

began to fall, Manhatti anxiously expected his return; and a short time after, hearing the howling of wolves and the repeated discharge of fire arms, he felt sure that none else than the Broad Rifle could be defending himself against the attacks of those animals; whereupon they hastened to his rescue—guided by the cries of the wolves; but which suddenly ceased, and for some time they were at a loss in what way to proceed. They waited for a repetition of his fire to direct them to the spot, and were becoming alarmed for his safety, at the protracted silence, when, again, the cries of the wolves resounded through the forest. Pressing forward, they soon caught sight of the fire glimmering through the trees on their right, and saw his wild assailants darting across the light, when they fired a volley, and rushed in as already mentioned.

The reader will not be displeased with one other extract, descriptive of the advent of a Canadian Spring:—

Spring came—there is a delightful sound in the word—it conveys something pleasant and new to the ear. Spring appeared, and how welcome it is after passing through a long and tedious winter, which ever presenting the same solitary picture of snow-covered hills, bleak extended plains, or ice bound rivers, is gladly forgotten, to view with pleasure the budding trees, the shooting grass, or the creeping vine. Spring came, and with it the song of the thrush, the chirp of the robin and the chipmunk, the twitter of the black-bird and the hoarse cawing of the rook. Spring came, and the snipe appeared near the streams—the quail strutted over the plains—the plovers winged themselves over the valleys, and the red topped woodpecker glided up the trees—piercing the bark with its long bill in noisy clamor. Spring came, and the pigeons darkened the sky, and burdened the forest with their numbers; the ducks floated tranquilly in the rivers, the geese lifted their white bosoms to the breeze, and the cranes rose occasionally from their swampy retreats—floating lazily over the waving rushes. Spring came, and the country answered once more to the signs of life. The hardy trapper went abroad for his game, the hunter shouldered his rifle, the fisher threw out his lines, and voyageurs commenced their journeys for the upper lakes. Snow and ice still lingered along the shore of the lake and river, but as the sun came out warm and bright day after day, coaxing on balmy breezes, it quickly vanished. Spring came, and all hearts seemed lighter, and faces brighter; the laugh was gayer and the voice was merrier. Spring came, and the blue waves of Ontario danced to the glance of the sun and the caress of the breeze. The rivulets trickled from the mountains; the rivers burst from their bonds—their fountains broke loose—their sources poured forth their abundance—they appeared to have acquired fresh strength during their long sleep of the winter to add velocity to its rolling waters, or to lift its swift caress to the grassy margin of its boundary. Spring came, and numerous flowers covered the ground with their blooming buds; they grew in the forest among the tallest trees; they contrasted their blush with the greenest fresh vine; they matched themselves in the lowest fern, and sprinkled the crisp moss with their

beauty. Spring came, and the Huron girls raised their songs to honor its advent, as they hastened from tent to tent, while the Indians covered the bay with their canoes.

We cannot, in justice to the author, omit our censure of the extreme carelessness with which the book is got up. To say nothing of the typography and paper, it is inexcusable that the eye should be fretted with orthographical errors by hundreds, and grammatical inaccuracies by scores. Scarcely a single page is harmless in these respects.

It is to be presumed that in his next edition—for that the present edition will shortly disappear, the high merits of the work leave us no room to doubt—the author will see the necessity of a careful revision. The pages which appear under the title of the "Introductory Scene" might—we will be pardoned the suggestion—with very great advantage, be omitted. The style and tenor in these colloquies are scarcely in keeping with the work itself. In spite of these drawbacks, which, in the case of one aspiring to literary honors, and capable of winning them too, are too important to be overlooked, we commend the *Last of the Eries* to our readers as a well written and interesting production.

WE found upon our table the other day "Cosmos," the latest production of the celebrated "Baron Humboldt," the "old man eloquent," who, though long past the four score years, "when the grasshopper becomes a burden," is still the centre of a brilliant circle of the most scientific men in the world; and this work, his latest production, has all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. Its name is Greek, signifying both "Beauty," and the "Universe," and it gives a good idea of the subjects it embraces. It does indeed paint the loveliness and power of God's creation; it presents, as in a magic mirror, a succession of wonders; giving the philosophy of the material universe, as far as it is understood; unfolding the mysteries of the heavens, and the physical geography of this earth, which should possess such an interest for all minds, and cannot be studied without enlarging and expanding the intellect, and imparting higher perceptions of the power and majesty of the Divine creation.

We have not room for a more extended notice of this delightful work, but close with recommending its perusal to all who have the desire and taste to enjoy it; assuring them they will find its pages full of thought and instruction, more fascinating than those of the most brilliant novelists of this or any former day.