

particular. Monday proved a fine day, and the sea having toned down to a pleasant ripple, the passengers began to return to their valued places at the dinner-table, and by Tuesday each mouth was open again to feed. We noticed floating prettily on the waves many "jelly fishes" (or *Medusæ*), their beautiful discs presenting many and changing colors, from transparent crystal to deep blue and green, as the light reflected from them. The weather was now all that heart of poet or health-seeker could wish; but the Gulf of Mexico is a lonely sea: the trade that had been accumulating up to the breaking out of war, and connecting the interests of all the cities and peoples around its border, has been driven out and much the greater number of vessels carrying it on, having been either active participants in the war or privateers, have been utterly destroyed; so that now even the pork and lard and breadstuffs of the Western States are supplied to Cuba by way of New York, instead of the accustomed channel of the Mississippi and the Gulf. We met on board also parties who have been engaged in trade, and some who have made investments in Mexico, but whose desire now is to get safely out of the country. They state that the hopes once entertained of the establishment of law and order by the Government of Maximilian having been dashed, the country is rapidly sinking again into its accustomed barbarism, and there is no protection for persons or property, and no prospect whatever of speedy improvement. They state that successive detachments of the army of "liberals" intercept the traveller to protect his life and property, by assuming the temporary control of the former, and the lion's share as a toll upon the latter. But this is a lovely sea, and its shores are lands of untold wealth, and neither the cupidity or injustice of man, nor his reckless idleness and profligacy, can long prevent it from becoming busy and cheerful with the industry and enjoyment of living humanity.