

monotonous than a trip to Canada in the early season of the year. After you leave Ireland, you see no ships—nothing but the sea, grey and dull as the heaven above. Now and then a whale comes up to blow, and that is all; and when the wind blows hard, you get nothing but big, lumpy waves, which set the ship rolling, and add only to the discomforts. And then you are on the Newfoundland banks, where you may spend dull days and duller nights—now going at half-speed, now stopping altogether, while the fog-horn blows dismally every few minutes, and whence you can see scarcely the length of the ship ahead.

Like Oscar Wilde, I own that I am very much disappointed with the Atlantic. The icebergs are monotonous — when you have seen one, that is enough. In the saloon, we are a sad, dull party; even in the smoking-room, one can scarcely get up a decent laugh. I pity the poor emigrants in the steerage, whom a clever young Irish