

Eolian harp causes even the roughest wind to yield some music ; and often closes a tempest of irregular passion with a few soft tones of pity.

P. G. S.

Exodus, a Poem. By Charles Hoyle, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In the course of our literary pursuits we have often had occasion to remark, that nothing is so favourable to the display and improvement of an author's genius as temperance of living. Almost all the celebrated writers of ancient and modern ages have been remarkable for their abstemiousness and sobriety. It cannot be supposed that a ballad-singer, like Homer, could drink from any other stream than that which flowed from the fountain of Castalia ; the repasts of Virgil were composed of mallows and of olives ; and Milton considers it as one of the most convincing proofs of his philosophy, that he was "sparing in his meals, and little addicted to debauch."

We cannot help ascribing, therefore, a great part of the insipidity and dulness of modern poets to the richness of their wines, and the number of their courses. We are afraid that little idea can be formed of the beauty and magnificence of nature from frittering the pinions of a woodcock, or contemplating the belly of a goose ; and when we hear that Mr. Hayley is remarkable for the richness and variety of his sauces ; that Mr. Holcroft is a professed admirer of turtle a-la-mode ; that Mr. Matthias is a frequent visitor at Cambridge ; and that Mr. Southey is a decided amateur in cooking ; we can easily account for the dulness and insipidity of their performances. For the same reasons we conclude that "George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor," is sometimes willing to employ his "hours of idleness" in more solid enjoyments

than that of scribbling; and that Mr. Hoyle is a constant visitor at Trinity on a *Feast* day. He tells us indeed (lib. i. v. 10), that he loves to wander in idea over "perpetual mountains," and to drink of the streams "of wisdom and of truth;" but with all due respect for his veracity, we are compelled to declare, that his verses shew him to be much fonder of luxuriating in venison and Madeira.

— "Oft such visions crowd
 My slumbers, and such rousings oft beguile
 Nocturnal watchings, or awake my soul
 Earlier than suns in summer, to renew
 The blissful thought."—(i. 12.)

On these lines (by the bye) we must observe, that it is a pity Mr. Hoyle's *watchings* have been to so very little purpose!

It is some consolation to us, therefore, who are compelled to be severe from duty, rather than from inclination, to observe, that those on whom our censure must fall most heavily are the least likely to feel it. A man who lives on partridges, and drinks Champagne, might be very happy, we should suppose, without such imaginary enjoyments as literary reputation. The savour of a goose is much more gratifying to us, at least (who are more frequently accustomed to *cut up*, than to eat one), than all the praises of contemporary critics; and we would not exchange the "*clank, clank, clank*," of the "*clinking cannikin*," for all the harmony of Cumberland, and all the *sublimity* of Hoyle.

Of the plot of "*Exodus*" we should have given our opinion, had we been able to understand it. It was probably intended to be simple, but its simplicity is like the simplicity of an idiot, perfectly unintelligible. In his imagery and his language he is a professed imitator of Milton; and he has contrived to do what all other imi-

tutors have done before him—he has copied all his inversions of style, his peculiarities of idiom, his harshness of diction, and his pedantry of epithet; without acquiring, or perhaps without attempting to acquire, his sublimity of thought, his splendor of imagery, his grandeur of expression, or his melody of numbers.

It is, however, peculiar to Mr. Hoyle, that his language should be always feeble where it ought to be sublime, and turgid where it is required to be simple. His account of Pharaoh's nod is awful and terrific; but the description of Heaven, in book the tenth, is so full of pleasantness, that we cannot help believing that Mr. Hoyle is willing to place it within the gates of *Trinity*. The language, with a little alteration, is very descriptive of the latter place. For instance,

———“ Pleasant there the feast,
With port and claret irriguous; pleasant there
Miss *Mansell's*, with *esprit de rose* bedewed,
And pleasant, opposite the college gates,
Standeth the *Sun*, a high and pleasant dome,
Of gownmen's recreation.”—(x. 40.)

Again:

“ While yet the bell told three, ambrosial gales,
Sweet smell of goose, and roasted pheasant bore,
From kitchen, and behold an eager band,
Hundreds in gowns advancing, in whose host
The adopted sons of mathematic lore,
From the first tripos to the last, Higgs, Pollock,
Were all enroll'd. One only was not there,
Mansell, the pride of Cambridge, years before
By signal privilege, from fellows state
Appointed to be master. Tutors twain
Approaching,” &c. &c.

We have already exceeded our limits, and shall only

present our readers with a few of the more striking beauties :

“ *Godhead triune.*” (i. 25.)—“ All night the pride of *Pharaoh* sleepless FOAM'D. So time in noiseless orbit wheeling round. Of sequestration” &c. (viii. 1.)—“ Thus through obscure NOCTURN,” &c.—“ POSTING on mildew gales (a pleasant way of travelling!) to vex and BAN,” &c. (ix. 263.)—“ The narrowest region UPRISES from earth to heaven.” (x. 1.)—“ Harps of *Solyman* invite me,” &c. (i. 8.)—“ CAVERNS of Almighty IRE. Three days and nights they spake not, mov'd not, HOP'D not. (Does Mr. Hoyle mean that they lived without hope, or without hopping) And all the VENGEANCES of *Boreas* storm'd.” (ix. 474.)—“ Sun bedazzling crest,” &c.—“ With outspread arms resistless 'gan induce. Profound obscure (i. e. began to induce, &c.) Blackness of darkness.” (ix. 435.)—“ I AM commands thee, I AM delivered thee from BONDAGE WOE.” (iii. 20.) &c. &c. &c. &c.!

Such are his elegancies of language, and such his sublimity of thought! Many of his pages, however, are distinguished by an equable and barren uniformity of dulness; and had not our respect for the public overcome our weariness, we should have suffered the name of Hoyle to have enjoyed as undisturbed a repose, as that into which we have been lulled by his poetry.

“ *Souffrez qu'à son tour il repose
Lui de qui les vers, et la prose
Nous ont si souvent endormis.*”

We are not without hope, indeed, that the gentle correction we have given him may have a tendency to diminish the number of those stupid and miserable productions, which the vanity of authorship, and the officiousness of friends, are continually ushering into the world. It is not very difficult for a scribbler to please his friends, for his friends are generally as foolish and as stupid as himself. Mr. Hoyle, in particular, should have remem-

bered, that criticism is neither to be softened by private respectability, nor the authority of patronage; that something more than harshness of verse and obscurity of language is necessary in the composition of a poem which is designed "to live for ever and for ever;" (xii. 623) and that a man may write a Seatonian prize poem, and may make himself as ridiculous as Philpot, and Wrangham, and Cockburn, have made themselves before him, without possessing either the elegance of Virgil, or the sublimity of Milton.

Memoirs of Female Philosophers. In two vols. Colburn.

If this work had no other claim to notice than its absurdity, it would have been unworthy a place in the pages of the SATIRIST; but as the author or editor has puffed it off as deserving female attention for its morality and philosophy, we feel ourselves called on, as guardians of the public morals, to strip the lion's skin from the ass, although indeed his own braying would have speedily betrayed him.

From the title-page we were led to expect an amusing satire on the theory and practice of our own philosophical countrywomen, supposing it to be a counterpart of that elegant work on modern philosophers, by Miss Hamilton: how far our expectations were answered will be seen by the following short analysis.

In a short preface by the *editor* (for as it is a work *sui generis*, it appears not to have an *author*) we are told, that the idea was suggested by a production of Hume's, "The Four Philosophers;" consisting of an Epicurean, a Stoic, a Platonist, and a Sceptic. We have, therefore, four female counterparts: the first is represented by a Parisian Opera dancer, the second is an Italian *paintress*, the third a female politician, and the fourth, by a touch of

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