

who has always a chimney pot hat on, a light overcoat, and he carries a very slight umbrella carefully folded in a cover. He turns out in this fashion at all hours, and I have seen him pacing the deck in a gale of wind. How he contrives to keep his hat on, and why he carries the umbrella are mysteries I cannot solve, but he does both. There are signs on the ship that the end of her voyage is approaching, the holds have been opened during the afternoon, and the luggage tumbled all about very disrespectfully. Those who intend to disembark at Moville are getting their traps together. I am sorry to say that Captain Wylie has been confined to his cabin for some days by an attack of lumbago or by some kindred abomination. He is to come on the bridge this evening and he will bring the ship to Moville. There is no fog at all happily, and nothing like a threatening of it, so that I trust we may reach there before midnight. I am still afraid that we cannot get to the bar in the Mersey earlier than about 4-0 to-morrow afternoon. This will be our last dinner on board, and I am sure everybody is truly delighted. Leaving out yesterday and to-day we have had a thoroughly disagreeable, rough, dirty, cold passage, with fog enough to choke everybody, and the comfort of a quiet night's rest at home will be delicious indeed.

MONDAY MORNING, 9-0 I was glad to see the captain on the bridge yesterday evening, who said in reply to my question, that he felt better, though hardly fit yet. We had evening service at 8-0 which a good many attended. I did so myself. Walking the deck about 7-30, I heard the watch cry out "Land on the starboard bow." I strained my eyes considerably ere I discovered a very dim glimmer in the horizon. This was the lighthouse on Tory island. It soon became brilliant. We must have been 20 miles distant at the least. Moville would