

LETTERS.

ON BOARD THE ST. GEORGE,
5th June 1867.

MY DARLING MOTHER.—I am all right here at Greenock; saw Mrs Sturrock, she came and saw me off. I met my American cousin by chance, he saw me off too. We start to-morrow at 12. I have a good berth. Hugh Gibson and I have it between us.

I got a letter from my aunt to-day here. I have no time to say more. Hope grandfather is improving. Love to all. I am just going on shore in the boat to post this. Good-bye.—I am your loving son,

JOHNNIE.

6th June 1867.

GREENOCK, "ST. GEORGE," 9 A.M.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER—I have just made a capital breakfast, as the sea air gives one a good appetite, and as the captain is going ashore this morning I knew how glad you would be to get a line from me. The berths are far more comfortable for sleeping than I thought. I never woke once all night. I have got my luggage all in my bunk, and so has Hugh, so we have