

where struck me, on the waters of the Chesapeake. The steamboat Baltimore, on its way to Annapolis, passed us shortly after we were under sail, but no feeling yet possessed me to desire absence from the temporary home of my choice. It was with the keenest attention, that, on the morning of the second day, I watched for Cape Henry. We came within sight of the light house on this Cape, twenty-four hours after leaving Baltimore, a passage seldom made so speedily. While passing it, and, until it was out of sight, my eyes were constantly upon it, nor could I refrain from thinking that it might be the last time of my seeing land. When it was no longer in view, I endeavoured to realize my situation, as upon the mighty ocean, away from friends, and bound for a land of strangers. Knowing that signs of sadness should not be betrayed to those who take no interest in the cause of it, I rallied my spirits as best I could.

This day, *Tuesday*, I noticed more particularly the comforts of my home. There was in the cabin, immediately above the cup-board, a small case, dignified with the name of book-case, though its only pretensions to the name consisted in its occasionally holding three books. "Blunt's American Coast Navigator," a "Treatise on Navigation," and the third, a Bible. Of the last, owing to the good care of a pious mother, I was supplied with a copy; of copies of the other two books, I was happily destitute; and though from want of occupation, I occasionally glanced at their contents, yet had I not brought with me a supply of books, the voyage, deducting the few first days, would have been sufficiently dull. Some few newspapers, obtained the morning of sailing, lasted for a season, but, with their two pages or more of advertisement, and a few columns of tolerable reading, they furnished but a sorry pastime. "The New World," happened to be among the papers purchased, and with its continuation of "Charles O'Malley," "Barnaby Rudge," and other excellent tales, it afforded me pleasant reminiscences for several days. The copy in my possession, travelled through all hands, and each consoled himself for breaking off in the middle of a good story, with the hope of purchasing the continuation when arrived. In perusing these, and observing the many peculiarities of life, on ship-board, were the first days of our voyage spent.

In the mean time, we passed Cape Hatteras, twenty-four hours after reaching Cape Henry; on the third day, *Wednesday*, we passed the Gulf stream; and on *Thursday* morning, we had arrived in the neighbourhood of Charleston. Here we were becalmed for the space of twenty-four hours, and got no farther South than the latitude of Savannah, by Monday morning. On *Sunday*, our progress was but nine miles. The day must have been a beautiful one to those on land. It was perfectly calm at sea. The sky was clear—not a cloud was

to be seen; the sea, save for its occasional heaving, was perfectly still. The birds, Mother Carey's brood, flew about us, rested upon the rigging of the ship; some came within a few yards distance, and one lit upon the open palm of my hand, as I was stretching myself lazily on the deck.

The following lines, Barry Cornwall's descriptive of this bird, otherwise named the Petrel, will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable to the reader:—

"Up and down! Up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,  
The stormy Petrel finds a home,—  
A home, if such a place may be,  
For her, who lives on the wide, wide sea;  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair,  
To warm her young, and teach them spring  
At once o'er the waves, on their stormy wing.  
O'er the deep! O'er the deep!  
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword fish  
sleep,  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The Petrel telleth her tale in vain,  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Who bringeth him news of storms unheard.  
Ah! thus does the prophet of good and ill  
Meet fate from the creatures he serveth still,  
Yet he ne'er falters; so Petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves, on thy stormy wing."

A Sabbath at sea presents none of the advantages attendant upon its presence on land. Time for serious thought is rarely afforded on ship-board. The joke passes round as on ordinary days, and though the obscene jest be suppressed, noisy hilarity is indulged in—conversation becomes more general by the recess from labour, and tales of the sea, follow one another in rapid succession. The sailor arranges and mends his clothes, makes for himself caps, and with his handy needle, supplies all deficiencies in his wardrobe. Such was the scene presented me, on my first Sabbath at sea. The blacks were listlessly spending their time, in conversation about their present and future prospects. One in particular, a smart looking girl, but slightly dark, spoke with regret of the home she had left, and the oft-repeated promise of her master, that she should never be sold. "She had always been obedient," she said, "and did not know how she had displeased him; she did not so much care if her new master would let her attend meeting once a month." One of the sailors, an Irishman, while making a cap to supply the place of one he had accidentally lost overboard, a few days previous, would occasionally pause to admire the day, and express aloud his thoughts. Said he to me, as I stood leaning upon the side of the vessel—"Mr. M——, this is a dog's life we poor sailors lead.