

es of the night now and then you prayed for the lonely man lashed to the bridge.

The boat was turned to face the storm, and for two days we travelled out of our course. On the ninth day the ship stopped dead. The screw had been out of the water so frequently that the packing had worn out and in its present condition we were making only three knots an hour. I was staggering along the corridor when the extremely cross old woman in the next stateroom put her head out of the door. She looked frightened. "Why had the boat stopped in the storm?" At that moment my innate germ of original sin asserted itself, and in a low tone that could mean anything appalling, I told her that the boiler might burst any second, and then by dint of marvelous balancing hurried on.

This stoppage was the climax of our troubles. We were at the mercy of the opposing waves which, in their wild orgy, kicked the ship like a football over the black mountains of water, or hurled her down in the wide-mouthed graves of the sea. Madame de Stäel was right when she said travelling was one of the sad pleasures of life. After two hours we felt the tremor of the screw and were again under control. Eventually we weathered the storm, and once more began to realize that life was not entirely devoid of sweets.

In his official capacity, the Padre took me to see the cave-dwellers in the steerage. Horses are carried to England in this part of the vessel and passengers are carried back. A strong smell of poverty, a soul-sickening reek, drove us back from this human sardine tin. By-and-by we mastered our feelings sufficiently to enter and found it what the nautical gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby* would term as "pernicious snug." There is no nonsense here about modern sanitation and so many cubic feet of air perperson.