

he rests his eye? If you look at the ocean, have you not the idea of wave, and foam, and of a great fluid world or element, conveyed in the most natural picture to the mind? And is it the eye that thinks? Perhaps the Editor's brain is in his eye.

We have made these remarks to prove that the language which he condemns is philosophic; and to show the public what a despicable figure he makes in the character of a critic. Indeed, he might as well assume the character of an angel of light. Criticism is the most interesting department of literature; but it requires a peculiar natural tact, which even few scholars possess, to criticise with judgement or success. We may in a future number give a dissertation on literary criticism, that will open the eyes of our antagonist, and convince the public that we understand the subject. It must, however, be admitted that few writers have escaped criticism. Indeed, all the poets of antiquity have been criticised by modern pigmy scribblers endeavouring to write themselves into notice—reminding us of a few ants striving to master a lion. Yes—all the poets have been criticised, and “when cedars have fallen how shall osiers stand.”

Very fortunately, a green hill may be placed in comparison with the sterility of craggy cliffs. The Church-street luminary says not. In the course of our reading we have met many passages which would help to illustrate our position, but shall here quote only one and it is so decidedly in our favor, that our very dear friend must be ashamed of his frivolous objections. From the Life and Diary of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Edinburgh, we make the following extract—it has reference to the melancholly state of his wife's mind:—“Before she fell into these depths the Lord gave her such a discovery of the glory of Christ, as darkened the whole creation, and made all things appear as dung and ordure in comparison of him.” Here, now, Christ and earthly things are put in comparison: and is there as great a disproportion between a green hill and a barren rock, as as there is between Christ and earthly things? We hope not—it would be blasphemy to say there was. Some illiterate people think that things must be almost assimilated to each other, in quality and quantity, in order to admit of their being put in comparison. This, however, is a great mistake. When, by investigation, we endeavor to ascertain

what proportion one thing bears to another either in size, shape, or value, we may be said to be comparing such things; and hence it is that a pebble may be put in comparison with a mountain. We hope the gigantic critic will tell us through what process he would put a green hill and a barren rock in order to contrast and not compare them. How will he find a contrast unless, by deducting it from a comparison? It is to be hoped that these remarks will give him a better knowledge of things, and teach him the art of just thinking.

We have not said, as he asserts, that poetic rapture affords a prospect picturesque in the highest degree. Those who understand the transposition of language, can put him right, and testify to the accuracy of our construction. He is not able to trace the regimen existing between words in a sentence. He also criticises the following phrase—“The wilderness looks like a grove of spices,” and asks us, *How does a grove of spices look?* We really wonder why he would thus exhibit his own ignorance in all its nakedness. So far as the accounts, given by all celebrated orientalists, make us acquainted with groves of spices, they are formed of cinnamon, and of the mace, and nutmeg trees, mixed with cocoa, talipot, and also the sacred banian tree.—The cinnamon tree is one of peculiar beauty, and, from its lovely appearance, one might well conclude that it was a native of the ancient paradise. It now grows to great perfection in the island of Ceylon, and from it are extracted three kinds of oil. That which is obtained from the leaves, is called the oil of cloves; that from the fruit is very thick and fragrant, and made into candles, for the sole use of the king of the island; and the root affords an aromatic oil, called by the natives the oil of camphor, and also a species of gum camphor, very pure and white. Mace and nutmeg trees are also of a considerable height, and great beauty, and thickly interspersed with them are the immense cocoa tree, delightful to the eye; also the sacred banian tree, under whose shade the Hindoos worship at their Bamboo altars. The talipot tree also mingles in the same aromatic woodland with the cinnamon, the mace and nutmeg trees, and is described by travellers as the most beautiful perhaps in the world. From an article in Parley's Magazine, published in Boston, we make the following extract:—“The most beauti-