

boxes—no smoking abaft the funnel?" "No smoking!" said old Mr. Stokes; "why we have been smothered with smoke all day from that chimney—look at the blacks on my white waistcoat!" "Ah," replied Uncle Brown, "this is the consequence of giving the Blacks their liberty—which you were always arguing for." "Liberty, sir! do you know what you are talking about—do you know what the man below at the fire does when these blacks come down?" "Stokes, dear!" called Mrs. S. at this moment. "To be sure he does, ma'am," said a strange gentleman. "To be sure he does what, sir?" asked Mr. S. "Stokes." "What the devil do you mean, sir? how dare you—" "I say the man below, stokes." "Below Stokes! and what do you know of Stokes?"

Here a loud laugh from those around, and a second call from his wife, stopped the further progress of this strange misunderstanding. He turned to Mrs. S., and found her very pale and full of complaints—so was not sorry when the captain came to her, who—with that peculiar grin and softened voice which obtain for a Margate captain the title of "such a very nice man," asked her "how she found herself." "Rather unwell, thank you, sir," "Oh, pray, ma'am, don't thank me; you'll be better presently—there's a fine fresh breeze springing up." "A fresh breeze!" said Uncle Brown; "I am happy to hear it, for the ladies are quite tired of that we have had all day." "Indeed I am," replied Jenima, who was now by no means in an enviable condition, "Ah!" continued she, "I am much deceived in this nasty voyage—Miss Jenkins told me that the motion of a ship was like riding on a horse." "And so it is," returned Uncle Brown; "only then you are on the back, and here you're on the main." "Oh, Uncle, how can you make so light of our situations?" "Well, I own it's too bad; for you do appear very ill; and when I look at you ladies, and see you so altered, I cannot help thinking of the bills we saw in Thames-street—'*Reduced Fairs to Margate!*'"

Jemima now retired to the ladies' cabin with Mrs. S., who was so giddy that she made a sad business of walking. This