

## OUR TABLE.

TIME, THE AVENGER; BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES," "LETTICE ARNOLD," &c. &c.,

We confess, though with reluctance, that we like this book less than most of Mrs. Marsh's writings. It is certainly far inferior to "Emilia Wyndham" or "Norman's Bridge."

"The word dwelt with me and its inward light,  
By anguish aided, and adversity,  
Wrought in my heart an inward change entire."

This is the motto of the story; and the object of it is apparently to illustrate the operations of this "inward light," in the heart of the harshest and strangest of heroes. There is a marked resemblance between the Craiglethorpe of this book, and the Rochester of "*Jane Eyre*." Both characters are stern, selfish and unlovable. But Craiglethorpe has not even the few redeeming qualities of Rochester. His is a heart which never throbs with love or pity,—an intellect which never soars above the means of gaining gold or pleasure. The whole story is a continued retrospection of this man's life. In the opening pages, he is introduced as suddenly awakened from "the seeming, unsubstantial, futile shadows which had surrounded him, to truth, reason, reality,—to the perception of that truth, that substantial reality, which lies under these fleeting things." "He had been aroused—dead as he seemed to be—dead as to all appearance he utterly was—lost and buried under the secular, every-day, material habits of material life—he had been awakened—suddenly, violently, providentially, to the perception of a new life,—to the real new birth of another and a far superior man." This awakening—this arousing—springs from some internal prompting towards the good and true, mysteriously hinted at as a native element long dormant, but whose action, even in the end, is but imperfectly developed. To shew this action many columns are devoted—many periods elaborately rounded.

This style of writing, manifestly in imitation of Mr. G. P. R. James, is one which modern story tellers have delighted to adopt. But few, however, have attempted it successfully. The action of the human heart is very complicated and obscure; what superficial thinker can describe it!

We cannot appreciate the affection which the heroine is made to entertain for the repulsive hero. It has become fashionable to strain such incidents, but certainly it is not natural. Let the reader judge.

Having spoken thus severely, we, nevertheless, cannot close this brief notice without saying, that there are many things in "*TIME, THE AVENGER*," which go far to excuse its faults,—many beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. It will at all events repay a perusal. It is sold by Mr. Dawson.

### THE ANGEL WORLD.

This is the title of a new poem by Philip James Baily, the celebrated author of "*Festus*," a work greatly admired by many, and which has perhaps received from the critics and reviewers of the day, warmer and more unmixed commendation than the productions of any other modern author. For ourselves, though we admire its many sublime and exquisite passages, we do not like its machinery, nor the misty grandeur which envelopes much of it in hopeless darkness; and the "*Angel World*" is equally wanting in simplicity and clearness. Its rhyme is melodious, and its thoughts and style are often mystical and overwrought. Still it will gain many admirers, but never we think attain the celebrity of "*Festus*." The subject "*Redemption*" is a sublime and inspiring one—but what mortal pen could treat with the grandeur and dignity it merits a theme so vast and overwhelming—still the poem under notice contains many passages of singular beauty and abounds with the most gorgeous and striking images.

It is a work of undoubted genius, and a new proof of Mr. Baily's rich imagination, and lofty intellect, which will gain him thousands of admirers, and add another leaf to the already well deserved laurel which adorns his brows.

We have received a tale entitled, "*Autobiography of an Irish Earl, in the eighteenth century*," from the pen of M. A. S. a former contributor to *The Garland*, and a lady well known in the literary world. Some other articles of interest are on file, which will also appear next month.