

who died very happily, he said, though declining the spiritual comfort tendered him by the Rev. Dr. T—— an excellent clergyman of that city. Telling the reverend gentleman that he had lived without associating with persons of his class, and desired to die without them, he begged him to withdraw. To this I answered that I thought that each one would be judged *by the use he has made of the light given him*..... Two o'clock p.m. This is a long day. No service as yet, though if I mistake not, the rules of the P. S. N. Co. make it obligatory that their Captains shall hold service every Sunday.

Wednesday, May 28th—A dull rainy morning. While we were at breakfast the rain came down in torrents; the first *pour* I have witnessed for two years and a half.

Several passengers left us at Guayaquil, and we now number but seven or eight—quite a pleasant party. The old captain, too, is a very nice man in spite of his heterodox views, and a most entertaining companion. He has been at sea since childhood, and thinks there is nothing like “a life on the ocean wave.” He gave us a most interesting sketch of his life and adventures, having visited so many quarters of the Globe. To China alone he has made twenty voyages. At one time he owned and sailed *The Spray*, ran from Hobart Town to San Francisco in forty-seven days, and from San F—— to Honolulu in seven..... Close to my state-room is a delightful bath-room, clean and inviting. This is sea bathing made easy, indeed. A turn of one of the bright knobs fills the bath in a few minutes with pure, clear water, and another touch carries it off.

Saturday, May 21st.—*Caribbean Sea, steamer Colon.* We anchored in the Bay of Panama early on Thursday morning. The scene was a most lovely one, and had I felt better I would have attempted a sketch of it. The California steamer had not yet arrived, and we passed the day quietly on board—some reading, some promenading and watching the unlading of the steamer by that iron-hearted “winch” into the sloops alongside. We all felt a little blue when having our last evening gossip with good old Captain Hall, whom, in all probability, we shall never meet again..... Early yesterday morning, we left the *Trujillo* in the little steam tug, and had a glorious sail through the beautiful bay to Panama, where we breakfasted—miserably enough—at the Grand Hotel, and left in the one-o'clock train for Aspinwall—my fourth, and, so far as I can tell, my last trip across the Isthmus.

On reaching Aspinwall at half past five, we came immediately on board this fine new steamer, and left port at midnight. There were a hundred passengers—the majority very sick already. The kindness of the agent, Capt. Rathbun, to whom I had written by a previous mail, had secured me an excellent state-room to myself, and an application to the captain to have the upper berth removed for the freer circulation of air, was most promptly and court-