

the latter gave up the command of his vessel, and joyfully went down to his cabin to study the bundles of newspapers which had just been handed to him. The pilot had been for the last three days lying in wait at this distance from land, on the look out for some vessel that he might take into harbour. A hard life that!

But we were not yet at the end of our voyage. All that day, and the next, we lay becalmed with our pilot on board. Our feelings were divided between the restlessness of *ennui* at being detained so near shore, and the fear lest we should be carried into harbour during the night, and so lose the first sight of “the land of the brave and the free”, as our captain now—feeling that, like Rob Roy, he “stood upon his own land, and his name was Mac Gregor”—boastfully called it.

“Next morning,” writes Lucy, our invalid, in the memoranda of her travels, from which I copy, “next morning, I woke with a start, fearing that I had slept too long. It was four o’clock: and looking out of my little window, I saw the golden sun shining on land. My

first feeling was gratitude to God for having preserved us during this long voyage: and I knelt down and thanked Him who had watched over us; and whom I thought that I, of all, ought more particularly to thank. For when I first went on board the *Kate Hunter*, I had felt that I should either die during the voyage (and had prepared myself to die), or that I should get well and strong; and I now prayed that I might be of some use to my parents, who, I felt and knew, would require all their children's help in the travels we were about to undertake. I then dressed myself, and went on deck. It was a beautiful sight to one who had not seen land for three weeks. Long Island was on our right hand, and Staten Island, so I was told they were called, was on our left. Numbers of ships, boats, and steam-boats of all kinds were on the water, which was beautifully blue, but not like the blue of the middle of the ocean. I repeated the *Te Deum* as all this met my sight."

Having left Havre in the afternoon of the 7th of May, and cast anchor in the night of

the 1st and 2nd of June, we had made the voyage out in twenty-five days: not bad sailing, considering that we had been becalmed five or six.