

On went the great Steam 'Boat' in the centre, with the Commander pacing at the stern. He was mightier than ever any of His Majesty's Naval Captains were, with absolute command over their fellow men, when upon 'the high seas.' He 'lugged' us at his pleasure, and there is no saying where we might have been taken, had it not been the sure, certain, and tremendous hold we had upon him, by which he was forced to lose no time in completing the voyage;—it was love of gain! A Pilot stood upon the bowsprit of each vessel, to receive orders from the 'Steamer,' which passed to the Captain—each of whom stood beside the helm. He sung out the word to the Pilot in rear, who passed it, and so on, until the direction or command reached the Captains of the sternmost vessels.

Each ship had a full compliment of passengers, but the crowd on board the Steamer was so great, and confined, that the smell of sweat was truly horrible, and the most detestable part of my past life. I have experienced many disagreeable things, and seen many ugly 'perspectives'—but the smell from that Steam Vessel, driven back by the wind, which was right 'ahead,' exceeded burning asafoetida, or any other vile invention of man; the recollection of which, will remain forever upon my mind—only to be classed, in my book of remembrances, with the ladies who occupied the second cabin of our ship, smacking their lips, covered with lard, as they 'munched' fat fried pork and buttered cakes—as formerly told. I writhed with agony undescrivable, but was compelled to endure—though had I been a duck or swan, should have fled from such company, 'far as winds could waft, or waters roll.'

As night approached, all the vessels were let loose, and cast anchor, until day light should again visit this beautiful portion of 'God's fair earth.' The wind fell, and, of course, the atmosphere was not loaded at one point, with the dreadful effluvia proceeding from 'the noble, Godlike creature, man,' but mixing equally with the circumambient air, did not threaten 'plague, pestilence, and sudden death;' we panted no longer under the dense vapour, but with only a humbled, disagreeable sensation, looked at the shore, and listened to the music of the grove, produced by a toad, which has a small claw and little tuft like velvet upon each toe, with which it climbs trees, and squatted upon a branch, sings astonishingly loud. The music is really pleasing, though, as it continues the whole night, like the finest concert, at 'a banquet of wine,' begins to pall upon the nerves, out worn, and over stretched with long continued delight, as the tapers burn near the socket, the eyes become dull, and man feels that, like every thing around, he is only here for a season, and, if a reasonable animal, departs to his home, with the full intention, earnest wish, and humble prayer of being enabled, so to behave as shall fit him for appearing with propriety at that eternal feast which can never cloy—owing to the absence of all grossness, and where the music can never pall or become like discord, being food for the soul, and employed to celebrate an inexhaustible subject—the justice, mercy and truth of 'the God of Love!'