

The Commodore had received some attention in England from the friends of this youth, whom we will call Mr. Sawney; and Mr. Sawney's kind mamma having begged of the Commodore to bring out to Canada "young hopeful," whose health was bad, the Commodore had freely consented.

The fourth guest at the Commodore's table, was a promising young advocate of Montreal, a great sportsman too. Of French Canadian extraction, he had been sent to the college of Saint Stanislas, at Paris, to complete his studies; had returned strongly tinctured with imperialism, and at one time he would not at all have objected to seeing the tricolor flag float over the Quebec citadel. He soon found out his gallic proclivities awakened no echo, and that the occasional exhibition of French sentiments, on festive and national occasions, was a mere fourth of July display, for effect only, not genuine: he gradually toned down, and began to believe that there might be in the future a still more desirable existence for Canada, than dependance on England or France. This last sentiment, and his feats with the gun, were probably the chief points of contact between him and the Commodore. His stay on board of the yacht was to be limited, to its arrival at Quebec, where the *Dixie* was to take in an intimate friend of the Commodore, to whom the writing of the journal of the cruise was to be confided.

Such was the *personnel* of the *Dixie*—a strange conglomeration of heterogenous materials, amongst whom the germs of strife, and controversies innumerable, were plainly visible: happy, if the good sense of the Commodore should be always equal to the task of preventing open hostilities. Mr. Sawney was sure to fall under the lash of the irascible sailing master, nor was the illustrious Scot likely to be spared by the limb of the law, should he attack the institutions and customs of the country: unquestionably there were breakers ahead, and this was apparent even before the dinner was over,—which was the first time they had all met together.

• Operations began by the Eton student rising to say grace in the old oxonian style. One of the first questions for discussion, as soon as the cloth was removed, was the christening of the yacht. The Montreal barrister, full of gallantry, "thought that *Eugenie* would be a sweet name; it was that of a graceful and beautiful woman, the empress of a most noble and chivalrous people," (it was clear the port and champagne had been appreciated). "My dear sir," ejaculated Mr. Sawney, "how can you presume to give us the French as authorities in any thing connected with the sea; they fight well enough on land, but bless my soul, England