to retain Lord Castlereagh in office in the hope of being able to dismiss him at some future time with circumstances of indignity and disgrace? We should be unwilling to believe of any man that he was actuated by a motive so malignant.—But with respect to Mr. Canning, as applied to Lord Castlereagh, we are at a loss to conceive how such a suggestion can be countenanced by those who have made Mr. Canning's conduct in the affair of the writership a matter of charge against him. At that period Mr. Canning certainly had within his reach the complete gratification of his imputed malevolence. From all that we witnessed of the state of the public mind, and from all that we heard of the state of the House of Commons, on that question, it would have required much less effort on the part of any man bent on Lord Castlereagh's political destruction to precipitate an unfavourable sentence, than it did require to obtain for his lordship forgiveness and impunity.

Can it be asserted that he consented to delay and concealment with a view of rendering the accomplishment of his ultimate object more secure?—This supposition is directly at variance with all the other inculpatory charges against Mr. Canning. The charges are, that he had obtained the promise, and that he held the power of Lord Castlereagh's removal in his hands. The promise could not be made more positive, and the power must become precarious by delay. It is *charged* that he permitted Lord Castlereagh to conduct the expedition to the Scheldt. It will hardly be contended, by the most extravagant spirit of accusation, that he did so with the express hope of seeing that expedition fail, and thereby procuring additional discredit to Lord Castlereagh, at the expense of involving in that disgrace, an administration, of which he was himself a member. It is not intelligible that he should study thus to link his own fate with that of the man whom he wished to remove:—and on the other supposition of the success of the expedition, it is plain, that, by consenting to delay, he had afforded to his lordship the means of obtaining all the popularity which good fortune could bestow,—and thereby of fortifying himself against any attempt to execute the project of his removal.

In truth, it is so perfectly clear, that delay and concealment could have no other effect than to render doubtful and difficult the execution of the promise which Mr. Canning is stated to have obtained, and ultimately to defeat (as in fact they appear to have defeated) any plan of arrangement founded on Lord Castlereagh's change of office—that, upon an impartial review of all the circumstances of the case, giving Mr. Canning no other credit than for

common sense, and for consistency in the pursuit of his own object, we find it impossible to attribute his forbearance, in not pressing for the immediate execution of whatever arrangement was to be executed, to any other cause than those which are plainly and forcibly described in his narrative, his acquiescence in the wishes of the Duke of Portland, and in the solicitations of Lord Castlereagh's friends.

If there be any part of this controversy, in which we could be tempted to forget that delicacy and reserve which ought to temper every observation upon transactions, which it is impossible to touch with too tender a hand, it would be that part of Lord Castlereagh's letter in which he reproaches Mr. Canning with having allowed to those whom his Lordship terms his 'supposed friends,' an 'authority which he must have known them not to possess,' in an affair deeply affecting Lord Castlereagh's interests and honour. If by this charge no more is meant than that Mr. Canning must have known that Lord Camden was not authorised by Lord Castlereagh to conceal from him this particular transaction, it would undoubtedly be difficult to conceive a proposition less liable to be disputed:—how could Lord Castlereagh give such an authority without a previous knowledge of the very transaction which was thus to be concealed from him? If it be intended to assert that neither Lord Camden, nor all Lord Castlereagh's friends together, could so far answer for Lord Castlereagh's consent to any arrangement, as to make their engagement binding upon him—that also is an indisputable proposition. But if it be intended to deny that Lord Castlereagh's friends, and especially one so near to him as Lord Camden, could be rationally supposed to be better judges of his lordship's interests and his feelings than any indifferent persons, it must also be intended to assert, that in Lord Castlereagh's peculiar instance, friendship is neither entitled to assume those functions, nor to perform those duties, nor to receive that deference, which are admitted in the case of ordinary men.

But even if officious kindness did transgress the limits which were intended to be prescribed to it, if that which assumed the appearance of provident and anxious friendship, was in fact a meddling zeal, the fault was surely in those who pretended a character to which they had no right, rather than in him who was deceived by that pretension. If this be the real state of the case, true it is that there was a system of delusion practised; but it was practised, not *by* Mr. Canning,—but *upon* him;—and was one of which he rather than Lord Castlereagh, had a right to complain.

It is clear, indeed, from Lord Castlereagh's letter, that through this system of delusion practised equally upon Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, Lord Castlereagh was placed in the predicament of retaining, during three months, an office which, had he been apprised of what
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his friends were doing on his behalf, he would indignantly have spurned at,—and that he thus unwittingly incurred the imputation of clinging to a post of consideration and emolument in a manner which was inconsistent with his conscious feelings of honour and delicacy. For ourselves we are perfectly convinced that Lord Castlereagh never did authorise, nor directly or indirectly countenance, any of the different arrangements proposed, with whatever motives, by his friends : and we admit that acting as he did under the impression that he had been dishonoured by the apparent implication that he had assented to them, it was perfectly natural and justifiable that he should express deep resentment, and seek reparation (we do not mean in the technical sense of the word) at the hands of those who had dishonoured him. But this crime was not transferable. It was the crime of Lord Castlereagh's friends. He had therefore a right to reparation at *their* hands ;—but he had no such claim upon the person who was, equally with himself, the dupe of their mistaken policy.

It is to be mentioned as an instance of fairness and candour in Lord Castlereagh, that, even under the irritation in which his letter was evidently written, the extent of the crime which he imputes to Mr. Canning, is that of having known of the concealment practised towards him, not of having authorized, or contributed to it : that he admits the fact of Mr. Canning's having urged the disclosure to his lordship, and that even while he supposes him not to have urged it with sufficient energy, he no where suggests that which has since been so vehemently contended for by his lordship's advocates,—that Mr. Canning was himself the proper person to make that disclosure. Among all the charges to which the controversy has given birth, this has uniformly appeared to us to be the most senseless. Undoubtedly, if Mr. Canning could have foreseen the difficulties and delays, which would, in the first place, retard the decision, and, after the decision had been taken, farther retard the execution of it, we can well believe that it would have been as much the disposition of Mr. Canning, as it would obviously have been for his case and his interest, to have brought the discussion at once to a termination by peremptorily resigning his office. But even, in that case, we cannot conceive that it would have been an act of duty either to Lord Castlereagh, to his colleagues, or to his Sovereign, to accompany his retirement with a declaration of personal hostility to Lord Castlereagh. That any direct declaration of the cause of his retirement, to Lord Castlereagh, could have produced any other effect than that of a personal difference between them, it is preposterous to imagine. No man can suppose that Lord Castlereagh, or indeed any other individual, so called upon, would have sacrificed himself in order to preserve Mr. Canning to the government.

But when the transaction had once taken the course which it actually took, when the Duke of Portland, with the authority of the King, had decided upon a change in the War Department, on the express condition that it should be so conducted as not to hurt Lord Castlereagh's feelings, and had engaged on behalf of the persons who must be supposed to be best acquainted with those feelings, that they should reconcile Lord Castlereagh to the change, —wearied and harassed as Mr. Canning must have been, and as he manifestly appears to have been, by the repeated adjournments, and variations of the plans proposed to him, we confess that we do not see a single point of time in the course of these protracted discussions, in which Mr. Canning could have taken out of the hands of Lord Castlereagh's friends the communication for which they had engaged, without subjecting himself to imputations infinitely more injurious than those to which his confidence in that engagement has exposed him. The same persons who now make him responsible for the dilatoriness of Lord Castlereagh's friends, and for the injury thence supposed to result to Lord Castlereagh's honour, would, in all probability, then have been foremost in accusing him of mingling individual enmity with pretended zeal for the public service. They would have argued, that for the attainment of every public object which he affected to have in view, he had obtained the most satisfactory security; that all that was asked of him in return was, that he should suffer that object to be effected in the mode least inconvenient and embarrassing to his colleagues in general, and least grating to that one of them who was principally concerned; but that to him the public object was comparatively secondary, and that the gratification of announcing a personal triumph outweighed every consideration of delicacy and forbearance towards individuals, and of regard for the government itself. The charges of impatience, rashness, and precipitancy, would then have been urged with perhaps more violence, and, we confess, with greater plausibility than those of purposed secrecy, and persevering deceit have been in the present instance.

In no case, therefore, does it appear to us, that Mr. Canning could have made a direct communication to Lord Castlereagh to any beneficial purpose, or without incurring just blame. If he had himself actually resigned rather than wait the decision upon the alternative which he had submitted to the Duke of Portland, his personal communication to Lord Castlereagh of the cause of his resignation, might have been considered as a gratuitous and unnecessary insult. If (as it appears to be the fact) he was led on from day to day by the constantly renewed expectation of an arrangement which should satisfy his views of public service, without hurting Lord Castlereagh's feelings, it is evident that he could
not

not have taken a more effectual step to defeat both those objects, than by substituting himself in the place of Lord Castlereagh's friends, as the channel of communication. That Mr. Canning could intend, or could expect that his proposal should remain concealed from Lord Castlereagh, is a supposition utterly inconsistent, not only with every part of his conduct, but with the nature of things. Such a notion can only be entertained by those who are prepared to imagine that Mr. Canning could not only injoin concealment to the Duke of Portland, in a matter deeply affecting the stability of his administration, but that he could command the silence of the friends most interested in Lord Castlereagh's welfare, and impose an obligation of secrecy on the King himself.

We have been led into a more minute discussion of the causes of the publication before us, than we had ourselves intended, or than any question between two individuals would have warranted. But the uncommon interest which was excited by the event itself at the time when it took place; the influence which that event had, or has been supposed to have, on subsequent public occurrences; and, above all, the important consideration, that the characters of public men are, in this country, and particularly at this time, matters of national concern, must be our apology with our readers for the length to which our remarks have been extended. We have, as will be perceived, cautiously abstained from giving any opinion upon the merits of the original and fundamental cause of the whole of these proceedings, the demand on the part of Mr. Canning for a change in Lord Castlereagh's department. It is no part of our purpose to pronounce any opinion upon his Lordship's services to his country, or upon his mode of executing the duties of his particular office.

We regret that the nature of the discussion has been such as unavoidably to force upon us so frequently the names of the individuals concerned,—a liberty, however, which we shall be found to have used, as without disfavour, so, we trust, without offence, to either party. We confess, indeed, that, even abstractedly from any considerations of individual goodwill or preference, we should have contemplated with satisfaction the effects of the publication now before us, from the singular and striking instance which it has exhibited of the dissipation of accumulated calumnies and errors by the influence of simple truth. We hardly recollect an example of a transaction in which, as well from the complicated and delicate nature of the transaction itself, as from the efforts studiously made to perplex and mislead men's judgments, so great a degree of uncertainty and obscurity has prevailed as upon this occasion: and we confess that it had struck us, that those persons, whoever they might be, who employed themselves in creating and
thickening

thickening this confusion, worked with the greater confidence and alacrity, from a persuasion that the means of distinct explanation were out of the reach of the person accused, or that the use of them would not be allowed to him. It was obvious, that the partial representations of secret political discussions and arrangements, when coloured highly to the disadvantage of any individual, could only be corrected and placed in their true light, by a more complete disclosure; and we were apprehensive that the mischief and inconvenience of making that disclosure might be so great, as to render it his duty to submit to continued misconstruction rather than to purchase his vindication at that price.

The facts detailed in the publication now before us, are such as no man could have thought himself at liberty to disclose without special permission. That such a permission should have been asked, and have been obtained, is a circumstance which of itself establishes the character of the narrative, and evinces, at the same time, that clear and conscious integrity, which must have dictated both the request and the concession.

It remains for us to consider the substance of the narrative independently of the personal question by which it was rendered necessary.

The narrative exhibits the progress and ultimate failure of an endeavour on the part of a member of the cabinet to effect a change in the constitution of the administration, with a view to what he considered the better carrying on of the public service.

The character of this endeavour would depend upon the two considerations, whether the change proposed was actually beneficial, and whether it was proposed in the sincere belief of its being so. —Of the necessity or expediency of that change, we have already stated, that it is not our province or intention to express any opinion: but of the sincerity of the conviction under which it was proposed we can entertain no doubt, when we perceive that the minister who proposed it, staked his own official situation upon the issue of his proposal. In this proceeding we confess we see nothing to reprehend; putting out of the question, as we studiously do, the merit or demerit of the proposed change. We cannot but consider the readiness of a minister to lay down his office, whenever office cannot be held upon terms consistent with his deliberate opinion of what is beneficial for the country, as one of the most essential qualifications of a man to whom high station can safely be confided.

There probably never will be wanting a due supply of men who will be ready to hold high official situations, on whatever terms, and with whatever colleagues. And we confess that the disposition which has lately been shewn to represent the surrender of office, in this instance, and the refusal to accept it in others, as the
effect

effect of inordinate ambition, of disloyalty to the Sovereign, or of indifference to the situation of the country, has appeared to us a most unfavourable symptom of the political temper of the times. The establishment of such a doctrine would confound all public principle, and afford a cover and pretext for every species of selfish and interested policy.

It is not to be denied, that men may resign, or may refuse office, on motives just as sordid as others may seek, or may accept it. When such an instance is detected, let it be marked with unsparing reprobation. But we must not, in order to bring particular instances within the reach of a sweeping censure, consent to invert the ordinary rules of judgment, and presume against every mode of conduct by which disinterestedness is ordinarily shewn.

We dwell with the more particularity on this topic, because the charge which has perhaps done the greatest mischief to Mr. Canning, in the estimation of the public, and that which we think his narrative most completely refutes, (though not professedly directed to that object,) is that of having resigned, in fact, upon some squabble for power and pre-eminence, arising solely from the secession of the Duke of Portland. Whatever might have been the opinions which Mr. Canning entertained as to the most expedient mode of arranging the administration after the Duke of Portland's secession, it would have been his duty, whenever called upon by his Sovereign, humbly, but distinctly to avow them; whether as a minister remaining in office, or, (as he describes himself at that period,) holding his office only till his successor should be named. And if, as has been asserted, that opinion was, that the office of Prime Minister (an office unknown to the letter, though known to the practice, of the constitution) should be held by a member of the House of Commons, we might perhaps be at liberty to question the soundness of that opinion; but we could not do so without expressing, at the same time our regret, that, if unsound, it has been thought right to act upon it.

But we should hold it to be the height of injustice to attribute Mr. Canning's resignation to any cause originating at the time of the Duke of Portland's secession from the government, when we perceive that there has scarcely elapsed a single month from the period at which he first represented to the Duke of Portland the expediency of a change in the administration, in the course of which his resignation has not been in the hands of the Prime Minister, or laid at the feet of the King. As at none of these periods a doubt could be raised as to the motives which actuated his conduct, we should think it most unfair to suppose the exclusive operation of a new motive at the period when his resignation actually took place.

We deeply lament, and indeed consider as by far the most important,

ant, as well as unfortunate, part of the events which we have been examining, those scenes of confusion and distraction in the government which followed the resignation of the Duke of Portland and Mr. Canning. That these consequences arise not from either of those resignations singly, but from the coincidence, whether accidental or contrived, of the two, appears to us sufficiently evident.

It is evident also, that this coincidence was neither the contrivance, nor in the contemplation of Mr. Canning, who in the successive months of April, May, June, and July, had repeatedly tendered his resignation, when the retirement of the Duke of Portland does not appear to have been in question.

At the same time it appears perfectly natural, that, having made up his mind to retire, unless the change, of which he had pointed out the expediency, should be effected, he should not consent to remain in office after having learned at once that no steps had been taken for that purpose; and that the minister, whose word was pledged to him for it, was determined to withdraw from the government. Of the sincerity, as well as the full authority with which that word had been pledged, there can be no doubt; but we think a doubt might naturally arise, whether, after the Duke of Portland was withdrawn, the same influence or management which had retarded, from time to time, the execution of the intended arrangement, would not be successfully exerted to defeat it altogether.

Whether Mr. Canning did wisely for himself, and beneficially for the country, in staking his own tenure in office on the execution of this arrangement, is a question which we purposely abstain from examining; but we are decidedly of opinion, that when he had once taken that step, he could not have receded, without incurring the imputation of having threatened that which he was not prepared to execute, and thereby impaired that consistency of character, without which no public man can be useful to his country.

The retirement of Mr. Canning, however, though a severe blow to the government, does not appear to us to have been a sufficient cause for the total disorganization of the ministry, or for that dejection and despair to which they seem immediately to have betaken themselves.

If they had thus lost one Secretary of State, at least there was an end of the question, by which they had been in danger of losing the services of another; and it does strike us as the most unaccountable circumstance in the whole of these strange transactions, that the silence so long persevered in towards Lord Castlereagh should now have been abruptly and unnecessarily broken.

Certainly, it is to be lamented that the silence was not broken before, and while the Duke of Portland remained at the head of government. Had the proposed change in the war department been fairly

fairly communicated to Lord Castlereagh, we have no reason to believe that he would have refused his acquiescence in it. Such a change was by no means without precedent; and though it might possibly have been displeasing to his lordship to exchange an active and laborious office for a situation of greater dignity with less responsibility, this surely could not have been disparaging to his character.

Had the Duke of Portland been enabled to carry into execution the arrangement which, (by whomsoever suggested,) had certainly been proposed on his part, and accepted by Mr. Canning with equal sincerity, his Grace would probably have had no motive for withdrawing, precisely at the moment when he did withdraw it, the sanction of his name from the list of an administration, of which that name was the principal bond of union.

With respect to Mr. Canning, it is evident that, having once acquiesced in any of these arrangements, he had contracted an engagement to remain in his office, from which he could be absolved by nothing but a breach of the faith which had been pledged to him.

But, even when this triple loss of the Duke of Portland, of Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, had been incurred, we cannot admit that the necessity of the government was such as to justify their begging aid at the hands of their avowed political opponents.

And even if such a necessity existed, we are still more clearly of opinion that the mode in which that overture was made, was not calculated to answer any good purpose.

It is usual to ground a proposal for a coalition of opposite political parties on some intelligible basis; to assign some motive for hope that overtures of unsolicited cordiality will be met by similar feelings; to offer some pledge of sincerity, and to point out some general coincidence of principles and views which shall exculpate the two parties, in the judgment of their respective friends, from the charge of inconsistency. The whole public, therefore, seem to have anticipated the result of the sudden overture to Lord Grey and Lord Grenville. The advocates of opposition learned with derision, and the friends of government with shame and humiliation, that the flag of truce had returned with a warlike manifesto.

Of the two noble Lords whom it was attempted to engage in this abortive negotiation, we have never been the panegyrists. Our political opinions are, on many important points, directly at variance with theirs: and we cannot conceal from ourselves, nor do we wish to deny, that our feelings towards them and their party are such as a difference of political opinion usually excites. But we cannot therefore countenance, against two men of distinguished rank, of cultivated talents, and of untarnished character, the idle charge of having, by their refusal of the proposed coalition, evinced a disregard for the

essential

essential interests of the country. The overture made to them amounted, substantially, to this, that certain members of the cabinet having resigned their seats, the remainder were desirous of retaining theirs, and thought that the assistance of their lordships might greatly facilitate this object. But their lordships being aware that there existed between them and the persons making the overture, wider differences of political opinion than perhaps between any other public men in the country, could not easily give credit to the sincerity of such a proposal, nor fail to remark, that the negociators, whilst they bore the olive-branch in one hand, carried the apple of discord in the other. They therefore preferred the distant hope of power, in company with their own friends, to its immediate possession on a more precarious and uncertain tenure. They might reasonably suspect that the object of such a proposal was rather to make a case than to make a government.

We admire in theory, as much as any persons can do, the project so often advanced, but so seldom realised, of bringing men of all parties and principles to co-operate sincerely in the service of the state. We agree, that to attain that object, or to pursue it with a reasonable prospect of success, no sacrifices of individual interest ought to be spared; and we admit that even a considerable compromise of political opinion may be wisely and honestly made. We therefore do not blame the principle of such an overture. But as from the mode of conducting it, it was evidently hopeless from the beginning, we confess we lament that it was made. In the necessity which (we are afraid) exists, of entrusting the government of the country to one or other of the existing political parties, we confess our strong predilection for that which professes to act on the principles of Mr. Pitt, and we therefore could not but see with regret, that party gratuitously discredited, by a fruitless and what might be represented as an insincere negotiation. To *make a case*, is not an object of manly policy, and we fear that more has been lost to the general efficiency of the Pitt party by the confession of weakness, than can have been gained to the Administration by the complaint that assistance has been refused to them. We shall be happy to find ourselves mistaken.

ART. XVII. *The Battles of Talavera. A Poem.* 8vo. pp. 40. 1809. Gilbert and Hodges, Dublin. Murray, London. Ballantyne, Edinburgh.

THERE is no point in which our age differs more from those which preceded it, than in the apparent apathy of our poets and rhymers to the events which are passing over them. From the days of

of Marlborough to those of Wolfe and Hawke, the tower and park guns were not more certain proclaimers of a victory, than the pens of contemporary bards. St. James's had then its odes, and Grub-street poured forth its ballads upon every fresh theme of national exultation. Some of these productions, being fortunately wedded to popular tunes, have warped themselves so closely with our character, that, to love liberty and roast beef is not more natural to an Englishman, than to beat tune to 'Steady boys, Steady,' and 'Rule Britannia.' Our modern authors are of a different cast; some of them roam back to distant and dark ages; others wander to remote countries, instead of seeking a theme in the exploits of a Nelson, an Abercromby, or a Wellesley; others amuse themselves with luscious sonnets to Bessies and Jessies; and all seem so little to regard the crisis in which we are placed, that we cannot help thinking they would keep fiddling their allegros and adagios, even if London were on fire, or Buonaparte landed at Dover.

We are old-fashioned men, and are perhaps inclined to see, in the loss and decay of ancient customs, more than can reasonably be traced from them: to regard, in short, that as a mark of apathy and indifference to national safety and glory, which may only arise from a change in the manner of expressing popular feeling. Be that as it may, we think that the sullen silence observed by our present race of poets, upon all themes of immediate national concern, argues little confidence in their own powers, small trust in the liberal indulgence of the public to extemporaneous compositions, and above all, a want of that warm interest in such themes as might well render them indifferent to both considerations. Lord Wellington, more fortunate than any contemporary English general, whether we regard the success or the scale of his achievements, has been also unusually distinguished by poetical commemoration; and as his exploits form an exception to the train of evil fortune which has *generally* attended our foreign expeditions, the hearts of those capable of celebrating them seem to have been peculiarly awakened and warmed at the recital. Probably many of our readers have seen the superb Indian war-song which celebrated his conquest over the Mahrattas: beginning

' Shout Britain for the battle of Assay,
For that was a day
When we stood in our array,
Like the lion turn'd to bay,
And the battle-word was conquer or die!

We are now happy to find, that another bard has advanced with a contribution to adorn the most recent and most glorious wreath won by the same gallant general. The promptitude as well as the patriotism

triotism of the tribute might claim indulgence as well as praise : but it is with pleasure we observe, that although this volunteer has rushed forward without waiting to arm himself in that panoply which is often, after all, found too slight to repel the assaults of modern criticism, neither his adventurous courage nor the goodness of his cause, is his sole or his principal merit.

The battle of Talavera is written in that irregular Pindaric measure first applied to serious composition by Mr. Walter Scott, and it is doing no injustice to the ingenious author to say, that in many passages, we were from the similarity of the stanza and of the subject, involuntarily reminded of the battle of Flodden, in the sixth book of *Marmion*. The feeling, however, went no farther than the perception of that kindred resemblance between those of the same family which is usually most striking at first sight, and becomes less remarkable, and at length invisible, as we increase in intimacy with those in whom it exists. In one respect, the choice of the measure is more judicious on the part of the nameless bard, than on that of Mr. Scott. The latter had a long narrative to compose, and was necessarily forced upon passages in which the looseness and irregularity of his versification has an extravagant and slovenly appearance. It is where the tone of passion is low, that the reader demands a new interest from regularity of versification and beauty of selected diction. On the other hand, in passages of vivid, and especially of tumultuary and hurried description, the force of the poet's thought, and the intenseness of the feeling excited, ought to support his language. He may be then permitted to strip himself as to a combat, and to evince that 'brave neglect' of the forms of versification which express an imagination too much exalted, and a mind too much occupied by the subject itself, to regard punctiliously the arrangement of rhimes or the measurement of stanzas. In this point of view, few themes present themselves which can better authorize a daring flight, than that which has been selected by the author of *Talavera*.

The poem opens with the following stanza, of which the first nine lines are an exquisite picture of repose, and the last somewhat more feebly and prosaically expressed.

' 'Twas dark ; from every mountain head
The sunny smile of heaven had fled,
And evening, over hill and dale
Dropt, with the dew, her shadowy veil ;
In fabled Tajo's darkening tide
Was quenched the golden ray ;
Silent, the silent stream beside,
Three gallant people's hope and pride,
Three gallant armies lay.

Welcome to them the clouds of night,
 That close a fierce and hurried fight —
 And wearied all, and none elate,
 With equal hope and doubt, they wait
 A fiercer bloodier day.

France, every nation's foe, is there,
 And Albion's sons her red cross bear,
 With Spain's young Liberty to share,
 The fortune of the fray?

The attack of the French is then described with all the peculiar circumstances of uncertainty and horror that aggravate the terrors of midnight conflict. The doubtful and suppressed sounds which announce to the defenders the approach of the assailants; the rush of the former to meet and anticipate the charge; the reflection on those who fall without witnesses to their valour; and all the 'wonders of that gloomy fight,' are successfully and artfully introduced to impress the dreadful scene upon the mind of the reader: the following lines have peculiar and picturesque merit.

'Darkling they fight, and only know
 If chance has sped the fatal blow,
 Or, by the trodden corse below,
 Or by the dying groan:
 Furious they strike without a mark,
 Save now and then the sulphurous spark
 Illumes some visage grim and dark,
 That with the flash is gone!

In the succeeding stanzas, we have the repose after the action, and the preparation for the general battle of the next day. The anxiety of the British general is described, and a singular coincidence pointed out in the sixth stanza. We shall transcribe it, and 'let the stricken deer go weep.'

'Oh heart of honour, soul of fire,
 Even at that moment fierce and dire,
 Thy agony of fame!
 When Britain's fortune dubious hung,
 And France tremendous swept along,
 In tides of blood and flame.
 Even while thy genius and thy arm
 Retrieved the day and turned the storm,
 Even at that moment, factious spite,
 And envious fraud essayed to blight
 The honours of thy name.'

The share which is assigned to Lord Wellington in the conduct
 of

of the fight, is precisely that which is really the lot of a commander in chief. Generals were painted in armour long after

‘ ——— the fashion of the fight
Had laid gilt steel and twisted mail aside
For modern foppery,’ —

And from some similar concatenation of ideas—modern poets, for many a day after the ‘eagle-glance’ and commanding genius of a hero had been the attributes which decided the field, continued to describe him mowing down whole ranks with his sword, as if personal strength were as essential to his success as in the days of the Trojan war. This foolish fashion, which like every false and unnatural circumstance, tends obviously to destroy the probability of the scene, has been discarded by good taste ever since the publication of Addison’s Campaign. The approach of the Gallic army is beautifully described.

‘ And is it now a goodly sight,
Or dreadful to behold,
The pomp of that approaching fight,
Waving ensigns, pennons light,
And gleaming blades and bayonets bright,
And eagles winged with gold;
And warrior bands of many a hue,
Scarlet and white and green and blue,
Like rainbows, o’er the morning dew,
Their various lines unfold:
While cymbal clang and trumpet strain,
The knell of battle toll’d;
And trampling squadrons beat the plain,
‘Till the clouds echoed back again,
As if the thunder rolled.

Our bounds will not permit us to quote the opening of the battle, though it contains some passages of great merit. Realizing his narrative with an art, which has been thought almost irreconcilable with poetry, the author next undertakes to give us a distinct idea of those manœuvres and movements upon which the success of the day depended; and by clothing them with the striking circumstances which hide the otherwise technical and somewhat familiar detail of the Gazette, he has succeeded at once in preserving the form and leading circumstances, and ‘all the current of the heady fight;’ and, generally speaking, in presenting them to the fancy in a manner as poetical as they are clear to the understanding. In treading however upon a line so very narrow, he has sometimes glided into bombast on the one hand, or into flat, bald and vulgar expression upon the other. Although, for instance, the word

‘ firelocks’

'firelocks' be used technically, and somewhat pedantically, to express the men who bear them, we cannot permit a poet to speak with impunity of

' Full fifty-thousand *muskets* bright
Led by old warriors train'd to fight.'

Spears, we know, is used for *spear-men*; but this is a license sanctioned by antiquity, and not to be extended to modern implements of war. In other places, the ardour of the poet is expressed in language too turgid and inflated. But the following stanza may safely be quoted as avoiding, under very difficult circumstances, the extremes of simplicity and bombast; and describing the celebrated charge of the British cavalry with a spirit worthy of those whose gallantry was so memorable on that memorable day.

' Three columns of the flower of France,
With rapid step and firm, advance,
At first thro' tangled ground,
O'er fence and dell and deep ravine—
At length they reach the level green,
The midnight battle's murderous scene,
The valley's eastern bound.
There in a rapid line they form,
Thence are just rushing to the storm
By bold Belluno led.
When sudden thunders shake the vale,
Day seems, as in eclipse, to fail,
The light of heaven is fled;
A dusty whirlwind rides the sky,
A living tempest rushes by
With deafening clang and tread—
' A charge, a charge,' the British cry,
' And Seymour at its head.'

The miscarriage of this gallant body of cavalry amid the broken ground in which the French again formed their column, its causes and consequences, the main battle itself, and all its alternations of success, are described in the same glowing and vivid language; which we will venture to say is not that of one who writes with a view to his own distinction as a poet, but who feels that living fire glow within him which impels him to fling into verse his animated and enthusiastic feelings of exultation on contemplating such a subject as the battle of Talavera. The following description of a circumstance new to the terrors of battle, we shall insert ere we take our leave of Talavera.

' But shooting high and rolling far,
What new and horrid face of war,
Now flushes on the sight?

'Tis France, as furious she retires,
 That wrecks in desolating fires,
 The vengeance of her flight.
 The flames the grassy vale o'er-run,
 Already parched by summer's sun;
 And sweeping turbid down the breeze
 In clouds the arid thickets seize,
 And climb the dry and withered trees
 In flashes long and bright.
 Oh! 'twas a scene sublime and dire,
 To see that billowy sea of fire,
 Rolling its fierce and flakey flood,
 O'er cultured field and tangled wood,
 And drowning in the flaming tide,
 Autumn's hope and summer's pride.
 From Talavera's wall and tower
 And from the mountain's height,
 Where they had stood for many an hour,
 To view the varying fight,
 Burghers and peasants in amaze
 Behold their groves and vineyards blaze!
 Trembling they view'd the bloody fray,
 But little thought, ere close of day,
 That England's sigh and France's groan
 Should be re-echoed by their own!
 But ah! far other cries than these
 Are wafted on the dismal breeze—
 Groans, not the wounded's lingering groan—
 Shrieks, not the shriek of death alone—
 But groan and shriek and horrid yell
 Of terror, torture, and despair,
 Such as 'twould freeze the tongue to tell,
 And chill the heart to hear,
 When to the very field of fight,
 Dreadful alike in sound and sight,
 The conflagration spread,
 Involving in its fiery wave,
 The brave and reliques of the brave—
 The dying and the dead!

We have shunned, in the present instance, the unpleasant task of pointing out, and dwelling upon individual inaccuracies. There are several hasty expressions, flat lines, and deficient rhymes, which prove to us little more than that the composition was a hurried one. These, in a poem of a different description, we should have thought it our duty to point out to the notice of the author. But, after all, it is the spirit of a poet that we consider as demanding our chief attention; and upon its ardour or rapidity must finally hinge our applause or condemnation. We care as little (comparatively, that is to say) for the minor arts of composition and versification

cation as Falstaff did for the thews, and sinews, and outward composition of his recruits. It is '*the heart, the heart,*' that makes the poet as well as the soldier; and while we shall not withhold some applause even from the ordinary statuary who executes a common figure, our wreath must be reserved for the Prometheus who shall impregnate his statue with fire from heaven. • •

ART. XVIII. *The Life of George Romney, Esq.* • By William Hayley, Esq. 4to. pp. 416. Payne. London. 1890.

ADDISON observes, in his Whig Examiner, that he never yet knew an author who had not his admirers. We shall not, therefore, be surprised if our strictures upon Mr. Hayley do not meet with general approbation; nor feel greatly mortified, if many of those, who have fondly followed him through his multifarious labours, should express some doubts of our judgment and some alarm at our temerity.

Mr. H. treats, with no appearance of diffidence, of an art which requires the combined powers of practice and theory in the critic to merit our full confidence in his decisions: yet we discover few traces in the work before us of his being conversant with either: we are not, therefore, much disposed to wonder that he should see in the subject of these memoirs 'a mighty genius, of original and comprehensive powers, and the most singular and *interesting* of mortals.' Woe to the acquaintance whom Mr. H. thus estimates!—there is no escaping his affectionate embraces.

'Whoe'er he loves, at some unlucky time,
Slides into prose, or hitches in a rhyme.'

A friendship which lasted the fourth part of a century, afforded him ample opportunities of indulging his favourite propensity; and produced the present work.

After the high encomiums passed by Mr. H. on the 'modesty' of his friend, we scarcely expected to find him abetting this design on the public: yet Mr. H. observes—

'Many years ago I began to write such particulars of his personal history as he wished me to collect from his own lips, in consequence of his affectionate desire, that if I happened to survive him, the life of the painter might be faithfully recorded by his most intimate friend.' p. 3.

In fulfilling this wish, the author has conveniently found,

'That nothing conduces more to sooth a feeling spirit under the loss of a beloved, and lamented associate, than a resolution to exert all the faculties

faculties it retains, in a just and generous endeavour to honour departed excellence by the genuine records of *truth* and affection.'

This burst of pathos is doubtless calculated to interest the gentle reader, but we who are made of sterner stuff, and who examine before we indulge our feelings, should accuse the author of having sacrificed *truth* at the altar of affection, were we not prepared to acquit him of any intentional delusion, convinced that his errors are those of ignorance, and not of wilful misrepresentation.

To set the memory of his friend in fuller view, the author employs himself, p. 4, 5, like Cicero, when searching for the tomb of Archimedes, in clearing the way of thorns and brambles: and he manifests no inconsiderable degree of anger against Mr. Cumberland, for saying, in a hasty sketch of Romney's character (published soon after his decease), that 'conscious of his deficiency in point of education, he was never seen at any of the tables of the great, Lord Thurlow's excepted.' In assailing the venerable and vigorous father of modern poets, Mr. H. shews more zeal than discretion; since it must be admitted, after all, that Mr. C. is not very far from the truth, when our author, who lived so long in 'habits of the closest intimacy' with the painter, can only say, that 'the names of *three* noblemen might be mentioned at whose tables he might be found!' The deficiency which Mr. C. notices in his education, though not very incorrect, as referred to Romney, is open to a little farther remark.

Madam Geoffrin, whose house in Paris was the rendezvous of literature and the arts, had established two weekly dinners, one on Monday for artists, another on Wednesday for men of letters. Marmontel was an inmate of her house, and the only literary man invited to both these parties. In his memoirs, speaking of these dinners, he says,

'To the artists I was no less welcome than at the meeting of men of letters. The artists were fond of me, because I was at once curious and docile, and spoke to them constantly of what they knew better than I. I took care not to display before them any other literary information except such as concerned the fine arts. I had no difficulty in perceiving that, whatever might be their *natural capacity*, they were almost all deficient in knowledge and cultivation. Soufflet was a man of sense, very judicious in his conduct, a knowing and skilful architect, but his ideas were bounded by the circumference of his compass,' &c.

In this slight sketch there is abundant room for observation. The literary man, we see, had the sagacity to discover that artists were not men of letters. The artists, without doubt, were equally quick in observing that literary men were defective in their knowledge of the fine arts. To be one or the other, in any eminent degree, doubtless requires a man's whole attention; and he whose genius leads

leads him to the cultivation of poetry, is not expected to be a profound mathematician. Should he not be conversant with botany, chymistry, astronomy, in short, with any thing but what passes under the name of belles lettres, he would still be accounted a person of a cultivated mind; and we cannot see what injustice there would be in admitting this distinction, in favour of artists. Prejudice apart, the powers of Raphael were, we think, by no means inferior to those of the great poets, his contemporaries; and as we descend in the scale of poets and painters, we shall find their relative merits pretty nearly the same.

In saying this, we by no means wish to appear the advocates of ignorance. Without information, and a due cultivation of the mind, a painter can never rise above mediocrity. The historian and the poet should be his companions. Many of the great painters, indeed, have been poets, with the advantage of possessing eloquence in a universal language. They were well read in history, practised the arts of architecture and sculpture with success, and in all probability had as correct an ear, and as cultivated a taste, as most of our keen and critical metaphysicians.

That to be a great painter requires the exertion of a man's whole powers, is so generally felt, that he is not supposed capable of expressing himself with elegance in any language, but that which is peculiarly his own. It has been inquired, not altogether, we fear, from the love of truth, whether Reynolds was the author of the Lectures that have so justly contributed to his fame; and the vigorous mind of Opie was supposed to be unequal to literary composition, without the aid of his accomplished companion. The memoirs of all times, however, prove, that artists have not been without their share of literary reputation. Marmontel himself acknowledges, that the brilliant descriptions, and learned observations of Larvè and Cochin, (who had traversed, one the ruins of Greece, and the other the wonders of Italy), enriched the *Mercure*, a paper of which he was the Editor. In fine, among the artists, many individuals have been geometricians, chemists, poets, mechanists and philosophers, while the practice and principles of the fine arts (with few exceptions) have been possessed solely by themselves.

But to return to Mr. Hayley—He admits, that

‘No friend to truth can think Mr. Cumberland has passed the proper limits of friendship to the dead, in saying, ‘*Romney had his failings*,’ (p. 9.) ‘Perhaps (continues he) none of his intimates had such opportunities of perceiving, or such peculiar cause to pity and lament his failings as I had. It is a moral question of great delicacy, how far it may be incumbent on a confidential biographer to display, or to conceal the imperfections of his departed friend: could the great artist himself

himself answer such a question from the tomb, I am confident he would reply in the words of his favourite Shakespeare,

“ Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.”

“ By having fortunately preserved a very extensive collection of Romney's letters, I shall be enabled to display, in his own words, his mind and heart to my reader ; and I shall feel an honest pride in shewing the world, that my friend, though he had never been instructed in the languages of Greece and Rome, yet possessed that simple and powerful eloquence of nature, which flows in abundance from a strong understanding, when it is united to *exquisite tenderness of heart.*’ p. 10.

In this panegyric on Romney's epistolary excellence, few readers we imagine, will be found to concur : more puerile and vapid attempts we have seldom witnessed, and cannot but admire the chemical powers of friendship, which can so readily convert dross into gold. Of the exquisite tenderness of heart, so ostentatiously brought forward, Mr. Romney has given, thank heaven, a most unusual demonstration ; in abandoning, with more than stoical apathy, a young and amiable wife, and infant child, a few months after marriage. If this unnatural temperament were more common, it would soon be found expedient to enlarge our foundling-hospitals, and work-houses, not for the children of the poor and industrious—not for the spurious stock of the profligate and idle—but for the wives and deserted offspring of men of distempered sensibility.

Mr. H. now enters upon his friend's history. It is, as might be expected, so barren of all incident, so utterly desitute of interest, that none but a trader in the manufacture of lives, could have found matter more than sufficient for a decent article in a Magazine. The author, however, by the aid of panegyrics on all his friends, and of that useful figure *à propos de bottes*, which introduces many of his own odes, sonnets, &c. has ingeniously contrived to produce a quarto volume of a very respectable appearance ; and of which we will now endeavour to give our readers a succinct view.

George Romney was born at Dalton, in Furness, on the 26th of December, 1734. He was the third of eleven children, and discovered at an early age a great passion for mechanics. He was also, says Mr. H. ‘ enthusiastically attached to music, and passed much of his time in various experiments to make violins of different shapes and powers. In advanced life, he took great delight in recollecting the ingenious industry that he exerted as a boy. He carefully preserved the favourite violin of his own construction, and has been heard to play it in the house which he had filled with the production of his pencil ;—a singular coincidence of arts (as Mr. Cumberland

berland has very justly observed) in the person of one man!—
p. 13.

Accident determined the bent of Romney's mind to the profession which he afterwards embraced: he was struck with the singular features of a stranger at church; and his parents, to whom he related the circumstance, prevailed upon him to delineate them from memory. In this attempt he was so successful, that the applause which he received from it, excited him to apply seriously to drawing. About this time he fell into the company of a person of the name of Williamson, something of a knave, more of a projector, and not a little of a madman: he was yet able however to give the young enthusiast some lessons in painting; and, what was not quite so valuable, some unjust prejudices and antipathies which he afterwards employed to an odious purpose. Mr. H. attributes the fatal influence which this man possessed over Romney to exquisite pity for his misfortunes: 'nature,' (he says,) in his drawling manner, 'had given the latter a heart as easily moved to compassion as she ever gave to any mortal of either sex,' p. 17. This is a mere abuse of language! The compassionate feelings with which Mr. H. so liberally endows him, Romney never knew. Such absurd praise may excite a doubt of the writer's sincerity or understanding, but can confer no honour on the object of it.

Romney, whose ardour for painting still continued, was now apprenticed to a gay young artist of the name of Steele, who employed him not only in painting portraits, but in assisting him to carry off a young lady, whose affections he had engaged. In this last perilous service, Romney caught a severe cold that confined him to his bed, from which he rose after some days, to marry a young woman who had nursed him with great care and tenderness.

He had now an opportunity of practising the hopeful lessons of his friend Williamson, and it must be confessed that he lost no time. The nuptial bed was scarcely warm, before he meditated the desertion of his wife, and, as decency, perhaps, prevented him from doing it immediately, 'his sufferings on the occasion,' says his biographer, 'as he described them to me, might excite compassion in a flinty breast,' p. 24.

His story, like another fall of Troy,
Would molify the heart of barbarous people,
And make Tom Butcher weep.

Fortunately, however, 'for the exquisite sensibility' of Mr. R. this anguish was of short duration; his master returned in a few days from a marriage conducted under fairer auspices, and instantly carried him to York: 'Thus removed from the object of his disquietude, he gradually recovered the powers of his extraordinary mind,' p. 28.

By the object of his disquietude, his wife is meant; and we doubt whether the bitterest enemy of Romney could produce any thing more injurious to his character than this observation of his professed friend and admirer. To marry an innocent and virtuous woman, with a determination to abandon her immediately after the gratification of his passion, argues a selfishness and hardness of heart, of which we have happily few examples. After a residence of nine months at York, Romney and his young master returned to Kendal; and Steele, being suddenly called to Ireland by family affairs, generously released him from his apprenticeship.

Although by the cancelling of his indentures Romney became his own master, yet he beheld in an innocent wife and infant son a supposed impediment to every splendid project; he resolved, therefore, instead of settling as a family man, to wander in quest of professional adventures. By great industry, he contrived to save a few pounds, with which he set out alone, without even a letter of recommendation, to try the chances of life in the metropolis, where he arrived in 1762.

Accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Braithwaite, of the Post-Office, who conducted him to the principal works of art in the capital and its environs, and gave him a lodging near his own residence. Here he pursued his profession, and became a candidate for the prizes distributed by the Society for the encouragement of Arts and Sciences. The subject of his picture was the death of Wolfe, which the late professor of perspective, Edwards, (whose caustic temper we noted in our first number) characterized by the appellation of a coat and waistcoat subject!

In the autumn of 1764, Romney made his first visit to the Continent with a Mr. Green, an attorney, who had been the companion of his youth; he went by Dunkirk and Lisle to Paris, where he was introduced to Vernet, who received him with that attentive civility which is eager to anticipate all the wishes of a stranger. He obtained for his visitor free access to the Orleans collection, where R. was most smitten with the works of Rubens. 'No pictures,' says Mr. Hayley, 'contributed more to his improvement as a portrait-painter, than that bold and rich production, the Luxemburg Gallery.' This passage sufficiently shows how well qualified Mr. Hayley is to write a critique on the talents of an artist! In 1769, he exhibited in Pall-Mall two whole lengths of ladies, and a family piece. These pictures are supposed to have laid the foundation of his future popularity. Two years afterwards he produced his whole length portrait of Mrs. Yates, in the character of the Tragic Muse. 'I have often wished,' says our author, inconsiderately enough, 'that it had been the lot of Romney to paint this great actress at a maturer season of his life; in which case she would not have

have appeared what at present I must confess she does, far inferior to the Tragic Muse of Sir Joshua !' Could Mr. Romney have put off the attempt for a century, and his friend live to record it, we have every reason to believe that his remark would still be equally applicable.

About this time, with a most laudable feeling for his art, he formed the design of visiting Italy in the hope of improvement. His professional income was now twelve hundred a year, a sacrifice that few men would put to hazard, had they even the choice. He travelled with Humphry, the miniature-painter, and arrived at Rome on the 18th of June. Mr. Hayley now having no facts to produce, amuses his readers with the history of his suppositions, such as—that Romney must have executed a number of drawings, pictures, &c. This is an excellent mode of making up a large volume, and has only one defect, that of not being quite new. Romney returned by Turin, Lyons, and Paris, and reached London in the beginning of July 1775. He resided a few months in Gray's Inn, but Coates's house, in Cavendish-square, becoming vacant, Romney was persuaded by his friends to settle himself in 'that fortunate abode.'

At this period Mr. H. first became acquainted with his 'memorable friend : ' the history is now, therefore, divided between the painter and the poet, the latter taking the lion's share. Not content with a tedious detail of the early part of his own life, he introduces anecdotes of all his acquaintance, with a prolixity that defies attention, and a motive that can only be discovered in the size of his volume.

About the year 1783, Romney's portraits had raised him so high in public estimation, that he was regarded as the rival of his illustrious contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'Lord Thurlow *pleasantly* said of them,' continues Mr. Hayley, 'Reynolds and Romney divide the town : I am of the Romney faction.' Yet this was no sportive opinion of his Lordship's, but maintained many years after, with the authoritative tone of a man accustomed to decide without fear of contradiction. To judge from what we have occasionally heard in the Courts of justice, we should conclude that the gentlemen of the long robe were not always the most intelligent on the subject of the fine arts. Romney, we suspect, leaned somewhat to the same opinion ; for in one of his letters to Hayley, he exclaims, with an irritation resembling native spirit, 'G—d light up the imaginations of lawyers !'

The great object of Romney was to distinguish himself as an historical painter : this ambition was neither free from vanity nor vexation ; it was besides of so perverse a nature as to disappoint its own ends, by engaging him in enterprizes beyond the reach of his powers.

powers. The work to which he trusted for immortality was a scene in the *Tempest*, painted for the Boydells. Nothing can exceed the pomp and parade of language with which the conception, progress, and termination of 'this magnificent design,' is pursued through several pages. In a subsequent part of the volume, Mr. H. resumes the subject, and we lay his remarks before the reader as no unfavourable specimen of his manner :—

' I now return to the great picture, which had occasionally exercised through several years the imagination, and the pencil of Romney. He finished it in the spring of 1790. His solicitude concerning its completion, and his gratitude to Heaven for having supported his apprehensive spirit, under a long work of such intense anxiety, are so forcibly described in the following letter, that nothing can shew in a stronger point of view the feelings of the painter.'

' April 21, 1790.

' My dear Friend,

' Your kindness in rejoicing so heartily at the birth of my picture has given me great satisfaction.

' There has been an anxiety labouring in my mind the greatest part of the last twelvemonth. At times it had nearly overwhelmed me. I thought I should absolutely have sunk into despair. O what a kind friend is in those times ! I thank God (whatever my picture may be) I can say thus much, I am a greater philosopher, and a better Christian.

' Your's most affectionately,

' G. R.'

' The relief of mind, that Romney enjoyed on having delivered this large and splendid performance to the candor, or the severity of the public, was proportioned to the long and anxious labour, which he had bestowed upon it. He was happily conscious, that it was the production of no ordinary painter, and he was also aware, that with considerable merit, it had striking defects, arising from his imperfect and fortuitous education in art, and from the habits of his professional life. There is great force, and magnificence, but not equal clearness of conception in the design, for the hurly-burly in the ship, and the cell of the princely enchanter are unfortunately huddled together. This appeared to me a radical error in the original sketch, which the artist tried many expedients to counteract, but which, in my opinion he was never able completely to remedy. Yet the picture has the primary characteristic belonging to works of true genius, it seizes and it enchants, though it does not absolutely satisfy the mind. It has however the grand merit of exhibiting, forcibly, and faithfully, both the dignity and the grace of Shakespeare's favorite characters. Whoever ingeniously compares the *Prospero* and *Miranda* of this picture with the same personages, as delineated by other artists, can hardly fail to feel very high esteem and respect for the genius of Romney. I recollect with pleasure, that when I conducted that friend to works of elegance, the late Revd. Mr. Cracherode, to his first inspection of this picture, then

then nearly finished in the house of my friend, I was highly gratified by its powerful effect on the feelings of a nice and rather fastidious, connoisseur. The pencil of the painter had an evident and acknowledged triumph over the prejudices of a refined taste, that had long idolized the designs of the great Italian school, and expected but little from English art.—pp. 140—142.

Yet the feelings of the public did not correspond with those of Mr. Hayley and his friends. The picture was viewed with cold indifference, and at the sale of the Shakespeare Gallery, was disposed of to a gentleman of the city, for the amazing sum of fifteen guineas, about half the price of the canvas and the frame!

But although we have freely expressed our opinion that Mr. H. has exceeded the just measure of praise due to the merits of Mr. Romney, it must not be inferred from this that we have no respect for his abilities, or that we do not allot him a very distinguished rank among the painters of the English school. In the eyes of the young practitioner he probably stood unrivalled, as he excelled in those points, that are generally last attained even by the most diligent student. The features of his men, which were always correctly drawn, and, as the artists express it, well put together, were marked in the manner of Sir Godfrey Kneller, on whose model he certainly formed himself; while his females reminded us more of the languishing beauty of Lilly. This however was nearly the sum of his excellence; for below the head, all was meanness and vulgarity: nor was this, as Mr. Hayley seems to think, the mere consequence of carelessness, or want of finishing, but a defect of taste, and delicacy of feeling. The pictures of Reynolds were often as slight as those of Romney, but what *was* done was so exquisitely felt, as to make it doubtful, whether more labour would have improved the effect, or wrought it to a greater similitude of the object represented. The style of art in which he most excelled, was, as Mr. Flaxman justly remarks, simple, domestic scenery, such as the *Serena*, from the *Triumphs of Temper*, or a female spinning at a cottage door. When he attempted subjects of a more elevated cast, he sunk beneath himself, as the portrait of his model never failed to obtrude itself, vitiating his historic or poetical character. His draperies, though lavishly commended by Mr. Hayley, were in all cases better adapted to sculpture than to painting, and gave to his figures more the appearance of coloured statues, than representations of animated nature. In his manner of treating the higher walks of history, we fear that extravagance has been mistaken for sublimity, and praised accordingly. Little minds seek distinction by constantly aiming at what is new, and extraordinary, which far from leading us to what is beautiful,

beautiful, or essential to the subject, generally terminate in tumour and affectation.

It remains to offer some observations on his colouring, which our author, with more zeal than judgment, compares with that of Titian: no two styles, however, can, in our opinion, be more unlike. In Titian every tint is broken and mysterious, while Romney's pallet may readily be traced back to the colour-shop. 'It is even doubtful whether he ever felt the charm of this captivating branch of the art; for he never ventured into unknown tracks: yet Romney is almost the only man we recollect, whose manner underwent no change, and who appeared so well satisfied with the system which he had adopted, as to persevere in it to the last hour of his practice. From the efforts of a mind in search after excellence we expect, and indeed find, a very different result. Sir Joshua Reynolds delighted and surprised the frequenters of his gallery, by the boundless range of his excursive imagination. His last system of colouring always appeared the best, till another visit to that scene of enchantment, his study, exhibited more irresistible claims on our admiration. This illustrious artist was as eminently distinguished for his spirit of enterprize, as for his other endowments; and his works were recognized rather by their superior excellence, than by any long adopted system of colouring. In the marking of his heads, although he indicated more knowledge, than appeared in the portraits painted by Romney, yet it was not so ostentatiously displayed; while by a felicity of conception, to a superior elevation of character, he united a greater degree of identity. The graceful action of his figures, and the inexhaustible variety of his back grounds, form a store of materials to future students, that must, from its persuasive eloquence, in time become the language of every school in Europe. Yet it is to this man, so richly gifted, that Mr. Hayley has injudiciously opposed Romney as a rival, and by so absurd a comparison ridiculed the object of his panegyric, who might, in a general muster of talents, have passed with no common share of credit.

As Mr. H. dwells with such delight on the epistolary powers of his friend, we shall present the reader with a sample of their excellence. After a laboured description of Romney's friendship, or rather passion for Lady Hamilton, (in which the author himself warmly participates) and a melancholy detail of his mental and bodily infirmities, 'an incident,' he says, 'most seasonably occurred which raised his sinking spirits to joyous elevation.' This was no less than a visit from the object of his regard. In his letter dated the 19th of June, 1791, he writes,

' At

' At present, and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady. I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind. I have two pictures to paint of her. She says she must see you, before she leaves England, which will be in the beginning of September. She asked me if you would not write my life:—I told her you had begun it:—then, she said, she hoped you would have much to say of her in the life, as she prided herself in being my model. So you see I must be in London till the time, when she leaves town.

' Believe me to be, with the sincerest love to your house, ever your's,
' G. R.'

Much doubt and trembling, much suspicion of coldness and neglect succeed. Romney becomes miserable, and Mr. Hayley writes verses to propitiate the lady.—The scoffers will smile perhaps at the idea of the two elders thus waylaying the attentions of the fair Susanna; and, in truth, it requires all our efforts to preserve a due decorum of countenance on the occasion. This, however, is quite rational to what follows; but we will be more merciful to Mr. Romney than his friend, and expose him no farther.

About this period, Madame Genlis sat to Romney for her portrait. This brings to the author's recollection a little compliment which he addressed to her some years before at Paris, where she received him and his friend with great hospitality: fortunately it still remained in the poet's port-folio;—' and here it is.'

' So great the favors shewn us here,
Which time can ne'er efface,
Our gratitude can scarce appear
Proportioned to their grace.

' In this distress sure aid I seek,
Dear Pamela, from you,
If those sweet lips will deign to speak
Our thanks, and our adieu !'

Nearly a third part of the volume, Mr. Hayley's admirers will be pleased to hear, is occupied by poetic effusions of equal merit with this. Most of them, indeed, have already appeared; but Mr. Hayley has the authority of Plato for producing them anew. 'There is some kind of matters' (such as these without doubt,) observes that philosopher, 'which the oftener they be repeated, do still prove the more delectable.'

Romney's life now drew towards its conclusion. His powers of mind were greatly enfeebled, and age and infirmities rendered him burdensome to his friends, and useless to himself. At this awful moment, he luckily bethought himself of the wife whom he had so cruelly

cruelly neglected, and returned to Kendal. In this most admirable woman, he found an attentive and affectionate nurse, who had never been irritated 'to an act of unkindness, or an expression of reproach, by an abandonment of forty years.' By her tenderness, he was supported through many melancholy months of decrepitude and mental decay; and (last scene of all) sunk into a grave, which Mr. Cumberland not inaptly terms 'inglorious,' on the 19th of November, 1802. A short character of the deceased artist, in which, as usual, Mr. Hayley insists principally on the softness of his nature, closes the narrative.

We regret that we cannot speak with more kindness of this equivocal example of friendly biography. As a literary composition, it is far below mediocrity; and as a critique on art, flimsy and injudicious: we certainly cannot accuse Mr. H. of extenuating the faults of his ingenious friend; or of maintaining less reserve than an artful enemy would affect, to preserve the appearance of candour: but we must remonstrate strongly against his licentious freedoms, and his laboured attempts to justify the sacrifice of every natural and social claim, at the shrine of avarice, selfishness, and distempered ambition.

If we might presume to offer our parting advice to Mr. H. it should be—to proceed no farther. Horace had not reached the advanced period which he has attained, by many years, when he heard the whisper of *Solve sensescentem*, in his ear. This small still voice, (which comes to all) escaped Mr. Hayley's notice, perhaps, amidst the *euge's!* of his friends; and it is now too late to repeat it. All, however, is not lost. If he will close his portfolio, and trust his reputation to what he has already produced, he may yet descend to posterity with some little credit as a poet, a virtuoso, and a man of letters; but if he persists in his lagging career, if he seeks to bring forward other quartos on other friends, we cannot conceal our apprehensions that his unseasonable efforts will eventually tend to diminish that portion of respect which the recollection of his 'Triumph of Music,' and his woeful 'Ballads, on the Brute Creation,' still permits him to enjoy in the estimation of the public.

ART. XIX. *An Account of the Empire of Marocco and the District of Suse. Compiled from Miscellaneous Observations made during a long Residence in, and various Journies through these Countries. To which is added, an accurate and interesting Account of Tombuctoo, the great Emporium of Central Africa.* By James Grey Jackson, Esquire. 4to. pp. 303. London, 1809. Nicol and Son.

MR. Jackson was for sixteen years resident as a merchant in the empire of *Marocco, and is perfectly familiar, as he assures us, with the languages and manners of north-western Africa. These are no common advantages; and though Mr. Jackson, it must be owned, appears fully aware of their extent,—yet a work coming from a person so qualified, is a real accession to the stock of geographical and political knowledge. They must indeed have small thirst after either, who will not readily forgive the *arrogant italics* in his preface, or the hardy promise in his title page of an *accurate* account of a city, which he only knows through the medium of African traders. His preface however contains a great deal of valuable matter; and Mr. J.'s advice, that a traveller in Africa should conform to the native dress, and have previously resided some time in Barbary, is well worth the attention of such champions of commerce and civilization, as may dare hereafter a journey little less portentous than that of Milton's Archfiend, 'over the burning marle,' and beneath 'a clime vaulted with fire.'

The empire of Marocco (for in Africa it really deserves the title) appears from Mr. Jackson's statement to be far more important in population and resources than former accounts have led us to believe. Of the population we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; the natural productions are of great variety and value. Blessed with a serene and invigorating climate, tempered by the ocean on one side, and the snowy ridges of Atlas on the other; with a soil which only requires irrigation to become a garden; and numerous rivers by which that irrigation may be always procured;—these countries seem destined by nature to be the granary of the world, and to unite by a singular felicity the naval resources of the north, with the luxuriant fertility of more southern regions. In general, however, we are struck with the resemblance both in soil and climate to Spain: and we cannot but wonder that so wide and

* We readily adopt Mr. J.'s new and more correct orthography. Correctness is always desirable; and though, where a name has been fixed by long custom in history, it is unwise to change it, this is seldom the case with barbarous countries. We may safely adopt Marocco and Faz, though we might hesitate to call Darius, 'Dara.'

tempting a field for avarice and ambition, within sight of Europe, to which it is now little more than a pest, should not have long since invited the arms and colonies of its neighbours. The northern provinces, as may be supposed, are most fertile in corn, and have also the largest forests of oak and cork trees. The southern, particularly Suse, are incredibly rich in fruits and in vineyards, and the sugar cane grows spontaneously.

'Cotton, indigo, gum, and various kinds of medicinal herbs are produced here.'—'The olive plantations in different parts of Suse are extensive and extremely productive: about Ras el Wed and Terodant a traveller may proceed two days through these plantations, which form an interrupted shade impenetrable to the rays of the sun: the same may be said of the plantations of the almond, which also abound in this province.'

The date here begins to produce a luxurious fruit, and the whole country might be made one entire vineyard.

The mountains of Atlas possess the advantages of many climates, and are rich in copper, iron, lead, sulphur, and saltpetre; there are also mines of gold, mixed with antimony and lead ore. Draha, Taplelt, and Bled el Jeredde, which are on the eastern side of Atlas, partake of the inconveniences of the elevated desert on which they border, and are barren and thinly peopled. Yet even here are indigo and other valuable productions. Dates, which require more sun and less water than any other fruit, are abundant and excellent: and the inhabitants, like those of most remote provinces, have the reputation, at least among themselves, of strict and primitive honesty. 'A robbery has hardly been known in the memory of the oldest man, though they use no locks.' The author corrects an error of Leo Africanus, of whom he speaks in general with the highest respect, in confounding the two rivers Suse and Massa, which Mr. Jackson himself ascertained to be different streams, and thirty miles distant from each other. He blames him however with less reason, for misstating the boundary between Haha and Suse, which may well have varied in a length of years, and according to Mr. Jackson himself, has actually been changed since Leo wrote.

The observations on the zoology of northern Africa, though it contains little or nothing in which he has not been forestalled by Bruce and Shaw, is still interesting and curious. He blames Bruce unjustly for confounding the *deeb* and *dubbah*, and adds that 'nothing but a want of knowledge of the Arabic language could have induced him to suppose a similarity.' p. 29. Now the fact is, that Bruce, who knew quite as much Arabic, and had lived nearly as long in Barbary as Mr. Jackson himself, makes no such mistake:

he expressly says the proper name of the hyæna is dubbah, and that this is the name he goes by among the best Arabian naturalists. 'In Algiers,' says he, 'this distinction is preserved strictly—dubbah is the hyæna; deeb is the jackall.' All Bruce asserts is, that 'in Abyssinia, Nubia, and part of Arabia, the hyæna is both in writing and conversation called deeb.' And he proceeds to state that this is a cause of confusion.—Can Mr. Jackson have really read this passage; or is he prepared to assert that Bruce is not as competent to decide on the dialects of eastern, as Mr. Jackson is on those of western Africa? So full however is he of this supposed error, that he repeats his discovery once in the notes, and again in the text in the course of three pages; as well as an observation of Pennant, who complains that Bruce has not given a distinct Arabic name for the *red* fox; when, as it appears from Mr. Jackson himself, no such name is to be found; and both kinds of fox alike are called thaleb. p. 26. The same ostentation of Arabic knowledge occurs in giving, as his own discovery, the derivation of Bled el Jerrede, when he might have known that Shaw 50 years before had explained it in the same manner. We mention these little traits of authorship with regret, because they are unworthy of Mr. Jackson's general good sense and candour, and of the knowledge of Arabic, which he may be reasonably believed to possess. The aoudah appears to be a hitherto undescribed variety of the chamois. The sibsib resembles in most respects the ashkoko of Bruce, but differs, if Mr. Jackson be accurate, in its long and beautiful tail. If the ashkoko be considered as the rock rabbit, the sibsib may lay claim to the appellation of rock squirrel. Mr. Jackson's description of the heirie or dromedary, whose swiftness * 'gives to the air a drowning force,' is very interesting, and however incredible, corroborated by every writer on Africa from the earliest ages. The desert horse, or shr'ubbah er'reeh, is mentioned by Blount, who travelled in Egypt in the reign of James the first. Mr. Parke, when in the camp of Benowm, observed the extraordinary swiftness of this animal, and that he had a feed of milk every day; though he did not consider this as his only food, but mentions also dry grass and barley. The wool of Mauretania probably only requires care to be as fine as that of Spain.

Mr. Jackson's experiments on the camelion, if made with sufficient care, are extremely curious. His Boah is unquestionably of the same species with the gigantic serpent which engaged the army of Regulus. Such a creature, however, is generally supposed to require moisture; and it is contrary to all our received notions, to assign him a habitation in the desert. The magnificent bird (the

* Southey's Thalaba.

בשר of scripture), which Bruce and our translators of the Bible consider as an eagle, is properly assigned by our author, and by Shaw before him, to the vulture tribe. It appears to be the Condor of South America, and is probably the foundation of all the eastern fables respecting the gigantic Rok. We were much surprised to find that the Berebbers of Atlas, as well as the ancient tribes of Caucasus, have their Gryphon, generated by the eagle on the female hyæna. Who would have expected to find these *διος ἀπαργαίαις νύμφαις* in a part of the world so wide of their first station? and what can have been the origin of such a fable?

The population of the empire of Marocco, Mr. J. confidently fixes (and apparently from the best possible authority) at fourteen millions. This is no very extraordinary number for a fertile territory of 120,000 square miles; but it is far greater than former accounts gave us reason to suppose, and truly wonderful according to European notions, if we consider the tyranny of the government, and the want of external commerce. Nevertheless, making a reasonable allowance for the vanity of the Moors, and the slovenly manner in which, under a barbarous government, such inquiries would be carried on, we see no reason entirely to discredit the calculation. Where there is sufficient food, men will multiply under any oppression whatever; and where the habits of men are simple and parsimonious, and the cultivation of the ground is free to all, many centuries must elapse before a country is overstocked. A century ago, the population of barbarous countries was generally over-rated. We believe our present calculators have fallen into the opposite extreme. Naples and Ireland are the two most populous countries of Europe; and we may conclude, by a parity of reason, that the luxury of England and France is a stronger check to the increase of inhabitants, than the bad government and civil dissensions of the Mohammedan sovereignties.

‘The inhabitants of the emperor of Marocco’s dominions may be divided into four classes; namely, Moors, Arabs, Berebbers, (which last are probably the aborigines,) and Shellahs.’ The Berebbers and Shellahs have each their peculiar language; the former Mr. J. fancies is a dialect of the ancient Carthaginian, and gives a reason which seems not a little whimsical, that many ‘possess the *old Roman physiognomy*.’ The Berebbers are probably a more ancient people in Africa than either the Romans or Carthaginians; and as they live in caves (a striking feature which they have in common with the Tibbo mentioned by Hornemann,) they may be a detached and distant remnant of the great nation of Troglodytæ. Mr. Jackson calls the language of Siwah a mixture of Berebber and Shellah; we confess, on comparing his vocabulary with that of Hornemann, there appears but little resemblance; yet the

the idea is not improbable, any more than that the Shellahs are a branch of the Tuaric. The manners of these nations are ably and forcibly described, and seem to differ little from those of other Mohammedans; their morals are, if possible, worse than most of the same religion.

'They are suspicious, deceitful, and cruel; they have no respect for their neighbours, but will plunder one another whenever it is in their power; they are strangers to every social tie and affection, for their hearts are scarcely susceptible of one tender impression; the father fears the son, the son the father; and this lamentable mistrust and want of confidence diffuses itself through the whole community.'

'The pride and arrogance of the Moors is unparalleled; for though they live in the most deplorable state of ignorance, slavery and barbarism, yet they consider themselves the first people in the world, and contemptuously term all others barbarians. Their sensuality knows no bounds: by the laws of the Koran, they are allowed four wives, and as many concubines as they can maintain; but such is their wretched depravity, that they indulge in the most unnatural and abominable propensities: in short, every vice that is disgraceful and degrading to human nature is to be found among them.'—p. 144.

With all this, a few good qualities may doubtless be discovered even in the most depraved; and their fortitude under adversity (though it be common to all barbarous nations, and proceeds in part from the risque continually incurred), the small beginning from which their wealth has risen, and, above all, their simple and frugal habits, which enable them better to struggle with want, are still truly admirable.

In spite of his bad opinion of the professors of Islam, Mr. J. seems to entertain a profound respect for their religion; and the chapter in which he treats of it (the 9th) is the only absurd part of his book. Not that the doctrines of Mohammed do not in fact approach much nearer to those of Moses, and even of Christ, than many bigotted Christians imagine; but that Mr. J., with a zeal which, however disinterested, is certainly not according to knowledge, has taken some of the least defensible grounds in the Koran. To give us a greater idea of its consequence, he tells us that it is 'embraced with *little exception* from the shores of West Barbary to the most eastern part of Chinese Tartary, an extent of upwards of 8000 miles; and from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a *few nations of Pagans*.' What he means by *little exception*, or a *few nations*, we cannot pretend to say; but the exception to be made from his first stretch, is no less than *all* Chinese Tartary, *all* Tibet, *all* China, and *all* Russian and independent Tartary eastward of the Kirgus. Nor is his African arrangement much more happy;—even in Soudan, as it appears from

from Parke, Hornemann and Browne, a large proportion of the population is Pagan,—and, except a scanty sprinkling on the eastern coast, he would be puzzled to find a single Mohammedan southward of the Gibel Kumrie.

But the Mohammedan religion is not only widely extended, it is also tolerant,—‘and all liberal Mohammedans insist that every man ought to worship God after the law of his fathers.—“If it pleased God,” say they, “all men would believe; why then should a worm, a wretched mortal, be so foolish as to pretend to force other men to believe?”’—Excellent indeed!—but ‘they say!’—Who says so?—In what page of the Koran, or of its commentaries, is such doctrine held; or where is the contrary not held?—What says their apostle himself,—as good a judge of his own doctrines as a Christian merchant? ‘Fight against the unbelievers until there be no opposition in favour of idolatry, and the religion be wholly God’s.’—‘Strike off their heads till ye have made a great slaughter among them!’—Heaven preserve us from such toleration! But Mohammed, we are told, did not refuse *final* salvation to Jews and Christians, but contented himself with threatening them with *damage* in the world to come. If, however, the unbelievers are on the same footing with murderers and blasphemers, and to lie with them in the midst of hell, for thousands of years, nor to be admitted to paradise till after a wholesome regimen of the fruit of the tree Zaccum, ‘which resembleth the heads of devils,’ and Dr. Sangrado’s *boissons copieuses de l’eau chaud*; few Christians or Jews, we apprehend, would thank him for his mercy. We suspect some mistake when Mr. J. says, the hell of Mohammed is not eternal;—this description, we think, can only apply to Al Araf, or purgatory. We will only make one observation more. Mr. Jackson laughs at Peter Cevaller for not knowing that the Pharaohs reigned in Egypt, for many centuries,—and therefore objecting to Mohammed that he made *Haman* Pharaoh’s prime minister; but Peter Cevaller might retort the laugh on Mr. Jackson, for not recollecting that the last of the Pharaohs was a mummy long before the real Haman was born. After all, Cevaller’s argument is good for little, as the Mohammedans may plead that there were more Hamans than one.

In Mr. Jackson’s account of the state of our relations with the powers of Barbary, we find an interesting but melancholy picture of blunders, mismanagement and neglect, arising from total ignorance of the language and manners of the country, a total disregard in England of all but parliamentary objects, and a total unfitness of the persons sent as consuls and ambassadors. We earnestly hope that the present volume may call the attention of the country to the value of a closer connection with these interesting regions, which the ambition of France has long since coveted, and which would

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be of more importance to Britain than even to France herself. If we are deaf to the voice of policy, humanity itself should urge us to some measures of this sort; and the misery of our shipwrecked mariners, doomed by our neglect to famine, bondage, and apostacy (page 226), calls loudly on the nation for succour and redress.

The part of Mr. Jackson's work which will most powerfully attract attention is the description of Timbuctoo, and the course of the Niger. Of the first, though African accounts must be received *cum grano salis*, many interesting and probable particulars are given. Instead of being itself the capital of a mighty empire, it is subject to the negro sovereign of Bambarra, who thus appears to share with Houssa and Burnu nearly the whole length of the Niger. It is, however, when compared with Hornemann, whom our author singularly confirms, that the present work is most valuable and satisfactory. The white people found between Timbuctoo and Houssa, who have their faces muffled up, and are supposed to be Christians, are identified by this description with the Tagama of Hornemann;—and still more so, as their language is compared to the whistling of birds.—(Jackson, p. 262; Hornemann, p. 110; Herod. Melp. 183). Their saddles, with long stirrups, seem to resemble those of the Abyssinians and Galla. Wangara, of which Mr. Browne heard nothing, is undoubtedly a part of Burnu*, or perhaps the occidental name for the whole country. The distinction between its inhabitants and those of Houssa, of both of whom Mr. J. has seen specimens, entirely accords with Hornemann's observation.

The most interesting question of all, is the termination of the Niger. Mr. Jackson believes, with Hornemann, that this mighty river is the western stream of the Bahr el Abiad; and with the most unfeigned deference to the high authority of Major Rennel, whose contrary opinion is before the world, we hope for indulgence while we state the principal circumstances which render such a junction probable.

It is generally known that this was the opinion of Herodotus (Euterpe), Dionysius (v. 222), Pliny (lib. iii.), and all the early geographers, with the exception, as has been supposed, of Strabo and Ptolemy; both of whom, however, have been misunderstood. Strabo, after laying down, from Eratosthenes, the situation of Meroe and the rivers Astaboras and Astapus, proceeds to say that

* By Hornemann's account, Burnu is south-west of Fittè; and the Wed el Gazel, far from being in its neighbourhood, is inhabited by wandering Tibbo.—This cannot be reconciled with Mr. Browne's information; but, as the Furians were ignorant both of Wangara and its golden produce (Jackson, 245), this circumstance may throw discredit on the extent of their knowledge. R.

* some called the Astapus, Astosabas; and asserted that there was another, *more correctly called Astapus*, which flowed from lakes in the south, and made up in a great degree the straight course of the Nile. Here we see this river distinguished by its straighter course and southern origin from what was considered as the real Nile, which must therefore have flowed, according to the original information of Herodotus, *απο ἑσπερης, και ἡλιου δυσμεων*.

Ptolemy has been still more mistated. Far from assigning a western course to the Niger, the contrary is implied by his first naming the *Μανδρον ορος* (Manding?), where he lays down a great lake, probably that of Dilbie, and then conducting it to a mountainous region in the centre of Africa, which he calls Thala. Farther he does not trace its course; but he does not say of it, what he expressly says of the Gir, that it terminates in a lake, or sinks under ground. And he also deduces a western branch of the Nile, out of a lake nearly 500 miles distant from its eastern source.

That the Nile and Niger were in some manner connected was the opinion of Edrisi; it is still the uniform opinion of the Arabs; and, if we believe Mr. Jackson's informant, the voyage has been actually made from Timbuctoo to Cairo, by persons now alive. (p. 565) To these evidences are opposed the testimony of the people of Dar Fur, communicated to Mr. Browne:—the length, of course, which such a junction would require (which, however, would hardly, if at all, exceed the Yenisea or Kiang), and the improbability of so great a distance in the height of Western and Eastern Africa, as to furnish a sufficient fall for its waters. The authority of Mr. Browne's informant in Dar Fur, who had never visited the country where the Nile was supposed to rise, and who was ignorant of the name and productions of Wangara, ought to be taken with caution; and indeed hardly amounts to more than assigning a south-western origin to the Bahr el Abiad, from a mountainous country called Donga, and from the Gibel Kumrie, a name which is also given by the Arabs to the hills whence the Niger springs, and of the meaning of which Mr. Jackson has first given a satisfactory explanation.† To the latter ground of objection, it may be replied, that all we know of the Niger, particularly its vast lakes, implies a descent by no means rapid, and opposed by many obstacles. Such lakes too, it may be observed, are mentioned by the ancients as on the Nile; though in the course of the river, as far as it is at present known, none such are found. Vast marshes are also men-

* 'Οι δ' Ἀσοςάβαν καλεῖσι, τὸν δ' Ἀσάπην ἄλλον εἶναι, ῥεοῖα ἐκ τινῶν λιμνῶν ἐκ μεσημέριας καὶ σχεδὸν τὸ κατ' εὐθείαν σπῆμα τῷ Νεῖλῳ ἵκνεται ποιεῖν.

STRAB. l. xvii. p. 786. Paris ed. 1620.

† From their whiteness—Aoud Kurr is a white horse.

tioned; and the centurions sent by Nero, whose intelligence was certainly received at the time as authentic, declared that their progress up the river terminated at an extent of water over which the eye could not reach. On the whole, from these lakes, and from the *whiteness* of the Montes Lunæ, a name which might well have been assigned by the ancient Nubians (who were, as Pliny tells us, of *Arabian origin), the features of this part of Africa may be found to equal in grandeur the gigantic hills and waters of America. To those who may be inclined hereafter to explore these scenes of wonder and peril, Mr. Jackson's hints and information may, we think, be useful. To trust to the Moors, under present circumstances, we apprehend, will be certain ruin; and we must, as Christians, enter our protest solemnly against purchasing their favour by even a pretended apostacy. The advantages of Discovery are too problematical to be worth a crime; nor will a renegado be ever admitted to confidence even by his new friends and masters. From Abyssinia to the westward more favourable openings may perhaps be found; but the only rational hope of making important discoveries, or turning these discoveries to advantage, must be by a powerful establishment on the coast. The necessity of a close alliance with Marocco, if the French should succeed in Spain, will be more obvious than ever. Of Ceuta perhaps some advantage may be made; but, under the present circumstances of Africa, it might be not impossible to purchase from the emperor, by an annual tribute, the sovereignty of his distant and revolted province of Suse, the inhabitants of which, it is said, are favourably disposed to the English. With such an establishment, our merchants, as well as the Africans, no longer subject to the caprices of slaves and despots, would trade with safety and confidence, and (what always follows mutual confidence) with mutual probity. A good government, and a respect for the prejudices of Mohammedans, would make Agadeer the emporium of Marocco and Soudan; would gradually accustom the Africans to the appearance and character of Christians; and would, in the course of half a century, be felt in its good effects from the ocean to Wangara.

If an establishment at Suse cannot be effected, the interests of humanity and civilization have still another hope in the progress of the new and mighty empire of Bambarra. Any accession of strength which this may acquire is an additional step to the union of the petty and plundering tribes under one vigorous government; and opening

* Accolas Nili a Syene, non Ethiopum populos sed Arabum esse dicit usque ad Meroen. Plin. lib. 6. 34.—This may give probability to the Arabic derivation of Oasis; and the Carthaginians, another race from the same stock, may have given the name of *Attils* to the snowy mountains of the west. R.

a short and easy road between the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger. Till this is effected (and the abolition of the slave trade, by weakening the maritime tribes, will effect it ere long), it is in vain to expect a profitable intercourse through so many savage hordes, and so many natural impediments. A vigorous colony on the Gambia, in alliance with Bambarra, might certainly hasten this desirable object. But the unhealthy climate appears to preclude all great efforts in that quarter, and we are inclined to believe that it is through Marocco and the desert that we may best hope to redress the wrongs of Africa.

ART. XX. *Short Remarks on the State of Parties at the Close of the Year 1809.* 8vo. pp. 30. Hatchard. 1809.

THIS little *jeu d'esprit* has, as we understand, had a very extensive circulation; but we entertain some doubt whether, among the multitudes who have read it, there are many who have detected its true character and object.

The last instance, so far as we recollect, of a successful deception of this kind in political literature was the famous ironical defence of Lord Shelburne's administration, which, under the title, we believe, of 'A Gleam of Comfort,' was bought up with avidity by his lordship's friends and admirers.

The little work before us, though not under so fascinating a title, appears to us to be written in a similar vein of irony, and may possibly have had a similar success in deluding many friends of the present administration. We do not know whether we are more prudish than others in matters of political morality, but we cannot help wishing to discountenance a species of imposture, which appears to us an illicit mode of warfare, something analagous to carrying false colours, and which, as such, ought to be discouraged by all, of whatever political party or persuasion, who wish for a fair and serious discussion on points which we have all a deep interest in understanding.

To put arguments in the mouth of a political adversary, for the sake of afterwards answering and refuting them—to impute to him errors of reasoning deducible from his conduct, for the sake of afterwards exposing the absurdity of that reasoning, and condemning the conduct founded upon it—are artifices of eloquence fair in themselves, and sanctioned by the practice of the ablest controversial writers—But to assume the very garb and speak in the person of your adversary, and in that disguise to profess on his behalf sentiments probably as foreign to his feelings as they are certainly inconsistent with his character and prejudicial to his interests, is unfair

unfair and uncandid, not to that adversary alone, but to all those who may be misled by the delusion.

The result of fair controversy is, that the mass of persons who, though taking a deep interest in politics, have not the habit nor the opportunity of canvassing very complicated questions, and forming opinions for themselves, are furnished with the best and most substantial arguments in support of the cause to which they are attached; and for this purpose it has not been unusual, either at the formation of a new administration, or on the eve of the opening of a session of parliament, in important times, for each party to put forth some accredited pamphlet, as a text-book, from whence their partisans may collect the principles of the conduct intended to be pursued, and the course of the arguments by which it is to be justified. But the consequences of an attempt like the present, of the issuing a *pretended* manifesto in a *borrowed* character, are to perplex and mislead the understandings of well-meaning and well-affected persons, to lead the closest adherents of a government unconsciously to disparage its principles, its credit, its cause, and thereby to render the very partialities of friendship subservient to the views and interests of political hostility.

It is thus with the pamphlet before us—as, strictly speaking, it contains no argument—it would have been on the part of a professed adversary perfectly innoxious. But its malignancy consists in this, that it contains statements of principles, and representations of things, which would have done no harm (as they would have obtained no belief) if openly imputed as charges; but which when received as professions and admissions are calculated to produce infinite mischief. We confess our own suspicions were excited by the very first paragraph:

‘The Marquis of Wellesley having, as is generally understood, expressed a cordial acquiescence in the principles upon which the present administration was formed; and having also signified a perfect readiness to take upon himself the duties of one of its most important departments; it may be fairly said that the ministry is completed,’ &c.—p. 5.

When we considered the degree of expectation with which the country looks to the noble marquis whose accession to the government must have been considered by the ministers as the greatest possible acquisition of strength, it seemed unaccountable, on the supposition of the pamphlet being written with a sincere view of upholding the administration, that the author should be content to say nothing more of Lord Wellesley, than that by his acceptance of a department, that department was *filled*, and ‘the ministry completed,’ without one word on the subject of the superior ability with which he might be expected to discharge the duties of his

office, and of the benefits which the councils of his country might derive from his presence in the cabinet :

‘ Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn’d to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.’

But that this mere *stopping of the gap* in an administration should be the only function assigned to such a man, in a work professing to exhibit a view of the pretensions of the present administration to the confidence of the nation, was, of itself, sufficient to make the sincerity of the author’s intentions very questionable.

But fresh proofs crowd upon us as we proceed. The author thus states the object of his pamphlet :

‘ The principal view with which I offer the following remarks to the public, is, to see how the different political parties, whether generally in the habit of opposing, or generally in the habit of supporting, the Pittite connexion, bear upon the vital point in difference, the essence of every question which will be put from the chair in either house, in the next session of parliament; viz. whether Mr. Perceval or Lord Grenville is to be the king’s prime minister. It strikes me that many persons are not sufficiently aware that this is the real end to which all political discussions at the present period lead.’

Here are, as our readers will observe, flagrant marks of imposture. It has always been usual for the party out of power to impute to the minister of the day, that the essential object of his parliamentary system, ‘ the real end’ of all his policy was to maintain himself in power. This is the cant of every opposition. It is an accusation always exaggerated, generally unjust; but as an accusation it is not new. It would, however, be new as an admission and as a defence—it would be new to hear a minister avow and proclaim, that ‘ every question to be put from the chair in either house, in the next session of parliament,’ that is to say, every measure which the government have it in contemplation to originate, that ‘ all political discussions at the present period,’ comprehending, of course, negotiations, expeditions, financial arrangements, and the great questions of peace and war, are in fact to be directed to the sole object of keeping him in power. Such an avowal, we are confident, would never be made by the present government, especially at a moment when a jealousy and suspicion of all public men has been so industriously excited, and when a cry has been raised against them as having no object in view but success in the struggle for power. This single position, therefore, was sufficient to create in our minds a belief that the author of this pamphlet was any other than, as he pretends to be, a friend of the present government; and that he assumed that character for the express purpose of vilifying those whom he affects to defend.

Again,

Again, in page 16, we find it stated, that

‘It may be open to doubt whether the plan of the expedition to Walcheren were well laid or no: but had the event of a decision of that doubt in the negative unquestionably led to the establishment of Lord Grenville in power; it would not have been wise for those who deprecate such an establishment to urge the question, even as against the Duke of Portland: how much more unwise then is it for them to ground on such a question, any inclination to withdraw (*even for a time*) from the support of another minister, who shares nothing more important with that noble Duke than his resistance of the violence which Lord Grenville would offer to the King and the Constitution, and whose promise of future deserving is not at all darkened by the ill success of the expedition to Walcheren.

‘It may again be open to doubt, whether the execution of that expedition were able or no: but if any censure of the conduct of those who commanded, should *by implication* contribute to the dissolution of the present cabinet, and the introduction of Lord Grenville to power, it surely would not be wise to press a point which is connected with a misfortune merely temporary, so as to affect the essential welfare of Great Britain, and inflict a *vital* wound on the constitution.’

Does not the cloven foot of an enemy appear in this pretended deprecation? Is it credible that any government would seriously set about conciliating the good opinion of the country by endeavouring at the present moment to persuade them that an investigation of the late disastrous expedition was inconsistent with their continuance in power, and that *therefore* the country ought to be satisfied without it? When it is recollected (as stated in page 15) that ‘*some of the members*’ of the present cabinet (that is to say, all but three), ‘and particularly Mr. Perceval, were members of the late cabinet,’ it is probable that an advocate of the ministry would contend that ‘the plan of the expedition to Walcheren’ was ‘well laid,’ that ‘the execution of that expedition’ was ‘able,’ and that *therefore* no inquiry into them was necessary. Or, on the other hand, he might argue, that although there had been ‘doubts,’ as to ‘the execution of the expedition,’ those doubts having led to inquiry and examination on the part of government, ministers would be prepared to state the result of that examination, and that *therefore* the interference of parliament would be unnecessary. But to acknowledge the existence of the doubts, to give no opinion as to their validity, to hold out no intimation that they have been inquired into, or are to be inquired into, by the executive government, and simply to contend that they must not be examined into for fear of disturbing the present ministers in power, is a mode of argument which no minister would countenance, which no friend to ministers would hazard, and which can only proceed from an enemy in disguise.

Next to the great object of discrediting an administration with the country at large, a political adversary would naturally be desirous of diminishing their parliamentary force, and driving their followers from their standard. Now, no happier artifice could be devised for this purpose, than that to which our author has recourse. To have asserted, in his own avowed character, that ‘the number of persons who *talk of objecting* to certain parts of the late ministers’ (who with few exceptions are also the present ministers) ‘conduct is by no means trifling’ (p. 13)—and to have prophesied, in his own character, that the ‘driving Mr. Perceval from the helm by a majority of the house of commons’ would be the result of those persons ‘adding their weight to opposition’ (p. 15)—would have done but little towards creating despondency, and consequent desertion, among the partisans of administration; but the same assertions and prophecies, if really believed to come from a professed advocate, would be of fearful omen.

‘I am one of those’ (says our author, p. 23) ‘who do not wish to withhold from all these descriptions of politicians’ (meaning all those whom he has described as likely to co-operate with the opposition) ‘full credit for acting conscientiously: I only lament that they are all blind to the necessary result of their adhering (in any numbers) to the lines of conduct which they have severally chalked out for themselves. One would fancy that they had no notion of the control which parliament exercises over a ministry, and how much the stability of a ministry may depend upon the event of a division. I am far from going so much the other way as to suppose, contrary to repeated examples, that a minister’s being in a minority and quitting his place are synonymous; or that it is in any case proper for him to sacrifice his sense of duty so totally to the opinion of others, as to give way in that manner: but I do think, and upon grounds deducible from the acknowledged frailty of human nature, that one majority on the part of opposition often *harbingers* another, and that the measures of any administration must be subject to much embarrassment when their support in parliament is so precarious as to leave them *often* on the losing side of a question.’

This passage does not yield to any of the former in the malignity of its intention, but that intention is less artfully concealed, the humour is far too broad, and the mask of friendship more than once on the point of falling off. It is here intimated in pretty distinct terms, that ministers expect to be in a minority; it is suggested as a consolation that one minority does not turn a minister out, but this consolation is speedily done away, by a deduction from the ‘frailty of human nature,’ and by the suggestion that majorities on the part of opposition have the property of ‘*harbingering*’ each other. And the whole concludes with an admission, not easy to be disputed, that, however satisfactory a respectable minority may occasionally be, as an instrument for carrying on the public business

in parliament, yet that a too frequent recurrence of such minorities tends to embarrass 'the measures of *any* administration.' With all this is mixed up a great deal of interesting and recondite truth, with respect to parliamentary controul and ministerial stability, forming altogether a compendium of all the possible motives by which a good judge of 'the frailty of human nature' might expect to dishearten zealous and to repel interested followers.

After this specimen we apprehend there will remain no doubt on the minds of any of our readers as to the real character of the author of this pamphlet, or as to the object which he had in view.

But even if the false assumption by a political enemy of the character of a partisan of administration were in itself pardonable, we should conceive the degrading that character by such language as that in which this pamphlet is written, to be a refinement of malice which no political hostility can justify. When the author gravely informs his readers that 'his principal view' is 'to see,' when he describes 'different political parties' as 'bearing on a vital point in difference'; when, rejecting as too metaphorical the figure of '*carrying an outwork of the King's prerogative*,' he professes 'to speak without a metaphor' of '*effectuating a direct invasion of it*'; when he describes 'the two component parts of the old opposition' as '*playing each other's GAME*,' and '*thus like wild beasts worrying each other as soon as ever the game is killed*'; when he assures us with respect to the same parties that 'their very undermining each other is perfectly reconcilable to their coincidence in the main point'; when he talks of 'an *aggregate body*' made up of *two parties*'; when he denies the propriety of '*laying ground for breaches*' in one place, and in another of '*cancelling breaches that have occurred*'; and above all, when he protests against '*inflicting a vital wound* (what sort of a wound is that? can he mean mortal?) on the constitution';—it is impossible to suppose that the innovations and eccentricities of stile of which these are a few only of the most obvious specimens, can have proceeded from the mere carelessness of a zealous advocate, or that they can have been scattered with so unsparing a hand, except for the purpose of casting a ridicule upon the character which he maliciously assumes, of the literary champion of the administration.

He was well aware that though the manner in which any case is stated, has, in strictness and in justice, nothing to do with the real intrinsic merits of the case itself, though the adscititious aids and ornaments of stile are often calculated to dissipate and distract the attention rather than to concentrate it; yet that there is, in this nation at the present day, a fastidious nicety of taste, which is too easily disgusted, and that nothing so much prejudices a cause, as the throwing a ridicule upon its advocate.

Our principal reason for dwelling so long on this fanciful but insidious production, has been, that though really calculated to discredit and endanger the present administration, it does contain a number of topics which have been inadvertently urged by many of their sincere though ill-advised friends. From them it has borrowed the assertion, that the constitution, which we believe to be tolerably well established, can only be upheld by supporting 'the gentleman to whom the prominent situation of prime-minister is entrusted;' that if he were not what he is, the executive power would be unable to take care of itself; and that the universal love and veneration of all classes of men would be insufficient to protect our sovereign against the predominant influence of one ambitious peer. Like them it insists that, were the present minister displaced, there would be no other alternative than between the adoption of that noble lord and total anarchy; that the late chaos having ceased, and the great departments of the state whose dubious revolutions were, a few weeks since, so alarming, having ultimately been attracted into their natural direction, they must remain, now and for ever, attached to their present centers of gravity; and that no future change can take place without universal ruin. Like them it forbids inquiry into the causes of these events; and like them it enjoins the total oblivion of the late expedition, of the hopes which it disappointed, and of those which it realized and again surrendered. It is only with respect to the motive which the author assigns for this oblivion that he is perfectly new. He tells us that our rational ground of confidence in the future exertions of the new minister must be laid, not on the experience of his conduct since his accession to the cabinet, but on the anterior experience of 'those parts of his prior conduct which are to be attributed solely to himself.' This can mean nothing else but his professional exertions; an allusion maliciously calculated rather to destroy than to create the confidence which the author professes to found upon it.

We shall be happy if our examination of this work, and our exposure of the author's meaning and motives, shall prevent his malice, against whomever directed, from obtaining any extensive success.

We conclude as we began, with protesting against an artifice calculated to destroy all confidence and good faith in political controversy. Let each party tell its own tale. Let each be fairly heard through its own avowed advocates. But let not the judgments of the unsuspecting followers of an administration be entrapped, and their confidence abused, by the suggestions of an enemy in the clothing of a friend, avowing, as if on behalf of the administration, maxims of government, such as have never been acted upon since the institution of parliaments, and proclaiming that avowal in such language as has never been current since the institution of grammar.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, VOL. XVI.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, VOL. XVII.

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