

OUR TABLE.

FRONTENAC; BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A very pleasant romance in verse, first published in London, because, although written in the United States, no publisher could in that country be found to take the risk. We have not time or room to make a review of it at present, but we predict that the author of it will become famous. The name will make it a favorite in Canada, and old associations will give it an interest altogether separate from its own worth. We give an extract, less as a specimen of its style than because we desire to afford our readers a graphic description of the moose-deer, a magnificent animal which still remains among us as a memorial of the past, which few, except the keen sportsman who is willing to sleep in the open air of a Canadian winter, ever see:

'Twas one of June's delicious eves;
Sweetly the sunset rays were streaming,
Here tangled in the forest leaves,
There on the Cataragi gleaming.
A broad glade lay beside the flood
Where tall dropped trees and bushes stood.
A cove in semicircle bent
Within, and through the sylvan space,
Where lay the light in splintered trace,
A moose, slow grazing, went;
Twisting his long, curved, flexible lip
Now the striped moosewood's leaves to strip,
And now his maned neck, short and strong,
Stooping, between his fore limbs long
Stretched widely out, to crop the plant
And tall rich grazes that clothed the haunt.
On moved he to the basin's edge,
Mowing the sword flag, rush, and sedge,
And, wading short way from the shore
Where spread the water lilies o'er
A pavement green with globes of gold,
Commenced his favourite feast to hold.

So still the scene—the river's lapse
Along its course gave hollow sound,
With some raised wavelet's lazy slaps
On log and stone around;
And the crisp noise the moose's cropping
Made, with the water lightly dropping
From some lithe, speckled, lily stem
Entangled in his antlers wide,
Thus scattering many a sparkling gem
Within the gold-cups at his side.
Sudden he raised his head on high,
Oped his great nostrils, fixed his eye,
Reared half his giant ear-flaps, stood,

Between his teeth a half-chewed root,
And sidelong on the neighbouring wood
Made startled glances shoot.
Resuming then his stem, once more,
He bent, as from suspicion free,
His bearded throat the lilies o'er,
And cropped them quietly.

There is rather too much of the poem, which has been reprinted in America from the English edition, but it will nevertheless be read with pleasure and attention.

*SCOBIE AND DALFOUR'S CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR
1850.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this excellent work. The information it contains is of the most varied and useful character, embracing every subject of Canadian interest. It is a book which reflects the highest credit upon the enterprising publishers, and which ought to be liberally and universally supported. Persons in Montreal, who desire to be furnished with this invaluable work, will find it at the Bookstore of Messrs. R. & A. Miller, in St. François Xavier street, and we believe that it will be found generally in the bookstores throughout the country.

Besides its other claims to public favor, this book contains a well executed Map of Upper Canada,—itself more than equal in value to the whole price of the book.

BRYSON'S CANADIAN FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR
1850.

MR. BRYSON, of Montreal, has also published an Almanac for 1850, which is already before us. It contains a great deal of useful information, and is furnished at a very moderate price. For the ordinary every day purposes of life it is suited, and we think deserves what it has received, the support of the public. We understand that only a limited edition has been published, so that purchasers will do well to make application in time, in order that a supply may be ensured.