

On Friday morning, July 13th, the *Great Eastern* and her consorts finally took leave of the Irish coast. The great ship hauled up the cable from its ocean-bed, and, splicing it to the colossal rope on board, began its eventful voyage. The weather was fine, and every omen auspicious—best omen of all being the noble energy and confidence with which every heart was filled. On Saturday, too, the skies shone, and the waves glanced and glittered, and the wind blew gently. On Sunday—but here we take up the record of Mr. Deane, who was on board the *Great Eastern*, and kept a “Diary of the Expedition.”

*Sunday, July 15.*—All through yesterday, writes Mr. Deane, the paying-out machinery worked so smoothly, the electrical tests were so perfect, the weather was so fine, that everybody felt sanguine of the ultimate result. The recollection, however, of the reverses of the expedition of 1865 was always present to those who had the greatest reliance on success; and there was a quiet repose about the manner of the chief practical men on board, which showed they would not allow themselves to be carried away by the smoothness of twenty-four hours' events.

*Monday.*—Still everything went well. The sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. The paying-out of the cable progressed with uniformity and steadiness, and all the electrical tests worked perfectly. The average speed of the *Great Eastern* measured about five knots per hour.

*Tuesday.*—Our journalist records another twenty-four hours of uninterrupted success. All day yesterday, he