

board. The weather was still beautiful; the wind fair: every hour seemed a day's delay to one's impatience. The captain gave a knot of us a glass of champagne as a loving cup at parting with the consul, the friendly Mr. Crosky, and some lady friends.

We sat down to dinner as we rounded Calshot Castle, and passed by Cowes without seeing the famous schooner, the *America*, at anchor there. Its late captain and crew were with us, going back to New York. It seems to me an inglorious conclusion to sell her and her golden opinions. What was five thousand pounds to her owner the commodore; and what are borrowed plumes to Captain Lord Blaquiere, or to the Cowes squadron?—their plumes "fluttered in Corioli!" I thought the price enormous; but I learned on board here that she cost twenty thousand dollars building, with an understanding of three thousand more as a present if she succeeded.

The steamer I am in has good qualities, but is not fast. Her arrangements and fittings are excellent. The dinner abounds with good things, and even this first day was put on the table with admirable order. A gong is gently murmured round the quarter-deck; the servants, who are some dozen mulattoes in green velvet uniform caps, and neatly dressed, take their appointed divisions behind us, and are very clean, active, and efficient. Besides joints of all sorts, roast and boiled, we have fish, soup, and many *entrées* and *hors d'œuvres*. The tarts and puddings very nice; and, above all, an abundance of ice to cool our beverage. Very little wine is drank, or liquor of any kind, I find; partly owing to the very high price charged. Most of the good wines are eight-and-sixpence the bottle. Our bottled beer is two shillings the bottle. This is the steward's perquisite. It is hardly politic, nor is it quite fair. A passenger is forbidden to bring his own wine; the advertisement says it "may be had on board;" and for "may" we read "must."

One thing strikes me at the very outset in these American steamers, of immense importance as an improvement—they consume their own smoke. The little tug was clouding all the dock with her black volumes. The smoke of this vessel's immense boilers was almost imperceptible, and so continued, even at the instant of throwing on fresh coals. Why is it that our steamers in all our rivers and waters are allowed to remain such detestable nuisances in this particular—in our harbours, in the Thames above all?

Those who travel must have no tender sympathies to throw away on the poor brute creation. One unhappy cow, torn from her calf, continues to low; the poor thing is in her crib before the paddle-box, where there is another for the supply

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