

We cannot but say that the work before us will stamp its author as a gentleman of extensive reading, culture and taste, and bears evidence of being well and carefully prepared. His style is admirable, and cannot be too highly recommended. His language is correct, chaste and eloquent, and his taste so perfect as to lead him to reject all superfluous images, whilst his vivid imagination transports the reader to scenes of a bygone age. We seem in fancy to dwell among the dark children of the forest by the misty shores of the Basin of Minas, and to hear the guns from the fortress of Louisbourg booming in our ears. The story is founded upon scenes connected with the siege of that famous little city, once, as the author terms it, the Gibraltar of the Gallic power in America. His characters, which occupy no great prominence in the recital of the narrative, are drawn with skill and distinctness, and would lead one to expect for him great success in this department of literature. But the great charm of the book is the graphic descriptions he has given us of its various scenes, and the intense love of Nature which seems to pervade the heart of the writer. In this respect it bears a strong resemblance to some of the earlier writings of Cooper. In his own eloquent language he says, "He has tried to tell this story as it should be told, in words redolent with the resinous fragrance of the forest air; passionate as the lives and characters of the races they strive to portray; musical with the ripple of waves, the swaying of boughs, the rush of the gliding canoe, the many sounds of the forest, terrible and solemn, with the strong passions of mortals, the strife of warring men and raging elements, the mystery of the soul's existence after death." We wish to see more works of this kind, blending fiction with fact, concerning the early history of our country. The petty strifes arising from the subjugation of it from the power of the French, the labors of the Jesuits among the Indians, and the strong, ungovernable passions of the latter, must afford materials for much historic and instructive composition.

**PAPETA**; a Story, abridged and arranged from the Diary and Private papers of Mr. Eugene Murat; by James Murray D'Carteret Odévaine. St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

To many minds there is no kind of composition so attractive and fascinating as a good novel. To depict the manners and customs of society, and portray in language eloquent and pure, the various phases of human character, its prejudices, interests and passions, to construct a plot and describe scenes that will startle and please the reader, requires no inconsiderable degree of art, ability and skill. The style of the novel bears some resemblance to that of the drama. In the success of the former mere word painting does not suffice. There must be that happy blending of the dramatic and picturesque which will give to each

character a distinct individuality. It is this characteristic feature so highly observed in the writings of Dickens and Scott, that gives to them so great a preeminence in this department of literature. We think that this power to portray character and scenes in a style natural and life-like, so that the imagination can see as with the eye of reality, is one of the highest triumphs of genius and art. It is this dramatic element in the book before us which so highly commends it to our notice. It is not our purpose here to enter into any detail concerning the plot of this work, but merely to commend it to the notice of our readers. When we think of the boldness of the attempt in publishing a work of its kind in a city like ours, where so little fame or pecuniary profit is to be derived, we cannot but award him some meed of praise. The writer is evidently a person of culture and refinement, but one, we think, whose taste has been vitiated by too close a study of the romantic school of fiction, and it is, we venture to think, to the light and entertaining works of the French novelists, that we must look for a counterpart to this volume. It is a capital book for summer reading, as the style is peculiarly epigrammatic and would be read with pleasure at the sea side or in the country. The writer might have enlarged his work by a more skilful delineation of the scenes connected with the story, thus giving his readers some evidence of his powers of description, but as it is founded upon fact he has preferred the autobiographical form. In this we think he was in error. He should have adhered to the original intention of embodying his scenes into the form of a romance, which would make the work more pleasing and interesting, and would thus afford him an opportunity to display his knowledge of character and power as a writer to the best advantage. Had he adopted this method, we venture to say, judging from the dramatic element in the work, his copious flow of language and vivid imaginative power, it would have given its author a just and enduring reputation.

**THE NEW DOMINION**: a Poem, by W. R. M. Burtis, St. John.—J. & A. McMillan:—

It would be well if all that is written as poetry could serve a purpose, and give an author that share of celebrity for which he sighs. But, unfortunately, there are those who publish, whose rhymes do not rise above mediocrity, and which seem so puerile and rapid that the writers are often under a compliment to those who take time to peruse them. We think the author of the poem now before us may be numbered with the list of those aspirants for poetical honours, who seek to exalt a *principle* at the sacrifice of all rules which govern metrical composition. Genius is the eye that sees, but art guides the hand of the writer. Unfortunately, in the work now on our table, there is manifest evidence of neither the ability to conceive thoughts that the public can admire, nor