

prospect all around was as dull and cheerless as ice and snow could make it. To a mind like hers, however, Niagara could not be long uninteresting, and she soon learned to view it as one of the most sublime spectacles with which lavish nature has decorated the world:—

Well! I have seen these cataracts of Niagara, which have thundered in my mind's ear ever since I can remember—which have been my "childhood's thought, my youth's desire," since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and to wish. I have beheld them, and shall I whisper it to you!—but, O tell it not among the Philistines!—I wish I had not! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld—a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated—something to live for:—the reality has displaced from my mind an illusion far more magnificent than itself—I have no words for my utter disappointment: yet I have not the presumption to suppose that all I have heard and read of Niagara is false or exaggerated—that every expression of astonishment, enthusiasm, rapture, is affectation or hyperbole. No! it must be my own fault. Terni, and some of the Swiss cataracts, leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara. O I could beat myself! and now there is no help!—the first moment, the first impression is over—is lost; though I should live a thousand years, long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses?—I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification—for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell *what* disappointment!

The country through which she passed, on her route to the Falls, however, in spite of winter and its snows, more than satisfied her anticipations, and her description of it is rich in poetry and truth:—

Beautiful must this land be in summer, since even now it is beautiful. The flower garden, the trim shrubbery, the lawn, the meadow with its hedgerows, when frozen up and wrapt in snow, always give me the idea of something not only desolate but dead: Nature is the ghost of herself, and trails a spectral pall; I always feel a kind of pity—a touch of melancholy—when at this season I have wandered among withered shrubs and buried flowerbeds; but here, in the wilderness, where Nature is wholly independent of art, she does not die, nor yet mourn; she lies down to rest on the bosom of Winter, and the aged one folds her in his robe of ermine and jewels, and rocks her with his hurricanes, and hushes her to sleep. How still it was! how calm, how vast the glittering white waste and the dark purple forests! The sun shone out, and the sky was without a cloud; yet we saw few people, and for many miles the hissing of our sleigh, as we flew along upon our dazzling path, and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells were the only sounds we heard.

Her first view of the Falls is thus beautifully described:—

I was not, for an instant, aware of their presence; we were yet at a distance, looking down upon them; and I saw at one glance a flat extensive plain; the sun having withdrawn its beams for the moment, there was neither light, nor shade, nor

colour. In the midst were seen the two great cataracts, but merely as a feature in the wide landscape. The sound was by no means overpowering, and the clouds of spray, which Fanny Butler called so beautifully the "everlasting incense of the waters," now condensed ere they rose by the excessive cold, fell round the base of the cataracts in fleecy folds, just concealing that furious embrace of the waters above and the waters below. All the associations which in imagination I had gathered round the scene, its appalling terrors, its soul-subduing beauty, power and height, and velocity and immensity, were all diminished in effect, or wholly lost.

Following her back to Toronto, we find her reviewing the German poets with the clear perception which mark her portraiture of the female characters of Shakspeare, and in language correct and pure as that which distinguishes her in the whole of her previous writings. These "studies" are again agreeably broken in upon by the every day events of the Upper Canadian metropolis, and by reflections which prove that, though an author, with a pen of masculine vigour, she is a woman in feeling and sentiment, with a heart delighting in the exercise of kindly sympathies.

The "position of woman" has shared a good deal of her attention, and, though sometimes too bold and independent, her reflections upon this subject are just. The intellect of woman cannot be too highly cultivated; Mrs. Jameson says:—

Men, our natural protectors, our lawgivers, our masters, throw us upon our own resources; the qualities which they pretend to admire in us—the overflowing, the clinging affections of a warm-heart—the household devotion—the submissive wish to please, that feels "every vanity in fondness lost," the tender shrinking sensitiveness which Adam thought so charming in his Eve—to cultivate these, to make them, by artificial means, the staple of the womanly character, is it not to cultivate a taste for sunshine and roses, in those we send to pass their lives in the arctic zone? We have gone away from nature, and we must, if we can, substitute another nature. Art, literature and science, remain to us. Religion, which formerly opened the doors of nunneries and convents to forlorn women, now mingling her beautiful and soothing influence with resources which the prejudices of the world have yet left open to us, teaches us another lesson, that only in utility, such as is left to us, only in the assiduous employment of such faculties as we are permitted to exercise, can we find health and peace, and compensation for the wasted or repressed impulses and energies more proper to our sex—more natural—perhaps more pleasing to God; but trusting in his mercy, and using the means he has given, we must do the best we can for ourselves and for our sisterhood. The cruel prejudices which would have shut us out from nobler consolation and occupations have ceased in great part, and will soon be remembered only as the rude, coarse barbarism of a by-gone age.

Coleridge, who has said and written the most beautiful, the most tender, the most reverential things of woman—who understands better than any man, any poet, what I may call the metaphysics of love—Coleridge, as you will remember, has asserted that the perfection of a woman's character is to be *characterless*. "Every man," said he, "would like