

They now went on deck, where, after a few words with the taciturn captain, Harold proceeded to make the acquaintance of the sailors; and afterwards they ventured among the noisy crowd who tenanted the steerage, from whom Rodney retreated in dismay, alarmed and annoyed at the clamor of tongues, the barking of dogs, the crying of children, and the confused scene of cooking, nursing, and card-playing that pervaded this portion of the vessel.

But in one corner of the deck Harold saw a quieter group, towards whom he drew his compliant friend. An old withered man, small in stature, with bright keen eyes, was seated with a book in his hand, giving a lesson to a rough, good-natured looking lad about fifteen years of age; a taller youth of superior appearance was lounging pensively against the bulwarks; while two neat little women, who seemed to be mother and daughter, were seated on wooden boxes, knitting industriously. As the two gentlemen approached, the sharp eyes of the old man fell on them, and, rising, he made a profound bow, saying,

"Gentlemen, I do my honors to ye. Mike! is that yer manners? Sure it's not many the like of your honors, the rale gentry that is, that come to bless the eyes of the poor emigrants. Wont it be the thirst of larning every thing that brings your honors to this same poor place? It's maybe, like Solomon himself, you'd 'search concerning all things done under heaven.' True it is, then, I pray you will not find it 'vexation of spirit,' as he was finding it; wise as he was, and writing many books, as, like, your honors will be maning to do."

"I am by no means certain that I shall write a book," said Harold, laughing; "but if I should do so,