

sea. Its mean depth is one thousand five hundred fathoms, and its mean breadth ten miles, and flows in certain places with a speed of two miles and a half an hour.

"The phosphorescent waters of the Gulf Stream almost rival the power of electric light, and is the scene of the most frequent and fearful tempests, the country of water-spouts and cyclones, caused by the difference of temperature between it's air and it's currents." We have often in crossing it at northern latitudes, when our hands were benumbed with intense cold, warmed them in a bucket of its tepid water. Well does it deserve its name of the "King of Tempests." Before entering the Gulf of Mexico this grand current of the Gulf Stream divides into two arms, the principal one going towards the coast of Ireland and Norway, whilst the second bends to the south about the height of the Azores; then touching the African shore, and describing a lengthened oval returns to the Antilles.

This second arm—rather a collar than an arm—surrounds with its circles of warm water that portion of the cold, quiet, immovable ocean called the Sargasso Sea,—a perfect lake in the open Atlantic, filled with immense herbaceous masses of kelp or varech, or berry plant, trunks of trees torn from the Andes or Rocky Mountains, and floated down by the Amazon or Mississippi to this quiet resting-place, which, in time, may justify the opinion of Lieut. Maury, that "these substances thus accumulated for ages, will become petrified by the action of the water, and will then form inexhaustible coal mines—a precious reserve prepared by far-seeing Nature for the time when men shall have exhausted the mines of continents."

At Newfoundland the Gulf Stream widens, loses some of its speed and temperature, but becomes a sea; there the depth is less—not more than some hundreds of fathoms, though towards the south is a depression of some fifteen hundred fathoms.

Our most interesting companions now were the ponies and seals. The gun was useless, for there was no game—the plover had departed, the ducks not arrived.

In the former number we described some of the habits of the ponies. Let us now

watch the seals forming distinct groups male and female, the father watching over his family, the mother suckling her young. On shore they moved about with little jumps, by contraction of their bodies aided by their fins; in the water—their natural element—with their sleek, glossy skins and webbed feet, they swim and dive to perfection. Riding along the beach, we had hundreds and thousands of them following us along in the water, so close that you could almost hit them with a tandem whip. The expression of their eyes is in the highest species of curiosity and intelligence combined, and it is said "the ancients were so enamored of their soft, expressive looks—unsurpassed by the most beautiful of women—their charming positions, and the poetry of their manners, that they metamorphosed them—the male into a triton, the female into a mermaid."

The savans tells us, "these seals, with the whale and the sea-cow, which, like the dudong and the stelleria belong to the Sierian order, peaceful, beautiful, and inoffensive, have assigned to them a most important *role* by provident nature, and are designed to graze on the submarine prairies, and destroy the accumulation of weeds that obstruct the tropical rivers; and that since man has so largely destroyed this useful race, the petrified weeds have poisoned the air, and the poisoned air causes the yellow-fever, desolating the most beautiful countries. Enormous vegetations are multiplied under the torrid seas, and the evil is irresistibly developed from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata to Florida."

And if we are to believe Tousenel, "this plague is nothing to what it *would* be, if the seas were cleared of whales and seals. Then, infested with poulps, medusæ, and cuttle-fish, they would become immense centres of infection, since their waves would not possess these vast stomachs that God had charged to infest the surface of the seas." But neither ponies, seals, nor the Gulf Stream itself can adequately fill the soul. Week after week passed by but there were no signs of the steamer. Every morning before daylight the Governor was up at the signal staff to catch a glimpse of her light. Spe-