

although Dr. R. seems to consider it the principal, if not the only grass in the place.

We are sorry to see that Dr. Richardson has so little knowledge of vegetable geography as to suppose Iceland without grasses. If we are right in reckoning the *Agrostis Stoloniifera*, Dr. R's famous Florin, Iceland already possesses it, with most of the other grasses of Ireland; and we presume if the Doctor's publication ever reaches Denmark, and the king can smile at any thing British, his jest will be returned. But certainly Dr. R's plan of packing up hay in ice, as we do fresh salmon, when adopted in Iceland, must be particularly advantageous, and in plentiful seasons they may lay up a quantity in store for years of scarcity.

From the view which we have taken of Dr. Richardson's Memoir, we are led to conclude that had the writer confined his praises within moderate boundaries, he might have been the means of inducing some agriculturists to turn their attention to the cultivation of a plant, which, in a suitable soil and situation, will probably reward their labours. The Doctor's detail of experiments is simple and satisfactory, and if the saying be true that the man who makes two blades of grass grow, where but one grew before, has more real merit than he who conquers kingdoms, Dr. R. deserves the thanks of his country-men, and we sincerely wish that he may long enjoy the pleasure which must be doubly grateful to a person descending into the vale of life, that of having employed his time and turned his amusements to the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

of the advantages arising from the disposition of the pebbles, which (if I might venture a conjecture) seems to be a very important peculiarity in the situation. It is certain that the space of only two acres and an half, has yielded as much as ten tons of hay in one year. The first crop has usually been cut about the end of May, and the second in July (or, which is rare) as late as the end of August. The tithes of the meadow have been rented more than once for £5.....
Trans. Lin. Soc, V. xxx.

The first Book of T. Lucretius Carus, of the Nature of Things; translated into English verse, by the Rev. W. Hamilton Drummond, p.p. 79. Edinburgh, Mundell & Co. 5s. 5d.

HAD we not promised to give an accurate review of all books published in Ireland, or by Irishmen, we should have been inclined to pass over this in silence; not, because its merits are insufficient to raise it to a due rank in our estimation, but on account of the extreme delicacy of the situation in which we find ourselves placed with respect to it. Whatever may be the opinion which we pass, private motives will be thought by many to have had considerable influence in dictating our determinations. The praises which it obtains because it deserves them, will be attributed to the zeal of private friendship, or the flattery of private interest; the censures it may incur, (and how few are the publications which do not lie open to some degree of censure?) will be supposed to arise from the envy of competition, or the bitterness of private enmity. To our own hearts we appeal for the integrity of our motives; on the candour of such unbiassed readers as compare the text with the comment, we rely for the general impartiality of our sentence.

It has been a question with many whether Lucretius ought to be translated. The apostle of impiety should be consigned, (according to them) to the obscurity in which by the change of language, and lapse of time, he has been concealed. At the present season the doctrines of atheism which have had lately so powerful an effect upon the public opinions and manners, and are now but beginning to sink into the oblivion, from which they had been raised to promote the views of unprincipled political agitators, ought not again to be brought into view, particularly when they appear clothed in a dress which, the more it displays the skill and ability of the translator, serves more strongly to recommend to the heedless, the doctrines thus adorned. Could we see Vice in her native colours, she would be as disgusting as she is destructive, but caught by the false glare of so many meretricious ornaments, we are captivated before we can be sufficiently

on our guard to distinguish the external attractions from the inward impurity.

To this we would answer, not as has been already done on this very question, that the opinions of Lucretius are not so injurious to society, as the loose morality of the antient poets, which are not only read and admired by the man of taste, but put into the hands of youth at an age when the mind is most susceptible of the warm impressions excited by their glowing descriptions, and least on its guard against their secret poison.

One crime can never be adduced to sanction another. Ovid, Horace, Anacreon, and the whole horde of amatory poets should long since have been excluded from any share in the education of a Christian, and consigned to the libraries of those debased souls, who make their reason pander to their appetites; but Lucretius, except in a few passages, is not liable to this imputation. He pretends to reason philosophically, and draws his deductions from fixed principles. As both his principles are false, and his deductions incorrect, even to a glaring degree of absurdity, their examination, so far from being injurious, may be of material service.

It may also be a question whether a new translation was requisite. To those who compare the present with that of Creech, the only translator in rhyme now generally read, the doubt will vanish. Whatever be the merit of the work now under examination, its superiority over the former is, in our opinion, indisputable. We wish also to see translations of classic authors multiply. It is the surest method of preserving the originals from being forgotten. The old translation often lies by neglected; it is always at hand, and therefore seldom read. The new attracts by its novelty; we read, not only to entertain ourselves, but to comment, to criticise; we compare both; many new lights are thrown on the original by the comparison. Many passages for the explanation of which we had supinely rested on the faith of the former version, assume a different form in the latter. Even the inferiority of a second does not altogether destroy its effect on our mind. Cowper,

though anticipated by Pope, is read with pleasure. For these reasons we strongly disapprove an expression used by Mr. D. in his preface, where, speaking of Dryden he says, "had he translated the whole of Lucretius, succeeding translations would have been superfluous." Such a maxim must inevitably lead to an increasing degeneracy in every department of taste. The poet, the orator, the painter, the statuary, all should labour to excel the master from whom they have received their instruction. This noble emulation whets and rouses their abilities, it brings into action talents till then unknown even to themselves, it almost gives them new powers, and at length raises them to a degree of excellence unattainable to those who had not dared to aspire at the height to which their predecessors had already soared.

The introduction, or address to Venus in the commencement, is executed with no small degree of merit; yet it does not, in our opinion, express some of the peculiar graces of the original. Passing over the tautology of "Goddess divine," which can be attributed to nothing but an over-sight, or error in the printing for "benign," the elegance of that beautiful repetition,

*"Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti; te nubila celi
Adventumque tuum."*

is totally overlooked not only by the present translator, but also by both his precursors, Creech and Good.

"Goddess divine! before thy radiant form,
Flit the chill vapour, and the wintry storm."
DRUMMOND.

"The clouds disperse, the winds most swiftly waste,
And reverently in murmurs breathe their last."
CREECH.

"Thee, goddess, at thy glad approach,
The winds, the tempests fly."
GOOD.

This omission is altogether unaccountable, as it has been long since imitated by Virgil.

*"Te dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente, canebat."*
Geor. iv. 465.

and again by Spencer, almost literally;

"Thee, goddesse, thee, the winds, the
cloudes do feare."

In the celebrated description of Superstition it may perhaps be difficult to determine which of the translators deserves the palm; perhaps the fairest mode of deciding will be to lay the matter before the reader, to be settled by his own judgment.

" Long human life lay grovelling on the
ground,
In galling chains of Superstition bound,
That horrid monster, whose terrific head
Lowered from the heavens, and shook the
world with dread,
Till one bold Greek dared all her rage defy,
And marked her visage with undaunted
eye;
That noble Greek, whose truth-illumined
soul
Not all the powers of heaven could e'er
controul,
Nor threat'ning bolts loud volleying from
above,
Nor all the thunders of our fabled Jove:
They only roused his ardent spirit more,
To burst those bounds that ne'er were
burst before,
Nature's close bulwarks; with superior
sway
His soul in triumph forced resistless way
Beyond the limits of the mundane frame,
That rise impaled in ever-during flame.
He soon explored the vast unbounded plan,
Showed whence and how this beauteous
scene began;
To what creation's plastic powers extend,
Their range, their limits, origin, and end;
Crushed in her turn fell Superstition lies
Beneath our feet inglorious, ne'er to rise;
The daring triumph to the blest abodes
Exalts us mortals equal to the gods."

DRUMMOND.

" Long time lay men oppressed by slavish
fear;
Religious tyranny did domineer,
And, being placed in heaven, looked
proudly down,
And frighted abject spirits by her frown.
At length, a mighty man of Greece began
To assert the natural liberty of man
By senseless terrors, and vain fancies, led
To slavery; straight the conquered phan-
tom fled:
Not the famed stories of the Deity,
Not all the thunder of the threat'ning sky,
Could stop his rising soul; thro' all the
past,
The strongest bounds that powerful nature
cast,

His vigorous and active mind was hurled
Beyond the flaming limits of this world,
Into the mighty space; and there did see
How things begin, what can, what cannot
be:

How all must die, all yield to fatal force;
What steady limits bound their natural
course.

He saw all this, which others sought in vain;
Thus, by his conquest, we our right regain;
Religion he subdued, and we now reign."

CREECH.

It must however be confessed that the daring expression,

" *Processit longe flammantia mania mundi.*"

in this passage, is more happily expressed in the latter of these copies. Gray has caught both the spirit and the letter, when, speaking of Milton, he says,

" He pass'd the flaming bounds of space
and time."

It is singular to remark how much at variance were the poetical and philosophical creeds of Lucretius. In the commencement he invokes the assistance of Venus, though shortly after he declares that the Gods do not concern themselves in human affairs; and in the passage just quoted, he speaks of the boundaries of the world, while in another part of this book, as we shall have occasion to remark, he labours to prove that the universe is an interminable space.

The system of Lucretius depends on this principle " From nothing, nothing can be produced." This is not quoted at present, for the purpose of inquiring into its correctness. It is neither the philosophy or the poetry of the Roman that is our immediate object; they are to be considered only so far as is necessary to investigate the translator's merits.

One of the first arguments in favour of this principle is translated with equal boldness and fidelity.

" Say, whence does Spring the roseate
fields adorn;
Or Summer's gold enrich the bearded corn;
Whence Autumn bid the ripening vine-
yard glow,
And copious streams of racy nectar flow;
Unless creative nature all things breed
From the nice union of their parent seed,
While genial seasons roll, and vivid Earth
Ferments, conceives, and bids them spring
to birth?"

If nought produced them, all would quick
 appear,
 'Midst every season of th' uncertain year.
 Nor seeds primordial feel th' unfriendly
 power
 Of adverse climes retard their genial hour."

Yet, while we bestow our unqualified
 praise on this and several other similar
 passages which our limits forbid us to
 transcribe, we cannot help expressing
 our astonishment at the mistake into
 which Mr. D. has fallen concerning the
 meaning of a line a little prior to
 this. Lucretius says, "could beings be
 created from nothing, men might spring
 from the sea, fishes and birds from the
 earth."

—E terrâ posset oriri
Squamigerum genus et volucres.—

By what unaccountable misconcep-
 tion was Mr. D. led to translate this
 simple expression thus,

"And finned and feathered nations spurn
 the ground,"

Let it not be thought, however,
 that this error is adduced as one out
 of many; on the contrary, it is the
 only fault of the same kind which has
 struck us in the perusal. It may easily
 be corrected, and will, no doubt,
 in a subsequent edition.

In the explanation of the Atomic
 System, which is the great distinguish-
 ing feature of the Epicurean philo-
 sophy, our translator expresses Lucretius'
 sentiments with great force and
 beauty.

"From simple principles all body
 springs,
 Or from a junction of the seeds of things.
 No human force these seeds can e'er annoy,
 Unbind their solid texture, or destroy;
 Altho' no easy task, with you I ween,
 To find aught solid in the boundless scene;
 For nimble lightnings pierce the stony
 mound,
 And densest walls are thrilled by voice or
 sound;
 In torturing flame the steel candescent
 glows,
 And bursting rocks elastic vapour throws;
 Fierce fires dissolve stiff brass of icy
 mould,
 And rolls in liquid streams the glittering
 gold.
 When the hand grasps the goblet's silver
 side,
 As from above descends the racy tide,
 The mingled heat or cold it quickly feels,
 As thro' the vessel's porous side it steals."

The last sentence of this passage
 is rather paraphrased than translated
 by Creech.

"This sense perceives, for hold a silver
 cup,

And pour some water gently in at top,
 Th' imprisoned heat or cold straight
 break their bands,
 Grow fierce, fly through, and warm or
 chill the hands."

We have now adduced sufficient
 examples to give the reader a general
 idea of the merits of this attempt at
 introducing one of the most celebrated
 Latin poets to our notice in a more al-
 luring form. One more passage, how-
 ever, we cannot avoid transcribing, be-
 cause it puts in a clear point of view, a
 sentiment, which, in the original, is
 somewhat obscure. It is an illustration
 of his argument to prove the infinity of
 space. The English reader may be
 enabled to judge of its comparative
 excellence, by comparing it with the
 blank verse of Good.

"Suppose fixed barriers should the
 whole surround,
 Were one, swift rushing to the utmost
 bound,

A rapid dart with all his force to fling,
 Its onward way progressive would it wing?
 Or would some solid mound its flight with-
 stand,

And back repel it to the darter's hand?
 Whichever you grant, the doctrine is the
 same,

No limit bounds the universal frame;
 For if the flying jav'lin force its way,
 Or if its progress some firm barrier stay,
 Not yet the utmost verge of things you
 view;

And if this simple plan you still pursue,
 Where'er th' experimental stand you
 place,

Beyond it lies the vast immense of space,
 Girt by no bounds around, or low, or high,
 The void still stretches, and the dart may
 fly.

"Yet grant th' entire of things of bound
 possess,
 Say, to what point shall you keen archer,
 placed

E'en on its utmost verge, his dart direct?
 Shall aught obstruct it, or the path be
 clear?

Take which thou wilt: some substance
 chuse, possess

Of power t' impede, and check its rapid
 race;

Or let it fly unconquer'd, nor restraint
 E'en once encounter: thou must still confess
 Th' entire of nature nought of limit knows.
 Throughout the dart I'll chase; and when,
 at length,
 The acceded bound is gained, I'll still demand
 What yet obstructs it; still new proofs adduce
 That the vast whole is boundless; and that flight
 Still beyond flight, for ever might be urged."
 GOOD.

Mr. D's style of composition, as may be perceived by the above specimens, is, in general, fully equal to the subject. Sometimes, indeed, he rises above it, and by an ill-timed attempt at sublimity, borders on the turgid and obscure. This is the fault of most modern poets, and may be traced to a faulty imitation of a bad original. English poetry is, we fear, in danger of being speedily and radically corrupted by a false taste introduced by a few fashionable writers. Misled by the applauses lavished on these, the young writer thinks he has no chance of success unless he follows their manner, and thus instead of studying the venerable models of legitimate English verse, he becomes a copier of the affected simplicity of Southey or Wordsworth, the bombast of Darwin, or the effeminate littleness of Tommy Moore. The first and last of these will soon be forgotten. But Darwin, who seems to be the model which Mr. D. has followed, is more dangerous. He is the Seneca of modern poetry. His splendida vitia are too fascinating not to meet with many admirers. They must be resisted, or pure taste, and chaste competition will perish in the torrent.

In the present poem it shows itself particularly by a redundancy of overstrained epithets, we find "the steel candescent" "the *evanescent* frame" and others of the same stamp. Another fault is the spinning out of a thought by the unnecessary addition of a half line.

"Unfolds her flowers, and opens all their blooms;
 Shoot too the light, and freshen in the breeze,
 Whence rose the world, and all this beautiful frame."

This is not so frequent here as in the

former poem by the same author; as skill increases by practice, we have reason to hope that in subsequent publications it will be totally undiscoverable.

We have also perceived two parallelisms. One with Pope; the other with Akenside.

"The Muse's sacred love my soul inspires,
 Exalts, transports, and warms with all her fires."
 Line, 1020.

"But Pallas now Tydides soul inspires,
 Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires."
 POPE'S ILLIAD.

"All nature's fair variety of things."
 Line, 914.

"And all the fair variety of things."
 AKENSIDE.

These are the errors rather of inadvertence than imbecility; such as an admirer would overlook, an enemy carp at, and a candid critic point out, in order to excite the writer to greater vigilance in his future compositions.

On the whole, there is much to praise, little to blame, and still less to condemn. If continued, it will give the English reader a more correct view of Lucretius than he has hitherto been presented with. With respect to the notes, we would hint the propriety of annexing them to the books to which they refer, instead of collecting them all at the end of the last volume.

Poems, by Mary Leadbeater (late Shackleton) to which is prefixed her Translation of the Thirteenth Book of the Æneid, with the Latin Original, written in the fifteenth Century, by Maj-ficus. Dublin, printed for the Author, and published by Martin Keene, and in London by Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme, 1808, price 8s. 8d. p.p. 419, 8vo.

THE amiable writer of these poems gives evident proofs in this volume, that she possesses a good heart, which feels for the woes of others. She can also participate in the joys of her friends. The greater number of these poems are on such scenes as would naturally present themselves in a sequestered village, those still scenes of life, which are often most favourable for