leading article is scarcely known across the *wet spot*; the paper is a collection of bits of gossip, hearsay, news, scandal, the whole served à la sauce piquante.

Mine o'clock.

We are passing the bar, and going to anchor. New York is sparkling with lights, and the Brooklyn Bridge is a thing of beauty. I will enjoy the scene for an hour, and then turn in.

We land to-morrow morning at seven.