

Louis P. Henop's Journal of a Cruise to Europe, Cuba, and Key West aboard the *U.S.S. San Jacinto*, August 9, 1854 to March 14, 1855

Wednesday Aug. 9th

First day the whole of which was passed on board ship. Last night slept in a hammock for first time, and fortunately got in without difficulty, but owing to the loose way in which it was slung, did not have a very comfortable night. Handed up the anchor about 5 P.M., and after considerable difficulty in turning, owing to a strong ebb tide, got fairly under weigh, but unfortunately when nearly opposite Gloucester ran aground, and were forced to wait for high tide at 10 o'clock in order to get off, when we proceeded several miles further down the river, and anchored for the night. Had really a good night's rest, my hammock being hauled back, and my bedding comfortably arranged. Hope to get to sea to-morrow.

Thursday August 10th.

Started from our anchorage at daylight + proceeded down the river and about 6 o'clock sent of the Pilot + stood out to sea. Had no unpleasant sensations till bedtime when the rolling of the ship + closeness of the steerage, forced me to seek the deck minus stockings, cravat, + many other important little articles, and in rather a more hurried manner than I could have desired. However the fresh air soon revived me, and I slept in my overcoat on a hen coop very comfortably till 8 bells, 12 o'clock, when I went below and slept soundly till morning. Unfortunately owing to my ailment I could not smoke and for almost the first time in my life, the sight of a cigar made me feel faint, and the smoke from one caused me to make a precipitate retreat for fear of consequences.

Friday August 11th.

Woke up feeling a little uncomfortable, but soon revived under the influence of the fresh air on deck and managed to eat a light breakfast. The water of a most beautiful indigo blue, and very transparent. The ship followed all the time by Stormy Petrels or Mother Garcy's Chickens, a singular looking bird, about the size of a robin of a dark brown color, with a broad white band across the lower part of the body, + web-footed. They live upon the water hundreds of miles from land and Subsist upon the offal from the ships. Have been in the Gulf Stream nearly all day, and have passed quantities of Gulf Weed. About 4 o'clock a large school of porpoises swam past. Have had very little to do in the cabin and most of the time have been on deck reading. Not sea-sick (?) this morning, and hope that my troubles in that line are over, if so have great cause to congratulate myself that I was affected so little. Making good headway, and hope to reach Southampton in about 15 days.

Saturday August 12th.

Perfectly well, not the least remnant of sea-sickness left. Having nothing to do sat almost all day in the bows of the ship and read. Early in the afternoon a fine breeze sprang up, when the engine was stopped and the sails unbent; sailed at the rate of about 6 knots an hour, and found it much pleasanter than steaming owing to the absence of the jamming motion caused by the machinery. Nothing occurred worthy of note.

Sunday, August 13th. _

First Sunday at sea. _ A fine fresh breeze blowing, and ship sailing at the rate of 8 knots an hour. _ In the morning at 10 o'clock were all mustered on the quarter deck in service dress and white pantaloons to attend morning service, which consisted of the service from the Episcopal Prayer Book and the Articles of War, which latter are read monthly in order to impress upon the minds of the seamen the punishment they will suffer if they disobey orders but I am sorry to say nobody seemed to listen to them and everybody and the Captain particularly, who read them seemed to be heartily glad when they were finished. Towards afternoon it clouded over and the breeze freshened considerably so that several of the sails had to be furled, while below things could with difficulty be induced to stay on the tables and chairs + c, danced polkas and waltzed with great élat. _ I, however, do not think I ever felt better pleased in my life and as I stood in the bow + watched the waves curling + breaking over the vessel now mounted high in the air and the next moment deep in the trough of the sea, the grandeur of the scene completely overcame me, and I could have stood for hours, riveted to the spot as it were had not the clouds of spray forced me to retire. _ For the first time I saw the flying fish, hundreds of which were darting around the vessel, and was particularly struck with their beauty. _ They are of a bright silver hue, with backs of cerulean blue + the wings are perfectly transparent, very much like the wings of a fly. _ At 6 P.M. I witnessed one of the most solemn and impressive scenes that ever occurs on board ship, (?) a burial at sea. _ This morning the Captain's cook, who had been sick for some days, suddenly died, and as sailors are almost always superstitious by disposition [?] and especially in regard to having the corpse of one of their mates on board, he was buried in a few hours. _ The boatswain's shrill whistle and call of "All hands to bury the dead," summoned all to the gunwale on the port side of the ship, while to render the scene still more impressive, the waves were rolling high, the heavens were black overhead, and the rain poured in torrents. _ There we all stood uncovered to the storm the corpse, lying on a board sewed up in a hammock with a heavy cannon ball attached, and wrapped in the American Flag, ready to be dropped into the sea at the appropriated time, while the Captain standing at the main mast read the Episcopal Burial Service. _ I do not think it has ever been my lot to witness a more impressive scene, and when the body plunged into the sea, not a sound was heard save the raging of the waters, + the rolling of the ship. _ About 9 P.M. there was quite an excitement caused by the report that there was 3 ft. of water in the hold, but as after examination it proved to be nothing very alarming, and as it was bed time and was very much fatigued literally, with doing nothing I followed the examples of most of those who were not on duty, and turned in.

Monday August 14th. _

When I awoke this morning at 4 o'clock heard a great noise on deck and immediately dressed and went up, when I found that the report of last night had turned out to be true, and that on account of some defect, the pumps had had to be taken apart + fixed and that they had only just commenced working. _ but in the course of a few hours everything was in order again. It seems that one of the boilers, which holds an enormous quantity of water, had a small imperfection in it through which the water leaked with the hold. _ This however was rendered immediately. _ This afternoon a crack was unfortunately discovered in the bed plate of the After Engine, and though it was a thing that did not at all interfere with the working of the machinery yet as we were only 600 miles from Philadelphia it was deemed advisable to return and have it

attended to, and accordingly orders were given to that effect much to the dissatisfaction of all.+
By the time it is fixed it will be too late to go to the Baltic but it is the opinion of many that we will
cruise about the W. Indies till Spring and then go there._

Tuesday August 15th._

Perfectly delightful._ The ocean nearly as smooth as glass and but little wind.+_
Homeward bound but not as well pleased as persons generally are when in that situation + not
a smiling face to be seen throughout the ship with one exception, and that the face of one of the
officers but lately married;_ and no wonder for by this most unlucky accident, one of the
pleasantest cruises that was ever planned has been broken up, certainly for several months._
Was kept very busy in the cabin this morning and had a great deal of writing to do._

Wednesday August 16th._

Early this morning a small leak was found in the hold and it was thought advisable to
turn the ships head to Boston as being the nearest naval port by 150 miles._ on many accounts
I am pleased, I will thus have an opportunity of visiting Boston, a city I have often desired to see,
as little or no exposure, as we will in all probability live on shipboard._ From Boston we will go to
Philadelphia to get the Engine repaired before setting out again,_ and probably be there a
month or six weeks. _ This evening the water was beautifully phosphorescent, the foam cast up
by the ship's bow, seeming to be tipped with silver._

Thursday Aug. 17th._

Making for Boston Harbor._amid Light._ Occupied writing all day._ Nothing occurred
worthy of note._

Friday, August 18th._

On St. George's bank and early in the morning enveloped in a thick fog._ The water of a
deep green and filled with weeds._ Two sharks were seen in the morning close to the port side
of the ship and numerous schools of mackerel swam past._ About 5 P.M. fired a gun and soon
had a pilot on board, and were soon at the entrance to Boston Harbour [sic] which is filled with
sandy islands, and from the lights in the numerous light houses on them, one could easily
imagine that he was close to a large city._ Approached to within 10 miles of the city, + dropped
anchor for the night._

Saturday, Aug 19th.

Started at 5 o'clock this morning from our anchorage, for Boston, and arrived at the Navy
Yard at Charlestown about 8 o'clock after having a most delightful sail up the Harbour, passing
Forts Winthrop + Independence and many other objects of interest._ Fort Winthrop is a new fort,
and is one of the most beautiful pieces of masonry that I have ever seen; _ it is very large and
built of Granite, commanding the entrance to the Harbour_ About 10 o'clk this morning I got
leave till sundown, and accordingly went ashore to see something of this great Abolition City._
Taking an omnibus near the Navy Yard gate I was soon in Boston and by making good use of
my eyes, I easily found the Post-Office and deposited a letter I had written._ One of the first
things that attracted my attention was the very very crooked streets which I passed through,

indeed I don't think I was in one in which you could see 100 yds. straight ahead._ After having seen the Commerce + some other of the lions, I adjourned to the Revere House where I was soon joined by some 8 or 10 from ship, and after we had all indulged in the great luxury of a warm bath, we went to a large Eating House nearby, + had a nice dinner to ourselves, and then after another walk, we all came aboard ship._

Sunday Aug. 20th. _

A most beautiful day._ At 10 o'clock. had morning service on the quarter deck_ after dinner having nothing to do I got leave to go on shore + with several others went to town.+ It being too late for church we walked around, we went to the Revere + Fremont Houses, and promenaded in the common which was crowded with people._ At "The Fremont" I saw the names of many of my young Philadelphia friends + among them, Juo. Welsh + Caldwell K. Biddle._ In the evening went to the mount Temple, a very large and beautiful Music Hall, capable of holding some 3 or 4000 people, where there was a Concert of Sacred Music._ The music was very fine, + the house crowded, but I was disgusted at seeing "coloured ladies + gentlemen" scattered here + there + mixing on terms of equality with the whites._ A large negro came in, accompanied by two "cullad ladies" when two very genteel looking white persons got up + offered their seats to the ladies with great show of politeness they having to take very inferior places at the further end of the Hall.

Monday, August 21st

Passed most of the morning writing and reading._ In the afternoon about 4 o'clock. went ashore and taking an omnibus to Battle Street, took the stage from there to Cambridge where I arrived in about an hour after a pleasant ride._ One of the finest things I did was to look in the Directory for Mr. Field's name, but unfortunately I was unable to find it._ Spent half an hour very pleasantly in walking around the College grounds and looking at the Buildings, which mostly have a very venerable look._ Unfortunately I was unable to see any of the friends, I have at the College as it was vacation._ Rode back in company with several "coloured ladies" + two or three "white men + women."_ Went to the Revere House to supper + came off about 9 o'clock. with several of my shipmates._

Tuesday, Aug, 22nd. _

Foggy but very warm._ Thermometer 93 degrees in shade._ Went on shore in afternoon, and wrote two letters from the Revere House, one to N.Y., and one to Philadelphia._ Took tea at Parker's and came aboard at 7 o'clock._ Nothing occurred.

Wednesday, Aug 23rd. _

A great change from yesterday's heat_ cool + pleasant + went ashore as usual in the afternoon, and took a walk through Washington St. _ Played a couple of games of Billiards, and in the evening went to the Howard Atheneum to hear the [Giuseppe Verdi] Opera of Ernani, and was really delighted, for through the artistes have but just arrived in this country and are but little known of, yet the singing was really excellent, + they were enthusiastically applauded from beginning to end._

Thursday, Aug. 24th. _

On board ship all day. _ Nothing occurred. _

Friday Aug. 25th. _

Went on shore in the morning, but left it as soon as I could on account of the heat and dust. _ Went to the Revere and Fremont, but did not see the names of any persons that I knew. _ Got into a Charlestown omnibus and rode to Bunker Hill, and as a matter of course went on top of the monument, but did not think I was paid for my trouble, and the long dark dreary walk up as the day was very misty, and instead of the beautiful view which is generally to be obtained, I could scarcely see for more than 2 or 3 miles around. _ came on board to dinner and remained the rest of the day. _

Saturday, August 26th. _

Was occupied writing all the morning and in the afternoon went ashore with permission to stay for the Theatre, but did not avail myself of it, for the simple reason that Theatrical representations are not allowed in Boston on Saturday Night. _ Saw at the Fremont the names of Mr. And Mrs. Wm. Lyttleton Savage of Philadelphia. _ Got caught in the rain, but managed to get to the Revere, before it rained hard, and took supper there. _ Saw the name of E. Turner + Mr. + Mrs. Richard Gilpin of Phil. And had a conversation with the former, and a bow from the latter. _ Intend to call tomorrow. _ The rain holding up, started for the ship + arrived safely. _

Sunday, Aug. 27th. _

Went ashore soon after breakfast, and according to agreement went with E. Turner to Cambridge to see Jno Robinson (his cousin) who had told T that he would be in C today. + However we were doomed to disappointment, for he had not arrived, and accordingly I went to the Hotel and wrote a short note to him. _ Much to my surprise saw Malcolm Macenen and had a long and very pleasant talk with him. _ He has been wandering about for the last 2 or 3 months, and has lately been to Norfolk in the Columbia Frigate. Returned from Cambridge at 3 P.M. and paid a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Gilpin, and was introduced to her husband. _ Came aboard at 7. _

Monday, August 28th. _

On board ship all day. _ Nothing occurred. _

Tuesday, August 29th. _

Went on shore at 12 N, and immediately to the Revere, where I wrote 3 letters + had a talk with Mr. Gilpin. _ Took dinner at Parker's and after dinner took a long walk in the street of Boston, Washington Street, and met in the crowd several young ladies with very pretty faces. _ Took chocolate at Briton's with Passed Mid. Wilson [?], and after making several small purchases returned to the ship. _ In the evening went to a very pleasant party at Parser Buchanan's and danced to my heart's content, and arrive on board ship about 1 o'clock feeling very tired and sleepy. _

Wednesday, Aug. 30th._

Busy writing all the morning._ Went ashore at about 4 o'clock and took a long walk in the Common. _ Got some Pub. Docs. For the Captain at the Post Office and came aboard early in the evening._

Thursday Aug. 31st+

Nothing occurred till evening, when I went to a very pleasant party at Lt. Knox's and enjoyed myself very much._

Friday Sept. 1st.

On board all day._ Wet and disagreeable._

Saturday Sept. 2nd._

At 3 P.M. started from the Navy Yard, midst a great waving of handkerchiefs from ladies on the wharf, and proceeded under charge of the Pilot to Nantasket Roads, very near Fort Warren, where we anchored for the night._ Felt really no regret at leaving Boston, but some little at leaving Charlestown.__ All very glad to be once more on the way to England._ and hoping to see the "White Cliffs of Albion" in 15 or 18 days._

Sunday, Sept. 3rd _

At 9 A.M. hauled up the Anchor, and got underway. A most beautiful day._ Had a general muster of the crew on the Quarter Deck, and performed Divine Service._

Monday Sept. 4th._

Fairly at sea._ The morning clear and cool._ In the afternoon witnessed for the first time an auction on board ship, and found it very amusing._ The ships corporal stood at the Port gangway and as the bags of those who had deserted were handed up, exposed the articles in them and knocked them down for a merely nominal value to the first who spoke. Towards evening were enveloped in a heavy fog bank, + had to keep a sharp lookout ahead all the time,_ but fortunately no collision._

From 5th to 10th.

Nothing occurred._

Sunday September 10th._

First bad weather since we have been out._ Awoke in the morning and found the ship rolling heavily, and immediately dressed and went on deck._ The sky was dark + there was a slight rain, while the ship under double reefed topsails was rolling and pitching along at the rate of 10 knots an hour.+ Truly one of the grandest sights I have ever seen, almost equaling Niagra._ The Ocean for miles around covered with giant waves topped with foam and the ship now high above the water, now down to the very deck, seem like a mere feather on the water._ Did not leak a drop.+ Towards evening the wind somewhat abated.

Monday Sept. 11th. _

A school of Dolphins around the ship all the morning. _ Decidedly the most beautiful fish I have ever seen. _ They are ordinarily from 3 to 6 ft. long and swim with great velocity on the top of the water. _ Their colours varying according to the depth of which they swim. _ The head is of a dark blue gradually shaded off towards the tail, to a pale sea green with large fins of a beautiful cerulean tint. _ In the afternoon a number of black fish followed us for several miles. _ They are of a dark brown color, beautifully marked with white, from 10 to 13 ft. long are very oily and shaped something like a whale. _ A beautiful day, but a heavy sea still on. _

From 11th to 19th. _ Nothing occurred except that I commenced a letter home. _

Wednesday, Sept. 20th. _

In the channel. _ In the morning a most beautiful clear day, with numerous sails in sight. _ About 12 o'clock took a Pilot, a heavy mist springing up at the same time. Both Pilot + Pilot boat very different from our American ones, the boats being very dirty and unsightly looking, and the Pilots themselves, coarse vulgar men. _ Started up the Channel and soon made Portland Bill, a projecting strip of land and after that the coast was constantly in sight, high chalky cliffs, covered with stunted trees + yellow looking grass. _ The mist now clearing away. The Isle of Wight was distinctly seen in the distance, and at 3 o'clock., after having passed a large church on the mainland, we came close under the immense cliffs on this side the Island, and sailed very near the "needles," chalky promontories, some six or seven in number, rising straight out of the sea, and looking, with their rugged sides, + pointed tops like icebergs. _ Passing this point, we soon came to Yarmouth, celebrated for its "bloaters," a fish something like a herring, and I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful sight. _ probably however this was owing to being a strange one to me. _ The Isle of Wight is one of the most charming spots about England, and Yarmouth lies nestled in a little bay, with its castle in port standing out in the bold relief, surrounded by groves of the most beautiful trees. _ And here I must stop to notice the sunset, which I think surpassed any I have ever seen and was, I was told by some who have been in the Mediterranean, very much like an Italian sunset. _ In about half an hour we came abreast of Cowes with its fleet of yachts and saw the turrets of "Osborn," one of the Queens favorite summer residences. _ At eight o'clock we came to anchor, but darkness prevented my making out exactly where we were.

Thursday, Sept. 21st.

Arose early in order to finish my letter, but previous to so doing went on deck to try and imbibe "inspiration" with the morning air. _ The sun was shining in a clear blue sky and one of the most charming views greeted my eyes on every side, _ fully worth a voyage across the Atlantic, just to see for the first time the smooth fields + green hedges of "merry England." + Abreast of us on the right, lay a beautiful granite castle, the residence of Lady Webster, showing to great advantage against a background of "giant oaks" in full verdure. + while on the left in a lawn dotted with trees, and looking in the distance like velvet, was the country place of Squire Drummond, one of the richest landed proprietors around South Ampton [sic], and far, far away in the rear, rose the turrets of Calshot Castle, while in the distance was seen Osborn, looking as though it were a part of the clouds. _ Soon after breakfast we got up steam and went some 3

miles higher up the River, and about 10 o'clock came to anchor about a mile and a half from Southampton + nearly abreast of Netley Abbey. And now, of course I was all impatient to go on shore, and after the salute was fired, got permission + was soon treading English ground. Everything was strange, and so unlike anything in America. In the first place the style of building was altogether different from what I had ever seen; houses that in our country would be regarded as monuments of antiquity, here were seen as every few steps. And then the people, the equipages, men in such fantastic livery, that in America they would have been followed by crowds, and ladies in full dress sitting in little covered chaises, pulled by a man in uniform of the most ridiculous kind. The Hotels are also vastly different from anything I have ever seen. entering thro a covered gateway, you enter a small door at the side, but not a soul is seen, and one almost dreads to break the silence, a bell however is placed in a conspicuous position, and on pulling this, a "bar-maid", answers the summons and shows you to the parlor, coffee room or wherever you wish to go. If you desire a meal you go in the Coffee room + order what you want, for there is no regular table set, and everything seems to be enveloped in mystery for they do not even keep a book of arrivals. How different from hotels, and how unsocial this mode of life must be! One of the most curious things in the town is the Bargate, the old gate by which the city was entered from the north, built hundreds of years ago. At sunset after a pleasant promenade in High Street came aboard.

Friday, Sept. 22nd.

Went ashore in a sail boat immediately after breakfast, in order to "do" Southampton + Netley Abbey, thoroughly. Landed in the docks, in which by the bye the old "Great Western" was laying and walked up to the "Dolphin." After a pleasant walk thro' the town, hired a phaeton, an open four wheeled carriage, with a box for the driver, + with Mitchell drove thro' the Grand Avenue, and soon started for Netley. Crossing the Itchen river on a kind of bridge moving by steam, and very much like one of our ferry-boats, we drove on the finest roads I have ever seen, bordered by hedges of the most beautiful green to the Abbey. And here words cannot express my feelings at the solemn grandeur of the scene which opened before me the ruins covering an immense space, with here and there portions of the beautiful gothic work remaining, the whole cemented together + covered the real English Ivy. Ascending thro' a narrow spiral staircase in the wall, we stood on the summit of the ruins, and hours I could have passed here with pleasure, giving full play to my thoughts. Unfortunately however, there was a picnic on the grounds, and the loud bursts of laughter seems, so altogether out of place, that it was impossible to keep the mind fixed long upon any one thing. After staying about an hour and a half, we drove leisurely back to town, stopping at the Netley Abbey Inn to take an English lunch, bread, cheese + ale. Driving to the "Star" we partook of a dinner + were fully persuaded that the "Roast Beef of Old England" could with difficulty be surpassed. After a lounge, a game of billiards and a cigar, returned to the ship.

Saturday, Sept. 23rd.

On board all day. Nothing occurred. Commenced two letters.

Sunday, Sept. 24th. _

Went on shore immediately after breakfast, and started in the 9 ½ train for Winchester, in order to see the celebrated Cathedral at that place, and hear the service. _ Could not help but notice, how superior the arrangements were at the English Railroad Stations, and how much better things were constructed than in our own. _ The conductors, baggage-men + porters were all in uniform and overpoweringly polite and everything went on without noise or confusion. _ And then the 1st class cars in which, as officers of course we went, were so private + so comfortable, that it was like sitting in a large arm chair at home with two or three friends around. _ The cars are divided into compartments holding six each, and each compartment a private room. _ As soon as you enter the door is locked, for if there are three or more the whole is left to the party, and thus no one can disturb your privacy. _ Another great advantage here is that the windows can be left open with impunity, for on acct. of coal being used instead of wood there are no cinders with gravel which prevents dust. _ At every road that crosses there is a gate and about the time that the rain is expected to pass, a uniformed official takes his stand at it + prevents everything from passing through. _ Starting from Southampton, we were whirled along through a most beautiful country, so highly cultivated as to look like a fine garden, and on each side of the road were planted hedges, always green + luxuriant, and imparting a beauty to the scenery that can hardly be imagined. + Arriving at Winchester, we took an omnibus a small gaudy looking vehicle, with V.R. + a crown conspicuous upon it, and drove to the "George" Inn where we left our overcoats + walked up High Street to the Cathedral, _ and found service had just commenced. _ This Cathedral is noted for the Nave, and upon entering I was overcome with astonishment. _ Imagine an interior (somewhat similar to St. Marks in Philadelphia) some 500 ft in length + over a hundred in height, of a white sandstone, looking very much like marble, and covered with work of the most quaint + curious yet beautiful kind! + Ascending a small staircase, we went into the Gallery of the Chapel, and heard the service of the Church of England, rendered in a manner that could not fail to impress + accompanied by the music of one of the finest organs in the world. _ But unfortunately we had only 2 or 3 hrs. for what I could have spent days in examining, and so we were soon forced to return to the "George" where we took dinner and soon were in Southampton again. _ In the evening we attended service in Holyrood Church, a venerable pile in town, + at 10 o'clk. were safely conveyed aboard ship. _

Monday, Sept. 25th. _

Started at 9 ½ for a day at Salisbury + Stone Henge. _ Arrived at the former place at 11 o'clk after a delightful ride thro' a beautiful section of country. _ Leaving our cloaks at the "White Hart" and engaging a fly to be at the door at 1 o'clock, we started for the Cathedral walking along by a high wall + ditch, which I presume were the ancient fortifications of the town. _ Entering through an old gate, covered with ivy, we came upon the open ground on which the Cathedral stands and if Winchester was solemn and grand this was truly magnificent. _ Standing alone, as it does, on a beautiful green, the Avon winding its way along just back of it (not the Avon of Stratford) it appears to much greater advantage than Winchester, and the spire, over 400 ft in height, shows, a landmark for miles around. _ Entering, we passed thro' the nave, filled with the tombs of the great, among which was that of the son of Henry II and Fair Rosamond, + then passed into the Chapel and choir, and spent an hour there delightfully in examining the many objects of interest, which were fully explained by a very gentlemanly clerk. _ After that I ascended some 200 ft. into the spire, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. _ From the Cathedral we went back to the "White Hart," found our fly ready, and were on our way in a few

minutes to Stone Henge, some 9 miles distant. _ On we went, over a road as hard + smooth as a floor, + in about an hour stopped at the "Druids' Head" Inn to obtain some Bread + Cheese + House brewed Beer, + after Refreshing ourselves, we entered upon the "Salisbury Plains" covered with their flocks of sheep, and were soon at Stone Henge. _ This certainly is one of the most wonderful spots in England_ these ruins of an ancient Druidical Temple were formed when the Romans were under Caesar invaded Britain. how long they were in existence before that, no one knows. _ Wandering around + examining, we passed an hour delightfully and with great reluctance drove away from this most interesting spot. _ A comfortable ride to Southampton concluded this, one of the pleasantest days I have ever passed in my life. _

Tuesday, September 26th.

All day on board ship. _

Wednesday, September 27th. _

At 1 o'clock got under weigh + started for the Baltic, steaming down Southampton Water against a heavy head wind, but under a cloudless sky. _ Passed Cowes, and turning to the left kept along the coast, and about 5 o'clock. came to anchor for the night in a narrow channel near Spithead. _ The scene here was most charming _ on our right lay the Isle of Wight, with the flourishing town of Ryde at the water's edge; to the left was Lord Ashburton's beautiful villa, with the Crescent and the Naval Hospital while far back on the hills rose Nelson's Monument, and just around a point, a short distance ahead, lay Portsmouth with its magnificent dock yard. _ Several large English vessels of war, lay at anchor around us, and a new steam frigate was tying her engines in the Harbour. _ Spithead is the place from which the Baltic fleet sailed, and a most imposing sight it must have been. _

Thursday, September 28th. _

Started up the Channel this morning at 4 o'clock, and kept in sight of the English coast all day, passing Beachy Head, the town of Hastings, where Will the Conqueror landed, Dungeness Point &c. _ At 6 o'clock were in sight of both the English + French coast, Dover to our left and Calais to our right. _

Friday, September 29th. _

In the North Sea, _ and what was a very unusual occurrence, the sea was as smooth as glass, and not a breath of air was stirring, _ while the sun was so hot that straw hats were in great demand. _ About 4 o'clock saw the Dutch Coast, and at 5 were abreast of Texel light. _ While at sea, we were all startled, by a shock, which caused everyone to jump to their feet, and rush upon deck, thinking that we were aground, and after a few moments found that the propeller had lost one of the immense brass blades, and that the shock was caused by the unequal force in striking the water. _ After a consultation it was tho't [sic] better to return to Southampton, and thus for a second time we are disappointed in our Baltic cruise. _

Saturday, Sept. 30th.

Progressing rapidly on our way, which however is unfortunately the wrong one. _ The Propeller working, and sending us along as fast as ever, the only difference being a very disagreeable jarring. _

Sunday, Oct. 1st. _

Foggy, damp, and disagreeable all day. _ About 5 o'clock came to anchor in 18 fa. water in the Channel, the thick fog rendering it dangerous to proceed.

Monday, Oct. 2nd._

Got underweigh at 4 o'clock, and found we were near Spithead._ Passed Portsmouth + Ryde, at the rate of 9 knots and how, which was doing remarkably well for a disabled propeller, and at 9 o'clock made fast for the buoy at our old moorings._ On board all day._

Tuesday, October 3rd._

On board all day. _ Some talk of proceeding immediately home._

Wednesday, October 4th._

Cloudy and damp._ Tired of being on board ship, and not caring about dressing to go to Southampton, five of us took the ship's dingey, and rowing ourselves pulled to the town of Hythe, a pretty little English village, situated on what used to be the Margin of the New Forest, and nearly abreast of where we are at Anchor._ After refreshing ourselves at the "Drummond Arms" we took a long walk through the lanes and shady groves round about, and returned to the ship in time for sea._

Thursday, Oct. 5th._

A strong wind blowing._ Went ashore almost immediately after breakfast, and while on our way to town, the Fairy, The Queen's Steam Yacht passed us._ This is the fastest propeller in the world, and one of the most beautiful vessels. The hull is black, with two or three heavy gold bands running all around the sides with a cream coloured steam pipe._ The Officers were all in full dress in their cocked hats &c, and the sailors wore the usual blue jackets and tarpaulins._ The Queen unfortunately was not on board, but I had the pleasure of a bow from her Mother, the Duchess of Kent, who with her ladies in waiting were on their way to London._ The royal car which was brought down to the dock, and from which to the boat a carpeted way was laid, was a most elaborate affair, but not withstanding all the painting and gilding, yet every thing was in good taste._ The interior was the very personification of comfort itself_ large arm chairs, with a handsome centre table covered with books and beautiful flowers and a separate apartment for the gentlemen, where they could read "The Times" in peace and quiet._ The English never sacrifice comfort to show, and where the two can be combined the result is a masterpiece of luxury._ After taking a walk, playing game or two of billiards, + making some little purchases, came on board ship._

Friday + Sat. Oct. 6th+7th._

Rain! Rain! Rain!_

Sunday, Oct. 8th._

Cool and Cloudy._ After dinner went ashore with Vanes, and landed in the docks alongside the Washington, on her way from Bremen to New-York, stopping here for the mails._ Took a long walk out the Grand Avenue, and down a long shady lane towards Highfield._ Supped at the Star, and came aboard in a sail-boat in a stiff breeze._

Monday, October 9th._

In the morning visited the "hulk" of the English Frigate "Fox", which is to be the home of the men and many of the officers for several weeks till the repairs of the "San Jacinto" are finished._ Found her roomy but not near so comfortable as our own ship, and hope that I will be one of the few fortunate ones who are to remain in their present Quarters._ The steerage is very low and a dark, and on acct. Of not being furnished, presents a very unattractive appearance._

Tuesday, Oct. 10th._

Made arrangements in the morning to mess with the engineers, and will therefore, much to my delight, remain on board the "San Jacinto." _ St. Beaumont kindly offered me his state-room, and I am now delightfully fixed, a large room to myself, with a standing bed, and plenty of drawers and shelves for my clothes._ In the afternoon went ashore, _ and for a wonder did so without paying 25c. each way for boat hire, the ship having got safely into the dry dock about 1 o'clock._ Don't care how long we remain in Southampton under the present circumstances._

Wednesday, Oct. 11th._

Took a walk in town, and took tea with a Southamptonian._

Thursday, Oct. 12th._

Early in the morning the Captain made up his mind to come out of the dock with the first high tide, and start for France, the injury the vessel had been supposed to have sustained, amounting to little or nothing._ Judging from this determination, that if I wished to see London no time was to be lost, I immediately applied for leave of absence which was granted me for five days, and in company with three others started from Southampton at 3 o'clock for "the great Metropolis." _ After a pleasant ride of some 2 ½ hours a heavy fog began to show itself, making evident that we were near London, and in a few minutes we were whirling along on an immense brick viaduct some mile or two long, high over the tops of the houses, the long gas-lit streets presenting from the cars a very singular aspect._ Getting out from the cars at a magnificent depot, we jumped into a cab, _ were soon on our way to the Piazza Hotel, Covent Garden._ On our way we passed many interesting objects, most of which I recognized from pictures that I had seen, _crossed Waterloo Bridge passed Somerset House, Drury Lane Theatre, and many other splendid buildings, all however, of a dingy smoky hue. Arriving at the Piazza, we were soon in very comfortable rooms, for which however we are made to pay (1.62 1/2 for lodging and breakfast) and after washing + brushing up a little, we went out, and were soon promenading the Strand, on our way to St. Paul's._ Passing St. Dunstan's Church, one of the oldest in London, and going thru' Temple Bar, we entered Fleet St. and soon were opposite the Immense Cathedral._ The darkness and fog however prevented our getting a view but of the outline, and never have I seen so large a building, so perfect in all its proportions._ The ball is some 400 and odd feet from the ground, yet does not seem half as high as the spire of Salisbury which is only 400._ Having satisfied our curiosity for a time, we entered "The Cathedral Hotel" to get supper and had a delightful one there for a moderate price, being waited upon by my beau ideal of a waiter, a very respectable looking person in a dress coat + white cravat._ Being tired, from the Cathedral we adjourned to our Hotel, and were soon in the "arms of Morpheus."_

Friday, Oct. 13th._

Rose as usual about 8 o'clock, and looking out of the window found the city enveloped in a thick fog, and the sun looking like a ball of fire, and of a deep red hue._ Went out at 8 ½ to purchase some ink, and with great difficulty found a shop open at that early hour, and in the hall of the Hotel, stumbled across a porter only half awake._ After a very nice breakfast, we started for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham getting into an omnibus on the Strand and passing on our way to the Station on the other side of London Bridge, the Bank of England, Monument and several other interesting object._ Arriving at the depot, found a long train just starting, and having seated ourselves in the comfortable cars, were soon at the place of our destination._ The Palace is certainly the grandest object I have ever seen_ a quarter of a mile in length, a house of almost solid glass, and besides the Hyde Park Palace, extensive additions to it, it must always be one of the principal Lions of London._ The Gardens are filled with artificial streams and caves, with immense terraces covered with rare and beautiful flowers._ The interior of the

buildings defies description, and the long view down the nave, with the costly fountains, magnificent statuary, and splendid flowers, is one that will never be effaced from my memory. An immense Band, discoursed beautiful music, which was listened to by thousands, who looked like mere dots in the vast space. The Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, are among the most beautiful and wonderful in the Palace, and two figures, exact copies of two from a tomb near Thebes, and over a hundred feet high, occupy a conspicuous position. In the Gardens is a lake, filled with imitations made with life like exactness of the mastodon and others of great monsters of the world, both extinct and at present in existence. After a day which I can never forget, we took seats in the cars, and were soon at London Bridge, where we divided into 2 parties, each taking a "Hansom Cab" and were soon driving thro' the narrow streets of Wapping on our way to the Tunnel. Descending a shaft, some 70 ft. in depth, we entered the long gas lit subaqueous passage, and walked thro', with difficulty withstanding the solicitations of the many cake + beer women, who have established themselves in little nooks + corners on every side. About the centre of the tunnel was a little thing which attracted the attention of all viz; a hand organ worked by a little steam engine perfect in all its parts and keeping up a continuous sound of melody, if the music of a hand organ can be so called. Returning to the Hotel, we dressed + visited during the evening Easter Hall, an immense music room, and the place in which Mrs. Stowe was received, the Adelphi Theatre (Mad. Celeste's) and finished off about 2 o'clock A.M. with a supper at Evan's Concert Room, Covent Garden.

Saturday, Oct. 14th.

This morning, learnt wisdom by experience, and did not get up till 9, and when I did, and first looked out of the window, a very busy scene met my eye, it being Market day in Covent Garden Market. After breakfast we walked up the Strand to Trafalgar Square, a large space paved with granite, with a fountain in the centre, and Nelson's Monument rising proudly above everything around, while on all sides were huge marble public building. The National Gallery &c. Crossing over by Charring Cross, we continued on our way towards Westminster, passing by the Treasury, House Guards with the mounted dragoons on post and many fine buildings, all however of the dirty colour which all stone assumes so soon under the thick foggy atmosphere of London. But Westminster + the towers of the houses of Parliament were in view, and we hurried on, + were soon at the entrance to this great "sepulcher of the mighty dead." And what a sight burst upon the view, on entering the sacred walls the tombs of Jonson [sic], Milton, Pitt, and other great men of a modern day, on every side, while back towards the Chapel of Henry VII were the tombs of many of the Royal Family of England. The ceiling in the Chapel is of a most elaborate and beautiful gothic style, carved out of solid stone, but looking so light and airy, that one can hardly bring the mind to believe it. Among the royal tombs, those that most impressed me were those of Mary + Elisabeth, buried singularly together and Mary Queen of Scots. In the shrine of Edward the Confessor is the old oaken chair, on which 24 sovereigns of England have been crowned, and which was last occupied by Victoria. Under the seat is the celebrated stone from the Abbey of Scone, on which the Scottish Kings were crowned. The most beautiful monument by far in the Abbey is the Nightingale Monument, beautifully carved in white marble almost the size of life and representing the husband shielding his wife from the approach of Death, who is aiming a dart from a tomb below from which he is emerging. From the Abbey we went to the New Houses of Parliament, and found there abundant to repay the visit. The House of Lord's with the magnificent State Chair occupied by the Queen on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, and the House of Commons, were both splendid in a degree far exceeding anything in our own country, and the Towers with their elaborate carving almost equaled Westminster in beauty. On our return we stopped at Morley's to see some of the Officers who were there, and then jumping into an omnibus were soon at St. Pauls. But this noble building has been so often described that I will not attempt it suffice it to say that we visited the crypt where we saw the tombs of many of the "illustrious dead," among them

Wellington, Nelson, and West, the Clock Tower, Whispering Gallery, and last though by no means least, went up into the ball 400 ft. from the ground. After partaking of a hasty dinner, we drove thro' Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Hay Market &c and stopping at St. James Park walked down to Buckingham Palace, and afterward passing up by Apsley House, the residence of the duke of Wellington, strolled thro' Hyde Park, and duly admired the Serpentine &c. Then walking thro' Regent Street, probably the finest street in the world, we turned down Oxford St. and were soon at Madame Tussauds. These wax-works have attained a worldwide celebrity, and well do they deserve it. The figures are lifelike and some of the female faces really beautiful, and in every case the position is perfectly natural. The whole suite of rooms is furnished magnificently, and the figures are robed in real velvet + covered with real gold embroidery. The Napoleon Room in particular is full of interest it contains the veritable bed that he died on at St. Helena, besides numerous other relics. About 12 o'clk. we arrived at the Hotel, almost worn out with fatigue.

Sunday, October 15th.

To a Londoner a fine day, to an American, a foggy, damp disagreeable one. Started at 1.20 P.M. for Hampton Court Palace above 12 miles from London, built by Cardinal Wolsey, and presented by him to Henry VIII. This is now one of the most beautiful spots that can be imagined and the beautiful avenues of giant trees, more than a century old, are said to be the finest in England, while the fountains and artificial streams of water add to the landscape in such a manner as to make it almost a Paradise. The interior is a succession of galleries full of the most magnificent paintings by the old masters. All the woodwork is of solid oak, carved in the most elaborate style, and the ceiling of the Grand Hall is probably the finest of the kind in the world, plain but very beautiful, and with just enough gilding to give effect to the whole. In one of the galleries are the Cartoons of Raphael, which were quite familiar to me on acct. of so many copies having been taken from them, and in another the celebrated paintings by Sir Peter Lily of the beauties of the Court of Charles II. One gallery was devoted to paintings by West, and I was glad to see beamed [sic] to excite universal admiration. The most prominent thing in the grounds is the Maze said to have been planned by Cardinal Wolsey himself and consisting of a succession of hedges and one within the other, but with turnings every way, in which you are to find your way to the center and then out again, altogether a most ingenious thing. After spending a delightful day we took a light supper in the Strand, and returned about 10 o'clk.

Monday, October 16th.

A really beautiful day, with a clear blue sky. In the morning started for the Zoological Garden's in Regent's Park, walking thro' Regent Street, and seeing many wonderful sights in the immense plate glass windows with which it is lined. After a pleasant walk of an hour, we arrived at the entrance of the Gardens, and paying out sixpence, were soon deep in admiration of the things around us. The grounds are laid out with exquisite task, and the animals have every inducement offered them to believe that they are in their own nature wilds. The department for the fish is altogether novel and beautiful they are enclosed in immense glass tanks sides and all of glass so that you are enabled to see them swimming both on top and at the bottom, and the bottom is filled with gravel and real moss, and sedge + other water plants are growing in full luminance. From the Gardens we drove to the Tower passing on our way through Southfield Market, probably the largest castle Market in the world, and arriving at this interesting spot, were shown over it by a very civil warder. This is one of the most interesting spots I have visited; I stood in the spot where Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, visited the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and stood in the identical place in the very room where the princes were smothered, and where Queen Mary signed the death warrant of Lady Jane Grey. From the Tower we went to the Hotel and finished off at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre in the Evening.

Tuesday, Oct. 17th._

Left London at 7 o'clock, feeling quite downhearted, for though I had really seen everything worth seeing, yet it is a place so full of interest that I would have liked to have stayed there at least a month, and to have gone to Westminster, particularly, over and over again. Arrive at Southampton in the midst of a pouring rain, and got safely on board ship, where I was delighted to find two letters for me, one from home and one from Jimmy Hutchison at Berlin._ Unpacked + stowed my things away and retired early._

Wednesday, October 18th._

At 10 o'clock the ship came out of Dock, and was lowered down alongside the Hulk._ Went ashore in the afternoon for an hour or so, to make some little purchases.

Thursday + Friday, Oct. 19th + 20th._

On board all day._ Crew occupied in removing from the "Fox" back to the "San Jacinto."

Saturday, Oct. 21st._

Went down in a steam-boat to the Isle of Wight, for the purpose of having a few hours to ramble on that beautiful spot._ Landed at Cowes, the famous place for yachts, and found it a dull, dirty town with but little to interest._ Caught a glimpse of Osbourne House, thro' the trees, but was unable to get into the grounds, however had a charming walk in the country, and returned at dusk to Southampton._

Sunday, Oct. 22nd._

Very chilly and a strong breeze blowing._ On board all day._

Monday, Oct. 23rd. _

Clear and fine._ Capt. S. left for London_ could not help wishing I was in his place._ On board all day._

Tuesday, Oct. 24th._

Rainy and disagreeable._ A pleasant alternation of eating, smoking, reading + writing._ Much in want of a good fire and a hot whiskey punch._

Thursday, Oct. 26th._

Went on shore for the purpose of taking exercise, and succeeded in spite of several hours of rain. Rien d'importance. _

Friday, Oct. 27th._

A repetition of Wednesday._

Saturday, Oct. 28th._

Spent all day in Southampton, and promenaded up _ down High Street 33 times._ Saw nothing interesting however, with the exception of two very pretty girls, and a new style of winter boots._

Sunday, Oct. 29th to Sunday Nov. 5th

Went ashore several times + took a long walk on Friday in the New Forest._ On Thursday rec'd an intensely interesting and satisfactory letter from home.

Sunday, Nov. 5th._

Mr. Soule arrived at Southampton, and announced his intention of accepting the invitation of Napoleon + passing thro' France as far as Bordeaux, and consequently we are to go there to meet him._ Several got permission to go to Paris + meet the ship at Bordeaux, and I fortunately am among the number._ Much excited in consequence + unable to sleep much during the night._

Monday Nov. 6th_

Went ashore immediately after breakfast and procured my ticket to Paris, and my passport, and also secured my berth on board the steamer for Havre, which is to leave at Midnight._ Went on board the Hermann, just arrived from Bremen and bound for New York, and met unexpectedly with a young gentleman of Phil. A Dr. Lynch, who is the Surgeon._ Took dinner with him + had a very pleasant time._

Tuesday, Nov. 7th._

After a smooth pleasant passage across the Channel, arrived at Havre; where I was detained some time by the horrid Custom House Agents, who quietly inspected every article in my valise, not excepting this book._ Met with a very pleasant gentleman on board the Havre boat, a Mr. Wm. Boys, and with him walked thro' the town, being quite solitary and alone in a strange country;_ the rest of the part I forgot to mention having gone via London, which I could not afford._ Found Havre a clean pleasant town, with immense docks, filled with vessels of the largest size, amongst which I recognized many from America._ My French proved of infinite service to me, and I had no idea I could converse so well till I was forced to attempt it, where I found that the words slipped out almost as easily as when talking English.: necessity + a slight knowledge of the language will soon make a perfect scholar in any one._ At 5 P.M. started from Havre to Paris, and were soon at Rouen where the train visited some time, allowed me to get a glimpse of the magnificent Cathedral._ At 11 arrived at Paris, me judice (next to New York of course) the finest city in the world, and drove to the Hotel des Princes, Rue Richelieu, and tired out was soon fast in the arms of the dreamy god._ The French Hotels are far better than the English I think, and this one seemed to be a particularly fine one._ One thing struck me immediately, and that was the highly waxed and polished oaken floors, and the halls laid with tiles, up to the very tip of the house._

Wednesday, November 8th._

Awoke feeling as usual, but soon the new feeling awoke in me that I was in Paris._ Dressed leisurely and breakfasted about 9 ½ and then went in search of Mr. Murray and the others, and found them a few rooms from me, and just at breakfast._ Mr. Murray kindly invited me to join his party, which I gladly accepted, and after breakfast we set out in a splendid calèche to see as much of Paris as our limited time would allow._ We first drove to the Louvre, and found abundant to interest in its beautiful gallery of paintings _ then passing thro' the Place de Carroussel, and crossing the narrow Seine, proceeded immediately to Rue Luxembourg._ Here are two fine Galleries, one of most beautiful paintings by Modern artists, and the other of Engravings, among which in a conspicuous place was a large one of Washington crossing the Delaware._ The Senate Chamber is arranged like ours at Wash. And is not near so gaudy as the English House of Lords, but is in much better taste_ the sides are set with panels of beautifully carved oak, and back of the President's Chair, arranged in an alcove, are several large and beautiful statues of some of the great statesmen of France._ The Salle de la Comomie, where the grand ball given by the Senate to the Emperor took place, is magnificent in the extreme, almost one mass of what might be called gold embroidery, and when lighted up, I think could almost cast the sun in the shade._ After leaving the Palace we passed thro' the magnificent Jardin du Luxembourg, and came to the statue of Marsh. Ney, erected on the spot

where he fell; _ but to me it looked out of proportion._ The Imperial Manuf. of Gobelins Tapes. we next visited, and here were obliged to show our passports before we could be admitted, and here besides the many beautiful pieces which were finished, all fully equal to the finest paintings, we were shown the operatives at work, a seemingly almost endless task._ The Pantheon we next drove to, with its beautiful dome, and in company with a *gendarme* who in France accompanies every one everywhere, visited the vaults below, and among the many tombs, the most magnificent and conspicuous were those of Rousseau + Voltaire._ The Jardin des Plantes, corresponding to the Zoological Gardens in Regent Park, was next on our list, and though everything is on a grand scale, yet it was not equal in my estimation to the one at London, particularly in regard to the laying out and keeping in order of the paths and shrubbery, but it is seen, to great disadvantage at this season of the year._ Thence by a long and circuitous route we drove to Notre Dame, passing by La Morgue, which however was empty, and spent an hour in examining the church and the magnificent robes worn by the priests with which it is filled._ The church itself is a magnificent edifice and is at present undergoing extensive repairs, as indeed is the case with almost everything in Paris._ An hour or two of the day still being left, we passed it in driving through the principal streets among which I may mention particularly the Rue de Rivoli, nearly the whole of which has been pulled down and rebuilt within the last two or three years, and nearly the whole of which is a succession of magnificent arcades like the Quadrant in Regent St._ Partook at 6 P.M. for the first time of a French Dinner at the Table D'hote of our Hotel, which was magnificently served in a long hall, the copy of one at the Chambre, and was both amused and delighted._ Indeed I am beginning to think that the Americans are much in need of missionaries on the subject of Hotel dinners, the only drawback to the Diner a la Francais being the length of time that it takes, for our plates must have been changed at least 15 times, and every time some more delicacy was served._ In the evening we went to the Grand Opera, the most magnificent Theatre I have ever visited, and capable of holding I should think some 6 or 7000 persons, and heard [Charles Gounod's] La Nonne Sanglante, a French opera, with but little fine music, and after a midnight walk in the still full and brilliant Boulevards retired, tired + almost worn out._

Thursday, Nov. 9th._

Weather a la Lourdes, clear cloudy and rainy in turn._ Drove first to Père La Chaise [sic], but was disappointed in the grounds but not in the monuments, many of the latter being magnificent and among the most conspicuous I may notice the tomb of Abelard and Heloise and the Countess Demidoff._ The grounds however are wanting in that picturesqueness [sic] which renders all our American Cemeteries so beautiful, but the situation is very fine, commanding a magnificent view of Paris + the surrounding country._ From Père la Chaise we drove to the Hotel des Invalides, passing on our way many interesting objects, the Palace D'Orsay, Porte St. Denis &c, and were soon standing before the tomb of Napoleon the Great._ This is the most splendid thing of the king that has ever been erected + in the centre of the marble floor and immediately under the dome, a large space is sunk a circle some 60 ft. in diameter + 20 deep, and in the centre of this is the sarcophagus composed of a red Russian granite, and carved and polished most magnificently._ The sides of this immense well, are composed of the finest Italian Marble, with twelve Marble statues, double the size of life, represented as weeping over the ashes of the Emperor._ The floor is composed of marble, beautifully inlaid so as to represent an immense star, in the centre of which stands the tomb, and along the edges of which are the names of the principal battles he was the victor._ We next called on Mr. Mason, the American Minister, and having finished our visit passed some two or three hours in driving through the Campes Elysees and the Bor's de Boulogne._ The former is the most magnificent avenue I have ever seen._ Extending in a straight line for miles with its immense sidewalks + rows of beautiful trees, with the "arc de l'Etoile" rising majestically above all surrounding objects, and one continuous stream of splendid equipages, it forms a sight unapproachable for magnificence

and gaiety. The Bois de Boulogne is a wood covering hundreds of acres of ground, with beautiful winding roads filled always with the Parisians who are never happy unless out of doors, and indeed I think they are in a great degree excusable, for one can never tire of viewing the many beautiful objects around this great city. In the evening we went to the "Theatre Francaise" and had the pleasure of hearing Rachel in Molière's play of Polyerick. She is certainly a most surprising woman, and most probably the greatest actress in existence. On the stage she does not appear over 25 or 30 yrs. of age, while it is said she is 50, and her voice is remarkably fine, as also her eyes. Finished the evening at the Valentino, one of the magnificent public ball-rooms for which Paris is so celebrated.

Friday, November 10th.

A beautiful day. At 11 started in the cars for Versailles, and had a delightful ride thro' the country, passing on our way St. Germain, St. Cloud and Sevres, and obtaining from the high ground on which the Rail Road is built, a magnificent view of Paris. Arriving at Versailles, the first thing we visited was the Grand Trianon and suite of apartments [sic] occupied by Louis Phillippe, a long suite of rooms, with masterpieces of art on every side, and vases 3 or 4 feet high of Sèvres China, embellished in the highest style of art. The next place visited was "Le Petit Trianon," as a small palace built for Mad. De Maintenon, with the most beautiful grounds attached, and thence we proceeded to the Grand Palace. But words cannot describe the extent and magnificence of this, the finest Palace most probably in the world; suite after suite of apartments were visited, all filled with chef-d'oeuvres by celebrated artists, among which I may mention the immense paintings by [Claude Joseph] Vernet. The apartments of many of the Sovereigns of France were shown to us by the guide, and the suite of rooms built for and occupied by Marie Antoinette, furnished with everything that luxury and art can devise. The Grounds are laid out with great taste and in a style of unrivalled magnificence, statues, fountains + jets d'eau at every turn, and from one point, a view of 20 miles around the country can be obtained. After returning to Paris, and doing a little shopping in the Palais Royal, I dressed and went to dine at Mr. Mason's our Minister to France, where I met with Miss Lane, a young lady who was quite a belle in Philadelphia last winter, and who is at present living with Mr. Buchannon, her uncle, at the Embassy in London. and in the evening went with her, Mrs. Mason + Miss Mason for the Opéra Comique.

Saturday, November 11th.

My last day in Paris, spent in walking through the Boulevards Palais Royal + Rue de Rivoli, admiring the jolies demoiselles with which the streets were crowded, and the many beautiful things in the splendid shop-windows of these, the principal promenades of Paris. Forgot to mention that on Thursday I visited The Madeleine, one of the principal churches in the city, the interior of which was magnificent in the extreme, but I should think it would be difficult to feel even decently respectful inside of it, for covered as it is with tinsel and gold, it bears by far a greater resemblance to a Theatre than a House dedicated to the worship of God. Left our cards P.P.C at Mr. Masons, dined at the celebrated Maison Dorée, and at 8 o'clock took our seats in the cars for Bordeaux, a ride of 480 miles.

Sunday, November 12th.

Arrived at Bordeaux at 10 o'clock, after a comfortable night's rest in the cars and drove to the Hotel de France where we heard news that made me feel rather uncomfortable, viz: that the ship had not arrived, having been detained at Southampton two days longer than expected. Now Bordeaux would no doubt be a delightful place to stop a week with plenty of

money, but unfortunately our stock is very low, and mind particularly so, 5 francs being my all, so I have every reason to be downhearted._ However we will have to make the best of it, for it can't be helped._ Drove this thro' the town with some of the others, at their invitation of course, + found it quite a pretty city, about the size of Baltimore, and with an immense amount of shipping._ In the evening I am sorry to say, did as the Bordeauxians did, + went to the Grand Theatre, one of the largest and most magnificent if not the largest in the world, and heard [Giacomo Meyerbeer's] "Robert le Diable"._

Monday, November 13th._

A pleasant day._ Heard in the morning that an American Frigate was moved at the mouth of the Garonne, some 50 miles distant, but as we are not perfectly certain that it is the San Jacinto, do not intend changing our quarters until some news that can be depended upon arrives._ Have not as yet been able to breakfast a la Francais, they never drinking coffee, but always taking oysters and wine at their morning meal_The oysters, I may also mention are vile, perfect pickled pennies._ In the evening received a visit from Mr. Bowen , the American Consul.

Tuesday, November 14th._

Heard in the Morning that the San Jacinto had really arrived, and so are to start at 1 P.M. for Pauillac, a small town some 30 miles from Bordeaux, where the ship will most probably arrive tomorrow._ Fortunately there is some money in the party, and Dr. Fox immediately told me that he would make all right._ Arrived at Pauillac after a pleasant sail through an interesting and quite pretty country, in which we passed through many quite celebrated places, at least in the minds of wine-drinkers, such as St. Estephe, St. Jullien, Chateau Lefitte &c._ The ship not yet arrived, and consequently put up at the Hotel de Commerce for the night._

Wednesday, November 15th._

Cold and disagreeable._ The ship hove in sight about two o'clock, and accordingly we made all our preparations for going aboard, which feat we accomplished in safety._ Retired early according to the usual custom when on board.

Thursday November 16th._Friday

The Captain suddenly decided to go up to Bordeaux much to the delight of the Officers who had not been there, and so at 1 o'clock we got under weigh + proceeded up the river._ The scenery along the Garonne is most beautiful, and the channel is within a stone's throw of the bank, so that in some places we seemed to almost be in a Canal, and as we steamed along, the first American man of War which had ever been in these waters, people came running to the bank in all directions, and we were evidently looked upon as quite a curiosity._ Arrived at Bordeaux just after sunset, and anchored just off the town and within a hundred yards of the shore._ Bordeaux from the water is said to be very much like New Orleans, built as it is in the form of a crescent, with a large levee all along the water front of the town._ The streets are very wide and some of the public buildings + residences very handsome, and it is the pet city of the present Emperor being the place where he was first declared._ Retired early._

Saturday, November 18th._

Early in the morning saluted the French Flag with 21 guns, which was returned by a small war steamer in the stream._ The San Jacinto being the First American man of war, and indeed the first war vessel of any size ever at Bordeaux, attracted a great deal of attention, and

soon after breakfast visitors began to stream over the sides in crowds, giving everybody plenty to do in showing around and explaining as well as the generally limited knowledge of the French Language would allow. At 3 o'clock Mr. Soule came on board and was received by the officers in cocked hats and epaulettes, and with a salute of 17 guns; The crowds of well-dressed ladies on the quarter-deck, and the glitter of the gold lace on the uniforms, imparting to the whole scene quite a brilliant effect. Mr. Soule was a very fine looking man, something like Webster and a great deal like Napoleon, and possessed of a great deal of dignity, and very quiet and reserved in his manners; his son who is at present with his Father, but who will go by land to Madrid, is one of the pleasantest young gentlemen that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. In the evening went to a dinner at the "Hotel de la Paris" given by the Consul to Mr. Soule and the Officers of the ship, and luxuriated in the French cooking of which I have become passionately fond. One thing I may mention which occurred at the dinner + that is a toast given by Mr. S. which struck all as being very appropriate, and containing a great deal in a few words, viz: "Our country the impregnable bastion behind which hunted freedom entrenches herself." Arrived on board ship about 11 o'clock, after a delightful evening.

Sunday, November 19th.

Sunday being the "jour de fete" throughout France, the ship was crowded from morning to night with strangers, many of whom from their excited faces no doubt expected to see real American Indians. Saluted Prefect of the Province of Gironde, in which Bordeaux is situated, the city itself being the head quarters of the Girondists and the St. Gen. of Artillery, the commanding officers of the town. Left the ship as early as possible and walked through the principal streets and squares of the city, alive with people, and enlivened by the music of several excellent Bands. In the evening was one of some 20 or 30 officers who accompanied Mr. Soule to the opera, where we heard "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer's chef d'oeuvre and got on board ship about 12 o'clock.

Monday, November 20th.

Started from Bordeaux early in the morning + anchored for the night off Richard in the Gironde.

Tuesday + Wednesday. Nov. 21st + 22nd.

In the Bay of Biscay. Weather disagreeable and sea rough. Lost another propeller blade.

Thursday November 23rd.

The coast of Spain in sight. In the evening just before dark got a pilot and entered the harbor of Santander. Several high mountains, the tops covered with snow, back of the town.

Friday, November 24th.

A clear beautiful day. Santander is beautifully situated at the extremity of a well protected harbor and enclosed and encircled on all sides with high mountains, the Asturian range, many of them perfectly white with snow, and when glistening in the sun + reflected against the clear blue sky, presenting to me a novel and most magnificent sight. On board all

day. At 3 received the Commandante of the town and saluted him with 13 guns. Mr. Soule took his official leave of the ship in the afternoon.

Saturday, November 25th.

Went ashore at 2 o'clock; and rambled about the town. Santander is exactly what I have often heard a Spanish town described to be with high houses, and balconies to every story, very narrow and dirty streets, lazy looking people, and immeasurable and excessively importunate beggars. The quay in front of the town is very wide + well built, and about the only redeeming feature, + the houses along the whole water front are very large and substantial looking. The men are a pale sallow looking set, but the higher classes are remarkably well and fashionably dressed, and the lower, especially those from the country, are habited in every variety of fancy costume. The women never wear bonnets, but instead a black veil thrown with a studied carelessness + in a very coquettish manner over the head, and looking infinitely prettier and more becoming than a stiff bonnet. The streets are always full of "padres" in their long black cloaks, and immense hats, presenting to the stranger quite a formidable appearance. In the hotels we were agreeably disappointed, for the "Fonda de Comercia" the principal one, tho' possessing no exterior attractions, yet proved to be quite comfortable and the cuisine much better than anticipated. The chocolate, served a l' Espagnol, was particularly good, but differing in every respect from ours_ thick, and eaten by means of thin slices of sponge cake dipped in the cup. In the evening heard some sweet singing in the parlor of the Hotel, and some very fine piano-forte music and came off in the barge.

Sunday, November 26th.

A beautiful day. Went ashore in the morning and visited the Cathedral, which however was nothing remarkable, and afterwards walked through the principal streets and the Paseo, coming off to dinner. In the afternoons went ashore again, and took a long walk over the hills + on the beach.

Monday November 27th. [no entry]

Tuesday, November 28th.

On board all day. Nothing occurred.

Wednesday + Thursday, Nov. 29th+30th

Wind blowing hard, and weather variable. Went on shore once + took a short walk to stretch my limbs.

Friday December 1st.

Went ashore in the afternoon and played several games of Billiards at the Hotel.

Saturday, December 2nd.

Cold + disagreeable. On board all day.

Sunday + Monday, Dec. 3rd + 4th. _

Showed some Spanish ladies round the ship + got a kiss at parting. _ Mr. Buchanan not yet returned from Madrid. _ Dreadfully tired of Santander. _

Tuesday, December 5th. _

Mr. Buchanan came on board at 10 o'clock, and we got underway + left Santander at 2. _ A charming day. _

Wednesday, December 6th. to Dec. 12th.

At sea. _ While in the Bay of Biscay, very rough and disagreeable weather, but when around Cape Finisterre a fine fair wind, the ship going 9 & 10 knots an hour. _

Monday, December 11th. _

Bright + clear. _ At 11 o'clock land was descried ahead, and at 3 we were abreast and a few miles only from Cape Trafalgar, where the memorable battle was fought in which the English were victorious under Nelson. _ Passing the Cape we entered the Straits of Gibraltar and passed close enough to the Moorish coast to enable me to get a glimpse of the Moorish town of Tangier. _ Directly ahead of us rose Ape's Hill, which with Gibraltar forms the two pillars of Hercules, + just after dark we came to anchor under shadow of "The Rock," which struck me particularly as bearing a resemblance to an immense lion, couchant, and I afterwards learnt that this impression was frequently conveyed to the minds of others. _

Tuesday, December 12th. _

The loveliest day we have had since we left the U.S. _ the blue Mediterranean like a sheet of glass, and the water as transparent as crystal. _ Saluted the town and the consul, and the crew occupied in moving the ship + anchoring her in a better place. _ Gibraltar is charmingly situated to my fancy, for though the town is built or rather terraced at the base of the rock, yet to me the mere circumstance of the high wall overshadowing the bright cheerful looking houses and little green spots, scattered here and there, make it by far the prettiest + most interesting town we have yet visited. _ Around the bay in sheltered little nooks lie several very pretty looking Spanish villages, and the background of high mountains, far and near produces a very pretty effect. _ On board all day. _

Wednesday, December 13th. _

Delightful weather. _ Went on shore at 10 o'clock, and from the time I landed till the time I left the Mole at sunset, was was [sic] wrapt in "a cloak of wonder" at the strength of this celebrated fortress. _ Immediately on landing after passing several large water batteries, which would effectually prevent the entrance to the town being approached by means of boats, you enter the market place, through a ponderous gate + draw-bridge which is regularly closed every evening at sunset, and passing through a large open square which is surrounded by barracks, enter Westport St. the principal street of the town. _ On every side + at almost every corner sentries are posted and one third at least of those that you meet in the streets are soldiers; _

The rest of the inhabitants seem to be representatives from all parts of the world; Moors, Jews, Arabs, Spaniards, English, all in the characteristic garb of their country, meet you at every step, and what with the difference of feature + color, and the confusion of tongues it is a second Babel. After looking at some Moorish curiosities, we proceeded to the other end of the town to the Parade Ground, a beautiful piece of level ground, used for the purpose its name indicates and surrounded on all sides by beautiful trees, with handsome benches under them whereon "to rest one's weary limbs." _ A little further on are the public gardens, a perfect little paradise at the foot of this mountain of rock, with oranges + lemons growing in full luxuriance, + well laid out tastely [?] paths, with neat little summer houses perched wherever a good view is to be obtained._ What a difference between this place and our own country at the same season! Here a bright, genial sun, with hot house plants growing freely on every side, + overcoats entirely out of the question, and there the cold, drizzling, disagreeable weather so common in December, with everybody muffled up to the ears, + wishing the season of snow + slush was over!_ After a short rest in the gardens, we ascended by long, circuitous + tiresome paths to the Signal Station on the top point of the rock, where we had a magnificent view on the one side of Algeciraz Bay + the coast of Spain, with the Atlantic in the far distance and on the other of the blue Mediterranean + Catalan Bay, with the commencement of the Atlas range of mountains extending back from the shores of Africa, while immediately below, at the foot of an almost perpendicular precipice of 1400 ft. lay a little Catalan fishing village, said to be the one mentioned in Dumas novel of Monte Cristo._ After descending, we partook of a good dinner at the "Club House Hotel" and went on board in the sunset boat._

Thursday, December 14th. _

Went ashore at one o'clock, and walked down to the "Parade Grounds" where I heard some very good music from one of the Garrison Bands which was practicing there._ Made the acquaintance of a Moor from Timbuctoo, Hagge Said Guesus by name, a very handsome negro, and bought several Moorish curiosities from him._ This negro has nearly 200 pages allotted to him in the Book describing the cruise of the North Star, Com. Vanderbilt's Steam Yacht, and is said by him to be one of the greatest curiosities of Gibraltar._ Came on board as necessity required, at sunset._

Friday, December 15th. _

Went ashore early after breakfast, and in company with Mr. Follansbee, the Chief Engineer + Mitchell, went thro' the old Moorish excavations._ It is difficult to conceive the greatness of this undertaking and, the time it must have required to carry it out, and it is no wonder that the Moors for two centuries according to tradition, mourned having lost this their greatest stronghold._ We passed thro' galleries after galleries, cut out [of] the solid rock, with portholes, hundreds of feet above the sea, at every few steps, from many of which the view to be obtained was truly magnificent.+ Perhaps the greatest curiosity in the excavations, is St. George's Hall, a room cut out of a projecting knob of rock, some 30 or 40 feet in diameter, with a fine smooth floor, + portholes + canvas all around._ This Hall is used, our guide informed us, by the inhabitants as a ballroom, during the intense heat of summer on account of its always having a current of fresh air passing through it._ We also visited another of the curiosities of the place, St. Michael's Cave, a large cave, with numerous curious natural pillars, abounding in bewildering passages + running far into the heart of the rock._ Took dinner at the Club House Hotel, and came off at the usual time._

Saturday, December 16th. _

On board all day. _

Sunday, Dec. 17th. _

A strong wind blowing all day_ boats prevented from going ashore. _

Monday, December 18th. _

Went ashore in the afternoon and saw several companies of Highlanders Parade to the music of their national instrument the bagpipe. _ Made several purchases + came off at Sunset. _

Tuesday, Dec. 19th. _

On board all day. _

Wednesday, Dec. 20th. _

At 5 A.M. got underway and stood down the Straits, against a heavy head wind + strong current. _ At dusk the Moorish coast was dimly seen in the distance.

Thursday, Dec. 21st. [no entry]

Friday, Dec. 22nd. _

At sea. _ Under sail all the time. _

Saturday, Dec. 23rd. _

At 11 A.M. made the Island of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira group, and soon were abreast of it, and at one Madeira was plainly seen ahead. _ Passed along by the eastern side of the island which from its appearance, gave proof of its volcanic origin, and rounding Brazen Nose point, were in full view of Funchal. _ Just ahead of where we intended anchoring lay the Constitution, the Flag Ship of the African Squadron, at present here for the purpose of recruiting. _ But alas, the pleasant Christmas we had all anticipated spending on this lovely island, proved to be a mere dream, for unfortunately we were quarantined for 5 days, tho' there was not a case of sickness on board, simply on acct. of our having been last at a Mediterranean Port, _ and as the Captain would not wait so long, idling in the harbor, with much disappointment we all heard the word given to proceed to sea. _ From the water, Madeira is really a lovely spot, even at this season of the year, and I shall never be able to think of it without a great feeling of disgust. Far up on the hill was the beautiful little church of "our lady of the Mount" the road to which forms such a beautiful drive, and the convent, queen Adelaide's Bridge and many other places I would much have liked to visit were all pointed out to me. _ The greatest disappointment to circumstance of my being unable to procure any of the fine wines, or beautiful feather flowers + shawls for which the Island is so famous. _

Sunday, Dec. 24th. _

At sea all day. Weather warm + pleasant. _

Monday, December 25th. _

Christmas day! How many thoughts; how many recollections of home does it bring up! _ And how different this Christmas from the last _ Then among my dearest and best friends on earth, and now comparatively among strangers, on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, thousands of miles from Philadelphia, and several hundred from the nearest land, the inhospitable coast of Africa. _ Kept Christmas as well as we were able by means of a good dinner, and a couple of bottles of wine, but unfortunately on acct. of having no eggs were unable to make any eggnog. _ A beautiful day _ The ocean like a sheet of glass. _

Tuesday, Dec. 26th-Jan. 1st, 1855

In the doldrums, i.e. becalmed for the most of the time, and as we were in no hurry + the weather was delightful, did not steam. _

Monday, January 1st. 1855

New Years day! _ The ocean smooth + but little wind. _ Dined in the Cabin with the Captain. _ At night, notwithstanding that all the air ports were out, suffered much with the heat, and several of the Officers preferred keeping on deck + trying to keep cool, to roasting below. _

Tuesday Jan. 2nd. _ to Jan. 14th _

At sea _ Nothing worthy of note. _

Sunday, January 14th. _

At 9 o'clock Martinique was directly ahead of us, and by noon we were abreast of it. _ Ran along the Western shore of the Island, and at 4 o'clock doubled Saline Pt. and went along the eastern shore. _ Passed Diamond Rock, a large pointed Rock standing some 4 or 5 yds. from the main shore, alone and covered with the most beautiful verdure. At 5 o'clock were abreast of the harbor of Port Royal, near which place the Empress Josephine was born, and at about 6 dropped anchor abreast of the town of St. Pierre. _

Monday, January 15th. _

Rose early + went on deck to get a view of the town from the ship + breathe the delightful morning air. _ The Island looked most beautiful, covered with the rich tropical vegetation, _ while the immense fields covered with sugar cane, which is of the lightest yet most brilliant green imaginable, proved a most agreeable change to the unbroken view of sea + sky which had afflicted our vision for nearly a month past. _ Went ashore at 10 o'clock and was agreeably disappointed in the town, which we found to be quite large, very clean + with abundance of clear sparkling streams of water + immeasurable fountains on all sides. _ The

sight of which was particularly grateful to us, who for more than 25 days have been limited to our gallon a day, and that none of the purest._ Took a walk along the beach, and a short distance in the country, and saw innumerable trees that were new to me + all covered with fruit among which I may mention the Cocanut, breadfruit, mango &c._ Dined at the "Hotel des Baines" + had a delightful desert of fruit, at which I tried three kinds that I had never seen or heard of before, and at sundown came aboard._ During the whole day, especially in the sun, the heat was intense, fully equal to our July weather in Philadelphia._ During the afternoon the "Penelope" a fine French Frigate came in and anchored just eastern of us._

Tuesday, January 11th._

The morning so hot that I found it pleasanter to stay on board ship smoking + reading under the forecastle awning._ Went ashore in the afternoon with Mitchell + took a pleasant walk in the country._ The oranges here are the finest I have ever seen, and seem to be almost the staple article of food_ they are fully three times as large as those we get at home and taste almost like a different fruit plucked as they are fresh from the tree._ They are generally eaten here before breakfast, and very seldom after 12 o'clock in the day._ Came on board in the sundown boat._

Wednesday, January 17th._

On board all day._

Thursday, January 18th._

Went ashore at one o'clock, played billiards, took supper in the evening went to the opera._ The Theatre is situated on top of quite a high hill, commanding a fine view of the Carribbean [sic] Sea, and is a well ventilated but by no means a handsome building. The Opera was the "Ambassadice" [L'ambassadrice] of [Daniel] Auber, full of beautiful music, but badly rendered with one exception only; the Governor, + many both of our officers and those from the French Frigate were present.

Friday, January 19th._

Started from Martinique at daylight, and had a gentle breeze all day._ Passed the Islands of Dominica + Guadaloupe._

Saturday, January 20th._

At sea._ Nothing occurred._

Sunday, January 21st._

Passed by Virgin Gordo, Tortilla, + St. Johns and at 5 o'clock cast anchor just outside the Harbour of St. Thomas._

Monday, Jany. 22nd._

Clear, with a delightful breeze._ In the afternoon took the dingey with a party,+ went fishing, but found rowing about so pleasant that we gave up the idea with which we had started + instead explored the little nooks + corners in the bay._ A Dutch sloop of war + an English Corvette came in just before sundown._

Tuesday, January 23rd._

At 9 o'clock the U.S. Steamer Fulton came in._ Was introduced to some of her Officers who came on board, immediately._ Got underway at 11 and stood for Santa Cruz + at 6 o'clock P.M. anchored in the Harbour of Fredrickstadt_ The water though 50 ft. deep clear as crystal, every object on the bottom plainly seen._

Wednesday, January 24th._

Went ashore at 11 o'clk. Weather very warm but did not suffer near as much as Martinique._ Found the town much smaller but much cleaner and more attractive looking than St. Pierre, and laid off regularly in squares like Philadelphia._ The fort is beautiful spot at the end of the Town, almost completely hid among the trees, and near a very small but very pretty little lake._ Dined at the Hotel + came off at sundown._

Thursday, January 25th._

On board all day._

Friday, January 26th._

Went on shore in the morning and in company with Mr. Murray + Heilesware [?] paid several visits + made the acquaintance of a really beautiful young lady, a Miss Gyllick._ Heard some delightful music on the piano, which made me think a great deal of my dear Mother, several of the pieces being those which I have often heard her play._ In the evening went to a small party at Mr. Goulds + with dancing + talking passed my time most agreeably._ Came on board about 12._

Saturday, January 27th._

On board all day._ Wrote several pages of "log" and fished a short time, but without much success._

Sunday, January 28th._

Went ashore early in order to attend church, + heard quite a good sermon in the neat + cool little Episcopal Church of Frederickstadt, which was a great treat to me, not having been able to attend and Episcopal church for so long a time._ Paid two or three visits + in the afternoon in company with Mr. Duté', a native of the Island, Jackson + Barnes took a long ride on horseback in the country, passing through several large sugar estates and having an opportunity of seeing the way in which the juice of the cane is ground out._ Rode back to the Hotel by moonlight and came on board in the 10 o'clock boat._

Monday + Tuesday 29th + 30th. _

On board all day. _

Wednesday, January 31st. _

Steamer Fulton arrived from St. Thomas, and many of the Officers on board. _ Went on shore in the afternoon, paid several visits among them to Miss Haldeman of Philada, and finished the evening with dancing at Major Gyllich's.

Thursday, January [sic] 1st. _

Some 20 or 30 ladies visited the ship, + among them was Mrs. Dr. Horwitz, formerly Miss C. Norris of Philada. _ Had a collation in the Ward Room + altogether had a delightful time. _ Went with Mrs. Horwitz in the Barge to Butler's Bay, where she is staying, a sail of some two or three miles, and in the Evening went to quite a large Party at Maj. Gyllichs. _ Came on boat about 2 o'clock. _

Friday, February 2nd. _

Paid my farewell visits with great regret + took a ride to the "La Grange" Estate in the country, a most beautiful spot, where I was shown all the operations of making sugar, molasses + rum. _ Came on board late in the afternoon. _ At 9 o'clock got underway + stood for St. Thomas. _

Saturday, February 3rd. _

At 8 o'clock anchored in the Harbour of St. Thomas. _ did not feel very well, and consequently remained on board all day. _

Sunday, February 4th. _

Went ashore in the afternoon + found the town much larger than I expected + a really magnificent Hotel, where for the first time since I left Europe, I tasted the luxury of a glass of ice water. _ The business street of St. Thomas abounds in handsome + substantial stores, which in consequence of its being a free port, are filled with merchandise from all parts of the world, and an air of bustle + activity pervades the streets reminding me much of one of our own small seaport towns. _ The bay is large, with a good depth of water, and completely shut in by land on all sides so as to be perfectly secure from the effects of strong winds, and with the exception perhaps of the Harbour of Havana, is, I believe the finest in the West Indies. _ The town is built on three hills + in the valleys between + from the water presents a very pretty appearance. _ Took a delightful warm bath, sat for an hour or so in the pleasant breeze on the piazza of the Hotel. I came off at sundown. _

Monday, February 5th. _

Went ashore, made several purchases, took a pleasant walk + came off to sea. _

Tuesday, Wednesday, + Thursday._

At sea._ Delightful weather._ On Thursday morning along the Southern coast of Hayti [sic]._

Friday, February 9th._

Early in the morning arrived off the city of St. Domingo._ I found this a very interesting place._ The city has at present a population of som [sic] 15 or 20,000 inhabitants, and is one of the oldest looking towns I have ever seen + full of ruins, some of which have quite an air of grandeur about them._ It is situated at the mouth of the River Ozama, on a low sandy piece of coast, and according to my opinion a miserable site for a large city._ Among other interesting spots, I was shown the House in which Columbus lived, the once magnificent Cathedral, now a mass of ruins, + the Tower in which Columbus was confined._ There are very few white residents, and the population is composed almost entirely of negroes with a few mulattoes, + the city seems to be gradually falling to decay._ When off the Harbour, we were boarded by a negro lieutenant, in full uniform to whom the same honours were paid, in coming over the side &c, as would have have [sic] been paid to one of our own officers._ Finding that there was nothing to cause us to remain, we left just before dark, and when some 6 or 8 miles from the city passed the "Falmouth" U.S.Sloop of War, just going in._

Saturday Feb. 10th-15th._

At sea._ On Sunday the 11th._a heavy squall struck us_ship behaved nobly._ On Wednesday morning made the Island of Jamaica._

Friday, Feb. 16th-19th._

At sea._ On Saturday came to off Georgetown, Grand Cayman + rec'd an immense turtle weighing some 250 pounds, from which there was compounded some delicious soup which I partook of with great satisfaction of the next day._

Monday, February 19th._

At 9 o'clock made land ahead + at 12 were abreast of Man Key + within sight of Sand Key Light, when _ how can I commit the dreadful words to paper, we lost the only remaining blade of our propeller! Fortunately for us however, there was a favorable breeze at the time, so that we were enabled to sail into the harbor of Key West._

Tuesday, February 20th._

Off Key West + for the first time in several months before one of our own ports._ A cold North wind blowing, but to me far more agreeable than the sultry roasting weather to which for the last month been exposed._ Went ashore in the afternoon + walked through the town, which I found much larger than I expected._ visited the lighthouse + took a stroll on the beach._

Wednesday, Feb. 21st-26th._

Off Key West. _ Went ashore nearly every afternoon + made the acquaintance of several pretty and pleasant young ladies. _ On Sunday received per "Isabel" from Havana, four letters much to my joy, having heard but once since I left Gibraltar. _ A New Orleans Steamer also stopped some 15 minutes on her way to New York, but had not time to write by her. _

Monday, February 26th. _ [no entry]

Tuesday, February 27th. _

Took tea on Monday at Judge Douglas' + on Tuesday at Mr. Fontane's + found both very pleasant families. _ The former is a Virginian + says he has often dined with us in Norfolk, and used to know Aunt C. very well.

Wednesday, February 28th. _

Hauled out + anchored just below the Fort_ detained by weather. _

Thursday, March 1st. _

Left Key West at 4 P.M. for Havana with a splendid breeze in our favor. _

Friday, March 2nd. _

Came in sight of the Moro + entrance to the city about 10 o'clock + received a Pilot almost immediately after + were soon at anchor in the magnificent Bay. _ The entrance to the Harbor is thro' a narrow passage not more than 2 or 300 ft. wide, flanked on one side by the Moro, & on the other by another Fort with batteries of immense guns, so that in time of war, entrance from the sea would be altogether impracticable [sic]. _ Passing thro' this narrow way, for perhaps the eighth of a mile, you enter upon the magnificent bay, filled with shipping of all nations. _ Several vessels of war were at anchor, among them two or three Spaniards + an English Frigate. _ From the water the city appears to the eye very much like the scene of a theatre; the peculiar build of the houses with their bright colors, blue, yellow + white + the singular looking volantes going along the quay, looking far more like a painting than reality. _ Went ashore in the afternoon + threading the narrow dirty streets of the city within the walls, + passing by the way the old church of the Inquisition, were soon at the Dominica, the principal restaurant + lounging place of Havana. _ Here after regaling ourselves with an iced cobbler we lined a volante + drove thro' the Paseo, Calle de Obispo &c, stopping on the way at the Banking House of Messes. Aooof Spalding + Co., where I got my draft checked* without difficulty. _ In the Paseo there were some 2 or 3000 citizens drilling, the city being under martial law, and from appearances everywhere, trouble seemed to be expected. The roads outside the walls are most beautiful older, and lighted along the whole length and near the city with statues + fountains, at every crossing. _ In the evening walked in the Plaza de Armas + listened to the delightful music of the band, which plays every evening from 8 to 9. _ and came on board at 10 o'clock. _

*cashed (Note from the author).

Saturday, March 3rd, _

Went ashore in one of the pretty covered little boats which ply about the Harbour. _ Passed the afternoon shopping in the Calle de Mercaderes, Calle del Obispo &c, + made

several pretty purchases getting along quite well by signs + by making use of the little Spanish I have picked up._ Bought some very fine cigars from Cabarga, the great Tobacco Merchant, + spent the Evening between the Dominica + the Plaza de Armas._

Sunday, March 4th. _

Had Divine Service performed on board in the morning by an English Clergyman who came on board on a visit._ Hon. Hamilton Fish, Mr. + Mrs. Long (a daughter of David Paul Brown of Philada) + several other ladies + gentlemen on board._ Went ashore directly after service, and found all the shops open, Music playing &c as on other days, + as this was our last day we had still much to see, followed the Example of the Havanese._ After refreshment at the Dominica, hired a volante + drove to the Bishop's Garden, some four miles from Havana, a most beautiful spot, but sadly in want of attention_ indeed everything about it going to destruction._ Returning had just time to jump into an omnibus + get to the Bull Ring before the Fight commenced._ The ring is a space some 150 ft. in diameter, with little screens all around behind which the bull fighters retreat in time of danger._ This space is perfectly open, and all around are tiers of seats, covered from the weather + ending at the top in private boxes, in which I was sorry to see many ladies + among other distinguished persons, in a most conspicuous place was Concha the Captain General of the Island._ The brutal sport commenced by the entrance of the matadores + toreadores on foot + the picadores on horseback the former merely with their yellow + scarlet cloaks + the latter with a long barbed lance, all however, in dresses of the most splendid description._ Having taken their places, a door at the end of the ring was thrown open + small but fierce + wiry looking bull rushed out + confronted his enemies.+ The first part of the amusement seemed to be merely in annoying the poor animal, by enraging him by means of the flaming cloaks + then driving him off by well directed thrusts of the lance, and after some few minutes of this, which I need not say was loudly applauded, a new species of torment was devised for the unfortunate beast._ Barbed darts, some with fire-crackers attached, + others without, were thrown in + about his neck, and while the Bull was rushing about, bellowing + paving the ground with fury + in vain endeavoring to drive his enemies from the field, the ladies clapped their hands + the gentlemen shouted + even throw their hats in the ring, so great was their enthusiasm._ At last when the poor animal was nearly exhausted + covered with blood from his many wounds, the head matadore advanced upon him armed with a long sharp sword, + after some few moments spent in waiting his opportunity, succeeded in thrusting it up to the hilt in a spot near his fore shoulder, where the bull dropped down dead, as if he had been shot._ Four horses, gaily caparisoned, then entered the ring, + being attached to the body, pulled it around + then out by a side door, amid the enthusiastic applause of the assembled multitude._ In this way several bulls were killed, and the only thing I saw to admire in the whole performance, was the agility displayed by the bullfighters, in getting out of the way of the enraged animal._ After the bull-fight, went to the Paseo, which was filled from one end to the other, with two lines of volantes, in which the Cuban Belles were taking their afternoon drive._ The volante is a most charming vehicle_ when riding it is as easy + comfortable as can be imagined, + when others are riding, you have a capital opportunity of seeing + admiring, it being very open, the driver being on the horse, and the ladies always without bonnets or any covering to the head_ a Sunday afternoon in the Paseo, is one of the most brilliant sights I have ever seen._ In the evening visited the Tacon Theatre, an immense and magnificent building, + afterwards, at the Dominica, met much to my surprise Gen. Padelford, who is here with his sister, who is in very bad health._

Monday, March 5th._

Left the Harbour of Havana about 7 o'clock, in town of a steam tug, and when outside found a favorable breeze._ A Spanish War Steamer passed us on her way in + I could not help wishing that I was on board her, so agreeably disappointed was I in Havana, but this wish soon passed away when I reflected that we were "homeward bound."_ Kept in sight of the Moro some 2 or 3 hours, passed several sail, and at evening were within sight of Sand Key Light, 9 miles from Key West._

Tuesday, Mar. 6th._ to 14th._

At sea._ On the 10th. Experienced a North West Gale, which brought to our minds visions of icebergs + snow banks. On the 11th, off Hatteras, a heavy sea, + strong wind._ Passed many vessels and of all descriptions, on the same course as ourselves, but beat them all easily._ On the evening of the 13th. spoke the Schooner May from Halifax, bound to Philadelphia. Only 50 miles from the Capes of the Delaware._

Wednesday, March 14th._

*Diary ends here.