

expression, it is, on the whole, easily and fluently written, as well as in a very good feeling. It bears no tittle—but as from its tenor it appears not to be addressed to the gentle zephyr, we shall bid "it say its say," with all proper form.

TO THE WEST WIND.

'Tis night, calm night, the hour of dreams,—  
No star amid the wolkin gleams,  
The moon is seen no more on high,  
And clouds of darkness veil the sky.

Soft airs of balm are whispering round,  
Breathing a sweet, a solemn sound :  
Oh ! blow ye happy winds of night,  
And I will listen with delight.

Your murmur I would ever hear,  
It breathes a music doubly dear,  
Ye from the far-off west have come,  
Oh ? wand'ers near my childhood's home.

The odour of its flow'ry vales,  
Is in your breath, ye balmy gales ;  
And on your wings ye bear along  
The echo of my brother's song.

Oh ! fly ye golden slumbers, fly,  
And let me hear the west winds sigh ;  
They that have kiss'd my native streams,  
Are dearer than your brightest dreams.

They tell my heart that they have been,  
In play upon the joyous green,  
Where oft with bosoms young and gay  
I've whil'd the glowing hours away.

Around my long-lost bow'rs they've play'd,  
And loiter'd in the willow's shade,  
Sweet as the raptme they bestow,—  
Oh ! blow soft winds for ever blow.

W.

LITERARY REGISTER.

*Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*—edited by *Harry Lorrequer, with Illustrations by Phiz, 2 vols.*—This work, which at first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, is now published in a separate form. Delighted as we are with its rich Irish humour, and the piquancy of its style, we cannot refrain from quoting the following remarks from the last *Metropolitan* :—"Our admiration of its wit must not prevent us

decidedly announcing to all, wherever our influence may extend, that, in a moral point of view, a more pernicious work was never published. Everything which can tend to make the here effective is lavished upon him—and what is he in reality? A deepiser of social order, a male jilt, and an inveterate duelist. Jack Sheppard, and the demoralizing stories of the same class—a disgrace to our literature, and a reproach, to our age—are not half so bad in their destructive tendencies as is this same *Charles O'Malley*. The vulgar villainies of a *Jack Sheppard* can seduce only the uneducated, and those in the humble walks of life ; but how many a well-intentioned youth might be, and we fear is, totally ruined by the false glitter by which the author has surrounded the *Irish Dragoon*. What father would not tremble to have such a son ; what mother would not shrink if she saw such an one approach her daughter. By the work the *Irish character* is degraded. Were its portraiture true, the higher classes of that high-spirited nation would be nothing better than half-educated savages, have no notions of glory beyond the duel, and making animal courage the primal virtue of humanity. There is in this novel, or whatever it may be called, a character held up to admiration, called the "Count," than whom a more blackguard assassin never existed. For everything that a man either does or fails to do that displeases him, he is shot. And then the preparations for the duel, the advice as to its successful termination, the gloating over and nursing of the instruments of death, all evince the fell spirit of the murderer. Whenever two men meet to fight a duel, under any circumstances, one of them must be an assassin, and the other a fool, if not an assassin also. Human ingenuity cannot conceive that, in all things, the two combatants can be exactly equal, and whenever one has the least advantage of the other, if a fatal termination ensues, there must be murder, even according to the absurd code of modern honour. In either a moral or a religious point of view, the very idea of the thing is execrable. The author has written his book with a moral blindness that is truly pitiable, and if his conscience should ever be awakened to what he owes to his God and to his fellow-man, his repentance must be bitter, and we hope, that it will be sincere and accepted."

*The Blue Belles of England*—by *Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols.*—This is a novel by that powerful and truthful writer—*Mrs. Trollope*. It exemplifies some important principles in the morality of social life. Many lessons are thus incul-