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gone, I was in the act of "turning out"—for get up one cannot—to blow it out, when the door opened, and one of the black servants put it out, saying the captain forbids any lights in the private cabins after eleven o'clock p.m. It was then I found it was past midnight. I was glad to get rid of this small addition to our heat. It is well we four individuals go to bed and get up at different hours. It is impossible to dress, or even move, except one at a time. I am first in bed and first up. A French youth sleeps over me; going to the States to learn book-keeping, English, and of course American enterprise, although his father, a French jeweller, boasts of his wealth in Paris. Still, he is for launching his son in the "go-ahead" New World.

I pity the young mothers here with their children. Some have babies in arms, with no rest night nor day, besides their own nausea to contend with. Their husbands appear very kind and attentive, but cannot comfort or help them much.

We keep on the circle sailing track, following the same parallel of latitude; indeed, as the wind sticks steady south, it sends us, steering west by north, a degree farther to the north. Our run to-day from the bulletin was 260 miles for the last twenty-four hours. All rejoice, in spite of an increased uneasiness from the greater swell. We fancy a gale must have recently swept over this track of the ocean. A few porpoises are seen, but they soon leave us, annoyed or frightened by the noise and foam of the paddles. Otherwise, they will often gambol half a day round a ship, and pleasant lively companions they are. They have been called the pigs of the ocean, from their compact shape and the taste of their flesh.

We have a minister—two, indeed—of our religion on board, but there is no service; I think wisely, so numerous are the different professions of faith. Jews, catholics, dissenters of all shades, and members of the church of England. Any one service would act as a sort of unexpressed reproach on the rest; so it is better we should all silently pray to the Almighty Power—to our great Creator. O God! let me here, on the face of the waters of thy mighty deep, offer up my gratitude and love, and humble submission to thy will; blot from my mind my recent sorrows, harden that weak tenderness of soul which still fills my eyes with tears of anguish!

"Thy will be done;" let me not feel the misery of losing my beloved, my solace, my remaining comfort. That time, swift "stealing from us every day," brings still its softening balm to our hurt bosoms, and makes us hail the approach when "stealing us from ourselves away," will be less and less dreaded. How infinite is thy goodness!

I still mourn my lost sweet love. She whom I have played with and watched and been wound up in as my other self;