

— bound from Liverpool to Boston, at 850 tons—a fine ship with very fair accommodation ; in fact, the general appearance of things is satisfactory. I am the only passenger, and the loneliness of a solitary passenger at the beginning of a voyage is perhaps as complete as if he were at the North Pole. Then how intensely *real* becomes the parting from his friends, those friends some of whom perhaps he may see no more ; all their last words come floating to him, and he wonders that of his own will he should have forsaken what now he holds the greatest happiness that life can yield.

26th.—It seems to me, dear, that I have contrived to cram a good deal of life into my few years of existence, almost too much I sometimes think, for at times the load of recollection seems almost more than I can bear. And now by this sudden flight of mine across the Atlantic, am I about greatly to swell the already unruly river of memories. I had always rather a fancy for putting myself into what seemed a queer position ; few, however, have appeared to me more so than the one I have now succeeded in getting into—suddenly tearing myself from England and a thousand delights which I have not known for seven years, and which I have not tasted again for as much as three months, with