

Atlantic ocean, in the floating lazar houses that were wafted upon its bosom during the never-to-be-forgotten year 1847.

Without a precedent in history, may God grant that the account of it may descend to posterity without a parallel.

Laws for the regulation of passenger ships were in existence; but whether on account of difficulty arising from the vast augmentation of number, or some other cause, they (if at all put in force) proved quite ineffectual.

What a different picture was presented by the Germans who migrated in large bodies? who,—although the transmission of human beings from Fatherland must always be attended by more or less pain and trouble,—underwent none of those heart-rending trials reserved exclusively for the Irish emigrant.

Never did so many souls tempt all the dangers of the deep, to seek asylums in an adopted country; and, could we draw a veil over the sad story of the ship pestilence, “this migration of masses, numbering of late years more than 100,000 annually, now to nearly 300,000 annually, not in the warlike spirit of the Goths and Vandals who overran the Roman Empire, and destroyed the monuments of art and evidences of civilization, but in the spirit of peace, anxious to provide for themselves and their children the necessaries of life, and apparently ordained by Providence to relieve the countries of the old world, and to serve great purposes of good to mankind,—is one of the most interesting spectacles the world ever saw.”*

The reader must not expect to find any thing more in these pages than a faithful detail of the occurrences on board an emigrant vessel. The author has no desire to

* *Immigration into the United States.* By J. Chickering. Boston, 1848.