

and with less straw in Ireland, Thackeray makes infinitely better bricks.

As a lecturer, this author is extremely popular, although there are many who endeavour to detract from his merit and impartiality in this department. As we have not read the lately published volume of his lectures on the Humourists of the Eighteenth century, we cannot join with his opponents or his friends, but are disposed to think he has argued on the side of justice and virtue, that he has only dipped his pen in satire when exposing the follies or vices of Jonathan Swift and others of a like calibre—men who with genius sufficient to guide a world, were yet destitute of that moral honesty and right principle which can only make intellect truly effective. Mr. Thackeray may perhaps have gone too far, but in his manly indignation at all things mean and insincere, he strikes bravely and manfully, believing that public men and writers are the property of all generations, and without being a desecrator, he will not let the grave atone for vices which deserve the scorn and infamy of the world.

From his latest lecture in America, delivered before a Charitable Society, we can see that whatever his hostility to the dead, he is more than generous to the living. His warm eulogium of Dickens, shows him to be unbiassed by envy or prejudice. It is doubtful whether 'Boz' would award such generous tribute to any living author.

Douglas Jerrold is better known as a contributor to the magazines and a writer for Punch than in any other capacity. He is full of fun and drollery. Scotchmen call him a mass of conceit and bitterness, and by his warfare upon them he is entitled to much of the latter quality. But he has provoked more merriment than many of his compeers, and though we are not sufficiently acquainted with his writings to pass judgment upon them, we believe he is entitled to a high place among the humourists of the nineteenth century.

The best and most profound of this class of writers that have shed lustre upon the age, was the early-taken and still lamented Thomas Hood. We use the word profound, because he rarely wrote without a deeper meaning than light jesting words betokened. We are told that melancholy and mirth are of near kindred, and never were the two more closely connected than in the author of 'The Song of the Shirt.' There was a tenderness and agony even amid his gayest jests and lightest fancies, that told one how he suffered, but he played with the lightnings of sorrow, and as he could not control them, determined to laugh at them. It was good philosophy, but in poor Hood's case it only extended to his writings. The cares and trials of the world pressed too heavily upon the heart, that had such playthings of wit to amuse his fellows, and he sunk early into an untimely but an honoured grave! Few have ever contributed more real wit or left more abiding proof of genius as a legacy to the world than Hood, and the good that he did by his powerful appeals to the justice and sympathy of those in authority, will make his name