

How one longs for an English first-class compartment, or even second or third! At earliest dawn you fly to be first in the one very tiny apartment in which ladies can make some slight sort of toilette, whilst the men have one to themselves at the other end of the car.

In short, no words can describe the discomfort and suffocating *désagréments* of the "sleepers;" and, to avoid them, we several times preferred to sit up in the crowded long cars, where, at any rate, you can read, the lights not being ruthlessly veiled; or look at the passing scenery, as well as starlight or moonlight will allow. But we found that, although this might be done with some sort of comfort (comparatively) up to midnight—almost invariably, after that hour, two or three of the long cars were dropped at some station, and the whole of their occupants turned into the one or two cars left on the train. Every kind of being comes tumbling in; six or more seat themselves, somehow, where there is only room for four; heathen Chinee, negroes, Yankees of least refined type, who all proceed to smoke, etc. Every window is shut, the atmosphere becomes that of an *inferno*, and in desperation you make a rush to find the conductor, to beg him, "at the eleventh hour," to find you, after all, a berth in the disagreeable but comparatively preferable "sleeper;" to which he answers reproachfully that he guesses there's no room there now, but goes to see, usually with the result that a berth is found unoccupied, or some good-natured man gives up his in your favour, and there you take refuge, gasping with heat, for the remainder of the night.

It really is sometimes exasperating to hear the "comfort of American railway travelling" extolled, as if there were nothing comparable to it in the whole civilized world! for, be it understood, there is but *one* "class," and the