

Dickens—not to mention dozens of other *tours*, idle and funny, or pains-taking and heavy—"sleepless themselves to make their readers sleep." Meantime years and events fly by, leaving good, bad, and indifferent slumbering on library shelves and kept there under the dead weight of 31s. 6d.! while the great Anglo-American Republic keeps going ahead at railway pace; fells her forests, creates fields, cities, villages, and covers the ocean with her numerous merchant fleets. Already she is equal in power and influence to England or France, and makes herself equally *felt* all over the world, quite as improving, imposing, and as meddling as the best of us.

We may spare ourselves the trouble of speculating on what her Empire, already "casting its shadows before," will reach hereafter. We can see at this moment she preponderates with an accelerated force each added year; and as they say, "she is bound to go a-head of the whole universal world!"

THE AUTHOR.

London, January 20th, 1855.

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