

I know nothing more monotonous than a voyage from Liverpool to New York.

Nine times out of ten—not to say ninety-nine times out of a hundred—the passage is bad. The Atlantic Ocean has an ugly temper; it has for ever got its back up. Sulky, angry, and terrible by turns, it only takes a few days' rest out of every year, and this always occurs when you are not crossing.

And then, the wind is invariably against you. When you go to America, it blows from the west; when you come back to Europe, it blows from the east. If the captain steers south to avoid icebergs, it is sure to begin to blow southerly.

Doctors say that sea-sickness emanates from the brain. I can quite believe them. The blood rushes to your head, leaving your extremities cold and helpless. All the vital force flies to the brain, and your legs refuse to carry you. It is with sea-sickness as it is with wine. When people say that a certain wine goes to the head more quickly than another, it means that it more quickly goes to the legs.

There you are on board a huge construction that rears and kicks like a buck jumper. She lifts all the parts of your body together, and, after well shaking them in the air several seconds, lets them down hig-gledy-piggledy, leaving to Providence the Business of picking them up and putting them together again. That is the kind of thing one has to go through about sixty times an hour; and there is no hope for you—nobody dies, of it.

Under such conditions the mental state of the boarders may easily be imagined. They smoke, they play cards, they pace the deck like Bruin pacing a cage, or else they read, and forget at the second chapter all they have read in the first. A few presumptuous ones try to think, but without success. The ladies—the American ones more especially—lie

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