

when they arrived, as they in safety did three days after we lost sight of them. "Nations and cities die as well as men."—And poor Galway appeared, in 1828, far gone in fever and ague; so tottering, cold, and squalid, did it seem,—having, nevertheless, an air of faded respectability which touched the heart.—Luckily our friends had not to entrust the supplying of their bodily wants to the tender mercies of a Galway landlord—although in olden times, they might perhaps have attained some thing besides salmon and whiskey, the only viands in vogue there eighteen years ago.

They drove at once to Mr. Daly's; the old gentleman received them hospitably, and although for a brief space he could not forget that Bushe was Mr. Quill's nephew, that soon wore off before the student's honest candor; and Mr. Daly was, perhaps, willing to be still more friendly, from the feeling that he had done one friend injustice. They found their host in possession of all the particulars respecting the indenting of Annesley—such proceedings were of common occurrence. The government of the day, much more anxious to settle the colonies, than scrupulous about the means, held out inducements to parents overburdened with large families,—to the guardians of the poor, and the *relations* of *friendless* children, to rid themselves of the incumbrance, by indenting them to captains or owners of vessels, who found the means of transport to the Plantations,—receiving from them nominal apprentices, but real slaves, an engagement to work in the colonies for such shipowners, or their assigns. These indentures they set up, on their arrival, for public auction to the highest bidder, and the slavery of these unfortunates was far more bitter than that now endured, amongst our "free and enlightened" neighbors, by the negro population. \* No doubt rested on Mr. Daly's mind that poor Annesley was at this moment eating the bitter bread of slavery, and he had hitherto been unable to strike out any plan for his recovery. Mr. Quill, as Henry Dawkins supposed, had avoided laying himself open to the law. The old rascal appeared very much astonished when, on the morning after his arrival, his nephew entered his sanctum, but received him with his usual manner.

"Why, Amos, what brings you here? Your last letter said nothing of your intention to return."

"Nor did I then intend it, sir. Without preface, I ask what you have done with young Annesley?"

"I have thought it right to relieve you of the burden of his support. I do not exactly see how you could reconcile it to

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\* We are not aware that the indenting of emigrants is illegal even at the present day. In our own memory, a fellow named Ingram (perhaps some worthy descendant of our skipper) apprenticed a cargo in Cork Harbor, and sold their services at the Cape of Good Hope. The affair made much noise when its nefarious character became known; but Ingram laughed at the public indignation having become affluent by his speculation.