

thousands in a living tomb; the fierce vomiting of the crater, pouring out its flames of liquid fire, and changing fertility to the arid rock: it is through these that the Deity skill speaks to man; yet what can inspire more awe of him, more reverence, and more love, than the contemplation of thy falling waters, great Niagara!

The remarks which form the concluding portion of the work are every way worthy alike of the head and heart of the gallant author. The subjects are Language, Religion, Law, the Army, Navy, Slavery and Education; the whole of which he has treated with candour and impartiality. To the navy he has been peculiarly attentive, and expresses himself much pleased with the gentlemanly bearing of the officers in that favourite service, as well as with the build and model of the ships which came under his observation. In speaking of their actual strength, however, he has merely mentioned the fact, that American vessels uniformly carry a much greater force than British ships of a corresponding nominal character, without alluding to the obvious deduction, that to this may be attributed the combats so apparently equal, between American and British frigates, the equality of which disappear when it is understood that an American frigate generally bears as many and as heavy guns as an English man of war, ranking as a 74 gun ship of the line. From an amusing article in the May numbers of *Blackwood*, under the title of a "Prospectus of the History of our Family," (the Humbugs,) we make a short extract upon this subject:—

"Our trusty and well-beloved brethren, the Yankees, have a very pleasant mode of winning a name for their infant navy. They send out a seventy gun ship and call her a *frigate*; she meets with a little vessel similarly named, with probably but forty guns; as a British flag is flying at her mast-head, they attack her most manfully, and by weight of metal and superior numbers of men, the Union Jack is lowered to the Stars and Stripes. Then the whole of the United States sing laud and glory to themselves for their prowess, in having taken such a ship in such a contest. The real case is wisely kept back—it is trumpeted over the whole world that an American frigate has taken an English frigate—the immaterial circumstance of difference in size, weight, men, &c, are forgotten in the bulletin, and all who are not in the secret, believe the British power is declining on her own element.

We will not enter further at present into the consideration of Captain Marryatt's Diary—the author closing his volumes with the announcement of his intention of following up his remarks with a more comprehensive view of the general working of the institutions of the American republic. Upon the appearance of this sequel to the present work, we will revert to the subject.

BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY—BY T. MILLER.

We have derived much gratification from a perusal of these pleasant sketches, in which the different aspects of nature, as exhibited in the seasons, have been pictured with simplicity and beauty. The au-

thor is one of the favoured children of genius, and has, by the force of intellect, risen from among the humblest, to the prominent position he now holds among the intelligent of the land. This is the third work the "basket-maker" has given to the world, and will reflect additional lustre alike upon his heart and head. We have made a short extract from the article upon the month of October, as a fair specimen of the book:—

"Although autumn is beautiful to look upon, still it is a melancholy sight to witness the falling leaves—to see all that rendered summer so green and lovely, unhooused, turned out from their shady dwelling-places, dividing even themselves, and each carrying away a portion of its home, and wandering on to destruction over the earth, which they above all other things had adorned. Who can walk abroad at such a season, without thinking of that change which must ere long take place—without turning a thought towards those who are gone—those whom we loved and conversed with, and with whom we have often wandered in spring, in the leafy bloom of summer, or in the solemn silence of autumn? What pleasant companions have we parted with—what valued friends have been called away! Some of them, too, were young and beautiful, with rosy health enthroned in their cheeks, and delight brightening in their eyes. How short a time it seems since we went with them to gather violets! Who could have deemed that so soon the voice which gave utterance to all those pleasing thoughts—that poured forth words rapidly as a bird utters its own music—should become mute? And could all these young hopes die? Could those ideas perish which grew daily in their own strength, apparently independent of the body, gathering power from things unseen, saving to the mind's eye, and visiting remote worlds, which fancy peopled—even such as they dreamed the soul would inhabit? But they are gone! The tender spray, dotted with ten thousand hopes, realized the expectations of Spring, and flushed broadly into Summer's green lap their full tribute of leaves; and Autumn came, with such stealthy steps, that his march was unperceived, and brought such a beauty in his decay, that we saw not the havoc he had made, until Winter showed his bleak forehead in the naked distance, and gazed in proud triumph on the desolating marauders he had let loose.

"This is the state of man! To-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, And then he falls."

THE POETS OF AMERICA—ILLUSTRATED BY ONE OF HER PAINTER EDITED BY JOHN TEESE.

In this volume, we have a garland, woven from the choicest flowers of American poesy, gathered together by a hand cunning in the mystery of the "scissors." It is a rare combination of the lighter gems of literature the pieces being selected with discrimination and care, from the published works of the most eminent authors of the Union. Many of these are replete with poetical beauty and simplicity, and are such as to do much honour to a country so young in literary exis-