

was somewhat faulty, excusable perhaps, all things considered. I "turned in" at 10-20, and with some difficulty climbed into my berth. I could just lay in it, but no more. The noise of the screw, the whistling of the "Bo'swain," and the shouting of the crew disturbed me greatly, and I slept only at intervals. I got up, or rather "down," at 4-30, and it was daylight. On looking through the porthole I saw rocks, but I could not tell where they were. I went to bed again, and on awaking, was delighted to find the noise of the screw had ceased. I got up, looked out, and found we had anchored. I dressed at once—Oh! "how convenient and roomy I found everything!" I went on deck and found that we were in Lough Foyle, the little village of Moville being about a mile away. The scenery all round was very pretty, the cornfields, some cut, some un-cut, were shining in the sun. The day was magnificently fine, and the water perfectly calm. I could see the breakers dashing outside the Lough, and one of the sailors told me that the entrance was a dangerous one. We went in to breakfast at 9-0, and I had a splendid appetite. A steamer came alongside to take people ashore, but we were not ready, and preferred waiting for the small row boats which ply to and from the boat and the shore every half hour. Having written several post cards and finished my Diary so far, I can now go ashore to see what can be seen on this part of the coast, on the occasion of my putting my foot on Irish soil for the first time.

2-20 p.m. My wife and I, and Mr. Bradley, were the sole passengers ashore by the little sailing boat which lay alongside the ship, most of the others having already gone. The charge is one shilling each to shore, and the same sum returning. The moment we touched the little pier we were beset by a small crowd of Irish Jarvies, each having his "Car." They each claimed us, saying, "The lady touched my hand first," "This