

sess a very great degree of interest, the more particularly as it may be presumed from his general character, that he will suffer no unworthy prejudices to mar the truth of the pictures he will present,—although, we regret to notice, that, with characteristic sensitiveness, some of our American neighbours have already begun to find fault with his descriptions of things as they are.

The following analysis of female character, however, being generally esteemed correct, we submit it as a fair specimen of the critical truth of our author's observations :

The American ladies did not appear to me to evince the same passionate admiration, which is constantly witnessed among English females, for the pursuit or object in which they were engaged. Neither painting, sculpture, poetry, nor music, neither the higher topics of intellectual conversation, nor the lighter beauties of the belles lettres, seem to move them from the general apathy and indifference, or coldness of temperament, which is their most remarkable defect. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, in Germany, France, and Italy, and even in Spain and Portugal, well-educated women evince an enthusiasm, and express, because they feel, a passionate delight in speaking of works of art which they may have seen, of literary productions which they may have read, or of poetry or of music which they may have heard; and the sympathy which they thus kindle in the minds of others, only seems to increase the fervor and intensity of their own. Among the American ladies, of the best education, I have never yet witnessed anything approaching to this; and as it is not deficiency of information, for most of them possess a wider circle of knowledge, in whatever is taught at school, than ladies do with us, it must be a deficiency of taste and feeling. Whether this is the result of climate and physical temperament, as some suppose, or the mere influence of cold manners, as others imagine, I cannot determine; though I am inclined to adopt the former supposition, because the same phlegmatic temperament is evinced in the progress of that which, if women have any passion at all, however deep-seated it may be, will assuredly bring it out—I mean the progress of their attachments, or loves; for I have neither heard or seen any evidence of that all-absorbing and romantic feeling, by which this passion is accompanied in its development, in all the countries I have named; and although probably the American women make the most faithful of wives, and most correct members of society, that any nation or community can furnish, I do not think they love with the same intensity as the women of Europe, or would be ready to make such sacrifices of personal consideration, in rank, fortune, or conveniences of life, for the sake of obtaining the object of their affections, as women readily and perpetually do with us.

THE EMIGRANT—BY STANDISH O'GRADY, ESQ., B.A., T.C.D.

We have been favoured with glimpses at a few pages of this work, a poetical composition said to be of great merit, which it is intended by the author immediately to publish, by subscription.

The work bears the character of an epic poem, enriched with a considerable store of notes, of a laughter-inspiring nature, and occasionally sparkling with wit and genius. Some of the parts of the poem itself which we have read, are very beautiful, and highly indicative of genius, and the respectable names which the subscription list already presents, with the highly flattering notes addressed to the author, afford evidence that the work is of no inconsiderable merit.

Mr. O'Grady, the author, has devoted a considerable portion of a long life to literary pursuits, the accumulated proceeds of his labours being now intended for the public eye, in connexion with the principal poem,—the *Emigrant*—which is designed to give its title to the book—the whole being expected to occupy four respectably sized volumes. He has been for some time resident in Sorel, and by the gentry and public of his neighbourhood he seems to be held in high esteem, and to be very generally sustained. We hope that from the community at large he will receive such encouragement as will afford something of hope to future aspirants for literary fame.

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CIRCUMSTANCES of an untoward nature, but which it is unnecessary to explain, having interfered with the completion in time for the present number, of a spirited sketch entitled "The Australian Bush-Ranger," from the pen of a favourite contributor to the *Garland*, we have felt it necessary to apologise for its non-appearance. It will, however, be concluded in September.