

THE
ANTI-JACOBIN
REVIEW AND MAGAZINE,

OR,

Monthly Political and Literary Censor,

FROM

MAY TO AUGUST (INCLUSIVE,)

—1804—

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

AN AMPLE REVIEW OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

PRODESSE ET DELECTARE.

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this part of these *outlines of the philosophy of history*, "without being able to say, that he is a happier and a better man." Much of human goodness, and almost the whole of human happiness, consist in being content with the state in which Providence has placed each individual; and he, who reflects that the author of this nonsense was superintendant of the clergy of a Protestant state, esteemed and caressed at the court of his Sovereign, must have a head and heart singularly formed, if he feel not a glow of gratitude more than usually warm to that Providence which hath placed him in the British empire, and in the bosom of the Church of England.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR:

SIR,
 YOU have lately opened strong, well appointed, and well served batteries against a fortress that Jacobinism has recently constructed, and given to it the name of the Edinburgh Review. The directors of that work by no means acknowledge that it is devoted to the service of Jacobinism: no, that would not *at present* answer the purpose; they must not, if they would be read, speak in the open style of their friend Paine, or the Analytical Review. The democratic and dissenting tribe now make high pretensions to loyalty, and under that mask can more securely attack its real friends and supporters. From the professions of the Edinburgh Reviewers, and also from my thorough knowledge, that all the able literary men of the Scottish metropolis are warm friends to the King and Constitution, I entertained hopes it might add to the number of valuable works. But in the very first number I observed many strong objections, which I shall not particularize, as the work is in your much abler hands. Indeed had I read no other part of the Edinburgh Review than the article in number three on the account of the Egyptian expedition, I should have been perfectly satisfied concerning its spirit and wishes. The great object of the criticism is to support Reynier's account, which, with such gross and impudent falsehood, denies all military merit to the troops of his Britannic Majesty. I could not, and never can think, that the Edinburgh Reviewers, tarnishing to the utmost of their power the achievements of British heroism, are really the votaries of loyalty and patriotism. They are not satisfied with reviling the soldiers who were employed in that expedition, but the calumny extended, and still extends to all British soldiers. The reviewer, in the face of our victories, and the complete achievement of our purpose, assumes that we did not effect our object, and in his candour pretends to apologize for the failure. "The English expedition (he says) was opposed to their *immortals*, to troops covered with trophies and scars, who in every new climate had breathed the same courage—who had triumphed alike over the tactics of Europe, and the furious crowds of the East. We were upon an element not natural to us; unskilful, because we were without experience; and unexperienced, because we had no opportunity of improvement. The whole bent of our genius, our resources, and our pride, is turned to another species of glory. In that war we were, and in every war, we are, not soldiers but disembarked mariners, dragged out of our ships to effect a particular object; *doubtful creatures, hardly sure of our feet, and exposed to all the inconvenience of amphibious awkwardness.*" Such is the language that this Edinburgh Review dares to use respecting the heroes that fought under
 Abercrombie

Abercrombie and the whole British army. To adduce instances to prove that British soldiers are not such doubtful, helpless, and awkward creatures as this slanderer represents them, would be merely to repeat the most striking and splendid facts that are recorded in military history. Will our gallant army suffer such calumny? Will the friends of the British army suffer their valiant defenders to be so ignominiously branded? The reviewing calumniator well deserves that every officer in the service should join in reprobating a production which has traduced the whole military body. I should not, indeed, have been surprized if a motion had been made in the various regiments that none belonging to them should countenance the *EDINBURGH REVIEW WHICH DEFAMES THE ARMY*. Other loyal and patriotic Britons would readily join in proscribing the *Edinburgh Review* as a vehicle of such false and malignant abuse against the troops of their country; and if these critics had the scope of their criticism properly exposed, I have that opinion of the discrimination, principles, and sentiments of the bulk of our countrymen, that I am convinced the *Edinburgh Review* would soon follow the fate of the *Analytical*, and other productions which were adverse to their country; and, I trust, that as one of the first glories of the *Anti-Jacobin Review* was to silence the *Analytical*, it will be equally successful in silencing the *Edinburgh*, which croaks the same tune, though in a different key. No part of his Majesty's subjects can be more loyal and patriotic than the great majority of the city of *Edinburgh*, and none, if the case were properly impressed upon them, would more readily join in discountenancing such calumny than the most respectable citizens and bodies of this metropolis. These all admire your *Anti-Jacobin*—I trust from it they will receive a full exposure of a publication which will certainly cease to be current as soon as its scope and tendency are pointed out.

As the object of the *Edinburgh Review* is the depreciation of whatever tends to elevate, or to support our country, a natural and obvious branch of their plan is, to vilify every writer who supports constitutional loyalty, patriotism, and order. The mode of execution it varies, but most frequently assumes the appearance of friendly coincidence. The kind of warfare, however, that it employs against the friends of their king and country, in reviewing their works, I shall, for the present, content myself with illustrating in one instance—The review of a poem entitled, "The Defence of Order."

In the first paragraph, the critic expresses his satisfaction with the political principles of the poem. This surprized me exceedingly, for the evident spite and malignity which runs through the whole of his ironical attempt, gives him all the appearance of one who is sore beset in an argument on politics, and who takes refuge in misstatement, misquotation, and falshood. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that there may be some small difference in political opinion between the poem and the critic; but admitting that there is none, and that the passions of the latter have been irritated only by the lame execution of the former, and by his terror, lest some unworthy foot should trespass on that *Parnassus*, of which he has named himself the guardian, let us try to weigh the merit of his animadversion. His next paragraph implies that the language of the poem is ungrammatical; but, in his heat and agitation, he forgets to cite any examples, which certainly does not add to the credibility of such an assertion. He subjoins a list of obscure passages; and although these chiefly consist of detached parts of a train of thought, which, like half sentences, might be made to appear abundantly nonsensical, I own I felt no such labour as the critic

seems to have suffered, in catching the author's meaning. Of the passages quoted as ludicrous, but at which I never thought of laughing, till directed by the critic to do so, I found only one materially objectionable. Unfortunately, however, for the candour and the credit of this Review, it does not exist in the poem, and yet my edition is the same with that which is specified as under examination. But this is not only the *pious fraud* into which the indignation of the critic has betrayed him. He says Lord Nelson is compared to a small cross. This is false. He says Lieutenant Price is compared to a bomb. This is false. He says (if any meaning can be extracted from the obscurity of his wit,) that the conduct of Lord Duncan, at Camperdown, is compared with that of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. This too is false. With equal contempt of truth, he says, that the person to whom the poem is dedicated, is represented as relieving the *poor of the parish*, instead of the *people of a country*, thus unfairly trying to reduce a very splendid to a very ordinary act of munificence. He says, further, that the author thinks himself dealing out immortality; an inference which his singular logic probably drew from the following lines,

“ Yet far from him the rash abortive aim,
In *dying* verse to embalm a deathless name:
His to solicit, not confer reward,
Since here the muse may exalt the bard;
And he, by chusing an immortal theme,
His perishable strain awhile redeem.”

Thus, in seven pages, we have six deliberate falsehoods; and are these the critics to whom the public trust for a faithful account of new productions? The Reviewer next complains that the author has praised obscure characters, because living in his own neighbourhood (Perthshire). How the captor of Malta, and the victor of Camperdown, are to be included in the class of *obscure men*, it is for the sagacity of the critic to explain. If, in a poem of two thousand lines, and composed, as it must have been, during the short period of our fugitive peace, there be no worse rhymes than those which the critic has quoted as the worst, it is certainly giving it no small praise. An Edinburgh Reviewer, I think, ought to know that “claim” forms a perfect rhyme with “Graham,” unless he chuses to assert that a *Scotch* name should not be pronounced as it is in *Scotland*. On the whole, it appears, that *though entertaining the same political sentiments with the author*, he was as willing to do the poem all the mischief in his power, as if this had not been the case; but, finding a fair examination of it not favourable to his views, he was driven to misrepresentation, and to that species of irony which is a testimony of disposition, not of talents; which is too easy for genius, and too mean for generosity to employ; but into which human weakness, particularly when seconded by concealment, is too apt to fall. I have heard this poem praised by men as good, and almost as wise as the critic himself, but the greatest compliment it has yet received, is the anger of the Edinburgh Reviewers.

Such disingenuous and fraudulent artifices must proceed from a design of misrepresenting; and, as the attempted strictures, serious and jocular, are levelled, without exception, against passages conducive to the just praises of the constitution, and the chief champions of the country, we may very fairly conclude that it is this tendency which makes them reprobate it by the Edinburgh Review. If the critic merely wished to censure literary faults,

faults, he would not have solsted, in expressions forged by himself, to serve as a ground of censure against the author. He would not have sneered at Lord Duncan, nor at the nobleman who, by his liberal and judicious importation of corn, saved not a single parish, but a very populous country from a famine. Such men as Lord Duncan, and the other eminent person in question, deserve and enjoy the praises of every well affected man acquainted with their conduct. But the hero of Camperdown, and every other person eminent for efforts beneficial to their country, may naturally expect the malignant hatred of the Edinburgh Reviewers, who have, with such gross and impudent falsehood, calumniated the British army. These, however, are subjects on which I merely touch; the complete exposure of such disloyal, unpatriotic, and disaffected malignity, I, and many others, anxiously expect from the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers.

I am, Sir,

With great respect,

Your most obedient,

And very humble servant,

J. B.

Kinloch, Perthshire.

Nov. 19, 1803.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence between Lords Redefdale and Fingal, with Reflections on the Principles, Views, and Conduct of the Irish Papists, and some strong and important Facts in Illustration thereof.

(Continued from P. 316.)

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE AUTHOR.

I HOPE the Public will excuse my touching again on some topics which I discussed in my last, as, on reflection, I am of opinion, that I did not expatiate on them with that energy and copiousness which their importance required.

The great outcry raised against Lord Redefdale, for having stated, in letters to an individual, some serious truths, which should be made known to every loyal subject of the empire at this critical period, and the concealment of which, by any member of the government, must be deemed criminal. proves an alarming influence in the popish faction, and an apathy arising from a deprivation of moral and political principle, in the Protestant body, which should awaken the vigilance, and animate the exertions, of every friend to the Constitution, in its defence.

The reader may form some idea of the great confidence which the Irish Papists have in the strength of their cause, and that it must ultimately prevail, when I assure him, that they had the correspondence of those noble Lords printed in all the English and Irish newspapers, by which they have been the heralds of their own disgrace; and that soon after its publication they were heard to boast, in the streets of Dublin, in the most open and unequivocal manner, that they would occasion the recal of Lord Redefdale, which would be a great triumph to their party.

I shall now shew the reader that English and Irish statesmen were not afraid, at former periods, of speaking their sentiments freely of Popery, against