

a mackerel, with every now and then a streak of silver light dividing the shades of green. Magnificent tumultuous clouds came rolling round the horizon, and the little graceful schooners falling into every beautiful attitude, and catching every variety of light and shade, came curtsying into the bay; and flights of wild geese and great black loons skimming away, sporting on the bosom of the lake, and beautiful little unknown birds, in gorgeous plumage of crimson and black, were floating about the garden; all life, and light, and beauty were abroad, the resurrection of Nature. How beautiful it was! How dearly welcome to my senses—to my heart—this spring which comes at last, so long wished for, so long waited for.'

These letters from Toronto are charmingly written, and later on she alludes to her 'ill-humoured and impertinent tirades' against the city she was doomed to leave with regret. Mrs. Jameson penetrated to the depths of the Indian settlements, and explored Lake Huron. Her life in Canada was a very stirring one throughout, and this part of the biography will interest Canadian readers especially. The authoress spent some time in the United States, and at Boston she met Father Taylor, Miss Sedgwick, and several other people of note; and in the early part of spring, 1838, she returned to England, and went to reside at her sister's.

This biography is very attractively written, and accounts are given of Mrs. Jameson's literary life, the eminent persons with whom she was brought into contact, and letters from distinguished people appear at frequent intervals. There are anecdotes, too, about her books, how they came to be written, her trials, misfortunes,

and successes, and many other things of interest; and, in the Appendix, Mrs. Jameson's able paper—the one she contributed to the *Art Journal*—on John Gibson is given.

Few books have been written which appeal more directly to the reader's sympathies than this kindly memoir of a noble woman, written by an equally gentle lady, in the last days of a grief-stained life. We have only words of praise to bestow upon it. The great delicacy with which the veil is removed from certain unfortunate circumstances in the life of the accomplished author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' must commend the book to all persons of sensitive and delicate minds. A portrait of Mrs. Jameson, at the age of sixteen, forms the frontispiece to the volume.

One of the most dramatic stories which we remember to have read is 'Remorse,'\* a really powerful romance of the very highest order. It is from the French of Th. Bentzon, and forms No. xiii. of Appleton's Collection of Foreign Authors, and is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is artistic throughout and brilliant, the plot is skilfully constructed and carefully elaborated, but the morality of the story is quite another thing. When we say that it is 'Frenchy,' perhaps the reader will understand what we mean. The story—which is a perfect study of itself—reveals impassioned glimpses of human life, and the subtle workings of the heart. Its movement, incident, and spirit, and character drawing belong only to the great novel, and *Remorse* is certainly a great novel.

\* *Remorse*; a Novel. From the French of TH. BENTZON. ('Collection of Foreign Authors, No. xiii.') New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.