

I.

LIVERPOOL TO MONTREAL.

On board "The North American,"

*Saturday, August 13th, 1864.*

AFTER being knocked about for nine days and nights on the open sea, we sighted land this morning at twelve o'clock, and are now proceeding in comparative quiet through the straits of Belle Isle, with 700 miles still between us and the longed-for harbour of Quebec. I do not know that I have much to tell you at present, for our voyage has been marked by no particular incident beyond the ordinary occurrences of a trip across the Atlantic by this route; but it is such a pleasure to find yourself in smooth water again—not running your head into your neighbour's ribs, nor breaking your shins against every bench in the saloon—that, notwithstanding the fact that I could now relieve my eyes, wearied as they are with straining into empty space, by a view of land on each side of our beam, I am seized with an almost involuntary impulse to sit down at the table below, and communicate at once to you the joyful announcement that we