

changed their minds at once, and set out with a determination to have their share of the precious metal.

We left Queenstown in the evening, with a living freight of six hundred human beings, and steamed along St. George's Channel with the Irish coast in view, till the shades of night prevailed, and deprived us from seeing the scenery of *old* Ireland. We hurried off to our bunks to seek rest, but there is very little to be found aboard a ship rocking to and fro. Next morning when we turned out on deck, the land had disappeared altogether, and we were now fairly launched out and surrounded on all sides with the mighty water of the Atlantic, whose face at this time was getting ruffled and angry like, the wind blowing strong against us, and telling upon the passengers, sickness and sadness depicted on almost every face. What a scene to look upon! So the night passed away, and the morning was ushered in, the wind still blowing fiercely against us, and the sea fearfully agitated; sickness and misery still prevailing on every side, which continued the most part of the night. Next morning the wind abated; weather improved, and likewise the condition of the passengers; most of them were able to leave the filthy and close dens in the steerage, for the healthy and invigorating breeze on the deck of the vessel. Beautiful day and night. Sunday morning very fine; all hands on deck enjoying themselves as best they could, when the ship bell pealed forth to announce to all on board, that divine worship was about to commence in the saloon; a good many attended the ceremony, which was conducted by the Captain, who went through the business in a priest-like style. This over, another scene presented itself which appeared to be more attractive, a regular rush was made, and every one seemed in earnest. Spice dough was on the table for dinner, and it was a treat indeed. It only made its appearance once a week; the other meals, each of which, during the week were made up of very inferior articles both in quality and quantity; this over, Father Skilly, a catholic priest, made his appearance to console and give comfort to the lambs of his flock. After collecting them all into one fold, he commenced by reading over a long digmarole of unmeaning gargon, after which he commended them to the care of Mary, the mother of God, whom he trusted would watch over them, and bring safe to the desired haven; (poor deluded beings, more to be

pitied than laughed at.) This farce over, one and all began to employ and enjoy themselves in various ways, but this was of short duration.

The course of pleasure never runs long,—the wind began to whistle, and continued to whistle louder and louder, till the waves began to dance, and a rough dance we had; in their mad career, the waves struck the ship some fearful blows, which made her tremble from stern to stem, and the dear Irish boys and girls, especially, became alarmed, though placed in the charge of Mary, they seemed to lose confidence, and fancy they were all going to the bottom. This storm continued the greater part of the night; the morning brought better weather, and a calmer sea; a vast number crowded the decks, and the day passed away very pleasantly, with the exception of one sudden and violent hurricane of short duration, which drove each and all to seek shelter where best they could find it. Night pretty fine; next day wild and stormy.

Everybody seems to have got over their sick season; singing, dancing, and various other amusements going on till the hour of ten, after which, the catholic portion assemble themselves together to repeat their Ave Maries, &c., and then to their bunks. Little sleep to-night: the wind blowing fiercely—the sea dashing wildly up against the sides of the ship, causing a feeling of dread all around; and so the night passed away, followed by another stormy morning. The wind continued to blow keen all day, accompanied with sudden gusts of rain, which seemed to threaten all with sudden destruction; yet in the midst of it, what a bustle—six hundred human beings all huddled together, partaking of crackers and tea. Night got out pretty fine. Wednesday, 10th: fine day; but a miserable night. Thursday passed away pretty well; passed several ships. Friday, another wild day; witnessed some awfully grand flashes of lightning in the west; came on a very wild stormy night, the ship rocking fearfully: glad when morning came. Saturday 13th, Sunday 14th, and Monday 15th, three miserable cold stormy days and nights we passed, rocking on the vast abyss.

Metlinks if intending emigrants could form the slightest idea of the sufferings and misery and dangers they are exposed to, many of them would stay quietly