

A simple hard-working, poverty-enduring soul is this Trotty Veck, an old man in years, a child in heart, his whole affections bound up in his daughter Meg, a pretty blooming girl, despite her poverty, and as simple and kind-hearted as her father. A few lines make us as familiar and intimate with them, as if we had known them a dozen years. The reader shall judge. Trotty Veck, meeting, on New Year's Eve, a poor un-friended man from the country, with his young niece, insists on sharing with them his little means.

"But here they are, at last," said Trotty, setting out the tea things, "all correct! I was pretty sure it was ten, and a rasher. So it is. Meg, my pet, if you'll just make the tea, while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready, immediate. It's a curious circumstance," said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork, "curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care, myself, for rashers, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em," said Trotty, speaking very loud, to impress the fact upon his guest, "but to me, as food, they're disagreeable."

"Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon—all!—as if he liked it; and when he poured the boiling water in the tea-pot, looked lovingly down into the depths of that smug cauldron, and suffered the fragrant steam to curl about his nose, and wreath his head and face in a thick cloud. However, for all this, he neither ate nor drank, except, at the very beginning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which he appeared to eat with infinite relish, but declared was perfectly uninteresting to him.

"No. Trotty's occupation was, to see Will Fern and Lillian eat and drink; and so was Meg's. And never did spectators at a city dinner or court banquet find such high delight in seeing others feast: although it were a monarch or a pope: as those two did, in looking on that night. Meg smiled at Trotty, Trotty laughed at Meg. Meg shook her head and made belief to clap her hands, applauding Trotty; Trotty conveyed, in dumb-shadow, unintelligible narratives of how and when and where he had found their visitors, to Meg; and they were happy. Very happy."

Alas! how often is it the case, that the kindest friends of the poor, are those but a degree less wretched than themselves!

THE MAGIC GOBLET; FROM THE SWEDISH OF
EMILIE CARLEN.

THE REGENT'S DAUGHTER; FROM THE FRENCH
OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

We place these two works together, although very different in character and composition, because both may be adduced as evidence of the additional interest taken, of late years, in the literature

of other lands. It will always be found that in proportion to the increase of literary tastes and acquirements among any people, will be the interest taken by them in the writings of foreigners, and their anxiety to have such works made available to them through the language with which they are acquainted. France has long furnished England and America with the staple of such commodities, assisted occasionally by a contribution from Germany or Italy; but within the last two years, a new mine was discovered, in the Scandinavian tongue, and made known to English readers, principally through the exertions of Mrs. Howitt.

To the honour of the fair sex be it said, that whilst we are indebted to a lady for the first introduction of this literature to our notice, another, Miss Bremer, has, through these translations, acquired a confirmed rank amongst us as a standard novelist, whilst the only other Swedish writer whose tales can at all bear comparison with that writer, is a third lady, Mrs. Emilie Carlen, the authoress of one of the works now before us. A previous tale from her pen, the "Rose of Tistelton," acquired a popularity only second to the best of Miss Bremer's, and presented some excellent pictures of Swedish society and scenery. We must, however, confess that we have been disappointed in the present volume. The story professes to be domestic, but is mixed up with so much hyper-sentimentalism and mysticism, as to give it rather the character of a German Transcendental Romance. This is a defect inherent to the story itself; the occasional confusion of diction, and awkwardness of expression, may be the fault of the translator.

The "Regent's Daughter," though possessing many of the failings of the French School of romancists, is ably written and well translated. It gives an animated, and, in most points, a correct picture of French manners under the sway of the Regent Orleans, and fully sustains the reputation already attained by its author.

THE ENGRAVING in this Number portrays a scene which must be familiar to every reader of Shakspeare. It represents the discovery of the supposed lifeless corpse of the fair Juliet, by her old Nurse, who has come to call her to the bridal party that waits to witness her marriage to the "County Paris."

"Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

* We notice that Mrs. Howitt has not confined herself to the Swedish alone of the Scandinavian tongues. Late London journals contain the announcement of "The Improvisatore," a translation by that lady, from the Danish.