

alongside our *Kate Hunter*; those of the emigrants who were still on board descended to it; their children were passed down, like so many bales of goods, while the anxious mothers looked on from above or received them in the boat below. Then, with my wife and eldest boy, I also went on it; and, at seven o'clock, we put off from our good ship which had borne us so far and so well. But here I have to record my only complaint against Captain Parsons; here I must record that he behaved ill. He had agreed to take me and my goods in his *Kate Hunter* to New York. He deposited us in a steam-tug five miles from the quay: he did this that he might avoid the expense of harbour dues and await another cargo where he then lay. The consequence was great danger of shipwreck during this short passage; doubtless our insurance, if not our lives, would have been forfeited if it had occurred. I might have protested and required the fulfilment of his contract; but I knew not to what my condescension exposed me.

For, having made our way with some diffi-

culty to the quay through the other barges that lay around it, we were in the midst of a scene of confusion that beggars all description. Scores of trucks and of one-horse carts encumbered the wharf, and others rushed down upon it regardless of those before them. All were owned by Irishmen—the only porters in the United States: and the vociferations, the howls, the curses became terrific. Let me record that I had only heard one oath on board the *Kate Hunter*—that one was hurled by the first mate against the stupidity of one of his crew. What, then, must the Americans think of the fearful swearing of these emigrants! Darkness was coming on:—darkness closed around us: yet there were we confined, hour after hour, while these porters quarrelled among themselves and refused to give way the one to the other. One by one the emigrants leapt on shore, dragging their trunks after them; a few would join together and load a cart with their goods, and think they should, at least, get clear of the throng. Vain hope! A stupid blackguard porter, who had not succeeded in loading his own truck, blocked the

way; and neither cajolery, oaths, nor entreaties could persuade him to move on one side and allow the others to pass. In vain I urged the others to knock him down and drive his horse away: they refused to exercise Lynch law—knowing, I presume, that they were as likely to act in the same manner themselves on the following day: and the swearing and the vociferation went on.

Meanwhile, I had engaged two carts to convey my baggage, and part of it had been landed and piled upon the wharf, when a cry came to me that the steam-tug was sinking, and that they were putting it back into the harbour in order to turn it and bring the heavy-laden side against the pier. This was not a pleasant operation to note through the darkness, while my wife and child were on it and that rabble crowd was howling around me. It was, however, performed in safety; and, at length, our whole baggage was landed and placed upon carts: at length, also, we got clear of the mob on the quay and made our way out. No constable nor policeman had interfered. Why should the citizens of New

York tax themselves and support a police to maintain order amongst emigrants and Irish porters? Let them fight it out amongst themselves. A shrewd policy, perhaps: but not a liberal nor a creditable one. Meanwhile I had received my first impression, which every subsequent week confirmed, that the Irish servants and porters (and none but Irish fill such offices in the hotels), that Irish servants and porters were the nuisance of the United States. Despised by the Americans; themselves despising the blacks; with their bellies full for the first time in their lives; insolent in their looks; extortionate in their demands; oaths in their mouths; free from all restraint of neighbourhood or parish priest; beggars upon horseback, they ride full tilt to.... Enough for the present. I would commit them to their clergy and the treadmill.

The porters whom I had selected, of course, professed themselves scandalized by the conduct of their brethren: but I was in no humour to listen to their self-laudation: and only urged them to conduct us to the nearest respectable hotel;—I cared not which, so that

it were near at hand. They stopped, therefore, in a few minutes, at the door of one which they recommended by the name of the Battery Hotel; the only one, they said, that was at that end of the town. It was half-past ten o'clock when the luggage was deposited in the passage: and we were conducted up a carpeted staircase. The house had altogether an English look. We had a not very comfortable tea in what seemed to correspond with the *salle à manger* of a French hotel: but my wife wanted only repose: and was much pleased with the look of the large handsomely-furnished bedroom they gave us on the first floor. And so we slept for the first time on the continent of America.

Let us return on board our vessel. "That morning," writes Louie, "I was up before any of my sisters, and was exhausting a superabundance of high spirits by racing over the deck after Tiny the dog, when, to my surprise, I saw two of our brothers mounting the side of the ship from a boat, accompanied by the captain. Frank, the eldest of the two, then told me, as a profound secret, that they had