

that inhospitable coast, and, finally, Ardmore's round tower—the last aged memorial of the Old World.

But—

Hurrah, the bell for breakfast !  
 Hark to the mingled din  
 Of knife, and fork, and hissing chops  
 That stewards are bringing in.  
 The fiery skipper's pricking fast  
 His fork into the dish,  
 Despatching quickly his repast  
 Of coffee, eggs, and fish.  
 In burst the guests, and on they rush  
 Around the jolly tar,  
 Who calls on semi-seasick folks  
 To prosecute the war.

And a right good breakfast we had, for the fare on board the *Cambria* was unexceptionable, combining all the excellences of American, English, and even French cookery. Alas, however, even the means of fortification provided by a *batterie de cuisine Française* was no sufficient protection against the fell sea-serpent monster, who soon numbered many of my fellow-passengers among his victims. A strong head-wind and chopping sea made many a mournful gap among the ranks at our capital table. But the severest misfortune of all was the total loss of our ladies' society ; they, poor things, suffering so severely as to be entirely confined to their cabins till within a short period of our arrival.

The little General, however, remained unscathed, and, despite the too audible miseries of most of his fellow-passengers, held on the even tenor of his way, swallowing his toasted cheese and sipping bottled porter. I was particularly favoured with his notice. A great amusement of his consisted in climbing all over me ; now standing on my shoulder, then balancing himself on my head on one foot, and finally leaping into the pocket of my shooting-jacket until he burst through the lining of it. He was, on the whole, a very good,