

A committee was formed of the passengers to act with the owners of the vessel, in accordance with the law respecting emigrant ships. My father, being one of the said committee, called upon the Captain in the face of the storm, to allow his crew or sailors to reef the sails. The sailors also requested it, seeing that there was no possibility of keeping up canvas under the stress of wind. He absolutely refused to have the sails reefed, and they asked him where he was going or what he was going to do. "I am going to Quebec, to hell or the bottom," he replied. He had partaken so freely of John Barleycorn that he was not sane. In a little while, the hatchways of the vessel, or deck, were secured, nailed down, closed up, shutting all the passengers under the deck. The little vessel tumbled like a cork on the mountainous waves, and in the middle of the night, the main chain connecting the sails snapped. The cooking galley for the passengers' accommodation, being built of brick, was broken from its moorings, and carried the bulwarks entirely off the vessel. The sailors had to hide in the cabin to protect their lives from flying pulleys, broken ropes, and other missiles driven by the storm. The masts were broken from their stand in the deck and tumbled overboard. This storm lasted for three days, and when it was possible to look up through the hatchways, we were in sight of the land we left,—the coast of Ireland. The committee demanded that they should be landed on the coast of Ireland because of the action of the Captain in not bringing sufficient canvas to carry the vessel through the weather. The Captain was determined on going to Scotland where the vessel was owned, in order that he might escape his punishment, as the law made it imperative for him to be properly equipped with canvas and supplies for the ship, which he neglected. He landed the committee on the coast of Ireland and they took their march for Londonderry, the port from which the vessel sailed. The Captain struck out for Ayr, Scotland, the town where the vessel belonged. As the vessel approached the River Foyle, the wind turned and blew him straight into the port he had left,—he had not