

We could not talk to many, for it was a strife of tongues, except for the querulous cries of the children which were in the one language the world over. Here lay a dark-eyed woman of magnificent physique, her full breasts heedlessly exposed. Further on were decrepit old crones from Asia Minor. Their deeply-lined and repulsively ugly faces, and their skinny claws caused you to associate them with harpies. Poor souls! with only a limited dole of water, their dirt is not so much their fault as their misfortune. There were a number of young English girls too, whose fresh complexions looked like nothing so much as a mixture of coffee and milk. Some of them were very ill, and as the Padre poured the oil of wine and sympathy into their bruised hearts, I fed them with oranges and apples for I have a clear, well-defined idea, that women are not all soul; that they have a way of hungering after bread, even before they hunger after righteousness.

All the emigrants are counted and vaccinated before landed. The interpreter told us that most of them had money, but it is hardly credible that these offscourings of the old world own much else than their poor rags which are the *prima facie* evidence of their poverty.

We were glad to escape the pungent stench and once more breathe freely on deck. I did not visit the men's quarters. The sexes are separated by the whole length of the boat, but in the day time mingle freely on deck. Towards evening they settled down into couples and make love with a brazen boldness and brutal indecorum that almost braves the onlookers, for what care these wantons, young or old, with their passions on fire for the prejudices of the officers or saloon passengers. George Herbert was not wrong when he said that there were two things not to be hidden—love and cough.