

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Books, we know,

Are a substantial world, when pure and good,
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH.

No. V.

KOHL'S "SCOTLAND."

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

TRAVELLING is Mr. Kohl's hobby, and writing Travels manifestly his forte. Like Goldsmith's Wanderer,

"His fortune leads to traverse realms alone."

It is but a short time since we noticed with pleasure a volume on Ireland from his prolific pen, and now we find him hurrying over Scotland in a few weeks, and yet producing a singularly interesting and generally accurate description of the country. If we cannot shut our eyes to defects in the work before us, we must at the same time recognize in its pages the characteristic excellencies of its author. No one who is conversant with his writings will deny the general facts, that they are marked by extraordinary copiousness and correctness of information in all that regards the geography of the countries he visits—their remarkable localities, their history and literature. Mr. Kohl has a perfect talent for gleanings instruction from oral sources, and probably, by the habitual use of his Note Book, is equally successful in retaining it. His narrative is no dry detail of each day's progress from place to place, but enlivened by abundant illustration; he is lucid, though not transparent; minute without being tedious.

We are glad Mr. Kohl did not pass by Scotland, peculiarly fitted as he is to enjoy a visit to that romantic land—stern in its grandeur, winning in its softer scenes of loveliness—and to communicate that enjoyment to other minds. He loves Nature, his eye perceives the picturesque; his sympathies gush forth over scenes of quiet beauty, which others would callously pass by. We see his heart in all his books, nor does it form their weakest charm.

There is one defect, however, in Mr. Kohl as an author, which has been pressed more closely

home on us in this, than in any of his former works. There is no grasp of intellect displayed—no depth of thought revealed. We look in vain for the reflections and deductions of a penetrating and contemplative mind, skilful in detecting the elements of national character, or competent to judge of the comparative worth of national institutions. He is full of observation, vigour and life—his narrative flows in a rapid, sparkling stream; but it wants breadth, and it wants depth still more. There is no far insight, no richness of thought, in his stray reflections on either individual or national character; they savour too much of the professed tourist, hurrying from place to place—hat-box in hand—and jotting down his strictures on men and manners, religion and society, just as he would an account of a sporting excursion, or a visit to some hoary ruin of the olden time. Mr. Kohl has certainly not displayed his wonted good taste in assuming the name of "The Wandering Philosopher."

After all, for we dread the incipient symptoms of one of our scolding fits, and must shake it off betimes, we can honestly declare that we have derived much pleasure from reading these fresh and lively impressions of Old Scotia, which, if not quite as perfect as we could wish, supply us with much, very much to relish and admire.

Mr. Kohl introduces himself to our notice, crossing the channel from Belfast to the Clyde. He scarcely comes in sight of Caledonian soil, ere the peculiarities of the climate excite his regret.

"The voyage from Greenock to Glasgow is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined, and there is no doubt that it would be amongst the most admired and the most frequented by pleasure tourists, if it were not situated in a country so cut off from the central districts of