

New Zealand, and the voyage from there to Australia. I admire the sea when I stand on shore and look at it, but when sailing upon it and watching some of its paroxysms of rage, its billows seem like so many raving monsters ready to devour. At Calcutta, at the Zoological Garden, I saw the Bengal tigers and heard them growl, and saw them paw the iron bars in effort to get at us. Yet they were caged, and there was no danger. But the ocean is one hundred thousand Bengal tigers, and they run their paws up the side of the ship and say: "Why take those people into New York Harbor? Give them to us! You must think that ocean billows are never hungry! How we would like with our long tongues to lick their blood! Give us that ocean steamer!" Yes, I am afraid of the ocean. Were it not for the entertaining sights on the other side of the sea and the enlargement foreign travel gives to the traveler, I would never step on board a ship. The only part of an ocean voyage I enjoy is going ashore, and I shall soon have that opportunity. Yet this I write on board as grand a steamer as ever with its screw bored its way through the Atlantic; a steamer commanded by Captain Watkins, than whom no more competent or affable officer ever trod the ship's bridge in a cyclone; a steamer in which all the appointments are so complete that I cannot think of a possible improvement. The Bible says a thing which exactly suits me where it prophesies the arrival of a time when "there shall be no more sea." I should like to preach its funeral sermon, but it will take a big cemetery to hold the dead Atlantic, and the dead Pacific, and the dead Mediterranean, and the dead Indian Ocean.

Through the narrows and into New York Harbor. Sandy Hook even looks beautiful: I think I must be a poor sailor. Statue of Liberty still holding its torch on one side. Staten Island with its wealth of comfortable homes on the other. Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton with their dogs of war chained and their lions of terror sound asleep on their iron paws. New Jersey over there, the place of my cradle. Long Island over there, the place of my grave. Between the shores the great sapphire pathway of nations. The mammoth ship on which we sail but one of whole fleets of vessels which, bearing all flags from all nations, have floated here. What innumerable keels, wooden, or iron, or steel, have plowed here for what harvests of commercial ingathering! What foreign "men-of-war" in Revolutionary times passing up to sink at Hell Gate! Up this bay have come what patriots from all lands; what escaped captives of all tyrannies; what friends and coadjutors from all zones—Lafayette, Kosciuszko and Kosciuszko! Mighty New York Harbor! Every curve of its shores; every shimmer of its waves; every toss of crystalline brightness from the cut-water of its shipping, suggesting the prosperities of the past and the greater prosperities of the future. Glorious New York Harbor! This is the thirteenth time I have entered it from transatlantic voyage, but it never looked so inviting as to-day; perhaps because I am home-sick after the longest absence of a lifetime. But it does seem as if the banks were more graceful, and as if the sunlight had threads more golden, and as if the breath of the orchards, and gardens, and fields were more aromatic, and as if the clouds now hovering had charioteers more richly attired to guide them. Yes, there are the spires of the old churches where many generations have worshiped. There are the storehouses where the merchants of other days bartered. There are the streets along which the beaux and belles of this century, when it was young, walked, and smiled, and coquetted. And there is the Brooklyn Bridge throwing its arm from city to city as sister links her arm in the arm of sister. Lovely New York Harbor! Happy be all the hearts that sail over it! Welcome all the be-stormed crafts that seek its shelter! Blown to atoms be all the foreign war shipping that shall put its accursed prows into its now peaceful waters!