

assists to awaken up the slumbering feelings, which are strengthened by the confiding devotedness of those among whom they live, until, at last, becoming incorporated with the nation, they learn to hold their adopted country in the first place of their esteem, although the sentiment of patriotism may, in some instances, forbid that they should wage offensive warfare against their birthplace. Interest, too, binds them to their adopted country. Their property and their wealth are there, and there are their children born. Bound by so many ties, therefore, surely no danger is incurred by extending the hospitality offered by our Government to strangers, to citizens of the Union who wish to reside amongst us.

The sentiment of loyalty, too, may be, and often is, unknown to them. But its duty is fulfilled, and their children and their children's children will have no such foe to the most fervent affection for their sovereign—even their father land is Britain, and they will learn to cherish it, even as their father's would have done the "star and stripe," had they lived under it, although their sires in turn might have been born under the red-cross of Britain.

The whole of what we write seems however to be based upon the assumption that good citizens are useful only in war. But peace has her duties, and industrious emigrants from whatever land, are the true source of our colonial prosperity. True, we would much rather that they came from the ocean isles, imbued with the fond affections which Britons ever cherish for their sovereign. They are at least equally valuable as citizens in peace, and may be more confidently reckoned upon in war, and of themselves, they have no home feelings to contend with, when the sword is drawn.

These remarks have been called for from circumstances connected with a powerful and splendid article contained in the last number of the *Garland*, from the pen of one of the best authors of modern times. The character of "Jeremiah Desborough" is sketched by a master hand, and is a faithful picture of a large class of settlers in Canada, previous to the last war, but we would not that a conclusion should be drawn from it, that *all*, or even any respectable portion of our American fellow subjects should therefore be now looked upon with distrust, tending, as such a feeling would doubtless do, to produce results such as that which it deprecated.

Our path is one of peace. We would not willingly wound the feelings of any one. It matters not to us where any man may own his birthplace—we would bid him cherish it as the

"Brightest spot in memory's waste."

There is no feeling more hallowed. The very poetry of life is in the sacred remembrances of the past. Let them be cherished—and, oh! let each, extending to the other the same forbearance, remember nothing save that they are now the subjects of one mighty

empire, which, from its justice, as well as gentleness and generosity, well deserves the love of every faithful heart. Let us forget every subject that can disunite, and use every energy to advance the general and common weal, and with it our own prosperity, happiness and peace.

HOME AS FOUND—BY COOPER.

THIS is a continuation of the "Homeward Bound," which we briefly noticed in our first number. It has been long upon "our table," but has hitherto remained unread—except a few of its most piquant passages. As a satire upon the customs of our neighbours, it would almost seem to out-Trollope Trollope. It is full of pungent satire upon the pretensions of America to refinement and taste, and powerfully develops the many follies into which the inhabitants of the republic are led by their extravagant notions of democracy and liberty. The great quantity of original matter with which we have been furnished for our present number, prevents our extracting, as we intended, some of the richest scenes in this clever and amusing work.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY—BY BOZ.

THIS interesting tale becomes yet more interesting as it progresses, exhibiting some of the most mirth-moving scenes we have ever laughed over—and we like to laugh. Some of the characters, we must indeed own, resemble caricatures more than real portraits; nevertheless, there is about them a richness of humour, it would be impossible to surpass. The illustrations are in the best style of the inimitable Cruickshank, and exhibit the ideas of the author to the life. This book needs no recommendation to those who have read the previous tales by "Boz;" and who has not?

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

THIS book has now been for some time upon our table. As a biography of the "mighty wizard," it could not have been more ably written, and is full of letters, which show the amiability and penetration of his character, if possible, more vividly than his inimitable works. No library should be without a copy of this book, to accompany the volumes of the "Author of Waverley."

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

THIS is a New York monthly, and boasts some of the highest names in the Union among its contributors, Mrs. Sigourney being one of its regular correspondents. The rapid increase as well in the quality as quantity of the periodical literature of the United States, speaks well for the taste of the people generally, in reading useful and entertaining works.