

acquaintance with the harbour, and gave full scope to the delightful idea of hailing their homes, families and friends in a few, very few hours.

I too, equally confident of my hopes being realized, went down to the cabin to dress, and prepare for going on shore ; but while occupied in this way, and when least expecting it, my disappointment was complete. About four o'clock I heard the cry " She's aground !" and almost at the same instant, by the pilot, " Put the helm hard a-port !" " She's aground !" " She's aground !" resounded from one end of the vessel to the other.

I hurried up on deck, where I witnessed a very different scene from what had existed when I had been up last : the vessel was fast in the mud near Greenore Point, which, however, we could not see for the fog.

Rage and disappointment exhibited themselves in their most hideous forms in the countenances and expressions of the