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gong is sounded at seven to awaken the passengers to their toilets. A walk in the fresh morning air is desirable as a preparatory, for the night is passed in stifling heat to all those not having a skuttle or window in their cabins. Certainly, though the arrangements and fitting up of the lower deck cabins are excellent, with every contrivance for the circulation of air, four men lying within two or three feet of each other on little shelves, for the cabins are only six or eight feet square, make it anything but pleasant. The wind, getting more to the south, and softer, begins to tell upon us. I often awoke from a feverish slumber in a profuse perspiration. But to our eating economics. We lunch at twelve, and dine punctually at three o'clock, not too much hurried. Sometimes we have ice creams, pears, dried fruits, oranges, apples, chestnuts at dessert, and wine often, more or less. Everybody calls for it in turn. Sometimes we have champagne. Tea is ready at seven o'clock, when there is only too much of meat repeated on the table. Then, perhaps, we have a little music, a walk, and so to bed.

It is the 13th of September, the weather still lovely; our boots are well cleaned; towels, water, all well supplied. Indeed, the supply of napkins and towels every day for such a number of people is quite wonderful—how *do* they manage it?

Our breakfasts are as sumptuous as our dinners, every conceivable thing on the table: hot rolls, toast, bread, butter, ice, eggs, beefsteaks, venison cutlets—veal, mutton chops; fish—fried, salt, and fresh; coffee and tea, both good, and milk in abundance, in large pitchers. It puzzles me how the poor cow or two can possibly yield it.

Two small brigs are in sight on the extreme horizon, one evidently bound for Europe, the other outward bound. The horizon from our deck may be reckoned at ten miles.

The women seem most affected by the gentle roll inseparable from the broad Atlantic. Their discomfort will endure, as it is not enough to make them fairly sea-sick; so they stave it off as they can, and suffer more or less in consequence. The men are all in groups at cards. There is a good piano in the cabin, and last night the women attempted a little music; but the rolling, though very gentle, cut short the concert. The piano is near the stern windows; either end of the vessel having, of course, most motion. Many of the ladies play and sing. Some of the men are no doubt good musicians—the Germans, we may be sure. One of their lads played nicely.

The captain speaks of the relative merits of steamers; that is, of the *liners*. He says a steamer cannot be too strong; much more so than the unhappy President or the Great Britain, a sister ship, which was shortly broke up as unsea-