

economize—she who, immediately on her arrival, will be in the first class society, “the upper ten,” there, where certainly very few of the mere steam-boat first classes can get, or those, many of whom I see at the same table here. There appears no help for it, but it is extremely humiliating and uncomfortable while it lasts; it leaves a feeling of undue irritation upon the mind.

With four of us in the same small cabin on the second or lower deck, under the dining saloon, or great cabin, the air is too hot and close. The ventilation is capitally contrived, and all as well planned as possible, still I get up pretty early to wash and dress out of the way, and gain the deck as soon as it is washed and getting dry. Now, though the weather and the wind, that potent spirit afloat, is charming and fair, there is nothing to be seen but the dancing blue waters and the clear sky. We are cut off from the world, in our little humanity sense, and hum alone in our bee-hive upon the solemn waste of waters, from the grandeur of which we inevitably shrink—

“Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime.”

We now begin to talk to each other with less reserve. We make friendly little knots in particular conversation. Sitting next each other at table is one link to further intimacy; and all takes the *couleur de rose*. Thank heaven! there will be no time for faults, or insufferable tedium, or to be bored to death. One can act up to a certain point, and be all things to all men—if not too long at once, or our sincerity and impatience may get the better.

Yesterday the deck was chalked for a game requiring strength and address, called shovel-board. A certain number of squares are numbered, into which round, flat, wooden quoits are to be propelled, or slid along the deck, from a distance. It is good exercise. Other parties are playing cards; and most of the men smoking, by way of passing the time. Some are at chess and backgammon.

In all our accounts of similar trips, I do not recollect to have seen any minute description of the manner in which so many people thrown suddenly together spend their time, and the general economy of the cabins and the crews. To be sea-sick, and to long for the end of the passage, comprise all we hear; as if there were nothing to say or nothing to know. In good sooth, the subject seems little less monotonous than it is in itself, but a little information may be extracted from it.

Eating and drinking seem the great business of our lives; here intensely condensed. It must, too, be confessed to an Englishman these necessary enjoyments are inconceivably varied and copious. We breakfast at half-past eight, a.m.; a

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