

RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
Visit to Great Britain and Ireland
IN THE
SUMMER OF 1862.

"From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, Tars blaspheming,
Tells us that our time's expired."

ON the 1st of July, 1862, we embarked at 9 A.M. on board the steamship *United Kingdom*, at Quebec, for Glasgow, and were detained eighteen hours on the river, two miles below Quebec, awaiting passengers from Montreal, by the steamboat *Montreal*, the machinery of which had got out of order near Sorel. We had a fair passage of thirteen days. Captain Craig and the Officers were gentlemanly and obliging, the table was luxurious, and the berths clean and well ventilated. In the cabin there was twenty-five of us, and we soon became as intimate as one family. Conversation, pacing the deck, meals, reading, laugh and joke, smoke and song, and sleeping beguiled the time. There were forty steerage passengers, many of whom, as well as most of the cabin passengers, had return tickets. While awaiting the arrival of the Montreal steamer, the evening was delightful; the hills of Point Levi, with their romantic churches and cottages, and the city on the opposite side, with its tin roofs and church steeples, on which the sun reflected his setting rays, while the river was studded with ships as far as the eye could take in—presented a view like a grand per-