

Our fellow-passengers were chiefly Canadian merchants and traders going to England to make their purchases for the spring. The different tones and accents in which the stewards were summoned amused us. There was the fine sonorous English "Steward!" and the clear, hard impatient Scotch "Stewart!"—their difference being like that between the broad dignified English stream and the brattling, pebbly Scotch burn; while, ever and anon, the querulous French "*Wetter!*" half proud of being English, and half doubtful of its own effect, yet perfectly determined to get what it wanted.

The next day was fine; but on the following the wind got up, and on the 22d it blew a regular wintry gale. We had, in truth, an unsteady time of it for a whole week, but, the wind being in our favour, we did not complain, although we were tumbled and rolled and buffeted in a wearisome manner.

When I went on deck the cold was so great that I could remain only a few minutes, added to which the slippery deck and the heavy sea made it impossible to stand without holding on to the frozen rigging. The appearance of the ship was very curious, she looked as if made entirely of glass. Each mast and spar, each shroud and rope, was coated with ice, as were the deck and bulwarks, the boats and booms, while icicles hung from the davits and racks, the chains and catheads, and huge green surges, like mountains of malachite, came rolling up astern, threatening to engulf us.

The following day it blew about as hard, but electric lights were seen playing at the mastheads, and the seamen assured us they prognosticated that the gale was about to break. If they did, some days passed ere their prophecies were fulfilled, and we were nearly across the