

selected by some as the point to head for, returning with small pieces of stone, dirt, ivy, other plants, flowers, and Irish whiskey. These are subject to a close scrutiny by those unable or unwilling to vacate the ship. After receiving over two hundred passengers, we retrace our course out of Loch Foyle. With a sweep to the left, in a few hours' time the shores of "Ould Ireland" dwindle into a mere blue outline, and as darkness comes over us, lose sight of it altogether.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7th—As will be seen by the leading dates of this paragraph, there has been a blank in the gathering of notes during the past week. On awaking Saturday 1st, I had a most peculiar feeling within and without. This was a commencement of a series of days with

SEA-SICKNESS

for a heading. A large majority of those on board are at this period just getting over the effects of a week or four days' general debility. Sunday was almost entirely spent in the berth, as well as several days following, occasionally crawling on deck to get a fresh breeze, and then return. This heaviness was not at first owing to the rough state of the sea, but to the ever-rocking motion of the vessel, when out in the ocean. On Tuesday morning the tables were gradually becoming full, but this did not last long. The weather is cold, and it is found rather hard, by those in the berths, to remain warm long, unless they manage to get up and exercise themselves a little. As the wind begins to rise higher, we overhear a remark of the captain, that a

"BLOW"

about midnight may be expected. About five p.m., the wind has considerably heightened. Some turn in early this night, while others remain in the mess room drinking, shouting, and knocking about the glasses in a lively manner, although the vessel has begun to rock from star to lea and bow to stern. The noise and laughter increases, as one after another is knocked over a seat or on to the table by the sudden move of the ship. As the ship bell tolls the hour of ten, eleven, twelve, the hurricane still increases in vigor. The ship is tossed about, as if it were an empty barrel, instead of four thousand tons burden. Before the hatchways have been properly secured, a sea dashes over the vessel, throwing a large body of water down the hatch, and drenching to the skin all those within the mess room. Again and again the hatches are lashed, and still a sea breaks over us, lifting the coverings from their foundations, and sending tons of salt water into the dining rooms below. A high base-board, fronting each cabin, somewhat protects those in the berths. Now, as the pile of trunks, wanted on deck, and heaped one above the other in one