

in America is neither distinguished for carefulness or tenderness. Our trunks on this occasion were allowed to drop off the roof of the conveyance and shake themselves down on the pavement as best they could.

On deck Mrs. Abbott and Ethel held quite a reception, and huge baskets and bouquets of flowers decorated their cabin.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Dunning, junior, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Allan, and others, to see us off.

About three, after many adieus, good-byes, and write-offens, the visitors went ashore; the last mail bag was thrown on board, and the tugs began to haul us out into the river, stern foremost.

Our friends, in a crowd of other passengers' friends at the end of the quay, waved their pocket-handkerchiefs, but we were only able to see them for a few moments. When these steamers sail everybody's attention is centred on these white squares of linen.

When the *Servia* started, some eight or nine days previous to this, and we were in the handkerchief-waving crowd on shore, two old ladies dressed in deep mourning stood behind me and waved their would-be flags for "Emma." But "Emma" didn't see the signals of her friends, and was looking somewhere else. Great was the agitation of these old ladies. "What shall we do? she doesn't see