

It is a curious and a melancholy fact that anything peculiar to this transatlantic country, must, some how or other, as if there were some fatal necessity for the error, be grossly misrepresented at Home. We allude to an engraving, in this work, of the Ear of Indian Corn, as well as to the representation of the plant itself. The former has a tassel, like the tail of a wild colt, branching out from its apex, while the latter is adorned with all but naked specimens of the rich golden ear, gorgeously tasselled like its fellow, and half a yard in length.

The publisher will understand our strictures, when we say that the plant ought to be eight feet in height, and the ear, without a tassel, as many inches long. *Verbum sat.*

No! no such thing! This is a trifle,—a mere nothing, and so is the thistle down,—barring the baneful seed it bears, when wafted o'er the fence that separates the sluggard's field from that of careful industry—it shews the way the wind blows; and well would it be if it did nothing more. And so it is with these absurd misrepresentations. They are simply the manifestations of determined and persevering error.

We have had the high and the exquisite satisfaction of seeing some well executed engravings, from drawings on the spot, from the graphic pencil of a noble lord, published in England, and in royal quarto form, representing the burning of St. Eustache, during the battle fought there in 1837, in which every steep-roofed Canadian house is adorned with half a dozen chimney pots, as large as life,—a thing they never saw, these poor rebellious Canadians! and never will, the longest day they have to live.

The truth is, and, as we said before, it is a melancholy truth, they will not,—they cannot understand us. They do not even know how to delineate a corn-stalk. They take their cue from some one who has been in Canada, and travelled through it, from Quebec to Amherstburg; an Officer, perhaps, of some three years residence in the country, but who in fact has not seen it—he has seen the towns—but the country never,—never saw a corn-field in his life, and never would, if he had stayed in it three times three years more.

This, we hesitate not to say again, is a trifle, a mere trifle not worth the mentioning, were it not for the important results arising out of it. And what have been these results?—Why, the dismemberment of the Empire—the wars of the French revolution—and the hundreds of millions of increase to the national debt—and all because

the people in England will not understand the height of a common corn-stalk!!

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THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.—PUBLISHED BY MR. JAMES POTTS, ST. GABRIEL STREET.

We have to thank the publisher for the January number, being No. 1, of Vol. 2, of this periodical. The work is highly creditable to the parties under whose superintendence it is issued.

The *Record*, as its title signifies, is a Monthly Magazine devoted to the interests of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in British North America. We believe it is the only periodical of the kind, published in this country. The present number, in addition to several papers of merit, contains the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, recently established in this City. A very fair engraved portrait of W. M. B. Hartley, Esq., Past Grand Sire, embellishes the number. "The Odd Fellows," an association for benevolent purposes, has become so respectable and so numerous as to leave little doubt but that this promising work will remunerate the publisher. We cordially wish the *Record* every success.

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We have seen lately one of the most beautiful specimens of typography, which the press has ever produced. It is the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, printed in various colours, with Initial letters, Borders, and designs of the most elegant invention and brilliant execution, and really presenting a *tout ensemble* of exceeding beauty. It is from the press of John Murray, of London, who seems to have brought the whole of the genius, skill and talent of the Metropolis to bear upon the work. We have no doubt whatever that the enterprise which conceived and carried through this magnificent work will be duly appreciated and rewarded. Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers have a few copies of the book for sale, and really it is a gem which any person of taste, and who has the means of purchasing, may be proud to possess.

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THERE are some other works craving our notice, among which, not the least deserving are the "Eclectic" and "Horticultural" Magazines. We are obliged to say, that to do them justice, we must be permitted to allow them to lie over until our next number. We have no hesitation, however, in the meantime, to recommend them to the favorable notice of our readers. R. & A. Miller, Booksellers, are Agents for these works.