



OCEAN LIFE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

Sat. Eve, March 20, 1852. Atlantic Ocean.

AT precisely seven minutes after 12 o'clock to-day, the steamer Arctic left New York for Liverpool. Our whole ship's company, passengers and crew, amounted to one hundred and eighty. The day was clear and cold. A strong north wind swept from the snow-clad hills over the rough bay. Icicles were pendent from the paddle-wheels, and the spray was freezing upon the decks. As the majestic steamship left the wharf, the crowd assembled there gave three cheers, and two guns were fired from on board. With the engines in active play, and our sails pressed by the fresh breeze, we passed rapidly

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down the narrows. No one can thus leave his home, to traverse weary leagues of land and sea, without emotion. Images of the loved, who may never be seen again, will rush upon the mind. And even if the most resolute retire for a moment to their state-rooms, throw themselves upon the sofa, bury their faces in the pillow, and, with a moistened eye, plead with God for a blessing upon those who are left behind, it is not to be condemned as a weakness. I soon returned to the deck. It was swept by a bleak wintry wind. There was not a single individual on board the ship whom I had ever seen before. Taking a stand in the shelter of the enormous smoke-pipe, so vast that twenty men could with perfect convenience cluster under its lee, we watched the receding shores. At half past three o'clock the gong summoned us to a sumptuous dinner. Again returning to the deck we watched the dim outline of the land until it disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea. At seven o'clock we were again summoned to the tea-table. Returning to the deck, we found dark and gloomy night brooding over the ocean. The wind, though piercingly cold, was fresh and fair. The stars shone brilliantly through black masses of clouds. Our ship rose and fell as it plowed its way over the majestic billows of the Atlantic. Retiring to the dining-saloon,

which is brilliantly illuminated with carcel lamps, I commenced this journal. And now

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep."

Sabbath Eve, Mar. 21. Lat. 43° 50'. Long. 65° 15'.

Miles made at noon 300. We have had truly a magnificent Sabbath day. The sky has been cloudless, the wind fresh and favorable. At 12 o'clock each day the captain takes an observation to decide our latitude and longitude, and the number of miles the ship has made during the last twenty-four hours. The sea is rough, and it is more comfortable, or, rather, less uncomfortable to be upon deck than in the saloons. Sheltered in some degree by the smoke-pipe, round which the wind is ever circling, I have passed the weary hours of the monotonous day, looking out upon the solitary ocean and the silent sky; both impressive emblems of eternity and infinity. Toward night the wind changed into the east, and blew more freshly. Clouds gathered. Angry waves, black and foaming, swept madly by. The solitude of stormy night upon the ocean! What pen can describe? And yet who can be insensible to the luxury of that solitude—to its melancholy sublimity? As I now write, our ship plunges and rolls in the heavy sea, and a death-like nausea comes over me.

Monday Night, Mar. 22. Lat. 42° 23'. Long. 61° 23'.

Miles made 308. The malady of the sea drove me rather suddenly last night from my pen to the deck. But in an hour the clouds and the gust passed away. The stars came out in all their brilliance. The wind, however, has steadily increased, and it has been quite rough all day. Many are very sick, and nearly all are in a state of decided discomfort. There is an indescribable charm which the ocean has in its wide expanse, and in its solitude, and the imagination loves to revel in its wild scenes, but it is, even in its best estate, an uncomfortable place for the body to inhabit. Our most poetic descriptions of ocean life have been written in the enjoyment of warm and comfortable firesides on the land. Cushioned upon the parlor sofa, the idea is delightful, upon the ocean waves to be "borne like a bubble onward." But there is altogether too much prose in the reality. It is indeed "distance which lends enchantment to the view." Never did there float upon the ocean a more magnificent palace than that which now bears us. Our ship is two hundred and eighty-five feet in length, that is, nearly as long as four ordinary country churches. From the keel to the deck it is as high as a common five story house. Its width from the extremities of the paddle wheels is seventy-two feet, which is equal to length of most churches. The promenade deck, as we now sail, is as high above the water as the ridge-pole of an ordinary two story house. The dining-saloon is a large, airy, beautiful room, sixty-two feet long and thirty feet wide, with windows opening upon the ocean as pleasantly as those of any parlor, and where two hundred guests can dine luxuriously. The parlor or saloon is embellished in the very highest style of modern art. The walls are constructed

of the most highly polished satin-wood, and rose-wood, and decorated with paintings of the coats of arms of the various States of the Union. Magnificent mirrors, stained glass, silver plate, costly carpets, marble centre tables and pier tables, luxurious sofas and arm-chairs, and a profusion of rich gilding give an air of almost Oriental magnificence to a room one hundred feet in length and twenty-five feet in breadth. When this saloon is brilliantly lighted in the evening it is gorgeous in the extreme. The state-rooms are really *rooms*, provided with every comfort which can be desired. There are beds to accommodate two hundred passengers. Some of these rooms have large double beds with French bedsteads and rich curtains. There are nine cooks on board, whose united wages amount to over four thousand dollars a year. There is the head cook, and the second cook, and the baker, and the pastry cook, and the vegetable cook, &c. We have our butcher, our store-keeper, our porter, our steward. The ship's crew consists of one hundred and thirty-five men. There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, and unitedly they consume eighty tons of coal a day. The two engines are of one thousand horsepower, and the weight of these enormous machines is eight hundred tons. Fifty-two men are constantly employed in their service. The ship carries about 3000 tons. From the waste steam 1500 gallons of pure soft water can be condensed each day. This wonderful floating palace, which is built as strongly as wood and iron can be put together, cost seven hundred thousand dollars. Even the ancients, endeavoring, with the imagination to form a craft worthy of Neptune, their god of the ocean, never conceived of a car so magnificent as this to be driven one thousand steeds in hand.

The United States have never yet done any thing which has contributed so much to their honor in Europe, as the construction of this Collins line of steamers. We have made a step in advance of the whole world. Nothing ever before floated equal to these ships. Their speed is in accordance with their magnificence. No one thinks of questioning their superiority. Every American abroad feels personally ennobled by them, and participates in his country's glory. There are four ships of this line, all of equal elegance—the Arctic, Baltic, Pacific, and Atlantic. It is not to be supposed that such ships should be immediately profitable to the owners. They were built for national glory. They do exalt and honor our nation. How much more glorious is such a triumph of humanity and art, than any celebrity attained by the horrors and the misery of war. The English government liberally patronizes the Cunard line of steamers. This line now needs the patronage of the government of the United States. We had far better sink half a dozen of our ships of war, important as they may be, than allow these ships to be withdrawn.

Tuesday Night, Mar. 23, Lat. 44°, Long. 55° 28'.

Miles made, 278. We are now about 300 miles south of Nova Scotia, yet in the "ice of the

land," as one of our officers says. Toward morning we shall reach the western edge of the great bank of Newfoundland, which is about 200 miles broad. The wind is ahead, and the sea rolls in heavy billows. Our ship rises and plunges over these vast waves with much grandeur. It is majestically sickening, sublimely nauseating. The day is magnificent—clear, cloudless; and this fresh breeze upon the land would be highly invigorating. The ocean, in its solitude, spreads every where. We see no sails, no signs of life, except a few sea-fowl, skimming the cold and dreary waves. Though not absolutely sick, I am in that state that I must remain upon the wind and spray swept deck. We are now about a thousand miles from New York. On the whole, the discomfort of the voyage, thus far, has been less than I had anticipated. March is a cold and blustering month. We breakfast at eight o'clock, have an abundant lunch at twelve, dine at half-past three very sumptuously, take tea at seven, and those who wish it have supper at ten. The sun has gone down, the twilight has faded away, and night—cold, black, and stormy—has settled upon us. The wind is in the east, directly ahead; and, as we drive through it, it sweeps the deck with hurricane fury. I have been sitting upon deck, behind the smoke-pipe, around which the wind would most maliciously circle, till I was pierced through and through with the cold. Life upon the sea is indeed monotonous, as hour after hour, and day after day, lingers along, and you look out only upon the chill dreary expanse of wintry waves, and the silent or stormy sky. The sunset-to-night was, however, magnificent in the extreme, and we made the most of it. As the sun sunk beneath the perfect horizon, it was expanded by the mist, and resembled one of the most magnificent domes of fire of which the imagination can conceive. We have the prospect of a stormy night. The saloon is brilliantly illumined, and ladies and gentlemen are reclining upon the sofas, some reading, but more pensively thinking of home and absent friends. The imagination in such hours will fondly run back to the fireside and the loved ones there. The voyager who has a home that is dear to him, pays a very high price for his enjoyments, he finds, in abandoning that home for the pleasures of the sea.

Wed. Morn., Mar. 24, Lat. 45° 39', Long. 49° 30'. Miles made, 270. We have now been out four days, and are 1156 miles on our way. The sun rose this morning bright and glorious. A strong east wind sweeps the ocean. The enormous billows rush by, crested with foam. Our ship struggles manfully against the opposing waves. The *log* is thrown every two hours, to ascertain our speed. Notwithstanding the head wind, we are advancing nine miles an hour. The breeze wails most doleful requiems through our rigging. We are now upon the banks of Newfoundland. During the day our upper saloon has looked like an elegant parlor, spacious and luxurious. The sun has shone in brightly through the windows upon the carpet. Still the ship pitches so vio-

lently that it is with no little difficulty that one staggers from place to place. During many hours of the day, I stood upon the deck, watching the black and raging sea. As the sun went down in clouds, and the darkness of a stormy night came on, it became necessary to *house* the topmast. It was fearful to see the sailors clinging to the ropes as the ship rolled to and fro in these vast billows. Suddenly there was a loud outcry, and terrific groans came from the topmast. A poor sailor had somehow got his arm caught, and it was being crushed amidst the ponderous spars, far up in the dark and stormy sky. O! how dreadfully those groans fell upon the ear. After some time he was extricated and helped down, and placed in the care of the surgeon. From this scene, so sad, so gloomy, I descended to the ladies' saloon. How great the transition! The gorgeous yet beautiful apartment was brilliant with light. Its ceiling richly carved and gilded, its walls of the most precious and highly polished woods, its mirrors, its luxurious furnishings, presented as cheerful a scene as the heart could crave. Taking a seat upon the sofa with one of the most accomplished and agreeable matrons I have ever met, I found the barometer of my spirits rapidly rising to the region of clear and fair. It was a happy hour. The dark sea, the storm, the night, all were forgotten, as in that beautiful saloon, in social converse, time flew on silken wings. It is now nearly eleven o'clock at night. I have just returned from the deck. It is sublimely gloomy there. We are pitching about so violently, that it is with the utmost difficulty that I write. Occasionally my inkstand takes a rapid slide across the table, when it is caught by a ledge, which prevents it from falling.

Thursday Night, Mar. 25. Lat. 47° 24'. Long. 43° 35'.

Miles passed 267. A dull easterly wind is still rolling a heavy sea against us which much retards our progress. The day has been cold, cloudy, and wet. Sheets of mist are sweeping over the sombre and solitary ocean. It has been so cold, even in the saloons, which are warmed by steam-pipes, that it has been necessary to sit with an overcoat on. It is estimated that we are now just about in the middle of the Atlantic. It is 3055 miles from New York to Liverpool, by the route which the steamers take. The difference in time between the two cities is 4 hours 55 minutes. The wind to-night is high, and the ocean rough. But in our beautiful parlor we have passed a pleasant evening. Nearly all have now become so accustomed to the motion of the ship, as to be social and agreeable. We have Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, on board, and all tongues are spoken. Our fellow-passengers are very pleasant and gentlemanly. Most of them appear to be clerks or younger partners in mercantile houses going out to make purchases. There is, however, an amazing fondness for champagne and tobacco. Were Byron here, he would, without doubt, correct his celebrated line, "Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear," into, "Man, thou pendulum betwixt the wine glass and the cigar."

Friday Night, Mar. 26. Lat. 49° 38'. Long. 39° 57'.

Miles made 263. The wind still continues in the east, strong and cold. Nothing has occurred all day to break the monotony of ocean life. We are so far north that we meet no ships, and nothing relieves the dreary expanse of the dark clouds above and the angry waves below. Our ship plows her way majestically through these hostile billows.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The wide, the wild, the ever free."

"Oh!" said a gentleman this morning, as he looked out sadly upon the gloomy spectacle, "that is a fine song to sing *upon the land*." As our ship incessantly rises and plunges over these heavy swells, we become excessively weary of the ceaseless motion, even though no nausea is excited. One is often reminded of Madame de Staël's remark, that "traveling is the most painful of pleasures." Still, by reading a little, writing a little, talking a little, and thinking much, time passes quite rapidly. There are moments of exhilaration. There are hours of contentment. There are many hours of submissive endurance. Now and then there will come moments of sickness, and pain, and gloom, very nearly approaching to misery. It is, perhaps, not well to introduce the reader into these dark chambers of the soul. But, if untroubled the untraveled can not know what life upon the ocean is. This evening we plunged quite suddenly into a dense fog-bank. No one can imagine a more desolate and dreary scene than the ocean now presents. The rain falls dripping upon the deck. The fog is so thick that you can see but a few feet before you. The stormy wind directly ahead, wails through our moaning shrouds. The sky is black and threatening. The angry waves with impotent fury dash against the sides of the ship. The gloom without is delightfully contrasted with the cheerful scene within. The saloon is brilliantly illuminated. Groups of ladies and gentlemen are gathered upon the sofas, some reading, some talking, some playing various games.

Saturday Night, Mar. 27. Lat. 50° 56'. Long. 30° 54'.

Miles passed 286. We are now 1962 miles from New York. We have been out just one week, and, for five days, we have had a strong head wind. To-day the wind has increased into a violent storm. The decks are swept with rain and spray. The ocean is white with foam. Our ship, enormous as it is, is tossed, like a bubble, upon these raging billows. You start to cross the saloon; a wave lifts the stern of the ship some twenty feet into the air, and you find yourself pitching down a steep hill. You lean back as far as possible to preserve your balance, when suddenly another wave, with gigantic violence, thrusts up the bows of the ship, and you have a precipitous eminence before you. Just as you are recovering from your astonishment, the ship takes a lurch, and, to your utter confusion, you find yourself floundering in a lady's lap, who happens to be reading upon a sofa on one side of the saloon. Hardly have you commenced

your apology ere another wave comes kindly to your rescue, and pitches you bodily out of the door. It is with the utmost difficulty that I write. I have, however, contrived to block up my inkstand with books, and, by clinging to the table, succeed in making these hieroglyphics, which I fear that the printer will hardly be able to read. Many are very sick and very miserable. I am in a state of submissive endurance. The reader, however, may be fully assured, that there are many positions far more agreeable than to be on the middle of the Atlantic ocean in a wet, easterly storm. Our noble ship is so magnificently strong, that we have no more sense of danger than when upon the land. There is something in this nausea, which seems to paralyze all one's mental energies. Never before have I found such an effort of *will* requisite to make any mental exertions. There was a portion of the evening, however, notwithstanding all these discomforts, passed very pleasantly away. In the boudoir-like magnificence of the ladies' saloon, with our excellent captain, and a few intelligent and pleasant companions, gentlemen and ladies, we almost forgot, for an hour, the storm and the gloom without, and conversed with just as much joyousness as if we had been in the most luxurious parlor on the land. These saloons, brilliantly lighted with carcel lamps, look far more gorgeous and imposing by night than by day. It is now eleven o'clock at night. Every other moment an enormous billow lifts us high into the air, and then we go down, down, down, exciting that peculiar sensation which I remember often to have had in my dreams, when a child. The scene from the deck is truly sublime. The howling of the tempest, the rush of the waves, the roar of the sea, the blackness of the night, the reflection that we are more than a thousand miles from any land, floating like a bubble upon the vast waves, all combine to invest this midnight hour upon the ocean with sublimity. The waves to-night will rock us to sleep, while the winds wail our mournful lullaby.

Sabbath Night, Mar. 28. Lat. 51°, Long. 25° 7'.

Miles made 219. Last night our easterly storm increased to a gale, and blew with hurricane fury. It was utterly impossible to sleep, we were all so rudely jostled in our berths. The motion of the ship was so great that we were in constant danger of being rolled from our beds upon the floor. Every timber in the iron-bound ship creaked and groaned, and occasionally a sea would strike our bows, which would make the whole fabric shiver. It was, indeed, an exercise in gymnastics to perform one's toilet this morning. Every thing which was not a fixture was rolling hither and thither. It was utterly impossible to stand for a single moment, without catching hold of something for support. The ship now keeling in one direction, now in another; at one time rising ten or fifteen feet into the air, and again as suddenly sinking; now, apparently stopping, as struck by a heavy sea, and again plunging forward with the most sudden and determined resolution, presented a series

of movements which defied all calculations. Early in the morning I clambered upon deck, and leaning against the mast, and clinging to the ropes, looked out upon the wild, wild scene. The roar of the gale through our shrouds was almost terrific. It seemed like the voice of an angry God. But five persons sat down at the breakfast-table at the usual hour. It was, indeed, a curiosity to see the waiters attempt to move about upon the unstable footing of our floor. One would take a cup of coffee, and, clinging to the side of the cabin, and carefully watching his opportunity, would dart toward a pillar, to which he would cling, until he was prepared to take another start. But with all his precautions, he would frequently be thrown upon one of the cushioned seats of the dining-room, and the liquid contents of his dishes would be any where. A gentleman would attempt to raise a cup of tea to his lips. Alas! there is many a slip. A sudden lurch of the ship ejects the hot beverage into his bosom instead of his mouth. It is almost dangerous to attempt to move about, you are thrown to and fro with so much violence. Every thing is made fast which can be secured. It is a wild scene of uproar and confusion, and I have no desire again to witness a storm at sea. Nausea sadly detracts from all conceptions of the sublime. Very many are sick. I am very far from feeling comfortable. As I look around me upon this tumultuous scene, listening to the uproar of the elements, I feel how utterly impossible it is for the pen to communicate to the distant reader any idea of this midnight ocean-storm. By clinging to the table, so as to become, as it were, a part of it, I succeed, with much difficulty, in writing. The wind seems still to be rising as we advance into the hours of the night, and the ship struggles and plunges more and more violently. We have had a dismal, dismal day. There is no comfort any where. One can neither walk, nor stand, nor sit, nor lie. I have spent many hours of the day wrapped in my cloak, shivering upon the bleak and storm-swept deck. And now I dread to return to my state-room, for there can be no sleep upon these angry billows. The head aches, the stomach remonstrates. As the night, black and stormy, settled down upon the cold, bleak, wet deck, I thought of home, of the pleasant songs of our Sabbath evening, of those lines, written by a sainted one, and ever sung in the peaceful twilight of the Lord's day:

"Tis Sabbath eve and all is still,
Hushed is the passing throng,
Oh, Lord, our hearts with praises fill
And tune our lips to song."

I hummed the familiar tune, in the midst of the dirges of the ocean. And as memories of the past came rushing over me the subdued spirit vanquished the sternness of manhood. Who can not sympathize with the childish emotions of the pilgrim of three score years and ten, as he loved to place his gray hairs upon his pillow, and to repeat the infant prayer his mother taught him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Monday Night, Mar. 29. Lat. 50° 52'. Long. 19° 35'.

Miles made 209. Toward morning the wind abated and backed round into the north, and with a clear sky and a fresh breeze, we bounded over the agitated ocean. About two o'clock, however, the wind returned again to the east, and dim masses of clouds were rolled up into the sky. The barometer rapidly fell, and we were threatened with another gale. The sea was rising, the rain beginning to fall, and the ship was rolling and pitching, each moment more heavily, in the waves. We plunged suddenly into a dense fog bank, and prepared for a dreary and stormy afternoon and night. But after two or three hours of cold, and wet and dismal sailing, we suddenly emerged from the fog bank, and came out into pleasant weather on the other side. The moon shone out resplendently. Just as the evening twilight was fading away we descried, far off in the northern horizon, a large steamship, undoubtedly the Africa, which left Liverpool yesterday. Two signal rockets were thrown up from our ship, but they were probably not seen, as we obtained no response. I was quite amused with a little incident which occurred this evening. A large party of gentlemen were clustered upon the deck, talking together. A ship was dimly discerned in the distance. A gentleman looked through the telescope at the faint speck in the horizon, and very confidently said, "It is an English ship." "How can you tell?" another inquired. "Because," he replied, "she has so little sail set. An American captain would have every sheet spread in such a wind as this." Some doubt was expressed whether one could thus accurately judge. "Ask the captain," said he, "whether that is an English or an American ship." The captain was at some distance from us, and had not heard our conversation. He had, however, silently examined the ship with his glass. "Captain," one called out, "what ship is that?" "It is an English ship," he quietly replied. "How can you tell?" was immediately asked. "Because," he answered, "she has so little sail spread. No Yankee would be creeping along at that pace in this breeze." It was afterward stated that the English captains are paid only while their ships are at sea, and that the payment is quite small. They are therefore rather under the inducement to make long voyages. The Americans, on the contrary, are paid while the ship is in port, and they drive their voyages with the utmost speed. Whether there be any foundation for this opinion, I know not. The incident however was quite interesting.

Tuesday Night, Mar. 30. Lat. 50° 53'. Long. 11° 54'.

Miles made 219. The captain informed us that we were 95 miles from Cape Clear at noon to-day, and that we might expect to see the coast of Ireland about six o'clock. The day has been magnificently beautiful. We have seen

many ships in the horizon, indicating that we were leaving the solitudes of the ocean behind us. Immediately after dinner all the passengers assembled upon deck to catch the first glimpse of land. At just a quarter before six o'clock we saw the highlands of the Irish coast looming through the haze before us. No one who has not crossed the ocean can conceive of the joyous excitement of the scene. All the discomfort of ocean life was forgotten in the exhilaration of the hour. As twilight faded away, the outline of the shore became more visible under the rays of a most brilliant moon. Soon the light from Cape Clear beamed brilliantly before us. It is now half-past ten o'clock at night, and the night is clear, serene, and gorgeously beautiful. The dim outline of the Irish coast looks dark and solitary. Upon those gloomy headlands, and in those sombre valleys what scenes of joy and woe have transpired during centuries which have lingered away. We are rapidly sailing up the channel, having still some two hundred and fifty miles to make, before we land in Liverpool. But our ocean life is ended. We have crossed the Atlantic. At seven o'clock to-morrow evening we expect to leave the ship.

Wednesday Night, March 31. Waterloo House, Liverpool, 12 o'clock.

This last day, much to my surprise, has been one of the most cheerless and disagreeable days of our whole voyage. A chilling east wind has swept the cold and foggy ocean. The decks were wet and slippery. Drops of water were falling upon us from the drenched shrouds. Nothing could be seen but the dense mist around us, and the foamy track of our majestic steamer. It was a great annoyance to think that, were the sky clear, we might be almost enchanted by the view of the green hills and the cottages of England. For a few moments, about noon, we caught a glimpse, through the sheet of mist sweeping the ocean, of the coast of Wales, but in a few moments the veil was again drawn over it, and wailing winds and rain and gloom again enveloped us. At about six o'clock in the evening we discerned, through the fog the steeples and the docks of Liverpool. The whole aspect of the scene was too dingy, wet, and sombre for either beauty or sublimity. We were long delayed in our attempts to get into the dock, and finally had to relinquish our endeavor for the night, and to cast anchor in the middle of the river. About half-past seven o'clock a small steamer came on board bringing several custom-house officers. All our trunks were placed in the dining-saloon in a row, and the officers employed three tedious hours in searching our trunks for contraband goods. Faithfully they did their duty. Every thing was examined. Many of our passengers were much annoyed and complained bitterly. I saw however, no disposition whatever, on the part of the custom-house, to cause any needless trouble. So far as I could judge they performed an unpleasant duty faithfully, and with as much courtesy as the nature of the case would allow. There is a very

heavy duty imposed upon tobacco and cigars. There is a strong disposition to smuggle both of these articles into the kingdom. If it is understood that writing desks are not to be unlocked, and that packages are not to be opened, and that the mere word of any stranger is to be taken, the law at once sinks into contempt. The long delay was tedious, very tedious; but the fault was ours. Had every man honestly, so arranged his trunk, as to show at once what was *dutyable*, the work might have been accomplished in one-third of the time. At eleven o'clock by a long step-ladder, we descended the sides of the ship to a little steamer, and were landed in the darkness of the fog upon the wet docks. Taking hacks, nearly all of our passengers soon found themselves in more comfortable quarters at the Waterloo Hotel. It is now midnight. Most of my companions are mirthfully assembled around the supper table. If songs and laughter constitute enjoyment, they are happy. I, in enjoyment more congenial with my feelings, am alone in my comfortable little chamber, in an English Inn, penning these last lines of our ocean life. But I can not close without a tribute of respect and gratitude to our most worthy commander, Capt. Luce. By his social qualities, and his untiring vigilance, he won the esteem of all in the ship. Our shipmates were friendly and courteous, and though of sundry nations, and creeds, and tongues, dwelt together in singular harmony.

Reader, forgive me for the apparent egotism of this journal. I have wished to give the thousands in our country who have never traversed the ocean, an idea of ocean life. I could not do so, but by giving free utterance to the emotions which the varied scenes excited in my own heart. I have only to add, that if you ever wish to cross the Atlantic, you will find in the Arctic one of the noblest of ships, and in Capt. Luce one of the best of commanders.

DROOPING BUDS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburg, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and Constantinople, there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our church-yards and our cemeteries—to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander—does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children—more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die during the two first years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.