

eve, our thoughts went back to our Fatherland, 1000 German miles away, to where the spectre appears on the Brocken. Oh! how we blessed the future that should restore us to our home!

The 1st of May (N. by W. 31) came in darkly. To-day if anything convinced us that we were breathing the air of a new land. No magic song of the nightingale awakening the listener to new felt joys and then drawing forth sighs from his breast with its sweet complaint; none of the strength and the splendour of spring born Nature, no soft warm rays of the summer sun calling again the fruits of the earth to life and filling our hearts with thankfulness to God; but all is waste and dead, nothing stirring save the melancholy wind sighing through the shrouds. A thick fog lay like a great white pall upon the sea, shutting in the view on every hand. Truly this day has been our worst; we can see scarcely twenty paces ahead; all day long there is the booming of cannon which serves to mark our position and to keep the fleet from scattering. A dead calm and cold so penetrating that we can hardly support it for two minutes together on deck. To-day our captain caught what he called a young swordfish; it was barely a foot long, the head being half its total length, and sharply pointed, the belly was uncommonly thick and inclosed with two flaps of hide, the tail was thin, broad and short; its skin resembled frog's spawn and its flesh was like white jelly. We could discover only one bone, a very broad one and hinged on to another one which was sickle-shaped. Two big eyes situated at the juncture of head and back were the only outward things visible to the naked eye.

According to our captain we might expect many more days of calm and fog before landing at Quebec; would that we had reached the end of our voyage! At 10 P.M. the sky cleared, the wind blew and the moon shone out brightly, so we looked forward to better weather, but in vain.