

For the first thirty-six hours we had a strong head wind, which greatly impeded our progress. But on Saturday, the 14th, the wind fell, and we had a most beautiful warm day.

During that day and Sunday we were in the Gulf Stream, the water sometimes being up to sixty-eight degrees. We passed countless pieces of the gulf weed, and saw several shoals of porpoises.

Service was read in the saloon by the purser.

On Monday we passed through the ice track, and the water fell twenty to twenty-five degrees. In the evening a stiff breeze with hard squalls set in, and we had to discontinue playing chess.

As on our outward voyage, Mrs. Abbott and Ethel now have the captain's cabin on deck, Mr. Abbott and Charley the purser's, and I a whole state-room to myself on the saloon deck.

Our eating powers—that is, the gentlemen's—on board is something prodigious. This is the result of the sea air.

On Tuesday and Wednesday it blew a gale with hard squalls; the sea rolled tremendously and the vessel too, and it was impossible to go on deck without holding on tight, and being drenched with spray.

Sometimes a sea, or “a little lee water,” as the stewards say, would rush over the decks; tons of it would shoot down the main companion way; the