

to smoke there - but on the maindeck under the lee of the high bulwark there is more comfort. What we will do in bad weather when no doubt that will be the wettest part of the ship I don't know. Now it is pleasant enough & one makes all sorts of funny acquaintances of the forward passengers, who have that for their promenade. Among them is an unfortunate Italian, only just beginning to speak English, who must be very solitary without a compatriot to speak to. The nearest approach to one is a Swiss, & he is deaf & dumb, so his talents poor fellow don't lie in the conversational direction. Like a fool the Italian has quarrelled with the only man forward who speaks French, which he understands, so he prowls about the decks like a ghost. His French is not

the best certainly, but it is better than mine; but we manage ⁸³ somehow, & I pray the Cuddy to get him French books, so as to divert his mind from his lonely situation. Poor Peggler I pity him being condemned to salt beef & biscuit the regulation emigrant fare. For I remembered the Italian in the steerage had as much broth & macaroni as they could eat, the whole way from Buenos Ayres to Marseilles. Then there is the fore-castle not the worst place in the ship when she is bowling along under a fine & free breeze. It is glorious to watch her dipping her bows in & plunging along. Then looking ^{at} you see what she is ^{like} & what magnificent spars & grand width of canvas ^{she has}. From the poop the deck-houses spoil the view of her, & she does not look