

dinner-time, immediately after being assisted to the finest cut of a very yellow boiled leg of mutton with very green capers," there were few invalids the first night.

The subject of sea sickness is an unpleasant one, and cannot occupy much space here. Every old and many a new traveller has a remedy for it, so possibly the mention of our mode of prevention may be permitted here. It is simply for the sufferer to wear a very tight belt round the waist. It has been recommended to many fellow-passengers, and its use has proved invariably beneficial. The unusual motion, and sometimes the smells of the vessel, are the cause of the nausea felt. The tightened belt steadies the whole body, and, provided the sufferer be not bilious, soon braces him up corporally and mentally. If he *is* bilious (which he often is on account of leave-takings and festivities prior to his departure) the worst thing possible is generally recommended him—the ordinary brandy on board. *Very* fine old liqueur cognac in small doses can, however, be taken with advantage. An authority (Dr. Chapman) recommends the application of ice, enclosed in an india-rubber bag, to the spinal cord. In various travellers' works, marmalade, cayenne pepper, port wine, chutnee, and West India pickles, are prescribed for the malady. The invalid would do much better by eating fresh or canned fruits of a cooling nature. But to return to the voyage. Dickens describes the first night at sea in feeling language.

"To one accustomed to such scenes," says he, "this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterwards, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad white glistening track that follows in the vessel's wake; the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him shining, a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient and of Divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block and rope and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin."

Irresistibly comic, as well as true, is his description of the ship during bad weather. "It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

"Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things the ship rights. Before one can say 'Thank Heaven!' she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of