



NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

VOL. 12.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1836.

NO. 27.

LITERATURE.

Original.

For the Chronicle.

POINTS IN HISTORY.

REVIVAL OF LEARNING.—REFORMATION.

We have now arrived at a period of our History, in which it can no longer be surveyed, but in union with the other European Nations. This era is the revival of learning, and the reformation: and here, you must accustom yourselves to make those general remarks which will enable you to derive all the advantages that are more particularly to be gained from a careful study of the Philosophy of History. From the dark ages to the 14th and 15th centuries was the era of discoveries, such as the Art of converting Linen into Paper, the Art of Printing, the invention of Gunpowder as an instrument of War, the Discovery of the Magnetic Needle for the purpose of Navigation. To each of these belongs a separate History, worthy no doubt of our interest and curiosity. Koch makes mention of these discoveries in his work, to which I believe I have already referred. You will perceive then that the study of the Dark Ages conducts us to the era of the Revival of Learning, and the Reformation, and these are so blended into one another that no line of demarcation can be traced between them, but still each may be distinguished by its characteristic features. Supposing then that we have considered the two former of these ages we proceed now to investigate the latter, the Revival of Learning, and the Reformation. We must advert in the first place to the general situation of Europe at this time, and more particularly to the East, and we shall there discern a train of events, which if we could but transfer ourselves to the time and persons, would seem to us as threatening almost the final overthrow of civilized society. The advance of the Turks, and Bajazet; the progress of Tamerlane, and his Tartars; the destruction of the Eastern Empire, and of Constantinople; for these we must refer to Gibbon. In contemplating these dreadful scenes, the final end of this mighty Empire, it will be some consolation to discover that it did not surrender without a blow; that the last Emperor was a Hero, and that amidst the general corruption, and degeneracy of the age, he was able to assemble round him a band of heroes, whom the ancient Romans would not have disdained to call their countrymen. But it is impossible to survey such scenes without melancholy, to witness the extinction of human glory, the cruel sufferings, and the parting agonies of this mistress of the world. The fall of Constantinople became, when too late, a subject of terror, and amazement to Europe. Yet such is the mixed nature of evil that some advantages were the result. Constantine had long been the receptacle of learning and civilization; and the Greeks still looked down upon the Barbarians of the West; they had still the Monuments of ancient genius, they had men who could admire them, though none who could emulate them. At an early period the influence of these was spreading and had tinged with a morning ray, the mountains of the West. Roger Bacon at Oxford; Petrarch in Italy; with the Scholars of the East, who were flying from the Turks contributed to supply, and nourish the spark of knowledge. Twelve thousand manuscripts are said to have perished in Constantinople. Yet still the fall of that capital may have been favourable to the world. The City of the East was like the idol of the Heathen Temple, an object of adoration without use or meaning. The whole of this ample field for enquiry may be traversed by the assistance of Robertson's introduction to Charles V. Mosheim's history of the 13 and 14 centuries. Gibbon, Roscoe's lives of Lorenzo de Medicis and Leo. X. I must mention a few leading observations that you should bear in mind—Constantinople might have been swept away many years before it fell, by the Barbarians, who surrounded it, and thus it must have perished before its scholars; and its manuscripts could have been of use to the world; they would have fallen on a rocky soil, and have perished for ever. For 60 years the nations of the West had possession of Constantinople, but in vain; they sought for no treasures beyond the gold and ornaments which glittered outwardly, they little knew the use of the Riches of Letters which can give tranquillity to the heart and delight to the understanding. You will observe then, this circumstance, the fortunate delay of its fall; farther you will regard with admiration, and interest, the curiosity which was displayed by the Human Mind at this period; the Magnificence of the Patron and the Industry of the Scholar, and though we have not now many such Readers of Manuscripts and laborious scholars; though the late celebrated Greek professor might complain that he could not see the Monarchs of Europe contending to be his patron, it must be remembered that the great end has now been obtained, that we are already in possession of the ancient writings and that if men were not permitted to criticise with keen and even unfeeling desire the models of antiquity and thus build out some motives and hopes for emulation, human knowledge would retrograde. On the whole we must consider the change which has taken place in the state, and condition, of men of learning and if they are no longer the friends and companions of the great, no longer can boast of Monarchs for their patrons, the progress and diffusion of Knowledge has given them a public who can appreciate their merits, and if that public through want of judgement, or want of

virtue should withhold that recompense; the invention of Printing has left them an appeal still open to the candour of succeeding Ages. A Locke may see his writings vilified; and a Newton may have to contend with the ignorance and superstition of his age, but each may regard the event with that tranquillity of mind, that sure hope which are the privileges of men of conscious merit. But it is not only a Literary emulation that was now to arise, a religious enquiry was also to be instituted. The Church of Rome was to be attacked in her discipline, as well as in her power; in her faith, as well as in her practice. The Spirit had long indeed existed in the Albigenses, the Lollards, the Wickliffites and the Hussites, but as the barbarians of those times were insensible to the use of learning and civilized arts, so were they also, unable to perceive, the utility of such a reformation. In vain did the early reformers explain and reason with the age, "the light shone in darkness—and the darkness comprehended it not." But now the state of Europe was considerably improved; hope therefore might be cherished, but still it must have been evident that a reformation could not be accomplished without the most serious evils. I will endeavour to explain some questions, that present themselves. 1st. What were the evils which were likely to follow? 2d. What were the benefits likely to be obtained? 3d. I will endeavour to point out the facts and circumstances which will corroborate the suppositions. In other words, I will endeavour to explain what may be termed the Theory of the events of the reformation; and then, show how the Theory, and the events corresponded. Now the great reason, why it was probable that evils were to follow, was our knowledge of the natural intolerance of the human mind. The whole history of this eventful period would be unintelligible, unless this principle be perfectly understood. It is necessary therefore that I should delay longer than I could wish in endeavouring to illustrate this, for no human mind in its right state of sound health, can possibly conceive, the scenes that took place, at this time. It is a problem, most curious and most astonishing, to witness such instances of barbarity, and stupidity as the history presents. It is the opinion of the celebrated Adam Smith, that all the affections and conduct of mankind may be resolved into sympathy, and whether he establishes his Theory, or not, he has done enough at all events to demonstrate how powerful is the principle itself. Let us suppose a man who is entirely agreed with us in opinion—to hear him speak—how delightful are his words; "how convincing his arguments;" "how irresistible his persuasion;" we desire that every body should hear him, and receive the benefit of his instruction, that all should be convinced of the truth of those principles which now more than ever we think certain, and momentous. Let us now take an opposite case—of one who differs from us in opinion, we hear nothing but what is unmeaning, and contradictory; it is all vain declamation, and shallow sophistry—how dangerous is such a man! how astonishing his infatuation! We ascribe directly to him, "the worst motives;" we even go so far, perhaps, as to vilify him; "he is an enemy to truth;" "truth is of lasting importance to mankind;" "this man is preventing it;" "we must prevent this dreadful evil;" "we must put him to silence;" if not by argument, by force. Thus it is, that dispute is quickly charged with hatred, and hatred inflames into rage. But these effects must always be increased when the subject in question is of importance; they must therefore be peculiarly great, whenever that question can be resolved into any connection with religion. This religious principle is so respectable in itself, that it can transmit its respectability to every thing most remotely allied to it. We have meetings of Fathers, and ceremonies ordained and rules of discipline; all these are associated with our ideas of religion, it is piety to retain them, it is impiety to insult them; to hear such made a subject of ridicule and calumny, to see such objects of our veneration trampled under the feet of our rulers, to witness such scenes with calmness and without resistance, would be to abandon every virtuous feeling as men; every pious duty as christians! it would be to act as renegades to our faith! and apostates from our God! thus this natural principle of intolerance becomes heightened by this union with the religious principle, and at length such is the excess of power that the man with the faculties of his mind all awake, with his heart still beating in his bosom can see a fellow creature racked on the wheel for differing in opinion with himself, can think that he is doing an acceptable service to his Creator, the God of Mercy, and of Justice!!! Is then (we may ask) the duty of toleration so obscure and difficult to be perceived? The duty of toleration is very clear and perceptible, it is founded on the great maxim of all morals "not to do unto others, what we should not wish that they would do to ourselves." But it is not sufficient that the duty be clear the truth must do more than receive admission to our understandings; it must penetrate to the heart, if it has to influence our conduct. I must pause here, a short time to present you with a few instances of this principle of intolerance which history has recorded. The first and most memorable instance is the persecution of our Saviour. In vain did Pilate exclaim, "Why? what evil hath he done." There was no answer, but, "Crucify him, crucify him." The innocent Martyr Stephen might in vain urge,

which of the Prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" To this cruel, and melancholy spectacle was Paul an assenting witness; the same Paul, whom while persecuting his furious zeal, breathing out threatenings, and slaughter, it pleased the Almighty by a memorable interposition, to single out for his wise purposes, to make him the worthy messenger of the Gospel of his Son! When the younger Pliny was Governor of Bithynia, the Christians were brought before his tribunal. His two letters to the good Emperor Trajan present a useful picture of the first suggestions of the human mind under this influence. He had no objection to their worshipping Christ, but their perseverance in refusing honour to the Gods of Rome, this ought to be punished. Pliny ordered them to be led to execution. The ancients are said to have been tolerant, this is lightly said, they had not the opportunity to be intolerant, they could perceive that it was one thing to allow men to sacrifice to Christ, and another to differ from the religion of the state. If the reasons for toleration now so well known, and disseminated had been offered to Pliny, we have every reason to be assured, that he would have acted in the same manner, and that they would have produced no more effect upon him, than they have done upon succeeding rulers. From the time of Pliny, to Constantine, from Constantine to the establishment of the Papal Power, and from that period to the Era of the reformation, history presents a series of bloody contests, and of cruel hostility, between contending sects. I may therefore assume as certain that the instances of intolerance are innumerable, of the Jews to the Christians; of the Heathens to the Christians; of the Christians to the Christians; and lastly, of the Christians to the Jews. This unhappy race has actually seemed to have been regarded by our forefathers as placed out of the pale of humanity! Shakespeare in the words which he ascribes to Shylock exhibits the existence of that influence in his time. "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" &c. (Act III. Sec. 1.) In later ages we find that the principles of intolerance has established a regular tribunal of persecution; the inquisition, and who was the first supporter of this? Louis IX of France, the most generous and just of men. Such then appears to me to be the explanation of this Theory, which you should examine, the natural intolerance of the human mind, on every subject, and as history has borne testimony to the continued operation of this principle in all ages, prior to the reformation, so it was then highly probable that if differences arose, the evils in consequence would be dreadful. And now we must enquire what was to be the subject of this difference? The subject was to be found, in the interpretation of the scriptures, and of the writings of the Fathers in dead languages. Their criterion of reference was to be their respective interpretation of the scriptures, of one, or many passages of the Fathers. The investigation of Mathematical questions, is of a very different nature from this. There we can soon reduce things to their true value, from many premises we may detect the error of the inference. Some impossibility decides the questions, as the less equals the greater, &c. the only question that remains is, what is the fact? What is the experiment? But when texts of scripture are the subjects of debate, then the scale of reason is reasonableness. We cannot reduce the question by shewing impossibilities. The most we can do, is to shew the greater probability of one interpretation above another. Hence, then, a man either from a want, or what has been termed a perversion of judgment, will often adopt the less reasonable and least just opinion, but if he does, there is no remedy; it cannot be shewn to be a greater improbability. In questions like these of probability, the passions of men have full scope to exert themselves. It is not so, in questions of quantity, and hence it is, that we have no sects or parties in Mathematics. It was therefore evident to an observer of that age that the dispute was to involve a question, in which the evidence to be brought forward, was not demonstrative, and, therefore, that the intolerant principle of man, would have full opportunity to operate. But further, it was clear from a knowledge of the human mind, and the testimony of History, that men when once they were engaged in disputes on Religion, would enter immediately on the most vain and subtle enquiries, and would involve themselves and their followers in disputes, concerning points which the Almighty has been pleased to place beyond the reach of our inspection; and which now less than ever could be set at rest by reasoning. Farther, the state of Europe at the time, Literature has revived, but it was still in a very uncultivated state: it had made but little progress. Men were not yet humanized by its soft influence; martial Prowess was yet their virtue; Superstition their religion. In such circumstances they were to engage in an action in which all their propensities to disorder inflamed: awful consequences were therefore to be apprehended at the commencement of the Reformation. Again, it must have been observed, from similar reasons, that the religious principle was sure to mingle itself in earthly politics, to add restlessness and agitation to the affairs of the world. Again an evident cause of alarm must have existed in the revivings of the hierarchy of the established church. The reformers who taught the errors and dangers of this hierarchy, would naturally require that support which they had abused; at least,

they would demand a share in this revenue, and hence the clergy would be deprived of their property without discrimination: amidst the necessary confusion of such a permutation, many of them would be exposed to the most painful dangers. Many of them without doubt in age and helplessness would be thrown out upon the world. This could not but engage some to stand up in their defence. On the whole then, Statesmen and Generals were sure to kindle in the general flame, and the question would finally be determined by the sword. Hence, a contest and a state of misery more dreadful than had ever been endured were among the probable consequences of the Reformation. Such then were the evils to be expected, and from such causes was their appearance inevitable, from the natural intolerance of the human mind; from the nature of the evidence which was to determine the dispute; from the metaphysical turn which this dispute would probably take; from the uncivilized state of Europe; from the mixture of Religion with earthly politics; and from the War and violence which was also necessarily to ensue. These then, were the evils, and now, what were the benefits which might be expected to counterbalance all these? The benefits to be expected were above all price. They who disputed the authority of the Church, must appeal to the Bible itself. The sacred text would therefore be examined, and the testimony of History is sufficient to convince us, that there was that virtue and strength in the human character, that men for such a cause would be ready to endure torments and death. It was highly probable that the Reformers would succeed; that they would establish a purer faith; that the Bible would become a reasonable service; in short, that the Gospel would again be proclaimed to an erring and corrupt world. This new gift of Christianity was therefore, more than sufficient to counterbalance the evils which were to ensue: and it was with the glorious and gratifying prospect of effecting such an object, that the Reformers persevered in their labours. This was the virtuous Ambition, this the Pious Hope, that animated and sustained them; and this sacred ardour in the cause of religion, was the prevailing principle that will be found to exist in the age which follows, giving birth to all that was bright and good; and this, with the causes of evil which have been noticed, will explain this important Era, which will for ever constitute so memorable an epoch in the History of Europe.

For the Chronicle.

SCHOOL HOURS.

And then the whining School Boy SHAKESPEARE.

Is it possible that those hours which we pass at School, can be the happiest of our lives? and if so—what a scene of grief and misery is life! School, in all its dull monotony, each day—the counterpart of its predecessor—a series of lessons—if learned with care, thanklessly received, and if neglected, returned with reproaches—the mind and body kept in servitude, and often left to the mercy of those by nature totally unfitted to govern: in a Boy's School it is misery, in a Girl's worse—never trusted out of the Teacher's sight—kept to their studies with unremitting anxiety, their only respite, periodical walks to some given spot, repeated till every stone upon the road, every turn in the road-side, brook, and every branch of the "hedge row elms" are as familiar to them as the letters composing their own name—where then can be the happiness of those by-gone times which we are taught to regard as the halcyon hours of our sublunary existence. I have known School from my very earliest years—I knew it when a Boy, and I know it now in these my full grown years; and I must say, Happiness is not to be found in a School. To the youthful mind the present care, the childish grief, are awfully terrible, as the more potent ills of manhood. A School has well been called a world in miniature, the same vices disgrace it, the same virtues adorn it. The only joys of School lie in the anticipation and recollection of Home—anticipation of the joys of home are indeed sweet—they come upon the mind in all the brightness and joy of unsullied pleasure. In that thought lies the Solace for every ill, under imagined injuries we console ourselves with the certainty—that at home they will be kinder—our triumphs and our pleasures we increase and value them the more, when assured that at home, we shall find those who will fondly participate in our transient joys. The recollection of Home is pleasing too, but it is the melancholy pleasure which is kindred with that aroused "By the Church bells which chime, At the twilight's pale hour." The joys of School must be few in reality, however numerous they may show in perspective—-if it were not so why should we all leave it with so much delight, and return thither so unwillingly, even when Home is not so delightful as some of us find it, even those who find it cold and comfortable prefer it to School; those whose parents are in distant climes, and whose nominal home is in the Hall of Strangers will often feel a bitter pang to leave it. If it be even checked by disappointment, still the name gives it a holy influence upon the heart. The following extract from a School Boy's Letter will, perhaps, give some insight to a School Boy's feelings. "When the Coach drove from my sight, Joy seemed to have fled from my heart. I thought the Horses never went so rapidly before. I turned to the School and found it a desert. As I unpacked my trunks, eve-

ry thing I placed my hands upon reminded me of Home and the Holydays, the only hours of joy and comfort to a School Boy, though mine were less agreeable than those that they had ever before been." After this, who will talk of the delightful halcyon hours of School. Is there in this wide world one, who can in sincerity and truth, revert to those times, and say at that time they were really happy. The poet was wrong when he wrote No sense have they of ills to come, Or cares beyond the day. at least, such have never been the School Hours of E. Y. W. For the Chronicle. THE REVENGE. It was a dark and stormy night in November, the rain and sleet fell heavily and fast, the wind howled fearfully amongst the grove of pines that surrounded the little cell of the Hermit La Rogue; flashes of lightning darted vividly in the heavens, which were followed by the hoarse voice of the thunder that sounded with more than usual loudness. The Hermit had for the sixth time, since noon turned his glass, and he now sat on a low bench before the fire, which was nearly extinguished; his left arm rested on his knee, whilst his hand pressed tightly to his forehead, his eyes were slightly closed and he appeared fixed in deep thought, but ever and anon, as a more than usual load of thunder shook his little dwelling, he started suddenly, gazed wildly around him, then again his countenance assumed its former appearance of pensiveness. A small lamp fixed against the wall, threw a dim light around, and beneath, which was a bed on which the form of a youth lay in profound slumber. The countenance of the youthful sleeper was truly beautiful, and as no writer could with justice describe it, imagination could better paint it than a feeble pen. From appearance not more than fifteen summers had passed over him, but an expression of open manliness was about him, rarely to be found in one of such tender years. Hermit, or as he was termed by the villagers of N—elle, Father La Rogue had now for some time resided in his little cell with the youth above mentioned. He was so kind and so good that he was really adored; the poor, the destitute, the sick were always relieved by him. Many offered him alms, but their gifts were refused, and the rustics often wondered how a man could retire from the world, when he possessed wealth that enabled him to enjoy every pleasure it afforded. There was indeed a mystery about him that could not be penetrated. His white silvery locks plainly indicated that many years had passed over him; he was tall but lean, his eyes sunken and decayed, his cheeks hollow and every feature possessed a sallow wan appearance. The hour of ten and eleven passed away, but the Hermit stirred not from his seat except to turn the hour-glass that stood on a small table near him. Midnight drew near, a few grains of sand only remained in the glass, the Hermit had risen to turn it, and his hand was on the point of grasping it, when suddenly rolled the thunder in such an awful voice, that the slumbers of the youth were broken, and La Rogue heaving a heavy groan fell senseless on the floor, Antonio, the youth, springing forward, raised and placed him on the couch he had just quitted; the Hermit opened his eyes—gazed for a moment on the youth and heaving a deep sigh exclaimed "Antonio I would sleep; and while I slumber read this paper, the time has now come when you must know who were your parents, and an injured brother will be revealed." The youth took the paper from the hand of La Rogue who soon fell into a profound slumber, and with a trembling hand opened the paper that could inform him of his parents of whom he knew nothing; forthwith he had often enquired of La Rogue concerning them, his answer was, he had been left an orphan when a child. The paper was as follows:—Antonio, child of my injured father, behold in me the murderer of your father, yes my child, in him men call the good, the just La Rogue, behold a villain and an assassin. I did the deed that calls to heaven for vengeance, Antonio child of my affections ask not how, or when, or where, I did the deed—let that suffice—riches and wealth I sought for, and them to obtain, made me commit the crime, you a child was then born in your mother's arms, and that poor mother sickened, pined and died, and was buried by her lamented Lord Montrose. My father in his will bequeathed his whole estate to my brother, who was my elder by a year, but if that brother died without an heir of age the property fell to me, on condition I provided for my brother's children. This night ten years ago it is, that such a storm as we have seen and heard to night arose. That night I sat half a sleep on a couch 'midst wealth and splendour; the castle clock struck twelve when suddenly the door of my apartment opened and a stranger dressed in deep black entered and approached me. He was tall though not stout his eyes bright and roving—his long black hair hung down upon his back, whilst a black cloth cap in which was a beautiful white feather, sat gracefully on his head, "Albert Montrose, he exclaimed, in a full tone a voice, retire from this place obtained by you, by deeds of blood, I am a great prophet and foreteller of events; for ten years more you live, but longer cannot. Then he exclaimed in a louder voice will your brother be revenged and you perish by his child's hand." Thus saying he departed, and for a whole year I did nought but pine, and finally retired far from the Castle, accompanied by you, to this cell to end the few days allotted me, and to endeavour

to obtain pardon of my Maker for all my sins. Death which I am convinced fast approaches me does not at all appear as it once did terrible, for Antonio I am weary of life. My brother's death is not yet revenged, but you Antonio, you must revenge it." The writing here finished, and as the youth ended, La Rogue awoke. Antonio, he feebly ejaculated, give me your cup, a draught from it will take away the faintness that I feel. The youth handed it as desired, and the Hermit stretched forth his hand, but from real or pretended weakness, was unable to raise it to his mouth; place the draught to my lips, my child, and he was obeyed and the contents of the cup were swallowed in an instant—it is enough my child he said, you have revenged your father's death—the prophet told me true, that cup was poison, but the remainder came not from his lips for Albert, the paricide was a sufficient corpse. S. Selected. THE NAMELESS FOUNTAIN. It was a burning day in June, And I was warm and weary; When on my ear a trickling tunc Came, small-voiced as a fairy. I paused to hear that gentle sound, So cool and softly flowing; For, parched and withered all around, Tho very grass seemed glowing. And then I spied a little nook, Buried in weeds and brambles; Thro' whose green leaves a silvery brook Like modest merit rambles. And sung its sweet and low-toned song, Nor made pretence, nor riot; But, stealing in the shade along, Hummed to itself in quiet. And with it came the happy moan Of will be almost stifled; In bell or blossom newly blown, Which none before had rifled. While here and there, as bridal veil, The gossamer would cover; A blushing flower—now pink, now pale, From glaucous of her lover. Some years have passed, sixteen or more— But where's the use of counting? Still freshly lives in memory's store, The music of that Fountain. T. C. C. From the Monthly Magazine. WILLIAM HAZLITT. MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT, from whose vigorous but eccentric pen the reader will find two papers in the present number of the Monthly Magazine, and who has, since their reception, paid the great debt of nature, was the son of a dissenting minister. He was originally intended for a painter, and through life he seems to have entertained an intense love for the fine arts. From some cause with which we are unacquainted, Mr. Hazlitt was induced to relinquish the pencil for the pen; instead of painting pictures, it became his delight to criticise them; and it must be allowed that in his critical strictures, when his strong and violent prejudices stood not in the way of justice, he was one of the most judicious, able, and powerful writers of his time. "His early education," as a contemporary has observed, "qualified him to judge with technical understanding, and his fine sense of the grand and of the beautiful, enabled him to appreciate the merits and deficiencies of works of art, and to regulate the enthusiasm with which he contemplated their beauties." Mr. Hazlitt's first acknowledged literary production was "An Essay on the Principles of Human Action," in which much metaphysical acuteness is said to have been displayed. His "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," though inferior in depth of observation and soundness of criticism, to the strictures of Shlegel on the protections of our great bard, attracted much notice, and obtained much credit for the writer. Mr. Hazlitt delivered at the Surrey Institution, a Course of Lectures, (afterwards published) on the English Poets. For a time, he was the theatrical critic of the Morning Chronicle, and in that paper, when Keat first came before a metropolitan audience, he was one of his most strenuous and cordial supporters. During a long period, he wrote political and critical articles in the Examiner; and he has been an extensive contributor, at times, to our own Magazine, and other periodicals. Amongst the most popular of his writings are several volumes collected from periodical Works, under the titles of "Table Talk," "The Spirits of the Age," and "The Plain Speaker." His "Round Table," a series of Essays which he wrote in conjunction with Leigh Hunt, for the Examiner, was regarded as a failure. Mr. Hazlitt's largest and most elaborate performance is "The Life of Napoleon," which is in four volumes. In this, though tinged with party feeling, the writer displays much deep philosophical remark. Mr. H. was one of the writers in the Encyclopedia Britannica; he has also published "Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters," a "View of the British Stage," an account of "British Galleries of Art," "A letter to William Griford, Esq.," "Lectures on the English Comic Writers, delivered at the Surrey Institution," "The Literature of the Elizabethan Age," and "The Modern Pygmalion." As far as we can charge our memory with a recollection of this production,