

Were we to endeavour to extract the best of these "Melodies," in support of the correctness of our remarks, we should find it a somewhat difficult matter to decide on the relative beauties of each; but as we shall content ourselves with one taken almost at random from the book, the task will be much easier of accomplishment.

The following ode has already been extensively circulated here; but it is such both in spirit and expression as to bear republication well.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er.

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—

The volume is elegantly "got up," and embellished with a number of engravings; it is richly bound in morocco. A few copies are for sale at the bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW—TO BE DEVOTED TO THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF THE CANADAS.

THE Prospectus of a work under the above title has been for some time before us. It is to be under the management of a gentleman well known in the Canadian political world, Mr. Waudby; whose talents admirably fit him for the responsible situation he is about to fill. The *Review* is intended to be a correct record of the political history of the country, with such remarks and reflections as the events may naturally give birth to. A very extensive support is promised in the shape of contributions: and as the work will be under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, it has every prospect of being eminently successful.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE—BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPY."

WE are glad to learn from the American reviews, that Cooper is again in the field, and upon a subject in which his national prejudices will not be allowed to mar the effect of his splendid genius. The subject of this novel is the discovery of America, by Columbus, and the work is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. It has not yet reached "our table," so that we cannot enter upon its merits, but there cannot exist a doubt that the commendation bestowed upon it is eminently deserved.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE had lately the pleasure of examining, at the bookstores of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, a number of the finest engravings, we believe, ever imported into this country. These beautiful specimens of art are the work of many of the best artists in England, several of them being from the burin of Cousins, after paintings by Landseer, the design and execution of which it is impossible too highly to praise. The collection is altogether too extensive to be individually mentioned; but we cannot omit calling the attention of connoisseurs to the splendid prints of

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun;
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"