

dently written, not by any man of intelligence, but merely by himself, and consequently conveys no useful information.

Mr. Carter charges me most unjustly with inducing him to quit Mr. Nichols as his printer, and to employ a friend of mine in his stead. If his pretended contrition had been sincere, which from his conduct it appears evidently not to have been, how came it that Mr. C. could, at a subsequent period, assume courage to see Mr. N. in order to form his present connexion with him, when he had increased his supposed transgression by voluntarily employing, as he confesses he did, another printer at a time when he had a fair opportunity of correcting, if he had chosen it, his former error? By all his acquaintance I have always understood Mr. N. is esteemed a good-natured man; and Mr. C. had no reason to fear any harshness from such a person, situated as he says he was, and compelled by his interest to do, as he says, what was repugnant to his feelings. Mr. N. (on such an explanation) would, I am confident, have thought no more of it, especially when Mr. C. had proved his sincerity by returning to him as soon as he was able.

(To be continued.)

Mr. URBAN,

April 10.

THE following Prizes are offered by "the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor, in the hundred of Oswestry, and the parishes of Chirk, Llansilin, and Llanarmon," for the year 1814, to be decided on the first Thursday of August; and are herewith transmitted for insertion in the Gentleman's Magazine, than which the Writer of this Letter knows of no better medium for giving extensive publicity to the useful and laudable objects therein specified:

1. To the Cottager who keeping one Cow only upon a reasonable quantity of land, has his Cottage, Garden, and Lands in the best state of management, Three Guineas.

2. To the Cottager who shall be found to occupy the best-furnished, neatest, and cleanest Cottage; together with the best cultivated Garden.—The Garden to be not less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an acre in extent, Two Guineas.

3. The like when there shall be little or no Garden, One Guinea.

All Claims for the above Prizes to be

sent in by the last Thursday in March 1814, that the Cottages may be inspected.

4. To the Cottager who shall keep the greatest quantity of Bees, and manage them in the best manner with the most profit, One Guinea.

5. To the Servant who shall prove that he or she has saved the greatest sum in proportion to his or her wages, being not less than 10 guineas during the last six years, One Guinea.

6. A Benefaction of Five Guineas is offered to every Blind person who, belonging to one of the united parishes, shall return from the Liverpool school, with a good character, having learnt some useful employment.

7. To the Apprentice, Son or Daughter of a Cottager, who shall have completed a service of seven years, and having, on the testimony of the Master or Mistress, made due proficiency in his or her profession, shall upon examination be found to have the best knowledge of the Bible, Two Guineas.

8. To the Master of a Charity School who shall be found on examination to be the best skilled in the various branches of his profession, and shall at the same time bear a most unexceptionable character, Five Guineas.

9. To the Boy or Girl under the age of 16, who in an examination shall be found to understand the Bible and Catechism best, One Guinea:—2d prize, Half-a-Guinea, or Books to that amount.

10. To the Boy or Girl under the age of 16, who shall be best skilled in Arithmetic, One Guinea:—2d prize, Half-a-Guinea, or Books to that amount.

The Examination for the Four last Prizes will be at the Town-Hall in Oswestry, on the first Thursday of Aug. 1814."

The Society have also established a Bank for the benefit of the Poor, which will receive small Sums half-yearly, for which they who deposit the money will receive an Interest of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. No Sum less than £5, or more than £40 to be received, nor otherwise, than as either £5, £10, £15, &c. reckoning by fives. The money to be deposited with the Treasurer of the Society. The motive of the Establishment of this Bank has been, that the Poor frequently find it difficult to deposit small Sums, where they can have regular Interest for them; and for their security the money deposited with the Treasurer of the Society will be paid into the Oswestry Bank, the Firm of which has liberally agreed to pay the above-mentioned Interest.

A PHILANTHROPIST.
LITERARY

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Eighth Volume of Mr. NICHOLS's *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century* is completed; and also,

Anecdotes of the English Language; chiefly regarding the Local Dialect of London and its Environs; whence it will appear that the Natives of the Metropolis, and its Vicinities, have not corrupted the Language of their Ancestors. By SAMUEL PEGGE, Esq. F. S. A. The Second Edition, enlarged and corrected. To which is added, a Supplement to the Provincial Glossary of Mr. GROSE.

Mr. PINKERTON's "General Collection of Voyages and Travels" will be completed (in 17 vols. 4to.) early in May.

Speedily will be published;

Mr. DYER's *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*; including Notices of the Founders and Eminent Men; with 32 plates, 2 vols. 8vo. and 4to.

Old English Plays, vol. I.; containing two tragedies by MARLOWE, and two comedies by LYL. With notes and biographical prefaces.

Illustrations of the Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances; being an Abstract of the Book of Heroes, and Nivelungen Lay; with translations of Metrical Tales, from the old German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic languages; with Notes and Dissertations, 4to.

Captains LEWIS and CLARKE's *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean*. Performed by order of the Government of the United States in 1804, 1805, and 1806. With a Map of the Route, and other Maps.

Essays, Moral and Entertaining; on the various Faculties and Passions of the Human Mind. By the Right Hon. EDWARD EARL of CLARENDON. small 8vo.

"*Alicia de Lacy*," a Novel, by Mrs. WEST, in 3 vols.

Mr. HORNE's *Introduction to the Study of Bibliography*.

The first Part of "The Principles of Practical Perspective; or, Scenographic Projection." By RICHARD BROWN, Architect and Drawing-Master.

An *Epicure's Almanack, or Guide to Good-living*; on the Plan of the French *Almanach des Gourmands*.

Preparing for Publication:

Iconographia Reynoldsiانا: Portraits of the most distinguished Characters in the Reign of George III. from the Pictures of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS; engraved in the line manner.

A new edition of the *Saxon Chronicle*, with an English Translation and Notes by Rev. J. INGRAM, late Saxon Professor at Oxford; to which will be added a copious chronological, topographical, and glossorial Index, with a Grammar of the Saxon Language, and an enlarged Map of England during the Heptarchy, 4to.

The *Classes and Orders of the Linnæan System of Botany*; illustrated by select Specimens of Foreign and Indigenous Plants. In 26 Monthly Parts.

A New Poem. By Mr. WORDSWORTH. *Researches into the History and Invention of Playing Cards, with Incidental Illustrations of Ancient Manners, and of the Origin of Printing and Engraving on Wood*; embellished with 18 engravings, among which will be fac-similes of Ancient Cards.

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH, whose literary and inventive powers have often been displayed through her pen and pencil, and which have always done so much credit to her genius and exalted rank, has, we are informed, been long engaged in a series of Biographical Sketches, which to a future age are likely to constitute the secret Memoirs of a considerable part of her Father's eventful reign. Many beautiful drawings and engravings, after exquisite designs by this illustrious lady, already adorn the collections and libraries of the Nobility; we understand, however, that she has latterly been engaged chiefly in painting subjects of natural history, a branch of art which she now prefers to works of mere imagination.

We learn also that her Majesty has evinced royal munificence in her rich collection of Illustrated Books, in her newly-formed and splendid library at Frogmore. Her Majesty's select library at the Castle evinces her taste and acumen in matters of general literature; but her library at Frogmore is an example worthy of being followed by crowned heads and persons of high rank throughout Europe.

As a compliment due to a life which has been devoted to the cause of science, the Trustees of the British Museum have placed a bronze bust of Sir JOSEPH BANKS on the great staircase of that noble building. The bust is the entire work of the Hon. Mrs. DAMER, and does credit to her acknowledged talents in this important branch of art. It was presented by her to the Museum, and the conspicuous disposition of it is creditable to all the parties.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

37. *A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the years 1809 and 1810. By J. C. Hobhouse. Second Edition, 4to, pp. 1152. Cawthorn.*

THIS classical narrative of a very interesting Journey had reached a Second Edition, before we had an opportunity of perusing the First; and well merits the success which it has experienced.

Mr. Hobhouse, with his friend Lord Byron, left Malta, September 19, 1809, in a brig of war; and in five days had the first view of Greece.

The journey is described in a series of Fifty-one Letters; in the first of which, we have the Approach to the Gulph of Lepanto, and to Patrass; and the Passage between the Islands Cefalonia, Ithaca, and Santa Maura, to Prevesa. In the Second, a Description of Prevesa; the Mouth of the Gulph of Arta; Actium; short description and account of Prevesa, and of the Battle which placed the Town in the hands of the Turks. In the Third, the Ruins of Nicopolis; preparations for travelling in Turkey; the Dragoman; Servants; Baggage, &c.; the Sail down the Gulf of Arta to Salora; and the Albanian Guard of Salora. In the Fourth, the Presents customary in the Levant; Route from Salora to Arta; Description of that Town; the Site of Ambracia; of Ambracus; and Departure from Arta. In the Fifth, Route from Arta to the kan of St. Dimetre; from St. Dimetre to Ioannina; where we shall stop to transcribe the first view and entry into the City, and the reception our Travellers there experienced:

"The road was through a green plain to the Westward of North, in many places cultivated, and every where spotted with flocks of sheep and goats. This plain to the right, and before us, seemed to extend to a great distance, until terminated by a mountain, or rather a vast chain of mountains, which were half hidden in the clouds. To the left were, at about two miles' distance, green hills; on the side of which we saw two villages. We continued for three hours upon the plain approaching the mountains; and after riding up a gentle rising for another half hour, had our first view of Ioannina, and of the

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lake on which it stands. A gleam of sunshine afforded us an opportunity of contemplating the fine prospect of the city and its neighbourhood. The houses, domes, and minarets, glittering through gardens of orange and lemon trees, and from groves of cypresses—the lake spreading its smooth expanse at the foot of the city—the mountains rising abruptly from the banks of the lake—all these burst at once upon us; and we wanted nothing to increase our delight, but the persuasion that we were in sight of the Acherusian Lake of Pindus, and the Elysian Fields. But we had not yet perused the topography of Pouqueville.—We soon entered the suburbs, after having passed a new-built house of the Vizier's on our right, inclosed within a wall of some extent. On our left hand were Turkish tomb-stones, and shops to the right. As we passed a large tree on our left, opposite a butcher's shop, I saw something hanging from the boughs, which at a little distance seemed to be meat exposed to sale; but, on coming nearer, I suddenly discovered it to be a man's arm, with part of the side torn from the body, and hanging by a bit of string tied round one of the fingers.—Before we set down the Turks as a cruel, savage people, on seeing this, we should recollect, that a stranger passing through Temple-Bar fifty years ago, might have concluded the English to be of the same character. We learnt that the arm was part of a robber, who had been beheaded five days before, and whose remaining quarters were exposed in other parts of Ioannina:—After riding at least a mile through the streets, we came to the house of the English Resident, for whom we had been provided with a letter by the Governor of Malta, and found that a house had been prepared for our reception. To this place we repaired, and were received with a most profound politeness by Signor Nicolo, the owner of the mansion. Our quarters were very comfortable; and our host, a Greek, who had passed several years at Trieste, and who spoke Italian very fluently, was kind and attentive.—I had scarcely dressed myself, when I was informed that a Secretary of his Highness the Vizier, and the Greek Primate of the city, had called to congratulate us on our arrival. I went in the first to receive them, and was quite overwhelmed with the many fine things said by the Secretary, who spoke French, and told me, that his Highness had been aware of our intention to visit Ioannina; that he had

ordered

ordered every thing to be prepared for our reception; that he was sorry to be obliged to leave his capital, to finish a little war (*une petite guerre*) in which he was engaged, but that he begged we might follow him; and lastly, that an escort was provided for that purpose, to be ready at our command. The Primate, whom, I was told, I might know to be a very great man, by the enormous size of his *calpac*, or cap, spoke not a word, but bowed very frequently. When my Friend came in, the same compliments and information were repeated to him; and as we were not at that time acquainted that these were usual honours, nor with the Greek manner of expression, we were not a little surprised, especially when we learnt that all our provisions were to be daily furnished to us from the Vizier's palace.—The Secretary and the Primate left us, as they said, to give the necessary orders; and, wishing to observe the Frank ceremony of pulling off the hat, were exceedingly awkward in lifting up their immense caps with two hands, and adjusting them again upon their heads. They were some time also at the door of the apartment, shuffling on their outward shoes, which, according to etiquette, formerly observed by the Greeks and Romans, and now by the Orientals, are always put off on entering an inner apartment; so that the poorer class of people have their feet naked, the middling wear a sock or stocking, and the rich have a thin boot without a sole, reaching a little above their ankles, which, when worn by a Turk or privileged Greek, is yellow or scarlet, but in all other cases blue, or some dark colour. The delay caused by this adjusting of the outward shoes, after a man has taken his leave, has a very bad and embarrassing effect; and you are sensible of this when a Greek is making these preparations; but the composure and dignity of a Turk are not hurt by his complying with this or any other custom. We passed the few days we remained at Ioannina, previous to our visiting the Vizier at his quarters, very agreeably, and with a variety of occupations which is seldom to be enjoyed by travellers, and which, even in this place, would not perhaps have lasted long.

“The existence of such a city as Ioannina seems, till very lately, to have been almost unknown; and yet, I should suppose it, after Salonika and Adrianople, and perhaps Widdin, to be the most considerable place in European Turkey. The city stands on the Western banks of the lake, at about two miles

from its Northern extremity. In its utmost length it may be perhaps two miles and a half; and in breadth, though in some places it is much narrower, nearly a mile. Immediately near the lake it stands on a flat; but the North and North-Western parts of it are built on slopes of rising and uneven ground. A triangular peninsula juts into the lake, and contains the residence of the Pasha, being defended by a fortification and a tower at each angle. The entrance to this fortress is over a draw-bridge. There is one street which runs nearly the whole length of the town, and another that cuts it at right angles, extending to the fortress. These are the principal streets.—The houses are, many of them, large and well-built, containing a court-yard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery, and the apartments of the family above. A flight of wooden steps under cover of the pent of the gallery connects the under and upper parts of the houses. Though they have but a gloomy appearance from the street, having the windows very small, and latticed with cross bars of wood, and presenting the inhospitable show of large folding doors, big enough to admit the horses and cattle of the family, but never left open, yet the yard, which is often furnished with orange and lemon trees, and in the best houses communicates with a garden, makes them very lively from within, and the galleries are sufficiently extensive to allow a scope for walking in rainy weather.—The Bazar, or principal street, inhabited by the tradesmen, is well-furnished, and has a showy appearance. The Bizestein, or covered Bazar, is of considerable size, and would put you in mind, as may be observed of all these places, of Exeter Change.—Besides the palace in the fortress, and the two allotted to the two sons of Ali, there is another summer residence of the Vizier's in the suburbs, at the North-West end of the town. It is built in the midst of a garden, in a wild and tangled state, when we saw it, but abounding with every kind of fruit-tree that flourishes in this favoured climate—the orange, the lemon, the fig, and the pomegranate. It is in the form of a pavilion, and has one large saloon (I think an octagon), with small latticed apartments on every side. The floor of the saloon is of marble, and in the middle of it, there is a fountain containing a pretty model, also in marble, of a fortress, mounted with small brass cannon, which, at a signal, spout forth jets of water into the fountain, accompanied by an organ in a recess, playing some

some Italian tunes. The small rooms are furnished with sofas of figured silk; and the lattices of the windows, as well as the cornices, are gilt, and highly polished. The shade of an orange-grove protects the pavilion from the sun; and it is to this retreat that the Vizier withdraws during the heats of summer, with the most favoured ladies of his harem, and indulges in the enjoyment of whatever accomplishments these fair-ones can display for his gratification."

In the Eleventh Letter, having arrived at Tepelléné, a visit to the celebrated Ali Pasha is thus described:

"About noon, on the 12th of October, an officer of the palace, with a white wand, announced to us that we were to attend the Vizier; and accordingly we left our apartment, accompanied by our dragoman, and by the Secretary, who put on his worst cloak to attend his master, that he might not appear too rich, and a fit object for extortion. The officer preceded us along the gallery, now crowded with soldiers, to the other wing of the building; and leading us over some rubbish where a room had fallen in, and through some shabby apartments, he ushered us into the chamber in which was Ali himself. He was standing when we came in; which was meant as a compliment, for a Turk of consequence never rises to receive any one but his superior; and, if he wishes to be condescending, contrives to be found standing. As we advanced towards him, he seated himself, and desired us to sit down near him. He was in a large room, very handsomely furnished, and having a marble cistern and fountain in the middle, ornamented with painted tiles, of the kind which we call Dutch tile. The Vizier was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat, though not particularly corpulent; he had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the custom of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, composed of many small rolls, seemed of fine gold muslin, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants. He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain

howitzer, which was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon; he turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us, that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback, riding along the banks of the river towards Tepelléné. He then said, 'that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pasha, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master to take the stronger side.' He addressed this with a smile to the Secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us. We took pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good-humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence; I never saw another instance of it in Turkey.—Instead of having his room crowded with the officers of his court, which is very much the custom of the Pashas and other great men, he was quite unattended, except by four or five young persons very magnificently dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs: these brought in the refreshments, and continued supplying us with pipes, which, though perhaps not half emptied, were changed three times, as is the custom when particular honours are intended for a guest. There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish Vizier and a Traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party; especially as these conversations are always in the form of question and answer. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if his host does not put any very foolish interrogatories to him; and Ali did not ask us any questions that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.

"In the evening of the next day we paid the Vizier another visit, in an apartment more elegantly furnished than the one with the fountain. During this interview, Ali congratulated us upon the news which had arrived a fortnight before, of the surrender of Zante, Cefalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, to the British squadron: he said he was happy to have the English for his neighbours; that he was sure they would not serve him as the Russians and French had done, in protecting his runaway robbers; that he had always been a friend to our nation, even during our war with Turkey, and had been instrumental

strumental in bringing about the Peace. He asked us what had made us travel in Albania? We told him, the desire of seeing so great a man as himself. 'Aye,' returned he, 'did you ever hear of me in England?' We, of course, assured him, that he was a very common subject of conversation in our country; and he seemed by no means inaccessible to the flattery. He showed us some pistols and a sabre; and then took down a gun, that was hanging over his head in a bag, and told us, it was a present from the King of the French. It was a short rifle, with the stock inlaid with silver, and studded with diamonds and brilliants, and looked like a handsome present; but the Secretary informed us, that when the gun came from Napoleon, it had only a common stock, and that all the ornaments had been added by his Highness, to make it look more like a royal gift."

Mr. Hobhouse has taken much laudable and successful pains in investigating the modern divisions and various forms of government in Albania (the avowed object of his journey); adding thereby considerably to the general stock of geographical knowledge.

From Albania, the Travellers passed through Carnia; and a favourable account is given of Natolico and Mes-salonge, two towns of the antient Ætolia, and at present among the best towns of Roumelia. From the latter Mr. Hobhouse crosses to Patrass; and thus expresses his satisfaction at the change:

"On arriving from Albania in the Morea, you quit a region little known at any time, for one which the labours of antients and moderns have equally contributed to illustrate; and after wandering in uncertainty, you acknowledge the aid of faithful guides, who direct every footstep of your journey. Pausanias alone will enable you to feel at home in Greece; and though the country he describes has not had quite so long a time to undergo a change, as Pouqueville imagines (for the author of the *Periegesis* did not write two thousand years ago), yet it is true, that the exact conformity of present appearances with the minute descriptions of the *Itinerary*, is no less surprising than satisfactory. The temple and the statue, the theatre, the columns, and the marble porch, have sunk and disappeared. But the valleys and the mountains; and some, not frequent, fragments 'of more value than all the rude and costly

monuments of barbaric labour;' these still remain, and remind the traveller that he treads the ground once trod by the heroes and sages of antiquity. To traverse the native country of those, whose deeds and whose wisdom have been proposed to all the polished nations of every succeeding age, as the models which they should endeavour to imitate, but must never hope to equal, with no other emotions than would arise in passing through regions never civilized, is unnatural, is impossible! No one would roam with the same indifference through the sad solitudes of Greece and the savage wilds of America; nor is the expression of feelings, which it is the object and end of all liberal education to instill and encourage, to be derided as the unprofitable effusion of folly and affectation."

The following description is given of a cavern on the side of Mount Parnè, which was visited by Mr. Hobhouse and his noble friend in an excursion from Keratèa to Cape Colonna:

"We ascended for some time; and, turning round the Eastern extremity, came to the South side of the range. The clouds hanging on the side of the hills retarded our progress; but, after scrambling up some way in the mist, we again found ourselves in the light. The sun shone above head in a clear blue sky; and whilst the country below seemed like an expanse of white water, the ground where we stood, and the summits of other mountains, had the appearance of innumerable islands rising abruptly from the sea. Arriving with much difficulty near the top of the range of hills, we came, after a long search, to the mouth of the cavern. A fragment of impending rock almost concealed the entrance. We leaped down on the first landing-place, and there struck a light; and having each of us taken a pine-torch in our hands, together with a supply of strips of the same wood, let ourselves down through a very narrow aperture; where there was a choice of two entrances, one to the right, and the other to the left. Creeping down still farther, we came at once into what appeared a large subterranean hall, arched over head with high domes of crystal, and divided into long ailes by columns of glittering spars—in some parts spread into wide horizontal chambers; in others terminated by the dark mouths of steep recesses, descending, as it seemed, into the bowels of the mountain. The vast magnificence of Nature was joined with the pleasing regularity of Art. We wandered

wandered from one grotto to another, until we came to a fountain of pure water, supplied partly by a stream that trickled down the petrifications depending from the roof, and partly by a spring bubbling up from the rock below. By the side of this basin we loitered some time, when, as our torches were wasting, we resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, we found ourselves again at the fountain's side, and began, not without reason, to be somewhat alarmed; for the guide here confessed, that he had forgotten the intricacies of the caverns, and knew not how we should ever recover our path. We were in this situation, roaming through ranges of the cavern, and now and then climbing up narrow apertures, totally ignorant of our position, for many minutes, and the last strip of fir was consumed, when we saw a ray gleaming towards us, and, directing our steps that way, arrived at the mouth of the cave. Had our light been extinguished, there would have been but little, if any, chance of our escape. The splendour and beauty of the scene would have vanished with the last blaze of our torch, and the fairy palace been at once converted into a dark inextricable cavern, a dungeon, and a tomb. The mind cannot easily picture to itself any 'slow sudden' death more terrible, than that of him who should be buried in these subterranean solitudes, and, after a succession of faint hopes and eager efforts, sink at last, subdued by weakness and despair."

32. *The Doge's Daughter; A Poem, in Two Cantos: with several Translations from Anacreon and Horace.* By Edward Lord Thurlow. 8vo. pp. 66. Longman and Co.

A fertile Muse, unchecked by the severities of a more than Siberian frost, again luxuriates in a new and sportive species of versification.

"The Doge's Daughter," an interesting Tale, in familiar metre, bears evident marks of having been transmitted to the press warm from the imagination of the Noble Bard, unpollished even by the labour of revision. If some casual marks of easy negligence are consequently to be traced, such trivial blemishes will be more than compensated by many occasional beauties throughout the Poem.

The following Dedication to Lord Eldon in the style of our ancient Poets is peculiarly neat, and creditable to the Writer's sensibility.

"My Lord, When I had presented to you my Poem of 'Moonlight,' I heard, and lamented to hear, that your Lordship was suffering under that enemy to contemplation, and a more studious life, the Gout: and, because I knew, that light and cheerful airs of Poësy are as medicinal to the mind, which is ever a partaker of pain, as the herbs, used by wise Physicians, are to the body; I resolved to imagine some gentle and pleasing argument, which might not be unwelcome to your Lordship, even in that estate. But, I thank God, your Lordship's pain lasted not so long as my labour: and I have now only to request your favour and protection for these few lines, inasmuch as I please myself to think, that they were born in your service.

"For the Poem of the Doge's Daughter, if it shall be considered that I have sprinkled some flowers of Poësy upon the narration, I shall esteem that approval a sufficient eloquence.

"For my Translations from Anacreon, it may, perhaps, be thought, that I merit somewhat more of approbation. This, at least, is due to me; that I have not wandered far from my Author; nor made that evil, which I found entirely void of it. Although this great and noble Poet (great and noble where he is innocent) be the easiest of all writers to translate; yet has his sense never been poetically given, except by Cowley. The name of Cowley can never be mentioned without delight; but in this instance he has even excelled himself; for his Anacreontiques, to use his own words, are to all sense,

"The dewy morning's gentle wine."

"I have added also, that Ode of Horace, which Scaliger valued above the price of the Kingdom of Tarracon; and some Songs, descriptive of the harmless pleasures of a country life; with which the wisest minds, over-exercised in the duties and occupations of state, have often permitted themselves to be flattered and beguiled.

"Praying, that health and honour may ever attend your Lordship, that we may continue to be benefited by your wisdom; I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, and ever faithful Servant,

THURLOW.

As some specimens of Lord Thurlow's translation of the Odes of Anacreon have been already given in our Magazine, pp. 63, 64, we select "An Angler's Song," in which Isaac Walton would have joined complacently.

"When the sun is shining low,
From our easy sport we go,

Our kettle full of fish ;
 And, having thought the golden day,
 Through the meads, we take our way,
 In haste to dress our dish :
 Whether it barbel be, or pike,
 Or trout, or silver eel belike,
 Or perch, or grayling free ;
 Or bream, or carp, or tench, or bleak,
 Or gudgeons, that in fords we seek,
 Or roach, or dace it be ;

A cup, well stirr'd with rosemary,
 A health, to Madge too pledged free,
 A song of harmless love,
 Sheets, neatly kept in lavender,
 May each day of the calendar
 These simple blessings prove.

Before the fire we sit, and sing,
 Content and happy as a king,
 When winds of Autumn blow,
 Employ'd upon our gentle themes,
 'Till Spring unbind the frozen streams,
 And then to fish we go ;

With Morn unto the dewy meads,
 Where the herd contented feeds,
 Tracing our steps again :
 What fortune can be like to this ?
 Then let the wise partake our bliss,
 Th' unwise at courts remain !"

The Volume concludes with the following "Epilogue."

"Now thanks, O gentle Muse, I say,
 Who gav'st me this Venetian lay.
 And may the song be sweet and clear,
 In noble Eldon's wisest ear:
 With what, too, of diviner flame,
 From the learn'd Anacreon came,
 And lighter Flaccus, whose sharp string
 Could please the World's discreetest
 King*.

And, ere yet the grasshopper
 In the mead shall chirrup clear,
 And bright willow-buds appear ;
 Ere the swallow dip it's wing,
 On the surface of the spring ;
 Ere the forsaken Philomel
 Her chant unto the forest tell ;
 Or the Cuckoo strain her throat,
 Which the married ear may note ;
 Long ere these sweet things shall be,
 May this noble Lord be free
 From pain, and infelicity :
 That Equity may find it's Chair
 Fill'd with prudence, and wise care ;
 That th' expecting Parliament
 May have it's long-lov'd President ;
 That the weighty Council-board,
 Which, O Muse, can ill afford,
 Rich though it be, to lose this Lord,
 May joy in his pure golden light,
 And be to our admiring sight
 A perfect constellation bright :

* Augustus Cæsar.

These things shall make our PRINCE
 to smile,
 And fill with joy the SILVER ISLE."

39. *Quarrels of Authors ; or, Some Memoirs for our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy to the Reign of Elizabeth.* By the Author of "*Calamities of Authors.*"

"The use and end of this Work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning, but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose ; which is, that it will make learned men wise in the use and administration of learning."

LORD BACON, of Learning.

3 Vols. 8vo. pp. 944. Murray.

"THE 'Quarrels of Authors' may be considered as a Continuation of the "*Calamities of Authors*;" and both, as some Memoirs for our Literary History. Should these Volumes disappoint the hopes of those who would consider the Quarrels of Authors as objects for their mirth or their contempt, this must not be regretted. Whenever passages of this description occur, they are not designed to wound the Literary Character, but to chasten it ; by exposing the secret arts of calumny, the malignity of witty ridicule, and the evil prepossessions of unjust hatreds. The present, like the preceding Work, includes other subjects than the one indicated by the Title ; and indeed they are both subservient to a higher purpose, that of our Literary History.

"There is a French Work, entitled '*Querelles Littéraires*,' quoted in '*Curiosities of Literature*,' about twenty years ago. Whether I derive the idea of the present from the French source, I cannot tell. I could point out a passage in the great Lord Bacon, which might have afforded the hint. But I am inclined to think, that what induced me to select this topic, were, the literary quarrels which Johnson has given between Dryden and Settle, Dennis and Addison, &c. and Mr. Walter Scott, who amidst the fresh creations of Fancy can delve for the buried truths of research, in his narrative of the Quarrel of Dryden and Luke Milbourne. From the French Work I could derive no aid ; and my plan is my own.

"The Philosophy of Literary History was indeed the creation of Bayle. He was the first who, by attempting a *Critical Dictionary*, taught us to think, and to be curious and vast in our researches. He ennobled a collection of facts by his reasonings, and exhibited them with the most miscellaneous illustrations ; and

and thus conducting, apparently, a humble pursuit, with a higher spirit, he gave a new turn to our studies. It was felt through Europe; and many celebrated Authors studied and repeated Bayle. This father of a numerous race has an English, as well as a French progeny. Johnson wrote under many disadvantages; but, with scanty means, he has taught us a great end. Dr. Birch was the contemporary of Johnson. He excelled his predecessors; and yet he forms a striking contrast, as a literary historian. Birch was no philosopher, and I adduce him as an instance how a writer, possessing the most ample knowledge, and the most vigilant curiosity; one practised in all the secret arts of literary research, in public repositories and in private collections, and eminently skilled in the whole science of Bibliography, may yet fail with the Public. The diligence of Birch has perpetuated his memory, by a monument of MSS.: but his touch was mortal to Genius! He palsied the character which could never die; heroes sunk pusillanimously under his hand; and in his torpid silence, even Milton seemed suddenly deprived of his genius. I have freely enlarged in my *Notes*; a practice objectionable to many, but indispensable perhaps in Literary History. The late Mr. Cumberland, in a conversation I once held with him on this subject, triumphantly exclaimed, 'You will not find a single Note through the whole volume of my *Life*. I never wrote a Note. The Ancients never wrote Notes; but they introduced into their text all which was proper for the Reader to know.' I agreed with that elegant writer, that a fine piece of Essay writing, such as his own *Life*, required Notes no more than his Novels and his Comedies, among which it may be classed. I observed, that the Ancients had no Literary History; this was the result of the discovery of Printing, the institution of National Libraries, the general literary intercourse of Europe, and some other causes which are the growth almost of our own times. The Ancients have written history without producing authorities. Mr. Cumberland was then occupied on a Review of Fox's History; and of Clarendon, which lay open before him, he had been complaining, with all the irritable feelings of a Dramatist, of the frequent suspensions and the tedious minuteness of his story. I observed, that *Notes* had not then been discovered. Had Lord Clarendon known their use, he had preserved the unity of design in his text. His Lordship has unskillfully filled it

with all that historical furniture his diligence had collected, and with those minute discussions his anxiety for truth, and his lawyer-like mode of scrutinizing into facts, and substantiating evidence, had induced him. Had these been cast into *Notes*, and were it now possible to pass them over in the present text, how would the story of the noble historian clear up! The greatness of his genius will appear when disencumbered of its unwieldy and misplaced accompaniments. If this observation be just, it will apply with greater force to Literary History itself, which, being often the mere history of the human mind, has to record opinions as well as events; to discuss as well as to narrate; to shew how accepted truths become suspicious; or to confirm what has hitherto rested in obscure uncertainty; and to balance contending opinions and opposite facts, with critical nicety. The multiplied means of our knowledge now opened to us, have only rendered our curiosity more urgent in its claims, and raised up the most diversified objects. These, though accessaries to the leading one of our inquiries, can never melt together in the continuity of a Text. It is to prevent all this disorder, and to enjoy all the usefulness and the pleasure of this various knowledge, which has produced the invention of *Notes* in Literary History. All this forms a sort of knowledge peculiar to the present more enlarged state of Literature. Writers who delight in curious and rare extracts, and in the discovery of new facts and new views of things, warmed by a fervour of research which brings every thing nearer to our eye and close to our touch, study to throw contemporary feelings in their page. Such rare extracts, and such new facts, Bayle eagerly sought, and they delighted Johnson; but all this luxury of literature can only be produced to the public eye, in the variegated forms of *Notes*.—My present inquiries have been promoted by many literary favours from various quarters. To James Bindley, esq. they are more particularly indebted; a name to which the Public are accustomed in all works connected with our native literature: Critical as well as curious, and possessing knowledge as ample as the liberality which imparts it, he preserves among us the spirit of the Bodleys and the Sloanes.—Of my old and respected friend Mr. John Nichols, who has devoted a life to Literature, and who aided the researches of Johnson, it is no common gratification for me to add, that he has even as zealously, aided mine."

Of the Literary Banquet provided in these Volumes by Mr. D'Israeli, we shall exhibit the Bill of Fare.

"Warburton and his Quarrels; including an Illustration of his Literary Character—Pope and his Miscellaneous Quarrels—A Narrative of the extraordinary Transactions respecting the Publication of Pope's Letters—Pope and Cibber; containing a Vindication of the Comic Writer—Pope and Addison—Bolingbroke's and Mallet's Posthumous Quarrel with Pope—Lintot's Book of Accounts."

"The Royal Society—Sir John Hill, with the Royal Society, Fielding, Smart, &c.—Boyle and Bentley—Parker and Marvell—D'Avenant and a Club of Wits—The Paper Wars of the Civil Wars—Political Criticism on Literary Compositions."

"Hobbes and his Quarrels; including an illustration of his character—Hobbes's Quarrels with Dr. Wallis the Mathematician—Jonson and Decker—Camden and Brooke—Martin Mar-Prelate—Literary Quarrels from Personal Motives."

These various articles are all extremely interesting; and those of "Boyle and Bentley," and of "Camden and Brooke," in particular, have great merit.

The characters of Warburton, Pope, and Curll, are well discriminated; and a remarkable Poem by Pope, "To the Author of a Poem intitled *Successio*" [Elkanah Settle], (alluded to, but not inserted in Pope's Works) is printed, with proper illustrations.

We subjoin the Contents of the concluding article, "Literary Quarrels from Personal Motives," and a specimen of its judicious execution.

"Anecdote of a Bishop and a Doctor—Dr. Middleton and Dr. Bentley—Warburton and Dr. Taylor, Warburton and Edwards—Swift and Dryden—Pope and Bentley—Why Fiction is necessary for Satire, according to Lord Rochester's Confession—Rowe and Addison—Pope and Atterbury—Sir John Hawkins and George Steevens—A fierce controversial Author a dangerous Neighbour—A ludicrous instance of a literary Quarrel from personal motives of Bohun and the Wykehamists."

After several highly interesting anecdotes, Mr. D'Israeli adds:

"These facts will sufficiently establish this disgraceful principle of the personal motives which have influenced the Quarrels of Authors, and which they have only disguised, by giving them a

literary form. Those who are conversant in literary history can tell how many works, and some considerable ones, have entirely sprung out of the vengeance of Authors. Johnson, to whom the feelings of the race were so well known, has made a curious observation, which none but an Author could have made:—'The best advice to Authors would be, That they should keep out of the way of one another.' He says this in the Life of Rowe, on the occasion of Addison's Observations on Rowe's character. Rowe had expressed his happiness to Pope, of Addison's promotion; and Pope, who wished to conciliate Addison towards Rowe, mentioned it, adding, that he believed Rowe was sincere. Addison replied, 'That he did not suspect Rowe feigned; but *the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure*; and it would effect him just in the same manner, as if he heard I was going to be hanged.' Warburton adds, that Pope said he could not deny but Addison understood Rowe well. Such is the fact, on which Johnson throws out an admirable observation: 'This censure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but observation daily shews, that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded, rather than credited. Addison can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. *Few characters can bear the microscopic scrutiny of WIT, quickened by ANGER.*' I could heap up facts to demonstrate this severe truth. Even of Pope's best friends, some of their severities, if they ever reached him, must have given the pain he often inflicted. His friend Atterbury, to whom he was so partial, dropped an expression in the heat of conversation, which Pope could never have forgiven; that our Poet had 'a crooked mind in a crooked body.' There was a rumour, after Pope's death, that he had left behind him a satirical Life of Dean Swift. Let Genius, whose faculty detects the foibles of a brother, remember he is a rival, and be a generous one. In that extraordinary morsel of literary history, the Conversations of Ben Jonson with his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, preserving his opinions of his contemporaries, if I err not in my recollection, I believe that he has not spoken favourably of a single individual! The personal motives of an Author have often influenced his literary conduct to practise meanness, which no author can be allowed. One remarkable instance of this

this nature, is that of Sir John Hawkins, who indeed had been so hardly used by the caustic pleasantries of George Steevens. Sir John, in his edition of Johnson, with ingenious malice, contrived to suppress the acknowledgment made by Johnson to Steevens, of his diligence and sagacity, at the close of his Preface to Shakspeare. To preserve the panegyric of Steevens, mortified Hawkins beyond endurance; yet to suppress it openly, his character as an Editor did not permit. In this dilemma, he pretended he reprinted the Preface from the Edition of 1765; which, as it appeared before Johnson's acquaintance with Steevens, could not contain the tender passage. However, this was unluckily discovered to be only a subterfuge, to get rid of the offensive panegyric. On examination, it proved not true: Hawkins did not reprint from this early edition, but from the latest, for all the corrections are inserted in his own. 'If Sir John were to be tried at Hicks's Hall (long the seat of that Justice's glory), he would be found guilty of *Clipping*,' archly remarks the Periodical Critic.—A fierce controversial author may become a dangerous neighbour to another author; a petulant fellow, who does not write, may be a pestilent one; but he who prints a book against us, may disturb our life in endless anxieties. There was once a Dean, who actually teased to death his Bishop, wore him out in journeys to London, and at length drained all his faculties—by a literary quarrel from personal motives. Dr. Thomas Pierce, Dean of Sarum, a perpetual controversialist, and to whom it was dangerous to refuse a request, lest it might raise a controversy, wanted a Prebend of Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury—for his son Robert. He was refused; and now, studying revenge, he opened a Controversy with the Bishop, maintaining that the King had the right of bestowing all dignities, in all Cathedrals in the Kingdom, and not the Bishops. This required a Reply from the Bishop, who had been formerly an active controversialist himself. Dean Pierce renewed his attack with a folio volume, entitled 'A Vindication of the King's Sovereign Right,' &c. 1683.—Thus it proceeded, and the web thickened around the Bishop, in replies and rejoinders. It cost him many tedious journeys to London, through bad roads, fretting at 'the King's Sovereign Right' all the way; and, in the words of a witness, 'in unseasonable times and weather, that by degrees his spirits were exhausted, his memory quite gone, and he was totally unfitted for business.'

GENT. MAG. April, 1814.

ness *.' Such was the fatal disturbance occasioned by Dean Pierce's folio of 'the King's Sovereign Right,' and his son Bob being left without a Prebend!"

On the whole, we may safely pronounce these volumes to be highly interesting.

40. *The Death of Saul and Jonathan.*
A Poem. By Edward Smedley, Jun.
8vo. pp. 33. Murray.

AFTER our hearty commendation of the truly respectable Author of "Erin," in vol. LXXX. p. 57; it is with great pleasure we perceive that this Poem, by his Son,

"obtained the Seatonian Prize for the present year, and is published in pursuance of the will of the late Mr. Seaton. Under other circumstances," we are modestly told, "the following lines would not have been obtruded on the public; for the successful candidate is too well aware of the extensive beauties of the subject upon which he has written, to imagine that it would be possible to include them within the ordinary limits of a Prize Poem. He shall consider himself peculiarly fortunate, if he should be deemed not injudicious in his selection."

Mr. Smedley (who is at present M. A. and Fellow of Sydney Sussex College) was educated at Westminster; and inscribes his Poem, "as a testimony of veneration and gratitude," to that excellent Scholar and worthy Man, the very Reverend William Vincent, D. D. Dean of Westminster, &c.

The Story of Saul and Jonathan is too well known to require recapitulation. But Mr. Smedley has adorned it with sublimity of language; one specimen of which we shall exhibit—in the answer of the shadow of Samuel to an impatient Monarch, with the admirable reflections which Mr. Smedley thence deduces.

"Why seek from me," the shadowy
form replied, [denied?] "What to thy prayer by Heaven has been
Or think that I can aught of hope bestow, [thy foe?] When God has left thee, and become
Yea! as the mantle which was rent in twain [plain,] By thine own hand on Gilgal's fated
So rent from thee thy kingdom falls away,
So pass'd to David is Judah's sway.
Canst thou forget Telaim's number'd host, [the coast?] When Judah sent her thousands from

* Lansdown MSS. 1042—1316.

When

When all from Havilah to Shur was won,
 And Egypt scarcely saw the slaughter done,
 Then spake the Mighty one, and bade
 thee tread [dead;
 Each suckling babe, and woman to the
 Pour War's full horror on th' accursed
 neck,
 And quench for aye the pride of Amalek.
 Why stopp'd th' avenger? why was
 wrath delay'd?
 Why the just fate of faithless Agag staid?
 For this Judaea's widow'd vine shall
 mourn [timely torn;
 Her shatter'd boughs, her stem un-
 For this her tendrils which o'er spread the
 land, [band.
 Yield their rich clusters to the spoiler's
 To-morrow's sun on Hermon's brow may
 rise, [thine eyes;
 His Western radiance ne'er shall glad
 To-morrow's dawn may smile on Jordan's
 wave, [grave.
 The tears of evening shall bedew thy
 There with thy sons, proud king, shalt
 thou recline [mine;
 In the cold darkness of a couch like
 There while thy hosts before Philistia
 flee, [lie with me!"
 Thou and thy sons, proud king, shall
 Ceas'd that unearthly warning—not a
 sound [found.
 Pierc'd the dread silence of the vast pro-
 The Monarch stood, and pour'd nor sigh
 nor tear, [bier.
 As the pale mother guards her infant's
 Slow throbb'd his veins, and with un-
 certain start [heart;
 Scarce flow'd the tardy current from his
 Check'd by that frost which life itself
 congeals, [feels.
 That chill which no one but the dying
 Who then would ask that fever of the
 soul
 Whose dreams can dark futurity control?
 The fruit of knowledge by itself de-
 stroy'd; [joy'd;
 The land of promise, seen, but unen-
 Th' unwilling presence of the moun-
 tain seer, [to hear.
 Eyes curs'd with vision, ears condemn'd
 Each breeze which freshens with the
 morning sky [cry;
 Wafts but to him some lov'd-one's dying
 Each mist which flickers round the noon-
 day sun [being spun;
 Shews some black pomp, some thread of
 And the last beam which sinks beneath
 the wave
 Shadows a kinsman's far-removed grave.
 On the red lightnings of the peopled storm
 Floats shape unreal, disembodied form;
 Imagin'd horsemen on the whirlwind
 ride, [side!
 And fancied war-cries rive the mountain
 'Tis but the dim fore-echoing of the drum,
 Foes yet unborn, and battles still to come!

Condemn'd to brood o'er unexisting woe,
 And shunning all which others seek to
 know;

No hope to cherish, and no wish to fill,
 Mechanic organ of his own free-will;
 Of morbid fancy both the sport and
 hate, [create;

As children dread the phantoms they
 All but the present scene to him is
 known,

And every world discover'd but his own!
 Oh! may no hand the holy veil upraise
 Which guards the secret of my future
 days!

If long forgetfulness that heart should
 chill, [can thrill;

Which bends with mine, and thrills as I
 If the fond hand which Friendship bids
 me hold, [cold;

Fall from my grasp, unproffer'd, listless,
 If aught in coming years should e'er un-
 bind [kind;

Those ties which knit my soul to human
 May Heaven in mercy shroud me from
 its sun, [done!"

Nor break my slumber till my dream be

We add a few lines from the de-
 scription of the Son of Jesse.

"Still as the tide of music roll'd along,
 And Fancy revell'd in the varied song,
 In every chaplet which he gave to Fame
 He lov'd to weave one well-remember'd
 name.

Then Friendship claim'd its consecrated
 part [heart;

In each full, quick o'erflowing of his
 And all his last and sweetest numbers
 ran [than!

On Him the Minstrel lov'd, his Jona-
 Belov'd of David! though thy cold re-
 mains

Unhonour'd moulder upon foreign plains;
 Though the dark locks of heaven-anoint-
 ed Saul [shana's wall;

Blanch 'neath the winds which rive Beth-
 Though tongues accus'd the festal cho-
 rus raise, [praise;

And Dagon triumphs to the song of
 Though mooned Ashtaroth may proudly
 claim [fame:

The hard-won trophies of thy warrior
 Yet 'mid the poppy wreath which twines
 around

Thy faded brow, the laurel leaf is found;
 Yet still for thee in holy accents flow
 The kindred agonies of private woe;

And not forgotten in the mourning
 strain, [again."

The Poet's friend half wakes to life

41. *A Sermon preached in the Cathedral
 Church of St. Paul, before the Right
 Honourable the Lord Mayor, &c. on
 Thursday, the thirteenth of January,
 1814, being the Day appointed for a Ge-
 neral*

neral Thanksgiving. By the Rev. William Tooke, F. R. S. Chaplain to his Lordship. 4to. pp. 30.

AGAIN have we the pleasure to meet our long-respected Friend, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain; and again have we to present to our Readers an elegant and instructive Discourse.

From Psalm cxxxvi. 1. "Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever," Mr. Tooke observes, that

"The lofty hymns composed by pious men, among which those of David hold a foremost place, owe their origin to the admiration and transport with which they contemplated the wonders of the Most High. That before us contains a magnificent assemblage of the marvellous acts of divine goodness. . . . The Psalm has scarcely more than one object; all the verses ending with the celebration of the mercy of God, as their pompous burden. It was the custom to sing in the procession before the ark, as appears from what we read in the first book of the Chronicles. . . . Accordingly Jehosaphat, when attacked by the Moabites and Ammonites, appointed Levites to sing unto the Lord, and magnify his goodness. Marching before the host, they chanted the sacred strain: 'Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever.' And so soon as they began their song of triumph, the Lord turned against the Ammonites and Moabites the ambushes they had prepared against Judah. A glorious example for encouraging the faithful to make the Lord their refuge in the hour of distress. Oh, how grateful to heaven are such anticipated thanksgivings and praise! When the afflicted Christian, by faith, foresees his deliverance, it is an almost infallible token that his deliverance is nigh."—"The whole psalm is thrown together in that sort of regular confusion, which expresses the genuine language of the heart, better than the most elaborate compositions of genius are able to do. The feelings always burst forth in irregular sallies. Precision is a quality belonging to the mind; but irregularity is the character of the heart. When we would instruct, we must use method; but if we would move, we must use vehemence and impetuosity. A methodical and continued discourse may please and inform, but it will never persuade. The passions are always eloquent, only because, like a torrent, they carry all before them. A man that attends to his composition is scarcely occupied with his subject; it may be said, indeed, that he is his own subject.

But when the emotions of the soul impetuously break through all the rules of art, there is a character of sincerity and affection in this confusion, that speaks and means infinitely more than the most studied oration. Whenever it is our business to speak of God to men, we should indeed speak with deliberation and precision, for fear of communicating to them erroneous ideas of so holy and perfect a being. But when we speak to him, we must give ourselves up to the emotions of our heart. God is not a theme for our pedantic rules of logic, and the figures of our rhetorical declamations. He loves to see a heart so thoroughly occupied with him, as to be more intent upon himself, than on the manner how to address him. Nay, when we are suddenly, and at once, impressed with sentiments of joy, hope, fear, reverence, love, gratitude, and admiration, and while each of these emotions is contending with the rest for priority of utterance, how is it possible for the language that results from this contest to be methodical? Rather, how acceptable must such irregularity be in the sight of God! What eloquence in this disorder! What placidity of mind does this want of arrangement produce! Let us always address our prayers and thanksgivings from the abundance of the heart, and we need not fear that the disorder and irregularity of the matter will be any obstacle to a gracious and merciful acceptance.—Notwithstanding the apparent confusion that reigns through the song of the psalmist, it is evident, that the mercy of God is the predominant sentiment of his heart, and that this is the primary motive that induces him to celebrate the name of the Lord."

After beautifully enlarging on the pleasing theme of mercy in general, the Preacher pathetically adds,

"If the time would permit us to expatiate on all the admirable means for the preservation of our country, from the beginning to this very day: if to the arms its enemies have brought against it, we should oppose the arms he has employed for its defence: if we were to retrace the memory of its perils and its deliverances from age to age: or rather, if leaving remoter times, we should only take a retrospect of the two last centuries, what proofs should we find of the perseverance of God in the demonstrations of his mercy! Nay, were we but to think properly of the liberty God now grants us to enjoy, the tranquillity he bestows upon us, the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, he showers down upon

upon us from day to day; if we are duly struck with gratitude and admiration, every tongue must utter the joyful strain: 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.'"

We cannot dismiss this admirable Sermon, especially as it is not printed for sale, without a farther extract:

"Peace is our fervent prayer. Who does not wish for peace? And how dark were our prospects of that happy event only some short months ago! We saw our aspirations protracted, our delayed, our dubious expectations, our hopes now animated by success, now sinking under disappointment. And then, so sudden and surprising was the change, that we could hardly believe it when it was accomplished; and like the children of Israel, 'when the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.' When destruction was driving on furiously, and in great haste to complete its horrid work, then God gave an unexpected check to the designs of men, and stopped them in their full career. Who among us could have imagined, but a few months ago, so happy and so speedy a termination to our fears and troubles? God has at once scattered all our alarms, and outdone all our hopes, by the greatness and suddenness of our deliverance. 'Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'—We are here met together this day, to pay our solemn acknowledgments to 'the God of our salvation: who hath shewed strength with his arm, and hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart:' even to him 'that exerciseth loving-kindness and judgment and righteousness in the earth: in him will we glory, as our sure refuge and defence, as our mighty deliverer, and the rock of our salvation.

"And now I shall only intreat your patience a little longer. I hope I shall not be tedious; but if I should, I bless God for the happy occasion. The greatest occasion England ever had; and in the proper consequences of it, perhaps the greatest that Europe ever had, of praise and thanksgiving. We, who live in this part of Christendom, have seen a mighty Tyrant, by the just permission of God, raised up to be a terror and scourge to all his neighbours; who, in the opinion of many who had been long dazzled with his splendour and greatness, has passed for many years for the most politic and powerful and accomplished commander that has appeared in these parts of the world for many ages: who, by the arts

of usurpation, put himself at the head of an antient monarchy, consisting of a numerous, polished, but ferocious people: who has governed his affairs by the deepest and steadiest counsels, and the most refined wisdom of this world: a despot mighty and powerful in his preparations for war; who had pressed, as it were, all arts and sciences into the service of his military tactics: formidable for his vast and well-disciplined armies, and at one time for his great naval force; and who had brought the art of war almost to that perfection as to be able to conquer wherever he came, and the arts of intrigue to that pitch, that where he could not effect his purpose by fighting, he answered his ends by stratagem: a mystery scarcely known to former ages and generations: and all this skill and strength united under one absolute will, not hampered or bound up by any restraints of law or conscience. A tyrant that commands the estates of all his subjects and of all his conquests; which furnished him with an almost inexhaustible supply of treasure, resources, and revenue: and one who sufficiently gloried in all these advantages, even beyond the rate of a mortal man. But not 'knowing God to be the Lord, who exercises loving-kindness and judgment and righteousness in the earth;' how has the pride of all his glory been stained by tyranny and oppression, by injustice and cruelty; by enlarging his dominions without right, and by making war upon his neighbours without reason, or even colour of provocation; and this in a more barbarous manner than the most barbarous nations ever did; carrying fire and desolation wheresoever he went, and laying waste many and great cities without necessity, and without pity. And now behold what a terrible rebuke the Providence of God has given to this mighty Monarch, in the full career of his fortune and fury. The consideration whereof cannot fail to bring to our thoughts those passages in the prophet concerning old Babylon, that standing and perpetual type of the great oppressors and persecutors of God's people and religion.

"God has of late visibly made bare his arm in our behalf. I have represented to you a mighty Tyrant, who, like a fiery meteor, has hung over Europe for many years; and by his malignant influence has made such terrible havock and devastations in this part of the world; and God has put 'a hook into the nostrils' of this great Leviathan, who has so long had his pastime in the earth. But we will not insult, though we know what horrors were prepared for

us if he had completed his plan, and triumphed over us. Let us glory in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of our salvation. Let us now, in the presence of all his people, pay our most thankful acknowledgments to him, 'who is worthy to be praised;' even 'to the Lord God of Israel, who alone doth wondrous things: who giveth victory unto kings,' and has 'preserved' our sovereign his servant, and us his people, 'from the hurtful sword. Oh praise the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever!'"

49. *The Rights of Literature: or, an Inquiry into the Policy and Justice of the Claims of certain Public Libraries on all the Publishers and Authors of the United Kingdom, for Eleven Copies, on the Best Paper, of every New Publication.* By John Britton, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 80. Longman and Co.

THE ingenious Author of this Pamphlet (who, by the meritorious exertion of his pencil and his pen, "deserves well of the publick") feels sensibly that "the shoe pinches." We know that "the galled jade" may "winces;" and that "the flesh will quiver when the pincers tear." No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Britton, in common with Mr. Fisher (see the 'Second Part of our last Volume, p. 513), and many other ingenious Authors and Artists, should perceive, and state, their peculiar hardships, and solicit parliamentary redress.

"In justice to myself," Mr. Britton says, "and to the cause herein espoused, it may be necessary for me to declare, that I am urged to the present task by my own feelings. I have neither been solicited by the booksellers, nor do I expect to derive any remuneration from them. Indeed, I cannot even hope to be repaid for the expences incurred in producing the present pamphlet. It would have afforded me much pleasure had the investigation been undertaken by one more competent to the vindication of the rights and privileges of literature: but authors in general, I fear, have not been aware of the extent of the evil which threatens them. Intimately connected with, and engaged in literature for the last fifteen years, I have had many opportunities of contemplating it in the aggregate, and in detail. Having made myself acquainted with its numerous ramifications and effects, I know that thousands of persons in this metropolis are dependent on it for a livelihood; and that tens of thousands

are influenced in opinion and action by its precepts. The profound politician is aware that it is a powerful machine in a government, and that it has produced amazing effects in the civilized world. If he be as liberal as he is profound, he will guard its independence, and promote its prosperity."

To illustrate his own observations, Mr. Britton cites some brief but apposite sentences.

"Why is it that Authors, of all other persons, who confer upon their Country the most lasting honour and the most permanent benefit, should be the only ones to whom the State denies a fee-simple in the produce of their own industry?" Quarterly Review, v. 93.

"An Author's right has all the foundation in nature which any kind of property can have, and more than belongs to many kinds, which are however admitted without dispute."—Dr. Wm. Enfield on Literary Property, 1774.

"Authors are not to be denied a free participation of the common rights of mankind; and their property is surely as sacred and deserving protection as that of any other subject."—Lord Lytton's Speech in the House of Lords, 1774.

"I confess I do not know, nor can I comprehend, any property more emphatically a man's own, nay more incapable of being mistaken, than his literary property."—Mr. Justice Aston.

"For the purpose of elucidating the subject fully and completely, and to furnish the reader with an ample and clear account of the question," Mr. Britton takes "a short view of such Acts of Parliament as have passed relating to copy-right and the presentation of copies," with explanatory extracts; and then, "deeming it sufficiently clear that the Public Libraries have no right by Statute-law to copies of unregistered books," proceeds, "to inquire if the privilege be derivable from any other authority."

In answer to various arguments "that the expence of eleven copies seems altogether insignificant, and would hardly be felt;" take the following stubborn facts:

"In a statement made by Longman and Co. it would have been 5600*l.* for the last three years, averaging 1800*l.* per annum.—Of White, Cochrane, and Co. it would be 5289*l.* for the last twelve years; and this upon the 'folios and quartos' alone, without including octavos and smaller books, or those in the publication

publication of which they had only shares. Cadell and Davies, for the last four years, 1369*l.* of the small paper copies alone; and on the books now announced by them, the tax would amount to 1000*l.*

"On ten books to one publisher, 569*8*l.**—On twelve by another, 2990*l.*—On Daniel's Oriental Scenery, 2310*l.*—On Sibthorpe's Flora Græca, 2500*l.*—On Rees's Cyclopædia, 1446*l.*—On the Encyclopedia Londinensis, 1496*l.*—On the British Gallery of Engravings, 1065*l.*—On Johnes's Froissart, and Monstrelet's Chronicles, 1100*l.*

"On those works published by myself, and in which I possess the copyright and a share of the interest, the amount of the tax would be as follows:

"On the Architectural Antiquities, 440*l.*—On the Beauties of Wiltshire, 34*l.*—On Salisbury Cathedral, 100*l.*—On the Fine Arts of the English School, 122*l.*—On Redcliffe Church, 17*l.* 7*s.*—On the Catalogue Raisonné of Cleveland House and Corsham House, 9*l.* 7*s.*—Total, 722*l.* 14*s.*"

"In stating the amount of these sums, I apprehend that no individual, who for a moment will imagine the case to be his own, can coincide in the idea that the presentation would *hardly be felt*, or that the epithet 'imaginary' is justly applicable to the degree of interest involved.—The amount of the tax being ascertained, the fact of its oppressiveness is, I think, an evident consequence. The publishers derive no benefit whatever from the donation. And their only feeling on the matter is a certainty that their rights are invaded, and a conviction that the excuse adduced, is but insult superadded to injury.—It has been asserted 'that the grievance, if any, will be felt only slightly by the booksellers, and by the authors not at all.' I conceive the testimony subjoined will at once answer and confute this remark.

"In engaging with an author, we certainly should take into consideration the eleven copies in our estimate, which would of course be likely to diminish the author's profit;" and "in that case the author would be the injured party." Mr. Longman, Min. of Ev. p. 10.

"An Author has declared, though he has a work already in the press, and which he prints with a view to profit, if this legislative regulation should take place for the delivery of eleven copies, he will destroy what he has already printed, and suppress the work altogether." Mr. Mawman, *ibid.* p. 17.

"The Author's actual loss upon delivering eleven copies of Lysons's Roman Antiquities would be the actual

selling price of the work. It is the same with his Woodchester; and certainly Mr. Lysons has stated, that he would contest the point before he would deliver copies of his works; and if he felt himself bound to deliver them, it would prevent his publishing." J. G. Cochrane, *ibid.* p. 21.

"The following letter to his publisher, from the author of a valuable work on the History of English Coins, is not inapposite:

"Sir—I have of late examined the public papers, with much impatience, to discover the determination of the House of Commons respecting the statute of the 8th of Anne; but in vain, and therefore presume that nothing is as yet resolved upon. That determination is of considerable importance to me, as upon it will depend *certainly* whether I shall print any large paper copies or not; and *possibly*, if my number of subscribers does not materially increase, whether I shall be able to print at all, with so serious a deduction, as that of eleven copies from a very small impression.—In this state of the public mind, I cannot venture to print more than 250 copies of my book, and I leave you to judge whether I can afford to give eleven, even of small paper, from so limited an impression. I am, Sir, &c. Rogers Ruding." Min. of Ev. p. 20.

"These are only a few of the numberless instances which might be advanced in support of my argument. Whenever an author is the publisher of his own works, he stands in a similar situation with a bookseller. In cases where he disposes of his MS. to the latter, he will feel the tax equally sensibly: for very naturally (as it appears by the forenamed testimony of Mr. Longman) they will be obliged to lessen their offers, an alternative which the experience of every author will tell us is far from desirable, and is making the 'little less.'"

Submitting all that he has advanced to the consideration of the unprejudiced and disinterested Reader, Mr. Britton thus concludes:

"Dr. Johnson says, it will sound oddly to posterity, that in a polite nation, in an enlightened age, under the direction of the most wise, the most learned, the most generous encouragers of knowledge in the world, the property of a mechanic is better secured than that of a scholar! that the poorest manual operations should be more valued than the noblest products of the brain! that it should be felony to rob a cobbler of a pair of shoes, and no crime

to deprive the best author of his whole subsistence."—Life of J. Phillips.

"I have been unexpectedly impelled to extend these observations much farther than I anticipated, or wished; but the more fully and minutely I considered the subject, the more urgent it appeared. I am therefore particularly anxious to excite the same feeling in those persons who are the guardians of our laws and rights; and who, I am persuaded, are always disposed to act honestly and honourably. To such, therefore, I submit with cheerfulness and confidence: my demands, or rather intreaties, are humble, and I believe equitable:—to abrogate the Law of Queen Anne, and all other Acts respecting copy-right; and to frame another statute on the broad and permanent basis of equity, liberality, and justice."

43. *Of Buonaparte, the Bourbons, and the Necessity of rallying round our Legitimate Princes for the Happiness of France and that of Europe.* By Fr. Aug. de Chateaubriand. 8vo. Colburn. [From The Times Newspaper.]

THE subject of this work, the name, the character, the principles, and the talents of its author, all recommend it to the attention of the public. We shall make a few extracts from it, which will speak its merits better than any praise we can bestow. Such a picture of degrading and demoralising Tyranny was never before drawn. It shames the pen of Tacitus, for Tacitus had no such subject to delineate. M. Chateaubriand is already known for the energy of his style on subjects not connected with politics. It seems that he eagerly seized the first moment when it was possible to utter political truths. We warmly recommend the work to attentive and repeated perusal. Many of the facts are new to us; but there are many to which we have often had occasion to advert, and with the importance of which we have long been deeply impressed. These were the things which convinced us of the utter futility of all the trash about the attachment of the French to Buonaparte!

After retracing the circumstances which, during the Revolution, introduced and successively destroyed in France every form of Republican government; after painting the cunning policy with which Buonaparte, under the modest title of Consul, at

first accustomed the French to feel unalarmed at his power; the Author arrives at the period when the Usurper dared to take a bolder flight, and to seat himself on the throne of Kings. He describes in the following terms his internal administration:—

"Then commenced the grand saturnalia of royalty: crimes, oppression, slavery, marched at equal pace with folly. All liberty expires; every honourable sentiment, every generous thought, become conspiracies against the State. To speak of virtue, renders one an object of suspicion; to praise a good action, is to abuse the Prince. Words change their meaning: a people fighting for their legitimate Sovereign are a rebellious people; a traitor is a faithful subject; all France becomes the empire of falsehood; journals, pamphlets, discourses, prose and verse, all disguise the truth. If it rained, we are assured that the sun shone: does the Tyrant appear abroad amidst a silent populace, we are told that wherever he moved, he received the acclamations of the multitude. The sole object, is the Prince; morality consists in devoting one's self to his caprices, duty in praising him. Above all, it was necessary to bawl out admiration whenever he committed a fault, or perpetrated a crime. Literary men are forced by menaces to celebrate the Despot. They composed, they bargained as to the amount of praise;—happy when, at the expense of some common-places about the glory of arms, they purchased the right of uttering a few sighs, of denouncing some crimes, of reminding people of some proscribed virtues! No book could appear without being marked with some eulogy of Buonaparte, like the stamp of slavery: in new editions of old authors, the censorship caused every thing to be retrenched that spoke against Conquerors, Tyranny, and Slavery;—in like manner as the Directory had entertained the design of causing every thing to be struck out of the same authors, that spoke of Monarchy and Kings. The very Almanacks were examined with care, and the Conscription formed an article of faith in the Catechism. In the arts, the same servitude: Buonaparte poisons his soldiers infected with the plague at Jaffa: a painting is made, which represents him, by an excess of courage and humanity, touching these same plague-infected patients. It was not thus that St. Louis cured the sick, whom a touching and religious confidence presented to his royal hands. Not a word, moreover, was to be said of public opinion: the

the maxim was, that the Sovereign must mould it every morning. To Buonaparte's improved police was attached a committee, charged with giving a direction to men's minds; and at the head of this committee was the director of public opinion. Imposture and silence were the grand means employed to keep the people in error. If your sons die in battle, believe you that sufficient attention would be paid to you, even to tell you what was become of them? Events the most important to the country, to Europe, to the whole world, were concealed from you. The enemy is at Meaux; you only learn it by the flight of the peasants; you are enveloped in darkness; your alarms are made the subject of mockery; your griefs of laughter; whatever you feel or think is despised. For once you raise your voice;—a spy denounces, a *gen d'arme* arrests, a military commission tries you; you are shot, and forgotten. — It was not enough to enslave fathers; children also must be placed at the entire disposal of the Tyrant. Mothers have been seen hastening from the extremities of the Empire, and demanding back with floods of tears the sons whom the Government had torn from their arms. These children were placed in schools, where they were taught, by beat of drum, irreligion, debauchery, contempt of the domestic virtues, and blind obedience to the Sovereign. The paternal authority, respected by the most frightful Tyrants of antiquity, was treated by Buonaparte as an abuse and a prejudice. He wished to convert our sons into a sort of Mamelukes, without God, without family, and without country. It appears that this Enemy of our race was bent on destroying France to its very foundations. He has more corrupted men, done more mischief to the human race, in the short space of ten years, than all the Tyrants of Rome put together, from Nero down to the last persecutor of the Christians. The principles which served as the basis of his administration, passed from his government into the different classes of society; for a wicked government introduces vice, as a wise government cherishes virtue among a people. Irreligion, a taste for every enjoyment and expence above their means, contempt of moral ties, the spirit of adventure, of violence and of domination, descended from the Throne into families: a little longer of such a reign, and France would have been only a den of robbers.—The crimes of our Republican Revolution were the work of passions which always leave some resources; there was

then disorder, and not destruction in society. Morals were injured, but not annihilated. Conscience still had its remorse; a destructive indifference did not confound the innocent with the guilty: thus the calamities of those times would have been speedily healed. But how cure the wounds inflicted by a Government which laid down despotism as a fixed principle; which, with morality and religion in its mouth, incessantly sapped religion and morals by its institutions and its contempt; which sought to found public order, not upon moral duty and law, but upon force, and the spies of the police; which affected to regard the stupor of slavery as the peace of a well-organised society, faithful to the habits of their ancestors, and silently marching in the path of ancient virtues? The most terrible revolutions are preferable to such a state of things. If civil wars produce public crimes, they at least call forth hidden virtues, talents, and great men. It is under despotism that empires disappear: by destroying the minds still more than the bodies of men, it sooner or later superinduces dissolution and conquest.—The administration of Buonaparte has been boasted of. If administration consist in arithmetic,—if, in order to govern well, it be quite enough to know how much a province produces in corn, wine, and oil, to ascertain the last penny that can be raised, the last man that can be taken from it;—undoubtedly Buonaparte was a great administrator; it would be impossible more completely to organise mischief, to introduce more of order into calamity. But that is the best administration which leaves a people in peace, which cherishes in them the sentiments of justice and of piety, which is sparing of human blood, which respects the rights of the citizen, his property, and family; in this view the government of Buonaparte was the worst of governments. Again, how numerous were the faults and blunders even in his own system! An Administration the most expensive engulphed the revenues of the State. Whole armies of douaniers and receivers devoured the taxes they were employed to levy. There was not even a *chef de bureau*, however insignificant, who had not five or six clerks. Buonaparte appeared to have declared war against commerce. If any branch of industry arose in France, he laid hold of it, and took it wholly into his own hands. Tobacco, salt, wool, colonial produce, all was with him the object of an odious monopoly; he had become the only merchant in his empire! This restless and extravagant

extravagant man was daily harassing a people who wanted only repose, with contradictory and often impracticable decrees; he violated at night the law which he had made in the morning. In ten years, he devoured 15000 millions of imposts, which exceeds the amount of taxes raised during the 70 years of the reign of Louis XIV. The spoils of the world, 1500 millions of revenue, were not enough for him; he was solely occupied with swelling his treasure by means the most iniquitous. Every prefect, every sub-prefect, every mayor, had the right of augmenting the customs of cities, of imposing additional centimes on the towns, villages, and hamlets, and of demanding from any landholder an arbitrary sum for any pretended want. All France was under pillage. Bodily infirmities, indigence, death, education, the arts, the sciences, all paid tribute to the Prince. You had a son, perhaps, who was lame, a cripple incapable of service,—a law of the conscription compelled you to pay 1500 francs, by way of consolation for this misfortune. Sometimes a sick conscript died before having undergone the examination of the recruiting captain; one might suppose that in such case the father would be exempt from paying the 1500 francs for a substitute—by no means. If the declaration of sickness was made before the event of death, the conscript being alive at the moment of declaration, the father was compelled to pay down the sum on the grave of his son. Was the poor man desirous of giving some education to one of his sons, he must pay 800 francs to the University, without reckoning the expenses of board, &c. given to the master. Did a modern author quote an antient author, as the works of the latter had fallen into what was called 'public domain,' he was obliged to pay to the censorship five sous per line of quotation. If, while you quoted, you also translated, you paid only 2½ sous per line, because the quotation then constituted a sort of 'mixed domain,' one half belonging to the labour of the living translator, and the other half to the dead author. When Buonaparte caused food to be distributed among the poor in the winter of 1811, it was believed that he would employ his savings in this charity: but on that occasion, he levied additional centimes, and gained four millions on the soup of paupers. In short, we saw him turn undertaker, and monopolize the administration of funerals: it was worthy of the Destroyer of the French to raise a tax upon dead bodies; and how could any appeal to the protection of the

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laws, when it was he who made them? The Legislative Body dared once to speak, and it was dissolved. A single article in the new codes destroyed property by its very roots. An administrator of domains could say to you—'Your property is domainial, or national. I place it provisionally under sequestration: you may go and try your rights; if the administration is wrong, your property will be restored to you.' And to whom must you resort in this cause? To the ordinary tribunals? No: such causes were reserved for the examination of the Council of State, and tried before the Emperor, who was both judge and party.—If property was uncertain, civil liberty was still less secure. Was there ever any thing more monstrous than that commission appointed to inspect the prisons, and under the report of which, a man might be detained his whole life in a dungeon, without indictment, without trial, without judgment, put to the torture, shot by night, or strangled between two shutters? Amidst all this, Buonaparte was nominating every year commissions for the liberty of the press, and for personal liberty. Tiberius himself never made such a mockery of the human species. But the Conscription was, as it were, the cope-stone of these works of despotism. Scandinavia itself, styled by an historian the workshop of the human race, would have been unable to furnish men for this homicidal law. The code of the conscription will remain an eternal monument of the reign of Buonaparte: there may be found collected all that the most subtle and ingenious tyranny can devise to torment and devour the people: it is truly the code of hell. The generations of France were placed in regular rows for the axe, like the trees of a forest; every year 20,000 young men were cut down. But this was only the regular average of deaths; the conscription was often doubled or reinforced by extraordinary levies: often it devoured beforehand its destined victims, like a dissipated heir who borrows on his future income. At last they were taken even without estimate; the legal age, the qualities requisite for dying on a field of battle, were no longer regarded; and the law displayed, in this respect, a marvellous facility: it descended to infancy, it ascended to old age; the discharged soldier, the man who had a substitute, were equally taken; the son of a poor artisan, perhaps ransomed thrice, even at the expense of his father's little property, was compelled to march; maladies, infirmities, bodily defects, were no longer

longer a protection. Moveable columns traversed our provinces like an enemy's country, to tear from the people their last children. In default of a brother absent, the brother present was taken. The father was made to answer for the son, the wife for the husband: responsibility was extended to the most distant relatives, and even to neighbours. A village became bound for the conscript who was born there. Little garrisons were billeted on the villager, and forced him to sell his bed to maintain them, till he had found the conscript concealed in the woods. Absurdity was even mixed with atrocity: sons were often demanded from those who were happy enough to have no posterity; violence was used to discover the bearer of a name which existed only on the lists of the gens d'armes, or to obtain a conscript who had served five or six years before. Women big with child have been put to the torture, that they might reveal the place where their first-born was concealed; fathers have brought forth the dead body of their son, to prove that they could no longer produce this son alive. There still remained some families, whose children were ransomed by their wealth, and who looked forward one day to become magistrates, administrators, men of science, landholders, so useful to social order in a great country; by the decree for the guards of honour, they were swept away in the general massacre. Such a contempt was entertained for the life of man, and for France, that it was even customary to call conscripts the *raw material*, and *food for cannon*. The following great question was discussed among the purveyors of human flesh, namely, to ascertain the given average time that a conscript might last; some alledged that he lasted 33 months, others 36 months. Buonaparte was wont to say himself, *I have 300,000 men in reserve*. In the eleven years of his reign he caused more than five millions of Frenchmen to perish, which exceeds the number of those whom our civil wars swept away during three centuries, under the reigns of John, Charles V., Charles VI., Charles VII., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV. In the twelve months which have just elapsed, Buonaparte raised (without reckoning the National Guard) 1,330,000, which is more than 100,000 per month; and yet some one had the audacity to tell him he had only expended the superfluous population! But the loss of men was not the greatest evil attending the conscription: it tended to replunge us and all Europe besides into barbarism. By the conscription, trades,

arts, and letters, are infallibly destroyed. A young man who must die at 18, can never apply himself to any study. Neighbouring nations, compelled in self-defence to resort to the same means with us, were abandoning in their turn the advantages of civilization; and all nations precipitated one upon another, as in the age of the Goths and Vandals, would have seen the calamities of those ages revive. By breaking to pieces the ties of general society, the conscription also annihilated those of domestic life. Accustomed from their cradles to regard themselves as victims devoted to death, children no longer obeyed their parents; they became idle, vagabonds, and debauchees, in expectation of the day when they were to march to pillage and slaughter the world. What principle of religion or morals had time to take root in their hearts? Fathers and mothers, on the other hand, among the lower orders, no longer attached their affections, no longer bestowed their cares on children whom they must prepare to lose, who no longer formed their wealth and their staff of support, and who had become for them only a grief and a burthen. Hence that hardness of heart, that oblivion of every sentiment of nature, which lead to selfishness, to wrecklessness of good or evil, to indifference for country; which obliterate conscience and remorse, and devote a people to servitude, by equally stripping it of the horror of vice and the admiration of virtue."

This masterly pamphlet, we should observe, is published both in French and English, by different booksellers.

44. *An Introduction to Geography; adapted to the various Classes of Learners, upon a new and easy Principle.* By F. Francis, Private Teacher. 12mo. pp. 81. Lloyd.

THE professed object of this little publication is neatly accomplished:

"It is common, in some systems of education, to overload the memory, and to leave the judgment unexercised: the charging the memory with the minute knowledge of every inconsiderable village and river, seems as unnecessary as the proposing the attainment of a language by learning a dictionary by heart." . . . "As an apology for the author's humble attempt to render the acquisition of the elements of a pleasing and necessary science more easy, more certain, and less irksome, he will cite the *stimulus* of the words of a celebrated writer—that 'the discovery of a more easy method of retaining the multiplication-table would rank among the most useful discoveries ever made.'"

45. French Phraseology. Second Edition; 12mo. pp. 260. C. Law.

FROM the late wonderful changes both in the moral and political world, the study of the French Language is now become almost indispensable; and the present publication is the more useful, as,

"It is generally allowed, that one of the most frequent improprieties, which we are liable to fall into, in the practice of a foreign tongue, consists in the introduction of the idiomatic phraseology of our own. The purpose of this small book is to enable the student of the French language to avoid, in some degree, this impropriety."

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"I am certain that a composer cannot be simple and expressive, and, least of all, correct, without vanquishing all the difficulties of counterpoint."—GRETRY.

"A profound contrapuntist discovers in a score, by a single glance, whether the Author is a regular-bred harmonist: a single note is sufficient; as a single barefaced lie throws a doubt upon every thing that its author utters, and there are certain notes in a well regulated base, beyond the ken of a superficial contrapuntist."—DR. BURNEY.

11. *Traité de la Fugue et du Contrepoint*, par Marpurg. Nouvelle Edition; mise en Ordre, augmentée d'un *Traité du Contrepoint Simple*, traduit de l'Allemand au même Auteur, et d'un nouveau *Précis sur l'Histoire de la Musique*, par Alexandre Choron. A Paris. fol. pp. 271.

IT is truly surprising, that none of the works of this most learned and voluminous writer has hitherto been published in English; Dr. Burney having long ago remarked that "his musical writings may justly be said to surpass, in number and utility, those of any one author who has treated the subject." In particular, his treatise on fugue and counterpoint has been commended as the best book of the kind extant. The cause of this neglect is probably twofold—the expence of bringing out such extensive works, and the puerile state of musical taste in England, where thin harmony and rapid passage-work, even in the church, are better understood, more generally admired, and consequently more profitable to the composer and performer, than rich and elaborate compositions. At an insignificant town in the West of England, we have heard that while the organist, to fall in with the prevailing taste, used without offence as a voluntary, "Over the water to Charley," another performer of superior talents got into discredit with many of his auditors by playing one of Wesley's fugues. Some objections that had been made to Marpurg's Treatise have in a great measure been removed by M. Choron. "Marpurg's work," says he,

"treats on the three following subjects: 1. Fugue; 2. Artificial Counterpoints; 3. Canons. As the artificial counterpoints are the elements of the two others, this branch of teaching generally commences with that part. By placing them between the fugues and canons, Marpurg has, on the contrary, reversed the natural order. Besides, he has without any reason divided his work into two parts, by cutting his treatise on Counterpoint through the middle, and injudiciously inserting a trifling abridgement of the history of music. To this want of order is joined the embarrassment arising from a bad distribution of materials. All the text is placed in one volume, with imperfect references to the examples, which are accumulated without order in another volume. It is not easy to imagine the great inconvenience of this continual, and always uncertain changing from one volume to the other, nor how much it prevents the comprehension of the doctrine, which of itself is really sufficiently perspicuous, as may be seen by the inspection of our edition. To obtain this result, it was sufficient to divide Marpurg's work into three parts, relative to artificial counterpoints, fugue, and canon; to range them according to the natural order, and to place the examples by the side of the text. In order to render the instruction gradual and complete, I have added a first book which treats on simple counterpoint, translated from the German of the same author; so that the present work does not suppose any other previous knowledge

ledge than that of harmony and accompaniment; and I have placed after the four books an Historical Appendix on the Progress of Composition, digested from much better materials than the sketch by Marpurg, and presenting, instead of a dry nomenclature, a series of interesting facts. Thus have I rendered this important work as useful, I believe, as possible." *Avis de l'Editeur.*

On comparing this edition with the German original, we observe several corrections in the musick, and are fully sensible of the advantages resulting from the improved arrangement of the work. It will obtain our further notice when we see the English translation of this improved edition, with notes, lately announced for publication at Preston's.—Contents. I. On the Progression of Musical Intervals; on Counterpoint and Composition in general; Rules of Composition in many Parts; Simple Counterpoint in 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and more parts; Cadences; Simple and Florid Counterpoints on a given subject; Various ways of treating a subject. II. On Conditional Counterpoints in general; Double Counterpoint in the Octave, in the 9th and 2d, 10th and 3d, 11th and 4th, 13th and 6th, 14th and 7th; Triple and Quadruple Counterpoints; Convertible Counterpoints, &c. III. On Imitation and Fugue, in various parts;—(the ecclesiastical modes);—Chromatic Fugues, &c.; Rules, Observations, Examples; Vocal Fugues. IV. On Canons, in various intervals, motions, and parts; by Augmentation, Diminution, &c.; Circular, Retrograde, Double, Changeable; on a *Canto Fermo*; Perpetual, Polymorphous. A Canon susceptible of 2000 Solutions. Vocal Canons. Deciphering of Canons. Appendix. Progress of Composition. Origin of the modern system. Musick of the Ancients. Ecclesiastical Chants. Development of the modern system; Invention of the Gamut; Origin of Counterpoint and of modern Rhythm; Establishment of the General System; Style of the Church, Chamber, Theatre; Instrumental Style. General Principles; Didactic Authors. The French edition thus concludes:

"*La réunion de ce qu'il y a de mieux dans les écrivains des trois Ecoles a produit cet ouvrage, dont j'ai fait les*

honneurs à celle qui a fourni les matériaux les plus importants."

12. *Aria, Punge la Spina*, composed, and inscribed to Miss Aston, by Samuel Webbe, junr. pp. 4. 1s. 6d. Birchall.

AS vocal composers, the Mr. Webbes have deservedly obtained a high reputation. The present aria, *andante affettuoso*, evinces great command of the means of musical expression, if it does not possess all the grace of a real Italian melody. On page 3, the sweet passage to "*il bel piacer d'amore*", after a distant modulation from the original key, is like a sudden gleam of sunshine in a shaded landscape. The compass of the voice part is from middle C sharp a 13th upwards.

13. *Introduction to the Knowledge of the Seraphim, or Musical Glasses, containing some plain Rules whereby a Proficiency may be speedily attained; together with a Selection of some of the most popular and familiar Airs, for the use of Beginners, adapted to the peculiar Style of that Instrument.* By J. E. Franklin. Folio, pp. 13. 4s. 1813.

THE Seraphim consists of 30 glasses of a semispherical shape, fastened by their legs upon four boards, which drop into an oblong mahogany box, supported by turned legs like a pianoforte. Three of the glasses are coloured green or blue, and are only used to contain water for wetting the performer's fingers; the others, of white glass, being tuned by pouring water into them, will produce every note from the lowest D to the highest E of the flute. They are arranged like the keys of the Pianoforte, the coloured glasses being placed between the flats and sharps. The front row has 10 glasses, the second 9, the third 6, and the fourth 5. We think 15 Guineas not a very moderate price for this fragile instrument,

ERRATA IN VOL. LXXXIII.

PART I. P. 90, b. l. 45, read M. D.

PART II.

P. 8. note, l. 7. read E. Burke.

P. 107. b. last line, read P. 294.

P. 190. b. l. 21, read 1722.

P. 245. last line but 3, read bound.

P. 298. a. l. 11. read Sir Edward.

P. 299. a. l. 34. read Brunswick.

P. 394. b. l. 23. read Wier.

P. 397. b. l. 9 from bottom, read distinguished,

SELECT POETRY.

TO HEALTH.

From the Greek of AMPHROXY of Sicily.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from Heaven,

Grant me with thee to rest:

For the short time by Nature given

Be thou my constant guest!

For all the pride that wealth bestows,

The pleasure that from children flows;

Whate'er we court in regal state

That makes men covet to be great—

Whatever sweet we hope to find

In Love's delightful snare;

Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,

Whatever pause from care—

All flourish at thy smile divine:

The spring of loveliness is thine;

And every joy that warms our hearts

With thee approaches and departs.

From the Greek of AGATHIAS.

GO, idle amorous boys,

What are your cares and joys

To Love, that swells the longing Virgin's breast?

A flame half hid in doubt,

Soon kindled, soon burnt out,

A blaze of momentary heat at best.

Haply you well may find,

Proud privilege of your kind, [heart;

Some friend to share the secret of your

Or, if your inbred grief

Admit of such relief, [your smart.

The dance, the chase, the play assuage

Whilst we, poor hapless maids,

Coudem'n'd to pine in shades, [deny,

And to our dearest friends our thoughts

Can only sit and weep,

While all around us sleep,

Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. D'ARBLAY,

On reading her "WANDERER."

WOULDST thou the Wanderer's fortune trace,

An orphan vers'd in sorrow's lore,

A stranger, with no kindred race,

Neglected, desolate, and poor?

Tho' guiltless, doom'd like guilt to bear

The taunts of Scorn—the shame of Fear;

A woman, only to be blest

In home's dear sheltering ark of rest,

From that best sacred refuge driven,

And wreck'd of ev'ry hope but Heaven?

But thou to life so fondly tied;

From thee has time no treasures won?

Around thee watch, with mutual pride,

The sire, the husband, and the son.

The strain that touch'd thy youthful ear,

As breath'd from some unearthly sphere,

A father's praise—that sweetest strain,

O listen still, and steal again,

Whilst rapture trembles thro' thy frame,

Responsive to the mother's name,

And Love and Nature's holy flame

A heav'nly lambent light shall shed,

To guide thy steps, and bless thy favour'd

head,

Yet still the Wanderer's fortune trace,

For thou a kindred fate hast known,

Destin'd thro' Fiction's chartless space

To wind thy vent'rous course alone.

Full early were thy toils begun,

Despotic genius urg'd thee on,

(Though loth to tempt such unknown ways,

Abash'd at fame—appall'd by praise),

And still compels thee to explore

The smiling undiscover'd shore,

Where none had ever reach'd before;

Where none, alas! may reach again.

To seek thy happy track were vain,

And thou, or be it bliss or bane,

A lonely Wanderer must still remain. O.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

HOARY Winter! ice-crown'd King!

How much longer wilt thou stay?

Ply, oh! ply thy frozen wing,

We are weary of thy sway!

From thy adamantyne brow

Bid the icicles distill,

Bid the streams and rivers flow,

Fetter'd by thy stubborn will;

Let thy lovely daughter shine,

Sure 'tis time for thee to go!

When young roses we should twine,

Thou dost give us fields of snow;

Too ambitious thou of pow'r,

Thus thy empire to prolong,

Go, we want the glowing hour,

Mirth and dance, and sportive song.

Go, thy daughter pants to reign,

Bursting from thy cavern drear;

Bound by thee in iron chain,

Sad, she sheds the hopeless tear;

Go, nor stay our plains among,

Dost thou, cruel Tyrant, say,

Mean thy empire to prolong

Ling'ring in the lap of May!

Wilt thou with thy chilling breath

Blight her young and perfum'd hours,

With'ring with the blast of death

Her blushing wreath of early flow'rs?

No! then hence, thou hoary Sire,

Set thy blooming daughter free,

When her breath our souls respire,

Grateful we may think of thee!

Extracts from the Poems of

SYNESIUS,

Translated from the Greek by H. S. BOYD.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST HYMN.

IF veil'd our eyes, their piercing sight

Can yet discern some glimmering light;

And Pilgrims wandering here below,

With some celestial impulse glow;

When

When fleeing this domain of strife,
Emerging from the waves of life,
They tread the pure and hallow'd way,
Up to their Father's realm of day.
How blest the soul, which, having fled
The toils that o'er its path were spread,
At one light bound from matter springs,
And seeks its God on Rapture's wings !
How blest is he, who after all
The ills and changes that befall,
Hath trod the intellectual way,
And view'd, where beams of glory play,
The fount of light, the throne of day !

Let every wish and thought aspire,
On wings of love, on wings of fire ;
And O may resolution nerve
Thy breast, untaught to yield or swerve ;
Then will thy heavenly parent stand,
And proffer, with paternal hand,
To lead thee to a kindred land.

An orb of fire will blaze before thee,
Reveal the fair æthereal plain,
Where Beauty first began her reign,
And light thee to the realm of glory.

Awake my soul, and quaff thy fill,
Drink freely of that fountain-rill,
Whose wave impregn'd with blessing
flows,

The Lethè of terrestrial woes.
Bend lowly at thy Father's shrine,
To earth the cares of earth resign,
And rise to life and joy divine ;
To dwell in union with thy God ; per-
chance [nal dance !
A God thyself to move in Heaven's eter-

THE OPENING OF THE SECOND HYMN.

A GAIN Aurora's lovely beams
Are playing on the Eastern streams :
Again the mists have fled away
Chased by the glittering car of day.
And thou, my soul, awake again
Thy matin-hymn, thy wonted strain.
That God adore whose powerful might
Cloth'd the young morn in robes of light ;
Who gave the stars their wondrous birth,
And bade them dance around the earth.

THE NINTH HYMN.

O MUCH below'd, and ever glorious
Lord,

Born of the hallow'd maid of Solyma,
To thee, her blessed Son, to thee I sing.
When thou in tender mercy didst descend,
Deigning with man to dwell, the serpent,
foil'd,

Far from thy Father's bowers inglorious
fled, [rear'd.

And left the plants his holy hand had
E'en in the gloomy realm of Tartarus
Thy glory beam'd, where Death insatiate
Feeds on the ghostly nations. Thrill'd
with fear,

Hades beheld thee, while the rabid dog,
Who howling sits, and laps the blood of
millions, [choir

Fled from the threshold : then the hallow'd

Of souls redeem'd thine arm victorious
freed ;

The bright procession mounted jubilant,
And peal'd the anthem of Jehovah's praise.

When thou, dread King, returning, didst
ascend,

Trembled the countless Daemons of the air,
While the pure chorus of immortal stars,
Entranc'd, with wonder view'd thee cloth'd
in smiles,

Æther, the sapient sire of Harmony,
Wak'd the full rapture of his seven-ton'd
lyre,

Attuning every chord symphonious
To a triumphal strain. Bright Lucifer,
The herald of the rosy morning, smil'd,
And golden Hesper, Cytherea's star.
Her silver lamp returning, Cynthia walk'd
In beauty's pride, a stately shepherdess
Leading the nightly deities ; and Titan
In waves of gold his beamy tresses
spread

Beneath thy feet ineffable. The Son
Of God he knew, the all-creating Mind,
And blest the Author of his native fire.

But thou on seraph-wing didst mount
sublime,

Above you azure canopy, until
Thy chariot o'er the empyrean blaz'd ;
That sphere of light, where flows with noise-
less wave

The fount of good in sempiternal calm.
There rolls not the unwearied flood of time,
Whose crimson current sweeps the bleed-
ing wreck

Of man's felicity to darksome death ;
But there, enthron'd, Eternity presides,
Tho' aged, young ; to-day and yesterday
The same ; Dispenser of perennial rest
To all the Angels and the Saints of God.

EASTER ANTHEM.

*Sung by the Boys of the BLUE COAT HOS-
PITAL at CHRIST CHURCH, on Easter
Monday.*

SING, ye Redeem'd of Heaven, Hosan-
nas sing !

Bruis'd is the Serpent's head :
Where now, O King of Terrors, is thy
sting ? [Dead !

The vanquish'd Grave resigns its prison'd
Hail, sons of men, hail your Redeeming
Lord !

In grateful songs, his glorious name record,
Who, victor over Sin and Hell,
To the high state from which he fell,
And Heaven's immortal bliss, has ruin'd
man restor'd.

Peace, mourners, peace ; repress the ris-
ing sigh !

Now is Salvation near : [eye,
The Lord shall wipe all tears from every
Dispel each doubt, and quiet every fear.

Past are the former things ; and grief and
pain, [nain :

And death, and sorrow, shall no more re-
bud

But with his saints shall God abide,
And from this vale of woe shall guide
To scenes, where love, and joy, and peace,
for ever reign.

And there shall they receive their well-
earn'd meed,

Whose bounteous hand supplied
Whatever would aid the helpless Orphan's
need, [denied ;

And wake new hopes, which Nature had
Who sav'd his dawning life from early
woe, [know,

Perbade the pangs of pining want to
Led to the springs, whence Science
pours

In varied streams her choicest stores,
And taught his breast with pure Religion's
flame to glow.

Anniversary Ode on the Death of CHRIST.
By JOHN STOVES, Lieut. R. N.

FROM scenes of strife the heavenly
Muse

To shores immortal would retire ;
Salvation brightens all her views,
And everlasting themes inspire.

Through tragic scenes contemplative she
roves

In retrospect to view the sacred Cross,
Where most heroic martyrdom improves,
Her sight on high, from scenes of dark-
ness gross.

Hail awful day ! tremendous hour !

From which the orb of day

Withheld his life-creating power,

And all was dire dismay !

That veil'd fair Nature's face in deepest
shade ; [nether world,

While Death's short triumph shook the
Usurp'd skies in sable robes array'd,
And through the spheres his antient flag
unfur'd.

Hail peerless Sun of Righteousness, whose
light [tient Night !

Expell'd the vaunting foe profound in an-

Tho' man surveys the vernal scene

Of Nature rob'd in varied hue,

Or vales array'd in watchless green

With joy to feast the soul anew :

Though o'er each landscape renovating
rays [ful storm ;

From Heaven succeed the Winter's waste-
Though woodland-choristers in grateful
lays [perform :

For LIFE'S GREAT GIVER now their task

'Tis set on Nature richly drest

Or music of the grove,

His soul's affections long may rest,

By most exalted love ;

While Meditation views the Cross that bore
Great Nature's Lord !—the friend of lost
mankind !

Of immortality the sovereign power !
Of Heaven's vast universe th' ETERNAL

MIND ;

Yet design'd to taste life's bitter cup below,
Ere yet he deals on Death the last aveng-

ing blow !

O long-lost Peace ! return with Spring !
Unfold thy charms, while themes of
praise

Spontaneous make the captive sing ;

And all his ardour heaven-ward raise ;

For Peace the Saviour gave himself to die,

As at his incarnation Peace was sung ;

The sound, his last bequest, from sky to

sky, [gious rung.

Re-echoing gave, and Heaven's vast re-

" 'Tis finish'd" were his sacred words,

And lo ! the reign of Peace

Coëval with himself affords

The joys that still increase.

The universe, erst cloth'd in deepest gloom,

For Nature's Lord expiring doom'd to

mourn, [sume,

Disrob'd, the shining orbs their reign re-

In empire vast by light and beauty borne ;

Emblem of Light that shall extend its

power, [set no more.

When Truth's unclouded Sun shall rise to

Soon may the sound ethereal float,

From shore to shore on ambient air,

And War, by loud discordant note,

No more the news of death declare ;

For soon the foe of man's else-ruin'd race

Shall yield to HIM who on the cross was

slain ; [place,

HIS HAND th' ETERNAL SEAL to Peace shall

To constitute her everlasting reign.

Once more his glorious train descends

In view to every eye ;

The panoply of Heaven attends,

And rebel legions fly.

The King of Glory comes !—Creation feels

His dread omnipotence convulse her frame !

Retiring Heavens his awful throne unveils,

And Seraphim his near descent proclaim !

"Reign, reign for ever, O triumphant Lord ;

Through vast eternal ages be thy name

ador'd."

Partsea, April, 1814.

TO NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing, how shall I

define [tiness ?

Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless, emp-

Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size, are

thine ; [express.

Nor words, nor figures, can thy void

But, though we cannot thee to aught com-

pare, [be ;

To thee a thousand things may liken'd

And, though thou art with nobody, no

where, [thee.

Yet half mankind devote themselves to

How many books thy history contain !

How many heads thy mighty plans pur-

sue !

What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain !

What busy men thy only doings do !

To thee the great, the proud, the giddy

bend,

And, like my Sonnet, all in Nothing end.

PERSON ?

Mr.