

such a system new American and other travels should be made without the trouble of crossing the Atlantic.

Messrs. Murray, Longman, and other magnates of "the Row," would be justly indignant at any insinuation of complicity with those light-fingered gentry of the quill, who are ready to figure in Mudie's newest list, as travellers, voyagers, missionaries or scientific Abbés, according to the paramount taste of the day. But will the character of the most reputable of British publishers long shield them from suspicion of at least avoiding any troublesome inquisitiveness about the genuineness of a saleable book? If the gentlemen of Lombard Street innocently give currency to a forged bill, it is returned on their hands when detected, and they refund the misgotten gains; but when the gentlemen of the Row have a literary forgery traced back to them, the chances are that it is with a view to an extra edition and double profits! When virtue is so clearly left to be its own reward, it is not difficult to surmise its fate. Perhaps even in our own small way, we may contribute to the reputation of unappreciated genius, and the public may read in a second edition the same fine moral poem of the Parisian Abbé's "Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America," which so modestly contrasts his own veracious labours and accurate science with "the stumbling-blocks of fiction" set forth by other authors. "It is with sentiments of the most lively satisfaction," says he, "that we perceive of late years that authors of talent, scorning low novel writing, the reading of which is so pernicious to sensitive minds, have resuscitated a style of literature full of charm, interest, and novelty, by going to glean their scenes and subjects in the solitudes of the New World. We join with all our heart in this literary movement, which is capable of drawing the attention of the civilized world on those poor savages, to whose well-being we had devoted our youth. This work contains the result of our personal observations, and of our ethnographical studies on the Indians of the Great Deserts of North America; and we cherish the fond hope that it may be the means of guarding those who may consult it against the stumbling-blocks of fiction, that would make them fall into historical or topographical errors, so very excusable after all, when relating to such important questions, and to regions almost unexplored."

Well done, Monsieur l'Abbé! who can wonder that the wise men of the Row were captivated with a book which opens with such