

most assuredly disparage the assertion. * * * F. says his father is lord of the manor, and resides at Bofingbroke Castle, Lincolnshire. * * * I will endeavor to enumerate the delicacies of our feed on board this "floating palace:" *Imprimis*. Dirty water for tea, coffee, toilet, and everything wherein that element is required. Then all implements, from the cook and steward down to plates, glasses and half pint earthen pots for tea and coffee, half washed or not soiled at all with dirty water. Then the breakfasts standing about or upsetting in a lurch to give you an appetite. * * * A table set out with ill-cooked, dried up and half cold mutton or pork chops, slices of tongue and ham, repeated if not eaten; salted fried mackerel, salt fish and potato baked in a pudding, fried liver, omelets, eggs and fried ham, soft bread and biscuits, with Johnny cakes and waffle cakes, and sliced potatoes fried. Lunch at 12, ditto repeated. Dinner at 4 or 5: old tough cocks and hens and little turkeys, a boiled leg of mutton swimming, or rather drowned, in butter; boiled ham, very good, and tongues ditto; cod's sounds, good; salt fish and egg sauce, ditto; a mutton or pork pie, very palatable; boiled leg of pork, good; boiled rice; roast joint of pork, good; sometimes a bit of salt pork or junk beef, a dish of haricot beans with a piece of salt pork in the middle, baked in the oven; with potatoes and cabbage and broccoli for the first three weeks; pickles; removes, boiled batter pudding with currants, baked rice, sago or millet pudding, green gage tarts, gooseberry pies, raspberry and plum roly poly pudding, macaroni fritters and molasses, all well cooked and very palatable, forgetting the manner of the cooking and all that. * * * Sundays and Thursdays two bottles of champagne between sixteen persons, but if insufficient as to quantity, good as to quality. Porter, brandy, and the other wines bad as bad can be. Tea and supper: tea and coffee as per breakfast, with a similar set-out, except no hot meats, with sometimes hot cakes, very good, I should say nice, but my qualms forbid when I suspect the uncleanness of the concocting. * * *

June 10.—Again the rising beams of glorious morn behold me inglorious on the ocean wave! But that's no go, for waves there are none, and though we go it is all the wrong way, though not much more than five score miles from port. Expectation is high, and stores pretty considerably low. Here we are at noon this thirty-eighth day from Portsmouth and the forty-third from London, eaten up by *ennui* and disappointment, watching the changes of the wind as if