

have been our progress without the screw, or to think where the 'Royal Dane' we left behind at Plymouth must be & one sees how unreasonable it is to grumble. Simple existence begins to feel a positive pleasure, & one is quite satisfied to lounge on deck all day under the awning, with a book or idly yarning with a congenial dreamer. At night too it is almost more beautiful. There is a splendid coil of sails aft on the taffrail grating where we fit ourselves into the curls of the canvas, & over to bacco yarn away to our hearts content. Going down on these fine nights perhaps for only an hours whilst. Even in this weather there have been a few resolute invalids, who won't see the absurdity of being ill without a disturbing cause. Mrs Davis

has been one of the number, & consequently her grating voice has been less of a nuisance. Poor Mrs Bandmann seems the worst, yet after lying quiet for some time in a melancholy way, she brightens up occasionally when any one speaks to her: especially when Bianco her husband's big poodle comes up with his somewhat boisterous salutation. He is a clever beast & exhibits often the most wonderful steeple chasing. He is the only large dog ever clever enough to be loose - They are supposed to have only the time of washing decks for exercise. Unfortunately that is at an early hour of the morning - so I only see my pup when he is shut up. There are several small dogs who ~~have~~ are supposed to be harmless & run about everywhere. Their chief amusement