

## OUR TABLE.

THE MAPLE LEAF—A CANADIAN ANNUAL—10 PLATES. TORONTO, H. ROWSELL; MONTREAL, R. & C. CHALMERS.—1847.

THE Maple Leaf is the title, and a very appropriate and happily chosen one it is, of the first and, as we believe, the only Annual ever published in these Provinces.

The work is neatly printed, embellished with several beautiful engravings, and elegantly bound.

After saying so much in favour, we may be permitted to point out some few faults, though venial, in a first attempt. Firstly, then, (we must divide this portion of our subject into heads, for the sake of perspicuity, as we have a secondly, a thirdly, a fourthly, &c., but not on to a "twenty-seventhly," like the sermon from our good old Minister—God rest his soul—the last we ever heard from him, the Sabbath morn before we left our native land for ever, some thirty years ago.

Firstly, then, the effect of the typography, which is very good, has been greatly marred in the process of "dry-pressing." This has been done too "dry."

Secondly, the shape, the quarto form, is not the thing it ought to be. It looks too like a Lady's Album, or it might easily be mistaken for her portfolio.

Thirdly, its pages are not numbered—why, we know not,—but we feel this want in referring to its contents; and,

Lastly, no allusion is made, no explanation given, about its title. This is undoubtedly an oversight, and nothing more. Any work ushered forth to the world from the press in these Provinces is surely supposed to be read in other and far-off lands, where the sweet virtues of the Maple are unknown. It might, perchance, reach England, where the intelligent reader, in certain parts of it at least, (in Norfolk and Suffolk for instance, where the Maple is rife in every hedge-row, brake and bower,) would wonder why the work could not as well be called the Alder or the Aspen Leaf, or that of the Oak, the Elm, the Beech, the Pine Tree, or the glorious Sycamore.

So much for the mechanical department, and now for its literary merits.

The work contains, what is seldom found in Annuals, several articles of real and intrinsic

worth, evidently emanating from the classic pen of poetic genius.

This is the country of our choice, if not of our birth, and we regard it with an affection as ardent as that felt by our fathers for the land of their ancestors, and perhaps still more tender and endearing from the simple circumstance of its being in its infancy. It has also other claims, and deep ones too, upon our hearts. It is the birth place of our children, in whom we have "a fearful pleasure, a deeper care and a higher joy," and by whom our existence has been widened and extended, and will be perpetuated; and then, again—but we love it, and that's enough. We love it "with a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul—all the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur," and we will do what we can to cherish and foster it in this its infant state, with all the fondness a mother feels for her darling offspring,

"All beautiful in health and youth."

Aye, and we feel as proud, and toss our heads as high as if we ourselves had done it, when we see our young and rising country, thus, as in the work before us, budding forth in blossoms, the brightness of whose expanding beauties would neither be dimmed nor tarnished by a comparison with the literary productions of the mighty spirits of our Father-land.

On the contrary, the Maple Leaf, in its simplicity and beauty will add at least one tint of greenness and of freshness to the roseate wreath of literary glory that already decks her brow.

Perhaps we are too sanguine and enthusiastic in our predilections in favour of our beloved Colonists—let our readers judge for themselves—we hesitate not to leave them to pronounce the verdict—customary as it is for recent immigrants naturally imbued with Old Country prejudices, to hold our merits in light esteem in every department of art or science. But luckily we have it in our power to give them back a Roland for their Oliver. But enough of this—it is rather out of place here, or we would have said a great deal more upon a subject so near our hearts, and will do so, with God's help, some of these fine days when we are not in quite so good a humour with ourselves, nor yet so proud of our Colonial productions, as the following specimens have made us.