

dinner, it was very aggravating to read it down—roast turkey, roast beef, plum pudding, &c., with a variety of fruits, and at last to have to decide on a cup of beef tea and dry toast. I managed to look out of my cabin door and wish them all a “Merry Christmas, not that I felt very “merry” myself, but I thought of the happy people on *terra firma*, enjoying the family circle, round their “ain fire sides.” Mid-winter as it was, we congratulated ourselves that we were nearing the tropics without the need of “fiddles” on the dinner table. We had only one rough unpleasant night on our outward voyage; one or two days the winds were fresh, and the waves were crested with white foam. The waves went down, and the ports were opened, and we had passed suddenly from winter into perpetual summer, and the salt water was warm in our morning bath. The passengers lounge about the decks in their chairs, some reading and others talking. Mr. Clark was busily engaged studying the Spanish language with a Spanish Senor, from Caraccas. It was hard for me to know, which was the Professor and which the pupil, as one was just as eager to learn the English as the other the Spanish. Another three days and we are in the tropics. The North-east trade wind blew behind us. The first light we made was on Sombrero, the first of the Leeward Islands. We sailed very near to the islands of Eustachins, Martinique, Antigua, and St. Kitts, each island as large as, or larger than the Isle of Man. The most of these islands have lofty peaks, as if thrown up by volcanic action. They are clothed from base to summit with forest trees, with deep ravines, and fringed with luxuriant plains. We sighted the Island of Nevis, and we were much interested in looking at the island on