

a coarse hand, could yet throw in some gentle touches of deep pathos—whereas, here, it is all backwood work—hewing down passion and feeling like an oak tree. There are some scenes of considerable power, but, upon cultivated minds they lose much of their effect, from exaggeration; and if there were nothing else in the novel, we should here dismiss it. But some of the parties who figure in the story, will interest English readers.—The sketch of old Virginia, with which the novel opens, is very clever. The Col. Dangerfield of this part of the story, is a fine specimen of the true Virginian, a race of men who think it unbecoming a liberal mind to concern themselves with such peddling matters as the management of their estates, indifferent whence money comes, whether from rent or mortgage, so that it does come when wanted; and squandering away noble fortunes in gambling and racing, yet with such a dash of open-hearted generous liberality, as to win from us our best wishes, and almost our admiration. The Colonel has a very pleasant satellite in a Mr. Littlejohn—a friend of the same humour—“the merriest rogue in all the country round, and who did more laughing than any ten men in Virginia. I mean,” says the writer, “white men; for, notwithstanding the negroes are so utterly miserable, it somehow or other happens, that they are a hundred times merrier than their masters.” At the opening of the novel, the Colonel is very nearly a ruined man, and his fate is soon after determined at a horse race, when “an estate of six generations” passes away from him and his heirs for ever. Losing the race has other consequences. Soon after their return home, a horrible outcry is heard in the stables. The Colonel hurried there, and on arrival,

“He beheld Pompey the Little (his jockey) tied incontinently to a beam, and Pompey the Great (otherwise called Pompey Ducklegs) belabouring him with a cowskin so lustily, that if ever man or boy had a good excuse for roaring like ten thousand bulls of Bashan, it was that luckless composition of ebony. Between every stroke, which was followed by a roar, the indignant Ducklegs would exclaim:—