

scrawled in ink. The farther we went the deeper the snow seemed; and when I emerged from the carriage on Dover Pier, the peculiar smell of it at once came to my nostrils.

There was no wind, however; the air, though keen, was pleasant; and the tall funnel hardly swayed or trembled as the packet moved with its lanterns out into the cadaverous waters. Still half dreaming, and seeming to be wandering in my sleep, I stood on the deck and looked at the coasts of England. There they lay, an odd glittering vision, which with fantastic perverseness reminded me of a birthday cake, and also completed the strange feeling in my mind that suddenly out of autumn we were plunged into mid-winter. Perhaps, so I thought, things would be better at Calais. But at Calais I saw, as we slowly steamed into the harbour, snow shining on all sides, in the wheeling rays of the lighthouse; and the moment I landed I felt the ground like iron.

There was, however, no time for shivering. Directly facing me, amongst the customary trucks and carriages, was an object on wheels, dark and of unusual length. This I found to be the Pullman sleeping-car for Brindisi, and I was at once hurried off to it with my bundle of rugs and dressing-bag. The door was already very much like the mouth of a wasp's nest, beset by a swarm of obscure-looking men in ulsters. They were going in, and then again they were issuing, with all the apparent aimlessness that annoys us in winged insects; they were asking