

steadily and so inexorably to its fore-doomed end. The power that forced itself upon its iron way—its own—defiant of all paths and roads, piercing through the heart of every obstacle, and dragging living creatures of all classes, ages, and degrees behind it, was a type of the triumphant monster, Death.

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, booming on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the clay, through the rock, among the objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly with him: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Through the hollow, on the height, by the heath, by the orchard, by the park, by the garden, over the canal, across the river, where the sheep are feeding, where the mill is going, where the barge is floating, where the dead are lying, where the factory is smoking, where the stream is running, where village clusters, where the great cathedral rises, where the bleak moor lies, and the wild breeze smooths or ruffles it at its inconstant will; away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, and no trace to leave behind but dust and vapor: like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

Breasting the wind and light, the shower and sunshine, away, and still away, it rolls and roars, fierce and rapid, smooth and certain, and great works and massive bridges crossing up above, fall like a beam of shadow an inch broad, upon the eye, and then are lost. Away, and still away, onward and onward ever: glimpses of cottages, homes, of houses, mansions, rich estates, of husbandry and handicraft, of people, of old roads and paths that look deserted, small, and insignificant, as they are left behind: and so they do, and what else is there but such glimpses, in the track of the indomitable monster, Death!

Away, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, plunging down into the earth again, and working on in such a storm of energy and perseverance, that amidst the darkness and whirlwind the motion seems reversed, and to tend furiously backward, until a ray of light upon the wet wall shows its surface flying past like a fierce stream. Away once more into the day, and through the day, with a shrill yell of exultation, roaring, rattling, tearing on, spurning everything with its dark breath, sometimes pausing for a minute where a crowd of faces are, that in a minute more are not: sometimes lapping water greedily, and before the spout at which it drinks has ceased to drip upon the ground, shrieking, roaring, rattling through the purple distance!

TANCRED OR THE NEW CRUSADE; A NOVEL, BY
D'ISRAELI.

WE really do not feel at all adequate to enter into anything like, even the shortest disquisition, upon the merits of this extraordinary work, simply because the author has given it an exclu-

sively political character. We may, however, remark that it is not a work that we can recommend to the perusal of our readers in general.

It has evidently been got up to serve a particular political purpose, which its various characters are made to enunciate.

There is one characteristic, however, which deserves remark, the more especially as it is not confined to the work before us, but is common to several, if not to all of this celebrated author's productions, and that is, the prominence he gives to judaism. His heroes are Jews—everything good and brave and great is performed and done by individuals of this despised and persecuted race—very undeservedly persecuted, and equally unjustly despised; yet even if they are both, it is unwise and in bad taste to seek for an exclusive sympathy and interest in favour of a character thus obnoxious, whether justly or unjustly, to the general feeling.

Mr. D'Israeli is doubtless a clever man; possessed of talents and acquirements of no ordinary nature. As an author and a member of parliament he has distinguished himself, and that to an extent that has raised him to a very high and an enviable position; but the halo of glory he has thrown around his name, however dazzling and bright it may be, is not sufficiently mystifying to throw dust in our eyes, and thereby render us blind to the perception of gross and palpable error.

THE SNOW DROP.

WE really do not know what excuse to make for neglecting to notice this lovely little flower so long.

It came out, as its prototype always does, in its pure and blooming beauty before the snow was well away, and now we are in the middle of summer without having said a word about it. Edited by a lady too! This makes the matter worse, and no apology to offer? No, not a word, we never in all our lives could make one.

The Snow Drop is a pretty little monthly intended for children, and if the character its first three numbers have acquired for it be sustained, and we doubt not but it will, we may safely recommend it not only to them but to their parents too, as a useful and instructive Miscellany.
