

grand pianoforte, but also a fine organ, upon both of which, during the voyage, divers amateurs discoursed sounds sweet, or otherwise. They also sang, and occasionally recited.

My "state-room" was airily situated on the "deck-promenade," with a delightful bath-room just opposite.

These cabins on the "promenade deck" are considered the best, and are all that is nice as long as the weather is fine; but, one rough day, when the Atlantic rollers happened to be splashing in full swing across the entrance to them, I tried in vain to dodge "between waves," and reached the haven drenched! So, unless you *know* that the weather will be calm throughout, and no encroaching waves washing the deck, I think the state-rooms on the saloon-floor preferable, as they are always accessible, whatever the weather. It is true, it is possible to get to the deck-cabins by another way; but it is such a tortuous, hot and roundabout *route*, that, except in the case of being battered down, one hasn't the patience to try it.

We had started, a well-filled shipload, at about 4.30 p.m., with a calm and quiet run to Queenstown, where we arrived on Sunday morning, staying just long enough to take in mails and passengers, after which, in perfectly quiet and sunshiny weather, we left the harbour with its bright green hills, and steamed out more and more rapidly, into the wide ocean.

Soon all land was left behind; and on we rushed, entirely alone on the pathless sea. So smoothly does the great ship move, that it is not till night sets in, and you pace up and down watching the gleam of the electric light on the swirling, madding water, that you realize, with a sensation of awe, the wild pace through the waves at which you are rushing, on and on, into the darkness.