

OUR TABLE.

SINGLETON FONTENOY, R. N., BY JAMES HANNAY, AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN ULTRAMARINE." NEW YORK: HARPER.

THIS book laid on our table several weeks before we thought ourselves sufficiently at leisure to peruse it. We can now only regret that period as time comparatively lost. SINGLETON FONTENOY is a peculiarly fascinating production. To say that it abounds with passages of great beauty, truthfulness and force, is not to do it justice. Our praise may, perhaps, seem exaggerated; but we express our opinion, nevertheless, that except by the ZANONI of Bulwer, and the CONTARINI FLEMING of D'Israeli, both works of a quite different style, no novel of more exquisite finish has for many years proceeded from the English press. "I have always thought," says Rousseau, "that the good is merely the beautiful called into action." * This truthful sentiment is a portion of the author's motto. By the most delicate delineation of character, and in the most flowing language, does he exhibit this identity of purity and grace. The hero is every thing a hero should be; making us laugh with him in his moments of glee, and grow grave when he meditates. And then, when was there a more charming Lalage, or a more hateful Helot? Were we ourselves to meet suddenly at the corner of a flowery lane so fair a student as did Singleton, we cannot affirm that our stoicism would prove more invulnerable than his. No wonder that

"The gorgeous vision seemed
To sate the air with beauty."

But we must not attempt to describe her second-hand.

Those parts of the story, where the scenes are laid on land, please us best, for we have never been enthusiastic in our admiration of naval prodigies. But probably in this, most of our readers are of a contrary disposition. At all events, we may safely enough predict, that not one of them will feel offended by the introduction we have given them; while few, if any, will object to the entire justice of our eulogium.

From the following extract which closes the book, it will be seen that the author leaves Singleton profitably engaged, and as happy as he ought to be.

"When you, marry, reader, spare yourself the

* "J'ai toujours cru que le bon n'était que le beau mis en action."

unhappy accompaniments of form and ostentation—women that giggle, and men that make speeches. Do as my hero did, and plight your troth before God, in a village church, at a simple altar, and with a humble pastor. Nature will be kind if you are kind to her, and mock her not with carriages and champagne; thou shalt have the Muses for thy bridesmaids, and thy "favors" shall be the violet and the rose!

"Here ends the story of Singleton Fontenoy. The last time I saw him, he was reading a "Latter Day Pamphlet."

"The Battle Summer," a work published a year or more since by Ik. Morrel, of whom we gave a short notice last month, has lately attracted our attention, and though of a different character from "Fresh Gleanings," it deserves as much, perhaps more praise than was bestowed on that beautiful volume. It is substantially an account of the French Revolution of 1848, and is a most authentic and impressive picture of that eventful summer in Paris. The scenes, of which the author was an eye-witness, are artistically painted, and dramatized after the style of Carlyle's French Revolution, yet with even more delicacy of taste and perception.

Every one must derive great pleasure from the perusal of the work; it is one too, which we think will live long beyond the ephemeral productions of the day, and which deserves, not only for its artistic excellence, but as a graphic picture of the *Battle Summer* in Paris, to descend to posterity. Like the former works of the same author, the book under notice has not yet found its way to the North, but may be had of the publishers, Baker & Scribner, New York, or at any of the book-stores of the city.

The reprint of the works of the American novelist, J. Fennimore Cooper, by G. P. Putnam, New York, has just closed with the publication of "The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas," are of the most fascinating of the series, which is now complete in twelve volumes. The author has done well to revise his works, as many of them bare marks of haste, which a calm review would correct. In his descriptions of Indian life and manners, Mr. Cooper is unrivalled; and the beauty and graphic truth of his sea scenes few have surpassed. Many of his works are truly fascinating, and they have all contributed to earn for him, on both sides of the Atlantic, a well deserved and enduring fame.