his opponent. Wilkes was a cool political pugilist, who gathered courage from the applauses of the mob ; while Smollett was greeted with a general burst of popular exe­cration, which worked him into a phrensy that deprived him of his strength.

Smollett’s name stands in the title-page of a translation of the works of Voltaire, and also in that of a compilation, entitled *The Present State of all Nations.* These works, to which he contributed sparingly, were published in 1763. In that year he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his only child, a daughter named Elizabeth, who had at­tained the fifteenth year of her age. This calamity threw an impenetrable gloom over the brief remainder of his life. In the hope of dissipating his own grief and that of his wife, by change of scene, he passed over into France ; in which country, and in Italy, he resided for two years. In 1766, he published his *Travels through France and Italy.* This production displays his usual acuteness of observation, and felicity of expression, but he appears to have contemplated every object through the distorted medium of disease and lacerated feelings. Sterne, who had met the bereaved father abroad, took an opportunity of exulting over the infirmities of rival genius in his Sentimental Journey.

In 1766, Smollett visited Scotland for the last time. At this period, he was a martyr to asthma and rheumatic pains, and afflicted with a virulent ulcer on his arm. In the fol­lowing year, while residing at Bath, he enjoyed a short ta­tet vol of convalescence, during which he wrote *The Adven­tures of an Atom.* In this political romance, he has blend­ed, with greater dexterity than judgment, the reckless jollity of Rabelais with the withering sarcasm of Swift. With much wit and humour, this production betrays great physi­cal indelicacy, a latent ferocity of sentiment, and an un­qualified abhorrence of the lower order of the community, which is far from edifying. It may here be remarked, that the learning which is scattered through the fictitious narra­tives of Smollett, would, with proper management, make a most imposing show in works of much graver pretensions. Neither does he ever, like Fielding, hover on the verge of pedantry ; nor resort to the disingenuous artifice of dazzling unlettered eyes with borrowed erudition, like Sterne, who had cool effrontery enough to express his sovereign con­tempt of literary larceny, in the unacknowledged words of Burton.@@’

After the publication of this romance, Smollett’s com­plaints returned with increased violence, and his medical friends declared that his only chance of life lay in a more salubrious climate. To the great he never applied in vain, for he never applied at all. His friends however made some fruitless efforts to interest the ministry in his behalf. But from Smollett was sternly withheld that bounty which has often, before and since, been lavished with a prodigal hand upon the most worthless and foolish of mankind. With a constitution worn to the dregs in the service of iterature, and with a purse which had been emptied in the lap of indigence, Smollett proceeded to Italy in 1770.

The last, and perhaps the best of all his works, was *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker,* published in 1771. Each character in the galaxy of originals which are there pour- trayed, may submit without apprehension to Ben Jonson’s test of humour :

When some one peculiar quality Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw All bis affects, his spirits, and tris powers, In their confluctions, all to run one way, This may be truly said to be a humour.

Having bequeathed this legacy to the public, Smollett died at Monte Nero, a village in the neighbourhood of Leg­

horn, on the 21st of October 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age. A monument was erected to his memory by his widow, and a cenotaph on the banks of the Leven by his cousin, Mr. Smollett of Bonhill.

To a handsome person, and an address at once dignified and engaging, Smollett added colloquial powers of the highest order. His irascible passions were strong, but his social affections were not less so. If it is remembered that his personal and political prejudices were intense, let it not be forgotten that zealous friendship and ardent patriotism were among the number. He was improvident, for bis hand was only closed to the necessities of others when he had nothing to bestow. He was a man of undaunted reso­lution, and lofty independence of mind. He was vindictive, but not implacable, and melted at the first appearance of contrition in those who had injured him. He was jealous of his fame, his sole possession, but he envied that of no other man, whether deserved or otherwise. Of Smollett, as an author, it may be truly said, that of the many different kinds of composition which he has attempted, there is none to which he has not communicated peculiar graces ; nor can we hesitate for a moment in adding his name to the scanty list of those who have extended the limits of intellectual enjoyment.@@3

SMOOTH Island, on the east coast, of Van Diemen’s Land, in Norfolk Bay, about three-quarters of a mile long.

SMUGGLERS, persons who import or export prohibit­ed goods without paying the duties appointed by the law. When we consider the nature, and still more the history of mankind, we must allow that the enacting of severe penal laws is not the way to prevent crimes. It is in­deed much to be wished that there were no such thing as a political crime; for the generality of men, but especially the poorer classes, not discerning the propriety or utility of such laws, consider them as oppressive and tyrannical, and never hesitate to violate them when they can do it with impunity. Instead therefore of punishing smugglers, it would be much better to remove the temptation. But the high duties which have been imposed upon the importation of many different sorts of foreign goods, in order to dis­courage their consumption in Great Britain, have in many cases served only to encourage smuggling ; and in all cases have reduced the revenue of the customs below what more moderate duties would have afforded. The saying of Dr. Swift, that in the arithmetic of the customs two and two, in­stead of making four, make sometimes only one, holds per­fectly true with regard to such heavy duties, which never could have been imposed, had not the mercantile system taught us, in many cases, to employ taxation as an instru­ment, not of revenue, but of monopoly.

The bounties which are sometimes given upon the ex­portation of home produce and manufactures, and the draw­backs which are paid upon the re-exportation of the greater part of foreign goods, have given occasion to many frauds, and to a species of smuggling more destructive of the public revenue than any other. In order to obtain the bounty or drawback, the goods, it is well known, are sometimes ship­ped and sent to sea, but soon afterwards clandestinely re­landed in some other part of the country.

Heavy duties being imposed upon almost all goods im­ported, our merchant importers smuggle as much, and make entry of as little as they can. Our merchant exporters, on the contrary, make entry of more than they export ; some­times out of vanity, and to pass for great dealers in goods which pay no duty ; and sometimes to gain a bounty or a drawback. Our exports, in consequence of these different frauds, appear upon the custom-house books greatly to over­balance our imports ; to the unspeakable comfort of those

@@@, See Scott's Biographical Memoirs of eminent Novelists, vol. i. p. 294.

@@@• For more circumstantial details of the life of Smollett, the reader is referred to the narratives of Dr. Anderson and Dr. Moore.