

violently to, striking Mr. Coddleby fairly on the back and started him down the steps with irresistible force. The gallant Pickwickian, however, never for an instant allowed that presence of mind, which was one of his distinguishing qualities to desert him, and he managed to retain his hold on the handrail, though without sufficient power to arrest his downward course, and he bumped gently down each step, occasionally knocking his head with considerable violence against the sides of the "companion way" till he finally sat with a rather astonished stare on his countenance by the side of Mr. Bramley, who was not yet sufficiently recovered to pick himself up in the pool of "slops" on the lower deck. Being at length assisted to their feet by the men who had been carrying the tub, and Mr. Yubbits who took no small pleasure in letting his friends see that *he* knew a thing or two about "going down stairs" on board ship, the three wended their way into the grand saloon (amidst roars of laughter from those who had witnessed the Junior Pickwickian method of descending from one deck to another) where Mr. Yubbits procured the prescribed remedy and asserted that "Richard was himself again."

The trio then proceeded to Mr. Grumshaw's cabin, which was really quite a spacious apartment compared with those to be found on board some vessels. In size it was about ten feet by six, one side being occupied by the gallant officer's berth, whilst cushioned lockers ran entirely round the other three sides, with the exception of the space occupied by the door. A table with adjustable flaps and battens stood in the centre of the room, the walls or bulk-heads being garnished with a few nautical pictures, pipe racks, and a shelf with holes in it, devoted to the reception of decanters and tumblers, whilst several camp-stools were stowed away underneath the berth. The floor, or deck, was carpeted, and on the whole, Mr. Grumshaw's cabin was by no means an uncomfortable little den, fresh air being admitted through a port-hole over the berth.

To Mr. Coddleby's somewhat timid rap on the door, the lusty voice of the temporary proprietor of the apartment described replied "come in," and the three Junior Pickwickians accordingly entered, when the full glories of Mr. Grumshaw's abiding place, which have been spoken of above, burst upon them.

Mr. Grumshaw was not alone when the trio filed into his cabin, as he was apparently entertaining another guest in the person of a gentleman who might be between fifty and sixty years of age, who sat in a cane arm chair at the table, and who was, at the precise moment of the young men's appearance, engaged in the delectable occupation of compounding a bowl of rum-punch, whilst Mr. Grumshaw was grating nutmegs and attending to the boiling of a small tin kettle over a spirit lamp that stood on the table; both gentlemen were smoking and the atmosphere of the cabin, in spite of the open port, was decidedly cloudy.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Grumshaw, looking up from his occupation, "got around at last; very glad to see you I am sure; come in; take seats wherever you can find 'em: here's a camp stool for one; you, sir, dispose yourself over there on that locker: I haven't the pleasure of knowing your names and perhaps you think one a cool fish to make so free with you on so short an acquaintance, but you know, sir—" turning to Mr. Yubbits, "that we soon get acquainted at sea." The gentleman addressed, who was regaining some of the usual color in his face since the brandy and water, bowed assentingly, even condescendingly, as if to intimate that this was all very well but that too great familiarity must not for a moment be

thought of, and that if it was carried too far he should be compelled to put a stop to it.

"However I'll pick up your names by-and-bye; for the present I'll merely introduce you as acquaintances of mine to this gentleman" continued the third officer indicating the punch compounder, "who is Mr. Tremaine, a passenger like yourselves and a very old friend of mine. He has crossed the Atlantic—let me see, Tremaine—how often is it?"

"Twenty-three times, Grumshaw," replied the individual appealed to, "twenty-three times."

"Aye, aye, so it is," went on the other, "twenty-three. Yes, gentleman, Mr. Tremaine merely makes these trips, if I may so express it, for the fun of the thing."

Mr. Yubbits looked as if he thought some people must be imbued with a very peculiar sense of humor, indeed, if they could extract any fun out of what had so far been to him nought but suffering and agony, but he said nothing and merely regarded Mr. Tremaine with a look of dignified curiosity.

Mr. Coddleby ventured the opinion that it must be very monotonous to cross the ocean so often, having no definite object in so doing; at the same time stating the reasons that were taking his companions and himself abroad.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tremaine, looking up. "You're object, gentleman, is indeed a noble one. I, myself, have dabbled in literature and toyed with the muses, if I may so express it, though that fact has nothing to do with my frequent runs across the ocean; the fact is I feel more at home on the water than elsewhere; I have friends on both sides of the Atlantic; I have lived nearly all my life by the sea, and when a restless feeling comes over me, I get rid of the demon of uneasiness by taking passage in the *Chinaman* and flying across the water on a visit to my relatives in America."

As Mr. Tremaine said this he smiled pleasantly on the little assemblage, disclosing a very white, even set of teeth and a pair of keen, good humored grey eyes.

As will have been surmised by the intelligent reader, this gentleman was an Englishman and a native of Cornwall. He was a man of independent property, and good education, and his friendship with Mr. Grumshaw, who was far from being either highly educated or even socially polished, might at first sight seem somewhat strange, but it was one of those instances, by no means uncommon, of a cultured man feeling a strong regard, nay, even friendship, for one who was in nearly every respect his own inferior; but there was something about Mr. Grumshaw's manner that caused him to be a favourite with all, and his geniality and good humor made many warm friends for him, and as Mr. Tremaine had long ago learnt to distinguish true worth from the veneered article, it is not so much to be wondered at that a warm friendship had struck up between him and the bluff, good natured sailor. The Cornishman had, as he said, dabbled considerably in literature, which fact raised him immensely in the estimation of Messrs. Coddleby and Bramley, who regretted the unavoidable absence of their friend Crinkle, who they imagined would find a congenial companion in Mr. Tremaine, of whose appearance a few words further may be deemed necessary. His hair was slightly tinged with grey, though his well-knit form was erect as that of a youth, and as he sat, busying himself in the important duty, which he had imposed upon himself, of mixing the ingredients for the rum-punch, he gave one the idea of being a man who took life in a very easy manner, which was, in fact, the case. He was, at this moment, clad in