

delightful time, passing through the East River and that pleasing panorama from the city to the Sound, never before appeared more beautiful.

It is now late, and I have been on deck all the evening alone. In a thoughtful mood I fixed my eyes upon the stars, and my spirits were saddened by the continual murmur of the sea. Of what avail, thought I, is all this excitement? Why was I created, and what is my destiny? Is it to sail for a few brief years longer upon the ocean of life, and, when the death-tempest overtakes me, to pass away unloved and unremembered by a single human heart? If not an honoured name, can I not leave behind me an humble memory, that will be cherished by a few, to whom I have laid bare my innermost soul, when I was younger than I am, and a hundred-fold more happy? What! O night! what is my destiny?

*Saturday Evening.* We anchored off New London to-day, in time for me to take the evening steamer for Norwich. When I parted with my "shipmates," I shook each one affectionately by the hand, and thought that I might travel many years without finding a brotherhood of nobler men. I reached home as the eight o'clock bells were ringing, and was reminded that another week of precious