

The Tale under consideration has been some two or three years before the public in other countries, but as far as we know, is quite new in this quarter, and we are surprised at the want of taste which has not introduced it to our notice sooner.

The heroine is an only child, and a poor, desolate, homeless, penniless orphan. From the buffetings and ill-usage of a village tavern where her last remaining parent, her mother, died, she is taken by the good old Rector into his family, where she is brought up and educated as his own child, or rather as his grandchild, for he has another, a boy, about the same age, to whom, as the reader will anticipate, she is at last married, after having discovered her relations and become a great heiress.

Some time, however, before reaching this happy consummation, the good old Rector is assailed by the sensible and clever housekeeper at the nobleman's mansion hard by, with a host of enquiries as to what he intends to do with her or make of her.

In reply to these enquiries he says, "We must give her a good education, and then procure her a comfortable situation as *Governess*."

This elicits from Mrs. Jelf, the housekeeper, the following remarks, so pertinent to the subject of *Governesses*, and so characteristically expressed, that we must give it in full, and it will serve at the same time as a specimen of the author's versatility of style.

"A comfortable situation as *Governess*!" replied Mrs. Jelf, "that may not be so easy to find; as far as my judgment goes, and I have seen something of this in my life time, an upper servant has better wages and fewer vexations. A *Governess* is like an unsteady mould of jelly, too good for the servants' hall and not good enough for the parlour; nobody cares for her, and it is well for her if she cares for nobody. She is like an old cup and saucer, never suits with the rest of the set; or like a dove in a flock of jackdaws, where every one is for plucking and pulling her to pieces. She might as well be kitchen-maid, only it is not counted so genteel, for she is almost as much at every one's beck and call, and then she can only be a *Governess* at last, whereas a kitchen-maid may rise to be a housekeeper, and while one sits skulking up in the school-room, or on thorns in the parlour, the other is laughing and jesting with those of her own degree. I have felt something of what it is to be between and betwixt, myself."

MINSTREL LOVE, A ROMANCE—BY BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

THIS is a work of great merit—an elaborate German Romance, with less, however, of German mysticism and fewer hobgoblins, although possessing a goodly share of both, than we generally

meet with in similar works from that supernatural school.

We frankly admit that a good ghost story—that is to say, a deeply thrilling and fearfully interesting account of a visit from the "Spirit Land," well authenticated by circumstantial evidence,—is always spoiled by being explained away and accounted for by natural and plain matter-of-fact causes.

The author before us appears to be of the same opinion, and has therefore given us what we so seldom meet with in this mawkish and degenerate age, a real German Romance, second only to that of "Undine," and we cannot better recommend it to the favorable notice of such of our readers as are acquainted with that strange and extraordinary, and most beautiful of all works of the kind, than to inform them that the work before us is from the same prolific pen.

There is one striking peculiarity which tells much in its favor. This consists in there being no plot, and consequently no wonderful and mysterious *denouement*—there is not a *wedding* in the whole story, and yet, strange as it may seem to the younger and gentler portion of our readers, a continuous and unflagging interest is kept up even unto the end.

It is due to the noble author to explain, when we speak of his prolific pen, that he is the author of a variety of other popular works of a similar character, such as "Wild Love," "Violina," "Sintram," &c., all of which, we are sorry to say, have been sadly marred in their translation into our vernacular tongue. This is a lamentable drawback upon our enjoyment of the poetic beauties of foreign literature.

We have had occasion, more than once, painfully to advert to this unfortunate circumstance, but it never, to our recollection, has been more striking illustrated than in the case before us.

THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE.—BY LOVER.

THIS work is not yet completed, and therefore we must refrain from saying more about it than to recommend it to our readers as bidding fair to sustain, if not to enhance, the high reputation of the author.

THE FAVORITE OF NATURE.

THIS work is anonymous, and not of very recent publication, although quite new to the reading public here; a circumstance we are the more surprised at, as it is a very beautiful and well written story. So much pleased, indeed, are we with this book, that we should have entered into an elaborate discussion of its merits had our limits allowed.