

most absurd manner, and caused roars of laughter and lots of applause. I also sang "Dublin Bay," and the "London, Chatham, and Dover." Captain Smith and the doctor are both good singers, and gave us some fine melodies. Last night (Thursday 13th) we had a dancing party on deck, where I again distinguished myself in dancing Scotch reels and Irish jigs, much to the delight of the passengers, who are mostly English. We have had rather a bad voyage, for until these last two days, there has been nothing but head winds and heavy seas, making the ship roll horribly, and of course retarding our course considerably. I can assure you the waves of the Atlantic and the waves of the Forth are two very different affairs. It is great fun dressing, and I often lie in my bunk and laugh like to burst myself at Hugh, as he always gets up before me, there being no room for two to dress at once. Perhaps he will be drawing on his trousers, when a sudden lurch of the ship precipitates him among the trunks, and his trousers most likely in the wash-hand basin, or some place equally ridiculous; then again, washing yourself, very likely half the water is thrown over your legs, much to your discomfiture, and your friend's amusement. We had English service and sermon from the captain on Sunday morning in the cabin, which office he fulfils most satisfactorily. We have had two deaths on board, of two children, caused by natural debility and a very severe attack of sea-sickness, which affected their brain and caused fits: the one was a baby and the other a fine boy of six years. It was indeed a solemn ceremony the burial. The captain and officers are all full dressed, and the former reads the burial service. The corpse is sewn up in sailcloth,