

of the storms of Cape Horn ; now I am entering on the North Atlantic, bound for "Yankee town." "Sech is life."

While sitting at my desk, in our snug little after-cabin, I can hear the hoarse rustling of the water, as a fine easterly breeze urges our ship through the slowly heaving waves of St. George's Channel ; the land is vanishing, and now we are fairly at sea. And, being so, I may as well begin what I hope may be the means of beguiling the tedium of many an uneventful hour in the five or six weeks of ocean before us—that oft-told tale—that oldest of stories—a journal at sea. But old as the tale may be, it yet has the experience of ages to prove that it is incumbent on all voyagers who can write to inflict their sea mares'-nests on those who live at home—like the Ancient Mariner who after all was but a tremendous embodiment, a fearful impersonation, of "Sea Stories."

Though the ocean is no novelty to me, I am revisiting it under novel circumstances, in a Yankee ship, with a Yankee crew and Yankee captain, built in a fashion more prevalent, I believe, among American ships than English, with a round-house instead of a poop, and which fashion I think no improvement. She is the