

THE
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M, DCC, XC.

With an APPENDIX.

“ ——— *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
“ *Majus opus moveo.*” VIRG. *Æn.* vii. 44.*

“ But you who seek to give and merit Fame,
“ And justly bear a Critic’s noble name—
“ Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
“ For the worst avarice is that of Sense.
“ With mean complacence ne’er betray your trust,
“ Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
“ Fear not the anger of the Wise to raise;
“ Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.” POPE.

VOLUME III.



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MDCXC.

Art. 38. *Poems*; consisting of Odes, Songs, Pastorals, Satyrs*, &c. and a Descriptive Poem, in four Books, called *Prospects*. By the Rev. **George Sackville Cotter**, A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 2 Vols. each Vol. pp. 224. Small 8vo. 7s. bound. Printed at Cork; and sold in London by Wallis.

The reader may reasonably expect, among such a variety as these volumes contain, to find something suited to his taste; nor will we presume to say that this may not be the case with some, whose mental appetites are not so nice, nor so often cloyed, as those of The Reviewers,—who cannot digest profaic verse, nor even swallow doggrel rhimes. We have tasted all that is now set before us, odes, songs, pastorals, fatires, &c. but we have not been able to distinguish that flavour, or that seasoning, so necessary to make poetry palatable and relishing. The Aonian maids are here, as we have frequently found them, extremely tenacious of their treasures. Mr. Cotter calls loudly on them to exalt his strains, but like the apparitions in Macbeth, “*They will not be intreated.*”

We should be happy to pay every compliment to the poets of our sister isle: but we should forfeit our reputation, and lessen the value of our praise, were we to allow to such poetry as the following, the sanction of our applause:

‘ SONG.

I.

‘ Thro’ my heart,
Pleasures steal,
Love, thy gladness
Copious deal.

II.

‘ Give me blifs
Happiest known,
With my true love
Kinder grown.’

‘ Together bear the weight of worldly hour
Crown’d with such joys, as ne’er to wish for more.’

Vol. I. p. 105.

‘ Form’d for content, or love, or prattling talk,
At th’ end of yonder gravelly shining walk.’

p. 107.

‘ But not that mansion solely sing the verses,
For thousands similar one Song rehearses.
Well then—let’s hasten—O ’tis tedious, tiring,
This reg’lar hedge-row for an hour admiring!
Boots, do your office—office foul, ’tis true!
Save me from dirt, my strength shall struggle through.’

p. 134.

Aye, do, struggle along,—splash away, Mr. Cotter: but you will excuse us if we decline the trouble of following you any farther through the mire.

* Mr. C. does not mean the dancing gentry with cloven feet, but *Satires*.