

OUR TABLE.

THE JOURNAL OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, DURING A VISIT TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S NORTH WEST MISSION. M.DCCC.XLV.

This is another and a very interesting addition to our Colonial literature. We repeat what has been said elsewhere, that we hail with the greatest satisfaction the appearance of any work of real merit from the pen of a Colonist. We do this, not because it tends to raise our character for intellectuality in the estimation of the Mother Country, for on this point we are somewhat indifferent, but for a reason which much more nearly concerns us—because it improves our taste for literary pursuits, increases our store of interesting local knowledge, and enables us to rely with greater confidence upon our own mental resources.

This work is not, as the reader may naturally enough suppose, a mere official detail of his Lordship's visit to the remote stations of his diocese. It is, on the contrary, a journal of a tour through an almost untrodden region, the wild grandeur of which is fully and freely described. The book is, therefore, full of interest to the enlightened reader, who will appreciate it the more for the spirit of benevolence and piety by which the observations of the author are characterised. We may express our regret, however, that his Lordship has not made still more of the interesting materials at his command, the more especially as his long and lonely journey led him through such a region of wild romance, as may be considered, on this Continent at least, without a parallel.

This, however, is a very venial fault, if fault it be, and we wish it had been the only one. But there is another and a greater, for which, however, the author is not to blame. We allude to the enormous price (six shillings), which places it beyond the reach of the community at large, and will confine its circulation to the highest class, and to that alone. This is a sad mistake, and we feel perfectly assured in our own minds that his Lordship will lament the effects of it as much as we do.

Only fancy! One number of the *Literary Garland*, which we sell for fifteen pence, contains more reading matter, by upwards of one fifth, than the whole book.

Perhaps it may be here objected that this is a comparison without a similarity, and perhaps it would be an act of presumption to place our ephemeral productions in juxtaposition with the lucubrations of a Bishop. We will, therefore, try again to carry our point—

"For, e'en tho' vaquish'd, we cau argue still."

The work in question contains just three-fifths, or a little more than half, of the reading in "Philip Musgrave," a work of a more similar character, by one of his own clergy; and published, not in Canada, but in London, and not from any minor source, but by John Murray himself, and yet this work is for sale, at two and six pence.

We are sorry that our space will not admit of extracts in support of our commendations of the work. But we shall endeavour to make amends for this deficiency in a future number. In the meantime we most heartily recommend it, malgré its price, to all who can afford to buy it.

THE MYSTERIES OF MONTREAL.

This is the unfortunate title of a new work from the pen of some would-be great unknown. We say unfortunate, because it has a tendency to prejudice the mind of the intelligent reader against it. His recollections of the "Mysteries of Paris," and the "Mysteries of London" will naturally lead to comparisons where there is no similarity, and to expectations not likely to be realized.

We set ourselves up as the patrons and promoters, in a small way, of Canadian Literature, and so anxiously desirous have we ever been to encourage native talent, that we have generally either shut our eyes entirely to faults far from venial, or if we have noticed them at all, it has been in the most gentle tones of the mildest censure. Nor have we done this in order to deprecate or soften the severity of criticism upon our own productions, in accordance with the adage

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy shew to me."

On the contrary, we have felt and manifested a wish to have our own faults pointed out to us, and when this has been done, we have always profited by the lesson, however ungraciously or rudely given.

This extreme indulgence with which we have treated the faults of our fellow scribblers, or silently overlooked them, has generally been superinduced by some feature, real or imaginary, deserving of praise—some talent, however latent, deserving encouragement. But this—these Mysteries of Montreal, are mysteriously destitute of any such redeeming quality.

It may be urged, in extenuation of the severity of these remarks, that, according to our own confession, they are the offspring of prejudice.

The writer certainly deserves credit for the originality of the idea conveyed in the following sentence:—"For Donald thought he listened to the winds moaning his requiem." We have certainly, when a boy heard the opinion, and probably acquiesced in it, that the Highlanders were