

Nor Autumn less, with his resplendent skies,
And drooping fruits, and wealth of golden grain,
And mists and storms, and that last pomp of dyes,
That beauty o'er the woods flings ever as she flies.

And welcome art thou, melancholy time,
That now surround'st my dwelling—with the sound
Of winds that rush in darkness—the sublime
Roar of drear woods—hail that doth lightly bound,
Of rains that dash, or snows that spread the ground
With purity and stillness;—at their call
Bright flings the fire its fairy summer round,
And the lamp lights the volume-trophied wall;
Thought is once more enthroned—the Spirit in her hall.

Welcome! right welcome feelings warm and rich!
Welcome! right welcome, ye rejoicing crowd
Of fancies each unto its winter niche
That homeward flee from frost and storm-wind loud.
Oh! be it mine amid your circle proud
To sit, as sits the watchman at his ease
Within the Beacon-tower—like him allowed
Not myself only with your glow to please,
But spread your guiding beams o'er life's tempestuous seas.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
LORD METCALFE. BY J. W. KAYE.
London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

We need hardly remind our readers that this does not profess to be a political periodical. With the daily strife of parties, their coalitions or disruptions, their criminations or recriminations, their tricks or tactics (terms sometimes perhaps synonymous) we do not occupy ourselves; but when any portion of the local politics of this Province become matters of history and are dealt with as such, by being sent forth to the world, not in the fleeting garb of a daily or weekly newspaper, but in the substantial form of two solid octavo volumes, not only does the principal motive for our abstinence from politics cease but it belongs properly to our literary character to notice such a work as the one whose title heads this article.

We are of the number of those whose years have fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf" and during many of those years our time has been passed to no small extent in reading everything worth reading (and we fear a great deal not worth it) which came in our way. We have had our share of travel, of seeing, and now and then knowing men of mark and weight in other countries besides this Canada of ours, and we have so far mixed with public events that if we may not say "*quorum pars magna fuimus*" we may assert "*quorum partem magnam vidimus*," and if there has been one thing more than another which has made us cease to be of the number of those "who listen with credulity" to the tale of the traveller or the narrative of

the historian, it is, that when we read of things which we have seen and of individuals whom we have known, some of them intimately enough, we find our own observation, knowledge and experience so frequently at variance with what others write as that which they have seen, or have gathered and put together. Such discrepancies when they occur frequently, even in minor matters, shake our confidence in the care with which the writer has pursued his inquiries; if they occur in affairs of great moment, they add, to a belief of want of accurate inquiry, a suspicion of partiality warping the judgment if not producing a disregard to rigid truth. And upon ourselves at least, and perhaps upon many others the effect has been produced that however interesting a book may be in style or subject, we dare not and do not resign ourselves to the conduct of the author but examine his facts for ourselves, comparing them with such reliable information as we have at command, and endeavouring to assign to each its proper value before we finally adopt them as a sound basis for the author's conclusions.

It would not be difficult to refer to many recent publications in support and illustration of these remarks. It is sufficient for our purpose to remind our readers of a very late review of Lord Campbell's lives of Sir Christopher Hatton and of Lord Bacon.

When we read the title page of this work and found that it professed to be compiled "from unpublished letters and journals preserved by himself, his family and his friends," together with the preface we indulged in the hope that a work founded upon such sources would leave us little to do in regard to the facts, whatever view we might take of the author's conclusions, and consequently we read more than three fourths of the work with faith in the author's means of knowledge, in his diligence in obtaining it, and in his accuracy in setting it down. At length we came to Canada, and a few pages made us wonder that in matters, in which it was so easy to have been right, the author should have been so often wrong, and still more that when the author departed, as it is plain he must have done, from the sources of information referred to in the title page, he did not inquire from authentic sources, as to numerous particulars regarding men and things of which he has written. One inevitable consequence of the errors into which he has fallen is, that in this country, where conflicting political parties differ widely in their judgment