

rise to the idea that the one-and-twenty imitations of snow and ice I had looked upon in Old England during the Christmas holidays had all been congealed into one genuine Canadian specimen, and that Captain Parry had driven the North Pole and surrounding scenery even up to the harbour of Quebec.

In spite of the nipping and pinching of the extremities, I confess I rather rejoiced than otherwise, for it afforded an opportunity for beholding the novel, extraordinary, and interesting sight of so broad an expanse of water as the Basin of Quebec frozen over from shore to shore. When the breadth and depth of the river and the rapidity of the current are taken into consideration, this gigantic congelation—for I can find no term more apt to convey my meaning—may be truly termed a phenomenon.

This solid, stationary mass of congealed water, as I have said in the preceding Chapter, is termed *Le Pont—Anglicè*