

and except that Newton was aspirated at the assurance of Donald Grey, who, in the exuberance of his honest joy, ventured to salute her and put her best cap awry—not a cloud was to be seen, or a brow ruffled, when the merry bells rang and the bonfires blazed on the heath for miles around, in honour of the return of Lord De Melfort and his lovely Countess, to Woodland Manor.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FAITHFUL HEART THAT LOVES THEE STILL.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

I kneel beside the cold grey stone,
That tells me, dearest, thou art gone,
To realms more bless'd—and left me still,
To struggle with this world of ill—
But oft from out the silent mound,
Delusive fancy breathes a sound,
My pent up heart within me burns,
And all the blessed past returns,—
Thy form is present to mine eye,
Thy voice is whispering in mine ear,
The love which spake in days gone by,
And rapture checks the starting tear ;
Thy deathless spirit wakes to fill,
The faithful heart that loves thee still.

For thee, the day's bright glow is o'er,
And summer's roses bloom no more ;
The song of birds in twilight bowers ;
The breath of spring's delicious flowers,
The towering wood, and mountain height ;
The glorious pageantry of night ;
Which filled my soul with musings high,
And lighted up thy speaking eye ;
The music of the mournful wave,
Can never reach thy lonely grave.
Thou dost but sleep—it cannot be,

Thy ardent heart is silent now,
That death's dark door has closed on thee,
And made thee cold to all below ?

Ah, no,—the flame death could not chill,
Thy tender love survives thee still.

That love within my breast enshrined,
In death alone shall be resigned ;
And when the eve thou lov'st so well,
Pours on my mind its soothing spell,
I leave the city's busy scene,
To seek thy dwelling cold and green ;
In quiet sadness, here to shed,
Loves sacred tribute o'er the dead,—
To dream again of days gone by,
And hold sweet converse here with thee ;
In the soft air to feel thy sigh,

Whilst winds and waters answer me—
Yes—though resign'd to heaven's high will,
My joy shall be to love thee still.
Belleville.

(ORIGINAL.)

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

INTRODUCTORY.

"No private grudge they need ; no personal spite,
The *viva sectio* is its own delight !
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim.
Disinterested thieves of our good name,
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbour's fame."
Culveridge.

SUCH is the character given to Reviewers by the poet-philosopher. It is true only in part, and of a few, and was meant to be so restricted, else, like all general censures, it would have been unjust. It was applicable to the literary critics of the time in which it was written, more than to their more modern successors, for, fortunately for the public, regular "cut and slash" articles are disappearing from the Reviews of the day, and will become more and more rare as the true principles of criticism are better understood. There will always, however, be scope for the legitimate exercise of the lash, as long as ignorance and vanity shall find vent through the press ; books of doubtful moral tendency, or those designed to pander to the vicious appetites of the many, will always offer a fair mark to the reviewer, whose pen is dipped in gall. In such cases severity is a virtue, and he that can scourge the guilty into a proper respect for honour and decency, is a public benefactor. The misfortune is that political and party feelings are too often allowed to warp the judgment of the reviewer ; and this, not merely on political subjects, but on those also which are purely literary. When this is the case, when an author is praised or condemned, merely or principally, because he is or is not one of a particular party, the injury is immense. The reader is not so much on his guard against misrepresentation, because he has no ground for mixing party considerations with subjects purely literary or scientific, hence there is no antidote provided against the poison, no allowance made for party heat. How many bright geniuses have been driven to despair by criticism thus foully perverted, it is impossible to say ; the arrow may have rankled unseen in many a sensitive heart, till the strings of life were dissolved, and the "mute inglorious Milton," sunk broken hearted to his long home. There has been less of this unjust partial criticism in the English Reviews of late years, than was formerly ; merit is now more sure to be hailed and acknowledged, perhaps, because now-a-days merit may not be so common as of old. But whatever be the reason of the improved tone of these periodicals, it is a change which cannot but be hailed as an omen of much good. Literature ought never to be sacrificed to political feelings. Her flowery arbours, her quiet valleys, and wide spreading uplands, should rather be the common ground where men of all parties may meet as