

CIRCASSIAN,

sailing to-morrow, are quartered here. Before eight p.m., all tickets must be changed at Allan Bros. Offices, ten minutes' walk from the hotel. This being done, we rest content to await the morn's approach.

Thursday, August 30th—8 a.m. All is bustle, trunks being hauled first one place, then another, hacks coming and going from Hotel to Landing Stage. All our party leave for the stage at eight-thirty, comprising individuals of all ages, from the babe-in-arms to the man or woman of eighty years. Arriving at Number 5 bridge, what a tremendous crowd of people line the stage almost from end to end! Many would-be travellers are keeping watch over a heap of bundles of various sizes, band boxes, bedding, trunks, paper parcels, &c., &c. Simultaneously, one tender is loaded with baggage and a second with passengers. These boats are built very strong, with little or no ornament hanging on their decks. Nearing the noble looking vessel "Circassian," many familiar countenances are noticed among the crew. In about three quarters of an hour we are walking up the gangway on to the vessel. The tenders with luggage on board arriving means business; officers and men are now arranged in groups for a few hours' good hauling up. By means of metal elevators worked by steam, four or five trunks are thrown on to the deck at one time, then by the use of the ship's elevator are lowered to the hold below. All day long the passengers and freight continue to arrive, and a feeling of uneasiness prevails among those who have been on board since ten o'clock. At last, as the last piece of freight is lowered into the hold, we feel the vessel gradually moving towards the Irish Sea. On we go towards the Ocean, passing Isle of Man light house after eleven p.m.

Friday, August 31st—We are now out of sight of land. At the tables many jokes and witticisms are passed round as the different dishes are served. This over, there is a general stampede for the deck, where a couple of hour's promenading is gone through with. Foreigners from various European countries are here and there engaged in an unintelligible harrangue. There are on board Poles, Norwegians, Swedes, Huguenots, Germans, with the usual mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish; in all, nine hundred and eleven souls, seven hundred of whom are in the steerage. About mid-day, we find ourselves sailing pleasantly down Loch Foyle, for six or eight miles. Before reaching Moville, we once more pass the green hills and mountains, castle and light houses. As we lay to for the tender from Londonderry to come along side,

LOCH FOYLE HERRINGS

are plentifully supplied. Quite a number take advantage of the Captain's offer to allow them a run in Ireland of an hour or so. An old castle is