

son of a poor widow in Havana. He was a round favored, plump little fellow, much attached to his book, and of singularly intellectual cast. His memory was extraordinary. Few, either man or boy, could compete with him in this respect. His narrow escape from drowning in the Seneca Lake, together with his dreadful fate in Oregon, will be brought in, more appropriately, at another time. Mr. Beers' eldest daughter was a very frank, happy young girl, perhaps somewhat of a hoyden, as young girls will occasionally be. She was very fond of Benny, and they enjoyed extremely well the sports of Mr. Wilson with the kid; and the vessel often rang with their noisy shouts of merriment, as they frolicked together. Benny was a child with piercing, laughing black eyes; in short, a pretty babe, and afterwards a fine boy. There was his little sister, Eleanor, who was a great talker, like many of her sex, affording the elder one much amusement by her lisping prattle. Children, so far from contributing to the enjoyment of people generally, are often considered annoyances; yet the artless chatter and playful pranks of these, greatly dispelled the gloom and ennui which would sometimes steal over the ship.