

AUGUST 1st.

Sunday morning we find quite a change in the weather. The thermometer stands at 32°. Water froze on board last night. It is foggy, and there is quite a swell on the water. We began a morning service, but our congregation were *rather restless*, and one after another mysteriously disappeared, until the Dumpling (who presided at the organ) and three or four others found they were left alone to finish the hymns, &c. All managed to reassemble as the dinner bell rang, except Honey, who was shortly after joined by several of her companions in No. 12 stateroom, which was quite an hospital. We had a good deal of fun during the afternoon, and could not



"No. 12 WAS QUITE AN HOSPITAL."

easily find the most agreeable place on deck to squatulate; at last the Boss, Dumpling, the Admiral and Walker No. 2 got nicely settled leeward of the boat, and she was tossing beautifully; Walker turned to answer the Boss a question, when he suddenly collapsed, without even turning pale; the Boss had to jump out of the way, and there was quite a scatteration of the party into the parlour. Then the Boss requested the Admiral to bring in the shawls; he came back rubbing his hands, and saying, "Boss, Boss, they are anointed! What will I do?" We forgive and forget all mishaps to-day, as it is so rough; it is blowing big guns. Father and H. S. lost their hats overboard. We had lots of room at the tea-table, as only Boss, Dumpling, Vice-Commodore and



"FATHER LOST HIS HAT OVERBOARD ON SUNDAY."