

noice, 'the merry-hearted little Dolores.' We are reminded of the simple exultation with which the Italian peasant prefers his own humble cottage to the magnificent, but to him incomprehensible structures, under the ruins of which it is erected.

"There in the ruins, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Faults and owns his cottage with a smile.

"A work, conceived and executed in a tone like that of M. de Chateaubriand's *Abeucerrages*, would undoubtedly have been more germane to the genius of the place where the scene is laid. But such is Mr. Irving. The high and deep things, whether of philosophy or feeling, are in a great measure foreign to him, and as he more than intimates in the present work by several sly innuendoes about metaphysics, are, in his opinion, secrets not worth knowing. In the midst of the scenes and objects that most naturally suggest them, he reverts instinctively to the lights and shadows that play upon the surface of social life. He returns from the 'strong hold of old Ali-Atar, the father-in-law of Boabdil, whence that fiery veteran sallied forth with his son-in-law on that disastrous inroad, that ended in the death of the chieftain and the capture of the monarch,' to tell us that the inn is kept by a young and handsome Andalusian widow with a trim *basquina*. When he thinks of the *Alhambra* hereafter, it will be 'to remember the lovely little Carmen, sporting in happy and innocent girlhood in its marble halls, dancing to the sound of the Moorish castanets, or mingling the silver warbling of her voice with the music of the fountains.' In all this, there is perhaps some little incongruity; but the spirit and beauty of the style render the work so agreeable, that, in reading it, we forget the defect, if such it can be called, of the plan, and would perhaps regret to have it any other than it is."

The Reviewer we see is lively and spirited in his sentiments, but not well practised or very careful as regards the accuracy and construction of his sentences. His style is decidedly bad, obscure, parenthetical, and harsh, without the writer being at all aware of the fact. The Review is very brief, and after furnishing a few short specimens of Irving's work, concludes with the following very pleasing passage:

"Mr. Irving has returned to us in the full vigour of life and health; younger, as his friends think, than when he left us seventeen years ago; but yet old enough not to be tempted from his chosen employments by any of those visions of success and glory to be obtained in others, that might cheat the fancy of a less experienced man. He has found in his literary pursuits a source of profit, that places him above the necessity of labouring with any motive, but that of promoting, as far as possible, his own reputation, and the public entertainment and instruction. His return, and the gratifying testimonials of respect and esteem which it has called forth from his countrymen, will give him new inspiration. His foot is now on his native heath. When he visits again the well remem-