

whole a barque passed us soon after supper, when as a matter of course there was a general rush from the cabin to see the welcome sight.

2nd It was quite a return of older times to day, the sea with scarcely a ripple, sparkling in the sunlight, the vessel almost noiseless, and a pigeon or albatross occasionally sweeping by. I much enjoyed sitting on deck for two hours in the morning, reading to Mr. Bennett after lunch I mounted to the cross tree of the Mizzen mast and basked in the sun my frame of mind that of happy content what a contrast to my life at the Bank there peering listlessly over a cash book in a crowded office in the heart of the city, now perched on a mast of a vessel quietly enjoying the pure atmosphere under the clear vaulted firmament in the Southern Hemisphere, who could have imagined at a year ago, surely "the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." I can scarce believe it or realize that I am so many thousands of miles from home; but it will not last long, I shall soon have foot in harness again somewhere, and buckle up to the real business of life, though I trust invigorated both in mind and body by my lengthened freedom. I am certainly better in health but clear not much stronger, though I have gained a little flesh. I hope the change again to land air may effect a still greater improvement; but to descend to facts, I occasionally took a bird's eye view of the busy scene below, there a contrast not only bodily vision almost as great as the one that struck upon my mental faculties, between the quarter deck and the remainder of the vessel and their respective occupants, our portion is kept scrupulously clean, whereas forward, the decks, boats, houses, spars, and the lower sail are positively black with soot caused by the smoke from the galley, far from present anything but a clean aspect from aft for any where else in fact if possible it is even worse than it looks indeed the greasy filth of the decks could scare be imagined, and the lower deck where the emigrants spend most of their time is far worse, and the stench is abominable, how anyone could exist there for any length of time is a mystery to me it must call for the expenditure of large amount of "vis vitae" and must be seen to be believed, no wonder then in vetmin fever &c, and that consumptive, and aged people die. An old woman over sixty died this morning, passing through the tropics she had suffered considerably but had rallied again, she was coming out with two sons and a daughter who had been struggling farmers she would not remain behind with a married son who wished to keep her. The one solitary pig that had survived the disease that carried off his fellow pigs was deprived of life yesterday,