

ions: at variance with the critics, instead of being treated with insolence, and rejected as dispicable, are considered with deference and candor. There is none of that sudden burst of passion—that stormy vehemence, and that vulgar sarcasm—which ever characterize the first and final judgement of the arrogant and presumptuous. Nor does true criticism descend to satire for material, nor point out those little defects, by which the reputation of a writer may be tarnished; nor delight in the circulation of calumnies and slander. This is left for the would-be critic.

A critic should understand how to write; and he should be thoroughly and familiarly acquainted with his subject. He should be well acquainted with the philosophy of the human mind, and able to trace the virious and endless motives by which it is governed; that is, to a considerable extent. He must possess discernment, must be free from prejudice, and must have a heart in him susceptible of the warmest and tenderest emotion. With these qualities added to sound and correct learning and knowledge, a man may be a critic; but without them no one should attempt the work of criticism.

ERRATUM.

IN concluding the story of the "Jeweler," an omission was made, in our absence from the office, which we will here correct. Our readers will recollect that the "Jeweler" commences in the number for March, is continued in the number for April, and is concluded in the number for May. In con-

cluding the article, instead of commencing where it leaves off in the previous number, the Printer has omitted about a page; which, of course, makes the account appear very imperfect. The following is the part of this story left out, which, the reader will perceive, precedes what is inserted in the number for May.

"After awhile, Stanwood sought and obtained employment as a journeyman, in the service of a jeweler in the city. We use the word "city" as it is ordinarily used in London, to distinguish the mercantile quarter from the West-End, or court and aristocratic part of the metropolis. Some years passed over his head whilst gaining a mere livelihood by skill in repairing jewelry and setting stones. Use is second nature, and Charles became, in some degree, reconciled—if not contented—with his humble situation. In the city, he was removed from casual contact either with former customers or rivals in trade—was known merely as an artisan who had—to use the common expression—seen better days, and was appreciated by his employer, as an excellent workman.

Memory of former station held him solitary in his amusements. He would not consort with members of his class—was fond, when holy and leisure days permitted, (he worked at home, as it is technically called, by the piece, not day-work,) to stroll by himself into the country. Though abandoned by former equals—without relish for society of a lower grade—nature had not lost her charms. Though even hope had fled—that kindly aspiration which dwells