

kept in a kind of ice-house; nothing is killed on board. Could Columbus but rise and behold the wonderful change since his days of scurvy or starvation—could he but see the mighty engine, the “slave of the lamp,” here steadily at work, driving on this vast body!

There is no dressing for dinner, as may be imagined, with people half sick. To-day, being a little less pitching, a Frenchman's *robe de chambre* at table is found fault with by a fastidious lady. The captain, I believe, tells him of it in a good-natured way. One of the ladies plays us a few polkas and waltzes—all that can be expected. An attempt to accompany her on the violin by the same Frenchman proved a failure. Our French passengers are all shopkeepers and *marchandes de modes*.

The rain clears off, and the evening proves charming, with a beauteous sunset. Ranges of golden-edged clouds fringe the semicircle of the horizon, backed by the crimson glory of the setting luminary. How inexpressibly grand are the skies! how infinitely varied! lifting the soul to heaven and to God! It softens that anguish which steals over my soul in moments of recollection. I look up at the Evening Star, and think it my bright particular star—my lost comfort, smiling and shedding its sweet, innocent influence on my crushed spirit. As I write, tears fill my eyes. I must not indulge, but fly the “luxury of woe”—a weakness no one now can understand or share in; nor would I share the sacred, last sad memento of what once was. Is it not wise that we should be intensely selfish? Our own woes, as we live on, are almost too crushing to bear, without adding those of others. The most stupid and callous are surely the happiest of mankind.

The swell gradually subsides in a small degree. On all wide seas it is in vain to expect still water. The long oceanic wave ever heaves in ceaseless undulation. There is now more talk, more gaiety; the ladies come out of their cabins more, though still for the most part silent, reclining, pensive, ill at ease. I find it difficult to bow and smile to all, and yet feel annoyed at keeping any fair one a stranger; we fancy a neglect and an inimical feeling in those passed so often close touching, yet unacknowledged; yet we are very social on the whole. The Germans and French are most so, perhaps, hanging together in little coteries, from the same ideas and tastes. We and the Americans do the same, but the facility of the same language has perhaps most to do with it.

I am amused and instructed by the conversation among the pure Americans, and their opinions of our writers about them in their trips to America. They differ among themselves wide as the poles. One party thinks and knows all that Captain Marryat, Mrs. Trollope, and others said, to be per-

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