

First Paper.

THE VOYAGE.

"I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.
The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

—BARRY CORNWALL.

It is eight o'clock on the morning of July 10th. The Brooklyn pier of the State-Line Steamship Company is crowded with an excited throng. The good ship "Nevada" is taking on her passengers and their luggage. All is bustle and confusion. The published lists of saloon passengers that are being distributed contain the names of only 109 persons, but at least two or three hundred others have come down to see the steamer off. Some of these are mere idlers attracted hither by the curiosity of the moment. Some have come to sell their wares to the departing voyagers. But many of them are relatives and friends of those about to launch on the uncertain sea. Bager hand shakings and affectionate embraces are soon over. The gangway is hastily taken up. Off moves the ship from *terra firma*. A dialogue of waving handkerchiefs from pier and deck accompanied by oft-shouted "good-byes" lends animation to the scene of departure, and helps to keep up the flagging spirits of many whose moist eyes tell of emotion repressed. Everyone feels that the die is now cast and that the hazards of the sea must be calmly met. Even the sad faces soon light up with interest and the fainting hearts recover their accustomed resolution.

As we steam out of New York harbor we obtain a fine view of the metropolis of America. As we move away from shore the panorama of the coast is very pleasing and restful to the eye on this clear summer day. Sandy Hook is passed at eleven o'clock. Soon the shore appears only as a blue line fading slowly away from the distant horizon.

A strange sensation of solitariness takes possession of the traveller who leaves his native land for the first time to cross the broad ocean alone, and who, as he paces the deck while the distant hills are just receding from sight, sees no familiar face amid the groups that congregate here and there to take the last peering look at

the vanishing continent that contains all that is dearest in life to them and to him. The words of the "Ancient Mariner" start up in the memory with thrilling vividness:

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!"

When the exhilarating excitements incident to leaving port are once over the solitary traveller is at the mercy of all the latent forces of his being that tend to produce depression of spirits. The only safe resource in such straits is the fellowship of an exciting book, or still better the cheering companionship of living men and women. From the latter the stranger is by no means cut off on board ship. The ocean has a social code of its own. With the last sight of land all the super-numerary conventionalities of town and city, often as stiff and formal as frowning peaks and rugged mountains, are thrown overboard; and with the ease with which one dons a change of raiment is assumed a style of life and address as free as roving breeze and flowing wave. In twenty-four hours after the lifting of the anchor every passenger who is not rigidly exclusive will have a score of acquaintances, and two or three new friendships will be already in the bud.

There are travellers—and travellers. An ocean voyage is sure to bring one into contact with many amiable and interesting people, but what odd specimens of humanity one also meets! There is the Chicago merchant who, after the toil and moil of many busy years which have won him a substantial fortune, is going to Europe with his big and clever (?) son, to visit places of which he knows as little as he does of the constellations in the heavens above him. There is the dandy from the same western city whose assiduous efforts at subduing feminine hearts are as ludicrous as they are vain. There is the glum and taciturn preacher from New York who frowns at harmless hilarity and grinds his teeth with fire-and-brimstone vigor at the sight of a game of cards. There is the frisky middle-aged gentleman from Rochester whose constant antics are very diverting and who is the more interesting on account of the accomplishments and attractions of his lovely wife. There is the dyspeptic from the west who, instead of keeping his