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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.\*

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST LOOK.

ALL around us the great unbroken circle of the sea, overhead the paler color of the morning sky, and this huge floating palace of 4500 tons crashing its way through the rolling waves of a heavy ground-swell—that was what we found when we stepped on to the white and sun-lit deck.

'What cheer, Madame Columbus? And how goes the log?' cried the lieutenant, making his appearance at the top of the companion-way.

Madame Columbus had been up betimes—in order to make sure of her bath—and was now engaged in private conversation with Lady Sylvia.

'We are a point west by north of Ben Nevis,' she answered, promptly, 'but the Irish coast is not yet in sight.'

The latter half of her statement was true, anyhow; there was not even the faint cloud of an island visible all round the dark blue horizon. And so we set out on our march up and down the deck, which had been strictly enjoined upon us by our admiral-in-

chief, but which was occasionally interfered with by a lurch that sent this or that couple flying toward the hand-rail. And we were all full of our new experiences; of the strange sensation of plunging through the night at this terrible speed, of the remarkable ease with which articles could be taken out of portmanteaus, and of the absolute impossibility of getting them put in again so as to secure something like order in our respective cabins. It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh and delightful breeze; but so blue was the sky, and so blue was the sea, that the eyes, becoming accustomed to this intense blue, saw every thing on board the ship as of a glowing brown or red, while the human faces we looked at in passing were simply a blaze of crimson. Then we went below to breakfast, and instituted a sort of formal acquaintance with two or three folks who had been, the previous evening at dinner, absolute strangers to us.

That forenoon, as we sat on deck with our books, which were seldom looked at, we could not understand why Queen T— was so fiercely opposed to our going ashore at Queenstown for an hour or two. As the pale line of coast now visible on the

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