

the commingled flow of Indian, French and British blood!—where wayward Fortune, in deserting France for England, bid glory shed her lustre upon both—crown the brows of their children with undying wreaths, and point out till the end of time to admiring nations, the names, soul-sirring and imperishable, of Wolf and Montcalm! And now the vessel wavers on her swift course—she seems, like the voyager on her poop, endued with living admiration of the sublime and beautiful scene before her, which her falling topsails would seem incontinently to salute, and her ponderous anchors, with their clanging chains, to sound sonorously and joyously—all hail to at last, from the river-depths below!

“Shall we continue in imagination to ascend Canada’s majestic river until we pass the fair city on the Mountain’s foot?—whose busy marts and crowded streets are as gay and rejoicing as the landscape of her Island, Montreal, are picturesque and charming—that island-city, floating nymph-like on her kindred waters of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa?—Shall we pass still higher up, to breed astonishment and fear in our tremulous souls from the foaming floods and terrors of the roaring rapids?—until we thread the enchantments of ‘the thousand islands’—steam over Ontario’s inland sea, and stand awe-stricken, crushed and confounded before that unparalleled type of the Eternal—the thundering and overwhelming Niagara!”

The Canadian reader will be good enough, in this place, to excuse the above slight enlargement on Guy’s original patriotic effusion to De Louvencourt, who replied, that his friend had certainly entertained him with a somewhat glowing description of his Canadian country. “Indeed,” said he, “you almost make me prefer it to the sands of Africa and Abd-el-Kader; though I cannot help thinking of your description as some do of certain paintings and line engravings,—that they owe more to the colorings and polished exaggerations of enthusiasm, than to actual unvarnished truth. With this latter quality, however, as coming from one I know who loves it, will I take your description,” said De Louvencourt.

“The idea, nevertheless, of your ‘thousand islands’ takes my fancy wonderfully. Numerous Indian tribes there are there, no doubt; and a pretty little Indian queen, too, in poetical perspective, for my friend Guy! By Jove! I think I shall lease a desert oasis from Abd-el-Kader, and there, with some dark Arabian beauty, rival you and your tawny Indian of ‘the thousand isles!’” “Come, come, De Louvencourt,” returned his companion “your coffee grows cold while you vainly try to banter me out of my Canadian project. Your leave of absence will soon expire, or you may be speedily ordered back to Africa, with fresh dispatches. Alas! my friend, perhaps in some part of France that vessel is now at anchor, whose