

admire. Of those of America the opposite nearly is true. They lead you along their great rivers, across the prairies, and by the sides of vast lakes. They delight to relate how the sun shines over a bend in the Hudson, or to give you back the note of the whip-poor-Will. With skill and feeling they reproduce the varied sights of changeful nature. Of them all, Washington Irving is the most of a cit. The more recent ones glory in conducting you into the recesses of the hills and woodlands. They know that 'he sun looks splendidly down upon their lakes and forests, that there are beauteous sweeps and indentations along their shores, that 'the fall,' as they term it, paints their trees with variegated tints. They know that their cascades are imposing, that their cold steady winter, in respect of both earth and sky, brings in a peculiar and beautiful style of landscapes. When they confine themselves to such topics, they are fresh and vigorous and picturesque. We cannot say as much for them when they attempt to paint city manners. Even Edinburgh was not found large and refined enough to enable McKenzie and other polite scholars to produce a sufficiently diversified work, when they published the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. More recently, Peter's letters by Lockhart and Wilson, were according to us a heavy affair. It requires a wide sphere for a work exclusively on manners. Hitherto London and Paris have been the only spheres that have been very successful in the way of sending forth such works. He that has read the tales of D'Israeli, Bulwer, Theodore Hook, Mrs. Gore and Thackeray, will not relish the high life of New York as sketched by American writers, in whom the effort to be genteel is too apparent. Willis is one of the most gentlemanly and easy of the writers of his country. His style is singularly light and pleasing. In his numerous productions we have sketches of Italy and of England, but the majority of his pieces belong to his native land. He does not produce a regular romance with its many personages, its alternated sentiments, its complicated story. Rapid tales that open up the college life as it is in some quaint sober town in New England; incidents supposed to have happened to the author in some romantic scene embosomed in the fragrant foliage of the sweet south; out of such circumstances are his tales constructed. We do not know any writer who can frame an agreeable story from less material. We have read one or two of the tales of Hawthorne, and were fascinated by the art with which he renders some slight feature of New England life highly interesting. The skill with which he does this, reminds us often of the manner in which Lambé brings very charming effects, out of circumstances apparently very trivial. An elderly brother and sister dwelling alone in a ruinous wooden house 'with seven gables,' in an obscure village of New England—a little ruddy cheeked niece thrust out of her father's house by a step mother—a young daguerreotype artist; here is the chief part of the material out of which he has drawn a delightful story.

In the region of criticism, as might have been anticipated, the Americans