

a "snooze," and shouting out "'bout ship." Some more cases of illness were reported; and the mistress was kept busy mixing medicine, and making drinks; hoping that by early attention the sickness might be prevented from spreading.

Friday, June 11th.

As I was pacing the deck in the afternoon, I observed one of the passengers,—a well looking man, with fine brown eyes, timidly approach me. After looking about him, to assure himself that the captain was below, he doffed his hat and addressed me as follows: "I beg your honor's pardon, but I hope it's no offence." Having told him that he had given me none, he proceeded,— "Well then master, is'nt it mighty quare intirely, and how can the likes of us know the differ; but I hope your honor it's all right?" I replied that I was not aware of any thing being wrong, and desired him to say what was the danger he feared, which caused him to ask; "Aragh! why thin are we goin back to ould Ireland?" I demanded his reason for such a supposition; when after scratching his head, and casting a glance towards the cabin, looking rather perplexed, he went on, "That little gossoon of mine, your honor,—a mighty smart chap he is too, and a great scholiar entirely, he tould us,—but faith! I dunno how to believe him,—though he got his larnin at the national school, and can cast up figures equal to the agint, and can read the whole side of a book without stoppin,—he says sir,—that the sun, God bless it, sets in the wist." Here he paused and looked earnestly at me, as if for a confirmation of the fact. I therefore said that the boy's knowledge was pretty accurate. Seeming encouraged, he con-