

with Alfred and me? You know the General, his father, expects you to enter on this course, and anticipates your advancement in the service as that of his own son." "His goodness, De Louvencourt, I will ever remember with a feeling deeper than that of gratitude; but I will confess that the magic of the sceptre under whose sovereign liege sway I was born, has a potency for my feelings, from which they will not get rid. And my country too—how could I sever myself for ever from that dear far land of the West? Rather do I not wish for the time, pardon me, De Louvencourt, our separation, perhaps for ever, will indeed not be without a pang, but frankness will have me own that I will not regret the day, when, with a flowing sheet and full sail, I shall be borne away once more from your beautiful France, to the lands I yearn for. Joy will there be for me, when, having swept over the surging sea, my vessel's prow shall salute the first American land that greets the eye of the voyager from this side of the Atlantic. Free as the petrel shall I wing past the solemn adamantine cliffs of Terra-Nova—shoot by the lone rock of St. Paul's into the great Canadian Gulf—bow to the saluting breeze that sings its welcome to the sea-worn mariner through the maple, pine, and birchen woods that crown the clay eminence of Gaspé's Cape—tide up and up the ocean river—the grand St. Lawrence so broad and clear and blue, nigh which your Seine and Thames would indeed seem beautiful miniatures; for Art has so decked their borders and Nature would seem so prejudiced thereat, that their course runs narrowly, and their waters flow more and more muddily. Then having *traversed* the St. Lawrence between those *pillar-rocks* that sentinel its waters like a line of guardian genii frowning destructively on the up bound ship, and surveyed from my fleeting poop, the rural shore of Kamouraska—the pleasant villages and their pure white cottages—the parish churches, with their bright tinned spires on the north and southern shores; having seen all these, and a thousand beauties more, upon the lovely Isle of Orleans, with its groves of dark and lightsome green—its flowery fields, and their flitting evening shades; and those stupendous mountains looking at one so darkly, and so near, though in the distant north; behold from afar, the cataract of Montmorency thrown like a silvery scarf over the wooded hill! and then—bursting upon the view, startlingly, majestically, triumphantly!—the glorious vision of the Canadian Acropolis—Britannia's American strong-hold—the shining city of Quebec, throned on her Diamond Cape—her cupolas, roofs, and spires of tin, countless, fantastic, and glittering with the radiance of silver in the sunset! See, too, those plains—the plains of Abraham stretching to the rear—destined to be as ever verdant on the historic page, as are now their gardens gay, and farm-fields, in the vision of the enraptured eye—those plains, once reddened with