

and Lafayette. The straits, as their name implies are narrow, being only 200 or 300 yards wide. Beyond, and eighteen miles from New York, a tongue of land, very flat and sandy, stretches into the sea from the south. This is Sandy Hook, and near it are two bars, passable by vessels of the largest tonnage at all times of the tide. There are light-houses on it, and it is the last land passed before getting into the Atlantic. Towards six o'clock the darkness came on, and Sandy Hook light was all we saw of land.

About this time a stowaway was found in hiding on one of the lower decks. He was a thin, miserable-looking wretch, and it was most unfortunate for him that he was not discovered an hour later. As it was, a pilot cutter was just nearing us to take our pilot off, so this dirty-looking bundle of rags was handed over the side, and sent back to New York about his business. We were told that if he had been found later he would have been sent down to stoke the furnaces, and thus work his way to Liverpool.

The *Republic* is a very fine vessel and a good sea boat. Her saloon is amidships, and she has an upper or promenade deck for first-class passengers. Her commander, Captain Irving, is an exceedingly pleasant man.

The crew are 135 all told. There were some forty saloon passengers, and the same number steerage.