

class may be placed, the beautiful tale of "*Le Povera Pucciola*." The story is most ingeniously written, and purports to exhibit the gradual conversion to Christianity of an advocate of the debasing doctrines of Atheism, by the development of leaf and flower in a lovely plant, which he has sufficient leisure to contemplate as a lonely captive in the gloomy fortress of Fenestrella. This is decidedly an interesting little volume, and abounds in gems of natural eloquence, which will well repay the short time required in its perusal.

WINTER STUDIES, AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA—BY MRS. JAMIESON.

WE have not as yet seen this work entire, but the language of the English reviewers, as well as the extracts we have seen in the Metropolitan magazines, lead us to anticipate a rich mental banquet from its perusal. It is said to be in every respect a worthy successor of the splendid conceptions embodied under the title of "*Characteristics of Women*," which have stamped Mrs. Jamieson as one of the foremost writers of the age. We wait anxiously for its appearance among us, when we shall revert to the subject.

OLIVER TWIST—BY BQZ.

THIS tale is now completed, and is one of those which may be confidently recommended to the reader. It is true that a good deal of the character it delineates, is not such as to impart much benefit, except by teaching to shun those whose portraits are exhibited; but for interest, mirth or pathos, no pen surpasses that of Boz, and no production of that pen surpasses "*Oliver Twist*."

To the courtesy of the author, we are indebted for a glance over some portions of the MSS. of an unpublished Continuation of *Wacousta*. The high reputation which has already been won by the pen which produced this thrilling tale, will be well sustained on the publication of its sequel; and should it issue from the Canadian press, we shall look upon it as an epoch in our history, well deserving of record in our annals; not that we deem such an event unlikely, for we are certainly justified in the hope, that the press of these colonies will soon teem with works of merit. The host of authors of eminence at present amongst us, will warrant us in this expectation; and we have no doubt that, with proper encouragement, others might be induced to step into the field. The *Garland* itself, humble as it is, has already been the medium of communicating much that is beautiful, to the world—the existence of which might never have been known, had it not opportunely offered a means of publication. There is an ample field for the cultivation of literature in the

Canadas—let us hope that it may no longer be called a barren one.

The chapter headed "*Jeremiah Desborough*," which we have obtained permission to extract, will shew that the author's pen has lost none of its vigour since it last commanded the attention of the literary world.

WE have much pleasure in returning our thanks to a number of patrons in town and country, who have remitted the amount of their year's subscription with their orders for the *Garland*. This is the more gratifying, from its being wholly unexpected and unsolicited—the terms upon which the magazine was issued requiring no payments until towards the close of the year. It shall be our study to deserve the confidence placed in us, by using every exertion to render the *Garland* deserving of the kindness it has universally experienced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Confided*," becomes gradually more interesting. To the generous authoress we are greatly indebted, feeling, as we do, that much of the pleasure with which the *Garland* has been received by a tasteful public, is derived from the chaste and beautiful tales of my "*Aunt Mary*"—which, alike elegant in style and diction, cannot fail to impress the reader with admiration of the genius of the authoress, and respect for the high tone of religious and moral feeling with which every production of her pen is imbued.

"*A Canadian Legend*," by "E. L. C." with which our pages are enriched, is not now published for the first time. It appeared, about ten years ago, in the first volume of the "*Token*," an annual published in the United States. Nothing, however, of the charm of novelty will be lost from this circumstance—very few copies of that elegant production of the press having reached the Canadian provinces, and these few having, most probably, in accordance with their ephemeral character, long since been forgotten and lost among the host of newer and more splendid volumes, which have been given to the world since then. The scene of this interesting tale will particularly endear it to the Canadian reader.

"*A Dramatic Sketch*," by the author of the above tale, will be given in our next number.

The humorous story of "*Dick Spot, or Six and Four make Ten*," is postponed to another number.

"*Albert*" was received too late for us to offer any opinion of it in this number.

"*Junius*" will find his "*sorry tale*" at the office of the publisher.

"*Antony*" is declined.