

people. We climbed to the top of this wonderful structure. Some idea may be formed of the size when it is stated that a man can walk comfortably in the arm and sit in one of the fingers. Returning to New York we walked over the celebrated Brooklyn Bridge. This, like everything else in America, is "the grandest in the world." People walk high up in the centre, the railway runs at the side, and outside the railway is the space for vehicular traffic. Next morning I saw the great Vanderbilt's residence, and I read in an American paper, that he was having a poultry house built which was to cost thirty thousand dollars. But I suppose the eggs will be no larger than if laid in an orange box. I also visited the offices of the *New York Tribune*, which are 375 feet high with 22 stories, enough iron in its construction to build 27 miles of railway, and contains 500 doors and 1000 windows. Once whilst riding on the railway I saw Mr. Wilson, solicitor, late of Wisbech, in the street below, but was unable to speak to him. At 11 a.m. I embarked on board the *Teutonic*, which is a magnificent vessel of 12,000 tons, splendidly furnished throughout. The throng which lined the docks cheered and waved handkerchiefs and hands as the great vessel slowly moved away. We had as successful and enjoyable a passage as on the outward voyage, except for the fact that one lady lost her reason and died before we reached England. We passed a wrecked vessel bottom upwards, that was anything but a pleasant sight. On another occasion we saw a whale, and it continued to spout for a long time. One day a gale suddenly sprung up and split the sails into ribbons, which flapped in the wind making a great noise like the sound of musketry; they were quickly hauled down and replaced by new. The Rev. F. Wilson, uncle of Mr. Wilson, solicitor, late of Wisbech, preached on the Sunday. There was also on board a Mr. Gibbs, of Peterborough. On the evening of Tuesday we sighted land, and were soon close to the Irish coast, passing the gaslit town of Kinsale. Rocket signals were let off on board, and were similarly answered from the hills, the news of our whereabouts being flashed across to headquarters. At eleven we were at Queenstown, where a steam tug took off about 300 of our passengers, including a young Irishman and his ten-month old baby, which he was going to take home to his mother in Ireland, the poor fellow having lost his wife when the child was born. It was a pitiful sight to see him walking the decks with the motherless babe. The ladies on board relieved him all they could, taking it in turns to nurse and look after the infant. Here boys brought newspapers and *Answers* on board, which they sold at 6d. each. At 12 we again steamed ahead, and early next morning could see the Welsh mountains. Those who had not been to England before, were amused at the smallness of our fields, and the different coloured crops, one remarking that they looked like so many pocket handkerchiefs put out to dry. They appeared to me smaller than usual. At one o'clock we were in the Mersey, having beaten the record. Steam tugs take us on shore, also the mails; there were hundreds of bags, each as much as a man could carry. Our Yankee passengers were struck at seeing so many boys selling Bryant and May's matches. Several declining the change from 10 cent pieces, remarking they were cheap at that, the little fellows appearing quite delighted. Bidding friends good-bye, and passing the Customs, I caught the train for Wisbech, arriving in the good old town at midnight, ten weeks from the time of leaving, five weeks of which I spent in travelling night and day, having enjoyed a most delightful trip and grand weather from start to finish.