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time to listen to the speeches. The Rivière House is well worthy of a description, but as Mr. Bunn has given a very full one of it, I need not repeat it, except to say, that I never was in a more thoroughly comfortable, handsome, and orderly hotel, nor could I wish to be treated with more civility or attention.

Wednesday, Jan. 18th.—A bitterly cold day was not a pleasant preparation for our voyage. We felt almost ashamed at ourselves that we did not experience more satisfaction at the thoughts of returning speedily to our kindred and our country. At half-past ten, we took our places in a huge coach, and crossed by the largest steam ferry-boat I ever saw, with some twenty carriages, many with four horses, cattle, and carts to East Boston, whence the Canada was to start. The day was fine and bright, and so perfectly calm, that, cold as it was, we were able to keep the deck without much inconvenience; but when we went below, the ship appeared like an ice-house, for the steam-pipes for warming her did not reach to the after-part where the chief cabins were situated, and we were consequently almost frozen to death. To my horror I found ice in my water-jug, but fully expected when the steam was on, that we should be properly warmed up. We were doomed to disappointment, and never have I made so thoroughly disagreeable a voyage, when, by a little more arrangement, the comfort of the passengers might have been secured.

At mid-day the mails came on board, and getting up steam, away we went out of dock. As we stood across the bay the scenery was very interesting. To the north of us was Charleston, with its dockyard and several fine men-of-war; then winding a little, we stood eastward towards the ocean, having Boston astern, and extending