

Stodart.—We are no great admirers of the poetry of Mr. Hogg, and of his prose still less; but both are much admired, and the American publisher has, in the pretty volume before us done justice, so far as good printing, good paper, and a neat getting up, are concerned, to the poetical effusion of this shepherd bard.

MR. TUCKERMAN'S SEMI-ANNUAL REPORTS OF HIS SERVICES AS A MINISTER AT LARGE IN BOSTON: N. Y. Phil. French.—Our readers cannot have forgotten some well written essays which appeared several months ago in this paper, commending to adoption in this city, the plan which had been so successfully prosecuted in Boston, of a *ministry at large for the poor*. It is to make known the fruits of that plan, that the publication now under notice has been issued here; and we cannot be wrong in saying, that whether on the score of Christianity, human kindness, or sound political economy, the plan detailed, in these reports, as in actual operation, is deserving of the serious attention of the public authorities, and of benevolent associations and individuals.

EVELINA, by Miss Burney; Harper's Library of Select Novels.—Few have not at some time read this charming novel with pleasure; and we confess that we have run over this reprint of an old favorite with something like the fondness that one recurs to a first love. The beautiful picture presented in the character of Evelina, of a young and artless mind expanding with a knowledge of the world, and yet preserving its ingenuousness and simplicity in a highly artificial state of society, has something refreshing in it when reverted to from scenes and characters like those of the Young Duke, and others of his class. There may be much, too, in the association which must always be present to the mind of the reader of this simple story,—that, as the authoress was but 17 when she wrote it, the delineation of a young female heart is more than probably drawn from the life, and that Miss Burney herself was the original. It is certainly almost incredible how so young a girl, leading a secluded country life, could attain the knowledge of the world which is here displayed; and yet, though the extreme youth of the author, and the consequent few opportunities she must have enjoyed of studying the manners of the day in which she wrote, may reasonably lead one to question the truth of her delineations of society, yet, the probability is, that they approach full as near to the reality as those pictures of "High Life," which, for the majority of readers, constitute the greatest charm of the modern novel.—There is, as we have more than once had occasion to observe in most of these assuming productions which affect such an intimate acquaintance with the manners and habits of living of the upper classes of England, so much extravagance and such a leaven of vulgarity in their views of society, that the most of them ought at once to be rejected as mere caricatures of what they pretend to describe. The eternal harping upon the necessity of eating fish with silver forks, and the impropriety of being seen to partake of cheese or porter, has something ludicrously amusing in it; but one becomes disgusted with a writer when he fills his pages with descriptions of the furniture and finery which surround and set off his characters, especially when he shews that the presence of this kind of trumpery upon the scene is essential, in his opinion, to its real elegance. And so, in the arrant puppies they make of their men of fashion, they do, as the Prince says in Cinderella, "libel gentility most grossly." We are rambling away from Evelina, by the bye, but it is useless at this day to criticise a book so well known, and therefore an excuse can hardly be necessary for indulging the vein. In condemning the unnatural character of most of the class of novels to which we have just alluded, the critic

should recollect that the class of society from which their materials are drawn is particularly unfavorable to the delineator of marked characters and strong feelings. Wherever, as is the case in England, wealth is abundant and the leisure to enjoy it is shared by many, a taste for elaborate trifling will spring up with the ennui consequent with ordinary minds upon a want of employment. In such communities, or rather we should say in such circles, the love of pleasure becomes the prevailing passion of every individual. Thought and feeling will be neither very deep nor enduring, for the strong exercise of the one is precluded by the variety of dissipation the mind has to employ it, and the heart can never be deeply interested when its vanity is continually stimulated. It by no means follows, however, that the understanding will remain unemployed, or the feelings become blunted. Fancy and quickness of parts will be constantly brought into play, conversation will be cultivated, as a talent, and those who talk will, from the necessity of speaking well in order to be listened to by those whose attention can only be arrested by what entertains, learn to speak to the purpose: and those who listen will be upon the alert to catch the ball and send it back to the best advantage when it falls to their turn. Illustration will take the place of argument, but what is lost in the solidity of observations will be gained by their immediate appropriateness, their brilliancy, and their variety. The most extravagant paradox will, indeed, be often received as real wit, but rapid prosing will never be received at all, and stupidity if bent upon prating will at least have to vent itself in monosyllables. The mind exercised in such a school will become generally, rather than well, informed, and its acquirements, though varied, almost entirely superficial. The effect upon duller understandings will evidently be to sharpen while it polishes them. But at the same time those of a higher order will be blended with the mass; talent will degenerate into mere cleverness, while bare mediocrity improves into respectability; and so with the heart, its more delicate perceptions will be called out and its last improved, its grosser feelings refined if not subdued, and many of its amiable characteristics heightened and rendered more serviceable to others. But its affections will become less fervid and disinterested; they will languish for aught to employ them, and finally lose themselves in trifling. We speak of a heart devoted to the life to which we allude; and of one thus enslaved, we may add that its own moral sense will soon be exchanged for the opinions of others, and its very principles be supplanted by the conventional forms which regulate their conduct. Its aversions will become moderated and its prejudices allayed; but its attachments and its predilections will be weakened in the same degree. The fear of ridicule and the habitual suppression of every thing like strong emotion, with the continually hearing generous sentiments treated with levity and grave subjects dismissed with a jest, accomplish this in a brief space of time. In short, it would seem that the soul cannot at the same time preserve its freedom of action and its relish of simple pleasures, while its movements are regulated by the whims of others, and its enjoyments are derived from a common stock of artificial excitement. If our premises are correct, there can then be no sphere of action more unfavorable to high intellectual development, or the display of those bold traits of character, which spring from strong passions and deep feeling, than what, in the broad sense of the term, is called "fashionable society;" and while we are persuaded that its allurements have snatched many a weak mind from grovelling pursuits, we are equally convinced, that they have sapped and ruined many a one, originally vigorous and aspiring. And yet, the ambition of "shining in society," of feeding the va-

nity of others, and banqueting upon their praise in return, is a weakness from which few, even of the most illustrious, have been exempt. Nay, those who have vanquished armies, and enthralled Senates with their voices, have been content to follow where nature never meant them to lead. The dicta of puppyism, the fiat of a fop, has frequently given genius as sharp a pang as the condemnation of the true arbiters of merit; and the same silly wish that actuates the thriving villager to be considered upon the other side of that indefinable line which marks out "the best society in the place," is often strong in the bosom of him whose fellows are the mighty dead, to be admitted to the companionship of those whom he must despise. We grieve to say it, but we do think, that the sorest feeling in Byron's bosom during the later years of his life, arose from the conviction of his having "lost caste;" in other words, being banished from the circles of which he was once the ornament in England. The fondness with which he dwells upon his former dandy celebrity, in his letters and conversations, with the evidences given of his smarting severely under the neglect of the fashionable world, lets us completely into this weakness of his eccentric character. Nor is this so remarkable in one in whom the love of personal notoriety was as strong as the love of a poet's fame. His self-love required continual stimulus; and while he knew that his works would, at some time, garner in the harvest of enduring celebrity, that his ambition would be amply gratified, he yet craved the immediate awards of praise, and pined for present food for his vanity. The Poet, second to but one in England's line, would not have been content with the fame of Shakspeare himself, upon the condition that it was to be posthumous.

At the day when Miss Burney wrote, the Despotism of Fashion, as it now exists in England, was almost unknown. It was not then necessary to live in Park lane or on Regent square to be considered among "the élite," and high breeding consisted more in an intimate knowledge and observance of the forms of society than in an acquaintance with the peculiar cut of a tailor, or a close attention to the last new tie of a cravat. The drama was in vogue, and while the acting of Garrick reflected upon the stage the manners of those whose privileged intimacy his talents and accomplishments commanded, the genteel comedy of the day was a salutary check upon extravagance and absurdity. Miss Burney describes with warmth the ease and vivacity of Garrick's manner, the grace of his motions, and the elegance of his attitudes, in playing a favorite character; and Garrick was the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" for many of his young contemporaries. Still there were many formalities in the old fashioned school that the modern has dispensed with to advantage. Lord Orville himself, the hero of the novel before us, is after all but a stick of a lover. He kisses his mistress' hand a dozen times a day; but that, the then usages of society almost enjoined as a duty. He allows his rival before his face to detain her person against the lady's will, and refrains from chastising Sir Clement's impertinence, because he has no right to assume the privilege of being her protector. He makes speeches too where he should whisper passion, and nearly loses the object of his wishes from the want of activity in the pursuit. This slow method of operation might have done well enough in those days when a gentleman had the same partner for a whole evening at a ball; but Lord Orville, in our time, would never, at the rate at which his suit progresses, have brought matters to a final hearing. How his prime genius would have been rebuked before that of the brick wooer, who now makes a declaration in one round of a waltz, and fixes the happy day in the next. As for Evelina herself, there are many as beautiful, as intelligent and as amiable to be met with; but as