

Atlantic before anything like fine weather returned. We therefore made a resolution not to attempt a winter voyage again in northern latitudes, except in a case of great necessity.

The *Canada*, though miserably cold in winter, is so admirably ventilated that she must be a very airy and healthy ship in hot weather. By opening certain scuttles, and by a judicious application of a windsail, the deck below becomes a complete temple of the winds, and cool airs rush round and round in all directions into every berth and corner and cranny of the ship—very delightful, as I have said, when the thermometer is at 90°, but horribly disagreeable when it is 10° below freezing—yet, I own, that it is a fault on the right side.

On Sunday morning, the 29th, we made land at the southern part of Erin's green isle. She welcomed us, as is her wont, with "a tear and a smile in her eye," as Moore sings of her. Sunshine and showers accompanied us as we ran along the coast, and at length, when we got under the land, a calm sea once more enabled the ladies and landsmen to walk the deck with comfort.

The same evening we anchored in the Mersey, but did not get up to Liverpool till the next morning, where, I am bound to say, that our luggage was passed by the custom-house officers with as much civility and as little annoyance as possible. The whole custom-house system is, at best, vile and unworthy of a great and civilised nation. What would it signify if a few books, or a few other contraband articles, were introduced into the country among passengers' luggage? Instead of the delay and vexation consequent on the examination of luggage, it would be far better if each passenger received a ticket for every package, and should make a declara-