

to; it is hardly fair on this "Ocean" line. One thing is certain, our engines work very smoothly and steadily, with little trembling, not so much as with the more powerful steamers from Liverpool. We now wind the evening up with a duet of fiddles playing "nigger" tunes, "Susanna don't you Cry," "Lucy Long," at which there is boisterous mock applause. At starting we drew nineteen feet of water—one reason why the engines could not drive us beyond ten knots the hour, and barely that, without the help of the sails; we are much lighter now.

During the night of this day, the 19th, we have been running across the Banks. We encountered drizzle and fog, but not very intense. It clears off, the breeze becoming gentle and fair from the north. We pass two ships at a distance, steering the same way. Their sails shine cheerfully in the sun. The sea, too, is comparatively smooth, and all our little world very pleasant and lively. The game of "shovel-board" is again much in vogue. The run at noon announced 250 miles, having nearly, if not quite, crossed the Banks. The air is cool; and, as we are now steering west south-west, we shall run into warmer air; not that it is at all necessary, for this cooler weather gives us comfortable nights in our close cabins.

After a night of rain the wind is round for the first time fresh against us from the south-west, bringing warm sunshine, but more pitching, and the late smooth sea by degrees, but perceptibly enough, piles up unpleasantly; many heads are down, and pensive people in reclining positions. What creatures of habit we are! I constantly see and hear things unmoved which certainly at home would have disgusted me. Then, again, I find an extreme difficulty in getting at the real unvarnished truth of the most ordinary occurrence. One must see with one's own eyes, or be wide of the mark; everything is described here in hyperbole—everything monstrously detracted from or exaggerated. How easy it is to lie like truth, and deceive under the garb of frankness itself—whence this proneness to escape from the "modesty of nature?"

Besides all this, let any man with some of life's poetry, the beauty of earth and heaven's own pure images in his mind, still dreaming of disinterested, innocent moral influences, take a passage across the broad Atlantic. Not the terrestrial world's blind and most fervid adoration of the golden calf can ever have given him so clear an idea of the potent spell in all its minute workings, as at the two long tables of a steamer. Let Croesuses and Rothschilds go about the earth and water! We should only be rich, "very." That is enough. Be careless, liberal to extravagance; that is the only virtue. All look up to, or down on you, accordingly. They scan your