

besieged by them. However, the town is a miserable place. The stores seem to be centuries old. I had a hard time finding some decent candy and fruit to take on the steamer to-morrow. I hardly expect to be sea-sick. I never remember a more perfect day than this is, or a much more beautiful view than we have here of Queenstown harbor. We are just going to climb some of the steep hills to the back of us and see what the suburbs are. To-morrow (Sunday) morning we board our steamer.

Sunday morning the rain poured down in torrents, and with difficulty we picked our way through the mud to the tug, which was to take us to the *Alaska*. The rocking had commenced, and I could not stand the close cabin, but preferred the deck in the pouring rain. Some of the emigrants made great wail over leaving Ireland. They seemed to have taken their beds and walked, as every one of them carried one, and few had umbrellas or any protection from the rain. I lent one to a poor woman who was crying and hanging on to a feather bed, and never saw it again, but I am sure it was useful on that day. I was sea-sick again, but only for a short time, and enjoyed the coming home much more than going. My great trouble is in going to meals. I prefer having them on deck, and a great many more seemed to be of the same mind. We had on board Clara Louise Kellogg and Madame Rossini, a French actress, besides other musicians, so that we were entertained and had two very good concerts. I omitted to say that

