

seemed flying off in an eccentric course, their lower extremities far-stretching from the wall. It was no easy matter to dress and shave that morning. When I had accomplished the task, and had been released from my state-room, against the door of which something had rolled, I sadly wanted sea-legs to cross the saloon and go on deck. I had got half way across, and was greeting our captain as he entered from the slips on the opposite side, when the ship gave what, I suppose, was an unusual lurch; for not only was I hurled back to my cabin-door, but the captain himself staggered, and was thrown somewhat roughly beside me. I was told, however, that this was no storm, but only a stiff breeze that was carrying us on favourably. And on, I suppose, we went, and off too: as some of my children, who were lying on sofas round the saloon, occasionally found themselves gently deposited on the floor and rolling under the breakfast table. Yet even this brought its fun; for my third boy, Frank, soon discovered that tea, spilt from his own cup, could be made to run across the sloping table into the lap of his sister opposite; and,

of course, did not neglect this opportunity of improving his knowledge of hydraulics.

“When I went on deck,” writes our invalid, “I was struck with the majestic, perhaps awful grandeur of the sight. There was not another ship to be seen, and we were alone on the wide Atlantic, dashing through the waves. The sky was dark and lowering, and the wind whistled through the masts and spars.”

Such was the impression, produced on the mind of a young girl of sixteen, by a stiff breeze at sea; and such, I believe, must be its effect on all:—the loneliness of the ship we are on and the immensity of the ocean, contrast predominantly. But the breeze subsided and was followed by a calm; and the *Kate Hunter* rolled disagreeably; and then a fair breeze sprang up; and then it changed and carried us rather too far to the north: and then we, who were sailing on the great circle, found the air grow chill for the month of May; and one morning when it was getting rather unpleasantly cold, they called down to us that three large icebergs were in sight. The sick forgot their sickness, and speedily

all were on deck. How steadily they floated by us, those great mounds of snow! Not “mountains high”, as imagination fancies icebergs to be; but like small islands of snow-covered ice, large enough to whelm the largest vessel with which they should come in contact, they seemed to go on their way rejoicing towards the sun—rollicking and turning from side to side as one portion melted away in its rays and another sank deeper into the water:—and be it remembered that the part covered by the water is always two-thirds larger than that which appears above. At one time, we had about a score of these in sight, and not far from us. A large bird with black wings visited us from one of these islands, and hovered around our spars. We thought of the albatross of the “Ancient Mariner”, and bid heaven speed it on its way: but we were not sorry to incline again to the south, and to pass out of the course of such fearful neighbours.

And so our days went by, as pleasantly as days can go by on board ship. Had the *Kate Hunter* been a private yacht, she could not have sailed better, nor have been better manned and kept;

nor could we have had it more entirely to ourselves. The poor emigrants never, of course, interfered with our saloon or deck, and caused us no annoyance whatever. The mate told us to congratulate ourselves that they were Germans rather than Irish, or that we might have been sensible of their vicinity. Irishmen—Irishwomen! why will you compel a well-wisher to you and your country to hear such a reproach against you from those who had no ill-will to you or yours? It was distressing to be confined so long with upwards of three hundred people, in whose histories and hopes one could have felt interest and sympathy, without holding any communication with them; but I could not find out that any one of them spoke any language but their own; and as they all had their own bedding and provisions and cooked their own meals, little need of intercourse was there between them and the crew of the vessel. All that Captain Parsons knew of them was, that they had been brought from Germany to Hâvre by an Emigration Company, who had there chartered his vessel to take them to New York.

Sunday and other Sundays came round ; and we used to stand in groups on the deck or hang over its rails as we read the Divine Service for the day, while the captain walked his quarter-deck on the other side and would not even gambol with the lapdog until the books were closed : but he soon found out that the afternoon service was less rigidly formal, and as my children clustered together and sang the Vesper psalms to the old church music, he would stand near and listen with a pleased expression, or trip away with Tiny snapping at his heels, while he dragged our youngest two-year-old boy by the hand beside him and played with him *sotto voce*. He was a kind-hearted man, well informed, with good manners and obliging ; and evidently felt much interest in our large family going so far under such unusual circumstances. For English gentlemen's sons do not often go out to settle in the United States ; and when they do, they are not accompanied by father and mother and sisters and young children, all speeding from the luxuries of wealth and social position, that they may "rough it" unknown in the sailing