

to my declining
already soft-
calamity. I
endearments,
uld anticipate
rable decree—
ard, how very
autiful world,
s of its most
ate—to forget
the millions
ry fallen leaf,
lled limbs, a
soul, let me

The waves

ore swell and
s have been
n the piano;
e. People's
to withstand
s, while our
tle good at
le. To-day
n yesterday.

one should
ners, much
a, such the
each other.
rate; thick
izon. Nor
ey are very
er, or go a
nce, on the
t wise? I
It rains,
s, at chess,
time.

dollars per
ry a mail,
hemselves
ed to give
boldt and

Franklin are faster and finer vessels than this or the Hermann, her sister ship.

A first-rate ship of 500 or 600 tons costs twenty pounds a ton building at New York. Larger ships cost something less, as the tonnage increases. Already the steamers carry all the light and fashionable goods between the two countries. It is curious and instructive to hear the Americans talk of wide distinctions where we can see no differences; but every craft has its mysteries.

The wind has changed to the westward, and is very light. Nothing but a heavy swell impedes us. The engines were stopped for ten minutes in the night for some purpose. I ask questions and catch all I can. How hard it is to find out the exact truth of anything!—each person colours things in his own way, to say nothing of the excessive tendency to exaggerate. Thus the fast steamers of Collins's line are said to consume 120 tons of coal in the twenty-four hours; it is incredible. I find to-day a much more likely story—about eighty tons. Even that is enormous, and is not confessed. In this steamer the consumption is about forty tons, called thirty-six occasionally. They talk of not being able to get up steam enough with the wind aft, or if the coal is not very good. Our run to-day has only been 224 miles. The light wind happily draws to the northward. About noon we saw on the horizon the steamer bound to Liverpool of the Cunard line, her smoke rising in black volumes. We passed her, a brig, and a ship, still nearer to us. All were left behind—on, on! It now rains, and is cloudy weather. A French violin is heard for half an hour, but none of the ladies venture near the piano; indeed very few have come to table at all these last two days, owing to the pitching of the vessel, from the swell.

I am more and more astonished at the inexhaustible provision of every conceivable thing, and such a constant variety, too, as appears on the table. Yesterday we had roast and boiled turkeys and oyster sauce, fried soles and salmon, soup (twice in the day), roast beef, mutton, fricaseed fowls, curry, tongues, veal cutlets, roast ducks, and geese (cranberry jam sauce)—all this in the greatest profusion for some eighty people. Puddings and tarts, jellies, blanc-manges, in great plenty and variety. Dessert: apples, pears, grapes, raisins, almonds, filberts, oranges; cakes of all sorts, figs, jams, plums, prunes, stewed plums, and preserved ginger—perhaps a dozen other things I forget, or didn't see. The whole impression it gives is a surfeit of good living. One day, Sunday, we had venison and ice-creams in addition. All the large joints and dishes are kept hot by spirit-lamps, and all are in a singular perfection—on the high seas. The joints, poultry, and fish are