

OUR MESS,—BY HARRY LORREQUER.

HAVING brought the adventures of Charles O'Malley to a close, with equal honour to himself and satisfaction to his hero—the author has commenced the publication of a book, under the title of “Our Mess,” which will include a number of shorter tales. The first of these will be the story of “Jack Hinton the Gardsman.” The small portion of it which has reached us will not warrant us in venturing an opinion; but the immense success which has followed his former publications, is a sufficient excuse for the belief that this one will not lack in merit. We shall look for the numbers of it with impatience, and revert to it when we are better able to judge of its contents.

POCAHONTAS, AND OTHER POEMS—BY MR. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE title of the leading poem in this pleasing volume is itself a passport to public favour, and the composition is worthy of the romantic subject. The smaller poems are selected with a cultivated taste from the numerous effusions of the muse which have won for the author the flattering title of “Heyman's of America.” In the language of an American writer, they are called “a wreath of her choicest flowers, that deserved thus to be set as apples of silver in a frame of gold.” The volume is an elegant specimen of typography and will, in all probability become a popular one on both sides of the atlantic.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice this elegant monthly, which continues to improve in embellishment and beauty. It is now, we believe, the most extensively circulated of any of the purely literary magazines, and it has proved itself worthy of the favour shewn it.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

A CONSIDERABLE addition has recently been made to the size of this most excellent weekly Journal of Literature, Politics and News. It now consists of twelve pages instead of eight, the additional four being principally devoted to the political and news departments. By this means more ample space is afforded for literary matter. The enterprise of the publisher has hitherto met with a liberal reward,—and it is only reasonable to expect that he will now receive an additional share of public favour; which, we willingly confess, has been honourably earned.

THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL—NEW YORK.

THIS is another weekly journal of News and Literature, justly claiming the support of the intelligent and enlightened, particularly of that nation to the tastes of which it is more peculiarly the minister. The Editor, Dr. Cumming, formerly of Edinburgb, is a gentleman of decided talent, and an ardent lover of his native country. To the Scottish residents of Canada, we are safe in recommending the patronage of his “Journal,” in which they will at all times find matters of interest to themselves, and calculated to keep the memory of their fatherland green in their memory.

ARRIVAL OF “BOZ” AT BOSTON.

IN the last Cunard steamer the far-famed author of the Pickwick Papers, arrived at Boston. He has been received with more than “Consular Honours.” The whole city was intensely agitated with joyous excitement, when it became known that he was on board the gallant vessel. The decks were crowded with the gentry of the city, eager to obtain, if not an introduction, at least a glimpse of the “lion” of the age. Mr. Dickens was highly gratified, as, indeed he ought to have been, with so warm a welcome from a people so well qualified as the Americans are to judge the value of his literary labours—Poetical addresses are profusely lavished upon him, and engraved portraits are scattered with no niggard hand upon the community at large, who universally keep jubilee on the occasion. The visit of Mr. Dickens is expected to be about half a year in length, and during that time, we may reasonably expect he will pay a visit to the Province, where he is scarcely less generally known and admired, than in his native England or the United States.