

returning to England. He never once ceased moaning over his misfortune and complaining of his hard fate, and asking me all sorts of questions as to how he could get back to Cornwall, in Ontario. He told me he had come out to Canada two years before ; that he was employed at the cotton mills in Cornwall, where work was then slack, etc., etc. After making our way over the wharf, I had no small difficulty in making out in the darkness the house of my hostesses. No lights were visible anywhere ; all was wrapped in silence and sleep of night. After repeated knocking, a female voice addressed us from inside a window, without opening the door, in a volley of *Qui Vas ?—and Qui avez vous ? Pourquoi ?* etc., I made my entreaties for admittance as intelligently as my forgotten English-French would serve, and perhaps would have been let in without difficulty were it not for my dreaded big companion, whose presence they could not understand, nor I perhaps sufficiently account for, at that unwelcome hour. But my Englishman would keep shouting "I'm a respectable man. I can pay my way. I'm a friend of this gentleman, and only want a bed." And the two French voices would be heard in chorus—*Ne frappez pas la porte ! Pourquoi faites vous cela ! Sors et te retire ! Gare ! Peste de ! la peste de !* After a lengthened parley, and by forcing my companion to hold his tongue and let me do the talking, in what he was pleased to call, "the French lingo," we were cautiously admitted—with all the *mercis* and *je vous remercies*, and every other expression of thanks on my part that I could remember, and so got sheltered for the night.

The next trouble was to get my companion to sleep in a room apart from me. He wanted to sleep

with me, or at least remain in my room, and he persisted at such a pitiful rate as to excite further suspicions in the minds of the frightened ladies as to his intentions. I arranged to have him placed in an adjoining bedroom, from which we could easily hear each other calling. Next day at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Sardinian arrived. I got my English friend away with the mails on the train for Quebec, and I got on board the steamer.

My discomforts of the preceding night were soon forgotten in the pleasant sunshiny weather which now prevailed, and in the enjoyment of the cordial hospitality of the captain and officers. There were between seven and eight hundred immigrants on board—English, Irish, Scotch and others. Having been supplied with the passenger list, I discovered the name of Kate Flaherty, for whom I had instructions to be on the look out, and to forward her on to Toronto. The girl's passage had been paid by her married sister in the city, advice of which, and other particulars had been sent to the department, and were fully made known to me. Word quickly went through the ship that "the jintleman who came on board with the pilot wanted to see Kate." On going amongst the steerage passengers, I was surrounded immediately by a party of about twenty immigrant girls, all bawling out together—"Here's Kate, Sir,!"—"Kate ! Kate, here's the jintleman that's lookin' for you !" and found myself introduced to a strapping young Irish girl of about two-and-twenty. She was of large build, nearly a head taller than any of the girls by whom she was surrounded—fair complexion, mild blue eyes, rich brown hair and very comely features. The following conversation and scene then took