

everything at hand. The cabin passengers join us here at 12 o'clock, as we are almost the only ones that *slept* on board. We start at one to-day, and don't stop till we reach St Johns, Newfoundland, where I will write you, so you will get a letter sooner than I expected. I hope you read my last night's note to grandfather, it would cheer him. Love to all, not forgetting Topsy.* Good-bye. God bless you. I am all right.—Ever your loving son.

JOHNNIE.

LETTER No. I.

BEGAN ON BOARD THE S. S. "ST. GEORGE."

12th June 1867.

Mrs E. SWAIN, Edinburgh.

MY OWN DEAR, DEAR MOTHER.—Here I am, going to write you my first letter in the saloon of the "St George," more than 1000 miles from the nearest land, and in the middle of the deep Atlantic; but if I go on in this style, I shall never get any news told to you, so I must drop it and begin in earnest. When I got to Glasgow, Hugh Gibson was waiting at the station, and I promised to meet him in half an hour at the hotel his mother and he were staying at. In the meantime, Fred Jockel called a cab and got my luggage stowed, and away we drove for Mrs Sturrock's shop; she was not in, but at the house; so I went up and found her just going out. We then went and saw Hugh's mother, who was in a *dreadful state*, which I considered very foolish; from there we went back to the shop, and then to Mr Thyne's,

* A pet dog.