

At one the purser and letter-bags came off, and as our busy little attendant, having performed her last trip, turned her bows away from our lofty side, we felt infinite contentment at being started on our expedition; and having congratulated ourselves on the event, I hastened below to inquire the probable hour of dinner. In the evening we were in sight of the high and rocky shores of the Isle of Man, steering between it and the north end of Ireland. We took a more than usual northerly course, by which we made a shorter voyage, but encountered cold weather and fogs. I would gladly have bargained for a longer voyage with fine warm weather. At seven the next morning, being twenty miles from North Cape, we bade farewell to Europe.

There were on board 170 chief cabin passengers and 60 in the fore-cabin, while the officers and persons of all grades employed in the ship amounted to 146 souls. Among these is a surgeon and a barber, a coloured man, Amos by name, who has followed the captain's fortunes many years. The stewards, who wear a neat uniform, are mostly black or coloured, and are merry, active, intelligent fellows: I learned to prefer them in many respects to their white brethren. Four priests of ebon hue officiate in the caboose for the benefit of the passengers, and two devote their services to the crew. Their chief has ministered to Captain West for twelve years; and, negro though he is, a better sea-cook I never wish to find. How can I sufficiently praise his super-excellent Irish stew, a dish fragrant to the nose and delicate to the taste, unlike any Irish stew I ever before eat—such as one might suppose Nora Creina, or some other fair daughter of Erin's Isle, to have concocted in her happiest