ourselves were so much of that opinion, that nothing could have shaken it but a communication from the Laureate himself, which seemed to us, coming as it did quite without hint of provocation, to deny most explicitly the least concern in the anonymous production. It is probable that, if we could lay our hands on it at this moment, a loophole would be detected; but in our notice of 'The Doctor,' (Quart. Rev., vol. li.) we assumed that our original conjecture had been unfounded. Shortly afterwards Mr. Coleridge told us that, whatever the Laureate might say, 'The Doctor' was certainly his work. The main story, he said, was an invention of his (Coleridge's) own, which he had recited to Southey when visiting him in his youth at Oxford; and Mr. Coleridge proceeded to tell the story—a most absurd one—to its conclusion—which is not done in the published volumes of 'The Doctor.' But, as he might have narrated all the adventures of Dr. Dove and his horse Dobbs to other early friends, this did not convince us in the teeth of the Laureate's voluntary disclaimer. There is now no doubt whatever that 'The Doctor' was entirely Mr. Southey's work. The affectionate depository of his secret divulged it during the melancholy period of his last hopeless illness. It is probable that some more chapters may by and by see the light; but of this we do not speak with certainty.

Mr. Hook knew no more about the authorship of the book than we ourselves: he died in complete ignorance on the subject. But it had struck Mr. Southey as a fit climax for the trickeries with which he had chosen to amuse himself, to make his publishers forward to Fulham all letters addressed 'to the Author of The Doctor;' and the packet included the following 'curiosity of literature:'—

'Keswick, 24th Jan., 1834.

'Sir,—I have to thank you for a copy of "The Doctor, &c.," bearing my name imprinted in rubrick letters on the reverse of the title-page. That I should be gratified by this flattering and unusual distinction, you have rightly supposed; and that the book itself would amuse me by its wit, tickle me by its humours, and afford me gratification of a higher kind in its serious parts, is what you cannot have doubted.

'Whether my thanks for this curiosity in literature will go to the veteran, who of all living men is most versed both in curious and fine letters; whether they will cross the Alps to an old Incognito who has the stores of Italian poetry at command; whether they will find the author in London, surrounded with treasures of ancient and modern art, in an abode as elegant as his own volumes—or wheresoever the roving shaft, which is sure to reach its mark, may light—the personage, be he friend, acquaintance, or stranger, to whose hands it comes, is assured that his volumes have been perused with great pleasure by

'His obliged and obedient servant, ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

The persons alluded to in this pleasantry were, of course, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Matthias, and Mr. Rogers.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P.* Edited by his brother, Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. London, 1843.

THE early death of Francis Horner awed the angry passions of party feeling to a mournful and respectful silence. His memory should be as sacred as his tomb. Our younger readers, who have a dim remembrance of that event, or those to whom it is but a faint tradition, cannot but open, with eager interest, a book promising authentic information as to the peculiar character, the demeanour, the attainments, the conduct, the opinions of a statesman whose loss was deplored with such rare unanimity by both parties in the House of Commons. The proceedings on that occasion,

occasion, which Mr. Leonard Horner, the biographer of his brother, has very properly subjoined, unusual as they were, and not without danger as a precedent, are marked with a quiet simplicity singularly in unison with the character of the man and of the British Parliament. No single speech aims at effect: there is throughout a grave unlaboured sadness which seems secure of the sympathies of the assembly, and disregards all indirect and artificial means of exciting them. We can imagine the dramatic artifice which in a neighbouring country would render such a scene so much more imposing, and so much less impressive: the splendid display of that panegyric oratory, which has been assiduously cultivated—in the Pulpit, in the Academy, as well as in the Senate—as one of the highest branches of eloquence; the lavish praise, or, at best, the artful modesty of friends, for the manifest purpose of heightening the effect; and the ostentatious generosity of political opponents, which, however ingeniously or gracefully veiled, would still intercept and direct towards its own lofty abnegation of party some share of the popular applause. We are superior, we trust, to blind and narrow national partiality, yet we cannot but express our conviction that there was something in Mr. Horner's character thoroughly English, and that it was this peculiarity which commended it so strongly to the general esteem. We do not mean to dispute that his Northern birth may have had its influence in producing the calmness and moderation which were such important elements in his mental constitution: we will use the word Briton, if it seems less objectionable. The unaffected good sense; the probity; the steadiness; the disdain of all the more rapid perhaps, but sidelong and slippery ways to eminence; the solid and substantial goodness; the practical bearing of his mind, whether investigating the abstract questions of political economy, or even sounding the depths of metaphysical inquiry:—these were the title-deeds to public confidence produced by Mr. Horner, and recognised by his country. Though he held strong and even extreme views on some points, the thorough conviction of his conscientiousness, the total absence of guile, of bitterness, or of personality, the grave argumentative tone with which he urged his doctrines, enforced the respect, and, as we have seen, more than the respect, of those who differed most widely from his opinions.

If any man was the author of his own character, and, through his character, of his fame—we can scarcely say his fortune—of his well-grounded hopes of the highest distinction which his country could bestow, it was Francis Horner. It is this which makes his biography so peculiarly valuable. There is so much which may be *exemplary* to rising and honourably ambitious youth; so strong

strong a commendation of straightforward assiduity, honesty, and moderation, over trickery, precocious self-estimation, and restless avidity of premature distinction, that we scarcely know any work which, soberly read, may be more instructive. Mr. Horner was not a man of brilliant and creative imagination, so as to awaken, in his early years, hopes of a dazzling career either in letters or in politics. Even his eloquence owed its weight to the extraordinary care which he had taken to form a good and correct style of speaking; to the distinctness of his views, acquired by patient study; to the full command which he possessed of every subject on which he addressed the House. He had no wit, and showed his wisdom by knowing that he had none; but it is extraordinary how he could enliven, by mere earnestness of purpose, and by perspicuous and forcible language, such dry subjects as those of coin, currency, and statistics, of which the state of the times indeed required the discussion, but on which few speakers, however brilliant, could have had much chance to obtain an attentive hearing.

Though of respectable family, Mr. Horner had no hereditary claims to distinction: he had no connection by kindred with the aristocracy. The friendships which he formed in youth with some of the most distinguished persons of our time he owed chiefly to his own talents and engaging manners—in part, no doubt, to the fortunate accident which had assembled so many excellent instructors, and so many men who have realized the bright promise of their youth, by legal, by political, or by literary distinction, in his native city of Edinburgh. The higher connections added at a later period of his life arose entirely out of the reputation which he had early established in that remarkable circle, and the well-appreciated value of his support to those whose political views coincided with his own. Nor was he summoned, as it were, into political being by any of those fortunate exigencies which suddenly strike the slumbering fire out of some powerful intellect, unconscious perhaps of its own powers: he was content to ascend by the slow and regular highway; his was a continued but a gradual advance; he took his place in his party with natural dignity, without the slightest servility to his superiors in rank or wealth, without jealousy of his equals, with candour and frankness to all; he waited quietly till fame came to him; he took no undue means of quickening or condensing its lustre about himself.

Nature, indeed, had endowed Mr. Horner richly with the seeds of great and good qualities, which he was left to develope. He had a countenance singularly expressive of gentleness and benevolence, amiable dispositions, and warm affections, with talents of a high

a high order. Mr. Sydney Smith, in his happy and peculiar vein, (we shall not content ourselves with one extract from his admirable letter,) thus describes the personal appearance of his early friend:—

'There was something very remarkable in his countenance—the commandments were written on his face; and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest degree of credit to any evidence against him. There was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honourable and good—an air of wisdom and of sweetness: you saw at once that he was a great man, whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings.'—vol. ii. p. 435.

And this countenance maintained its open sweetness to the last, for it had never been withered by the follies and dissipations of youth, or furrowed by the fierce passions and harassing cares of maturer life. Chantrey's noble statue in Westminster Abbey—from a likeness taken, we believe, not long before his last illness—shows the broad and thoughtful forehead, though somewhat too much darkened by eyebrows, which seem heavy, and slightly contracted; the stedfast yet modest attitude; the mouth, which looks as if it could not utter a word of malice—the harmony of gentleness and intellectual strength. This natural gentleness of disposition grew, under the discipline of right principles, into a habit; and though the innate tenderness of his affections wanted that best school, the domestic circle of wife and children, they were constantly exercised:—

'I never,' says Mr. Smith, 'saw any person who took such a lively interest in the daily happiness of his friends. If you were unwell, if there was a sick child in the nursery, if any death happened in your family, he never forgot you for an instant! You always found there was a man with a good heart who was never far from you.'

Mr. Horner had likewise great abilities; a remarkable perspicacity of mind; sure, apparently, rather than quick, powers of comprehension; a retentive and accurate memory; but his abilities were precisely those which benefit most by assiduous cultivation. They were not, as we have said, original or creative, but excellently adapted for the acquisition and the application of knowledge.

As, however, the whole biography of Mr. Horner consists in the history of this intellectual discipline, and of its reward in the fame and influence which he attained as a public man, we must endeavour to trace its development from the work before us, which consists almost entirely of extracts from his own papers, of his letters, and those of his friends. As we can know nothing of the materials at Mr. Leonard Horner's command, we cannot express

express an opinion on his judgment in the selection of those which he has published; but knowing the extreme delicacy of such a task, we suspect that he has erred rather on the side of suppression. We think, too, that we should willingly have exchanged some of the letters for more of the journal, in which the actual workings of his mind, his daily thoughts and occupation, the formation of his tastes and opinions, are more distinctly shown. In biography we love to get into the closest privacy—into the study, the chamber—into the head and heart of the man.

Francis Horner was born at Edinburgh on the 12th of August, 1778. His father was a merchant in that city, but of English extraction. His mother bore the maiden name of Joanna Baillie:—she was, however, no connection of the excellent woman, and great poetess, who has since made that name so celebrated—but one of the family of Dochfour, in Inverness-shire. Their home was a happy one, with everything to improve a gentle temper, and to encourage, not to force, youthful talents. The glimpse which we have of his parents, and the single letter from each at the commencement of the book, make it easy to believe that their characters, as given by Mr. Leonard Horner, have not been over-coloured by filial partiality. In that of the father there is a tone of good sense—of deep, but not too flattering, interest in his son's pursuits—and of liberality as to pecuniary matters, which no doubt would give greater weight to his wise admonitions concerning economy, 'as the parent of independence.' The 'earnest unobtrusive piety' of the mother is expressed in her few weighty and affectionate words at the close of her letter. The reminiscences of his youth are somewhat meagre. His mother says:—

'Frank was a delicate infant, and continued long a weakly child. I taught him to read, and thought him dull; but at six years of age he distinguished himself at his first school, and was the pride of his master. His earliest friend was Henry Brougham; for before we left St. David's Street, in May, 1780, they used to run together on the pavement before our house. Frank never was idle, even at that age. When he came home from church he used often to repeat parts of the service in the nursery: he said he should like to be a parson, and my mother made him a black gown and bands. One day when Mr. Blair, afterwards President of the Court of Session, was dining with us, my little fellow was invited into the room after dinner, dressed in his gown and bands; and the manner in which he went through his part struck Mr. Blair so much, that he said to me, 'You must bring up that boy to the bar.' He went to the theatre for the first time the winter following: the play was 'Hamlet,' with the afterpiece of the 'Poor Soldier.' Much to our astonishment, he soon after repeated the soliloquy of Hamlet, acted several of the different characters, even to the ghost, without confusion, did the same with some of those in the 'Poor Soldier,' and sang the songs

songs with great humour. He was not unhealthy, but never robust. I often thought that his anxiety to learn his lessons made him indifferent about his meals.'—vol. i. pp. 2, 3.

He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and at the age of fourteen entered the University—then distinguished by the names of Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Black, and Hugh Blair. He was then, at seventeen (Nov., 1795), placed under the care of an English clergyman, Mr. Hewlett, at Shacklewell, in Middlesex; one of the great objects of this arrangement being that, in Rolliad phrase, he might 'unlearn' his broad native dialect. Prescient of his future position, he was not to be exposed to Sheridan's malicious taunt against Henry Dundas. Of all his political transgressions, said that malicious wit of his antagonist, there was one he could not pardon—'his persevering aversion to the English language.' It is not unamusing to read the young Scotchman's own account of his progress in Anglicising his pronunciation. After about a fortnight he says:—

'With respect to one great object for which you were at the expense and trouble of placing me here, I think I am beginning to *pronounce* some *words* as Englishmen do, and just to *feel* the difference between the *rhythm* of their conversation and mine. I find, however, that it will be a much more difficult matter than it would have been two or three years ago, and than it would be now, were I blessed with a more acute and delicate ear.'—vol. i. p. 7.

His first impressions (Feb., 1796) of the great scene, on which he was hereafter to be so distinguished, and of the two famous rivals who then swayed that assembly, cannot be read without interest:—

'I must confess that I was greatly disappointed in my expectations with regard to the eloquence of the British Senate. The best of them—and the good are very few—speak with such an unaccountable tone, they have so little grace in their action and delivery, and such a set of cant appropriated phrases have crept into use, that he who has previously formed ideas of eloquence from what he has read of that of Greece and Rome, must find the speeches even of Fox and Pitt miserably inferior. The one, indeed, speaks with great animation, and, I am convinced, from the warmest sincerity of heart; and the other has a most wonderful fluency and correctness, approaching almost to mechanical movement. But neither of them has proceeded so far as the observance of Shakspeare's rule; for the one *saws the air* with his hands, and the other with his whole body.'—vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

In a letter to Mr. (now Lord) Murray (June, 1796) he gives his first notions of Parliamentary eloquence:—

'You say a speaker's object in the House of Commons is not so much to move the passions of his audience as to convince their understandings. What their object *is*, would, I believe, be very difficult to ascertain; in considering

considering what it *ought to be*, I should be apt to differ from you. When we recollect that perhaps not one member comes into the chapel without his opinion previously formed on the questions that are to be discussed, and that his opinion is almost always established merely on a consideration of the interest of the side to which he has attached himself, without any general discussion,—it would seem fruitless to think of working on that man's understanding, because he has set out from the beginning with a defiance to all argument and reasoning. I should think it necessary to go to the original foundation of his opinions, raise one set of passions to destroy the effect of others; show him it is his interest to adopt the conclusions which I point out; and hurry away his whole thoughts by such a stream of argument and passion as will make it impossible for him to decline being what I am resolved he shall be, and at the same time lead him to consider the change in his mind as the effect merely of his own judgment. This was the object Demosthenes seems to have had in view, and to this effect Lord Chatham's eloquence certainly approximated. From this part of your letter I must pass over your many admirable observations on the action of speakers, because I find it utterly impossible to raise any cavil or shadow of objection, till I come to what you say with regard to the taste of the multitude, of the justness of which permit me to doubt. I should even hesitate with regard to the fact, and that without instituting a comparison between the mob that issued from the purlieus of the Piræus, and the frightful group whom I t'other day saw round the hustings in Covent Garden, for we were speaking of the House of Commons; but admitting the fact to be true, the true seat of eloquence is amid passion, and ignorance, and prejudice, and fury—*Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est:* I need only mention one line, though I wish to recall the whole to your imagination. Nay, I think that in the House of Commons the manner of the orator ought perhaps to be more artful and more violent than even in addressing such mobs as those already noticed: as I should suppose it more easy to turn the current of enthusiasm, when once it flows, than to excite any considerable degree of it in a cold, selfish, and interested mind.'—vol. i. pp. 12-14.

Nothing could be more diametrically opposite to the style of Mr. Horner's own oratory than this boyish theory. It seems indeed like a paradox thrown out for his own curiosity, and to provoke discussion, for his mind had already taken its speculative and analytic turn. At eighteen years of age he is corresponding with his friend Mr. Murray on the Will of man, and on Mr. Dugald Stewart's definition of Conception—he is meditating metaphysical disquisitions for an Edinburgh Society—he is entering on the study of the Roman law—he is even approaching the profound mysteries of paper-currency—he is deep in Bolingbroke and Junius, not hurried away in blind and youthful admiration of their glowing language, but coolly analysing their style. With Mr. Hewlett's assistance he is detecting the yet unsuspected

suspected Gallicisms and Scoticisms of Hume. Mr. Hewlett, indeed—most of whose observations are marked by strong good sense as well as kindly interest in his pupil—seems to have been apprehensive of his leanings to the vaguer subtleties of metaphysical investigation, and submitted him to the severer discipline of 'Euler's Algebra'—a large part of that work he translated from the French under Mr. Hewlett's auspices.

On his return to Edinburgh (Nov., 1797), he determined to devote himself to his destined profession, the Scottish bar. But his views of the vast range of knowledge, if not necessary, at least becoming a complete lawyer, might (considering how far the limits of knowledge have receded since that day) have appalled Cicero himself. The ideal orator of the Roman had at last but two languages to learn, and to master the literature and philosophy, copious enough indeed, but still within certain limits, of Greece and Rome. The plan of Mr. Horner's studies, laid down at the age of twenty, comprehends a few of the best of the Greek, and many of the greatest of the Roman writers—the history at least of pure mathematics, and the principles of all the leading branches of physical science—the whole range of metaphysics and morals—the general science of politics, legislation, and jurisprudence—as well as the 'immediate study of the civil, municipal, and statute laws.' Besides this, we find him laying out extensive schemes for a knowledge of history; and carefully studying poets, and the more finished writers of prose, to enrich and to correct his style of composition. Mr. Horner was fully aware, both from his natural good sense and from experience, of the danger attending such vast schemes, the desultory application to a great number of subjects, instead of concentering attention on a few. The extraordinary point is, that he achieved so much, and neither overloaded nor distracted his mind by the rapid alternation of subjects and variety of books on which, in his imperfect journal, we find him employed. He passes from Heineccius to Bailly's History of Astronomy; from the Pandects to Chesterfield and the Lettres Persanes; from Erskine's treatises and Hume's prelections on Scotch Law, to Delille and the Deserted Village. All this time he is attending the lectures of Stewart, of Allen, and of Playfair; actually setting up a chemical apparatus; he is constantly debating in the 'Speculative Society' all the profoundest questions of politics and political economy with Jeffrey and Brougham; discussing Dugald Stewart, and analyzing Lord Bacon with the most scrupulous assiduity, in companionship with a very remarkable man, first made known to the general reader in these letters, Lord Webb Seymour; nor does he seem to shrink from lighter and more lively disquisitions in certain symposia, which were enlightened

lightened by the first flashes of that wit from which we trust we are yet to see many more brilliant coruscations. His Horner and his Mackintosh are, we hope, only the first of a series of contemporary portraits from the light, but true and strong hand of Mr. Sydney Smith. We must give Mr. Smith's testimony to the success of Mr. Horner's ambitious plan of study, bearing with patience his girding at our longs and shorts, and even our Greek choruses:—

'He had an intense love of knowledge; he wasted very little of the portion of life conceded to him, and was always improving himself, not in the most foolish of all schemes of education, in making long and short verses and scanning Greek choruses, but in the masculine pursuits of the philosophy of legislation, of political economy, of the constitutional history of the country, and of the history and changes of ancient and modern Europe. He had read so much, and so well, that he was a contemporary of all men, and a citizen of all states.'

Mr. Horner's hopes and fears, his modest self-confidence, and his misgivings, cannot be without interest. The following passage contains much truth—after a recapitulation of his great dangers he proceeds (May, 1799):—

'A vast plan this, exceeding, I suspect, my powers of execution. But I have never known yet what study is; I have never made a real effort of persevering resolution. How many blockheads of the commentator tribe have gone through ten times the labour in the space that I propose! Perhaps brains of such texture are the best fitted for toil. But it is not the fact; read the accounts that are handed down to us of the diligence of Demosthenes, Cicero, Hale, Boyle, Turgot, Jones, Gibbon, &c., not to mention the long series of illustrious mathematicians. The most probable inference I can draw (it is a desponding one for me, and therefore I shall not consider it as certain) is, that the middle order of talents is the least allied to that power of pertinacious application which, when it consists in mere industry, loads our shelves with the lumber of learning, but, by being joined to inventive genius, has unlocked the treasures of nature, ameliorated the constitution of society, and illuminated the prospects of the human race. This, I say, is the most probable conclusion. But, by way of self-encouragement, I will keep a more pleasing conjecture in view—that it is only for want of such application as might really be exerted, that we are confined to the middle or the lower orders of intellect; and that by the assiduous employment of the means of which we are possessed, it is possible to raise ourselves above the rank into which nature seems to have thrown us, and, though still remaining at an immense distance, to approximate those happier spirits on whom she has, from the first, bestowed the energies and inspiration of genius.'—vol. i. pp. 83, 84.

We cannot refrain from giving some of his days in 1800, ætat. 22:—

'*April* 18*th.*—Four hours in the forenoon on the subjects of *Tack* and *Wadset;* refreshed myself before dinner with a few chapters of Livy. In the afternoon Brougham and I went over the title in Erskine' Principles, "Of the Vassal's Right;" and in the evening I was at Stewart's lecture, in which he gave an account of the poor-laws of England and Scotland.

'*May* 8*th.*—This was a rambling sort of day. In the morning, instead of my regular allotted portion of Scotch law, I studied the circumstances of a case, which Murray put into my hands, relating to testamentary succession. Brougham came to *grind*, and we had nearly gone through the title of Adjudications when Lord Webb called to propose a walk; we set out all three, and had a little chemical chat. In the evening, after lounging about an hour over Bell's Travels, to dispel the drowsiness of rapid digestion, I set myself down to Pinto; and had worked about a couple of hours when Brougham came to show me a mathematical communication that had been anonymously sent him from London, in which some criticisms were contained upon his last paper on Porisms. The essay is upon cycloidal curves; and the author affects to have discovered that the prolate and contracted are sufficiently distinct from the ordinary cycloid to entitle them to a separate name. Before going to bed I endeavoured to refresh my memory upon this subject. What a time it is since I tasted the pleasures of mathematical exercise!

'*July* 17*th.*—Before breakfast I read part of a memoir, inserted among those of the Academy for 1786, drawn up by Vandermonde, Berthollet, and Monge, on the manufacture of iron. Between breakfast and dinner, studied the acquisition of property by occupancy. The law of Scotland has been too well feudalised and *regalised* to have much to do with this abstract notion. When Grotius, and of course his followers, talk of the *Law of Nature*, it is evident that they stagger between the Roman law, which they knew too familiarly, and the institutions of savage life, which they had not philosophy enough to understand. Who had, that was born before Montesquieu? In the afternoon I performed my task, and revised a complete lecture.

'*July* 20*th.*—I have this day for the first time lighted my furnace—an era proper to be marked in the annals of my learning, or my folly. A Scots lawyer spending the livelong day in distilling sulphuric acid! It is playing a deep game; but I have thrown the die, and my ambition is staked upon the issue. Without making chemical experiments, it is impossible to understand the details of chemical theory: without making experiments of some kind, it is impossible to study the principles of philosophical inquiry; and those of chemistry are, perhaps, the most instructive in this point of view, both because they are the most simple, and at the same time are susceptible of much variety. Scots law and science are not therefore incompatible because they are seldom joined. Is there anything in the charms of science that makes it a less fit companion for professional pursuits than drinking and dissipation? Yet these, I learn from actual observation, are not inconsistent with high professional eminence. I wish to study law as a science; and, for this purpose, it is an essential preliminary to become familiar with the methods

thods and principles of philosophical investigation, as they have been successfully employed in physics, before I can pretend to apply them to jurisprudence.'—vol. i. pp. 109-115.

On everything Mr. Horner seems to take a delight to reason—the analytic spirit follows him even into the proper domain of the imagination. His first thoughts, after a tour to the Highlands, are to examine the source and nature of his emotions, to theorize from his own impressions on the sublime and picturesque, and to follow out the influence of the passion for picturesque travelling on the character of the people, in a letter to one whom we cannot name without honour, as among the ablest and (in that branch of literature the highest praise) the most judicious of our Orientalists. Inferior in learning only perhaps to Colebrooke and Wilson, Mr. William Erskine, by his translation of the Life of Baber, and his papers in the Asiatic and Bombay Transactions, has rendered services to Eastern literature of the highest value to all who can appreciate their merit. We insert almost the whole of Mr. Horner's letter to this gentleman (Sept., 1800):—

'I am lately returned from the Highlands, which I have been traversing on foot; and I at length conquer my epistolary laziness, in consequence of a vow which I made to my own mind in some pleasing scene of that romantic country. I am not metaphysician enough to recollect the particular train of ideas by which the blue lakes and the heath-covered mountains conducted my fancy to the remembrance of you, among other absent friends; but you are enough of a pedestrian to have been taught by the experience of your own sensations that the picturesque charms of nature impart an emotion which does not terminate in the mere pleasure of the eye, but carries on the mind to every delightful recollection. For myself, indeed, I must own that, in taking these excursions to our native mountains, I am conscious of indulging myself as a sort of voluptuary; for all enthusiasm is surely nothing better than a debauchery of the imagination; and while surrounded with the forms of that wild magnificence, on which I have lately feasted my senses, I feel myself sunk altogether in passive impressions, and hurried into every involuntary dream, either of the future or of the past, that the fever of association brings before me. You see I have not even yet lost all symptoms of what would fashionably be called morbid excitement.

'In the progress of my recovery, while I slowly regain the cooler habits of a city life, I have been reflecting whether the practice of travelling in search of picturesque beauty has not arisen of late years, and whether it may not be considered as a new source of beneficial enjoyment. In all ages the poets have studied natural scenery as the storehouse of their ornaments and imagery; and, in all ages, men of heroic views must have drawn the inspirations of genius amidst the solitude and silent wildness of nature: the same disposition insensibly led Mahomet and Buonaparte into the same path. But that people of all descriptions

descriptions should now feel it agreeable from taste, or necessary from fashion, to visit every scene in their native country that is said to be romantic, seems, as far as I can recollect, peculiar to the present age. It is a consequence, no doubt, of that increasing luxury which keeps up a constant demand for new gratifications; but luxury seems here to have taken a direction that must be attended, I should imagine, with an important influence on manners, and an influence which I cannot suppose to be disadvantageous. A taste for picturesque beauty must be intimately connected with a taste for the productions of poetry as well as painting; and must contribute to diffuse very generally correct principles of judgment, or at least correct principles of enjoyment, with respect to those arts. It is still more intimately related to another art—that of gardening; which, while the property of this country is in its present state, appears to be a matter of national concern. Were the taste for the beauties of nature less connected with all these arts than it really is, it might still be considered as forming by itself one of the fine arts. How much the cultivation of all these elegant refinements is daily becoming more necessary to this country, we are daily taught by the enormous influx of commercial wealth. It may reasonably be questioned whether, upon the common chances of probability, we can expect the progress of national instruction to go on so rapidly as to keep down the baleful effects of overgrown commerce, and to repress the growth of that odious character which a nation receives from the combination of opulence and ignorance. Am I too sanguine, or am I even correct, in fancying that some good effects may result from a fashion which carries the Edinburgh citizen to the lakes of Westmoreland, and brings the London citizen to the falls of the Clyde? In the course of the religious pilgrimages some few gleanings of information were picked up and brought home. In the course of a picturesque pilgrimage, though undertaken from fashion merely, some faint rays of elegant and refined pleasure may gleam upon the mind, and light up some portion of taste.'—vol. i. pp. 118-121.

As an illustration of Mr. Horner's tastes, as well as of his acquirements and opinions, we give the following observations (April, 1801) on Handel—partly for their own sake, partly for the singular comparison with the eloquence of Pitt:—

'I am glad you like the oratorios, however unfashionable; it is one point more in which you and I agree: being altogether as ignorant of music, both of us, as the dolphins whom Arion charmed, or the stocks and stones that yielded to Orpheus, it is fortunate that that ignorance prevents neither stones nor dolphins, nor Scotch lawyers, from being delighted with the divine compositions of Handel. I used to listen to some of those which are performed at the oratorios with the same kind of interest with which I followed the splendid declamations of our ci-devant premier. His speeches owed the greater part of their effect upon me (and it was a stronger effect than I was always willing to acknowledge) to the music and rhythm, not of his voice, but his composition: they are no doubt equally remarkable for skilful arrangement and distribution

tribution of parts, and that is a merit which I have often fancied I could trace in the performances of Handel. I am prosing upon this subject in order to lead your attention to the subject while you are upon the spot, where the comparison may be made experimentally.'—vol. i. p. 149.

The brief extracts from the Journal show evident signs of the rapid advance of Horner's mind. With the expanding range of knowledge and increased familiarity with our great writers, his judgment becomes more masculine, his expression more clear and unhesitating. At the age of twenty-four (1802) was the turning-point of his fame. Thoughts began to dawn in his mind of removing from the Scotch to the English bar:—

'Though I become daily more attached to law as a study, I become daily more averse to the practice of the Scots Courts. There are certain circumstances positively disagreeable, both in the manner in which business is conducted, and in the manner in which success is attained; and these disadvantages are rendered the less tolerable after comparison with the courts of the South. To speak out at once, therefore, whether it be foolish restlessness or ambition, I have for some time entertained serious thoughts of removing to another sphere of action, and of staking my chance in the great but hazardous game of the English bar.'—vol. i. pp. 173, 174.

It is manifest that he now looked with as much envy, as his nature was capable of, to the more quiet and retired philosophical life which his rank and independence of fortune enabled his friend Lord Webb Seymour to pursue:—

'*March* 7, 1802.—From this crisis of our studies what different roads we are to follow! His life devoted to speculative labour and scientific accumulation; mine immersed, *si sic fata*, in the passing ephemeral details of professional activity. He has the prospect, and the resolution, before him of persevering through all the general reasonings of Lord Bacon's philosophy, and all the pleasing illustrations that can be culled from every field of science. I must content myself in that department with imperfect knowledge, and with the chance of assimilating some portion of philosophy to the mass of practical information, and of infusing something of the spirit of liberal science into the gross and unformed details of business.'—vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

Mr. Horner came up to London in April, 1802, to decide his own future destination. In Edinburgh his opinions and friendships had placed him among the rising Whigs of that city: he was received with open arms by their congenial allies in London—Mr. Abercromby (the late Speaker), Mackintosh, Romilly, Hallam, Richard Sharpe, Mr. Robert Smith, and Mr. Rogers—some of whom were not merely united by the bonds of intimate friendship and frequent social intercourse (especially at the 'King of Clubs'), but had already joined in that literary confederacy with Sydney

Sydney Smith, who was still resident in Edinburgh, and Mr. Jeffrey, from which sprung the 'Edinburgh Review.' It becomes not brethren of the craft to betray its mysteries: we shall only observe that the papers of Mr. Horner, contributed to the earlier Numbers of that Journal, were uniformly grave, argumentative, and candid; they were almost entirely on works of political economy or statistics, some few on history.

We must insert here a passage from some notes in Mr. Horner's Journal, displaying the results of a serious meditation on his future prospects, and his whole scheme of life. The passage is dated 'November 26, 1802, evening:'—

'It is to give myself a chance for *acting* in public life that I shall laboriously devote myself to the law: if I succeed in which, I have two chances for a public scene; either as a judge—which, if in a supreme situation, I should consider as the most dignified, and in which a beneficial and permanent influence might be impressed—or, secondly, upon the foundation of an independence acquired professionally, *place myself* in a public situation, where the results of political philosophy may be applied to the exercise of the great duties of legislation.

'If I do not succeed in the profession, I must of course give up all thoughts of active life, and endeavour to exert that influence, and to enlarge those results, by compositions of a general nature. The sketches of all these must of course be formed in that course of study which prepares me for either alternative. It seems to me wise, it is at least pleasing, thus to place my schemes of ambition beyond the reach of accident; and to plan out for myself a scheme of industry, in which, while my mind and its faculties remain unimpaired, I can never fail to find such opportunities of exertion as may at least keep me perfectly happy in myself, and perhaps render me in some small degree useful to mankind.'—vol. i. pp. 337, 338.

It was an eventful—we may say an awful—period when Horner took up his residence 'for life,' as he supposed, in London—the spring of 1803. The war with France was again breaking out—the Addington administration tottering before the tremendous cross-fire of Pitt and Fox—the King still in a doubtful state as to sanity. These Memoirs, of course, furnish but hasty and imperfect glimpses of public affairs; and Mr. Horner was too serious and earnest to be a good gossip: now and then he made his way with difficulty into one of the great debates; and we find one solitary joke of Jekyll's. Our younger readers will regret this, for to them these times are becoming matters of history, and the anecdotes of the day are dying away in the memory of our older conversationists. We should have been glad to hear Horner's own impression of the great debate, which he unfortunately missed, when Fox made the memorable compliment to the speech of his old rival,—'If Demosthenes had been present, he must have admired, and might

might have envied.' The invasion of England then occupied all minds; and every able-bodied man, and some others, rushed into the Volunteers. Horner, who had now taken up his abode in the legal precincts, in Garden Court, Temple, enrolled himself in the 'Bloomsbury Association,' which, as consisting entirely of a certain profession, was maliciously and profanely called 'The Devil's;' while the Lincoln's Inn rejoiced in the appellation of 'The Devil's Own.' It was a serious subject, however; and the simultaneous uprising of the whole nation to defend their liberties was a noble, and, no doubt, on the other side of the water, by no means an unalarming spectacle. But the ridiculous will encroach on the sublime; and it is difficult to read with gravity in our peaceful days of the walls placarded with speeches from Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth's address to the soldiers at Tilbury, and Rolla's speech, signed R. B. Sheridan! Even Horner's unimpassioned mind was kindled, and he is calling for war-songs from Walter Scott and Campbell. Walter Scott responded to the call; and so, we fear, did poet Pye, who did his utmost to cool down the enthusiasm by a translation of Tyrtæus.

Mr. Horner was not to remain long a remote spectator of the great political drama which was unfolding in his own country with such rapid and unexpected turns of fortune; with every year, as it were, marked by its appalling catastrophe,—the formation of Mr. Pitt's administration on the fall of that of Mr. Addington—the reunion with Mr. Addington's party—the shock sustained both by the feelings of Mr. Pitt and by his government on the impeachment of Lord Melville—the death of Pitt—the administration of Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox—with the death of Fox—and the wreck of the Whig government on the Catholic question. It is quite clear, by his own deliberate statement, that political ambition had always mingled with Horner's aspirations for legal distinction. He called the law his profession; he hoped to obtain independence, as regards fortune, by its practice; but while at Westminster Hall his eyes were intently fixed on St. Stephen's; he seemed to have a prophetic instinct that there was to be the scene of his noblest successes. We shall not understand the peculiar shade of Mr. Horner's opinions without some reference to the state of parties at the period at which he entered upon public life. Mr. Smith, who knew him so intimately, has thus described him:—

'Francis Horner was always very guarded in his political opinions; guarded, I mean, against the excesses into which so many young men of talents were betrayed by their admiration of the French revolution. He was an English Whig, and no more than an English Whig. He mourned

mourned sincerely over the crimes and madness of France; and never for a single moment surrendered his understanding to the novelty and nonsense which infested the world at that strange era of human affairs.' —vol. ii. p. 438.

His writings at this time bear testimony to the justice of Mr. Smith's observation. To Jacobinism his gentle spirit had an inherent antipathy. The only article in the 'Edinburgh Review' in which he departs from his more equable tone, is that in which he expresses his profound indignation and contempt for the unwomanly indifference with which Helen Maria Williams speaks of the death of Louis XVI. It is not so surprising that, cut off as we then were from communication with Paris, and in the infancy, as yet, of that vile system of the forging of memoirs, now so common, Horner should have been deceived by the book which Helen Maria had translated—the 'Correspondence of Louis XVI.' It was a kind of 'Eicon Basilice;' and the curious part of the affair is that Horner—whose acute mind could not but perceive the total want of evidence to the genuineness of the book, and the glaring suspiciousness of the manner in which it appeared before the world—was captivated by the amiable light in which it placed the character of the poor King. We scarcely know where we could find a more heartfelt and high-drawn appreciation of the virtues, a more tender and compassionate extenuation of the weaknesses, deeper commiseration for the sufferings, or more cordial detestation of the barbarity of the executioners, of Louis XVI., than in Mr. Horner's review of Miss Williams's translation. Mr. Horner never disguised his unfavourable opinion of the conduct of Mr. Fox, both with regard to the republicans of France and of England. He says in his Journal, January, 1804:—

'The great error of Fox, in the late years of opposition, appears to have consisted in that favourable expectation of the issue of the French Revolution which was natural to young and to speculative thinkers, but hardly to be permitted in a practised statesman. He felt too much, and reflected too little; perhaps he did not take sufficient pains to inquire into facts. He gave an indolent indulgence to his benevolent and great feelings. An error of an inferior appearance, but of fatal influence upon the Opposition party, was the countenance given to the Jacobin party in England by Mr. Fox. He was misled in this by some people about him; and by the persuasion, no doubt, that that powerful party might easily be restrained from excess, and in the mean time give effectual aid to the prevalence of popular sentiments. Fox was led, in this business, even by such an unworthy agent as Dennis O'Brien; who must have been the original, as Mackintosh remarked to me, of Burke's picture of the *go-between*, in the "Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs." '—vol. i. p. 242.

But

But the union of Lord Grenville with Mr. Fox had now, in a great measure, relieved the Whig party from the unpopularity of their connection with Jacobinism. To the terrors of republicanism had succeeded those of invasion. All parties had cordially joined in the measures for the defence of the country; and on the chief question of internal policy—Roman Catholic emancipation—there was a great fusion, or rather confusion, of parties. Mr. Pitt, and many of his most distinguished Tory followers, were advocates of that measure.

The character, the writings, and the connections of Mr. Horner, —especially, perhaps, his intimacy with Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne—had already directed the attention of the leaders of the party to the young lawyer, and he was 'nothing loth' to meet their advances.

'*June*, 1804.—Almost from my first entrance upon the study of law, I considered politics as an ultimate object, and a concurrent occupation. Political adventure is a game which I am disqualified from playing by many circumstances of my character, and which I am resolved to decline; but some share in public business, acquired by reputation, and supported by an independent footing, is a fair object, and almost the only reward that stimulates me to the law. Without belonging to a party there can be no efficient participation in public affairs. If an honourable man sees no formed party among the factions of the state, by whom his general ideas of policy are maintained, he will shrink from them all, and attempt only individual efforts to explain and enforce his views. But in the general maxims and principles of Mr. Fox's party, both with regard to the doctrine of the constitution, to foreign policy, and to the modes of internal legislation, I recognise those to which I have been led by the results of my own reflection, and by the tenor of my philosophic education; and I am ambitious to co-operate with that party in labouring to realize those enlightened principles in the government of our own country. However I lament some violences and mistakes in the conduct of Opposition on particular occasions, and however much I suspect the characters of some who have at times been very near Mr. Fox's person, all my feelings carry me towards that party, and all my principles confirm the predilection. Into that party, therefore, I resolutely enlist myself, with very feeble hopes of its ever being for any long period triumphant in power. There is a low prudence, in rearing the fabric of one's fortunes, which fixes the ambition (if it may be called by so proud a name) on the actual possession of places and emolument; and there are some living instances which prove this to be quite a sure game, provided there are never any compunctious visitings of principle or personal regard. There is a more virtuous discretion which limits a man's schemes of exertion to his professional sphere, and to the honest accumulation of large profits and small praises, such as the English bar seems almost infallibly to bestow on diligent abilities; but there is a more elevated prudence which does not stop at affluence

affluence in its prospect, but ventures to include the chances of lasting service to mankind, and of a good name impressed upon the history of the times.'—vol. i. pp. 253, 254.

His first appearance was at a great dinner at Lord Fitzwilliam's, at which it is evident he was painfully disappointed to find a meeting summoned, as he thought, for grand designs, ending in a scheme for pelting the government with the small missiles of newspaper witticism—the arms which Canning had so actively plied against the Addington government. Jekyll, Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, and doubtless, when he could be caught, Sheridan—the authors and some of the victims of the Rolliad and Probationary Odes—were to keep up active skirmishing, while a more solid battalion of pamphlets (here Horner might have been of service) was to wage a more serious warfare. He was manifestly much discomposed when this mouse crept out of the mountain which his imagination had raised. He says to Mr. Murray, in September :—

'I do not think that for a long, long time my political activities will proceed any further. For my view of the matter is this. Law must be my business and first object, because I have no fortune; I can permit nothing, therefore, to interfere with the necessary preparations for professional practice. Then again, I have no chance of getting into parliament these many years, whatever my chance may be at last. Now, to be an *active* politician out of parliament is, in my way of thinking, neither a very useful nor a very respectable character; and to be at the tail of a party is quite as much below my education and my schemes, as to be near the head of one is above my capacity, or indeed my inclinations. To be useful and eminent as a constitutional lawyer, and to turn to the public advantage those studies with regard to internal legislation which I still continue to prosecute, compose very nearly the ideal object which I long ago set before my ambition; I believe I have regulated my ambition, and sketched this *beau ideal*, both calmly and with a desire to be right. As for the splendid hazardous pursuits of foreign policy and ministerial intrigue, into which our friend Brougham is plunging himself with a resolution to succeed that seems to insure success, and will at all events secure distinction, they are as unsuitable to the habits of my mind as to its powers; too bustling for the indolent predilection (which grows upon me hourly) for domestic and confined society, and not of magnitude, I will acknowledge, adequate to my idea of the highest sort of ambition. Lord Bacon and Dugald Stewart have made me a little of a visionary, as I believe you have sometimes thought; I am sure Brougham must have thought so always. But I have not yet reasoned myself out of those shades; the "fantastic spell" is unbroken, so I must even go on still "*perque domos vacuas et inania regna.*" '—vol. i. pp. 263, 264.

Yet he watched the turn of affairs with unfailing interest; and the House of Commons, when he could attend, was his favourite study.

study. We cannot withhold one of his parliamentary criticisms (February, 1805) on a most remarkable man, not more remarkable for his wonderful powers than his almost timid reserve, of whom it is but justice to glean every authentic reminiscence. Even Mr. Horner's heresy is worth preserving, as showing how deliberately he weighed and analysed all the means of commanding success as a parliamentary speaker:—

'There was one extraordinary oration that night—Sir William Grant's; quite a masterpiece of his peculiar and miraculous manner: conceive an hour and a half of syllogisms, strung together in the closest tissue, so artfully clear that you think every successive inference unavoidable; so rapid that you have no leisure to reflect where you have been brought from, or to see where you are to be carried; and so dry of ornament, or illustration, or refreshment, that the attention is stretched—stretched—racked. All this is done without a single note. And yet, while I acknowledge the great vigour of understanding displayed in such performances, I have a heresy of my own about Grant's speaking; it does not appear to me of a parliamentary cast, nor suited to the discussions of a political assembly. The effect he produces is amazement at his power; not the impression of his subject: now this is a mortal symptom. Besides this, he gives me a suspicion of sophistry, which haunts me through his whole deduction; though I have nothing immediately to produce, I feel dissatisfied, as if there were something that might be said. And, after all, there are no trains of syllogism, nor processes of intricate distinctions, in subjects that are properly political. The wisdom, as well as the common feelings that belong to such subjects, lie upon the surface in a few plain and broad lines: there is a want of genius in being very ingenious about them, and it belongs to talents of the second order to proceed with a great apparatus of reasoning.'—vol. i. pp. 285, 286.

The death of Mr. Pitt placed the government in the hands of Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox. Mr. Horner was not forgotten; he received and accepted the offer of a seat at the board of the commissioners for the Nabob of Arcot's debts, an unsalaried office, but which was to be remunerated at the close of the business. This Horner thought at the time not likely to interfere with his legal studies.

'It is entirely,' he says, 'a business of legal arbitration. I am most firmly determined to accept of no political situation under any circumstances that I can at present foresee: this may be a piece of superfluous virtue, as perhaps no such thing would ever be put in my power: it is a virtue, however, for which I believe I can answer, if the trial should come. Every day I have lived in London, and every hour since my own friends came into power, has driven and riveted this opinion into my mind, which I had already formed very clearly before I quitted Scotland. I believe my friends overrate my ambition immensely, or mistake it; my indolence, my love of quiet lazy pleasures, my habits of indulgence, my

my gratifications in speculative truth, are so many pledges for my good conduct in this respect.'—vol. i. p. 356.

Then follows some pretty dalliance about a seat in parliament; ending, that 'at all events he had rather go in as an *opposition* member.' This was written March 25, 1806; but ere the ink was dry with which he penned these legal protestations—on the 23rd of June—comes the offer, from Lord Henry Petty, of a snug *ministerial* seat, through the intervention of Lord Kinnaird, we believe another old Edinburgh friend. It is said that when a man asks his friend's advice on two of the gravest subjects in life—marrying, and publishing a book—one may be sure that, in the first case, all the tender process of proposal and acceptance is over; in the other, that the first sheets are in the hands of the printer. Much in this way Horner consults his excellent friend Lord Webb Seymour when 'he has gone so far as to express his willingness to accept of this proposal.' Grave, judicious, affectionate, as is the reply of Lord Webb Seymour, we must await a later opportunity of introducing the name of this accomplished man, and most wise and true friend (it is difficult to give higher praise), to the admiration of our readers.

Mr. Horner was returned for St. Ives in November, 1806, through the interest of Lord Kinnaird. Soon after the death of Mr. Fox, on the fall of the Whig government, this brief parliament came to an end. Mr. Horner was returned to the succeeding parliament, a short time after the general election, for the borough of Wendover, on the nomination of Lord Carrington. The good sense and modesty of Mr. Horner kept him clear of that rock on which so many young men of promise have been irrecoverably wrecked. He did not attempt to take the House by storm, to astonish it with a brilliant display, or to practise his legal eloquence on reluctant ears. He was not therefore the victim of his own vanity, nor, as men now are, of the vanity of his constituents. Let nomination boroughs have their due meed of fame: not merely do they deserve public gratitude for the great men of all parties and of all classes whom they introduced into the House, but they spared us those weary and interminable speeches which are addressed, not to the House, but to the constituencies—those speeches which, in adjourned debates, from the hour of seven to ten, echo over the vacant seats (then thinly occupied by a few more than forty members, who never dine, and can always sleep), and, through the aid of the faithful reporters, fly down the next morning to the wondering borough, where all the reading-rooms in the morning, and the 'George and Red Dragon' in the evening, resound with complacent gratulations on the eloquence, and doubtless the irresistible influence of their

their new member. Mr. Horner at first spoke merely on matters of business, and that rarely, briefly, and always to the purpose. He appears, indeed, to have been more than usually assiduous in his legal studies during the early part of his parliamentary career. He went the western circuit, with what success eventually we are not clearly informed. His letters are more full of his holidays of travel and of repose in some of the picturesque scenes of England and Wales; they have more of literature than of law.

Mr. Horner went all lengths with his party in the condemnation of the seizure of the Danish fleet—that daring blow which history will judge rather on the authority of Buonaparte, in the conversations of his later days, than by the anti-ministerial diatribes of the time. Mr. Sydney Smith's letter shows how strongly he felt on this subject.

'He loved truth so much that he never could bear any jesting upon important subjects. I remember one evening the late Lord Dudley and myself pretended to justify the conduct of the government in stealing the Danish fleet. We carried on the argument with some wickedness against our graver friend: he could not stand it, but bolted indignantly out of the room; we flung up the sash, and, with loud peals of laughter, professed ourselves decided Scandinavians; we offered him not only the ships, but all the shot, powder, cordage, and even the biscuit, if he would come back; but nothing could turn him: he went home, and it took us a fortnight of serious behaviour before we were forgiven.'

But on the Spanish question Mr. Horner took his own line. He was too sincere and ardent a lover of liberty not to hail its first dim glimpses in the Peninsula. In the most depressing times, and among the most desponding friends, he was faithful to his trust in the undying energies of freedom. Many of his own party could not but discover, when too late, that this cold indifference to the cause of Spain—the avowed policy of abandoning the struggle, with what appeared to more ardent and generous minds a cowardly prostration before the genius of Buonaparte—certainly lowered the Whigs of that day in public estimation, and seriously damaged, in more ways than one, the 'Edinburgh Review.' That he had openly declared his dissent from the views generally adopted by his friends at this great crisis was not likely, when dispassionately considered, to impair their confidence in his wisdom, or at least their respect for his caution.

How completely Mr. Horner thought for himself may be seen in the following passage from a letter to Mr. Jeffrey, which is remarkable also as showing the thoughts which occupied speculative minds, when forced upon the prophetic office by the darkening aspect of the times:—

'In

'In the situation to which the continent of Europe is reduced, and in the situation which England commands, I cannot imagine a general peace of any duration; and without it, we can have no peace with France. I rest very little argument now upon the personal character of Buonaparte: the direct effect of his name and genius, so prodigious for a certain period of time, is at length almost sunk in that change of the state of the world which he has effected. I rest no argument at all upon his particular designs against this country, which is the grand reason with our vulgar for perpetual war; because, though to prevail over England must be the final scope and aim of his ambition, without which the absolute disposal of the whole Continent leaves his love of glory unsatisfied, and would be insufficient to transmit his name to posterity as equal to those conquerors of former ages who overcame all that was great and civilised in their own time, and all that was opposed to them; yet his personal passion for making a conquest of us cannot be a better reason for war than the national design, pursued under all changes of government, which France has ever entertained against us, and which we have ever entertained against France. It is the natural condition and infirmity of powerful neighbours, which never can become a reason to either of them for refusing to make peace with the other, as long as they preserve anything near an equality of force for the maintenance of war. My view of our situation is taken from other circumstances. What is likely to be the state of the Continent for many years to come? And in the probable condition of the Continent, what must be the conduct of England, which (whatever her interest might be, if it could be managed for years together with perfect wisdom) cannot but be impelled by the voice of the people, and by the ancient habits of political as well as commercial connexion? If the whole Continent were to be tranquillised into one empire, and should slumber for years in repose under a vigilant and well-organised despotism, no fate could be intended for us but annexation to the mass; nor could we devise any safety for ourselves but by adopting public institutions, and by fostering sentiments of individual ambition and conduct, of which defensive war, and the most rigid prejudices of local patriotism, were the constant objects; but it is seldom that human affairs fall into such a forced state. It seems infinitely more probable that the new empire of France will be perpetually disturbed by efforts in one member or another to throw off the yoke: in the north of Germany, for instance, where military genius might win a fair kingdom; or in the hereditary states of Austria, where the natives cannot yet have despaired of recovering their ancient independence. Should such chances arise, even if the struggle of Spain were over, I conceive it would be the duty of this country, and I am sure it would be unavoidable at any rate, to contribute from our resources every aid and encouragement to the insurgents. It is idle to sigh for peace, if it cannot be had upon system, and for a period to be sure of. England forms a part of Europe, and must share its vicissitudes and agitations.

'The point to be considered is, by what mode, and upon what principles, the war may be conducted, so as to afford the best chance of contributing

tributing to the ultimate restoration of independence to some of those kingdoms which never can be incorporated with France, from the diversity of race and languages. In my judgment we have only to act upon the principles by which Elizabeth was guided, and afterwards King William—forbearing all little bye objects of gain and aggrandisement, and keeping steadily in view, through all fortunes, and in the lowest depth of our despair, the ultimate partition of the Continent into independent states, and the revival of a public law in Europe. For such conduct, looking so far forward, much patience, and constancy, and public integrity, will be required; but it is a part worthy of this nation, and no more, in proportion to its present means, than it has done before.

'You will consider me very belligerent: I do not know that I ever before exposed to you, or indeed to anybody else, the full extent of my warlike disposition. It has been growing upon me ever since the news of the memorable day at Aranjuez. I will not say there is no inconsistency between my present views of the question and those which induced me to give my vote in support of Whitbread's last motion for peace; but, besides having reflected more upon the whole subject, the main parts of it have undergone an essential alteration, both by the immense acquisitions of empire which Buonaparte has made since, and by the great example which the poor Spaniards have set to the rest of the world.'—vol. ii. pp. 69-73.

Unlike, as we believe, all the other eminent men concerned in the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review,' Mr. Horner appears to have been early in favour of some parliamentary reform: his views of what ought to be attempted in that direction were at first, indeed, extremely moderate; but they seem to have grown much stronger as he became more deeply implicated in party matters. As he died, however, long before that controversy ripened to the day of experiment, we need not recur to it in connexion with his name.

But the times were now at hand when the subjects which Mr. Horner had made his peculiar study were to be forced upon public attention. What was called the Bullion Question, which branched out into every province of political economy, involved the profoundest principles, yet touched the actual interests of almost every individual in the community, could no longer be avoided. It was in the committee on the currency, in 1810, that he began to make himself *felt:* those with whom he acted, the few who really knew anything on the subject, could not but be impressed with his assiduity, his fairness, and the perspicacity of his mind, which enabled him to trace all these questions to their first principles, and to state the results with the utmost clearness of which they were capable; the large majority who knew nothing about it, but were anxious to think they understood it, could not but

but be grateful to those who had taken the labour upon them. Mr. Horner established at once the character which is most highly appreciated by the House, that of usefulness. He commanded a deferential hearing for three hours on this intricate subject, and from that day was always listened to with respectful attention. The celebrated Report of the Bullion Committee, of which, it seems, a larger share was attributed to Mr. Horner than really belonged to him, confirmed, out of doors, the favourable impression which his speeches had made upon the House. He now began to reap the reward both of the patient study so long devoted to the science of political economy, which as yet had hardly been brought to bear directly on public affairs; and the modest discretion, by which he had refrained from speaking till a subject arose on which he was a complete master, and in the discussion of which he had but few, and those worthy, competitors. Mr. Horner was not immediately successful in the establishment of his principles. They were opposed by the minister of the day, as unsuited to the peculiar exigencies of the times, and the unnatural state of trade and of credit; but they may be considered, in their main points, to have triumphed in the return to cash-payments after the war, under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel. Our concern, however, is not with the wisdom or expediency of the resolutions urged by Mr. Horner, but the solid and substantial reputation which he acquired by the manner in which he conducted the debates, and the position and influence which from that time he maintained in parliament.

Other matters of not more immediate, yet more stirring, interest were in the mean time arising on all sides. On one of the first occasions (when will be the last?) in which the power of the House of Commons came into collision with the courts of law—the case of Sir Francis Burdett—Mr. Horner, in opposition to almost his whole profession and his most intimate friends, especially Sir Samuel Romilly, took the high privilege line. In this course, right or wrong, he showed his independence; nor was he likely to lose ground in the estimation of the House by his forcible, yet not intemperate, assertion of their authority.

The King's illness followed, with all its agitations of hope and fear, the trembling apprehensions of one party, the triumphant anticipations of the other. In one of his letters Mr. Horner mentions a circumstance, which it is impossible to read now without emotion; at the time its effect must have been profound:—

'There was a very affecting proof of his melancholy state, given last week at the Concert of Ancient Music: it was the Duke of Cambridge's night, who announced to the directors that the King himself had made the selection. This consisted of all the finest passages to be found in

Handel, descriptive of madness and blindness; particularly those in the opera of Samson; there was one, also, upon madness from love, and the lamentation of Jephthah upon the loss of his daughter; and it closed with God save the King, to make sure the application of all that went before. It was a very melancholy as well as singular instance of sensibility, that in the intervals of reason he should dwell upon the worst circumstances of his situation, and have a sort of indulgence in soliciting the public sympathy.'—vol. ii. p. 88.

On the Regency Question he spoke with great power, and altogether according to the views and interests of his friends. In the contemplated change of ministry, when the negotiations with Lord Grenville were so far advanced as to induce that nobleman to form an outline of a government, Mr. Horner was included as Secretary of the Treasury. Lord Grenville's flattering letter on proposing this arrangement appears; Mr. Horner's reply has been lost. We know that he declined the offer, and another letter hints at, but does not fully explain, his motives. The office would have required the abandonment of his profession, and to his profession alone he could look for independence in station and in fortune. Though the law did not appear likely to reward him with its more splendid dignities or emoluments, he shrunk, with his original sensitiveness, from staking his all on politics. A politician heart and soul, he would not be a political adventurer. His virtue, however, was not long tried; his friends soon lost all hope, not merely of immediate, but of prospective power. In the ensuing parliament (1813) he was not returned at the general election, but, by the intervention of Lord Grenville, to whose grave and statesmanlike mind, of all the rising Whigs, the character of Horner must have been most congenial, he was nominated on the Buckingham interest for St. Mawes. In the sessions of 1813 and 1814 Mr. Horner took a more prominent part in public business; he was now an acknowledged leader of his party, and continued to gain rather than lose ground in the House. In the summer of 1814, as might be expected, he was among the first to avail himself of the sudden opening of the continent. He made the usual tour to Geneva and the north of Italy.

Next year the equability of Mr. Horner's mind was to be tried by a severe ordeal. We can well believe with Mr. Smith, that the pride of official dignity, of power, or of distinction, would not have disturbed the gentle serenity of his character:—

'Having known him well before he had acquired a great London reputation, I never observed that his fame produced the slightest alteration in his deportment: he was as affable to me and to all his old friends, as when we were debating metaphysics in a garret in Edinburgh. I don't think it was in the power of ermine, or mace, or seals, or lawn, or lace, or of any of those emblems and ornaments with which power loves

loves to decorate itself, to have destroyed the simplicity of his character. I believe it would have defied all the corrupting appellations of human vanity: Serene, Honourable, Right Honourable, Sacred, Reverend, Right Reverend, Lord High, Earl, Marquis, Lord Mayor, Your Grace, Your Honour, and every other vocable which folly has invented and idolatry cherished, would all have been lavished on him in vain.'

But was he equally proof against the dangers which encompass the prominent member of an English party, the idol of a circle bound together not only by community of social tastes but congeniality in political sentiments? St. Augustine describes himself maddening at the sight of the bloody spectacles of the Roman theatre, till he thought himself mingling in the fray. Engaged himself in the game of politics in the great arena, even Mr. Horner seems to have lost his tranquil self-command. In the great crisis of 1815, the battle of Waterloo alone prevented a complete schism among the leading Whigs. While Lord Grenville urged the necessity of the war with all the early energy of his character, Lord Grey deprecated the haste with which the country determined to keep faith with her continental allies, and to prevent in time the restoration of that French empire which had held Europe in a state of servitude, and England in inevitable war, for so many disastrous years. Mr. Horner sided with Lord Grey; and so irreconcilable appeared the difference, as to lead to an offer of the surrender of his seat, which, however, the Marquess of Buckingham would not at once accept. The correspondence on this subject is honourable to both parties. Even to some of his own most intimate friends Mr. Horner seemed to have been overpowered by that awe, approaching to respect, which the wonderful success of Napoleon excited in so many minds; and his mistrust and low estimation of the Bourbons bordered as close on hatred as his nature would permit. Mr. Horner disclaimed, however, all sympathy with Buonaparte. To Mr. Jeffrey he writes thus:—

'You have an idea that I entertain more admiration and less of hate for Buonaparte than you feel: you have given me a hint of this more than once, though I do not know from what you can have collected it. I have no admiration for any military heroes, conceiving it to be the least rare of all the varieties of talent; and I have a constitutional aversion to the whole race of conquerors. I never felt any interest in wars, either reading of them, or looking on in our own days, except on the side of the invaded; and whether they be Greeks or Persians, Russians or French, my wishes have always been in favour of each in their turn, for the success of their defence. You may apply this at the present moment in its fullest force. Buonaparte never had any sympathy or applause from me; besides his belonging to the odious herd of military disturbers of the world, his genius is of so hard a cast, and his style

style so theatrical, and the magnanimity he shows (which cannot be denied him) is so far from being simple, and is so little softened with moral affections, that I never could find in him any of the elements of heroism, according to my taste. Conceive me to hate Buonaparte as you do, but yet to wish (as I do fervently) for a successful resistance by France to the invasion of the Allies, and you are pretty nearly in possession of all my present politics.'—vol. ii. p. 258.

Not merely had Mr. Horner in this case insulated himself, or at best retreated with a small section of his friends upon a narrow and impracticable ground of opinion, but during the two last sessions he had embarked in much more of the restless and harassing warfare of the political partisan, than seemed to accord with his general temperament and previous habits. This many of his best friends had seen with regret. Gentle murmurs of disapprobation —amicable statements of discordant opinions, could not but reach him from many quarters; and unsuppressed apprehensions were not wanting that Mr. Horner was verging away from the more moderate to the more violent section of his party.

Among these friends there was one who had watched his rise from a distance with a most affectionate solicitude; on every turning point of his fortune had advised him with the tenderness of a brother, and the matured good sense of an elder one, though in age he was but one year his senior. About this time that friend addressed a letter to Mr. Horner, which, if ever there be a manual compiled from the wisdom of our most experienced observers, and the high principle of our best writers, for the guidance of men in public life, will find its proper place.

Mr. Hallam has furnished a graceful Memoir of Lord Webb Seymour, from which we glean the following particulars. He was the brother of the present Duke of Somerset. Even at Christ Church the resolute desire of acquiring knowledge, the conscious ness of the slowness of his parts, and, no doubt, the total uncongeniality of his character with the convivial habits and gayer pursuits of the young noblemen in his days, determined him to withdraw from general society:—

'During the whole remainder of his stay at Christ Church he was never seen at a wine party. Such a course, whatever in this more studious age may be thought, brought down at that time on his head the imputation of great singularity; but his remarkable urbanity of manners, and the entire absence of affectation, preserved to him the respect and regard of those from whose society he thus seemed to withdraw. The reason which Lord Webb gave for thus sacrificing all convivial intercourse was characteristic of his modesty. He felt, he said, that his parts were slow; that he acquired knowledge with less facility than many of his contemporaries; and that he could not hope to compass the objects which he had in

in view, if he gave up the evening hours, as was then customary, to the pleasures of conversation. . . . .

'Lord Webb Seymour was neither a very good scholar, in the common sense of the word, nor by any means the contrary. He knew well, on every subject, what he knew at all, and his character rendered him averse to spread his reading over a large surface. He read slowly and carefully, possibly too much so; but as on this account he forgot little, he was by this means uninformed on many subjects of general literature. But his peculiar quality was the love of truth, and, as is perhaps the case with all true lovers, he loved that mistress the more in proportion as she was slow in favouring his suit. It was said of him that he would rather get at any thing by the longest process; and, in fact, not having a quick intuition, and well knowing that those who decide instantly are apt not to understand what they decide, he felt a reluctance to acquiesce in what the world call a common-sense view of any philosophical question.'—vol. i. p. 474.

We have seen that Lord Webb, during his residence in Edinburgh, was Horner's most intimate associate. Both ardent in their cultivation of natural philosophy, and deep in metaphysical inquiry, they read Bacon together, and compared their notes on every branch of study. The slowness of Lord Webb's mind, no doubt, gave greater depth and accuracy to Mr. Horner's researches, while Mr. Horner's greater activity stimulated and quickened that of Lord Webb.

His lordship stood aloof from public affairs; his natural reserve, connected, no doubt, with the secret admonitions of a constitution prescient of early decay, induced him to prefer the recluse life of a philosopher. He settled early on a small estate which he had purchased on the Clyde, near Dumbarton. He compelled himself, however, on the alarm of invasion, to undertake the duties of an active citizen. He took the command of a body of volunteers, raised on and near the Somerset property in Devonshire, and while in discharge of that office, resided at Torquay. In the intervals of his more warlike occupation, he enjoyed the scenery, then almost unknown, of that beautiful district, and pursued his geological studies. When his mission was fulfilled, he retired again to Scotland, where the fatal malady, which had possession of his constitution, first showed itself in long, debilitating languor, and finally closed his life at the age of 42. Mr. Hallam says:—

'It would be doing the utmost injustice to the memory of this most lamented person, were I only to dwell on his intellectual character, or even on those qualities which have been already mentioned—his love of truth and desire of improvement. Not only was Lord Webb Seymour a man of the most untainted honour and scrupulous integrity, but of the greatest benevolence and the warmest attachment to his friends. This was displayed in a constant solicitude for their success, their fame, their improvement;

improvement; and in a sincerity which made no concessions to their vanity, while its delicate and gentle expression endeared him still more to those who were worthy of his friendship. Neither his constitution, nor his habits of reflection, admitted of strong emotions: he scarcely knew anger, or any of the violent passions; and perhaps, in considering the mild stoicism of his character, the self-command which never degenerated into selfishness, we are not mistaken in fancying some resemblance between him and Marcus Aurelius. He would at least, in other times, have surely chosen the philosophy of the Porch; but with all the beneficence and kindliness which only the best disciples of that school seem to have evinced.'

Mr. Hallam's discriminating panegyric cannot have a more apposite illustration than the letter addressed to Mr. Horner at the period to which we have alluded:—

'*Edinburgh, 27th March*, 1816.

'My dear Horner,—For a long while past I have been anxious to write to you upon a subject on which I cannot enter without some embarrassment. Our views and sentiments upon politics have been growing wider and wider apart for the last two years, and though such differences between friends must be expected in the course of life, and mutually indulged, yet any material error in politics threatens to detract so much from your high character, and so much from the good which your talents and virtuous intentions may produce to the country, that I cannot refrain from telling you I think you are in the wrong, and how I think you have come to be so. That you think me equally in the wrong, follows of course; and you are of course amply prepared with a defence against any argument I should offer against the opinions you have entertained respecting the characters, measures, and events of the grand story we have witnessed. Such discussion could only have the effect of calling up your habitual trains of thought, and those warm feelings which they have produced, and which in turn have done so much to produce them. I shall therefore address you in another way, and venture to place my authority in the balance against yours; with all respect for your more extensive and accurate knowledge upon political matters, your closer intercourse with men and things, and your daily and hourly reflections upon them; yet trusting on my side to the calmness of the station from which I am allowed to look on, to my freedom from the keenness of party warfare, and to the constant exercise of a judgment which my friends allow to be tolerably candid on other subjects, and for which, on the present, I can see no source of bias, except what might have disposed me to lean too much towards your side—I will tell you plainly my opinion of the state of your mind, and leave it to any weight that I may have with you to bring that opinion under your serious consideration in some quiet hour.

'It seems to me, then, that, from your habitual antipathy and active zeal against the members of our present government, and your warm attachment to friends with whom every private, as well as public, feeling has made it almost *a religion* to agree, your favour and aversion have

have been extended to every person and event, according to their connexion with, or opposition to, the one party or the other. Thence has arisen the indulgent tenderness towards Buonaparte and his adherents,—a tenderness which always increased, not so much, I believe, with the decline of their fortunes, as with the swelling triumph of their enemies: thence the ready suspicion of meanness, treachery, and selfishness in the Allies—the angry censure of every step that did not accord with the most high-minded notions of political morality, and the insensibility to a generosity and rectitude in the great outlines of their conduct, to which the history of the world affords few parallels: thence the asperity against the Bourbon family, whose weakness and bigotry were for ever dwelt upon, while the difficulties of their situation were forgotten, and what was humane and liberal in their policy overlooked: thence the apprehensions of a revival of a superstitious reverence for royalty—while it was not considered that the restoration of the old dynasty was connected with the deliverance of Europe from the threatening evils of a military despotism of the most profligate character—and that with respect to France, the weakness of the executive power favoured the growth of civil liberty at home, while it promised security to her neighbours. The prevalence of such partial views in your mind may in some degree be ascribed to certain noble sentiments which the circumstances of the times made you cherish in early youth, an admiration for talent and energy of character, and the wish to see those only who possess them at the head of affairs, a hatred for the corruptions of superannuated governments, and bright hopes for mankind from their overthrow, an abhorrence of the crafty domineering of priests, and a scorn of the ignorance, the incapacity, and the low vices, so often occurring in the families of princes, when the line has long been seated quietly on the throne. But the main source of bias is the constant society of your party friends in London. I can conceive no situation more seducing to the mind than to be going on among a set of men—most of whom are united in the harmony of friendship and social enjoyment—all extolling the talents and principles of each other—all ardent for the same objects, though each impelled by a various mixture of private and public motives—all anxious to detect, to communicate, and to enlarge upon whatever is to the disadvantage of their adversaries, and to keep out of sight whatever presents itself in their favour—all vieing with each other, not only in every public debate, but at every dinner, and in every morning walk, to magnify the partial views to which each by himself is naturally led. Most men, when long actuated by any keen interest in their private affairs, are liable to bias; how much more must this be the case when a number of minds are re-acting upon each other in the strenuous prosecution of a common cause, when there is the mutual support of each other's authority, no reference to opinion beyond the limits of the party, and the proud notion that the good of the country depends mainly on the practical adoption of their own principles? Look around, among all you have ever known, and name me a man whose judgment you would have said beforehand could remain firm and right under such warping influence. And how seldom in history do we find an active associate of any sect or party retaining a tolerable degree of candour!

candour! Such reflections should make you occasionally suspect yourself—as well as those of your party friends on whose understandings and integrity you place the strongest reliance. It was a striking lesson to remark last year and the year before the unprejudiced judgment and language of the Whigs, who were at a distance from the struggle between the parties, when compared with the sentiments of those who were engaged in it; and on the former side of this contrast I am happy to place Jeffrey, J. Murray, Dugald Stewart, Mr. Wilson, Mr. J. Clerk, Lord Minto, and Hallam. Perhaps your consciousness of a high spirit of independence makes you too little on your guard against the influence of those around you. There are many cases in which I could trust to the candour of your judgment; but not so when certain strong feelings are connected with the point in question. Above all, I could not trust you where your affections are involved; for that warmth of heart and steadiness of attachment, which are such charms in your character, must then interfere, and I have observed them to do so.

'I wish that your party friends were more aware of the light in which their temper and conduct appear to many people, who, with no strong feeling either for or against ministers, are anxious for the best interests of their country and of mankind. Men thus disposed, and with various degrees of intelligence, are, I imagine, pretty numerously scattered throughout the island; and these are the men whose approbation they must be ambitious of, if their motives are pure, and whose support, if they are prudent, they must be eager to gain. During the last two years they would have often found the sentiments of such people at variance with their own. They would have found them sometimes lamenting, and sometimes indignant, to see men who profess themselves patriots and philanthropists steadily turning away from every joyful event and every bright prospect—to dwell only upon the few intermingled occasions of regret, or censure, or despondency—and uttering nought but groans over the fate of Norway, or Spain, or Saxony, or Genoa—while our own country and half the civilised world felt as if breathing when first risen from a bed of imminent death. I wish your friends could have heard in secret the opinions of the impartial upon the justice and expediency of the war last year; I wish they could now hear the expressions I have heard—from some who entertain the soundest Whig principles, and lean towards their party—of dread at the idea of any man being in office whose indulgent favour of Napoleon might render it, in however small a degree, more likely that he should escape from his confinement and again throw the world into confusion.

'Opposition in Parliament is generally conducted upon one very false principle, namely, that the measures of ministers must in every case be so far wrong as to deserve upon the whole very severe reprobation. I will not suppose this principle to be speculatively recognised; but it seems at least to be practically adopted. Now it is plain that where a set of men have the good of the country mainly at heart, and have tolerable capacities for business, though their talents be neither profound nor brilliant, and though their principles lean rather more than is right in favour of the Crown, yet their measures must in all probability be often

often as good as circumstances will admit of, and sometimes entitled to praise for unusual prudence or magnanimity. On such occasions justice is, for the most part, denied them altogether by the opposition side of the House; or, if praise is bestowed at all, it is bestowed in feeble terms, and with reservations much insisted on; but what is denied them in Parliament is granted by an impartial public without doors, with proportionate disgust at the bitter and unremitting censures of factious enmity. Upon this point I must add, that I heard it said (by a friend too) that you hurt yourself in the opinion of the public by some want of candour towards the latter part of the last session.

'Do not conceive that I am insensible to the benefits which the country derives from a vigorous opposition. But I am confident that these benefits might be greatly increased, and every interest of the opposition party much advanced, if the temper, which party is sure to generate, were better controlled by those at least whose talents place them at its head; and if their views, freed from the bias of that temper, accorded more with the sentiments of an enlightened and almost neutral part of the nation. Opposition, even when carried on with the spirit of Sir Francis Burdett, is a check to abuses and a safeguard to our liberty; there are few, however, with intelligence superior to that of the mob, who would favour his political objects. Mr. Whitbread's conduct in opposition was of a higher character: a friend of the people, and a firm foe to corruption, he was entitled to great respect; yet there were occasions when I could not have wished to see Mr. Whitbread in office, from the fear of his acting upon those mistaken notions, and with that vehement and perverse spirit which appeared in his attacks upon Government, and which sometimes made him even go beyond the sentiments of his own political friends. There are higher stations in opposition than that of Mr. Whitbread—higher, from a display of more temperate and candid judgment. I would fain see you occupying the highest in this as well as in other respects; and I would fain know that the dignified propriety of language and demeanour which you have so successfully cultivated in the House was founded upon just and moderate views of events, and men, and manners.

'Believe me, my dear Horner,

'Yours ever, very affectionately,

'WEBB SEYMOUR.'

—vol. ii. pp. 319-326.

What a lesson may public men of all parties take from these dignified admonitions of this kind, upright man! But a deeper cause for solicitude awaited the personal friends of Mr. Horner. The perplexing symptoms of his fatal malady began to show themselves, assuming some of the appearance of pulmonary consumption, but without the worst signs of that insidious disease. It was thought that a winter in a warm climate might restore him to health and activity. His own kindness of disposition received its reward in the touching interest of all who knew and valued him. Accompanied by his brother, Mr. Leonard Horner, who left

left his family in England to fulfill this fraternal office, he fixed himself at Pisa. Sanguine hopes were at first entertained of his complete recovery: his mind never lost its activity; he devoted himself to Italian literature, especially to the study of Dante; he still brooded over designs which would have demanded the longest life and most sustained mental vigour,—

> 'Tu secanda marmora
> Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
> Immemor struis domos.'

There is something absolutely appalling in the vast plan of intellectual castle-building, drawn out by Mr. Horner within six days of his death: it is given in the Appendix. On the first page was written 'Designs at Pisa, 2nd February, 1817, under the auspices of opening and returning spring.' Suffice it to say, that, with other things, this scheme comprehends a theory of jurisprudence; a history of his own times, with a full examination of all the great questions which agitated the public mind; and studies of style, which embraced a great part of our best authors.

On the 8th of February a sudden seizure took place, and closed his blameless and honourable life. The *post-mortem* examination, by an eminent Italian physician, showed the wonderful sagacity of Dr. Baillie, whom he had consulted in London. Dr. Baillie, it was said, gave it as his opinion that his disease was one or other of two so rare as to be almost without example in pathological science: it appeared that he had been suffering under a complication of both.

The suddenness with which Mr. Horner was carried off at last, and his own utter unconsciousness that his end was approaching, may perhaps account for the silence about that which we trust, though unexpressed, soothed and cheered his last hours—the deep Christian feeling of immortality. Mr. Leonard Horner intimates that the earnest and unobtrusive piety of their mother made a profound impression upon the character of her children. Where there was so much Christianity in the life, so much lofty principle, kindliness of disposition, and the conscientious discharge of every duty, we cannot conceive the want of its pure inward principle: and the character of Mr. Horner, with its sensitive and shrinking repugnance to pretension or display, was exactly that which could consider religion to belong to the secret sanctuary of the heart, to be felt and acted upon rather than spoken.

Mr. Leonard Horner has executed his task as biographer, modestly and unaffectedly; and just in time to rescue his brother's memory from that oblivion into which it must have fallen, as those dropped off who witnessed or accompanied his career. His speeches, meagrely and badly reported, can convey no satisfactory

factory notion of his power or of his influence: and even if they had been well reported, the whole character of his speaking, as well as the nature of the subjects which he unfolded with the greatest skill and success, would scarcely command permanent sympathy. Their very excellence in their own day would endanger their chance of being read hereafter. For this is the inevitable destiny of most parliamentary eloquence; that which gives it authority in its own day is fatal to its immortality. Excepting under extraordinary exigencies, such eloquence, to convince, must dwell exclusively on the present, the immediate—it must spring out of the interests, the thoughts, the actual business of the day; and as these interests pass away, as new affairs arise, or as affairs of the same kind are affected by different circumstances, it becomes unintelligible—it speaks of things obsolete: either the point which it argues has been carried, or is no longer thought of; the information which it gave is become part of the common stock of knowledge, the new and bold views have become trite and familiar; the arguments which it confuted, the sophistries it unravelled, the personal allusion, the subtle reticences, the fine touches, require a commentary. The best commendation, that the whole speech was directly to the purpose, now that the purpose is but dimly known, becomes a cause of obscurity—the scene has changed, and everything is seen from a different point of view.

Eloquence, to live, must deal in broad general views; it must devote itself to the exposition of great principles, and the prophetic anticipation of the working out of those principles on the future destiny of the speaker's country, or of mankind at large; and of these more profound but speculative arguments the Houses of Parliament are most fastidiously, perhaps wisely, impatient. If it appeals to passions, it must be to the common, eternal, unsilenced, inextinguishable passions of our nature; not to the mere transient excitements of the day. Burke alone excites the wonder of posterity; and Burke spoke to empty benches. Burke rarely carried a question, yet he alone still thrills us with his power. Of Pitt, except his slave-trade speech, there is scarcely one which we can detach from the affairs of the time. Of Sheridan's famous speech, being a speech almost entirely on evidence, there is indeed scarcely a vestige; but it perished, no doubt, partly because its occasion had passed away: if we had it, word for word, we are so imperfectly informed, or so uninterested in the minuter points of the charges against Mr. Hastings, that the utmost praise it would extort from us would be that of ingenuity, copiousness, precision; and perhaps before the end, we should be heartily tired of those very excellencies. We *listen*, in fact, to speeches, in theory at least, for conviction—we *read* them for emotion, for admiration;

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our conviction at least is sought on broader and more general grounds; we have not to act or vote upon it—it is in most cases purely speculative. Men, therefore, in the usual course of things, unless the great eternal social principles, the fundamental truths of our nature, come under the discussion of a popular assembly, must choose between the useful and the enduring, the respect and gratitude of their own day or the wonder of posterity. But if, instead of prompt payment in the current money of respect,—public confidence, fame—perhaps the more substantial remuneration of official trust and dignity—they accept long-drawn bills on posterity, they must remember how few of these there are which are honoured by this late acceptance—how capricious and prone to *repudiation* posterity must be—how unable indeed to satisfy in full the demands made upon it—how embarrassed by conflicting claims—and perhaps disposed to new theories of value. The former is the practical, attainable object, of good abilities, industry, and upright conduct: the latter the rare privilege of a very small heaven-gifted and heaven-timed aristocracy.

ART. V.—*The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora: a Lyrical Sketch. With other Poems.* By Aubrey De Vere. Oxford. 1842. 12mo.

WE have heard from the eldest of our living poets the remark that there is in the poetry of the young a charm of youthfulness which, however far it may be from compensating for youth's imperfections, is still not to be met with in the poetical products of the maturer mind. It may be added, that there is also a knowledge to be derived from the poetry of a rising generation which other poetry cannot yield. We know from the general cast and character of it what spirit is abroad amongst our literary and meditative youth—amongst the many who, though not gifted with any poetical utterance of their own, are nevertheless one in spirit with those that are. And this is an important class to be acquainted with for those who would look a little before them and anticipate the flower and the fruit which this bud of poetry may seem to promise—the influence over literature and society likely to be exercised by the spirit which dictates this poetry when it shall have passed on to maturity.

Those who have thought it worth while to observe the nascent poetical spirit of the last few years will have perceived that it is very different from that which ruled the poetical youth of twenty years ago. At that period there was not only a want of moral and

and spiritual truth in our juvenile poetry, but also an absence of moral and spiritual doctrine, whether true or false. There seemed to be no consciousness on the part of the aspirant that either his reader or himself were to have any share in the higher interests or the deeper nature of man. Superficial beauty and sentimental passion filled up the circle of his aims: the Thalassian Venus did not, according to the apologue, bring him to the Uranian; and, invoking the former deity only, she heard him according to her kind; she 'gave him his desire, and sent a leanness into his soul withal.' These effeminacies, if not altogether extinct, have at all events ceased to be the prevailing characteristic. The sorry sensibilities of twenty years ago have given place to higher moods and worthier endeavours—

> 'For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan,
> So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan.'

Middle age has overtaken the aspirants who had nothing to show us but the complexion of youth; and from the juvenile poets who are suceeding to them, perhaps the last thing that we should look for is the merely erotic effusion, the love-elegy, or

> '—— serenate which the starved lover sings
> To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.'

Nevertheless, these rising poets have faults enough of their own; amongst which we should say that the most prevalent are obscurity, subtlety, and forced thinking.

The poetry in Mr. De Vere's volume bears upon the face of it the evidence of having been produced at different periods of youthful life. Against none of it do we bring the charge of forced thinking, for there is apparent throughout an easy and spontaneous activity of thought: some of it, however, appears to us to be chargeable with obscurity and subtlety, and the abundance of the author's resources has often betrayed him into a crowding and compressing of thoughts, insomuch that those which are worthy to stand conspicuously, will often want room and development. We find this fault with not a few of the miscellaneous poems, and these we should conceive to be the product of a period of youthful genius when all manner of thoughts find a place in the mind, but when the great and small have not yet adjusted themselves according to their due proportions. Others of the miscellaneous poems we attribute to a later period, when this adjustment has taken place;—whilst the 'Lyrical Sketch' which occupies the first ninety-two pages of the volume, or about one-third of the whole, appears to us to have both the defects and the charms of an earlier period than either—a want of firmness of

hand