

## THE ARRIVAL.

WINTER has its pleasures.—Our reading-rooms—libraries—carioles—balls and whist parties serve to dissipate some of the precious hours of time—affords some opportunities of observing character and of cementing the ties of friendship and domestic life; during this season the enjoyments of society are improved, and within its circle, when well chosen, the kindest feelings of the heart expand, and our dormant ideas are called forth and imparted with a glow that gives a charm to our fireside.

Give me, however, smiling spring and a morning's walk; it is my delight! A feeling of disappointment steals over me whenever I keep my couch after six o'clock; living as I do in town during a large proportion of the day and devoted to study—the necessity of taking exercise is alone, a sufficient inducement;—but to the lover of the wild beauties of nature, there are other motives of a much higher and more pleasing kind: to neglect the opportunities which offer of enjoying these, evinces a want of taste, and an ignorance of some of the finest sensations which dignify our feelings.

Quebec from its high, commanding situation, affords a rich treat to the admirers of the sublime;—for my part I never approach the elevated portion of the ramparts without surveying with an anxious eye the romantic mountain scenery beyond Beauport—it bears a strong resemblance to some of the charming views in the north of England; fancy has often painted in idea a Winander-mere or Derwentwater amongst those distant hills: One beautiful spring morning, ere the heat had become oppressive, I was taking my usual ramble, contemplating with silent, but unspeakable admiration, the sublime landscape around, when my attention was drawn towards an object just emerging from amongst the trees at the extremity of Point Levi;—it was the first arrival of the season! The telegraph had announced a ship in the river, and conjecture was busy fixing the probable period of the vessel's arrival, when its sudden and unexpected appearance, dissipated at once all further speculation.

Those only who reside in a remote colony like this, shut out nearly half the year from a direct intercourse with their parent soil, are capable of describing the feelings of anxiety and pleasure which crowd upon the senses, when nature having disrobed herself of the attributes of winter, spreads the charms and influence of spring over her splendid features—substitutes for the virgin garb on shore the richest green—and wearing a pace the ice which converts our immense rivers into vast plains—reforms the liquid element—again to be covered with the sails of our native clime, big, perhaps, with the important events of months—of countries lost and won—of national prosperity and misery—of unions formed among friends, and alas! the sad tidings of those no more; some whose last moments might have been soothed by our presence or the knowledge of our being, and to whom also we may have felt desirous of giving our parting consolation. Such are a few of those feelings which embarrass the anxious mind, hurrying towards the first spot which enables us to solve such doubts and fears.

Judge of my feelings when I found it to be the very ship in which a dear and valued friend was expected; my impatience did not allow me to be a mere spectator of its near approach; I got into a boat and