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Our first twenty-four hours finds us getting a final glimpse of the last rocks and light-houses of the Scilly isles. The weather is without a cloud, most beautiful, and those sterile continuations of the granite ridge of Cornwall lie basking deceitfully in the genial sun. But sunny days, or clouds and night, make all the difference in their terrors.

We made the passage, keeping on the Channel parallel of latitude for the present, instead of steering at once to the southward of west; the great desideratum being to get to the westward as fast as ever the engines and fine easterly breeze will take us. By-the-by, this east wind already feels more soft across the waves than it did at home, where we justly hate east winds. We roll gently, the water is as quiet and smooth as it ever is at sea. But even this slight motion is too much for all heads and stomachs. The women are all uneasy, or half ill, and so are many of the men. Our run has been about two hundred and forty miles from Cowes. During the night we pass abreast of Ireland and Cape Clear, but too far off the land to see it. Coming from the States, or the West Indies, it is highly desirable to "sight" Cape Clear, as a leading mark for the Channel.

The Americans, laugh as we may, still go "ahead" of us. They do things on a wise and comprehensive scale. There are no less, I am told, than a hundred and six persons belonging to this steamer; which is by no means so large, so fast, or so fine, as some of those of "Collins's line" to Liverpool, the great rival just now of the Cunard line. This great number of persons consists of the sailors, engineers, stokers, cabin servants, stewards, stewardess, and their assistants; captain, mates, and cooks. All seem to work with the most perfect understanding and harmony. We never hear a word above a breath. It is necessary to have them pointed out to know the captain and chief mate from any of the passengers; nobody seems to want any orders or directions.

We have eighty or ninety passengers in the first class cabins, and fifty or sixty in the second class forward, but hardly inferior in comfort to the first. The only thing which marks an awkward distinction for a brief two weeks, or only ten days sometimes from land to land, is the notice on the side forbidding the second class to come on the quarter-deck. It is terrible. It at once divides us into two castes. I could not help dwelling upon this unpleasant fact. How much we are the creatures of surrounding opinion, no matter how imaginary our petty distinctions are, how ungenerous, how absurd. So, too, I thought of my handsome friend, Mrs. G——, who went to New York in the second class to