

on their deck chairs swathed in rugs and shawls like Egyptian mummies in their sarcophagi, and there they pass from ten to twelve hours a day motionless, hopeless, helpless, speechless. Some few incurables keep to their cabins altogether, and only show their wasted faces when it is time to debark. Up they come, with cross, stupefied, pallid, yellow-green-looking physiognomies, and seeming to say »Speak to me if you like, but don't expect me to open my eyes or answer you, and, above all, don't shake me.«

Impossible to fraternise.

The crossing now takes about six days and a half. By the time you have spent two in getting your sea legs on, and three more in reviewing, and being reviewed by, your fellow-passengers, you will find yourself at the end of your troubles—and your voyage.

No, people do not fraternise on board ship during such a short passage unless a rumour runs from cabin to cabin that there has been some accident to the machinery, or that the boat is in imminent danger. At the least scare of this kind everyone looks at his neighbour with eyes that are alarmed, but amiable, nay, even amicable. But as soon as one can say, »We have come off with a mere scare this time,« all the facial traits stiffen once more, and nobody knows anybody.

Universal grief only will bring about universal brotherhood. We must wait till the Day of Judgment. When the world is passing away, oh! how men will forgive and love one another! What outpourings of goodwill and affection there will be! How touching, how edifying will be the sight! The universal republic will be founded in the twinkling of an eye, distinctions of creed and class forgotten. The author will embrace the critic, and even the publisher; the socialist open his arms to the capitalist; the married men will be seen »making it up« with their mothers-in-law, begging