

CHAPTER II

CREW AND PASSENGERS

SEPTEMBER 28. -- John Silas Huntly, the captain of the Chancellor, has the reputation of being a most experienced navigator of the Atlantic. He is a Scotchman by birth, a native of Dundee, and is about fifty years of age. He is of the middle height and slight build, and has a small head, which he has a habit of holding a little over his left shoulder. I do not pretend to be much of a physiognomist, but I am inclined to believe that my few hours' acquaintance with our captain has given me considerable insight into his character. That he is a good seaman and thoroughly understands his duties I could not for a moment venture to deny; but that he is a man of resolute temperament, or that he possesses the amount of courage that would render him, physically or morally, capable of coping with any great emergency, I confess I cannot believe. I observed a certain heaviness and dejection about his whole carriage. His wavering glances, the listless motion of his hands, and his slow, unsteady gait, all seem to me to indicate a weak and sluggish disposition. He does not appear as though he could be energetic enough ever to be stubborn; he never frowns, sets his teeth, or clenches his fists. There is something enigmatical about him; however, I shall study him

closely, and do what I can to understand the man who, as commander of a vessel, should be to those around him "second only to God."

Unless I am greatly mistaken there is another man on board who, if circumstances should require it, would take the more prominent position -- I mean the mate. I have hitherto, however, had so little opportunity of observing his character, that I must defer saying more about him at present.

Besides the captain and this mate, whose name is Robert Curtis, our crew consists of Walter, the lieutenant, the boatswain, and fourteen sailors, all English or Scotch, making eighteen altogether, a number quite sufficient for working a vessel of 900 tons burden. Up to this time my sole experience of their capabilities is, that under the command of the mate, they brought us skillfully enough through the narrow channels of Charleston; and I have no reason to doubt that they are well up to their work.

My list of the ship's officials is incomplete unless I mention Hobart the steward and Jynxstrop the negro cook.

In addition to these, the Chancellor carries eight passengers, including myself. Hitherto, the bustle of em-

barkation, the arrangement of cabins, and all the variety of preparations inseparable from starting on a voyage for at least twenty or five-and-twenty days have precluded the formation of any acquaintanceships; but the monotony of the voyage, the close proximity into which we must be thrown, and the natural curiosity to know something of each other's affairs, will doubtless lead us in due time to an exchange of ideas. Two days have elapsed and I have not even seen all the passengers. Probably sea-sickness has prevented some of them from making an appearance at the common table. One thing, however, I do know; namely, that there are two ladies occupying the stern cabin, the windows of which are in the aft-board of the vessel.

I have seen the ship's list, and subjoin a list of the passengers. They are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Kear, Americans, of Buffalo.

Miss Herbey, a young English lady, companion to Mrs. Kear.

M. Letourneur and his son Andre, Frenchmen, of Havre.

William Falsten, a Manchester engineer.

John Ruby, a Cardiff merchant; and myself, J. R. Kazal-
lon, of London.