

“Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies, as of those.”

However much I am desirous of encouraging, praising to the utmost verge of propriety, and recommending even beyond their intrinsic merits, all works that have the least claim to literary rank, produced in the Canadas; I must fulfil the irksome task of classing the present publication with those heaps of inane “reviewer’s miseries,” that called forth the reflection that has just escaped me; although, fortunately, there were no more than 235 duodecimo pages in all, to wade through.

Proceeding from the pen of a female, and being, as the authoress states in her preface, “the first production of an author of seventeen:” and as an emanation from a provincial press; it claims all the forbearance of severe criticism which can, consistently with public duty, be exercised: and what I can say in praise of it, shall, as customary, have precedence of any contrary remarks.

I certainly can recommend the Nun of Canada, to that numerous class of juvenile readers who delight in pages full of tittle-tattle, says she’s, and said he’s, with rather more than a *quantum suff.* of Lord this, and Lady that, Monsieur de one thing, and Madame de another.

One of the best passages is that descriptive of a party at a Canadian Seigneur’s, in chapters 9 and 10 of vol. I.

“They had been three weeks in the country. The young people were amusing themselves in the garden, when a carriage drew up, and Colonel and Mrs Turner alighted. In an instant Charlotte was in the arms of her parents. Mutual congratulations over, Mr. de St. Louis enquired of the Colonel what he thought of the general face of the country. “I never, replied the Colonel, was