

scene which, in romantic sublimity, has not its equal in the wide world.

"Who would not dare," exclaims the patriotic wizard of the north, "to fight for such a land!"

Aye, and die for it, if need be, as every true-hearted Scot would die rather than see one stain cast upon the national glory of his noble country.

It cannot be doubted that the character of a people is greatly influenced by the local features of the country to which it belongs. The inhabitants of mountainous districts have ever evaded, most effectually the encroachments of a foreign power, and the Scot may derive from his romantic land much of that poetic temperament and stern uncompromising love of independence, which has placed him in the first rank as a man.

The sun at length rose, the fog rolled its grey masses upwards, and the glorious castle emerged from the clouds, like some fabled palace of the Gods, its antique towers glittering like gold in the sun burst.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!"—and Rachel's cheek crimsoned with delight.

"The situation of Quebec is almost as fine," said the Captain, addressing her. "It will lose little by comparison."

"Indeed!" said Rachel eagerly. "You have been there?"

"Yes, many times; and always with increased pleasure. It combines every object that is requisite to make a magnificent scene—woods, mountains, rivers, cataracts, and all on the most stupendous scale. A lover of nature, like you, cannot fail to be delighted with the rock-defended fortress of British North America."

"You have made me quite happy," said Rachel. "I can never hate a country which abounds in natural beauty,"—and she felt quite reconciled to Canada from this saying of the Captain's.

Boats were now constantly plying to and from the shore, conveying passengers and their luggage from the ship to the pier. The Captain, who had recognised a countryman in M——, insisted on the voyagers taking breakfast with him, before they left the vessel. Rachel had suffered so much from sickness, that she had not tasted food since she came on board; early rising and the keen invigorating air had sharpened her appetite; and the refreshing smell of the rasher of ham and fried eggs made the offer too tempting to be refused. A small table was placed under an awning upon the deck, at which the honest Scotch tar presided; and never was a meal more heartily enjoyed. James Hawke, who had been confined, during the whole voyage, to his berth,

now joined his friends, and ate of the savoury things before him with such downright goodwill, that the Captain declared that it was a pleasure to watch him handle his knife and fork.

"When a fellow has been starving for eight and forty hours, it is not a trifle that can satisfy his hunger," said Jim, making a vigorous onslaught into a leg of Scotch mutton. "Oh, but I never was so hungry in my life."

"Why, James, you make a worse sailor than I thought you would," said Rachel. "How shall we get you safe to Canada?"

"Never fear; I mean to leave all these qualms behind me, when once we lose sight of the British shores. I have been very ill, but 'tis all over now, and I feel as light as a feather."

On returning to the ladies' cabin to point out her luggage, Rachel found the stewardess walking about in high disdain. That important personage had bestowed very little attention upon Rachel, for which, in all probability, the merino gown had to answer. She had waited with most obsequious fawning politeness on Mrs. Major F. and Mrs. Dalton, because she fancied that they were rich people, who would amply reward her services; and they had given her all the trouble they possibly could. She had received few commands from Rachel, and those few she had neglected to perform. Still, as Rachel well knew that the salary of these people mainly depends upon the trifles bestowed upon them by the passengers, she slipped half a crown into her hand, and begged her to see that her trunks were carried upon deck.

The woman dropped a low curtsy. "Madam, you are one of the very few of our passengers, who has been kind enough to remember the stewardess. And all the trouble that that Mrs. Dalton gave, with her spoilt children, and her nasty black vagabond. I was out of my bed all last night with those noisy brats; and dinks I to myself, she cannot do less than give me a half sovereign for my services. But would you believe me, she went off without bestowing on me a single penny. And worse than that; I heard her tell the big, fat woman, that never rose up in her berth, but to drink brandy and water: "That it was a bad fashion the Hinglish had of paying servants, and the sooner it was got rid of the better."

"I perfectly hagreess with you," said the fat woman; and so she gave me nothing, not even thanks. Mrs. Major F. pretended not to see me, though I am sure I'm no midge; and I stood in the door-way on purpose to give her a hint; but the hideous, little old maid, told me to get