

the *Maple Leaf*, and turning to the first page, to find it published in Montreal. I had always supposed there were few female writers in Canada. We hear of Mrs. Moodie, who now and then cheers us, and occasionally see an original piece from the pen of some lady,—like a rainbow of promise it tells of bright times coming; but yet, I would ask, where are your musing, reflecting, literary Canadian ladies? Your city claims very many intelligent looking young ladies. Do you not receive contributions from them for your paper? I venture to guess talent worth having lies buried under their modest retiring exterior. Can't you call it out by a challenge, or other means? and by thus encouraging them, claim many literary gems, with beauty of person and beauty of mind. Your beautiful scenery affords themes for poetry and song, to charm and delight the multitude. The rapids inspired Tom Moore; why not now the young and gifted of your land to think and write, as beautifully and truthfully as he did? Talk of "sunny Italy" if you will, I doubt if there nature has done more, or if a more charming view meets the eye, than the one just behind your mountain, where the Ottawa is seen in the distance, and a country, the beauties of which *must be seen*, to be appreciated. The drive too on the banks of the St. Lawrence, as far as Lachine, strikes one dumb with admiration. Oh! for the pen of a ready writer that I might paint scenes like these; grand enough, methinks, to inspire the dullest heart with music, poetry and love. With a heart full to overflowing, I viewed and admired; but my pen fails to tell you how much I enjoyed it. For the first time in my life, I have ventured thus near the *North Pole*. Always dreading everything of a cold nature, I have denied myself a far greater treat, than I ever dreamed was in store for me. I decided this year, to shake off the chilling feeling I had for Canada, and realise the beauties of a sail among the "thousand Islands," a dance on the foaming rapids, as well as a peep at the strange and curious in and about Montreal—somewhat dreading, it is true, the "shady side" of a first meeting with the icicles and more icy hearts, said to belong to countries like this. Ere the ordeal of an introduction was over, I began to know something of the "sunny side" of friendship and love. My first impressions of Canada are fast giving way to the hearty welcome offered me, and I fully believe if we were only a little better acquainted, the feeling cherished by one nation for the other, would be laid aside, and mutual friendship succeed mutual dislike.

We Yankees, as you call everybody from the American cities (though not properly do all answer the *title*), seem to throng your streets, in the summer months, not only in parties, but regiments of pleasure-seekers, filling your public houses to the rafters, and well nigh hanging out of the windows. This exposure might place the white beavers worn by the gentlemen in the way of getting a shower bath to *smooth the nap*, if rain falls often in such torrents as yesterday; but we have learned to appreciate good fare, if it is to be had, if otherwise, to be contented with anything offering; know too, something of the use of elbows, and the motto "each one for himself." I find your citizens are not any more particular in regard to etiquette in a crowd than their more verdant neighbors, and are quite as wide awake to money