

rather a *duft* race, but we had yet to learn that the *quickest* among them did not know whether he was dead or alive.

In the ninth page of the "Mysteries" we read of "a cold clammy sweat personifying the icy clasping to Death's bosom."

The following truly are mysteries:—"But only shed a dim glare that casts, in the gloom overhead, the *mistiness* of a midnight conflagration."—"Winged serpents and flying imps absorb each other."

Then "he produces a pistol, when hoarsely groaned his voice, struggling in his choking throat," "*hissing* the sentence," and the pistol detonated, and, "*kneeling* down on one knee, he thus stood, and might have been as frozen" as—what, he does not stop to tell us. Indeed, it is unnecessary, as he soon gets thawed again, "when his heart plunges madly within."

What on earth does our author mean, by "the deleterious intrusion of conventional usages," "marring the charms of our 'ladies fair?'" Is it too tight lacing, or that mysterious thing they call a bustle?—This is certainly a mystery, but not more so than his placing "the women of England far beyond the sex of other countries."

But enough, and more than enough! although we have not got to the end of the first chapter, short as it is. Such a conglomeration of turgid inanity we never before had the misfortune to read. It is certainly "besprinkled," like the character of his heroine, to use his own words, with "chaotic freaks; with wilds, deserts, and oasis (*quere*, oases,) altering its tamer and sweeter nature into savage grandeur and awful magnificence!!!"

One more specimen, without a comment, and we have done:—"As she spoke these words, Clara felt as if they were scalding drops of lead oozing from her lips; her eyes rolled as if cased within burning sockets; the air was hot and close in her nostrils; the marrow boiled within her bones; and her very skin experienced (?) a shrinking up on her limbs; whilst a cold sweat struggling through every pore, clung to her body like slime!"

These, however, are errors, although abounding in every page, which we should willingly have passed over in silence, had there been no other.

But the worst feature in this rhodomontade of bombastic nonsense and silly twaddle, is its immoral tendency,—not that we entertain any serious apprehensions that the example of a mother giving up a young and lovely daughter to the lawless embraces of a villainous voluptuary will be an example at all likely to be followed in the dark and mysterious doings in this populous

city—not even "as a sacrifice for the happiness of the *balance* of her family." Bah!

Imitations of all kinds we despise,—those of the Jack Sheppard and the Jonathan Wilde, of Mr. Richard Harrison Ainsworth, we detest, and we have the satisfaction when we say so, of knowing that we speak the sentiments and give utterance to the feelings of nine tenths of the people in the great city of Montreal.

We must not, however, part with our *young* author, without one word of encouragement. He certainly has talents, and of a superior order too, but they are sadly in want of cultivation. A few lessons from some experienced writer, coupled with a little study, might enable him, after a few trials upon a smaller scale, to manage the complicated machinery of a large work like this.

#### BOUCHETTE'S NEW MAP OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

We have had an opportunity of examining the sheets of this long and anxiously expected work, which is just completed, and will be published in a few days, by Mr. Mackay of No. 127 Notre Dame Street. The engraving of the Map, which has been executed by those eminent artists, Messrs. Sherman & Smith of New York, is all that could be desired as to elegance and accuracy. It is printed upon the very best description of paper, which has been manufactured expressly for the work; and is colored in a very tasteful and elegant manner. Regarding as we do the correctness of a publication of this nature as being the most important point of all, it affords us a very high degree of gratification to be able to assure our readers, that, after a long and close examination, we have been unable to detect any error or omission whatever, but have on the contrary found a vast accession of information which has never been given on any former Map of the British American possessions. We had anticipated as much as this from the knowledge that the author, Jos. Bouchette, Esq., had been engaged in the compilation and preparation of the original draft of the work for a period of five years, and we most cordially congratulate that gentleman on the successful issue of his arduous and important labours. The Map is to be delivered to subscribers, elegantly mounted, colored and varnished, at £3 currency per copy, or £2 10s. currency, in sheets. To non-subscribers the price will be a dollar per copy extra, which arrangement has, we understand, been caused by the fact, that several hundred pounds expence has been incurred in giving additional matter of a highly important nature, which was not included in the original estimate of the cost of publication, when the Prospectus of the work was issued. Taken altogether, we consider the Map to be one which is worthy of the most extended and liberal support from the community, and we sincerely trust that it will meet with it in such a degree as, in our opinion, it deserves.