

ing to land left us, and about 5 P.M. the anchor was drawn up, and we were off. Very rapidly we steamed down the Mersey, passed New Brighton, and out to sea, so that when we came up after dinner only faint outlines of land were to be seen. Early next morning we rounded the north coast of Ireland, and about 8.45 A.M. cast anchor in Lough Foyle, off Moville, County Londonderry, to await the arrival of the mails from all parts, which are shipped here for the New World.

The day was a fine one, and while waiting some of the passengers landed, but the majority remained inactively on board, making advances in knowledge of one another. The Lough is a deep indentation in the land, capable of holding a great number of ships, but only one lay near us at this time—the *Anchoria*, a White Star steamer, bound for New York, and now also waiting for mails. These arrived in a tug about 5 P.M., and the United States' bags having been taken on board, the Canadian ones were brought to us, and