

CHARLES TYRRELL, OR THE BITTER BLOOD; BY  
G. P. R. JAMES.

THIS book we have read with much interest. It possesses the stamp of vigorous intellect which characterises the majority of James' fictions. There are, it is true, some characters which to our judgment, are overdrawn—Sir Francis, the father of the hero, being that of a raving madman, rather than of a gentleman of hot and bitter temper. This is however, amply compensated by the genuine touches of nature which are exhibited in some of the other personages of the novel, the whole being worthy to take its place beside the former productions of its author. There is no portion of this work calculated for extracting, but we can confidently recommend it to general perusal.

DEERBROOK—BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THIS is a very interesting novel, and, like all that has been written by Miss Martineau, bears the impress of a powerful mind. We cannot enter into a lengthened criticism of this agreeable fiction, which, independently of its interesting character, contains many beautiful pictures and home-breathing scenes. It would be easy to extract from this work, were we not subject to the despotism of space—a power to which we are often compelled reluctantly to bow. As it is, we can only recommend the unmutated book to our readers, confident that they will agree with us in bestowing upon it their hearty commendation.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.

THIS work has created quite an excitement among our sensitive neighbours, who are busy criticising its merits. It is well worthy of the literary fame of the gallant author, who seems to have looked around him during his tour with an impartial eye. He certainly laughs occasionally at the more ridiculous of the Yankee customs, but altogether he presents the United States to his readers in a much better light than they have been pictured by a majority of his predecessors. We shall return to the subject in our next number, and endeavour to cull from the book such extracts as may be pleasing to our readers.

WE observe, with pleasure, that Major Richardson contemplates publishing the continuation of "Wacousta," under the title of "The Brothers; or the Prophecy Fulfilled." Our readers will be able to form a judgment of this novel from the extracts with which, by the courtesy of the author, we were enabled some months ago, to present them. The book is eloquently and vigorously written, as all Major Richardson's novels are, and is full of startling incident. It deserves a circulation wide as the range of English literature, and particularly in Canada, in which the novelty of a native novel,

added to its real excellence, should weigh something with those who are inclined to assist in establishing a literary character in the country.

WE observe, in many of the Provincial newspapers, proposals of a new publication, under the title of "Trifles from my Portfolio." The author is already favourably known as having written a number of spirited articles, and we have no doubt the expectation which has been raised of an interesting work will be fully realized.

From a glance at a subscription list, lying at the bookstores of Messrs Armour and Ramsay, we are glad to perceive that ample encouragement has been offered, and we doubt not that the volumes will speedily be given to the public eye. Taking it as a "sign of the times," we heartily rejoice in this. It seems as if a new day were beginning to dawn upon our colonial history, and that before many years have elapsed, we will, in literature, as in the other tokens of civilized life, hold no mean position, when compared with countries much older and more densely peopled than our own.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very great length to which the tale of the "Maiden of St. Margarets" has extended, we have been induced, at the risk of devoting too much space to one subject, to close it in the present number. Although we have no doubt that the lessons of piety inculcated in this interesting tale, and the pleasing and elegant manner in which it is told, will render unnecessary any apology for this; yet, in order that our usual variety of matter may not be lessened, we have added a few pages to the size of the number. We trust their contents will be such as to afford satisfaction to our readers.

THE Dramatic Sketch, in a preceding page, will be found eminently attractive. We owe many thanks to the gifted author, whose assistance is so freely given towards the weaving a pleasing wreath for the readers of our *monthly Garland*.

AT the present moment, when the subject of education is deservedly occupying a prominent place in public attention, it affords us much pleasure to have it in our power to lay before the readers of the *Garland*, such an article as that which, under the head of "Intelligence not the test of virtue," appears in our present number.

We trust, indeed, that our legislators do not require to be reminded of the necessity of blending religious instruction with whatever educational measures may be enacted for the benefit of future generations. Intelligence, of itself, only develops more forcibly our