

bolt from the piano to her room, and lie quiet for some time after, she came gamely out some other time and sang her sweet songs again. And we had also that never-failing object of interest, a "gentleman," among the steerage passengers, who crept miserably about until he grew hardened, and marched boldly up and down before our curious eyes, and whose cognomen of "Jones" was very plainly assumed, as he never seemed to recognize it. And we had a French peasant who sat in the midst of her friends and sang sweet songs of Normandy—so sweet that the signorina and I went over to hear her more than once—and the French peasants had a wheezy accordion and a flute, while the German peasants had a clarionette; and one evening they had a national falling out, which gave us no end of amusement. Our first intimation of it was hearing the young Frenchwoman lead off in a very loud voice the "Marsellaise," accompanied by the accordeon and flute. This was interrupted by a blast from the clarionette and two large German "Herr's" droning out "Die Wacht am Rhein," in the chorus of which a goodly number of emigrants joined solidly. Presently by some bribery and corruption the accordion player was enticed over to the German side, and in spite of the Normandy girl's unflinching lung power the combine was too much for her, and she descended sulkily to bed. We had our own little music parties on deck, and sang the song of the Boulevards and another French song, a sort of catch on the name of the latest Lion of Paris, our worthy friend "Buffalo Bill." "Boeuf a l'eau, boeuf a l'eau, boeuf a l'huile," sang the "chanteurs" in the cafes, and we had some of us secured a copy of it, and startled the flying fish with it. And while we lingered gratefully in the balmy atmosphere above the gulf stream a timid new moon rose upon us, and the scene was perfect. It was a wonderfully calm passage all through, and I fancy more than I will look back upon it with happy memories and subtle regret. "Weren't you glad to get home?" asked of me a scandalized acquaintance, as I remarked, "It was such a lovely voyage, only it was too short!" And yet, had it been one day longer, no doubt we should have grumbled and anathematized the fog. But there was no fog, and we began presently to watch for the little pilot boats that lie along the track of incoming steamers and capture them if they can. Our first fellow steered wide on his final tack, and we left him far behind, to be more canny another time. And we took our last evening walk together, in a group, in threes, and at last in pairs, for even in such short days one has a preferred friend to whom one dedicates the last and most unwilling farewell!