

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 Majficus. 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

cherishing the finer and the more gentle feelings of the human heart.

“ Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,

*Her sober wishes never learn’d to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester’d vale of life,  
She kept the noiseless tenor of her way.”*

In two instances, however, we think we discover a departure from that simplicity which forms the distinguishing trait of her poetry, which, notwithstanding its local nature, does not fail to interest. The translation of the thirteenth *Æneid*, with the Latin text on one side, occupies 85 pages. Maffaeus, a writer of the fifteenth century, writing an additional *Æneid*, conveys but little interest to a classical reader. Perhaps, even the latter books by Virgil himself are much less read than the first ones: In this translation she laboured under the difficulty of versifying from a literal or prose version: and added to this inconvenience she probably had a subject before her, not entirely to her taste, or at least not fitted to the powers of her muse. We confess that we are less interested by this translation, than by any other part of the work.

By her enthusiastic admiration of Edmund Burke, the author appears to have been betrayed unwittingly into politics, a subject most likely totally abhorrent from her pursuits, and for which her previous training had not qualified her.

He had received a part of his education at Ballitore under the tuition of her grandfather; and hereditary prejudices appear to have made her only sensible to the bright side of his ostentatious character. He forms the subject of several of her poems, and is incidentally introduced into others. In one he is styled “Freedom’s firm friend.” If ever that character belonged to him, or if he was ever more than the rhetorical declaimer in favour of liberty, to serve the purposes of a party, in later life, alas! how changed was he! Not content with her own praises of him, she introduces an extract from a letter of the bishop of M. in which he represents Burke as “having controuled the destinies of the world, as *all now* agree he did, by his later writings.” Here we think our poet has *sanctioned* an opinion in politics, without understand-

ing the subject. That the violent counsels of Burke, sounding the tocsin to the dreadful and destructive wars, which have continued so long with little intermission, and which so far from accomplishing the purposes of our own safety, or the lowering of the power of France, have hitherto had a contrary effect, has been a subject of regret to discerning politicians, of the present time; and when the popular delusion of the day is passed away, will probably form a subject of execration, and astonishment to posterity. We venture to predict that the memory of Burke with all his splendid and showy qualities, will not *with them* be embalmed in the works of the future impartial historians, when they come to record the black page of the present eventful period.

Independently of our opinions of the practical idly of his counsels, we cannot allow sincerity of intention, in his political ravings in favour of the crusade against France, to the pensioned, the *secretly pensioned* Burke, when we recollect the pains taken to conceal his pension, and his infuriate attack, founded on *levelling* principles against the late Duke of Bedford, for detecting the secret manner of his receiving the wages of apostacy. If additional instances had been necessary, we have here a flagrant proof of his mode of reasoning, not on principle, but to suit his temporary purposes. We thus get a clue to his ruling passion, and find the declaimer in favour of American liberty, the outrageous opponent of the same principle among the French before they had disgraced their cause by their excesses, and the *levelling* assailant of the Duke of Bedford, to be one and the same character, who can....

“Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,

And fraime his face to all occasions.”

In confirmation of the foregoing observations, the following extract is inserted from the writings of an enlightened politician, who published these remarks in the life-time of Burke, before the secret of the pension had been brought to light.

“Edmund Burke has had the advantage of a learned education: his genius is showy, but not solid; copious, but not correct. His judgment is inferior to that of many of his cotemporaries:

but he unites industry with wit, humour, and a brilliant, though disordered imagination: his elocution is rapid, and well adapted to the sportive or impetuous style of oratory in which he excels; but he is seldom argumentative, and more seldom convincing. Had literature been his professional pursuit, he might have shone through many a volume, a splendid and superficial rhetorician, decked in the ornaments of a glittering eloquence and proud of his tinsel.

For philosophical research his faculties are unfit; and in the more abstruse sciences he probably never could have discovered one important truth: but like Fontenelle, he might have explained what others had invented; and might have embellished the system of Newton with wit, pathos, and all the tinkling trappings of his metaphorical style. But he was doomed to be a politician; and the pride of genius and learning fitted him to be an aristocrat. Early connection with an honoured nobleman confirmed his natural and acquired tendency; he was at first his dependent, then freed from that servitude by his noble patron's munificence, at his death he became the counsellor and confidential guide of an alarmed aristocracy. At the period alluded to, the popular societies for reform had received a rapid increase; the grateful zealots of aristocracy trembled with rage and fear at the approaching ruin of their usurpations. But one great effort to save them must be made; and fortunately for his purpose, the excesses of the French revolution held out a consoling hope, that the system of abuses might be prolonged, perhaps perpetuated."...*Weyill's Defence of Dr. Price, and the Reformers in England.* 1792.

To give a specimen of the poetry, the following is inserted, as characteristic of the state of Ireland, in more situations than one, and as exemplifying the author's benevolent manner of treating her subjects:

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

"YE trees, does your foliage delay,  
Refusing to veil with its shade  
That spot—once so cheerful and gay,  
That cottage—in ruin now laid?

While others arise on the plain,  
These walls in sad silence repose,

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As never expecting again

Such social delights to enclose.

Fair decency, cheerful content,

By industry honest were won,

Here quiet his days Owen spent,

And counted these blessings his own.

His forge knew no weapons of blood,

Devoted to peaceful employ!

The stranger partook of his food,

Nor want child'd the bosom of joy.

Yet torn from his babes and his home,

From his consort so fond and so fair,

He must change for a prison's dark gloom,

This balmy salubrious air.

Her infant new-born at her breast,

His Dora beheld him depart,

She sunk, with her sorrows opprest,

(Ah more—thou must ten times more  
smart!)

"And O if the lashes," she cried,

"My Owen be forc'd to endure,

"With his blood if the scourges be died,

"His life will sink under it, sure."

See her Owen returning again,

His neighbours all smiling around,

His innocence free from a stain,

And no lash has inflicted a wound!

How chang'd the glad prospect, how soon!

See the clouds of rebellion arise!

The prison had then been a boon

Most grateful to Owen's sad eyes....

What, though from the maddening train,

As soon as he might he retir'd;

In his cottage resolv'd to remain,

While innocence courage inspir'd!

But innocence cannot avail,

When danger like this is so nigh;

This Dora, all weeping and pale,

Revolv'd, and implor'd him to fly.

For see, breathing vengeance and dread,

The disciplin'd armies appear;

The bands so tumultuous are fled,

And the cannon's dire thunder they  
hear!

But resolv'd in his cottage to stay,

In his cottage mild Owen they found;

Like furies they seize on their prey,

And his bosom receives the death-  
wound.

The fire-brands his dwelling invade,

The smoke—it ascends to the sky;

There innocence injur'd may plead,

There heard is the sufferer's cry!

Then Dora, her infants around,

Beheld her lov'd home wrapt in fire,

They heard the explosion's dread sound,

And in agony call'd on their sire.

Her stores by hard industry gain'd,

To rapine and flames were a prey:

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But ah!—if her Owen remain'd,  
Of how little value are they!  
She darts through the furious crowd,  
Resolving his fate to explore:  
She calls on her Owen aloud!—  
She sees him—all bath'd in his gore!  
Oh then, on his corse as she lay!  
Her babe all unconscious beside,  
In vain she invok'd the cold clay;  
Her Owen no longer replied.

The warriors, reproach'd by her moans,  
Their bosoms all poison'd with strife,  
With insults reply'd to her groans,  
And threaten her innocent life.

Ah! what was her life in that hour!—  
The load she had gladly resign'd;  
No insults, no threats could have power  
To quell the fierce pangs of her mind.

She lives for her fatherless train,  
She lives though her comfort is dead,  
Chill poverty's gripe to sustain,  
And strive for a morsel of bread.

Humanity weeps at the tale;  
Yet frequent such scenes will appear,  
Till concord's soft voice will prevail,  
Which angels delighted will bear."

Extracts could be readily multiplied,  
but for want of room, we must refer to  
the book itself, in which the lover of nature  
and simplicity will find much to like.

"The Widow," "The Summer Morning's Distraction," and "The Triumph of Terror," are much in the same style with the extract given. "The Mother" is an affecting delineation of maternal distress, on the death of her children, while "The Beggar" forms an artless and pathetic little tale. "The View of Ballitore" contains very natural painting of domestic scenes, and interests even without a knowledge of its adaptation to local circumstances.

What adds greatly to the merit of these poems is, that they are drawn, it is presumed, from real life, the circumstances recorded having come under the author's observation. We have heard of the author's merit in pathetically and successfully delineating distress, in an instance of a lady in England, entirely unacquainted with the author, who was so touched on reading *The Tale of Distress* in "The Ruined Cottage," as to send a handsome donation to poor Dora. This is an example of poetry doing good, by being actively and usefully engaged in the cause of benevolence, and is an interesting comment on the author's power to touch the heart. K.

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## LITERATURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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ESSAY ON ORIENTAL LITERATURE, &c.  
THE learning of Europe, vast as it seems, has yet been confined nearly within the limits of three or four languages. There are many deeply read in the most secret histories of the Grecian cabinets, who are in utter ignorance of the most obvious events related in the histories of that vast part of the world, which includes Persia and Tartary, whence have (as it is now on good ground supposed) proceeded the various tribes of mankind. However that be, they demand our attention from the mighty revolutions they have been subject to, and present a spectacle peculiarly interesting to the reflecting mind from having united in the same character, circumstances the most opposite. They were warlike, cruel, and destructive; yet polite literature was cultivated among them, and its profes-

sors rewarded with a munificence, and distinguished with a respect unknown among any other people. They enjoyed privileges nearly equal to those of the heralds among the classic nations, in being respected by contending parties, and finding safe conduct through countries over-run with armies; and kings have nearly engaged in war for the honour of patronizing a man of genius. From the little inquiry, which has been heretofore made into Oriental literature, we are too prone to suppose that the Orientals were barbarous, and that consequently they have not left any compositions, worth searching for; of the very face of the country inhabited by those nations, we are much in the dark. There is a singular as well as signal instance of this in Montesquieu's *esprit des loix*. He is labouring to prove, that external circ-