

Happily, I secured the chief steward's cabin, which, with the attentive service I received, was a great help to me. At precisely six o'clock in the following morning, and while still enjoying a sort of half-awake repose in bed, strongly in contrast to my yesterday's rush through New York, I heard the first revolution of those very many that were to bring us across to Liverpool. And thither, after a successful passage under the guidance of Captain H. McKay, we came in safety. What more? I went again to the great North-Western Railway Hotel, where I had lodged at starting, but, though now in my own country, no one exhibited any such kind interest about my health as my friend in New York had done. The chambermaid, however, by a curious piece of logic, took me for an American. Liverpool being Liverpool of April, I asked for a fire.

"Oh yes; Americans always want a fire."

"But I am not an American."

"Haven't you just come from there?"

"Certainly; but why do you take me for one?"

"Because you asked for a fire directly you came."

If that much would make me an American, my friends on the other side of the Atlantic would have the right to claim me (if they cared to do so) for all my life. I am very fond of a good fire in raw weather, and so are they. Therefore let us on both sides keep up our fires. There is plenty of the old fire here, and