

The captain then led me down to the cabin for breakfast, and introduced me to his wife, who, he informed me, always accompanied him to sea, and whom I shall for the future designate as the mistress,—as by that term she was known to both crew and passengers. Feeling an inclination towards squeamishness, and being much more sick at heart, I retired to my state-room! and lying down upon the berth, fell into a dreamy slumber, in which I remained until aroused; when I found it was late in the afternoon, and tea was ready. I felt somewhat revived by the grateful beverage; and accompanied the captain on deck. We were off Carlingford, and the mountains of Mourne. The passengers were cooking their evening meal at their fires upon the fore-deck; and the sailors discussing their coffee in the fore-castle. I endeavored to enter into conversation with the captain, but he was provokingly taciturn; however, we were soon joined by the mistress, who was not unwilling to make up for her husband's deficiency. The sun set; and twilight subsided into darkness; a cold night breeze also told that it was time to go below.

Monday, May 31st.

I rose early, and inhaled the fresh morning air. We made good progress during the night, and the bold cliffs of the coast of Antrim were visible on one hand, the Scotch shore on the other. At 8, A. M., the bell rang for breakfast, and I took my seat opposite the captain. The mistress sat in an arm-chair, and the mate on a stool next me, completing the cabin circle. We were attended by Simon the cabin-boy, whom at first sight I took to be a "darky."

His face was coated with smoke and soot, streaked by