

to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for his wife." No doubt; the sentiment is truly a masculine one; and what was *their* fate? What would now be the fate of such unresisting and confiding angels? Is this the age of Arcadia? Do we live among Paladins and Sir Charles Grandisons, and are our weakness, and our innocence, and our ignorance, safeguards—or snares? Do we indeed find our account in being

"Fine by defect, and beautifully weak?"

No, no; women need in these times *character* beyond every thing else; and the qualities which will enable them to endure and to resist evil; the self-governed, the cultivated, active mind, to protect and to maintain ourselves.

Surely, it is dangerous, it is wicked, in these days, to follow the old saw, to bring up women to be "happy wives and mothers;" that is to say, let all her accomplishments, her sentiments, her views of life, take one direction, as if for women there existed only one destiny—one hope, one blessing, one object, one passion in existence; and some people say it ought to be so, but we know that it is *not* so; we know that hundreds, that thousands of women are not happy wives and mothers—are never either wives or mothers at all. The cultivation of the moral strength and the active energies of a woman's mind, together with the intellectual faculties and tastes, will not make a woman a less good, less happy wife and mother, and will enable her to find content and independence when denied love and happiness.

We cannot refrain from transcribing the following anecdote, which is brimfull of feeling and poetry, premising that the gentleman alluded to is a soldier, who has served his country during the greater part of a long life, and has risen from the ranks to the elevated position he now worthily holds, earning in the field every step of his promotion:—

Do you remember that lyric of Wordsworth, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," in which he describes the emotions of a poor servant-girl from the country, whose steps are arrested in Cheapside by the song of a caged bird?

'Tis a note of enchantment—what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves!

She looks, and her heart is in heaven!

And how near are human hearts allied in all natural instincts and sympathies, and what an unfailling, universal fount of poetry are these even in their homeliest forms! F. told me today, that once, as he was turning down a bye street in this little town, he heard somewhere near him the song of the lark (Now, you must observe, there are no larks in Canada but those which are brought from the old country.) F. shall speak in his own words: "So, ma'am, when I heard the voice of the bird in the air, I looked, by the natural instinct, up to the heavens, though I knew it could not be there, and then on this side, and then on that, and sure enough at last I saw the little creature perched on its sod of turf in a little cage, and there it kept trilling and warbling away, and there I stood stock still—listening with my heart. Well, I don't know what it was at all that came over me, but every thing seemed to

change before my eyes, and it was in poor Ireland I was again, and my home all about me, and I was again a wild slip of a boy, lying on my back on the hill side above my mother's cabin, and watching, as I used to do, the lark singing and soaring over my head, and I straining my eye to follow her till she melted into the blue sky—and there, ma'am—would you believe it?—I stood like an old fool listening to the bird's song, lost, as in a dream, and there I could have stood till this day." And the eyes of the rough soldier filled with tears, even while he laughed at himself, as perfectly unconscious that he was talking poetry, as Mons. Jourdain could be that he was talking prose.

The "Summer Rambles" of Mrs. Jameson have been very extensive, through the richest portions of Upper Canada, and her observations upon what came under her notice, are alike instructive and amusing. Did our limits permit, it would afford us pleasure to follow the author through her tour, and to transcribe many passages—to which we shall advert at some future day—for the present, contenting ourselves with the following beautiful passage, descriptive of the rapid transition from spring to summer, which distinguishes the climate of the American continent:—

We have already exchanged "the bloom and ravishment of spring" for all the glowing maturity of summer; we gasp with heat, we long for ices, and are planning Venetian blinds; and three weeks ago there was snow lying beneath our garden fences, and not a leaf on the trees! In England, when Nature wakes up from her long winter, it is like a sluggard in the morning—she opens one eye and then another, and shivers and draws her snow coverlet over her face again, and turns round to slumber more than once, before she emerges at last, lazily and slowly, from her winter chamber; but here, no sooner has the sun peeped through her curtains, than up she springs, like a huntress for the chase, and dons her kirtle of green, and walks abroad in full-blown life and beauty.

To this we must subjoin the picture of the lake, upon the shore of which Toronto is built:—

Ontario means *the beautiful*, and the word is worthy of its signification, and the lake is worthy of its beautiful name; yet I can hardly tell you in what this fascination consists: there is no scenery around it, no high lands, no bold shores, no picture to be taken in at once by the eye; the swamp and the forest enclose it, and it is so wide and so vast that it presents all the monotony without the majesty of the ocean. Yet, like that great ocean, when I lived beside it, the expanse of this lake has become to me like the face of a friend. I have all its various expressions by heart. I go down upon the green bank, or along the King's Pier, which projects about two hundred yards into the bay. I sit there with my book, reading sometimes, but oftener watching untired the changeful colours as they flit over the bosom of the lake. Sometimes a thunder squall from the west sends the little sloops and schooners sweeping and scudding into the harbour for shelter. Sometimes the sunset converts its surface into a sea of molten gold, and sometimes the young moon walks trembling in a path of silver; sometimes a purple haze floats over its bosom like a veil; sometimes the wind blows strong, and the wild turbid waves come rolling in like breakers,