am sorry to say that, in the ticket-dispensing department at Liverpool, there is great room for increased attention and politeness. On calling to get my ticket on the night previous to departure, I experienced such treatment as might be expected by a pauper emigrant who went to seek an eleemosynary passage. Nor was this the worst of it; for although paying the highest fare, £25, which I had remitted ten days previously, and although informed that one of the best berths in the ship had been assigned to me, I found that this said excellent berth was among the fore-cabin passengers—a circumstance that led to much discomfort during the voyage, as I shall afterwards have occasion to notice. I allude to these circumstances with reluctance, and only under a sense of public duty.

On board the *America*, which bears a close resemblance to the other vessels in the line, there was nothing to find fault with, but, on the contrary, much to commend. Everything in the Cunards goes on, as the saying is, 'like clock-work.' In the striking of bells, changing of watches, posting of officers, throwing the log, taking solar observations, and other transactions, there is all the regularity and precision of a man-of-war; and this imparts a feeling of security even in the worst states of the weather, by night or day. The burden of the *America* is 1832 tons, and its length about 249 feet; it has two large engines, which act separately or together on both paddle-wheels, and in ordinary circumstances give a speed of from ten to twelve miles an hour. The quantity of fuel consumed is from fifty to sixty tons a day; necessitating a stock on board of about 900 tons of coal for the trip, and so leaving space for 900 tons for freight and miscellaneous articles.

It is wonderful to see how much is made of the internal accommodation. A great deal is done on