

nameless contributors associated with him in his periodical. Even when, as in the Edinburgh instance, all the writers were superior, they seem to have given but half their mind to their work of article-writing. The first "Edinburgh Review" is a respectable, but not a very brilliant production. Its writers were engaged at the time on works which still live: Robertson on his "History of Scotland," Smith on his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and Blair in maturing the thinking of his "Lectures on Criticism and the Belles Lettrés;" and they could spare for their occasional critiques merely the odds and ends of their cogitations. "No man ever did anything well," says Johnson, "to which he did not apply the whole bent of his mind;" and it was reserved for Jeffrey and his associates at once to render, by their equality of talent, a periodical all of a piece, and, in generous rivalry, to do for it the very best which they were capable of performing. Robertson and Adam Smith could, and did, immensely exceed themselves in all they had done for their "Review;" whereas Jeffrey and Sydney Smith did all they were capable of doing for theirs; and so on no other occasion or form did they exceed what they accomplished as periodical reviewers. And hence the great revolution in periodical literature which they effected. Without once designing any such thing, they succeeded in raising its platform from the level of Grub Street to very nearly that of the standard literature of the country.

We say, without once designing any such thing. Chateaubriand shrewdly remarks of Napoleon, that, "by leading on France to the attack,"—*i. e.* by bringing armies into the field some five or six times more numerous than had wont to be employed under the old school of strategy,—"he taught Europe also to march: the chief point which has since been considered is to multiply *means*: masses have been balanced by masses. Instead of a hundred thousand men, six hundred thousand have been brought into the field; instead of a hun-