

senior officer, Captain G. Douglas, 14th, second in command, and there were fourteen other officers, three ladies, and some children on board.

We were very closely stowed at meals, and had hardly space to lift the hand to the mouth. At night my place of repose was a berth in the steward's store-room, above hams, cheese, firkins of butter, and 'grey-beards' of rum; so that if I had had a mind for a private nocturnal debauch, I might have merely extended my hand, helped myself, and no one the wiser.

For the greater portion of the passage across the Atlantic, we had strong easterly breezes, and rolling seas. When the water was at all smooth, a little Irish fiddler, John Buckley, whom I had persuaded to accompany me on the promise of good treatment and his passage paid, brought up his instrument, and with the addition of a tambourine and triangle, formed a band sufficiently good for dancing. A case of mine contained foils, single-sticks, and boxing-gloves; these, with the games of sling the monkey, shuffle-board, &c., assisted digestion, and dispelled *ennui* among officers and men.