

beauty. We cannot do better than extract her letter :

"Do not suppose that in returning your letter I do so in anger. No, it contains nothing to warrant any feeling of displeasure on my part, beyond, perhaps, the abstract circumstance of its being addressed to me—for which, after all, I can only blame myself; on the contrary, your truth and candour deserve and demand a similar return from me—and they shall have it.

"Know then, weak and culpable as the confession may be, that my utter inability to destroy, alone induces me to return it—keep it I dare not—not because it will be imprudent, but because it would be sinful. Would I could divest myself of all remembrance of you, as easily as I resign these outward tokens. But, alas! the very effort to forget only rivets afresh every link in the chain of memory—but all that rests with me to do, *shall be done*. The little leaf which betrayed you to the secret with which it had been entrusted, I now return; *do not destroy it*—to do so would be useless, for the inscription on it is but a copy, the original is engraven on my heart. I have not stooped to the subterfuge or affectation of denying what accident divulged to you, for I feel that with a nature so generous, so honourable as yours, to show you all the frailty and weakness of my heart is the best way, not only of securing your forbearance, but of obtaining your protection and assistance against myself.

"You talk of remaining with us during the rest of our journey, of being of use, of being a defence to me;—alas! this would be cruel kindness, 'false reasoning all.' Now that the veil has been rent from our hearts, and the film has fallen from our eyes, what would become of our firmest resolve? how would all our struggles end, were we eternally in each other's society? of what avail would it be to pray with our lips not to be led into temptation, if we allow our free will to spur us into it on all occasions? No, no, it cannot, must not be—we must part, and that immediately. After what I have written to you, how could I speak to you? Paper does not blush—does not tremble—does not feel. Mowbray, spare all that does; tears that cannot efface guilt would not satisfy love, and they are all I could give you.—Your friendship I accept and reciprocate with my whole heart. Before you is a brilliant and honourable career. The Japanese have a tradition, that birds of paradise are transmigrated doves that have died for love; and though their mates never see them again in their transformed state, yet when they hear their notes in the sky, it inspires the deserted dove with such intense delight as to make it unable to cease flying in circles through the air for several hours. So it will be with me; I may never see you again, but as your name soars, my spirit will hover round its fame with the only delight it is now capable of knowing. And now, farewell! I do not ask you to burn this, I only wish that you would. That God may ever bless you, will be the constant prayer of your sincere friend.

JULIA.

Mowbray returns to his native land, and is honoured by an invitation to join the ministry, declining which, he takes refuge in the clubs and at his country residence, against the wiles of political intriguants.

We now approach the denouement, and the tale reaches its close. The *Earl de Clifford*, becoming weary of certain importunities of *Mary Lee*, and de-

sirous of casting her entirely off, conveys his mother's watch into her dwelling, and accuses her and her father of robbery. Suspicion is so strongly excited that they are arraigned and tried. They are, however, ultimately acquitted, and the treachery of the Earl discovered. He, on the same night, breaks his neck by a fall from his horse, and the Countess, now free, becomes a second time a wife, but now a happy one, as the *Marchioness of Chevelley*.

There are many characters in the book upon which we have not touched, and among them several clever caricatures. We have, however, presented an outline of the plot, which will suffice to place the reader in possession of its leading points. Were it not for the vindictive spirit which characterises the volume, we should be inclined to look upon it as worthy of a high place among tales of fiction.

OUR correspondents, whose favours have been postponed, will have the goodness to accept the only excuse we can offer, and which will be found in the vast length to which several of the tales in the present number have extended. We have been, from this cause, reluctantly compelled to defer the publication of "The Gold Medal," by Mrs. Moodie; "Leaves from my Portfolio," by W. S.; "Mr. Octavius Skeggs," by E. L. and some other excellent articles, which we shall have much pleasure in presenting to our readers at a future day. In the meantime, we feel satisfied that the contents of the *Garland* for the present month, will afford general satisfaction, enriched as it is, with the offerings of some of the best writers whose productions have graced our pages. The conclusion of "Mary of England," by E. L. C. and the commencement of the "Maiden of St. Margarets," by E. M. M. with the eloquent article entitled "Acquaintance with the Great," and the powerful and spirit stirring romance of "The Royal Quixote," by Mrs. Moodie, present attractions beyond what any one number has hitherto contained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Although we beg to decline the acceptance of the lines of "Maria," we must express our conviction that the pen which produced the latter piece, requires only a little practice to become an ornament to our Canadian literature. We have a fancy for the boldness which characterises the spirit of the captive monarch. The fair young author has our thanks for her kindness in favouring us with a glance at her stanzas.

The verses of "L." are declined solely on account of their obviously personal character, which necessarily excludes them from the *Garland*.

"G. G." will receive his "Tale of the Woodlands," on calling at the publisher's office.