

was the *Aglaiæ*. We knew perfectly that if we were walking along the shore there, we should meet a thickset little man in smart blue uniform, who would say,

'Ay, ay, mem, and will you be going for a sail to-day, mem? Mr.—, it is away up the hills he is to-day; and he will be penting all the day; and the wind it is ferry good to-day, mem, for a run down to the Cumbræes and back, mem.'

And what would our Bell answer? She would say,

'Dear Captain Archie, we will go on board the *Aglaiæ* at once, and go to the Cumbræes, and further than that. We will go far beyond the Cumbræes, to Lock Ranza and Kilbranan Sound, to the Sound of Jura and Lock Buy, and we will listen to the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay. And I pledge you my word, Captain Archie, that we will never once in all the voyage begin to cry because we are not bound for Idaho.'

But these idle dreams, begotten of the morning mist and the sunlight, were soon dispelled. We came to anchor off Staten Island. We regarded the natives who boarded us from the small steamer with great interest and wonder; they were as like ordinary human beings as possible, and did not seem at all depressed by having to live in a place some three thousand miles away from any where—which was our first notion of America. Then we had to go down into the saloon, and go through the form of swearing we had no forbidden merchandise in our luggage. It was a tedious process; but we did not fail to admire the composure of one stout little gentleman who passed the time of waiting in copying out on a large sheet of paper a poem entitled 'Love.'

'The love that sheds its mortal ray,'

the verses began. He had stumbled across them in a book out of the saloon library, and they had been too much for his kindly heart. Happily he had his copy completed before the great ship was got into the dock.

And now the dusky, steeped mass of New York lay before us, and experts were eagerly naming the principal buildings to strangers, and the sun was beating fiercely on us with a heat we had never experienced at sea. There was a little black crowd of people on the wharf; this great floating

palace seemed bearing down on the top of them. And surely it was preposterous that handkerchiefs should be waved already.

Now the people who had warned us of the awful isobars, and generally recommended us to say our prayers before stepping on board a transatlantic steamer, had also harrowed our souls with a description of the difficulties of landing. Two sovereigns was the least tip to be slipped into the hands of the custom-house officer, and even then he might turn upon us with a fiendish malignity and scatter our innocent wardrobes all about the wharf. Then what about getting to a hotel in a city that has no cabs? Should we get into a labyrinth of tramway cars, and end by getting back to the steamer and demanding that we should be taken to Liverpool forthwith? Well, we never quite knew how it was all managed; but there was no scrimmage, and no tipping of any sort, and nothing but the most formal opening of one portmanteau out of a dozen; and such remarkable civility, swiftness, and good arrangement that, before we could wholly understand it, we were being whirled away in a huge hotel omnibus that had high springs like a George IV chariot, and that ploughed through the thick dust, and then sprung up on the tramway rails with a bound that flung us about like peas in a bladder.

'Gracious goodness!' cried Queen T—, clinging on to the window, so that she should not be flung out on the other side; 'this is more dangerous than crossing a dozen Atlantics!'

'Madame,' said our German companion, with his teeth clinched, and his hands keeping a tight grip of about a dozen bags, umbrellas, and shawls, 'the Americans suffer a great deal from liver complaint; that is why they keep their streets so.'

But what was the use of his talking about America? Any body could have seen we were not in America at all. We had expected to find New York a sort of overgrown Liverpool; but here we were—in Paris! Paris everywhere—in the green casements of the window, the plaster-fronted houses with Mansard-roofs, the acacia-looking ailanthus along the pavements, the trailing creepers about the balconies, the doors of carved wood with white metal handles. Paris, Paris everywhere—in the hot dry air and the pale and cloudless sky,