

without whose potent assistance no cause can succeed, and no party prosper. Previous to the appearance of perhaps the only "Edinburgh Review" known to the great bulk of our readers, there had been men who, in calibre and literary attainment, at least equalled the ablest of its contributors engaged in writing for periodicals. We do not refer to those diurnal, or hebdomadal, or semi-hebdomadal publications of the last century, which may be regarded as commencing with the "Tatler" and Sir Richard Steele, and terminating with the "Lounger" and Henry M'Kenzie,—works which contain some of the finest writing in the language,—but simply to the newspapers and magazines. For these, compelled by stern necessity, Goldsmith wrote for several years. His "Citizen of the World,"—one of the most exquisitely written books in any tongue,—first appeared as a series of essays in the "Public Ledger;" and he wrote criticisms for the "Monthly Review," and articles for the "British Magazine." Smollett conducted for about seven years the "Critical Review;" Burke wrote for the "Annual Register;" and Johnson laboured for years for the "Literary Magazine," the "Gentleman's Magazine," and the "Universal Visitor." And about half a century previous to the appearance of that second "Edinburgh Review" with which the name of Jeffrey must be for ever associated in the history of letters, there existed for about a twelvemonth a first "Edinburgh Review," conducted by Blair, Robertson, and Adam Smith. But there were no periodicals of sustained effort, or (with perhaps the exception of this first "Edinburgh Review") all of whose contributors were men of nearly equal standing and power. Burke, Johnson, and Goldsmith were associated in their compelled labours with dull amateurs, or the scribblers of Grub Street; and Smollett, in his description in "Humphrey Clinker" of a dinner of authors, is known to have drawn, in the hair-brained mediocritists which he portrays, some of the