

cealed from the lynx eyes of prying conductors, who will not always be appeased by pleading words, even if accompanied by more persuasive silver. If Jimmy could write his memoirs his book would be read with great sympathy, not only by the whole canine tribe, but also by all ladies who cherish a four legged pet.

New Year's Day on board the 'Ville de Paris' was a most miserable day, for the weather was extremely rough and everybody was sea-sick, myself and Jimmy included.

We arrived on January 6, 1868, in Brest, where I went to the Hotel Lamarque. I sent at once a despatch to Felix and his brother, and was very much disappointed on receiving next day the news that my husband was prevented from coming for me to Brest, but that he expected me in Paris.

I was of course in a very bad humour, and it may be ascribed to this circumstance that the first impression which Europe made on me was by no means favourable. Everything appeared to me extremely small in comparison with what I had left in America. The rivers looked all like miserable creeks, the mountains like mole-hills, and the trees like toys. The people in the hotel were, however, very kind, and assisted me to the best of their ability. The landlady accompanied me next morning to the dépôt, to facilitate difficulties which possibly might occur in reference to Jimmy, as dogs were severely prohibited in first-class