

**OUR DIARY IN  
EUROPE; PP. 1-106**

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**HENRY PALMER KING & B. W. KING & E. A. KING**

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OUR DIARY IN EUROPE.



J. L.

<sup>King, B</sup>  
O U R D I A R Y <sup>W</sup>

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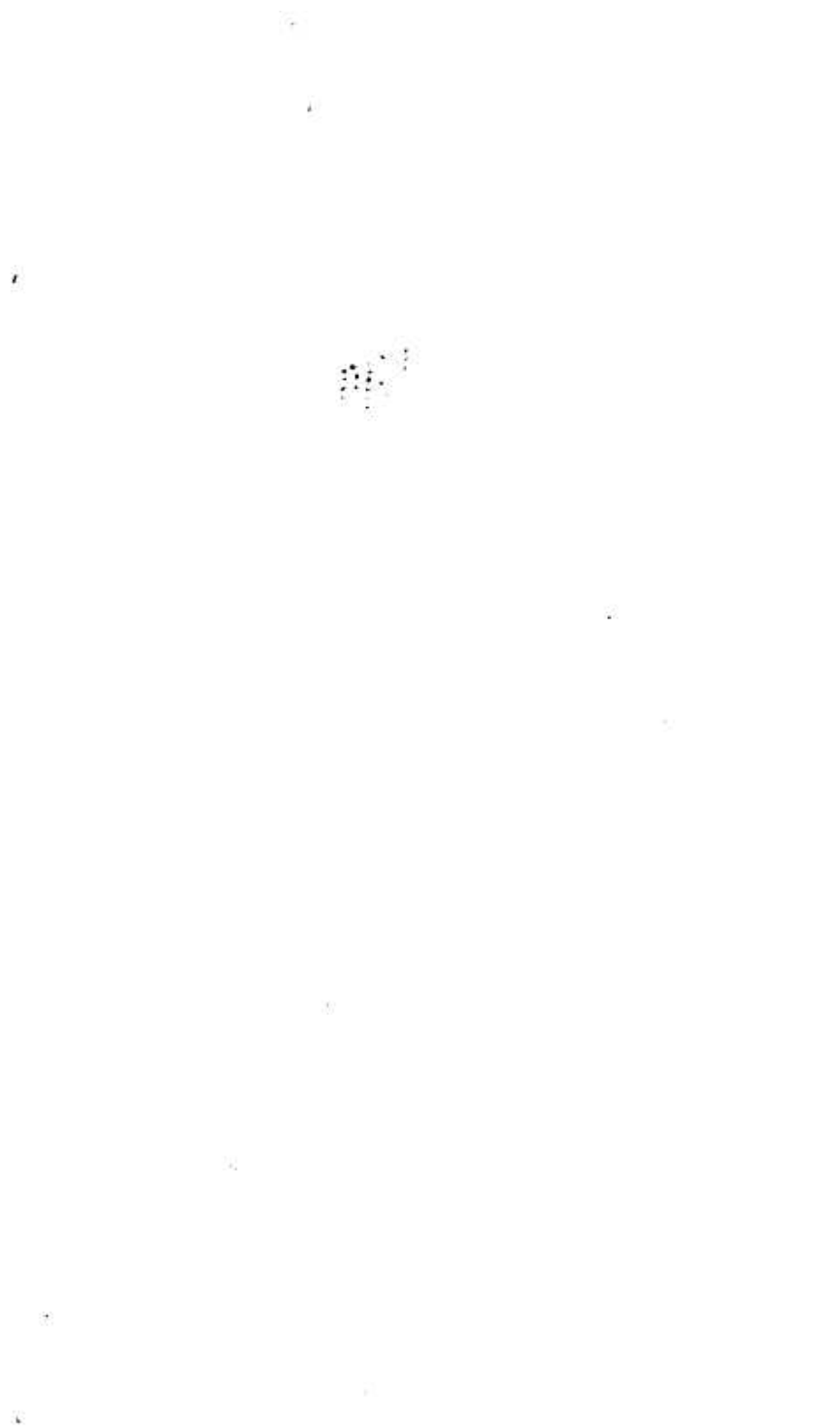


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DEDICATED TO  
HENRY PALMER KING,

BY HIS PARENTS

B. W. AND E. A. KING.

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cat 6-21-28 BF



## OUR DIARY IN EUROPE.



IN the clear sunny morn of Wednesday, May 10th, 1871, the Steamship Colorado left its pier at New York for Queens-town, Ireland, and for a time we bid adieu to our homes.

Passing Sandy Hook we found the sea perfectly calm, scarcely a ripple marring its surface; our pilot left us now, and, as he departed, it seemed the last tie was being severed that bound us to our homes, and we left to the mercy of the wind and waves. One earnest, yearning prayer went out from our hearts, that God would keep us and our loved ones at home unharmed—would protect us in our travels, and bring us safely back.

Recd 6-21-28 BF

Soon the sunset auguries seemed to foretell a pleasant and prosperous trip, for in dappled gold and crimson flecks the flattened orb went down behind the waves; no clouds disturbed the scene save the light gossamer mantle the departing hours wrapped around them as they stepped softly through the portals opened for them; the stars came out brightly, and as we met the deepening swell of old ocean, our gallant boat bowed gently as though it met an old acquaintance.

Thursday forenoon we entered the warm blue waters of the Gulf Stream, and passed the long, knotted fibres of sea-weed as they drifted slowly along in that river of the sea. At night we had got so well accustomed to standing, that the cabin was cleared for an impromptu concert and dance. As neither nature nor art had made us proficient in the accomplishments necessary for such entertainments, we sought the afterpart of the deck, and far, far as the eye could reach in our wake, the sea was aglow. We had often read of the phosphorescence of the sea, but now we saw it. The waters disturbed by our boat burst into a sheet of seeming flame—boiling and seething; here and there all through it were glow-worm flashes, darting in every direction were little specks of fire-fly light, and reaching out into the darkness on either hand were quivering streams of auroral flame. It was beautiful. Long we stood there, leaning upon the rail—watching, wondering. There were bright stars in the milky-way above us; there were fire-fly stars in the phosphorescent band below that marked our progress over the ocean's depths.

Friday night the deck was cleared, an awning spread, American and British flags festooned in friendly union around the vessel's sides, lanterns hung at every available point, and then came the pursuit of pleasure under difficulty. In vain the attempt to tread anything like the "light fantastic toe," and dancing gave way to song and repartee.

So far the days had been warm, the sea calm, and the voyage pleasant. We woke Saturday morning to find a most decided change in the programme. The Colorado rode the waves beautifully, but heaved and rocked in the long swells, so that standing was