

CHAPTER III.

FROM DERRY TO QUEBEC IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

"THREE O'CLOCK, get ready for the tender," cried a man in front of the hotels and lodging-houses where passengers were staying. I took the hint, and with my carpet-bag in one hand and valise in the other made the best of my way on board. In the course of half an hour all arrived, some puffing and blowing and declaring they had not sufficient notice, others laughing and joking and determined only to see the bright side of everything. While receiving the luggage and mails a clerk came round to take the passengers names, so as to enable the company to check the list with the number of tickets issued; to this simple and necessary arrangement

A CANTANKEROUS OLD GENTLEMAN

objected, he would not give his name to a clerk, no, not he, and a dandified looking swell in holiday rig, and who evidently wanted to let some ladies on board know that he was somebody, followed the old man's example. The clerk, in the performance of a necessary duty, had to submit to some sharp language from these men, who had apparently more money than brains; if they had been poor probably they would have been put ashore, but as they were "gentlemen," deference was paid to their wealth. The lawser was then unfastened, the captain (for even tug-boats will have captains) moved his hand in token to the helmsman, the boat gradually got clear of the wharf, full speed is put on, and we are rapidly gliding down

LOUGH FOYLE

to the mail steamship "Scandinavian," of the Allan line, lying off Moville, fourteen miles from Derry. The scenery