

OUR TABLE

THE OLD COMMODORE—BY E. HOWARD, AUTHOR OF RATTLIN THE REEFER.

THIS is a capital story, and would have been better had the author not mixed up with it quite so many addresses to his readers, about such trivial matters, for instance, as the substitution of one word for another, or his reasons for not having done so.

There is also another error, which he frequently falls into, arising from the same cause, "egotism," viz: that of quoting passages from his own history, and interweaving them with the text, instead of appending them as notes. But while we object to the mode of introducing them, it must not be inferred that we are quarrelling with the passages themselves. On the contrary, they constitute some of the most interesting episodes in the whole book, and are always most pertinently illustrative of the matter that has elicited them.

We had selected a quotation which we intended not only as an illustration of the truth of the last remark, but as a specimen of the author's style and manner; but our stubborn matter-of-fact printer, on laying his graduated rule upon it, tells us he has not room for it. "What a pity!" we exclaimed. "And the best ghost story we have ever read!" We will try and find room for it in our next.

THE CONVICT—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

WE need not say more of a work from the prolific pen of this versatile and talented writer, than that it more than sustains the high reputation he had already acquired. It is, we hesitate not to say, if not the best, one of the best of his tales.

It is for sale, as well as the Old Commodore, and the work noticed below, at R. & C. Chalmers', Great St. James Street.

BRIAN O'LINN; OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING—BY MAXWELL.

THIS work we have not had time to read, and therefore can only speak of it from hearsay. If, upon better acquaintance with it, we find it worthy of the encomiums it has received, we shall probably advert to it again. But we fear that the field he has chosen for his labours has, of late, been rather over-cropped. One certainly may have too much of a good thing—of Irish stories for example, as well as of "Tales of the Sea." The rage for both, we think, is waning fast.

KITTY'S RELATIONS.

THIS is a very amusing story, and would have been a much more interesting one had the characters of the would-be-ladies been cast in a mould a degree or two less vulgar. Here, by the way, is a capital hint for some of our literary readers, if they would but take it. What a glorious tale of "truth stranger than fiction," might be told. The little world around is teeming full of rich materials for it.

Tacked to the tale of "Kitty's Relations," are some trifling "bread and butter" stories, to make up, we suppose, the "quarter's" worth of reading.

BODY THE ROVER—BY CARLETON.

WE have been so crowded with contributions, and so urgently pressed to admit them, that we have hardly standing room left for Our Table, much less for any wide display of the works upon it.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that the work before us is well worth reading, and that indeed is saying more than can be said of many now-a-days.

This and Kitty's Relations are to be had of Mr. McCoy, Great St. James Street.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of the January number of the Victoria Magazine. Its first article, "The Lost Boy," is a perfect gem. It is written in a chastely correct style; the incidents are graphically described. It is a tale truly of thrilling interest and surpassing beauty, and we pity the man that "marries the maid" that reads the tale without a tear.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS; OR, THE RAID OF GOMEZ—A TALE OF THE CARLIST WAR.

THE author is a Captain of the 33rd Regiment.

The tale is well told, and highly interesting, inasmuch as it is so graphically descriptive of the manners, habits and customs of the Spaniards, not only during the late civil wars, when the peculiar national traits in the character of that romantic people were strikingly exhibited, but during the whole of their eventful history since the expulsion of the Moors.

OUR Table is loaded with other works, a notice of which we must reserve for our next issue.