

would necessarily take up from their connection with his subject. And when it is remembered that scores upon scores of names are mentioned in the work to which we have not even alluded, it may be imagined that it was no common labor to digest and arrange such an immense mass of personal material. In no instance does any thing like personal pique appear to have guided the author's pen. He has steered his way with a most singular and commendable discretion through what must have been a situation, to any man, of no common difficulty.

The work is printed in a bold and readable type, for which the publishers must be thanked, and is prefaced by a medallion portrait of Mr. BENNETT, by Mr. C. G. ROSENBERG.

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THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION: a Series of Letters from a Father to his Children: Describing the Natural History of Each Day's Mercies, etc. By W. G. RHIND. From the last London edition. In one volume: pp. 347. Philadelphia: PARRY AND McMILLAN. New-York: EDWARD P. RUDD, Number Eighteen, Ann-street.

WE predict that this excellent work will speedily pass to a second American edition; for well will it deserve such success. Its plan is succinctly set forth by the author. To render familiar to a child's mind the peculiar characteristics that marked the successive creation of each day, a series of designs are engraved, in which is given a faithful outline of the Mosaic record. Each engraving, after the first, takes up the record of the previous day; so that, while the first simply exhibits light beaming forth on the globe of waters, and the dark clouds which enshroud it rolling back; the second, in addition to this, represents the firmament (in which the birds of the fifth day flew, and which is evidently the same as the atmosphere) as surrounding the globe; while the third day, together with the light and atmosphere, represents the dry land rising up from the depths of the waters, and the three great orders of vegetation — trees, herbs, and grass — springing up on its surface: and so in the fourth, the sun is seen in his brightness beaming forth from the one part of the heavens, through the earth's atmosphere, on all the new-formed beauty of the third day, and sparkling on the deep, henceforth the great source of light; while, shining in the dark shades of night, the moon and the stars are beheld as gladdening the scene. The fifth, with all the blessings of the four previous days, represents the air and sea animate with life, the fowls flying in the open firmament of heaven, and the great whales and fish swimming in the deep; while in the sixth and last day, in addition to all that had gone before, are seen the quadrupeds, each in those countries where first known, and ADAM and EVE in that part of the earth where it was generally supposed was planted the Garden of Eden. In the engravings, from the third inclusive, the great divisions of the globe, as known subsequent to the flood, are preserved.

In the letters that accompany these ingenious and beautiful steel plates, the object is, in language adapted to childhood, to 'show the goodness and beneficence of God in each day's creation; then to explain the natural history of each day's mercies; and lastly, to point out, from Scripture examples, how continually the HOLY SPIRIT, through the WORD, uses the natural figures of creation to set forth divine truth.' Although in a work so purely

elementary, the subjects of science are not gone very deeply into, yet the general features of the earth's structure, the properties of light, the nature of our atmosphere, the great divisions of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; the size, position, and velocity of the heavenly bodies; the natural history of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds, are brought before the young reader in the plainest language; the author evidently understanding the fact that 'it needs all we know to make things plain.' He wisely lets geology alone, as being a subject too deep for young children. To increase the value and interest of the book, a large number of good wood-cuts, illustrating the subjects treated of, have been introduced by the American publishers. A father sitting at the breakfast-table, with his little family around him, who have read or heard the contents of this volume, might say: 'I wonder how many blessings of the six days' creation have lent their aid to supply our wants this morning?' and see the eyes of the little ones glisten with delight, while each, on the alert, seeks to make its answer: 'Light,' one of them replies: 'The sun,' the least, perhaps, calls: 'Our bread is made of wheat,' a third answers; while a little one whispers, sitting close by his father: 'And our sugar and our tea were made the same day as the wheat:' 'And the cow, which was created the last day, gives us milk and butter,' another replies. In this way, the goodness of God, the whole scene of the earth's beauty and the heavens' brightness may come to young minds filled with instruction. We gladly commend the work to a hearty acceptance at the hands of American readers.

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A MEMOIR OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH: with a Selection from his Writings. By his DAUGHTER, Lady HOLLAND. In two volumes: pp. 629. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE extraordinary success of these volumes in Great-Britain might well have been anticipated; and we cannot doubt that they are destined to run a similar career of popularity here. Indeed, at this moment, more than half their contents have transpired in the daily and weekly journals: so tempting are they for quotation, for their abundant satire, wit and humor. 'And the wit of SYDNEY SMITH,' says an admirable critic in the *British Quarterly Review*, 'was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity. Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for any thing slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden-haired PYRRHA, is always *simplex munditiis*. How genial and frolicsome must his railery have been — irradiating, never scathing — summer-lightning, indeed; always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride — something that could be offered up; at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares con-