

Shakspeare was animated by any unsound prejudices against the Irish of his day when he makes Richard II. talk of them as

"Those rough, rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like vermin, where no vermin else,  
But only they, have privilege to live."

Seeing that the Irish of our day are very little better, I cannot imagine how it was that they did not generate some fever. We were, however, lucky, for the vessel we had intended taking our passage in lost fifty by cholera and ship fever, whilst in ours out of the number who were ill only two or three died.

Happiness is said to be comparative, and to arise from the comparison of your present state with a former one, or with that of others, your equals; and certainly it would appear to be so; for one old lady I spoke to, said she never had been so comfortable in her life, and wished the voyage would last for ever! I could not divest myself of some uncomfortable ideas about fire; frequently I saw the emigrants smoking their short pipes on the heap of straw that formed their beds, and as this was only a few months after the burning of the *Ocean Monarch* the horror of a conflagration in the middle of the Atlantic, with a ship's company amounting to nearly 600 souls, used to intrude itself upon my mind rather forcibly. The emigrants are carried for from 3*l.* to 4*l.* a head, with tea, sugar, and biscuit, enough to keep body and soul together. The captain can flog them if he chooses, and not unfrequently does so.

I heard some curious facts about the variation of the compass, on the west coast of Ireland: the variation