

who, I am sorry to say, was from home. As I was standing at Thyne's counter, who should come in but my "American Cousin;" we were both delighted, so he says to me, "Where are you going?" Says I, "Canada, at one o'clock;" he was thunderstruck—of course he jumped into the cab and saw me off. I called at Mr Bell's shop and got the promised letters, and then away we went for the "Mavis Bank Wharf," which we reached about half-past 12.

Such a crowd of people were there, all crying and roaring at an awful rate. I found Gibson and his mother waiting, also Willie Sturrock, Mr Forrester, Mrs Sturrock, and little Isabella; we went on board and saw the captain, and got our luggage all stowed away in our room; by this time the steam was getting up, so all went on shore but Hugh and I, who ran on shore afterwards and shook hands with all our friends; we had just time to hurry on board when the ropes were cast off, the screw revolved, and we found ourselves slowly drawing away from the quay; then wasn't there a hullabaloo, about nine hundred people or more all shouting, crying, hurrahing, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs; Hugh and I jumped on the stern, and waved our caps, and kissed our hands till the dear faces we knew so well were no longer in sight, and then for the first time we felt the loneliness of our situation. We had dinner, and got to Greenock about 3 p.m., where we stayed all night. To our great astonishment a note came on board to say that Hugh's mother had come down and was in the town, so we agreed that *I* should go to her and not *himself*, as he did not wish to see her again. Away we rushed down to the cabin, and scribbled two notes, he to his mother