

landing-place, was occupied by an immense gathering of interested lookers-on, who, when we were fairly started, cheered us again and again, and this was continued as long as we remained in sight.

We were soon out at sea, with a gentle breeze, a brilliant sun, and a cloudless sky. The passage was fairly calm and uneventful, except, indeed, that we lost one of the passengers by death on the fifth day out, and brought him on to Liverpool, there to be met by sorrowing relatives. Beyond this sad episode, nothing occurred of special interest until the early morning of the last day of the voyage, when, at 2 a.m., the harbour of Queenstown was reached, and as it was impossible for me to sleep with the noise and racket overhead, I got up and went on deck to see the mails put on the tender, and also the departure of 150 of the passengers, who were leaving us at this port. Many of the latter were Irish girls, who were on a visit to their parents in the Old Country. These fine-looking specimens of the women of the Emerald Isle were engaged as servants in the States, and taking advantage of the absence of their employers during the hot months of July and August, were coming to spend a few weeks in the old cabins in Ireland.

The scene at this early hour was picturesque in the extreme, the electric light shining down on faces lit up with excitement and curiosity. There were many leave-takings of a most affectionate nature by those pretty American girls who were on their first visit to Europe, and who, making Ireland the starting point of their tour, were taking leave of their friends who were bound for Liverpool; but it was understood that they would meet again, say, at Paris, Interlachen, Rome, or Naples; and I quite enjoyed this scene, listening to the shrill, nasal American accent, and the curious, quaint American phrases, all under the cold electric light, in this lonely spot of ocean. It was the first breaking up of what one almost felt to have become a family party.

The mails, which had been heaped up on the deck during the night, were now shouldered and carried down the gangway on to the tender, and it was a weird sound that fell upon the ear, as the "eight, nine, tally" of the officer was constantly repeated, amongst all the shrill and querulous American voices. The next event of importance was taking place in the saloon, where letters and telegrams, brought from Queenstown by the tender, were being overhauled by many anxious passengers, who had remained up all night, or had risen on hearing the commotion which was going on upon deck.

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH.—At breakfast this morning everyone was wearing a smiling countenance, and the many Americans on board who were on their first pleasure trip to the Old World, looked as happy as school boys at a breaking-up. For six days they had been living on anticipation, and many of them on very little else, and now everything is new, and strange, and pleasant.