

take our passage in a sailing vessel. We were the more induced to do this, as we were in no particular hurry. And I was rather curious to witness the nature of the accommodation and treatment provided for the thousands that were daily crossing the Atlantic. After visiting several very fine vessels in the docks, we took our berths in a wholesome looking craft, advertised to sail in two or three days.

As bad luck would have it, our friends the "salts" had been out in their reckoning, and we had no sooner got clear of the channel, than the wind shifted round dead in our teeth, and remained in that quarter most of the voyage. We had a very tedious one of forty-two days; the monotony broken only by the regular number of black-fish and "Mother Carey's chickens," so called I suppose because seen in *fowl* weather—(not mine). I never could quite understand the origin of the sailor's superstition, that these restless little birds are the ghosts of shipwrecked sailors; one would have imagined they had seen too much of storms, and of the briny deep, during their life-time, to wish to see more of it in a future state. It would be a much more pleasing fancy to imagine the spirit of the storm-tossed mariner tenanting the warm fat little body of some barn-door sparrow, that stuff themselves with the best of corn "fixings" all day, and always have "all night in" under the warm barn thatch, than to suppose them for ever passing an existence of perpetual motion and saturation, living on fish and sea-weed, the sport of every gale that sweeps across the Atlantic. The captain (a Yankee) was a perfect specimen of his class, with the peculiarities of his nation in strong relief. He