

mate said that her feet were swollen to double their natural size, and covered with black putrid spots. I spent a considerable part of the day watching a shark that followed in our wake with great constancy.

Wednesday, June 23d.

At breakfast I inquired of the mate after the young woman who was so ill yesterday, when he told me that she was dead; and when I remarked that I feared her burial would cause great consternation, I learned that the sad ordeal was over, her remains having been consigned to the deep within an hour after she expired. When I went on deck I heard the moans of her poor aunt, who continued to gaze upon the ocean as if she could mark the spot where the waters opened for their prey. The majority of the wretched passengers, who were not themselves ill, were absorbed in grief for their relatives; but some of them, it astonished me to perceive, had no feeling whatever, either for their fellow creatures' woe, or in the contemplation of being themselves overtaken by the dreadful disease. There was a further addition to the sick list, which now amounted to twenty.

Thursday, June 24th.

Being the festival of St. John, and a Catholic holiday, some young men and women got up a dance in the evening, regardless of the moans and cries of those who were tortured by the fiery fever. When the mate spoke to them of the impropriety of such conduct, they desisted and retired to the bow, where they sat down and spent the remainder of the evening singing. The monotonous howling they kept up was quite in unison with the scene of desolation within, and the dreary expanse of ocean without.