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we are far from tracing even a remote resemblance between the labours of the two ladies. Miss Austin's novels are histories of the human heart, and in the more occasional parts, wonderfully exact analyses of character and disposition: whereas, in Mrs. Gore's books, we can see little more than a series of brilliant sketches, bordering occasionally on the caricature.

ART. X.—*History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy*. By Henry Wheaton. John Murray. 8vo. pp. 367. 1831.

IT has been said that Americans have no ancestry; and yet here is an American, with enough of Gothic blood and Gothic affection to induce him to enter into a field of research, which Englishmen have too much neglected. "Smit with the love of" Scandinavian story, and availing himself of his residence in a Scandinavian court, where its best sources were accessible to him, Mr. Wheaton has produced a volume which will give much information to others, and bring considerable renown to himself. We welcome the book as a most acceptable offering to literature, and the writer as worthy of "golden opinions." His style is correct and flowing—his knowledge extensive, if not always profound—of his industry, every page gives evidence; and the tone and temper of the volume are generous and benevolent throughout—dwelling with complacency on every thing that betokens goodness, gentleness, or genius; though, perhaps, he is sometimes a little dazzled and misled, while surrounded by those mists which hang over the events of a distant time—events which come down to us with many striking associations—a grand and imposing mythology—the records of historians rocked in the icy cradle of the ancient north—the songs of Skalds, which have in them the rudeness of an heroic, and the wildness of a romantic age; and above all, influenced by that undefined but sympathizing feeling, that the history is the history of our forefathers—the progenitors of our own blood—the history of one great branch, and that the most adventurous, of our renowned Gothic race.

The ancients asserted—and it was scarcely a fable, that Chronos had buried his treasures in the regions of the North. And strange it is, that they should have been so little sought for there. Strange it is, though we know full well whence came the Goths, the Angles and the Normans, that we should have done so little to track them back to their ancient abodes. Their fatherland is wrapped for us in a darkness nearly as thick as