

mighty genius, he should turn his attention to a wider, and more extended, and less trodden field of romance.

This he has indeed done, and in a manner, too, so satisfactory to us, that we are compelled to admit that he has not yet written himself "out."

In the new and comparatively untrodden field, upon which he has now entered, he has been, as we shall have occasion to shew, in our notice of his next work, most signally successful. But before we begin to make any remarks upon the new and glorious career he has commenced, we should hold ourselves liable to the imputation of injustice, if we did not, in the strongest terms, recommend not only the work before us, but the whole of his voluminous writings to the favourable consideration of our readers.

We do this considerably and deliberately, notwithstanding there are a few expressions in his works that are decidedly un-English, and stick in our throats.

Our author is so great a favorite with us that we will mention but one instance out of many that we would adduce to prove our assertion.

He says, for instance, "He was punished therefor."

Such expressions are common to many, if not to all, American authors; but so long as they pretend to write in the English language, a prescriptive right can never be pleaded in extenuation of such errors. It is, and must be, discreditable to those who use them, as exhibiting a proof of ignorance of the idiomatic peculiarities of their mother tongue.

There are many other errors, of a gross and egregious character, which we do not notice, because we know not whether to attribute them to the author or to the printer. Both, we suspect, are to blame.

XARIFFA; OR THE TRIUMPH OF LOYALTY; BY
J. H. INGRAM.

This is the work to which we have already, by implication at least, so favourably referred; the new and comparatively untrodden soil upon which our favourite author—and he is a favourite with us—has entered.

The scene is in Spain. The time, the interesting and romantic period of its history, when her energies were roused—when she rose in her might to throw off the Moslem yoke, under which she suffered and groaned for more than a quarter of a century.

It is a beautiful—a splendid tale; but why called "Xariffa" we are at a loss to comprehend.

She is certainly one of the most subordinate characters in the whole of the dramatis personæ.

Her marriage with the Caliph, and her fearful death, are incidents equally unmeaning and unnatural, as abhorrent to our feelings.

The tale, however, is one of deep and thrilling interest; and, although concluded rather too summarily, we cannot but recommend it to the most favorable consideration of our readers.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE; EDITED BY MR. AND
MRS. MOODIE.

This is a new monthly periodical; the number now before us being the first. We wish it, cordially and sincerely, all the success its projectors can anticipate, and "e'en a little more;" that is to say, our wishes exceed our hopes and expectations: and yet, from the high and enviable position in which the talented editors stand in the estimation of the reading public, not only in these colonies but in the Mother Country, the case might be reversed, and our expectations might at least be equal to our hopes. Both of the Editors have been contributors to our own Magazine, and Mrs. Moodie, in particular, year after year, since the Garland was commenced, has lent the valuable aid of her vigorous mind and pen, to charm the Canadian reader. For us to speak of the Editors, and of what may be expected from them, would therefore be superfluous. For ourselves, we anticipate a welcome visitor in the Victoria Magazine, and we hope the pleasure we expect from it, will be sought for and shared by many.

In the first number, which is now before us, there are many pleasant articles and tales, from one of which—a visit to Grosse Isle, written by Mrs. Moodie—we make an extract, not as a specimen of the style, for of that there is no need, but because it is an eloquent description of a lovely spectacle, if the eye could dwell upon it, and the looker-on cease to think of the terrible misery of which the chief feature in the scene has been the theatre.

"The dreadful Cholera was depopulating Quebec and Montreal, when our ship cast anchor off Grosse Isle, on the 30th August, 1832; and we were boarded a few minutes after by the health officers.

* * * * *
The next day all was confusion and bustle on board our vessel. I watched boat after boat depart for the shore, full of people and goods, and envied them the glorious privilege of once more treading their native earth. How ardently we anticipate pleasure, which in the end proves positive pain; such was my case, when indulged in the gratification I so eagerly desired. As cabin passengers, we were not involved in the