

shall copy a complimentary epigram by this ingenious printer :

'When noble thoughts with language
pate unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Though unencumber'd with the clogs
of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds, for want of
meaning chime,
Which, like the rocks in Shannon's mid-
way course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force ;
Well may we judge so strong and clear
a rill
Flows higher, from the Muses sacred hill.

Mrs. Sheridan, on publishing the 'Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph,' took an opportunity of paying the tribute due to exemplary goodness and distinguished genius, when found united in one person, by inscribing these memoirs to the author of *Clarissa* and Sir Charles Grandison.

Dr. Young addressed his 'Conjectures on Original Composition' to Mr. Richardson ; and the former part of 'Resignation' was printing by Mr. Richardson at the time of his death ; in which the poet took occasion of paying the most affectionate compliment to his memory :

'To touch our passions secret Springs
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius divid'
In bosoms of the fair ;
Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
'The key of human hearts.'

The following epigram on *Clarissa*, by the late David Graham, Esq; fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has all the simplicity of the Greek epigrammatists :

'This work is Nature's ; every tittle in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to
print.'

Mrs. Montagu's elegant compliment, in Lord Lyttleton's, 'Dialogues of the Dead,' turns nearly on the same thought. 'It is pity he should print any work but his own,' says Plutarch to the bookfeller, who

had just before observed that in two characters drawn by a printer, that of *Clarissa* displays 'the dignity of heroism tempered by the meekness and humility of religion, a perfect unity of mind, and sanctity of manners ; and that of Sir Charles Grandison, 'a noble pattern of every private virtue, with sentiments so exalted as to render him equal to every public duty.'

Mrs. Chapone, in her 'Ode to Health,' has this apostrophe :

'Hast thou not left a Richardson un-
blest ?
He woos thee still in vain, relentless
maid ;
Tho' skill'd in sweetest accents to per-
suade,
And wake soft pity in a savage breast ;
Him Virtue loves, and brightest Fame
is his,
Smile thou too, goddess, and com-
plete his bliss !'

In Dr. Warton's essay on Pope's Genius, p. 283, 284, is the following eulogium : 'Of all representations of madness, that of *Clementina* in the History of Sir Charles Grandison is the most deeply interesting. I know not whether even the madness of Lear is wrought up, and expressed by so many little strictures of nature and genuine passion. Shall I say it is pedantry to prefer and compare the madness of Orestes in Euripides to this of *Clementina* ?'

Mr. Richardson's reputation is far from being confined to his own country. He has been read in many of the languages, and known to most of the nations of Europe ; and has been greatly admired, notwithstanding every dissimilitude of manners, or even disadvantage of translation. Several writers abroad, where no prepossession in his favour could possibly take place, have expressed the high sense which they entertained of the merit of his works. M. Diderot, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, p. 96, mentions Richardson particularly as a perfect master of that art : 'How strong,' says he, 'how sensible, how pathetic, are his descriptions. His personages, though silent, are alive before me ; and of those who speak, the actions are still more affecting than the words.' A portrait of him, by Crignion, is prefixed to an edition of Grandison, 1770.

AN HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS.

THE mighty empire, which Charle-
magne formed in the beginning of

the ninth century, and which embraced
so large a part of Europe, did not long
maintain