

Thomas Purvesor, Sacrae Theologiae Professor, ex Londonien. Wellen. Eccl'ia Canonici, et Missici. Basilica Principis Ap'lorum de Vrbe S. D. N. p'p'ae Penitenciarij clauditor, qui obiit die v. Octobris, anno D. MCCCXXVIII. Romae.

17. D. O. M.

Pro D. Henrico Story, Anglico P'ro, huius Hospital' Sacristario, qui obiit anno MCCCXXIII. xlii Julij, etatis suae anno LVIII.

18. D. O. M.

Hic inest Joannes Wilfridus, Anglus, Collegij Gregoriani de Vrbe ordinis S. Benedicti Abbas. Obijt prid. Kal. Junij, A. S. MDCCLIX. etatis suae LX.

19. D. O. M.

R. D. Jo. Setono, p'ro Anglo Theologiae professori candidior, qui post durissimae vincula, et multa adversa pro Sacro dogmatis assertionibus pressa, Romam ex Patria exul venit, ubi anno etatis suae LXX. animam Deo dicavit, xlii kal. Augusti, MDCCLVII. S. R. Anglus, ex test' Her. opt. mer. p. e.

20. D. O. M.

Franc' Moro, nobili Anglo, qui, bonis patris amicitia pro fide Catholica relictis, anno Jubilei Romam veniens, exilij sui ann. VI. etatis LX. obiit 5^o Octobris, MDCCLXV. Georgius Morus, filius unigenitus, curae Petri posuit.

21. D. O. M.

Joanni Simoni, nobili Anglo, Georgij Equitis sacrali et Margaritae de Baronibus Molinoux filio, eximie indolis ac fortitudinis adolescenti, qui, in aula Magae Britanniae honoribus functus, dum ad majora tenderet, abreptus morte plussime obiit xlii Aug^o, anno D'ni MDCCLXIX. Amantissimo filio mater afflicta posuit.

22. Hic jacet R. P. Joannes Shirwood, ep'us Dunelm', serenae Regis Angliae Orator, qui obiit xlii Januarij, an. MCCCXXIII. cuius anim. in pace quiescat.

23. D. O. M.

Thomas Gagio, Equiti Baronetto Anglo, Sumnerensi, patre honoribus, ac nominibus matris nobilitate pari, Mariae Tankerville, filius Camberlani, nato, familiae non magis generis claritate, quam perpetua fidei Catholicae constantia illustris principi, qui, in ipso etate flore, ipsoque in aliam urbem ingressu, Deo animam corpus tarso inter cives suos tradidit xlii Novembri, anno D'ni MDCCLX. Joannes Gagus, Eques Baronettus, carissimae fratri morans posuit.

24. D. O. M.

Richardo Walmsley, secundo genito, et ex morte primi fratris heredi Richardi Walmsley, nobilis armigeri de Dentonhall, Comitatus Lecestrensis, et Mariae Fromonds, filius et heredis Bartholomaei Fromonds de Cheams, nobilis armigeri Comitatus Suffoniensis, qui et ann. XX. urbem ingressus decimo quarto post die non tam

celeri quam felici morte abreptus, in ea plussime quiescit, secundo Dec. anno MDCXXX. Charies' filij cineribus mater illacrimans posuit.

25. D. O. M.

R. D'no Gulielmo Harro, alias Hargrave, presbitero Anglo, patria Lecestrensi, Sacrae Theologiae et Philosophiae professori, postremo vero in Pontificio Romano Sapientiae studio, quo in munere post diuturnos ad Dei obsequium labores carceris aetiam arduos pro fide in Anglia toleratos, pie mortem obiit xlii kal. Januarij, MDCCLX. etatis suae anno LXXIII. Bonis omnibus pio in usus erogatis curatores posuerunt.

26. D. O. M.

Edm^o Daniell, P'ro Anglo, et casti Heracl. Deus, qui propter suam in fide Car' co'st'antiam, multa paucis dignibus o'ibus spoliatus. Post ann. xlii in exilio Rome transactos, obiit xxx Octobris, MDCCLVI. etatis suae ann. LVII. Maurus Clencus et Gulimus Elias moesti pos.

27. D. O. M.

Gabriel Alano, pietate ac vite innocentia, amoris sanctique exilij, vinculum, cum Gulielmo, fratre Cardinali Aglim, in vita coniunxerat, sic nec locus ipse in morte separavit. Obijt die xxlii Martij, aetate suae LVIII. humane salutis MDCCLVII. Thomas Alanus, evocati optimi amantissimi memoriae, posuit.

(To be continued.)

ON MODERN LITERATURE, AND PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

MR. URBAN,

Feb. 1.

KNOWLEDGE is not sufficient without wisdom; without the power and the will to think rightly. To store the memory with a chaos of trifling and inaccurate knowledge, is to load it with mischievous incumbrances. The British Press, (and it is perhaps nearly the same with the Continental Presses,) teems with all sorts of impertinences, as well as with all sorts of poisons. While there are such inexhaustible stores of sound knowledge buried in great Libraries, it does seem extraordinary that writers and readers can waste their attention on such dry and tasteless weeds. Much is buried, because the expence of bringing it forward; the cost of type, composition, and paper, would exceed the funds applicable to literature. But then why diminish, or nearly annihilate those funds, by spending them on disgraceful nonsense? The answer will be, "to indulge the popular appetite." But cannot popular appetite be

be amended, new-directed, and led? The habit of pampering it arises from the prevalence of mercenary writers.

It may be asked, what should give the preference to authors and books of former days? Superior erudition; incalculably more industry and labour; stronger incitements to energetic exertion; and numerous other circumstances more propitious to the development of the higher powers of the mind.

Instead of troubling ourselves with the petty biographies of *petty men*, should we not better employ ourselves in intently and sagaciously examining the characters, opinions, and sentiments of the great Luminaries, who lived in the ages beginning with, and immediately following the Revival of Literature?

The Literary History of Italy is known by very few in England: and where known, only known very partially, and very superficially. *Roscoe's* two works on the *Medicis* have done something: but they want originality, and force of reflection, as well as simplicity and freshness of style. And even the little stimulus, which *they* gave to this line of studies, is already past by.

We continue to blunder and write darkly upon subjects of morals, politics, and criticism which have been already settled for hundreds of years. Modern Critics wish to arrogate to themselves the credit of having discovered the true principles of Poetry. But in whatever they differ from their predecessors, they only *differ to go wrong*. And the misfortune is, that as they have read but little, that taste, which can only be formed by a wide experience, fixes itself upon false beauties. There have been heaven-born geniuses. Shakspeare was one: but without Shakspeare's genius let no man dare to think that he can succeed without learning!

What is written for mere plausibility, and to fill up a certain number of pages, with a more accurate memory than sound conception, is not only empty, but deceitful and misleading. It consumes time, throws dust in the way of judgment, and incumbers the intellect.

It seems strange that such things should be more sought than the solid food of the mind. We must look for the cause in the adaptation to vul-

gar and temporary topics of curiosity; in the use of fashionable phraseology; in personal and political allusions of transient interest; and, above all, in the choice of such reasonings and opinions as favour the reigning popular delusion.

To bring forward the wisdom of former times in its own unbending garb and costume, would not answer this purpose.

Strictly original writers are rarely to be found at any time, in any country. Common authors *must* be borrowers: but for the reasons now given they choose to be borrowers in disguise. They do as the country gentleman did with Vandyke's portraits: who, when the great wig of Charles II. came into vogue, had the heads of all his family pictures new dressed by a modern dauber. So they puzzle at the meaning of the most common of their predecessors; reform the language; fit it to the momentary passions and prejudices; and then become exalted into clever authors of popular fame! Thus in the major part of the periodical publications we read the vilest stuff in the most pert or most inflated language,—almost always either most disgustingly trite, or most outrageously false and absurd. While the subjects themselves, even if well treated, are seldom such as have much interest.

Nothing can be more certain, than that, if knowledge is now more diffused than formerly, what it has gained in diffusion, it has more than lost in accuracy, as well as in profundity.

But why then is it called *Knowledge*? The word is prostituted when it is thus applied. Proper knowledge must be at least exact, if not deep:—otherwise it is *not* knowledge:—it is a fraudulent and foul substitute! A thousand times better is humble contented and obedient ignorance*.

Memory without judgment is but a dangerous faculty: and blundering twilight conception is worse still: but when these are put into action by rash conceit, their audacity is revolting; and their mischievousness is insufferable!

There is an intellectual industry, which may do useful things in Literature with moderate native talent.

* See Bishop of London's Charge, *Grant. Mag.* Sept. 1822, p. 246.

But

But it must be done with integrity, sincerity, caution, and judgment. To draw out facts and opinions from their retired depositaries; to arrange them well; and to bring by a due selection such as deserve it in an advantageous manner before the modern eye, is to perform a meritorious task. But it must not usurp praises which do not belong to it. Nor will it increase its just pretensions, to venture into the sea of original thought, without the capacity to steer with skill and certainty.

At present there is no protection or antidote against the propagated evil of erroneous opinions, to be derived from their absurdity. All weight from the authority of those who possess the character of wisdom and intelligence is now rejected. Each man, however unqualified, claims to decide for himself; and the consequence is, that among the mob the worst opinions go for the best.

Every thing in Literature is at present in a very extravagant degree *fascinated*. It is partly the usual consequence of the stage of society at which we have arrived, and partly of the extraordinary revolutions of the last thirty years, which have disorganized the minds of all Europe.

Charlatan books of every description are now therefore principally in demand. When there was less call for them, they whose amusement or curiosity lay in reading, were necessitated to content themselves with those of a better cast; and thus aided in the encouragement to have them written and printed. Now the mob is withdrawn from the market for them by having food prepared to their own taste: scarcely enough purchasers therefore remain to pay the expence of paper and print of many of them. For it must be notorious to every man of close observation and sound judgment, that it can seldom happen that they who truly relish matters of abstruse enquiry and profound thought can be sufficient to take off an impression of a particular work of such a nature. And yet what a large part of mankind are stupid or sophistical enough to argue that *popularity* is the *test of merit*!

Periodical criticism is the favourite composition, and the favourite reading of the day. It does not require much sagacity to account for this. But

the effect of it is most pernicious to the public mind, and in complicated ways. For, 1st. in the manner in which it is conducted, it sacrifices Literature to Politics. 2d. It gratifies and encourages the envy and love of detraction of the dull and illiterate towards genius and erudition. 3d. It prompts to that partial, desultory, superficial, and imperfect habit of reading, which conveys no solid information; but makes the reader, when he knows least, fancy that he knows most. 4th. It gives opportunity for booksellers to play every sort of trick of trade in setting off their goods. 5th. It enables intriguing authors to carry on schemes of mounting by unjust ways over the heads of unobtrusive genius and learning. 6th. It aggravates the discouragement under which real literary merit has always to contend against popular prejudice, passion, and ignorance. 7th. It uniformly helps forward, instead of opposing, all temporary delusions, because, being a concern of profitable trade, its first and paramount object is *readability*. 8th. It is a dishonest engine of party politics. 9th. It is not infrequently a licensed vehicle of individual malice. 10th. It is putting retired merit at the mercy of factions, and coteries, and conspiracies. 11th. Being done under a mask, it has none of the ordinary checks produced by responsibility. 12th. Being done by persons who mostly write for pay, it seldom is the production of those who have genuine taste, or are duly qualified. 13. Its aim being *striking effect*, the critic has a temptation to piquancy, which must set at defiance all regard to the ties of justice and truth.

It would be easy to enumerate many more objections to this department of fashionable Literature. But it would make my paper too long; and perhaps too unpalatable to the mighty multitude, whose taste must be consulted, and who think modern criticism the height and distinction of modern genius.

S. J. C. S.

MR. URBAN,

March 10.

I N the month of November last I was in the neighbourhood of Marshland, a low district in the East part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, bounded by the Ouse and the Trent, and I then had the pleasure of seeing the very