

growth is oak, the second is wild cherry, so it cannot be denied that what the orators have gained among us, the grammarians have lost; that tropes and metaphors have fattened on the nouns and verbs; and a rank, flourishing solecism shot up under many of the most promising plants, in our oratorical gardens. So far has this run, that some charitable persons have cast about for a remedy. And as it is a practice in some foreign Universities for the ingenuous youth, before taking their degree, to employ a veteran under the name of a grinder, to teach them a few phrases of customary Latin, so these benevolent persons have recommended that our eloquent men of the description alluded to should, before appearing in public, employ some competent person to grind a little English into them.

But it is more than time to revert, for the sake of bidding adieu, to the production before us. Our readers may be inclined to find fault with us, for having taken up their time and our own, with a production altogether without merit, and which has no other claim to protection than that of insignificance. This claim we should have allowed, had not the number of similar performances been of late gaining upon us; and did we not think it now and then well to stoop from the gravity of sustained discussion, for the sake of preventing riots and scandals, from getting high in the basement story of the literary edifice. We need not here or ever say, that our severity proceeds from no personal motives, as we never had the happiness of meeting the author's name, but on the title page of the work in question. Whatever may be his claims to respect as a man, of which we know nothing, he certainly has none to indulgence as an author. One embarrassment he has thrown us into; we found an explanation of his poetry as prose disguised: but on reading his notes, we want a new name, lower than prose, for composition without common grammatical correctness, or reasonable propriety in the use of words.

ART. III.—*Discourses on various subjects; by Jeremy Taylor D. D. Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles I, and late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.* Boston, Wells & Lilly, 3 vols. 8vo, 1816.

SOME years since, it was wished by many of our scholars, that the works of Taylor, Barrow, Bacon, and Hooker, with

some other writers of that class, should be reprinted in this country. It was thought that an undertaking of this kind would be well received, and might be expected to produce a beneficial and permanent effect upon our literature. Taylor was selected as the most popular of these writers, and the work which stands at the head of this article was published in this town. But the experiment failed ; the edition passed slowly from the hands of the publishers, and the original design has been given up.

Many of our literary men lamented this circumstance, as indicative of a bad taste among us, and some regretted it the more, as it seemed to them a rejection of the remedy, which would be likely to correct the evil. It will scarcely be denied that modern literature is wanting in many important points ; and it is equally certain that many, both here and in England, whose information and good sense should give great weight to their opinions, believe that its defects might be corrected, and the public taste purified and reformed, by the study of works like those of Taylor and his contemporaries. There are others who continue firm in their adherence to the writers of Addison's school, and will not admit that they have produced, or can produce, an injurious effect upon the character of mind and literature. Both of these opinions have the sanction of high authority, and it may be worth while to examine which of them be wisest, and with what limitations that should be adopted, which, on the whole, we find reason to prefer.

We conceive it to be the true and legitimate object of literature, to improve the mind, to fill it with that knowledge which is power ; not so much by adding to its stores, as by enlarging its faculties and resources ; not to make discoveries and fix principles, for that is rather the business of science, but to form an intellectual habit, which shall be sound, healthy, and vigorous. When the literature of any age or country seems calculated to produce this effect, we should consider it valuable and excellent ; when, on the contrary, it appears to enfeeble or distort the mind, when its prevailing spirit resists the natural expansion and development of the intellectual faculties, we should pronounce it to be faulty and mischievous. Let us determine by this criterion, whether we would have the minds of our countrymen nurtured and disciplined by a literature formed upon the model of Taylor and his contemporaries, or upon that of Queen Anne's wits.

If we compare the literature of England, in the beginning of the last century, with that of the age immediately preceding, we shall find that it has much less strength and much more polish ; that vigour and originality were exchanged for excessive refinement ; that it had been rough and rude, but gigantic in its strength and proportions and full of the wildness and grace of nature ; that it became gentlemanly and courtierlike, effeminate and weak. Its great fault, at the period mentioned, is a want of life and energy, which is precisely what we should have expected from the unfortunate mistake of its creators and their followers, in preferring cold and spiritless correctness, and faultless mediocrity, to the unrestrained and unsubdued vigour of a strong and independent mind.

The faults of their immediate predecessors, with regard to style, were ruggedness, extreme inequality, and the occasional indistinctness, incident to that period in a language, in which the meaning of many words remains as yet unfixed. These faults they anxiously and successfully avoided ; and substituted for them a polished and wearisome monotony, and an elaborate exactness and perspicuity, which certainly weakened their language, and perhaps narrowed their thoughts.

Their minds seem to have acted within narrow limits ; their reflections and inferences have too often little of originality, comprehensiveness, or power. Very much afraid of committing themselves, they were sure never to say any thing, which could possibly be placed in a ridiculous light ; hardly wishing to delight, they were contented when they amused the imagination, or roused the reasoning faculties to slight and momentary exertions, without offending against the laws of good sense or of good taste. There is nothing in their works which could be taken away without lessening their value,—but there is nothing there which tells of a genius, whose native elasticity forced it into action ; of minds which could not be restrained from spreading abroad their rich and overflowing stores.

This school of literature commenced with Sir William Temple, the first English author with whom we are acquainted, whose language is uniformly harmonious and polished. In this respect he loses little by comparison with more modern writers, and it is somewhat remarkable that his book upon the Netherlands is so little read, that it seems to have lost its rank among standard English classics. It is written

in a chaste and simple, but elaborate style, closely resembling that which has been long thought to afford the best and safest model, and is moreover full of information, which we find no where else, but in those who have borrowed from him. He should certainly be considered as belonging to this school, if not as its founder, as in ten years after his death, his peculiar style was adopted and perfected by the writers of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. The language had by this time become more settled and determinate, without having lost much of its richness and variety; and passages may be found in the works of the last mentioned writers, of exquisite beauty, uniting perhaps as much of strength, perspicuity, and simplicity, as the nature of the language will ever permit; yet we do not regard any of them as very great men, or any of their works as displaying uncommon intellectual vigour.

The poetry of that day was very analogous to the prose—sensible, correct, polished, and somewhat epigrammatic. It is a fashion with writers of a certain class to deny that there was then any thing, which may with justice be called poetry, but their assertions are too broad. Pope was a poet, and a very great poet, but unluckily a much greater wit. It was fortunate for his reputation, that he lived in an age prepared to admire the agreeable and witty style, which he carried to such perfection.

It is generally believed, that the peculiar character of the literature of that age, was owing to the French taste, introduced with Charles II. This circumstance however could not, of itself, have affected the literary taste of a nation in so short a time, and should, we think, be regarded rather as an incident favourable to the change, than as its principal cause. It has been sometimes referred to what has been called the revulsion of feeling, which naturally took place, at this period; when the stern and chilling fanaticism of the republicans suddenly ceased its hard and heavy pressure upon the spirits of men, and the gloom and austerity, which marked the court of an usurper who felt these to be his chief weapons of defence, were exchanged for the joy, festivity, and licentiousness, which surrounded Charles II, and seemed almost to emanate from his person. The gaiety and vivacity then suddenly infused into English poetry may be attributed to this cause, but it was wholly insufficient to produce so great a change in the character of English literature, as that which

took place between the age of Bacon, Taylor, and Barrow, and that of Addison and Swift.

Another and a far more efficient cause had been long at work, in giving a new character to English literature, and had brought men's minds into such a state, that they were ready to bow to a false and factitious taste, like that of France at that period. We allude to the great increase of literary men, both of the reading and writing class, and to the formation of a literary profession—not to say trade—such as could not have existed in the ages, anterior to the art of printing; which had been growing up, by degrees, ever since that invention, but at the period in question first reached its height. In proportion as books were easily and rapidly multiplied, knowledge became a comparatively easy attainment, and reading a cheap amusement. Accordingly the class of readers, before confined to a few, whose situation was peculiarly favourable, or whose thirst for knowledge overcame all difficulty, increased gradually to an almost unlimited extent, and comprehended all but the very lowest ranks in society. When a book was a rarity, readers were ‘few and far between;’ they were not numerous enough, nor closely enough connected, to know or exert their power. He who read for his amusement, was grateful for his pleasure to its authors; and if he studied with a higher object, if the consciousness of talent urged him to strive for the privileges and rewards of learning, he willingly paid to those who had preceded him in his path the deference and admiration he hoped one day himself to receive. Never perhaps, but in the golden days of Grecian literature, were learned men held in so much reverence, never have they exerted such extensive and powerful influence, as during the dark ages. There were few whose intellectual energies were strong enough to overcome the obstacles with which the scarcity of books and the general character of the age obstructed the path of the aspirant to literary fame; but he, who succeeded in spreading his fame beyond the walls of his monastery or college, found the toil requisite to climb the steep amply repaid by the eminence of its summit, and the security of the tenure by which he held his station there. All this, both the previous difficulty and the subsequent reward, was exactly adapted to the encouragement of great minds and to the conception and execution of grand designs; for it gave hardihood to the intellectual character, and free-

dom and confidence to its efforts. In the ages immediately following the invention of printing, before learning had lost its rank and consequence by becoming an universal pursuit, and while, on the contrary, a fresh *stimulus* had been given to the exertions of great minds, by an art which provided new means of bringing to account the acquisitions, which should render them famous—the writers, who have been well called the giants of English literature, appeared and shed upon their country a glory, which is not to be extinguished. Then it was that such works as Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* and the *Novum Organum*, were added to the treasures of mankind.

The number of reading men had of course been very much increased by an invention which made it easier to copy a book a hundred times, than it had been to copy it once ; and the class of authors was enlarged in proportion. It had become comparatively easy to acquire an extensive, if not a permanent reputation, the trade of authorship was found profitable ; and as they, who have not tried it, are apt to think it an easy one, it was soon crowded with those, who might have exercised any other trade to more advantage. As there are unworthy members in every trade, the literary character was soon degraded ; it lost its grandeur and nobleness, and no longer deserved or received the homage which had once been paid to it. It became part of the business of a scholar's life, to examine with strict and jealous scrutiny the works of rival authors, to depreciate their excellencies, to hunt up every lurking fault, and point it out to the less discerning eye of the multitude. Readers too became in their turn critics, and the literary public composed a formidable and despotic body, whose tastes were to be consulted, and whose authority was not to be treated lightly. The time had passed when men received with confiding and indiscriminate gratitude, whatever the master spirits of the age thought proper to dispense to them, and it was their turn to be treated with deference and attention, to be soothed and conciliated.

The author no longer wrote with the boldness and independence of commanding genius, for his spirit was subdued and the activity of his mind impeded by the restraints, which he felt it to be necessary that he should impose upon himself ; he could no longer expect that they, by whose judgment he was to abide, would appreciate his merits and faults fairly,

or perhaps be willing to pardon a little that was bad, for much that was excellent; for his competitors were his judges. He had to fight his way to fame, through a host of jealous and watchful rivals, and he must come to the field armed at all points. Such was the system of constraint, under which authors found themselves obliged to live, to write, to think. Admirably was it calculated to

— hurt the faculties ; impede
 Their progress in the road of science ; blind
 Their eyesight of discovery ; and beget,
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
 Bestial ; a meagre intellect.

A school of literature arose under its operation, characterised, not indeed by 'the sordid mind bestial,' but by something which we think very like meagerness of intellect. Without pretensions or pedantry, it is finished to perfection; with nothing about it which could by any ingenuity be made ridiculous, it is sensible, sustained, cheerful, and often witty. This is all very well and has its value, but we want something more, and if excellence of this sort is not to be attained, but by the sacrifice of what is far more valuable, we think it better not to aim at it.

It may be said perhaps, that the two essentials of good writing, strength and refinement, have no such invincible repugnance to each other, that they cannot be made to unite—cannot exist together, and this is undoubtedly true, to a certain degree. A very sensible man will not only have distinct, and enlarged, and accurate conceptions, but he will be likely to clothe them in language at once forcible and correct; disfigured neither by unsuitable and meretricious ornament, nor by obsolete or vulgar phraseology. And this is quite enough; a more exclusive attention to manner would be not only superfluous but injurious in its effects upon the mind. So far from thinking it a desirable thing that all good writers should, to use the common phrase, be formed upon the same model,—should resemble each other as much as possible, we think it high praise of any composition, which is not singularly bad or foolish, to say that it is not cast in the very same mould with other works, that it has individuality of character. If a writer be continually and anxiously striving to give his sentences the precise form and structure, which he admires in another; if he weigh and balance every word and

phrase, if he modulate the cadence of his periods until they harmonize exactly with those he has selected for imitation, how can his mind expand, how is it possible that he should think vigorously? One of two things must happen; either he will succeed in his endeavours, and become a humble imitator, a distant follower of the master to whose authority he bows; or if his intellect be strong enough to resist the cramping, belittling discipline, to which he subjects it, he will become original in spite of himself; for there never was an author of distinguished and deserved eminence, who had not a style, a manner of thinking and writing, a character of mind, peculiar in a great degree to himself.

The literature of Queen Anne's age cannot be said to owe its peculiar character—unless our theory be wholly wrong—to the individual tastes and voluntary efforts of the writers of that period. The spirit of the times, which had gradually received its bent from causes long in operation, demanded and compelled them to adopt a style of literature, which their habits were singularly well adapted to perfect. It would be foolish to say that Addison was not a sensible man. He had undoubtedly fine taste, sound discriminating judgment, and much playfulness of fancy; but if we may judge of the character of his mind, from that of his works, we should think its excellence consisted rather in the absence of all that is bad, than in the presence of much that is very good. In defiance of his assertion that he, who writes a book, has great advantages over him, who confines himself to short and periodical papers, we believe that he could not have succeeded in any other kind of composition half so well as in that, which he had sense enough to choose. Desultory and unconnected essays are admirably calculated for minds which have not enough of vigour for intense, sustained, and long continued exertions. For his Saturday papers we cannot be too grateful: never was critical acumen more skilfully or usefully employed than in rescuing Milton from his comparative obscurity.

The style of Addison and Steele and their contemporaries, partly from its intrinsic excellence, but much more from its precise adaptation to the character of the age, took so strong hold of the national taste of England, that it cannot be wholly shaken off, even at this distant day; they however, who are in the habit of observing the signs of the times, assure us

that it is going out of fashion. The authors of the last century, who left the beaten track and dared to write better than Addison, are much better appreciated, more highly rated, than they were some years since. A young man may now read and admire Johnson, and even study the peculiar style which the grandeur of his conceptions and the extent of his thoughts in a manner forced upon him, without being laughed at for his bad taste, or incessantly warned of his danger. The best prose writing of the last twenty years, which must nearly all be sought in the literary journals and reviews, is marked by a tone of fearlessness and decision, sometimes degenerating into arrogance, but always indicating that the writers thought as they pleased, and said what they thought, without reference to any established models, and with as much strength and variety of expression as they could command. The Edinburgh Review may be considered both as a proof and a promoter of this change; in spite of the bad taste, extravagant opinion, and loose reasoning, which characterise some of its articles, it has done more than any other single cause to awaken the slumbering intellect of Great Britain.

In poetry the change has been more decided. It commenced with Cowper, whose genius could not submit to the thralldom of an unnatural and factitious taste. He had too much poetry in his soul not to feel that it was false, and too much independence to acknowledge its authority. When we come from the elaborate and artificial style, the ceaseless wit and epigram of Pope and his followers, to the nature, simplicity, and the pure and deep feeling of Cowper, is it not as if we had returned from a wearisome sojourning in a foreign land, and felt our hearts, which had been chilled and paralyzed by an heartless intercourse with strangers, again swelling with the joys, and affections, and sympathies of home? Cowper must be considered as the restorer of freedom, but freedom we all know is apt to degenerate into licentiousness, and the poets, who have succeeded him, especially those now living, seem to have fallen from one extreme into the other; their aberrations from a pure and natural taste are perhaps as wide as those of the writers whom they dread to resemble, but they are made in a different direction. However little else they may have in common with each other, they all, we think, exhibit instances of a reaction, a spasmodic and irregular reac-

tion against the artificial, unnatural taste, which for a long time subdued the poetic genius of England.

We have said that there are strong indications of an approaching or actual change in the literary character of that country, and some of their most sensible writers seem to think it very important that a right direction should be given to the movement, which has already commenced. It is a question how far this is possible. Great and permanent changes in national literatures have been usually, if not always, effected by the operation of causes, which were far beyond the control or influence of human agency. It would seem easier to cause an important revolution in the political, than in the literary world. Empires have been formed, supported, or extinguished, by the energies and resources of an individual; but no one man ever created a national literature, or imparted to one a marked and permanent character. We are not, however, forbidden to hope, that skillful and judicious endeavours to reform and purify a national taste or to aid the development and direct the growth of one, which is yet in its infancy, will be partly at least successful. The evils which would be likely to beset its youth may be known and guarded against, those which would obstruct its progress may be removed by liberal and discriminating patronage, and it would soon reward abundantly whatever support and protection it had received. It is necessary that men who are eminent in the literary world should introduce and give the authority of fashion, which is powerful even in literary matters, to the best and safest models. As we have admitted that the authors, who flourished in England in the beginning of the last century, occasionally exhibit a wonderful mastery over their language, and have left some passages which at least approached perfection, it may be asked why we should not choose and study them as models? We answer, that we should make a wide and important distinction between their own intrinsic excellence, and that which they would be likely to impart; between what they are in themselves, and what they would be if proposed as models for study and imitation. We shall not enlarge upon what we have repeatedly admitted, that they have a great deal of genuine excellence, but we would remark that it is unfortunately of a sort, which renders it a dangerous model; it is altogether *negative*. There is nothing in its character, which could teach the importance

of vigorous and independent thought, nothing which could fill one's fancy with beautiful imagery, nothing which would 'move to high endeavours;' they are excellent and valuable, chiefly because they are free from inflation, pedantry, and affectation. The student therefore who should endeavour to form his style upon them would strive rather to expunge from his pages, what was bad and redundant, than to fill them with what should be good and essential; the current of his thoughts would be continually checked and impeded, until it ceased to flow with strength or rapidity; he would acquire a habit of regarding manner as of more importance than matter, and the result would be perhaps a polished and chaste style, but surely not a bold or vigorous one. It is impossible to do better in their way, than they have done, and their very success would deter us from following in their path, for they reached the goal, and won the prize, and we find it to be of comparatively little value.

It is necessary not only that the best models should be proposed, but that it should be known how they may be used to most advantage. A wide distinction should be made, and constantly kept in view between study and imitation. The best authors, they whose effect upon the mind would be to give it strength and elevation, may be and should be *studied*, with assiduity; but no writer, however excellent, however perfect in his own style, or however good that style may be, should be *imitated*; for imitation always tends to destroy originality and independence of mind, and cannot substitute in their place any thing half so valuable. It was once a very popular receipt for making a good writer, to take one of Addison's Spectators, read it carefully, and remember as much as possible of the thoughts and arguments, lay the book aside, until the phraseology and expressions were forgotten, and then reclothe what you remembered of the sentiments in language, as similar as possible to that of the original, and so one would learn to write like Addison! A shorter and equally effectual way would have been to commit the paper to memory, and then one might make sure of writing once at least like Addison. We will venture to say that such a plan has been rarely adopted and acted upon without lessening the little intellect, which could submit to it. We have not forgotten that Franklin says, that he formed his style in this way; and they who can think like Franklin and fill every

period, phrase, and word with meaning, may pursue with safety this or almost any plan.

It is somewhat difficult to give precise and definite rules of study ; they who are conversant with the great efforts of great minds may be benefited in two ways ; in the first place immediate contact with a superior mind is directly beneficial ; it gives an elevated tone to our thoughts and feelings, we catch some of the emanations of their pervading spirit, and a process of assimilation is constantly going on. But the principal advantage is that by following, or rather accompanying the march of powerful minds, we get something of their speed and impetus, which continues when we are left to ourselves—the strong action of their minds imparts a degree of sympathetic velocity to less active faculties—we form habits of thinking as they thought and reasoning as they reasoned—we learn what they have learnt, and we get what is far more valuable, the power of acquiring more. But these are effects and most important effects, which cannot be caused by the study of Queen Anne's writers ; the general character of their books ; the tone of thought, which pervades and is manifested, both by the choice of subjects and the manner of treating them, is feeble and contracted, and but little adapted to rouse, or invigorate, or fill the mind, which dwells upon their pages. They can afford the intellect neither aliment nor *stimulus*.

A national literature uniting all the requisites of excellence, and each in its due proportion, has not perhaps as yet existed ; it may be impossible to create such a one, but it is not therefore idle to aim at it. The natural progress of society must before long, and may soon, create in this country a national literature ; and they, in whose hands are placed our literary destinies, should see that no endeavours are wanting, on their part, to ensure the existence of one which shall be at once honourable and useful. The inquiry how this great work may be achieved is of infinite importance, and if in making it we guard against prejudice and habit on one side, and the love of singularity on the other, the result will be, we think, a conviction, that the most effectual, if not the only means of attaining the great object will be to encourage and promote with earnestness the study of the classics, in the first place, and next, of the English writers of the middle of the 17th century. With regard to the classics, we shall not make a

laboured defence of them, as we hope that a future number of this Journal may afford opportunity for a full discussion of the subject. The notion that the classics have done and are doing harm is, we know, entertained by some, and there never was a wild and chimerical opinion which had not its advocates; but there are men considered as belonging to this party, whose names should carry with them influence and authority, but who, we believe, hold very different opinions. A man may dread the introduction of German scholarship into our country, and wish that the ocean may continue roll between us and our lexicographers and philologists, and still think an acquaintance with the classics an essential part of the education of a gentleman or a scholar; he may still be willing that they should be read, and studied, and loved. And they ever will be studied and loved, for their beauties are general and universal, and therefore imperishable; they have stood the test of time, their fashion cannot pass away.

While we are thinking of the old English writers, it is difficult to refrain from believing that we have degenerated from our fathers, that our intellectual stature is less than theirs, that the mind of man has either lost its strength, or refuses to put it forth. It is the usual, and perhaps a sufficient answer to this, that the mind seems to act now with less energy and effect, only because it acts in a different direction, and upon different objects. However this may be, it is certain that the eminent men of the seventeenth century stood forth from the mass of mankind with a more decided and marked superiority, than we are disposed to acknowledge in any men in these days. They were animated by the consciousness of an intellectual supremacy, which all would reverence, and none could shake, and they felt the responsibility attaching to their high gifts and attainments. Whatever they wrote was marked by a prodigal expenditure of thought and fancy, which does not belong to this age or the last, and which could only arise from a consciousness of inexhaustible resources of boundless affluence. Not satisfied with the applause of their own age, with the admiration of contemporaries, they strove, to use the noble language of Milton, for 'that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented, shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind.' An early and intimate acquaintance with these authors will give, as far as example

can give, what we think of the first importance to him who would be a great writer,—boldness, independence, and self-reliance; with these qualities, folly may make itself more ridiculous, but without them genius can do nothing.

We have recommended these two classes of writers, not only because they are in themselves excellent, but because each is, we think, calculated to correct the evil which might arise from an exclusive study of the other. The Greek and Roman languages are far more perfect, better contrived vehicles for thought and feeling than any modern tongue. No writer can, therefore, now equal the classic authors in mere style, and if he strives too much to resemble them, he would perhaps form a tame, monotonous and artificial style; he might substitute excessive delicacy for purity of language. Now this evil would be less likely to befall him, if he were accustomed to the copiousness, variety, and force of the old English writers. On the other hand, an excessive and indiscriminate admiration of these last might make him careless, diffuse, and declamatory; but this could hardly happen, if he had learned to appreciate aright the simple majesty, the lofty and sustained, but disciplined energy of the mighty masters of the Grecian and Roman school. It is apprehended by some that a style, formed by the study of English authors, who flourished when our language was, as they say, in its infancy, would be quaint, affected, and full of obsolete expressions. He, who is much acquainted with those writers, with Jeremy Talyor particularly, cannot but discover that our language is very much impoverished since their day; he will perhaps feel strongly the contrast between their rich and varied expression, and the lifeless monotony of more modern writers; he may sometimes be tempted to use a word or idiom that has gone out of fashion; but this will be the extent of his offence, for the classics will teach him to hate every thing like affectation.

In this country, it should be the business and the object of literary men, not to reform and purify, but to create a national literature. We have never yet had one, and it is time the want should be supplied. So much has been said, and unskilfully said, about the peculiar advantages of our free and popular institutions, and the beneficial effects they might be expected to have upon our literature, that it has become a wearisome theme to many ears, and we almost fear to touch

upon it ; but the fact is, that while some of our countrymen are vain enough, they scarce know of what, the great body of the nation, the literary and the wealthy, of those who have influence in the community are not at all too proud of our peculiar and glorious advantages ; and what is worse, they are not apt to be proud in the right place. Much yet remains to be said upon the subject, for which this is not the place or occasion. We would however remark, that if there be any truth which reason and experience concur to teach, it is, that genius and liberty go hand in hand ; and it is equally true, that we live under institutions whose very essence is freedom, and which must cease to exist when they are no longer animated by the spirit of freedom which called them into being.

ART. IV.—*Begebenheiten des Capitains von der Russisch-Kaiserlichen Marine Golownin, in der Gefangenschaft bei den Japanern in den Jahren 1811, 1812, & 1813 ; nebst seinen Bemerkungen ueber das Japanische Reich und Volk, und einem Anhang des Capitains Rikord.*—*The adventures of Capt. Golownin, of the Imperial Russian Navy, during his imprisonment among the Japanese, in the years 1811, 1812, and 1813 ; with his observations upon the Japanese empire and people ; and an appendix by Capt. Rikord. Translated from the Russian into German, by Charles John Schultz. Leipzig, 8vo, 2 vols. 1817.*

THERE is probably no part of the world, which is so little known, and at the same time so worthy of exciting a rational curiosity, as the empire of Japan. Its immense population, its great wealth and industry, its progress in the useful arts, and the peculiarity of its civil and religious government, and the manners of its people, give it a hold on our curiosity over almost every other part of the East. The care, with which this singular people cut themselves off from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, not only gives them a more marked and original character, but limits our knowledge of them to the slight and imperfect notices of a few travellers, whom chance has thrown among them, and who have enjoyed but small opportunities for obtaining accurate information. Several attempts have been made by European nations to open an intercourse with them, but without success. It is a law

New Series, No. 1.