

This incident is a conversation between an old *Tory*, (Christine's father,) and an old *Patriot*, Leinartis—towards the close of which, the heroine (as any other saucy girl, spoiled by a boarding house, and rendered pert by republican notions, would do) interrupts the momentous discussion, by the following felicitous opinion, expressed too in the most feminine manner :

"Well I am sure," (we give it after the American style of speaking) rejoined Christine, "our forefathers toiled very much for us, on *this very farm*, and knew they should never live to reap the fruits of their labour; and it will be no great hardship, if we suffer the evils of war to make *our—those who come after us!!—free and independent!!!*"

The admirable manner in which the author makes the heroine avoid tautology may be seen with half an eye. But the crowning beauties of this speech, are, as they should be, reserved for the close. Imagine a young lady saying before two lovers "to make *our—those who come after us—free and independent.*" The author, if he meant anything, except to write a most abominably worthless novel, meant to show how very delicate—how superlatively modest—how refined, was his heroine. And in shewing this, after his own fashion, he "shews up" his "Yankee Notions" "pretty considerably," and shews also the truth of the description which English authors have given of American Society! Out of the mouth of that distinguished Literary Artist, John H. Maneur, we will prove Marryat and Haliburton to have been correct.

Every body remembers the laughable story told by Sam Slick, where Miss Jemima, wanting to tell Sam that her brother was a coxswain, evades that obnoxious cognomen by every possible subterfuge; and at length, rushing from the room, screams out "Roosterswain!" No one can forget that it has been veraciously asserted, that in the United States piano legs are dressed in pantalets, and that they, the legs, are called "limbs." So, our heroine Christine, formed upon this fashionable model, educated according to this unbending and beautiful code, could not utter the word: "*our Posterity!*" Oh! no! That would involve a great many things, of which, to be a true American heroine, Miss Christine must of course think. We may imagine Miss Christine to cogitate after this fashion, just as she is about to pronounce the word *posterity*: "My gracious me! what was I going to say? Our posterity! That would include my posterity. That would suppose that I was to be married, (which of course I don't think of;) and also that I should have children! horror! Can't I avoid that word? Yes! I have it: *our ———*

a pause for the above reflections, a simper, a blush, a half giggle, and then: "*our ——— those who come after us!*" So that with this mock modesty, where the subterfuge betrays the latent and immodest thought, we recognise at once that Mr. Maneur is a "faithful learner," as well as a "distinguished literary artist." Christine is a true Yankee heroine; none other could have been at once so silly, and so truly indelicate!

The next incident we wish we could give in the author's words; it is so *inexpressibly ludicrous!* But we borrowed the book to review it, and really we cannot afford a shilling, (the price of this work) for cutting up such a thing; nor would we, for ten guineas a sheet, be bound to copy out Mr. Maneur's sublime descriptions. We will tell it as briefly as we can.

Christine keeps slyly looking out into the garden, the while an animated political discussion is going forward: one of her lovers detects her, whereupon she smiles, and says she will go and gather him some pears, and rises for that purpose. The other lover rises, saying he will go and help her. Whereupon she unaccountably sits down, and in the most feminine manner says "one is enough;" whereupon Mr. Corlear, the second lover, thinking himself balked, sits down again, and the heroine, again changing her intention, goes out into the garden. She stays a good while. The ardent lover, Mr. Corlear, never seems to think of following her this time; the very time when, in pity for a lover, if we had been fool enough to write a novel, we would have made him follow her. But old bachelor Ramsay, the first lover, does follow her—finds her with a third lover, Captain Andrew Van-Horne, and in the act of eaves-dropping, falls over some elderberry bushes, and makes the heroine scream. Whereupon out runs the valiant and loving Corlear, who engages the redoubtable Van-Horne; who, be it known, is the hero. But before a fight can be got up, Christine throws herself into Van-Horne's arms, and Corlear, with "a sneer," calls him "corporal," and tells him he is well protected. Thereupon the father comes out, and the wind up of this beautiful chapter makes Van-Horne decamp with a piece of braggadocio; and Christine tells her father a lie to lull his suspicions. Beautiful incident; Mr. Maneur! still more beautiful morality! We think we begin to appreciate the *charms of your* writing. Mr. Maneur calls his heroine's falsehood "paraphrasing, as she dare not render literally," &c.

In the next chapter "Flatbush is hushed in the calm of midnight." "No sound is heard, save the occasional bark of mastiff, or shriller cry of the *feline tribe!*" The bell rings, Mr. Eneas Ramsay, in the guise of a ghost, tolls for the up-