

tionate advancement, is the more valuable, from the circumstance of its being the result of dispassionate enquiry on the part of a faithful and loyal subject of France, as well as an anxious well-wisher of the Canadian colonies.

“To judge of the two colonies by the way of life, behaviour, and speech of the inhabitants, nobody would hesitate to say that ours were the most flourishing. In New-England and the other provinces of the continent of America, subject to the British empire, there prevails an opulence which they are utterly at a loss how to use; and in New France a poverty hid by an air of being in easy circumstances, which seems not at all studied. Trade, and the cultivation of their plantations, strengthen the first, whereas the second is supported by the industry of its inhabitants, and the taste of the nation diffuses over it something infinitely pleasing. The English planter amasses wealth, and never makes any superfluous expence; the French inhabitant again enjoys what he has acquired, and often makes a parade of what he is not possessed of. That labours for his posterity; this again leaves his offspring involved in the same necessities he was in himself at his first setting out, and to extricate themselves as they can.”

It would be an easy task to multiply extracts, alike interesting and useful, upon almost any subject connected with these provinces; and more particularly relating to the fisheries on the coasts of the Lower Provinces, and in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, which M. De Charlevoix looks upon as more valuable than the mines of Golconda or Peru. The whole subject would, however, occupy too much space for our present number, and short extracts would not answer any good purpose. We therefore refer the reader to this interesting book, an edition of which, with notes explanatory of the changes which have since taken place, we should think, might be published for the benefit of the Canadian youth, with a fair chance of remuneration to any one who could be found patriotic enough to undertake the work.

#### WACOUSTA,—OR THE PROPHECY.

THERE appeared, some months ago, in a number of the provincial journals proposals for a republication of the novel of *Wacousta*. We scarcely doubted at the time that a sufficient number of purchasers would offer to render the undertaking safe, the more especially, as the work, independently of its thrilling interest, possesses the rare charm of being the production of a gentleman owning his nativity in this country. We have felt some surprise at seeing the advertisement gradually disappear without hearing that the work was in progress, a circumstance, we would fain believe, to be only owing to the state of danger and excitement into which the provinces have been thrown by the events of the last three months.

It is altogether unnecessary that we should enter upon the subject of the various excellencies of the work in question: it has already received many tributes of admiration from those whose applause ren-

ders our humble offering altogether superfluous; nevertheless we cannot thus revert to it without mentioning the very high esteem in which we hold it, deeming it fully worthy of its rank among the best novels of the day. It is true that we look upon the interest of the tale as too painfully intense, the reader being irresistibly borne on with the author, without a moment's breathing time in which the mind is relieved from its anxiety respecting the fate of the characters of the drama. This, however, will be considered by many, as only adding to the value of the book, affording, as it does, a never failing source of pleasurable excitement, when the reader would be relieved from graver studies which, being too assiduously followed, disease the mind as much as the want of exercise debilitates the body. The spoiled children of fortune, whose only business is pleasure, may command in it an inexhaustible fountain of enjoyment, and the general reader will find from its perusal, that no author has ever more efficiently attained one of the principal objects of a novel writer—the delightful employment of an idle hour—than the author of “*Wacousta*, or the Prophecy.”

We confidently hope, that as peace renders the public mind more easy, the plan of republishing *Wacousta* may be revived, and that ere the summer is far advanced, it will be found in every boudoir from the Atlantic to Lake Erie.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“*The Confided*,” from the pen of our respected correspondent, E. M. M. will be found, according to promise, occupying a prominent position in our preceding pages.

To the author of “*Josephina of Austria*,” we are much indebted. The “*Canadian Legend*,” from the same pen, will grace the leaves of the March number of the *Garland*.

“*DICK SPOT*” was received too late for our present number. We have not yet had time to give to it the consideration it merits.

“E.” will observe that we have availed ourselves of his amusing and well written “*Sketches of Paris*.”

“G. R.’s” favours are accumulating. We could only find space for the “*Thoughts suggested at the Sacrament*.”

“*LYDIA*,” “*MOSES*,” and “*ARGUS*,” are declined.

In accordance with our design of gathering the gems of Canadian literature, and enshrining them in the pages of the *Garland*, we have copied into our present number “*The Indian's Evening Song*.” In our January number we gave “*The Indian's Morning Song*,” of the same series, to the public. Both are beautiful compositions, but the *Evening Song* is our favourite of the two.