

Ship on one side for three days. A steep hill outside my cabin door.

*Friday, 26th.*—Calmer. Got up, and went into the saloon to hear the steward sing comic songs. 275 miles.

*Saturday, 27th.*—255 miles.

*Sunday, 28th.*—Rolling a good deal. Went to evening service in the saloon. 276 miles.

*Monday, 29th.*—Fine, with showers of rain. Went on deck for the first time. Horrified with the look of the ocean. 260 miles.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—Arrived at Greencastle at seven a.m., and in Dublin about six p.m. Fine day.

THE END.