

journalist on board, with the instinct of his race, has failed to excite into a proper state of indignation on account of the discomforts of the voyage, and the hardness of the potatoes—always a matter of complaint in all the ships that I have ever been on board of.

The raw, cold, damp fog has taken all the starch out of the steerage passengers, always the first to grumble on sea, as they are on shore; yet on one occasion they did go so far as to send a deputation to the captain, and what, think you, was their grievance?—that they had no sauce to their fish!—a grievance of little account, when one thinks of the sauce we had served up in the saloon.

As a rule, the steerage passengers are a difficult body to deal with; they seem so helpless, and require so much looking after. Mr. Jones has enough to do to look after his. If they lose anything, however paltry, he is appealed to. If they require anything not provided in the bill of fare, he is sent for. It