

this was because I was not used to such close crowding. I could not see much water, but ships, ships in every direction; there were steamers snorting and groaning; sailing ships creaking and straining; little wherries and big boats jumping up and down like restless children waiting for mother to come home from market; and little, ugly, sooty things, puffing out steam and smoke enough to fill a city with blacks and dirt. These were the tugs, and though I despised them I found that but for their services the large, handsome steamers might stay in dock until they rotted. I thought also that I was looking at sea water for the first time in my life, but was told that it was the river only, the river Mersey, upon the muddy bank of which Liverpool is built. It seemed almost beyond my belief that less than two hundred years ago, all the land occupied by a vast and splendid city, the name of which is famous wherever ships travel to and fro, used to be nothing but the muddy mouth of a short river, a place of marshes where jack o' lantern danced, and of pools over which the river bird flew fearless, but time and commerce do wonders.

I did not know where people slept on board ship, but I soon found out. After speaking to several of the officers of the ship, men with gold bands on their blue caps, my kind guide called to me to go with him down the hatchway, a kind of step-ladder that leads down into the lower parts of the ship, passing several of the many men employed in lifting, carrying or stowing bales and boxes, and in cleaning the ship, we got into what seemed a great, dark room with doors all round it, and the ominous word "hospital" on one of them, this large room was divided by passages across it, and on the sides of these were ranged, one above another, what appeared to me to be boxes without lids, but so far apart as to admit of a person getting into one without hitting his head against the upper one if he was very careful; these were the berths, and in one of them I should have to sleep.

"You look as if you don't like your bed place, my lad", said my guide to me, "but you'll soon get used to it; you can't fall out of it very easily, you see".

"It's very dark down here, sir", I said, for I thought it a poor prospect if I was to be shut up here for a fortnight.

"You don't want much light to eat and sleep by, and all day long you may be on deck amusing yourself".

Then I went with him down into the hold, where spare juggage, freight, and sand for ballast are kept, and I could hardly be persuaded that the tremendously thick post that seemed to support the decks was the mast that looked so tall and tapering above. Men were emptying the water casks of the waste, so I learned where to go for washing and drinking water, and by the time we left the ship, I felt quite as though I had made a new friend whom I should soon see again.

When we returned to the hotel there was quite a bustle, the passages were full of luggage, men were moving about

with their arms full of stjeks and umbrellas, and the voices of woman and children were heard above all the other accustomed noises. A large party of emigrants had arrived going the same voyage as myself. I looked at them curiously, wondering if I should find a friend among them, but none of them took the least notice of me, which rather vexed me, though I might have known that they had enough to think of in their own concerns. There were several boys younger than myself among the children, and after supper, when people began to talk to one another, some of them crowded together over a handbill of the steamer company, and spoke of the ship. I told them I had been on board, and you never saw boys more pleased than they were to hear me tell them all I knew about her.

Next day we were all hurried aboard, and the first proof I had that I had really left dear old England and my own home, was having a meal on board; it seemed to me a great bustle and very little comfort, the food was very roughly served, but tasted pretty good, and I didn't like to have to wash my tin plate and cup and knife and fork, as I found I should have to do all through the voyage.

Among so much that was strange I had forgotten to write to my mother from Liverpool, but there was talk among the passengers that letters could be sent from Queenstown, where we had to call for the Irish passengers, so I managed to get a few lines written to tell my dear mother that we were fairly started, and all was well with me, and that dear little Emmy must not cry about me. I cried a little as I wrote it, though, for I loved the little thing dearly.

There were a great many people on board, and some of them very unpleasant companions, dirty, rude, and swearing beings, who would have been better in a ship by themselves, but on a voyage one has to take rough and smooth together, and I kept away from the unpleasant people as much as I could. When the ship got into rough water I began to feel very sick; it seemed as though I left my head behind when the ship sunk down, and my stomach behind when she rose, and the sensation was constantly getting worse as she continued to pitch and roll; nearly everybody was as bad as I was, and if they all felt as I did they would have been perfectly indifferent had the ship foundered, indeed I should have been rather glad, seeing thereby an end to my misery. The only relief I experienced was in lying still in my berth, but this the surgeon wouldn't allow, but made us all turn on deck every morning, saying it was good for our health to be sea sick, and so we proved it after a day or two, when we found our sea legs and our appetites. Then we grew quite lively, there was always joking and songs, and, in the evening, dancing going on, besides much talk as to the prospects of the country we were going to, with a good deal of grumbling at that we were leaving; some wild young men who swore at the steward because he would not get them spirits, which it is against the rules of the ship to sell, were exceedingly bitter, and, as I thought, just as foolish in their expectations of the country they were going to. According to them you have nothing to do in Canada but to take your gun or fishing line and shoot deer or catch fish to supply your table for each meal, hard work is wholly