

## OUR TABLE.

### THE AMERICAN FLORA: OR, THE HISTORY OF THE PLANTS AND WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA.

THE Editor has certainly a wide and a very interesting field before him—each plant and flower is to be separately considered and described, and we suppose illustrated too, with a coloured engraving the natural size.

We really envy him the happy idea, and wonder when his materials will be exhausted.

This work is a monthly periodical very similar to the Illustrated Botany noticed in the June number of our last volume, but of a higher order, as well in regard to the illustrations it contains, as to the letter press. It is in fact got up altogether, very much in the style of a Floral Annual, and promises to constitute a beautiful addition to the adornments of every *intellectual* drawing-room table; we therefore earnestly recommend it to the favorable notice of our readers in general, and to the gentler portion of them in particular, the more especially as it might convey to them a lesson calculated to save them from falling into an error committed by one of their fair sisterhood the other evening. It was a large party in which we figured more proudly than usual, in consequence of the most prominent button-hole of our bran new swallow-tail having been adorned with a bright and blooming carnation of our own nursing and cultivating; and certainly a precious gem of beauty it was! The flower-stand in our little solitary back parlour window was never so graced before; and yet, an Oak Geranium,—that is, in the language of flowers, a lady who deigned to smile upon us,—on noticing it, enquired as she touched it with her taper finger, if it were a real flower.

Our dander got up as we replied,—but we had too much gallantry to shew it,—“No, ma'am, it's a natural one.”

“Oh! really, it looked so beautiful I thought it must be artificial.”

### THE HORTICULTURIST.

THIS monthly is of a character somewhat similar to the one already noticed, and promises to be a very useful and instructive work, well adapted to the tastes and habits of the rural population of an agrarian country like this.

The work is to be adorned with beautiful and well executed wood-cuts. The specimens we have

seen induce us to anticipate the fulfilment of such a promise.

One article in the number before us, specially devoted to the initiation of the ladies in the art of gardening in all its various branches, is rather a curiosity.

Only fancy! a lady—a real live lady—using a wheel-barrow! This is so gravely recommended, that the most minute directions are given for its construction. We would willingly allow her to have a little spade, and a little trowel,—nor need the latter be made of silver either, like the one Prince Albert used in laying the foundation stone of the Sailor's Home at Liverpool,—but of plain and bright and burnished steel, to which the mould would not adhere, and it would to silver. We have some practical knowledge in such matters, and therefore we say the silver was a gross mistake. Why didn't they make it of gold at once, the fools! No! no! steel's the thing. Any other material is out of character, and therefore out of place.

### THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

THIS is another monthly publication, containing selections from all the most popular Reviews and Magazines in the Mother Country. It bears evident marks of having been got up with care and judgment, at least the number before us does, and well deserves a share of the public patronage.

### THE BATTLE OF LIFE: BY CHARLES DICKENS.

EVERY body knows that Boz writes beautifully, and the little work before us has many beautiful passages, and some well drawn characters. Nevertheless, we candidly acknowledge that it is not much better than nonsense. But it has sold rapidly, and paid well; and this, we suppose, is about all that its author expected of it. “His name's up,” and he is wise enough to know it, and reap the benefit of it. Boz must, however, do something better, or the tide will turn some day, and that before very long. To maintain the character he so easily won, will require some effort, “and that effort,” as Mr. Chick very sagely remarks, “must be made.” It will be well for Charles Dickens that he make it before it be too late.