

fers a copious comment:—But to English readers this would prove nothing interesting, and classical scholars can find the original in the works of Buchanan. It would prove a more acceptable entertainment to a literary society, than this miscellany. It is a pity it should be lost, and will be returned if desired.

*A real friend*, objects with great seriousness against the essay "on the iniquity of prescribing oaths in certain cases;" and with much earnestness, reprobates the doctrines contained in that paper, for which we do not see a sufficient foundation. The chief weight of his argument lies in the impropriety, of representing human nature in such a degrading light, as to suppose that mankind are generally influenced by worldly considerations.—Now, allowing the fullest weight to this objection, it can reach no farther than this, that granting *some* men should be found who will, in no case, be influenced by worldly considerations, it must be admitted, that there are many who have not the fortitude of mind to resist temptations.—We are even taught by the highest authority, to pray that we may be delivered from temptation. It is certainly, therefore, to be wished, that as few allurements as possible should be held out to invite weak creatures to deviate from the right path. And this, we think, is all the moral that can fairly be inferred from the paper reprehended.

As to the circumstance of one person entertaining a higher idea than another of the human powers, respecting virtuous exertions, different persons have ever entertained different opinions, and will continue to do so till the end of time; and it would be a vain attempt to try to reconcile them in this respect. If they can be brought to concur in attempting to render man better and wiser than they have been, a great point will be gained; and this shall be our aim.

*Cato*, who also signs R. says he was deputed by a set of merry fellows to give a critique on the stanzas intitled, "The season for remembering the poor." From the name he has given to the society of which he is a member, we presume it was intended to be very droll;—but that species of wit, called *humour*, is perhaps more difficult to acquire, where nature has not planted the seeds of it, than any other.—The critique in question is entirely devoid of it, and therefore could have afforded no entertainment to our readers.

*Irony* is another species of wit, which, when dexterously managed, is exquisitely pleasing; but where it is not truly fine, it is of no value. We are sorry to be obliged to decline the intended satire by a *pretty fellow*, on account of the want of edge in the *irony*.—Swift has evidently been the model;—but Sterne and Swift, from the exquisite beauty of some of their productions, have misled more young writers, in hopes of attaining that kind of excellence by imitating them, than perhaps any others in the English language. To admire their pieces, and to be able to imitate them successfully, are very different things. We wish to see as few imitations of any sort, as possible. When the mind is strongly impressed with ideas, it cannot find leisure to think of the manner of others, but advances with a firm step, regardless of the frippery of affectation. If the thoughts are bold and just, the expressions are usually artless and energetic,