

with the cold, driving, snow squalls that covered every external part of the ship with ice, making it a terror for those whose duties compelled them to be on deck! I really did feel for the Captain; for though he occasionally appeared in the saloon with his usual cheery manner, those with experience of the sea were well aware it was a very anxious period for him. With the utmost confidence in his skill, however, we turned in that night, though tossing about in a very lively, and to most, far from agreeable manner; but about 2 a.m. I awoke to find we were bowling along as smoothly as in a river, having entered the land-flanked Straits about midnight, and now all was serene. At Quebec again we got another storm just as we arrived, about 10 a.m., and this, snowing heavily all day through besides, made it impossible for us to move again until following morning. We had been about the average time—eight days from Movile. Some pleasant sunshine cheered us up the St. Lawrence throughout all the forenoon of Sunday, and we commenced to disembark at Montreal about 4 p.m., but the usual delays of Custom House, &c., made it dark before we could all get ashore. We stopped at the Lawrence Hall Hotel (more conveniently situated and a very good house, but still not equal to The Windsor, where we stayed on our last outward journey) until the following evening, trying to recover our luggage (heavy portion of it) that had inadvertently been taken off the ship at Quebec, and which we did not see again until reaching Winnipeg. Montreal seemed busy—but in such a mess! Deep snow had fallen all the previous day, and now it was thawing just as fast as it fell; and it was really difficult to get about at all. We left for Manitoba by a Canadian Pacific train starting at 8.30 p.m. It was mild enough outside, but in the Pullman was distressingly hot (it was full), and with all the wraps, robes, rugs, coats, &c., &c. that one has to carry about to meet the varied vicissitudes of climate and temperature incidental to such a long journey so late in the season—to say nothing of the inevitable hand-bags, packages, portmanteaux, for which (most inconveniently) no provision whatever is made in a sleeping car—it was altogether a caution! The bed arrangements at night appropriate all the space that is under the seats by day, and there is really no place whatever for luggage, which, in several