

I ought to say that these Quebec steamers are, as regards saloon accommodation, and the class of people you meet with on board, not quite on a par with those which ply between Liverpool and New York. Perhaps the latter are fitted up almost too splendidly. 'When the stormy winds do blow'—when everyone is ill—when you are in that happy state of mind when man delights you not, or woman either—the gilded saloons, the velvet cushions, the plate glass and ornamented panels, seem quite out of place; to say nothing of the luxurious dinners, which not everyone is able to enjoy. Such things are better fitted for summer seas and summer skies.