

port. I had never before tried the experiment of crossing the Atlantic in winter in a brig of two hundred and ninety tons burden, carrying a cargo of five hundred and ten tons of copper ore, and I may safely say, that I shall never do so again.

Two days after leaving the land, we met with a severe gale and were obliged to lay to for thirty hours. Our vessel was too much by the stern, and the decks were swept continually by seas coming over the waist. I began to think a berth in the Inman mail would be a desirable change, though after the sad affair of the City of Boston, I might have been worse off. Our fare was not of the best, merely merchant sailor's rations, not that I minded that, but the vessel was so deep that her decks were never dry, even in a heavy swell the sea came rolling over, which was unpleasant. On the sixth day of our voyage the second mate fell overboard and we were unable to recover him, the only two boats being lashed amidships, neither were there any davits by which to lower them, nor any life buoys in the ship. We tried to launch a boat over the side, but she was stove in the attempt. This