

horizon came nearer and more near, she seemed to regard both Ireland and the Irish with great disfavor, though we knew very well that ordinarily she had a quite remarkable affection for both.

'What is Queenstown?' said she. 'A squalid little place, filled with beggars and trades-people that prey on the ignorance of Americans. They give you baskets of fruit with brown paper filling up half. They charge you—'

'Why, you have never been there in your life!' exclaimed our Bell, with staring eyes.

'But I know, all the same!' was the retort. 'Haven't Americans told me again and again of their first experiences of Irish hospitality? And what is the use of being at all that trouble of going ashore to look at a miserable little town?'

'Madame,' said the lieutenant, with a loud laugh, 'I do think you are afraid we will not come back if we once are on the land. Do you think we will run away? And the company—will they give us back our passage-money?'

She relapsed into a proud and indignant silence; we knew not how Queenstown had managed so grievously to offend her.

And now we drew near the point at which we were to bid a real farewell to our native land; and as we slowly glided into the broad, bright bay, Queenstown gave us an Irish welcome of laughter shining through tears, of sunlight struggling through fleecy clouds of rain, and lighting up the beautiful green shores. There was a beautiful green, too, in the water of the bay, which was rippled over by a light westerly breeze. Well, we remained on board, after all. We were informed by our admiral-in-chief that now, when the ship was almost empty, and certainly still, was an excellent opportunity for setting our cabins to rights, and putting away every thing we should not require on the voyage. What was there to see by remaining on deck? A quiet bay, a green shore, and some white houses—that was all. Those of us who rebelled, and insisted on remaining on deck, she treated with silent scorn. She was successful, at least, in carrying Lady Sylvia with her below.

And yet it must be confessed that we were all of us glad to get away from Queenstown. We wished to feel that we had really started. Wasting time in waiting for mails is not an exciting occupation, at Queenstown

or elsewhere. When, therefore, the tender came out from the shore, and discharged her human and other cargo, and when the order was given to let go the gangway, we were glad enough—all of us, perhaps, except one; for what meant that slight exclamation, and the inadvertent step forward, as this last means of communication was withdrawn? But there was a friendly hand on her arm. The child looked on in mute despair as the great vessel began to move through the water. There was a good deal of cheering as we now, and finally, set out on our voyage; she did not seem to hear it.

And now we were out on the Atlantic, the land gradually receding from sight, the great ship forging ahead at full speed through the rushing waves, the golden glory of the afternoon shining on her tall masts. They were getting out some sail, too; and as the string of men were hauling up the heavy gaff of the mizzen try-sail, one tall fellow, the leader of the choir, was singing so that all could hear,

'Oh, it's Union Square as I chanced for to pass,
Yo, heave, ho!

Oh, it's there I met a bonnie young lass:'

while the idiotic refrain,

'Give a man time to roll a man down,'

sounded musically enough with its accompaniment of flapping canvas and rushing waves. And there were rope-quoits got out, too, and the more energetic shovel-board; while those who scorned such vain delights were briskly promenading the deck with an eye to dinner. And then, at dinner, the sudden cry that made every one start up from the table and crowd round the nearest port-hole to look out on that extraordinary sunset—the sea a plain of dark and rich purple, almost hard in its outline against the sky; the sky a pure, dazzling breadth of green—a sort of olive green, but so dazzling and clear that it burned itself into the memory, and will forever remain there—with a few lines of still more lambent gold barred across the west. That fire of color had blinded all eyes. When we returned to our seats we could scarcely see each other.

'What a beautiful night we shall have!' said Lady Sylvia, who was doing her best to be very brave and cheerful—because, you see, it was our common duty, she considered, to cheer up the spirits of the young mother