

We are anchored near Hull and Spectacle Island, surrounded by a fleet of vessels kept prisoners in the same way by a fierce eastern gale. This *Hull* consists of a house or two, and a great Hotel, full of company in the hot season, who come here to bathe and enjoy the sea-breezes, as they do at Nahant, another rocky, wild island it is the fashion to make themselves merry at.

The Boston lighthouse is outside of us some three or four miles ; and the Cumberland frigate, detained like ourselves.

We are about twenty at the cabin table, a pleasant mixture of Bostonians, Germans, English, and Irish, presided over by our good Captain Dunbar, who is taking his wife and little girl with him to see England. This is a very everyday affair ; but I was surprised to find the steerage so full (fifty) of poor people going home again ; one woman, absolutely a pauper, going back to her parish ! the rest returning either unlucky or disappointed ; with a few to visit their friends and relations, after many years' absence.

As may be imagined, we were not a little annoyed and impatient at this awkward gale, instead of being thankful and grateful that it had not caught us outside. So the days wore wearily away, getting a little acquainted with each other. After all, quite as well off as if we had come down to this Hull boarding-house hotel on a party of pleasure, with very likely a better table, and quite as much comfort and exercise ; for most of these islands are as bare as one's hand ; without a tree, or a ride, or walk in any direction, beyond the circumscribed beach : the passage steamers bringing them their daily food and their daily papers from Boston. Our particular tug (belonging to Enoch Train's house) did the same for us, his son or his clerks coming down occasionally to enliven us with much city talk and a little fruit.

This steam-tug was an immensely strong, swift boat, with a double screw : most of the tugs, if not all, here, have banished paddles, as they are thus enabled to come close alongside with their whole force employed most effectively.

At length we weigh, and stretch away for England, ho ! With a last glimpse of the Cape Cod lighthouse, we dance on the open ocean surge with nothing to think of but the shoal of St. George, 300 miles off, lying, however, directly in our track, and by all means to be avoided. The captain told us of some disastrous wrecks on it, in spite of precaution and experience.

Our ship is admirable ; we often ran twelve and thirteen knots under royals, and on a wind which obstinately opposed us nearly the whole passage. This swiftness, too, without being coppered, and the bottom not at all clean, as the captain found out when some of his own countrymen (I thought) rather

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