

govern them in the management of their ships. I almost fancy I must have thrown away my money in insuring my life against loss and my person against accidents. What have I to fear, if the rules and regulations of the company be observed? I am very glad, as it is, I did not insure for a larger sum, though the agent, who, of course, had his eye on the extra commission, was kind enough to suggest it were well to insure for the larger sum, *in case the ship went down!*—a thing not to be dreamed of.

I have consulted that oracle of our fathers—Francis Moore. In his ‘*Vox Stellarum*’ he tells me, to my comfort and satisfaction, that after the 25th of April the winds will be light. Francis Moore, you may tell me, is not weatherwise. Are the scientific meteorologists, with their forecasts, wiser? It is hard to say.

It is a comfort to think that the emigrants are well off for literature. The *Graphic*