

ster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be.

Another quotation we will make, embracing the author's opinion upon the genius and powers of Burns :

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his : and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty ; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns' gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts : from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech : loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight : all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech 'led them off their feet.' This is beautiful : but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak ! Waiters and ostlers :—they too were men, and here was a man ! I have heard much about his speech ; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him, That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it*. "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me ; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him ; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise !—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him,—where shall we readily find a better gifted man ?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture ; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul ;—built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster ; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other : so do both these men speak. The some raging passions ; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity : these were in both. The types of the two men were not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies ; politicised as few could.

With these, for the present, we bid adieu to Carlyle, and cordially recommend our readers to form an acquaintance with him. Though he is not yet reckoned among "great men," what he says of those wonders may not inaptly be applied to himself. In his opening lecture he remarks :

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world : and this not a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven ; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness ;—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while.

This is true of himself. "On any terms whatever you will not grudge to wander in (his) neighbourhood for a while." From his acquaintance pleasure may be derived while it lasts, and profit from its remembrance.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

THIS exciting tale becomes more interesting, as it progresses. The author, familiarised with his theme, apparently by practise in the art of "glorious war," presents the reader with a series of brilliant sketches of the battles which covered the British arms on the Peninsula, as with a halo of renown. From these we have extracted several passages, which will be found in previous pages of this number. The character of this sterling work is now firmly established, and its superiority to its popular predecessor fully proved. As a whole, there are few works in the language which should be more highly appreciated than the thrilling story of the Adventures of Charles O'Malley—and the laughter-loving "Mikey Free," whose gallant joust with the lancers of the opposing army, will be found chronicled in one of the chapters we have quoted.

BARNABY RUDGE—A "NEW STORY"—BY BOZ.

THIS story is apparently drawing to a close ; and though several of the late numbers have been declining in interest, from the desertion of the characters in whose fate the reader feels most deeply interested, it promises to sustain well the extraordinary popularity of the author. In