

still in the channel, within sight of the Mull of Cantire, and the northern shore of Ireland.

Having but a few books with me, I seized upon a greasy old volume of sundry magazines, which I found in the cabin. I also commenced the study of a book of navigation. These, varied with the Book of books, Shakspeare, and Maunder's Treasuries, kept me free from ennui. When tired of reading, I had ample scope for observation.

The mistress spent the forenoon fishing, and the afternoon in curing the mackerel and gurnet she caught. We had some at tea, when I met with a deprivation I had not anticipated;—there was no milk! and I did not at all relish my tea without it. One cup was quite enough for me; but I soon became habituated to it. Having rounded the long promontory of Donegal, the outline of the shore became indistinct; and making our calculations not to see land again for some time, the mate took his "departure" from Malin Head.