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SUBALTERN'S FURLOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore,
Fades o'er the waters blue.

BYRON.

Hail Columbia!

SONG.

As nothing can be more uninteresting to unprofessional readers, than a recapitulation of all the various changes of weather, the heavy squalls and gales, the more tedious long rolling calms, the dense fogs and dangerous icebergs (on the banks of Newfoudland), the passing sails, and, in short, the usual contents of a ship's log; I shall only briefly take notice of a few incidents connected with the voyage. After a detention of three days at Liverpool, owing to contrary winds with rough and boisterous weather, the packet ship, in which I had engaged a passage, hauled out of Prince's dock at daylight on the morning of the 23d of April, and stood down channel; but it was not until the fifth day from that time that we were clear of the southernmost cape of Ireland: a foul wind possessed, however, one redeeming quality, by successively displaying the fine bold coast of the Emerald Isle, and the picturesque mountains of Wales.

I had selected the Philadelphia in preference to the New-York line of packets, and made some small sacrifice to accommodation and society, from a supposition that but few emigrants would be bound so far to the southward; knowing full well, from previous experience, the