

opponent, whose death he regarded as a cruel and unjust act, unworthy of the English nation, usually as generous and merciful as it is brave and considerate.

The Governor was already well advanced in years. He had entered upon the winter of life that sprinkles the head with snow that never melts, but he was still hale, ruddy and active. Nature had, indeed, moulded him in an unpropitious hour for personal comeliness, but in compensation had seated a great heart and a graceful mind in a body low of stature, and marked by a slight deformity. His piercing eyes, luminous with intelligence and full of sympathy for every thing noble and elevated, over-powered with their fascination the blemishes that a too curious scrutiny might discover upon his figure; while his mobile handsome lips poured out the natural eloquence of clear thoughts and noble sentiments. The Count grew great while speaking; his listeners were carried away by the magic of his voice and the clearness of his intellect.

He was very happy this morning by the side of his old friend Peter Kalm, who was paying him a most welcome visit in New France. They had been fellow students both at Upsal and at Paris, and loved each other with a cordiality, that like good wine, grew richer and more generous with age.

Herr Kalm stretching out his arms as if to embrace the lovely landscape, and clasp it to his bosom, exclaimed with fresh enthusiasm, "See Quebec, and live for ever!"

"Dear Kalm," said the Governor, catching the fervor of his friend as he rested his hand affectionately on his shoulder; "you are as true a lover of nature as when we sat together at the feet of Linnæus, our glorious young master, and heard him open up for us the *arcana* of God's works; and we used to feel like him too, when he thanked God for permitting him to look into his treasure house, and see the precious things of creation which he had made."

"Till men see Quebec," replied Kalm, "they will not fully realize the meaning of the term—'God's footstool.' It is a land worth living for!"

"Not only a land to live for, but a land to die for, and happy the man who dies for it! Confess, Kalm; thou who hast travelled in all lands, think'st thou not, it is indeed worthy of its proud title of New France?"