

The landlubber works his six days in the week, and when Sunday comes, he can take a quiet walk out with his *darlint*. But we, poor devils, are confined here from one month's end to another, with no sight of the nice green fields—tugging and pulling, with little thanks for our pains, and when Sunday comes, perhaps to do extra jobs." The cook, strange as it may seem, was employed in poring over a volume of Universal History, learning something of the place to which he was bound. With this work before him, and a bundle of letters from over the water, his time seemed happily employed. The passengers were on deck, conversing with the Captain and mate, and obtaining from each, information relative to the course we were pursuing, the character of the people on the Islands, near which we ran, with all which would tend to enlighten our minds on points familiar to sea-faring men.

During the night, a wind sprang up, which took us along rapidly on our cruise; by ten in the morning it was completely lulled again. It was on this day we overtook a vessel, bound, as we supposed, for the Gulf of Mexico. Unable as we were, to move forward on our course, it was some consolation to have a companion in misery; though we wished the vessel in sight all good fortune, it was some excitement to our minds, to know that there were those near us, who shared like feelings with ourselves; were watching our sails, as we were theirs, and speculating upon our progress, with the same hope which influenced us, that if either were left behind, the other might be the one. Thus we continued, until the middle of the next day, *Tuesday*, our vessel, probably from its superior lightness, gaining upon the other, so that from at first seeing only the topmost sails of the vessel, before separating we had a good view of its different parts, by aid of the telescope.

Many a night, during this week of calm weather, did I spend hours in looking into the sea, admiring the phosphorescent sparkles, which beautified the deep, and almost appeared like stars fallen from the heavens. The onward progress of the vessel seemed literally to plough up pearls; and a child might have attempted to grasp the brilliants. The rising and setting of the sun still claimed my admiration. The time for tea was shortly before sunset. Leaving the Captain and mate to spin their yarns to my fellow-passenger, I usually hastened upon deck to see the setting sun. This is a glorious sight at sea. The twilight, and the gradual rise of the stars, was, however, more consonant with my feelings, as the remembrance of home, with its happy faces, seemed ever to recur with the departure of the day.

As the evening of *Tuesday* approached, the wind freshened; by nine at night, we were going along rapidly on our course. Towards noon on *Wednesday*, we reached Hole in the Wall, so named from a

large opening in a rock, situate at the south eastern extremity of the island of Abaco, belonging to Great Britain, and chiefly occupied by fishermen and "wreckers." This was the first land we saw, after leaving Cape Henry, making eight days from one to the other.

Here, is a light house, with a revolving light, seen once in every minute as far as fifteen miles, at the height of ten feet. The light-house, I understood from the Captain, was built jointly by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, and the expense of maintaining it is shared equally by each. The channel between Abaco and the Berry islands is frequented by ships of moderate size, bound for the Gulf of Mexico. The larger vessels take a different course. We were delayed off Abaco for twenty-four hours by a calm. When hearing from the Captain of the simplicity of some of the islanders, I almost wished I could be thrown among them for a brief space, to witness their primitive style of living, their freedom from the sophisticated habits of man, their truth-telling countenances, and their piety, unalloyed by any worldly feeling. When passing the Berry islands, I had a fine view of the Governor's residence, on one of the largest of those in sight. From the distance we were, and as seen through the telescope, the house appeared to be built of stone. The situation was a romantic one.

When we left Baltimore, the weather was extremely cold; now overcoats were laid aside, and in their stead, the lightest summer apparel was assumed. The heat of the sun was oppressive, and though, in the beginning of our voyage, we exposed ourselves to its rays, that we might partake of their genial warmth, we were now glad to seek such shade as was offered by the spreading of the sails. Thus far, our progress was slow; during the remainder of our passage, until we were within one hundred and eight miles of Mobile Point, we had but a succession of storms. Many a night did I lay awake till the third watch, wishing that I was again on land, sleeping comfortably in a quiet chamber, away from the bustle of a sea-life.

On *Thursday*, the fourteenth, we started, with a fair breeze for the Great Bahama bank, where we arrived the same evening before dark. Soon after sun-set, a storm came on, slight at first, but increasing, until it blew a perfect hurricane, and so continued all night. It was a time of peril to us. The bank is dangerous enough to navigate in the most propitious weather; there is but one track, varying from which a navigator is liable to fall upon the bars which are frequent here in every direction. Though scudding under bare poles, the vessel went at the rate of six knots an hour; a goodly number in the fairest weather, with all sails set. The description of a storm at sea, as given by the hand of Marryat, or Cooper, is sufficiently interesting; the realization of one I found to be a different matter.