

dence,—it is to the business of life what steam is in mechanics,—and its operations on the public produce effects quite as wonderful,—sometimes, it is said, as profitable. May this be the case in the present instance,—for without a view to profit no man who has come to years of discretion would ever think of writing a book. Under the old system, where the vast effects of the self-confident power were scarcely even imagined, it is inconceivable what perturbation men of pretension as well as their friends suffered, when they advanced to claim the attention of the world. But now all is smoothness, expectation, and complacency. Every genius, to whatever class or species he may happen to belong, is instructed, when he advances from under the maternal wing to try his pinions in the world, to believe that he cannot take too bold a flight; and, accordingly, he most judiciously joins his own chirrup to the encouragement of his friends, just as the school-boy, in passing through the church-yard at night,

“ Whistles aloud to cheer his courage up.”

The more his fears thicken, and the faster his heart beats, the louder and the livelier he whistles. It is so with modern modesty;—there is, however, more real humility often in a swagger than in the most demure and downcast bashfulness. But enough of this: the reader will not think a bit better of our book by all the blushes we might try to make with ink.

THE END.