

its last magnificent deep plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round condensed column out of the gorge, over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose its prodigious velocity and weight would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole extract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid airy curvature, falls with great noise and beauty into the natural channel below. It is beyond measure beautiful. It is like the fall of divine grace into closen hearts, that send it forth again for the world's refreshment, in somewhat such a shower and spray of loveliness, to go winding its life-giving course afterwards, as still waters in green pastures."

Or again, of Mont Blanc, as seen from the upper Val d'Aoste:

"What combinations! Forests of the richest, deepest green, vast masses of foliage below you, as fresh and glittering in the sun-light, as if just washed in a June shower; mountain crags towering above, the river Doire thundering far beneath you; down black, jagged, savage ravines; behind you, at one end of the valley, a range of snow-crowned mountains; before you, the same vast and magnificent perspective which arrested your admiration at first, with its enfolding and retreating ranges of verdure and sun-light, and at the close, Mont Blanc flashing as lightning, as it were a mountain of pure alabaster. \*\* It was of such amazing effulgence at this hour, that no language can give any just idea of it. Gazing steadfastly and long upon it, I began to comprehend what Coleridge meant, when he said that he almost lost the sense of his own being in that of the mountain, so that it seemed to be a part of him, and he of it. Gazing thus, your sense almost becomes dizzy in the tremulous effulgence. And then the sunset! the rich hues of sunset upon such a scene! The golden light upon the verdure—the warm crimson tints upon the snow—the crags glowing like jasper—the masses of shade east from summit to summit—the shafts of light shooting past them into the sky, and all this flood of rich magnificence succeeded so rapidly by the cold grey of the snow, and gone entirely when the stars are visible above the mountains, and it is night! \*\* The feelings are various in viewing such a scene. It lifts the soul to God—it seems a symbol of His invisible glory—you are almost entranced with its splendour! Wonderful! that out of materials of earth, air, rock and mist, with the simple robe of light, such a fit type of the splendours of eternity can be constructed. \*\* But if such be the material, what is the immaterial?—if such be the earthly, what is the spiritual?—if such be the hem, as it were, of God's robe of creation, what is God? And if He can present to the weak sense of men in bodies of clay, such ecstasy of material glory, what must be the scenes of spiritual glory presented to the incorporeal sense of those that love Him?"

Dr. Cheever may never have written a single line of verse, but we maintain withal that he is a poet, and one, too, of the right stamp. His richness of imagination, indeed, degenerates at times into a fault. In his description, for instance, of

the before-named *Cascade des Pelerines*, he compares the rainbows playing about the fall, to

"the glancing of supernatural wings, as if angels were taking a shower bath."

The same cause renders almost unintelligible his remarks on the wild scenery of the *Allée Blanche*:

"Here you may see the distorted resemblances of a thousand prodigious things, crumpling, deformed, unutterable, of earth, and ice, and subterranean, tortured floods, freezing or fiery. Phlegathon, Styx, Acheron, with all the abhorred brood of Night and Chaos; remnants of a world, where the thick air may have upborne upon its crude consistence winged lizards a league long, now petrified and fixed upright in many cases under coats of ice, as the bas-reliefs, and grinning iceberg Caryatides of the mountains."

The Reverend Doctor's notices of the state of religion, in Geneva and the neighbourhood, are very interesting, although he is, perhaps, over-fond of obtruding his own peculiar tenets of ecclesiastical polity.

This volume is one of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of American Books," which we hail as an attempt to give to American writers the same circulation, which has been afforded so extensively to English Authors, in their cheap, pirated editions. Works have already been published in this series, from the pens of Gilmore Simms, Cornelius Mathews, Hawthorne, Headley, and Mrs. Kirkland, better known as "Mrs. Mary Clavers;" and amongst those in preparation we are glad to notice a work by the same author as that now before us, entitled "Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of the Jungfrau."

THE FOOL OF THE 19TH CENTURY, AND OTHER TALES; FROM THE GERMAN OF J. H. D. ZSCHOKKE.

This volume contains four of Zschokke's Tales, "The Fugitive of the Jura," "Marble and Conrad," "The Fool of the Nineteenth Century," and "Hortensia, or Asleep and Awake," all worthy of the Author of "The Goldmaker's Village," and "The Journal of a Poor Vicar."

This Author's writings are all characterised by plain good sense, even those that seem at first sight to wear the character of an Extravaganza, such as that which gives the principal title to this collection. The "Journal of a Poor Vicar," mentioned above, was at first announced as a translation from an English Manuscript, and is so natural and life like, that its authenticity was at once admitted by many of the German critics, and ranked by them as superior to the "Vicar of Wakefield," some even surmising that Goldsmith must have obtained the idea of his immortal work, from a surreptitious perusal of the aforesaid manuscript. This conjecture was set at rest by Zschokke's avowal of his sole right to the authorship; but the very mistake involves no slight praise of the writer's powers of description.