

aroused in the human heart by the simple word "Farewell." Look yonder at that mother, clasping in agony a dear form already wasted by consumption; and tell me, ye Stoics, which of you can withhold a tear as you see that old man bowed down with sorrow, as he invokes a blessing on his only daughter, whose spirit even now almost nestles in her Maker's bosom. Turn again, O John Bull! from the sublime to the ridiculous, and tell me if you can restrain a sly laugh at those two foreigners, as they slobber one another over with kisses; well, well, let them part in their own way, the feelings are the same. For myself, having "disposed" of the ceremony to my complete satisfaction, the most acute observer having failed to detect the slightest symptom of the saline fluid on my countenance, I jumped on board the tug destined to convey myself, amongst a host of other passengers, to the large steamer which floated majestically in Southampton Water.

Previous to our final departure a small steamer came along-side, puffing and blowing with a seeming consciousness of the importance of its freight, which consisted of a most astounding quantity of mail-bags topped by a very well "got up" naval lieutenant, who in his turn was surmounted by a gold banded cap and buttons to match. The shipping of these bags, together with the Admiralty agent, having consumed some time, it was late in the day ere the signal of departure was given, and the noise of the plashing