

used to defend and make the worse appear the better reason in everything. Your party writer can, in any given week, write round the circle of opinion, and so hash up truth and falsehood that men swallow all, and sink into a Babel of confusion. Hence our obscured ideas of good and bad. We grow stupefied in our speculations, and would be saints "when most we play the devil." Not so the young and active spirits for good or evil. They march on, and laugh at all laws—all human laws, at least—that cross them; and these are often so bad, so contradictory, so absurd, that one almost ceases to marvel at it. The great code, therefore, must be kept intact—"Success warrants everything." Thus morals are often made to assume any accommodating shape. This, too true of nations, descends into and holds good of private life, both in America and England, to an extent not suspected.

We are so far lucky. To-day the wind is steady and gentle from the north-west, the sea still smoother. We set our studding-sails again, and the deck is covered with walkers and shovel-boarders. Sounds of a fiddle strike the ear in one of the cabins, cards are playing right and left, and the sun shines brightly down on us, lighting up our tables. Two vessels have already passed us on the far horizon. Nobody thinks of communicating in any way; speaking them is totally out of the question; it is still *en avant*!

We approach on this the 18th of the month, and must be near the Banks of Newfoundland. The morning is cloudy, the water smooth, and all our little sphere sufficiently alive.

In this world everything is judged by comparison; so I hear from a young man who has crossed eighteen times in steamers. He says that the Cunard line is the best, and most stylish in the cabin appointments. The steamers are as fast and safer than the Collins' line, better built, and more carefully navigated. From the Americans I only hear of Collins's steamers being the fastest. They are both, just now, ten pounds dearer to cross in, but are coming down to thirty pounds or guineas.

Surely this sum, after all, is enormous compared with the short-passage steamers among ourselves or on the American waters. We are told, however, that they are often losing concerns; the four or five thousand pounds passage-money being swallowed up in losses, in expense, freights, and so on. Small consolation to idle travellers.

The captain affects to be dissatisfied with even 250 miles a day of twenty-four hours, consuming only forty tons of coals, let us suppose. The Collins' line vessels consumes eighty tons a day, and gains on the whole perhaps only one or two days out of the twelve or thirteen. The passage is now reduced

to; it is certain, little to the steamer with a don't you mock at—one of the knots that we are now

During the morning across the not very and fair steering the sun. The world was is again miles, the air is cool shall run for this close call

After fresh air but more perceptible down, and tures of unmoved Then, again real unvarnished must see thing is detracted truth, and this promise

Beside beauty of still dress take a part world's best ever have its minut Let Cross We should less, liber up to, o