

"Four or five days, I fancy."*

"Oh! wisha, if that's all," and the old woman brightened up at once, "it's not so bad as I thought, an' I'll be able to reach Philip after all."

"The mistress wants you, sir!" said Bessy Conway emerging from the cabin and addressing the gentleman.

When he was gone, Ally Murphy asked Bessy if that was her master.

"To be sure—that is Captain Walters. He's agoin' to his own ship that's at Liverpool, an' it's in *her* we're all goin' to America."

"That I mayn't sin, but he's a nice, fair-spoken gentleman," said the old woman, whose name was Dolly Sheehan, "an' he seems to know all about America. Do you think was he ever in it before?"

"Why, God help your wit, granny, doesn't he go back and forth between it and Liverpool a good many times every year of his life! Know America! eh then, its himself that does!"

"Well, now, I'm sorry I didn't ask him if he ever heard of one Philip Sheehan. Maybe *you'd* ask him the question, *ma colleen bawn?*" addressing Bessy.

"I'll get the mistress to ask him—I'd be a little daunted myself to make so free, an' me only a stranger. But where's all the rest of them, Ally? I thought they were here with you."

"It's a'most time for you to ask," said Mary, taking the word of her sister's mouth. "There they are, if you want to know," and she pointed to a group at a little distance, the central figure of which was a comical looking individual with a hump on his back, who was talking and gesticulating with an air half quizzical, half serious. He had been to America before, it would seem, and was entertaining his eager listeners with an account of what he had seen there. The wondering

* Three-and-twenty years ago travelling was not so rapid as it is now.