

a salmon of thirty pounds weight, said—it was his highest form of compliment—'How I wad like to gae a day's fishing wi' him.' Upon us they dropped like the cherries which fall about the mouth of a boy reclining under a tree in a hot summer afternoon. A year afterwards we snatched a more delicious but more fearful joy, while perusing, by stealth and by snatches and gulps, some of the Waverley series; the 'Monastery,' the (the first we read, counted by many the worst, but not to us the least dear, for we love that lone valley of Glendearg, and that deeper and more haunted solitude of 'Corri-nan-shian,') 'Guy Mannering,' 'Nigel,' 'Waverley,' and 'Ivanhoe.'

Roscoe, to return, was by no means a great man; had Liverpool been a more highly intellectual town, he had never left such a unique impression upon it, but, as it was, he gave it an impulse which it has not yet altogether lost. Liverpool ranks also among its literary lights such names as James Riddell Wood, (a cousin of Henry Kirk White,) for some time editor of the 'European,' author also of a poem entitled 'Angel Visits,' and represented to us as a man of great and varied ability; Mrs. Sherwood, the authoress of 'Henry Milner,' the Rev. George Aspinall, author of 'Florence Ray,' Mrs. Hugo Reid, authoress of the 'Rights of Women,' Mrs. Hodgson, wife of Dr. Hodgson of the Mechanics' Institution; and, till of late, when he removed to London, the Rev. John Tod Brown, author of a poem on 'Union among Christians,' which, though hurriedly written and hurriedly brought out, discovers decided poetic ability, competent for much better things. There is, besides, Dr. Chapman—Homeric Homœopath, as we may call him, for he practises homœopathy and translates Homer. A translation of the 'Frogs and Mice,' from his pen, appeared in 'Blackwood.' He is unquestionably a clever man, but perhaps hardly qualified, least of all on his own principle of 'like to like,' for practising on Homer.

We must pause somewhat longer at the name of Martineau, brother of Harriet, and author of some well known works. We were unlucky enough neither to see nor hear him, although ample means of introduction were within our reach. This we regret, as we find that, whether a prophet or not, he has at any rate as much honour in his own country as anywhere else. All accounts (including that of his countenance, about which there can be no mistake: it represents, in the engraving at least, a mild intellectual person, perhaps not very powerful, perhaps with no new eyesight outwards into nature or man, perhaps somewhat finical and fastidious, but polished, accomplished, and true,) describe him as a man worth seeing and worth going to see, worth hearing and worth going to hear. We can only judge of him from his book entitled 'Endeavours after the Christian Life.' And certainly it is a very clever, in parts a very beautiful, and altogether a very sincere book. But if such be the strongest endeavours, the profoundest sighs, after the Christian life, in the present day, its attainment is hopeless. What a want of life, of force, of virility, of blood-warmth, in these discourses! What a monotonous flow of evenly exact and perfectly balanced periods, till you cry out for a coarse expression or even for a comprehensive sentence, as for a pearl of price! How perpetually is the hope of eloquence renewed to be disappointed, and disappointed to be renewed! How provoking, to be led so long to an elegant and powerful-looking electrical apparatus, which yet will not or cannot

electrify! You pass your soul across the finest passages, as you do your hand before a pictured flame, and it returns cold. And much as you may sympathise with the design of the author, and much as you must admire his abilities and accomplishments, you get at last angry, and are disposed to say 'Speak as well as shine, tell us something, though it were a sturdy falsehood, instead of these vague, impalpable, glimmering, prettinesses, which seem at once to be and not to be true—which promise perpetually to be and yet are not eloquence—which bring us to the verge of abysses, and seem to seek to radiate light upon them, and yet in reality only dart down new darkness, as though mist could explain and enlighten midnight.' One page of Channing, or one sentence of Emerson, says more than all those 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' which, compared to genuine struggles, are as stairs of sand to Jacob's ladder, and which, if meant to show the life that is in Unitarianism, show in reality only

'The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life.'

And yet we heard Martineau compared to Carlyle! As well compare the dextrous fabricator of a pretty tent for the use of a picnic party on a summer's day to an Attila, a 'scourge of God,' commissioned and destined to overturn and abolish oldest, widest, most august structures, which, after all, are not real ones, and who may even, if it come in his way, condescend to toss the pretty tent to pieces before him too! Mr. Martineau resides in a large mansion in the neighbourhood of the Park of Liverpool, where, we understand, he keeps an educational establishment. As a man and citizen, and as possessed of very uncommon accomplishments and talents, no one is more respected in the city, and whatever we may think of his 'Endeavours' as guides to others, his own life is a useful and a beautiful one.

A more singular person, and perhaps a man of more mental energy than Martineau, is the Rev. David Thom. This gentleman's history must be familiar to many of our readers. He was originally connected with the Church of Scotland, but was thrust out of her pale on account of some peculiarities of religious opinion. He has now for many years preached to a separate congregation. This is not the place to expound his religious opinions, which he has himself recorded in many able and singular publications. Those who would wish to see them developed in a poetic form may consult 'Festus.' Mr. Thom himself is far more interesting to us than his creed. He is a man of restless activity of mind, of much logical acumen and ingenuity, and of great warmth and energy. In conversation he never flags an instant, and the quickness of his utterance, the instability of his eye, and the almost transparent workings of the brain through the brow, constitute him a unique. His manner, with more warmth and cordiality, nevertheless reminded us somewhat of that of the moderate Scotch minister of twenty years since. When we called we found him in his study, which was literally littered with letters, books, and papers. He carries on an extensive correspondence with distinguished or eccentric men in every quarter of the globe. He spoke with much affection of his brother Robert, whose claims, as connected with the Chinese war, were so recently before Parliament, and who appears to have been a man of the highest order of statesmanlike intellect—made to govern men. Poor fellow! he died prema-