

her frenzy became incoherently violent, and some pitying friends gently forced her to a more remote part, between the decks.

It was the widow of the dead man—they were emigrants—he was a respectable mechanic, and she was remarkable while on board, for modest retiring manners. They were both young—and while she was an amiable specimen of the youthful matron in humble life, he seemed the hardy determined man, fit to be such a woman's husband, and to be the protecting father of a little family. This family was already sprouting into existence—two fine chubby children looked to him for bread, and his wife was near another confinement. In this state were they on their passage from the old world to the new; but the pestilential vapour of a crowded ship, helped by accidental weakness of frame, and the anxieties of a father so placed, had for the last few days, made him too ill to appear on deck. The little luxuries within reach were assiduously rendered him, and his wife seldom quit his side, or was seen to breathe the better air above, except when with a fevered cheek she sought medicine from the Captain, and hurried again below, to her melancholy charge.—The evening previous, there was more than usual silence in the hold; an humble attendant could be heard devoutly reading prayers—but the fervent ejaculations of the sick man were scarcely distinct—he felt that within which stifled every outward show of torture—overwhelming care and grief, denied a moan to his bodily suffering—his beloved wife most delicately situated was beside him, his children were hiding their tearful features in her vestments—they were a thousand leagues from home, and he was about leaving them, unprotected, amid strangers—about leaving them for ever. Oh! that he could see them returned to their native land, and he would die in peace—oh! that he might be spared a little, little time, to settle them in some way in the strange land before them—but it may not be. The last dregs of life were momentarily quivering on his lips, his glazing eyes were closing for the grave—and all his pious recollections, strengthened by the revered prayers of his church which his poor friends uttered, were barely sufficient to enable his faith to struggle with the griefs around, and to glance from the too material world, to the place he was about entering.—That night a candle was allowed