

OUR TABLE.

WE are glad to learn that Major Richardson, (who, by the way, is the author of "A trip to Port Sarnia and Walpole Island," published in our January number,) obtained, during that trip, materials for three new novels, on one of which he is now engaged. We have not been fortunate enough to get a sight of it; but a gentleman on whose judgment we can rely, has given us the following opinion of it:—

"It exhibits," said he, "as far as it has proceeded, the same merits as have assigned to "Wacousta," so high a rank in its class, and would, perhaps, have assigned to it the very highest, had it been laid aside long enough, after its completion, to allow the ardor of composition to cool, and deliberate revision to correct and refine. There is in it, the same vivid description of wild scenery, the same happy delineation of individual character, the same ingenious, yet easy evolution of incident, and the same artistical combination of events, to produce the thrilling climax. But the author holds his genius more "in hand,"—withholds, with a firmer wrist, his imagination from passing beyond the sublime—and has paid more critical attention to the dialogue. From the commencement, there is a gradually increasing, but wholly unforced interest, which never relaxes, except where familiar dialogues, appropriately introduced, serve to lighten by contrast, a succeeding crisis—and which occasionally dilates into breathless intensity. Although, however, it is in the same style as the novel I have mentioned, the similarity does not detract from its originality. There are, indeed, Indians, soldiers, and forest scenery; but the locality, the actors and the actions, are widely different, and the readers of the one may take up the other, without apprehension of diminished enjoyment. The time is laid shortly after the commencement of the American War, and the scene in a part of the United States, not very distant from our frontier. I know not, of course, how the work will be carried through, for Major Richardson is one of those authors who, silk-worm like, lay no frame, but spin from their heads as they proceed; but, judging from that part of it which I have seen, and from the author's previous performances, it ought, I think, to produce "a sensation," and to assume a place in the first rank of that department of imaginative literature.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.
This is the seventh volume of the complete Edition of the works of the eminent American Novelist, now in course of publication by the Putnams of New York. It is of course unnecessary to speak of its merits, with which all readers are familiar. The Edition is very neatly printed, and being for sale at a reasonable price, the admirers of Geoffrey Crayon may obtain for their libraries a handsome ornament, and for themselves, an unfailling source of literary enjoyment.

THE CAXTONS.

THIS work has been attributed to Bulwer. It originally appeared anonymously in "Black-wood," where it attracted much attention. It has now, it is generally believed, been acknowledged by the great novelist, in whose name it has been published separately. It is of course a very popular work, and will be extensively read.

SINGULAR CALCULATION.

THE events of the last twelve months in Continental Europe, and the almost universal anarchy which has prevailed, have given importance to a curious prophecy made in 1828 by a Mr. Finlaison, a gentleman who, as Government Actuary, has had much acquaintance with nice and scientific calculation. We quote from the *London Globe*:—

At a meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, held a few days since, Mr. Nelson referred to a prophecy made in 1829, by their newly-elected President, Mr. Finlaison. Many years ago their President prophesied that in 1848 the whole of Europe would be in a state of commotion. He need not tell them how fully his prophecy had been verified. Mr. Finlaison, in reference to this, said, "he had no wish to be considered a prophet, but the circumstances actually took place. He merely arrived at the opinion he had given by calculation, in a Committee which had sat in 1829, on the subject of friendly societies, before whom he was examined as to the probable rates of interest on an average of many years thenceforth.—He (the President) answered that the rate, on a medium of peace and war, would range at 4 per cent; on which Lord Althorp asked, if he allowed nothing for the increase of philanthropy,—believing firmly that the state of peace was itself nothing but a state of incapacity to make war. The Committee seemed astonished at this doctrine, and one of them (Mr. Pusey) asked, was war the natural state of men? He answered that all history showed that the number of years of peace and war, from any given era, was precisely equal; and not only so, but that the duration of each succeeding peace was in exact proportion to the sacrifices of the antecedent war, and when the exhaustion so occasioned is repaired, war will immediately follow. On this dictum, he and his son completed, from many elements, an estimate of the exhaustion which Europe had sustained in the twenty-five years of the war which ended in 1816, and he confidently predicted that the peace of the world would not be disturbed by any great commotion until after the year 1847.—Many or most of his literary friends have been aware of this prediction for at least fifteen years or more. It has often been discussed, but not in print. He regretted to find that the result he had anticipated had occurred."

ERRATA IN PAPER ENTITLED "PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN PERFECTION," IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

- Page 70, column 2, line 12 from top, for "creation, parts," read "creation-parts."
- Page 71, column 2, line 26 from top, for "discovering," read "discovery."
- Page 73, column 2, line 3 from bottom, for "perfection," read "perfecting."
- Page 73, column 1, line 32, for "deeds," read "needs."