

that, at Hâvre, I had only to take a passage for one dormouse to America!

We walked out along the quays. They were crowded with shipping. Advertisements swang to many of them and declared whither they would sail and when. We came to a fine vessel on which was a similar notice that it would leave Hâvre for New York on the following day. We clomb the staging and went on board.

Now as I had never been on board any vessel before, excepting the two in the harbour of Bordeaux and the channel packets, from the decks of which I had peered down into the cabin beneath without ever venturing to descend the ladder into the close and dingy atmosphere below, I was no less delighted than surprised by the arrangements of the *Kate Hunter*. There was, indeed, a ladder leading to the usual dingy dungeons below deck: but the smart sailor who had received us, led us past this into a spacious saloon built upon the deck itself, and which received plenty of light and air from wide skylights in the ceiling. On each side of this saloon, were five cabins,

containing two beds each, and which were lighted by portholes and windows in the side of the building, All were perfectly clean and handsomely fitted up with gilding and painting. From the saloon into which all these opened, two staircases led us up to the roof above them or quarter-deck—a large open space of the size of half the vessel, from one end of which we looked down upon the main deck, sailors, and pitch and tar, about fourteen feet below us.

“When do you sail?”

“To-morrow.”

“What passengers have you?”

“Three hundred and sixty German emigrants.”

“What cabin passengers?”

“Not one.”

“Where is the captain?”

“On shore. I say, Mr. Stubbs,” he called to one on deck, “will you have the goodness just to step across the quay to the office, and ask Captain Parsons to come on board.”

My wife and I looked at one another as much as to say “this will do.”

A tall, sensible-looking man, of about fifty years of age, dressed in black, came on board.

“Captain Parsons, you sail to-morrow. We cannot be ready until the afternoon of the following day.”

He did not answer us as frankly as the master of the American vessel at Bordeaux had done; but still he gave us to understand that a captain could always delay his departure for some hours if it were made worth his while to do so.

“We should want all your saloon, and all your state cabins.”

This, indeed, looked serious. We began our calculations on either side, and the terms were soon agreed to: provided always that my eleven children were what I represented them to be. Captain Parsons begged me to excuse his American caution, but said that he had once known the captain of a vessel engage to carry and feed an emigrant man and wife and their children, the latter of whom turned out to be as big and about as old as their parents. We appointed him to call upon us at teatime that evening. He did so, and not being

frightened by the age, size, or masculine looks of any of our sons or daughters, completed the provisional agreement we had made.

And now much business was to be done, and but one day and a-half remained to do it in. Letters were to be written; codicils to wills and powers of attorney were to be signed; money was to be had from the bank; and little comforts for the sea voyage were to be purchased; physic for the medicine chest; seed for the birds; nuts for the dormouse. We worked hard that day and the following morning. A kindly priest had volunteered to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for our prosperous voyage, and we had all received the Blessed Sacrament, and committed ourselves to the protection of Heaven: then at midday on Wednesday, the 7th of May, we cheerfully stepped on board the *Kate Hunter* from the outermost pier against which it had been towed to receive us. One of our daughters, her arm encumbered with a basket, that necessary appendage to all women travelling, staggered as she mounted the inclined plane up the side of the vessel:—

“Don't be afraid now, miss,” said the second mate, who assisted her: “if you were to fall into the sea, I'd bet a dollar we'd soon pick you out again.”

“Thank you, but I would rather not try the experiment,” she replied, when safe on board.

Another of our children carried the cage of canaries, and, the door not being properly fastened, out flew the mother of the brood, and winged her way back to the streets of the town. Some of us were very sentimental about this separation of the parent bird from her young at the moment of their departure. All, however, were soon busied in arranging their cabins, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus, which I advised them to do while the ship lay in still water. Then the Captain came on board: and then we all went on deck, and saw our vessel towed by a steamer past the wharves crowded with people, many of whom cheered the emigrants as they passed. Those poor emigrants!—how different were the expressions of their countenances! Regret, terror, and hope struggled for the mastery. Many mothers with