

the opening flower to smooth and give a balm to my declining years. The agony and bitterness of the blow is already softened to me. I am less stupified at the great calamity. I venture to think, and recal past tenderness, past endearments, past excellence, promising all a fond father could anticipate to love and admire—all now cut off by an inexorable decree—so young, so admirable, so lovable. How hard, how very hard, to be cut off from this bright sun, this beautiful world, to thee while still appearing in all the freshness of its most enchanting colours! What time have I to recreate—to forget—to replace my irreparable loss? What are all the millions of man's worth to me?—nothing left! The dreary fallen leaf, and falling snows, a little fire to warm my chilled limbs, a little commonplace, and I join thy pure innocent soul, let me hope, in heaven!

But to the immediate business of my life. The waves rising remind me of eternity and of fate—

“Rough hew as we may
The conduct of our lives.”

Each day the weather thickens, and we have more swell and motion. All grows more sombre. Two violins have been taken from their cases, and a few notes struck on the piano; but sweet notes languish and the sounds cease. People's heads are down. Fewer appear at table, unable to withstand the “send,” or pitching, which rather increases, while our sails are nearly close-hauled. They do us little good at any time, and now only serve to steady us a little. To-day our card bulletin tells us of 150 miles since noon yesterday. We have got across more than a third of our way.

Steamers often meet each other midway, and one should think ours must meet some vessel, even steamers, much oftener. But such is the vastness of the ocean, such the minuteness of these immense vessels that cross each other that it is not so. Other causes of course operate; thick weather, and the small distance of the visible horizon. Nor do seamen care much about the matter, unless they are very near indeed. They do not even speak each other, or go a yard out of their way to do it. This indifference, on the progressing principle, is not kind or pleasant—is it wise? I write this very little at my ease—not ill, not well. It rains, and the few not lying down, are at the cabin tables, at chess, cards, and smoking; some few reading to pass the time.

It appears that this company is paid 100,000 dollars per annum by the United States' government to carry a mail, and they were to have had four boats. Finding themselves unable to get shareholders enough they were forced to give up one of their best vessels half built. The Humboldt and

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