

shoes, and silken stockings, if I may be so bold, a flowered waistcoat, a jaunty outer habiliment, and plenty of lace garnishing, also an abundance of hair-powder, and no lack of pomade, if you would not be behind the least of the *macaroni*. An appetite for scandal we must also cultivate, however prodigious the exertion, repartee, and the facility of rhyming in couplets, for we shall surely have a word with Lady Teazle if we meet her, and we would not have Sir Benjamin Backbite think us lacking in wit. For it is a pilgrimage of time, a progress of a hundred years, that we will make, with our faces turned backward. O Janus, thou of the two heads! it is not to thee alone of the gods above, whom we have lately decided to be ourselves, that it is given to behold thy own back. Among sundry other phenomenal performances popularly supposed in the peculiar province of thine ancient fraternity, we have discovered that it is not very difficult to do.

We shall take upon our pilgrimage a certain dusty old book I have been lately looking into, and the virtue of its contents will carry us far upon our way. Stoutly bound in leather, none of it has escaped. Carefully pasted inside the cover, its worshipful owner's coat-of-arms. On a field *gules*, a crown between two *crosses pattées*, and above and below an "animal phantastically," with which the boast of heraldry may be acquainted, but I am not. On the fly leaf, in crabbed brown characters, the worshipful owner's name, and the dignity of his scholarship—U. Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Oxon. On the fifth page—"The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle," for the year MDCCXLVII. By Sylvanus Urban, Gent." The dry and yellow old leaves crack as we turn them, and give forth the mustily pungent smell of one's grandfather's medicine chest. The odour makes one think of what the intellectual atmosphere of 1747 would be to the intellectual lungs of to-day. The paper is much discoloured in patches, the spelling quite as absurd as ours will be a century and a half from now, and the print not over legible. Still we make out very easily names that history has invested with a very remote and unapproachable dignity, and find a certain disrespect in their familiar journalistic mention. One can easily imagine, as one turns the pages that brought the report of their doings to the world of London and the provinces, some half-dozen of these be-periwigged old shades peeping curiously over one's shoulder at the record of their earthly comportment—the English brides and the French frigates they took, with the dowries and prize moneys respectively attached. An opportunity of great interest for them, one would think, for who could be expected to remember even the facts of his own existence one hundred and fifty years?

"By Sylvanus Urban, Gent.!" Was journalism gloved, then, in the eighteenth century? Did it wear a collar, perhaps a frill, and sit with its feet on the floor? Or was Mr. Urban's title but a catch-penny trick to secure the attention of the social eye? Or did he, perchance, proclaim on the outside that whereof the inside gave no indication? Let us see. Even in 1747, it seems, rancour was not unknown to the journalistic breast. This is the shape it takes in Mr. Urban's, anent the talk of a new publication that had come to his ears:

"Whoever were to be the principal instruments and conductors of that work, mighty in imagination! every one might see that the public owes them no thanks.

"However, as the Museum, a work of genius and learning, obstructed not our rising gale, no alarm need be taken from the productions of the present ostentatious compilers, of whom all ranks pronounce that, tho' they blot paper, they cannot write."

Sylvanus was very simple and direct and uncompromising in his mode of attack, and takes the public very generously into his confidence as to the reason of it. We are more skilled in methods now, and look back upon the guileless wrath of the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* with a smile of superior pity as we turn to write the fate of some luckless contemporary in the honeyed venom of ours. As to the moral of it, it is clearly difficult to judge between Sylvanus and ourselves in this matter. Morals being thus disposed of, and manners differing somewhat in different centuries, we may consider Mr. Urban a gentleman by default. At all events, he was held in high esteem among his literary friends, one of whom, evidently a favoured contributor, addresses to him a "Metrical Vision," which closes with the starched eloquence of this tribute to his editorial ability:

URBAN! to thee this Fable let me send,
Of *Fame* the minister, of *Wit* the friend.
Whoe'er collections for OBLIVION make,
And hand dull pieces into *Lethe's* lake,
Vie not with thee, whate'er their boast's pretend,
Since all their labours seek a different end.
But dunce with dunce competitor may be,
While wits with laughter the vain contest see--

Thy work, like some tall pillar tow'ring high,
Shall *Envy*, *Dulness*, *Fraud*, and *Rage* defy;
Each Foe to Sense that, gleaned from Folly, brings
A mushroom medley of disjointed things,
Shall die forgotten, as he lives unknown,
And all the FUTURE shall be thine alone!

By prefacing his volume with this pentametrical paean, Mr. Urban would seem to indicate a modestly complacent agreement with its sentiment. But, alas, the FUTURE! For gifted contributor and appreciative editor alike, a great, gaping waste-paper basket!

To review new books was evidently nobody's business in the palmy days of the *Gentleman's Magazine* under Sylvanus Urban, gentleman. The cream of current literature is given, however, upon the final page of every number, and is, perhaps, none the less delectable for lacking critical whey. How mincing the titles are, stepping in their faded finery once more before the public! "*A panegyrick on the fair sex*," by one Cooper. To what Elysian field of literature, I wonder, is that product unknown! "*The complete parish officer, with large additions and improvements*!" The publishing fraternity would hesitate at an undertaking of such serious magnitude nowadays! It is probably owing to the general commercial inactivity of the times, by which England is so unhappily affected, that there may be observed in our day a shrinkage in beadles. "*The gouty gentleman's companion*." Imagine the calm satisfaction with its evil-doing of an age that would complacently buy, and carry about with it, a volume that proclaimed its complicity with innumerable bottles of port upon the very title-page! Who so given over to his iniquities in this present period of prohibition, as to shamelessly acknowledge them by the presence of such a "companion." "*An essay on the advantages of a polite education joined to a learned one, with a dissertation on dancing*," 2s. 6d., stitch'd, Russel. And now we write about its disadvantages, and to do it in a "dissertation" is to ensure oblivion for our opinions. Last, but not least, "*The art of governing a wife; with rules for bachelors, and an essay on unequal marriages*!" Oh, well, *nous avons changé tout cela!*

MR. URBAN is generous to the poets in space and attention. There is a great deal of poetry, and it gives one a vivid idea of the degeneration of modern society in industry and perseverance. It is mostly allegorical, and markedly, if a considerable distance, after Pope. One is struck by the alternation of subjects: Life, Death, and the Judgment; My Lady's Eyebrow, Ovid's Epigrams, Lines to a Coquette! Society harrowed and tickled itself alternately over these musty pages. Between the poetasters who drew their inspirations respectively from "*Paradise Lost*," and "*The Rape of the Lock*," there was apparently nobody who lisped in numbers, unless perhaps, here and there a devotee to Waller's muse as this Lord Lansdowne, worthy ancestor of his Excellency the Governor-General, who sings to Celia thus:

Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay let armies move,
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on these endless charms you lay,
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

Sinceh is Excellency's office is not an article of party patronage, it is not easy to see the mischief that will arise from re-embalming this tender ditty for an appreciative public. We will not quote the more sombre measures. It is not a little remarkable that, in spite of their monthly publication, society should have managed to keep the hilarious disposition which is known to have characterized it at this time. A great many of them, moreover, are in Latin, and in the modern opinion the dead languages are unsatisfactory vehicles for didactics.

WHAT more? A grave account of the *Hydrastio*, by the aid of which men might go down unto the sea, in their boots, and walk the floods; another of an instrument of torture, with which one Laird B——e was in the habit of punishing his offending tenants in the good old days our Laureate deplores; advice upon the "cow distemper," recipes for "cyder-royal," a strong recommendation of "tar-water" for all maladies, from a broken heart to the rickets. Long before this, one Joseph Addison had set his fellows the pernicious example of discussing ladies' attire in the public prints, and we find the deplorable results that have been evident ever since, in an audacious article purporting to be a drawing-room debate between