

brave fellow, was the owner, and had you seen him on that eventful 1st of May, with his eyes intently fixed on the portrait of Jacques Cartier, carved on the stern post of the yacht, you would have said he was just the man Drake, Raleigh, or the late Captain Cook, would have selected to second them in their adventurous sea voyages. Such was the owner of the *Dixie*, whom his comrades had dignified with the title of Commodore. Far different in character and appearance was the person sitting on his right. His silvery locks denoted advancing years, but his ruddy countenance, square shoulders, and bright black eyes, betokened an energetic spirit in a strong body. His dress was a short neat blue coat, with bright buttons, blue pants, and gold band round his skull cap—not a bad impersonification of a jaunty English post captain, and still he, at one time, hated every thing English with a vengeance, but had considerably cooled down. Born at St. Eustache, near Montreal, he had played a considerable part in the troubles of 1837-38; had suffered much hardships at the hands of the loyalists of that period, having had his house and barn burnt, by order of———, and lost his only son in the flames. He never allowed any opportunity to pass, of venting his spite and curses on *les sacrés Tories de 1837*. He had taken to the sea at the age of twenty-five; knew the St. Lawrence thoroughly; liked dogs, and had a most fierce looking bull terrier on board of the yacht; and was a splendid shot. These latter points had, no doubt won him the favor of the Commodore, who brought him down more as a useful companion in a storm, than on account of his nautical knowledge, during the trip, for the Commodore was acquainted with the soundings, and every nook and corner of the coast too well to require a pilot; such however was the sailing master of the yacht, Captain Jean Baptiste Bernier. The third personage was a spare young Scotchman, fresh from Eton, travelling for his health, well read in the classics, brimful of conceit and contempt, for any thing and every thing colonial. Persuaded with Mr. Ashworth of Manchester notoriety, that a large portion of the colonists must be inferior “imbeciles;” in fact, being of French origin, and like that illustrious descendant of the Tooley street celebrities, convinced that the value of the colonies depended on the price of cotton or calico, and on the quantity which England could export,—that Canada was an incubus, a dead weight, which the mother country was bound to throw out of the vessel of state, as soon as it attempted and dared to have manufactures of its own—the Eton youth was not however devoid of intelligence; was ever ready to publish his opinion on all subjects, and grandly supercilious when his spleen overcame him.