

eously answered by himself in person. A few minutes after his departure, a carpenter made his appearance, and the change which was effected has added not a little to my comfort. The captain has also very kindly secured me a seat at his table. Mrs. M——, a lady from Nevada, travelling under his care, sits on his right, just opposite me. A plain, ladylike woman, but exceedingly taciturn—a good quality, however, on board a California steamer or any other, until you have *taken a few soundings and observations*; otherwise you run the risk of making some awkward mistakes occasionally. My next neighbour at table is a Major B——, of the U. S. Marines, a very quiet, pleasant and well-bred man.

Sunday, June 1st—It grew very rough yesterday afternoon, and continues so. Mrs. C——y is still suffering a good deal, from sickness, and found their rooms so warm that she and Mrs. C——n asked and obtained permission to pass the night in the little saloon on the upper deck. The motion, however, is felt still more there, and they gained little by the change. To-day I have persuaded Mrs. C——n to rest in my berth, and she finds it more comfortable than any other place. I hope to persuade her to occupy it to-night, and I will take the lower one Certainly I have never made a voyage when we have "shipped" so many "seas." The scenes at table are particularly ludicrous. The crash of crockery is frequent. Yesterday, at dinner time, a wave dashing through the open port-holes, sent half the passengers flying from the table, dripping wet, amidst shouts of laughter from the rest. The captain says we are making eleven knots an hour (I don't pretend to know how much that is) against wind and tide, and seems very well pleased with the *Colon's* trial trip.

Monday, June 2nd.—Mrs. C——y, passed a more comfortable night in my room though she is still ill. I managed to sleep a little too, having had none the night before. A sudden lurch last night sent me flying against my trunk, and bruised my arm severely, and at breakfast this morning, a waiter, similarly impelled, gave me a smart rap almost on the same spot. Verily this kind of life is full of moving incidents.

Wednesday, June 4th.—There was quite a resurrection among the passengers yesterday; a smoother sea makes smoother faces. At the Captain's table we are becoming decidedly more talkative. He is a southerner; but all reference to past troubles is wisely avoided. A perpetual flow of badinage is kept up by him and the Major, aimed at Mrs. M——, Mrs. A——, and myself, but never exceeding the limits of good breeding..... We have a Prussian lady on board, a Madame A. H——, one of the leaders, apparently, of the "Woman's Rights Association," and a friend of Mesdames Stanton, Cady, Anthony, Dickenson and Co. She is undoubtedly a clever woman, but I have little sympathy with that class—they go too far.