

in the same letter that it is your intention to marry again immediately. My dear Robert, jesting apart, I wish it only depended on me to give you that power. You might perhaps be happy with another woman—a union such as ours is, and has been ever, is a real mockery of the laws of God and man. \* \* \* If it is your purpose to remain in Canada, to settle there under any political change, and your real wish to have me with you and make another trial for happiness, tell me *distinctly and decidedly*—tell me at what time to leave England—tell me what things I ought to take with me, what furniture, books, &c., will be necessary or agreeable, what kind of life I shall live, that I may come prepared to render my own existence and yours as pleasant as possible.'

This letter had some effect with Jameson for he sent for his wife, and in September she sailed for Canada. She reached New York in November, and was greatly depressed in mind to find herself alone in the great city. No one met her at the boat, and friendless and alone she sought shelter in a hotel. On the 11th she wrote to her husband, who was still in Toronto, to ask why she had not been met, and for directions as to her future journey. No reply was returned to this letter. Three weeks later she received a letter from Jameson through the British Consul, and she left for Toronto. During her stay in New York she was visited by the leading literary and artistic people of the place, notably Washington Irving, Chas. Augustus Davis, the author of 'Major Downing's Letters,' the widow of De Witt Clinton, and several others. Mrs. Jameson pursued her journey and the impressions of this tour and the history of her life in Canada may be found in her book 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.'

Our readers may be curious to know what impression Toronto made upon this lady as she approached its shores in the very worst season for travel-

ling. She slept all through the sail on Lake Ontario, and was roused as the steamer touched the wharf of the 'Queen City.' She says:—

'The wharf was utterly deserted, the arrival of the steamboat being accidental and unexpected; and as I stepped out of the boat I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. The day was intensely cold and damp, the sky lowered sulkily, laden with snow which was just beginning to fall. Half blinded by the sleet driven into my face, and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked about a mile though a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, and to me as yet an unknown wilderness, and through dreary miry ways, never much thronged, and now, by reason of the impending snowstorm, nearly solitary. I heard no voices, no quick footsteps of men or children. I met no familiar face, no look of welcome.'

And again she says:—

'What Toronto may be in summer I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some Government offices built of staring red brick in the most tasteless vulgar taste imaginable; three feet of snow all around, and the grey, sullen, uninviting lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect. Such seems Toronto to me now.'

This picture will be new to many of the residents of the Toronto of the present day. In May, Mrs. Jameson writes:—

'This beautiful Lake Ontario—my lake, for I begin to be in love with it, and look on it as mine—it changes its hues every moment, the shades of purple and green fleeting over it, now dark, now lustrous, now pale like a dolphin dying, or, to use a more exact though less poetical comparison, dappled and varying like the back of