inside out, then filled up with stuffing and the little cap put on again, and sewed. It comes on the table whole, with the stem in the centre of the cap.

24th. A very pleasant day, but we are not going as we would wish, are too near Cape St Roque, expect to have to beat, in order to get by. We have a very good steward, but are not as fortunate with our cooks, are trying the fourth now, (five weeks out) The first was good for nothing, the second did not like being in the galley, it made his head ache, the third had sore hands, so that he could not perform duty, and I cannot say what will befall the fourth.

25th. Christmas. It seems to me very much as if it had come in July, instead of December, we generally associate Christmas with cold weather. Minnie hung up her stocking last night. She was fearful that she should get nothing in it, as we could not go to the store, but she succeeded as well for eatables as if she had been at home.

We had quite a Christmas dinner, Roast Chickens stuffed, potatoes, turnips onions, stewed cranberries, pickled beets and cucumbers, and a plum duff. For tea, I had a tin of preserved grape, opened, and cut a loaf of fruit cake. The 25th of Nov, I went on deck before dark to take my last look at my native land (for the present) and to night (just a month) went to take my first look at a foreign land. Cape St Roque is in sight, so she shall have to beat to night.

26th. A ship in sight, at a distance, in the same predicament that we are. Mary loves company — Minnie is very happy. I think she enjoys herself as well as if she were at home. She came to me the other day, to know if, when she got old enough to read writing, I would write on a piece of paper what things she must not do, because she was afraid she would forget, and then she could look at her paper and read "Minnie must not do so, for it is not right." I hope she will always be as conscientious as she is. I feel that if she is not brought up aright, the sin will be my own. She has a mind capable of receiving good impressions, and it can be very easily moulded. What a responsibility rests upon a

Mother! "Yet could a Mother's prayer of love,
Thy destiny control, those boasted gifts that often prove
The ruin of the Soul — Beauty and fortune, wit and fame —
For thee she would not care, But tearful, urge a fervent claim
To joys, beyond the grave."

28th. This morning caught a Porpoise. The meat looks very much like beef. The oil is contained in the skin, which they will boil out tomorrow, had some of the meat fried for dinner, and some made into sausage cakes for supper they are as nice as pork sausages. We spoke the ship to day, which proved to be the "Grey Eagle" from Philadelphia bound to Buenos Ayres, she was 32 days from P. and we 34 from New Bedford, she has not beat us much, if she is a Clipper.

Jan 1st 57. The old year has departed — and the new year advances fresh and bright laden with blessings for all —

To many the cup of happiness will be filled to overflowing, to others it will be mixed with sorrow even to the dregs.

We may not know what is for us, none but the Unseen can look into futurity, but happy will it be for us, if, with every sorrow that is borne to us, on the wings of Almighty faith and love, we can look up with a sweet and submissive trust, and say "Father, not my will, but thine be done" The past has been an eventful year to us. A Father, Brother and Niece (Uncle Lawrence, two nieces Augusta and Ann Chapman, Aunt Ann Chapman, Annie Lord Moore, Uncle Joseph's Martha D(?)) have been called to the world of spirits. Infancy, Manhood and old age — We mourn that they have left us, and those far away will mourn, when they have heard the sad tidings. Dear Sister Sarah, and her fatherless children, have been called to drink deep of the cup of affliction. May He who is the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, be very near to them. We have passed the Cape now, and go along smoothly. We saw several Catamarants out to day, fishing — from off the coast, they are small boats made of logs with a sail, we passed one very near with the ship, in the evening. We obtained about two gallons of oil from one porpoise — that will be enough to keep us from darkness for a season perhaps, until we can get some more.