Dear Mother

We arrived here yesterday afternoon after a very pleasant passage of 21 days. (as we should count, but of 19 only according to seatime). We were becalmed off the harbour [illegible] by the non-arrival of the steamboat till 4 o'clock. We were obliged to leave our good ship several miles from the [illegible] [illegible] will not permit [illegible] in till Friday, but the dirty little black steamer brought us all on shore bag and baggage. On reaching the wharf we gave up our passports to a gens d'armes and leaving our baggage in charge of a custom house officer, took a carriage for our hotel. In the evening I took a walk round the town the first appearance of which is certainly very singular, and then took the first comfortable sleep which I have had since I left home. I find myself very well after the voyage though I think I have lost flesh instead of gaining it as I expected. I was not very sick at anytime and after the first two days enjoyed the passage very much, though the equilibrium of my breakfast was always very unstable whenever we had a very rough day. Luckily there were but few such though we had strong north westers during the greater part of the time. We had about 80 passengers, ~~about~~ half a dozen of whom were ladies, with the exception of Mrs Goifsen however, I had neither occasion nor inclination to say anything to any of them. An steward was a very obliging fellow and I never wish to sail under a better captain. My roommate was an old German who had travelled all over the world but spoke no word of English, so that I was obliged to have recourse to my memories of Sander & Ertheiler, we got along very well together. I spent the mornings at sea in reading or playing chess and the evenings at whist or chess again, but dinner was always the centre of our system and furnished abundant food for meditation as well as digestion. The weather was extremely cold for the first fortnight and I had to sleep in woollen stockings and flannel drawers and to wear a great coat constantly. My shirts held out very well and I shall have somewashed here. I got some wine on board ship for my dinner as I found that I required something of the kind, but I had my gingerhead put on the table and gave away my peppermints as I cared for neither. Upon the whole I was very agreeably disappointed in the voyage, though 3 weeks at sea is a dreadful blank in one's existence to look back upon, and I quite agree with that poet who has written that but

Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip
Sometimes you ship a sea
And sometimes see a ship

We shipped but few seas however though we saw half a dozen ships almost every day. So much for the voyage