

eye; is prevented attending the levee, and chagrins his father almost into illness by his mortifying want of refinement.

His only comfort consists in writing to and receiving letters from his 'little Lydia,' whom he loves with the earnest strength of his honest heart, and occasionally taking refuge with his friends Lord and Lady Langley, who rise superior to the frivolity of fashionable life, and take Jack as he really is — a good hearted, worthy young man, who will never make a courtier, but always remain a gentleman, from his purity of heart and sincerity of purpose.

His father at last decides that the only way of reclaiming him from his clownishness, will be to form a matrimonial connection with some lady of fashion, which he hopes to do by the wealth he can settle on his awkward boy. And now comes a series of lessons to poor Jack, on the art of love-making; he is advised to try first with Lady Langley, his friends wife, which so shocks the poor fellows moral honesty, that he makes a confidante of Lord Langley, and tells him he shall do nothing so wicked. A lady is at last decided upon by the Baronet as an eligible connection for Jack, a dashing young widow, whose heart is all the time fixed on a Colonel Pensuddock, and only assents to the overtures of Sir Thomas for his son, for the purpose of piquing her lover and making him display a little jealousy. His father tries to make Jack believe that the widow is very much in love with him, and the poor fellow is sorely puzzled between his wish to obey his father, and his honest shrinking from deceiving any one, much less a woman, whom he is told regards him favourably.

Matters go on this way for some time; Jack still faithful to Lydia, and longing for the two years to be out, when he shall be of age and bid defiance to fashionable life, and once more live with his dear old uncle, and have his heart swell at the baying of the hounds.

But an end soon comes to his trials, as well as to his glad anticipations. Colonel Pensuddock, enraged at the widow's encouragement of Jack, offers him a direct insult, which he revenges by a violent blow: a challenge ensues, and the last scene in poor Jack's life is very touching; his little farewell bequests and last words prove the honesty and truthfulness of his heart. Lord Langley stood his friend through all; but he is no match for his opponent, and he falls dead — pierced through by the sword of his antagonist, a victim to parental selfishness and intrigue. His father's heartlessness continues to the last — but the death of his son, has made a strong impression on his already shattered nerves, and he sinks into a confirmed hypochondriac.

But we do not intend to go through all the details of the story; we have said enough to give our readers an idea of its character, and we strongly recommend it to the public. It is not often fiction presents so good a moral, and we hope the author of the book before us will try his pen again on similar subjects with so good a result. The mind has long been satiated with those