

numbers 33, 34, and 35 was 12,000; No. 36 (next after that containing the *article* in question) was 13,000, and this number was continued to No. 41, when it fell back to something less than it had been: in consequence, it was pretty well ascertained, of two or three new reviews having started up. An old note of Gifford to me has led to some additional information:—

“ Ryde, 19th ———, 1812.

“ I am glad to see you so warm on the good that we *might* do, because I hope that you will one day impress your sentiments on those, who ought to be ashamed of looking to you and me for them. You ask whether it is indolence or indifference? I answer that it is both, with the addition of the most scandalous ignorance. I was once in the confidence of the Government, and the impression will never be worn out of my mind, of the alarm which took possession of Pitt when he discovered that he had nearly lost the world, by his contempt of the press. A few weeks more, and no human means could have saved us. Then, to be sure, all was expense and activity, and something was effected. His example and his terrors are lost upon us. Yet we have advantages which Mr. Pitt had not. He had the *vehicles* of information to create; they are now at hand. He would have thought twenty thousand pounds a slight sacrifice to secure such a medium of conveying the most interesting political views, as the ‘Quarterly’ offers to Government without any expense whatever. We are read by at least 50,000 people, of that class whose opinions it is most important to render favourable, and whose judgments it is most expedient to set right. Our sale is at least 6000, and I know of no

pamphlet that would sell 100 ; besides, pamphlets are thrown aside, Reviews are permanent, and the variety of their contents attracts those, who never dream of opening a pamphlet. I could say much more on this head, but *cui bono?* You know it all, and whom besides could I convince? Not one of the present Government.

“In what you say of the secrecy which is affected to the friends of Government, while everything that can do mischief steals into the world through the channels of hostile papers, it is a folly that wants a name. If I looked only to respect and advantage from the Government, I would write against them. But *basta!*”

“Ever, my kind friend,
“Affectionately yours,
“W. GIFFORD.”

But the grumbling against the Government, a malady so natural to Gifford, may pass—6000 copies in the *third* year might satisfy any reasonable man; and the more so as, in five years after this, the number had swollen to 12,000 copies, or doubled itself. The Government, too, was composed of his own friends—Lords Liverpool, Sidmouth, Londonderry, Bathurst, and Melville—but, as Gifford said, the ‘Quarterly’ has a *voracious maw*.

Mr. Gifford as an author is well known, and as an accomplished scholar, a poet, and a wit, wielding sometimes a severe and sarcastic pen, especially against writings of which he disapproved, and more particularly against those whose tendency was to irreligion, immorality, and disloyalty. His general knowledge of men