

sorry that among those who admire David Copperfield are some of the most literary and learned of our friends.

Mr. Dickens' later productions published in the 'Household Words,' of which he is the Editor, have done him much credit. His 'Child's History of England,' first given to the public in that periodical, is perhaps one of the best histories ever compiled for the young. It is written in such a clear, honest manner, and yet with all the interest of narrative or romance, that the child is unwilling to lay down the book, and the more experienced reader marvels, how the dry facts of history can be rendered so interesting; it is a volume that should be in the possession of every child.

Some of his other contributions to 'Household Words' have also been eminently beautiful, adding other corroboration to the assertion that whenever Mr. Dickens has a practical or useful end in view, his compositions are meritorious and successful in the truest degree.

Thackeray is another leader in the department of humour, and to our thinking, more justly entitled to the laurel than any other. It has been urged by his opponents that he looks upon the world with a cynical eye, that he never sees a beam without a blemish, and would make us believe that all on earth, and sea, and sky, wear a jaundiced colour. We cannot discern this spirit in his writings. True, there is much that is severe and even bitter when he applies his pen to the follies and hypocrisies of the world, but why should it not be so. It is not enough merely to laugh at what is wrong, it should be lashed as well; and this Thackeray does most effectually. Why should he not batter the fortress of the Becky Sharpe's, (and their name is legion) with the artillery of his most caustic wit; he only laughs at the clumsiness of a Dobbin; he does well to scarify the multitude of Sedleys.

Thackeray is perhaps more of a satirist than a humourist, but he has many of the attributes that belong to both. He has also a blunt, honest style of pathos, that seems to come warm from the heart, and affects with similar emotions those who read his pages. The Irish 'Sketch Book' is inimitable—the quiet vein of humour that runs through the whole is irresistible. Wandering through that fair land, for which nature has done so much and education and government so little—he rarely pauses to satirize, he indulges his laughter-loving and his pitying spirit to its utmost, and gives us beautiful pictures of peasant life and scenery, at which we laugh and wonder and sigh—such power has he over the flexible chords of the feelings—and if he does now and then let the lash of his satirical propensities descend, it is only upon those in high places who have merited the infliction.

His Sketches of Life in Paris do not merit the same commendation, though necessarily an interesting work, from the pen of such a writer, still it lacks spirit, and does not bear comparison with the Irish Sketch Book. With so much in Paris to satirize and ridicule, it seems as if his talent deserted him,