

written about her? Is she a real character of life, or a mere airy nothing, one of those historical myths whose existence, like that of King Sesostris, of the builders of the pyramids, or of the wolf who nursed the founder of Rome, can, by some modern Niebuhr, be made a legitimate subject of doubt or enquiry? Such were some of the grave and unanswerable questions which preplexed my mind, until the unfailing instrumentality of newspaper advertising brought to light an ample record of the life and times of the said heroine, to wit, a work in four volumes (probably the only copy in the city) presented as a gift to the Literary and Historical Society by a distinguished honorary member. This charming novel is written more in the classic style of *Clariassa Harlowe*, than with the sensational paraphernalia of *Sue* or *Dumas*. The gifted writer, *Frances Brooke*, dedicated her effusions to the then Governor General of Canada, *Lord Dorchester*, and also wrote another work entitled "*Lady Clara Mandeville*," which I have not had the good fortune to get hold of. The history of *Emily Montague* presents to the reader, together with a racy description of Canadian scenery, a most romantic account of colonial courtships, flirtations, &c. The reader is initiated into Quebec society as it existed in the good olden times: *Chateau* balls, military pic-nics, sleigh-drives to the ice cone at the falls, tommy-cod fishing in December on the river *St. Charles*, the breaking up of the ice bridge on the *St. Lawrence*, everything is most agreeably and graphically described;—what was said of Quebec in 1765 can be said of it in 1862. The whole work consists of a series of letters, a large portion of which have been written and dated from *Sillery*, near Quebec. This book must at one time have had a considerable circulation; every thing concerning Canada bears such a *couleur de rose* tint, that some wealthy families are said to have, in consequence, emigrated to Canada about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The most perfect character in the whole novel is, no doubt, that of the heroine and her friend *Colonel Rivers*, "her dear *Rivers*," but the most attractive, in my opinion, is that of her friend *Bella Fermor*, a good natured and *adorable coquette*, who eventually succumbs to a severe attack of *scarlet* fever, and marries a tall lieutenant. Listen to the charming creature describing a ball in Quebec in 1765: "We sweep into the General's assembly on Thursdays with such a train of beaux as draws every eye upon us; the rest of the fellows crowd round us; the misses draw up, blush, and flutter their fans, and your little *Bella* sits down with such a saucy, impertinent consciousness in her countenance as is really provoking: *Emily* on the contrary looks mild