

America More Irish

Travels in South and North America

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Advantages of emigrating to America—The Menai Bridge—Voyage from Liverpool to Boston in the United States of America—Wonderful extent of Emigration from Ireland—The United States more Irish than Ireland—Extent of Emigration from Liverpool—Banks of Newfoundland—Safely landed at Boston.

Having been often asked “What are the general inducements to quit Europe for the purpose of settling in America?” I have no hesitation in replying, the total absence of anxiety respecting the future success of a family. In Great Britain, perpetual exertion, incessant, unremitting industry, daily deprivation of the comforts of life, and anxious attention to minute frugality, are almost incumbent on a man of moderate fortune, and in the middle class of life; and the probabilities of ultimate success are certainly against some of the members of a large family, however virtuous or industrious they may be. In America it is otherwise, for as every man can find employment, he may reasonably reckon upon a comfortable settlement, according to his situation in life, for every part of a family however numerous. The common comforts and conveniences of life are there, from their abundance and cheapness, so universally diffused, that no man of moderate desires feels anxious about a family even in the larger towns; whilst in the country, where the mass of the people dwell, the increase of a family is considered in the light of an increase to one’s riches.

Dr Adam Smith, in his celebrated work called the “Wealth of Nations,” written prior to the American Revolution, brings the advantages of a family in America, even in his day, to a sort of practical test, by calculating the services of each child there on an average at L.100 sterling before leaving the parental roof. A large family, instead of being a misfortune or an incumbrance, is in fact considered a positive blessing, and they are turned to immense account almost as soon as they can walk. From their earliest infancy they learn to be of assistance to their parents; and thus acquire, both from natural instinct and the force of example, a degree of smartness quite astonishing to our less practised senses. Mrs Houstoun mentions having seen a little fellow of ten years old, the son of her host, sent off alone and at night, in a high carriage, with a pair of horses to drive, and a difficult commission to execute, some thirty miles off. No one, not even his mother, she says, seemed to think the undertaking a dangerous one, and as to the necessity of any grown up person being sent to take care of the youthful charioteer, they would have laughed at the idea.

I myself have been attended in a country inn by a little damsel eleven years of age, who in any other country would have been still in the nursery, but there, where everything and everybody are so precocious, (ripe before the time,) she was head waiter, chambermaid, and, peradventure, housekeeper besides. A youth of 12 in America, is as much of a man as a lad of 16 in Europe.

Children, on the contrary, in Great Britain, instead of being worth 100 pounds, as in America, are seldom worth 100 pence, though called by silly, stupid people a blessing. In this country, moreover, the young man, particularly in the middle and higher ranks of life, is unfortunately too apt to have recourse to illicit intrigues, from fear of the expense of a family establishment. Celibacy, indeed, becomes a part of prudence; it is openly commended, and

as steadily practised as the voice of nature will allow ; whilst the married man, though extremely anxious to consider every addition to his family in the light of a blessing, has often great difficulty in discovering wherein the blessing consists. Emigrants, therefore, may well exclaim—

Let us go forth from our old homes for ever,
Why should we linger on this crowded way ;
Think how we've striv'n, yet with vain endeavour,
Then let's go forth from hence, far, far away.

Or in the simple words of the poetic weaver—

No space for us—no space for us
Within the crowded town ;
No want of us—no want of us
Upon the breezy down.
A score of hands for ev'ry plough,
A throng for ev'ry loom ;
Oh, ask me not, dear wife, to stay,
And struggle with the gloom.
So from this land of want and wealth
The parting let us brave,
And say farewell, as hand in hand
We trust the friendly wave.
For there is bread, if we but work,
Beyond the heaving main,
Where summer skies are softly blue,
And lands are broad and men are few.

Although it may appear to many, that, after having sailed round the world, and visited New Zealand, Australia, and South America, my travelling propensities might have been sufficiently gratified, and that I might have been prepared to say in the words of the poet—

“ If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.”

Yet, as Washington Irving, the celebrated American author, could not rest satisfied until he had left for a time his own country, a country on which the charms of nature had been so prodigally lavished, in order to visit Europe, rich in the accumulated treasures of ages ; and see the gigantic race from which he himself had sprung ; so, in like manner, following in a remote degree the footsteps of that eminent individual, I had long formed a desire to visit the United States of America, and contemplate with my own eyes her magnificent scenery ; her mighty lakes ; her mountains and valleys ; her tremendous cataracts ; her boundless plains ; her trackless forests ; and, above all, her majestic rivers, rolling in sublime and solemn silence to the ocean. I was anxious also to observe the working of democratic institutions in that great republic ; and, above all, to plant my foot, though but for a day, on a land which was destined, ere long, to contain the most numerous branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, the present state and future prospects of mankind having always appeared to me more important

than their past history, inasmuch as we have more to do with things as they are, than with things as they were. I was thus impelled, as it were, by the force of circumstances, to exclaim

Ere gladly I return once more,
Fair Scotia's land ! to thee,
My foot must press another shore,
Beyond the stormy sea.

“ Small bliss is theirs, whom Fate's too heavy hand,
Confines through life to some small square of land ;
More wretched they, whom heaven inspires to roam,
Yet languish out their lives, and die at home.
God gave to man this wide extended round,
No climes confine him, and no oceans bound ;
But sordid cares our short-liv'd race confine,
Some toil at trades, some labour in the mine ;
No happier scenes their wand'ring fancies fill,
Than one dark valley, or one well-known hill ;
To other shores their minds, untaught to stray,
Dull and inactive, slumber life away.”

Having been detained at Liverpool for fourteen days, waiting for the emigrants from Ireland, I devoted one of them to a visit to the celebrated bridges across the Menai Straits, betwixt Wales and the Island of Anglesea. I accordingly embarked on board of the steam-boat that sails daily from thence to the straits ; and after touching at Beaumaris and Bangor, landed in the Island of Anglesea, close to the Suspension bridge, within five hours, the distance being 60 miles, and the cabin fare four shillings. After walking across the Suspension bridge, I proceeded to the Britannia or tubular bridge, constructed for the Holyhead railway, and was politely allowed to walk through the tube. This bridge is exactly one mile above the Suspension bridge, and the scenery, both on the Welsh and the Anglesea sides of the Straits, which are there about half a mile wide, is exceedingly beautiful. It would be foreign however to my purpose, to dwell more in describing works of art of so stupendous a nature as to excite the wonder and admiration of strangers who come to visit them from all parts of the world. I took up my quarters for the night at the George Inn, kept by Miss Roberts, a remarkably nice lady, about half a mile below the Suspension bridge, on the Welsh side of the straits. Her house, though large, is generally so crowded during the summer season that it is with difficulty one can get a bed. There are several comfortable, though inferior inns on the Anglesea side, at the Menai village, exactly opposite.

During my residence at Liverpool the news arrived of the melancholy death of Sir Robert Peel, an event producing a great sensation, and a deep feeling of regret for his loss, which pervaded all ranks of the community, not only there and throughout the kingdom at large, but also in France, and still more, as I afterwards found, in the United States of America, where he was held in the very highest estimation. Indeed, it may be affirmed, that the Americans take almost as much interest in the affairs of this country as we do ourselves, and that all our public men have Transatlantic fame.

On the 11th of July 1850, we sailed from Liverpool for Boston, on board of the “ Jessica,” a splendid ship of 1000 tons burthen, belonging to New Brunswick, commanded by a Captain Hayes of Nova Scotia, an officer well qualified, from his steadiness, activity, and great experience, for the command of so large a vessel. We had 335 emigrants on board, including women and children, *all* of whom were Irish, with the exception of three or four English, and

about as many Scotch. The Irish who have emigrated for many years past have been almost all Roman Catholics, so that the Protestants of Ireland now constitute nearly one-third of its population. Daniel O'Connell used to boast that the Catholics were seven to one. On getting out into the Mersey they were all mustered on deck by the agents at Liverpool, whilst some were employed searching below in every possible quarter to see that none had stowed themselves away without having paid for their passage, a thing of daily occurrence at Liverpool. The search produced four "*Stow-aways*," as they are called, viz., two men, a woman, and a boy, who were handcuffed and sent on shore, with the exception of the woman, who, being young and rather comely, excited the sympathy of the young owner of the vessel and the captain, who gave her a free passage, on condition of her making herself useful during the voyage. There was only one cabin passenger besides myself, a Mr Russell from Wiltshire, a very frank, agreeable young man. We had also Charles H. Eastman, Esq., from New Brunswick, son of the owner of the vessel, who, though only 17 years of age, seemed to be a youth of great promise and wonderful talent. I would take this opportunity of expressing to my young friend the deep obligation which I am under to him, as well as to the captain, for their extreme politeness in furnishing me with a free passage on board of their ship, and for their uniform attention and kindness during the voyage.

The tide of emigration that has set in from Ireland, during the last ten years in particular, is almost incredible, and may be said to be truly appalling ; it being computed that two millions of its inhabitants have landed during that short space of time on the vast continent of America. Every one knows that poverty and not Popery is the grand evil that affects Ireland, as Roman Catholics, who eject their tenants, or who are installed into the lands of others, are apt to be massacred fully as readily as the Protestants. The pig, which an Irishman rears, is almost invariably for the landlord, and he would as soon think of eating the landlord himself as of eating the pig. The whole misery, in short, of that country, must be attributed to over-population, which produces a constant struggle for the very means of subsistence.

The two great evils, however, namely, the subdivision of the land into what may be called minute particles, and surplus population, are now being fast remedied. In some countries the subletting of land is restrained by law as inconsistent with the social welfare of the community. Thus in Austria no property is allowed to be less than 66 acres, and in Bavaria and Nassau there are similar provisions.

The French Canadians, who crowd both banks of the St Lawrence and the high roads of Canada East, have carried out the partition of lands, as in France, to the extreme length to which it will go, and their poverty contrasts painfully with the plenty that rewards the toil of the backwoodsman, who has a more extended field for his skill and his enterprize. In France the soil is now divided among ten millions of proprietors, whereas in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, there are not above 100,000 landowners.

Hard, and apparently cruel, however, as the ejectments in Ireland may appear to be, there can be no doubt that they will prove to be for the ultimate benefit of that country. A great number of Scotch and English farmers, with capital, have lately settled there.

The words of a celebrated poet are, however, not altogether inapplicable to this unfortunate state of things—

“ Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall ?
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
 Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

The "Times," says, in reference to this, "We see the population of Ireland flowing off to the United States in one continuous and unfailling stream, at a rate that, if uninterrupted, will reduce them to a third of their present numbers. It is impossible, however, that so considerable a change should be attended with unmixed advantage, or that human forethought should be able to compass all the results." The Irish invariably follow their relatives, and hence their route will as invariably be to the United States. Few Irish have relatives in Australia who were not sent out for their country's good, and these have little influence with those at home about to emigrate.

In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,175,124, and before the year 1846 had increased to near 9,000,000. In 1851 the population was only 6,515,794, which number has been still further reduced through subsequent emigration. The United States census of 1850 showed a gross population of 23,000,000. According to the statistical tables presented by William F. Robinson, M.A., in his lecture delivered on the 22d of July 1851, before the delegates of some American Universities and Colleges assembled at Clinton, in the State of New York, that mixed population was made up as follows :—

Irish born,	3,000,000
Irish by blood,	4,500,000
French and other Celts, by birth or blood, . . .	3,000,000
German, by birth or blood,	5,500,000
Anglo-Saxon, by birth or blood,	3,500,000
Coloured, free or slave.	3,500,000
	23,000,000

From these figures it appears that in 1850 the total number of Irish, by birth and blood, inhabiting either Ireland or the United States, was about 14,000,000, of whom about 6,500,000 were then in Ireland, and the remaining 7,500,000 in the States, where they constituted the most industrious and enterprising portion of an active population. Before the next American decennial census of 1860, the above 14,000,000 of Irish will have increased to

16,000,000, of whom (should Irish emigration continue to proceed at a rate exceeding a quarter of a million per annum) it is not improbable that about 12,000,000 may be found in the United States, and not more, perhaps, than 4,000,000 in Ireland, including among the latter number most of the impotent poor, and the least energetic portion of the Irish people. The United States would thus become three times as Irish as Ireland.

At the “ great demonstration,” as it was termed, for the county of Tipperary, in support of the Irish tenant league, held on the race course at Cashel, on 16th October 1850, and attended by many thousands of the most influential people in that county, the very Rev. Dr Burke, P.P., Clonmell, in addressing the vast assemblage, said—

“ The system of emigration having been alluded to, he begged to state that on that very night week, 54 cars loaded with emigrants had passed through the town of Clonmell, on their way to Waterford, to embark for America. There were two large steamers in Waterford ; but the rush of people was so great that the police were called on to prevent them from rushing in too great numbers into the vessel ; and another vessel was supplied to convey them to Liverpool, for shipment to America. The landlords themselves would feel this, because they would have no persons to act as farmers upon their properties, if the Encumbered Estates Court left them any. If the stream of emigration were not checked, the result would be that all the sound and laborious portion of the population would have transported themselves out of the country, leaving no one remaining hut the aged, decrepid, sick, and lazy inhabitants of their poor-houses. (Hear, hear.) When those people went to America, they carried with them their enmity to England, and infused that spirit into all hearts about them, thus increasing ill feeling against England to an extent of which people were not aware. America now was con-tending for the sovereignty of the ocean ; and if any contest arose between her and England, America would find in the expatriated sons of Ireland, her best and bravest men to fight against the army of England. In a short time, my friends, you and I shall be alike forgotten, but the sufferings of our country during the years of her famine and her distress, will be recorded by some future historian, whilst the reader will turn in horror from its revelation.” (Great sensation.)

Never were truer words spoken, as it is well known by every one who has been in America, that the Irish when they land in that country, soon become thoroughly Americanized, and, sad to say, speak generally of the land of their birth with anything but affection. Instead of imputing their misery, as they ought to do, partly at least, to their own improvidence in marrying at an early age, before they have made the smallest preparation for a wife and family, they readily allow themselves to be convinced that the hard condition of the poor at home is the work of a tyrant aristocracy, enriched by their unrewarded toil, and imagine that a good catalogue of wrongs excuses their throwing off their attachment to the mother country. They are too apt, by bitterness of speech, to keep their resentment warm against England ; and it is well known in the States that none are so fierce against this country as the natives of the Emerald Isle. With the native-born citizens this feeling prevails now to a very limited extent, and is every day diminishing. With Scotch and English emigrants this feeling prevails to a certain extent, but the Germans are but little behind the Irish in abusing their own country, and the votes of both Irish and German emigrants are almost invariably given at their elections to those candidates [1] who profess the greatest degree of inveterate animosity to Europe and its institutions. People may extol the land of their adoption, without abusing that of their birth. Some little allowance ought perhaps to be made for the democracy of the Irish, from their having been for centuries the victims of the opposite doctrine. The Germans however attend more to farming than to politics ; and though they are more unanimous in their votes than the Irish, yet they seldom agitate much in the political counsels of the nation. Their influence is chiefly felt by the large masses which they

oppose to, or employ in favour of particular measures. They or their descendents constitute by themselves a majority in Pennsylvania, and a highly respectable and wealthy party in many other States. They are remarkably industrious, and possess the finest farms in the United States. The dwelling of a German farmer is generally humble ; but his granary, and stables are of huge dimensions, and exhibit the provident husbandman. The habit of remaining together, and settling whole townships and villages, serves to render their exile less painful, so that they hardly feel that they are strangers in the land of their adoption. But as a counterpart to this unfortunate feeling which the Irish carry with them to the land of their adoption, it deserves to be recorded to their everlasting honour, that no antipathy which they may entertain towards their native country, or rather to England, seems to efface their strong attachment to the relatives whom they leave behind, embracing as it does, not only their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, but extending even to cousins, nephews, and nieces, uncles and aunts, though step-mothers unfortunately do not. come in for any share of their step-children's great regard and affection. It is computed that not less than five millions sterling have been remitted, during the last 7 years, by the Irish in the United States and Canada to the assistance of their poorer relatives at home, or to pay the expenses of their passage to America, a sum almost incredible. In the year 1850 alone, the sum remitted was £957, 000 sterling. They are quite unhappy moreover when they lose sight of any of their relatives, and bestow both their time and money in seeking them out by advertising for them. The " Boston Pilot " seems to be the chief newspaper in the United States in which these advertisements appear, probably from the editor and proprietor of it (Patrick Donahoe) being an Irishman also. On counting the number of advertisements, under the head of " Information wanted," in one single number of that journal (28th September 1850) I found that they amounted to 101, belonging to almost every county in Ireland, and filling with the description of the people, no less than three columns of that paper. Not a single advertisement, of a similar import, appears from the natives of any other country. The following will show their general tenor—

INFORMATION WANTED.

CORK.

Of DANIEL HEGARTY and his daughter, natives of Skrbbscreen, co. Cork. Daniel left Ireland in May 1811, and Catherine in May 1846. Last March they sent home £10 for Catherine's mother and sister, who came to New Orleans as they directed. They are now over two months here and have no means of proceeding farther. They mentioned in their letter they would send money to the Bishop of New Orleans to pay their expenses to Petersburg, Pike County, Indiana, where they resided. Catherine was married to Patrick Hegarty, also from co. Cork. Any information of them will be thankfully received by his wife and daughter, who are in great distress. Address Mrs Daniel Hegarty, New Orleans, La.

Of JOHN CONNELL, (carpenter by trade,) native of Racecourse, co. Cork, who left Ireland about two years ago, and landed in New York ; when last heard from was in Brooklyn, Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his sister Julia. Address, Daniel O'Donnell, Salem, Ms.

MONAGHAN.

Of JAMES KEEGAN, from co. Monaghan ; he was in Milwaukee, at Mr Patrick M'Grath's in March last, and sent £15 : 9 : 9 to his wife and children, requesting them to come to him. The money not being sufficient to bring all, his daughter Ann and three others of his children have arrived in this city, and are unable to proceed farther. He will please write

immediately to the Emigrant Office, No. 4. Congress Square, Boston, care of Edward Ryan, Agent.

It will be observed, that at the end of the first of the above advertisements there are the letters La., and at the end of the second Ms. This is the American plan, (and not a bad plan it is,) for contracting the names of the States by giving merely their first and last letters. Thus La. signifies the State of Louisiana, and Ms. the State of Massachusetts.

The steward of the Jessica, Adolph Augustuff, was from Norfolk in Virginia. His father keeps a tavern there, but was once an officer in the French army, and served under the Emperor Napoleon for eleven years. Having been wounded at the battle of Leipsic, the Emperor granted him a pension, which, having been withdrawn by the Bourbons after the battle of Waterloo, he left France in disgust, and repaired to Virginia. The steward told me that at the Christmas preceding he had been attacked by a slave at Wilmington, in the state of North Carolina, who was drunk, and drew out a razor with which he inflicted on him one or two wounds, the marks of which are still visible. He succeeded, however, in wresting the razor from his hand, and gave the negro a deep cut with it in the throat, from the effects of which he died within 20 hours. His owner said he would not have lost him for 1200 dollars.

The Captain of our ship, from some cause or other, took an umbrage at the steward, which I regretted much, as he was always remarkably civil to me.

I forgot to mention that Liverpool is the chief port from which emigrants are embarked, as out of the 300,000 who left the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1849, no less than 153,902, or rather more than the one-half, embarked from Liverpool. During the year 1850 the emigration from Liverpool was greater than it had ever been during any preceding year, being 174,187 persons, of whom 154,739 were steerage, and the remainder cabin passengers. The number of emigrants during that year exceeded even that of the year of famine. In 1847, the gross number of emigrants from Liverpool was 134,524 ; in 1848, it was 131,121 ; in 1849, 153,902 ; and in 1850, 174,187. Of the emigrants who sailed during 1850, not less than 166,109 proceeded to the United States of America, 4831 to Canada, 1104 to Australia, 599 to the Cape, 198 to New Brunswick, 37 to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, 97 to Newfoundland, and 39 to Prince Edward's Island. Thus it will be seen that the States got quite the lion's share. The number of emigrant vessels which sailed from Liverpool during that year was 568. The number of emigrants from Liverpool in 1851, was 200,000, almost all for the United States. The number of vessels that enter Liverpool yearly is 22,000. I may mention that for many years 80,000 Germans have landed yearly in the United States.

Our ship was what is called a "temperance ship," that is, the sailors were allowed no grog, a practice which is now fortunately becoming almost universal with American ships. The English sailors are proverbial for their love of drink, though now improving. About a century ago, the Emperor Akbar in the East Indies, in whose dominions the vine grew, forbade the use of wine. Being in need of gunners, he got them from on board of English vessels trading to his dominions. A cunning tar being ordered to fire at a carpet suspended as a mark, that the Emperor might see his dexterity, purposely missed it. Being told by the Emperor that he was an impostor, he answered, with great pretended humility, that his sight was bad from having been debarred the use of wine, but that if the Emperor ordered him a cup, he would hit a much smaller mark. Having been furnished with a full quart, which he finished at one draught, he then fired again, and hit the mark to the applause of all present. The Emperor ordered it to be recorded, that wine was as necessary to the English as water to fish, and to deprive them of it was to rob them of the greatest comfort of their lives.

The steerage passage money was £3, 10s. for adults ; two children, if above 1 and under 14 years of age, being reckoned as one adult ; and infants under 12 months not computed. By the present Passenger's Act it is provided, that in addition to any provisions which they may have of their own, each adult shall be furnished with a weekly allowance during the voyage of 2½ lbs. of biscuit, 1 pound of flour, 5 lbs. of oatmeal, 2 pounds of rice, 2 ounces of tea, ½ a pound of sugar, and ½ a pound of molasses, with a daily allowance of three quarts of water. In addition to this the master of every vessel has to pay for each passenger, on landing in America, what is called "*head money*," which varies somewhat in amount.

Although, under the Passengers' Act, ships carrying a certain number of passengers are obliged to have a medical practitioner on board, yet there is a special exception in regard to ships bound for North America, provided they have 14 clear superficial feet unoccupied by stores, for each passenger on board. As our ship came under this exemption we carried no surgeon, but had a medicine chest, and the chief mate, (Mr Rogers,) a remarkably nice young man, acted as surgeon. From long practice he had picked up some little knowledge of the art, and I was often struck at the tremendous doses he gave them, sufficient, in my opinion, to have turned their inside out ; and was no less amused at the looks of agony and despair which his patients exhibited, when preparing to swallow the copious draughts, which this disciple of Neptune administered to them. On my mentioning this one day to him, he said there was nothing like giving them a good "*clearing out*." This seemed with him to be the "alpha" and the "omega" of the science of medicine, and a most effectual one it was, as it kept them all in good health during the passage.

But to return to the voyage. On leaving the Mersey we soon reached the Island of Anglesea, and skirted along its northern corner, from which we had a tolerably distinct view of Holyhead, distant, about two miles, which seemed to be well sheltered from the westerly winds. Shortly thereafter the southern coast of Ireland opened up to our view, and most of the emigrants appeared on deck. I watched with some degree of emotion to see if I could catch but one sorrowful look, or discover one parting tear, amid the crowds now standing before me, as they took their last view of their native isle and its rocky shores, as these faded and disappeared on the distant horizon ; but alas ! I watched in vain. The land of their nativity seemed to have become the land of their abhorrence. Their thoughts were fixed on the country to which they were hastening. They may be said indeed to have sung in their hearts,

“ Farewell to the home of my childhood,
Farewell to my cottage and vine,
I go to the land of the stranger,
Where pleasure alone will be mine.

When life's fleeting journey is o'er,
And earth again mingles with earth,
I can rest in the land of the stranger,
As well as in that of my birth.”

We had rough weather for the first ten days, and on the 21st of July had a pretty severe storm, which lasted 24 hours. The Irish, who were all Roman Catholics, now offered up their prayers to the Virgin ; and one man was observed throwing into the sea a consecrated stone, (probably brought with him from Ireland), in order to quell the storm ; and as it began to abate shortly afterwards, I guess they imputed it to the wonderful efficacy of this little stone. A young man who was so sick from the effects of the storm that he thought himself dying, came to the chief mate, exclaiming—“ My sowl ! my sowl ! oh, what will become of my poor sowl ?” The mate said that he could not answer for his soul, but that as for his body, if he

died, he would have it thrown over-board within five minutes. This gentle reproof gave his acute feelings such a violent shock that he recovered immediately.

The Irish were chiefly from the county of Cork, and the passage money of no less than 130 of them had been paid by their friends in America ; which both shews that they were doing well there, and that time and space had not obliterated their attachment to their native country, or, at all events, to those whom they had left behind. They were in general very poor, and some of them indeed were so much struck down with poverty, that they had not even a bed to lie in, nor a blanket to cover them, but lay down every night on the bare boards.

We had as usual thick fogs when off the banks of Newfoundland, an island discovered in 1497 by the commander of a small squadron of ships which sailed from Bristol in search of a north-west passage to India, who called it Newfoundland.

In 1534 the brave Jacques Cartier, with only 60 men, sailed from St Malo in France, in two small vessels, and nearly circumnavigated this island, which they found to be about 900 miles in circumference, but with a soil every where unfruitful.

Two Englishmen named Elliot and Thorn, with a body of their dependants, traded there for some years under the protection of Henry VIII. ; but having unfortunately determined to remain there during one of the winters, their provisions failed, none of them survived, and tradition says that they ate each other.

Many years afterwards Sir Humphry Gilbert took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth ; and in 1621 Sir George Culvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, landed there from England, having with him seeds, grain, and cattle. His settlers were successful, and some of their descendents founded, in a commodious harbour, the capital, St Johns.

The French, from the beginning of the 17th century, had a settlement at Placcntia, on the south coast, but at the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Louis XIV. of France was compelled to give up his claim to the island, which probably he did not care much about, as his subjects retained the right of fishing. It has ever since remained an English colony, and is garrisoned by a few artillery and infantry. The barren soil and ungenial climate defy the skill and industry of the husbandman, as wheat does not grow at all, whilst oats and potatoes are but scanty crops ; so that they require supplies of almost every thing but cod-fish from other countries. There are 9000 cattle and 6000 sheep on the island.

The town of St Johns is irregular and dirty, though its trade is large, as they receive in return for the immense quantities of dried cod fish and oil which they export, nearly all the luxuries and necessaries of life, the annual exports and imports averaging nearly £2,000,000 sterling.

They get port wine direct from Portugal in exchange for their dried fish.

The population of the island is 100,000, one-half of whom are Roman Catholics, principally of Irish descent, or emigrants ; the remainder of English race, and various creeds.

Thousands of lean dogs stalk about the streets of St John's, quarrelling with each other for the offal of the fish, which lies plentifully scattered in all directions ; and though this be their recreation, their business is to draw go-carts. There are also great numbers of cats, which, on account of the hostile relations existing between them and their canine neighbours, generally

reside on the tops of the houses, from which they look down with contempt on their fierce assailants.

Few people in this country have any definite idea of the extent of the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland. Upon this extraordinary bank, enveloped in almost perpetual fog, which divides the Gulf of St Laurence from the wide Atlantic, and extends 600 miles in length, and 200 in breadth, the nations of Europe and America have for centuries been labouring with nets, lines, and every process that can be imagined, whilst not the slightest diminution of supply has ever been observed.

From the arctic shores large fields of ice are annually floated down in the neighbourhood of this island, and on their surface are conveyed large herds of seals, which are captured for their skins and oil.

I observe it stated in the essay on the canals of Canada, written by Thomas C. Keefer, civil engineer, who gained the prize of £50, awarded by the Earl of Elgin, &c, and published at Toronto in 1850 under the title of “Prize Essay,” that the French employ at their fisheries 25,000 men, and 500 large vessels ; the Americans 37,000 men, and 2,000 schooners ; whilst the British have 25,000 men, 520 sealing vessels, and 10,082 open boats.

The Americans take 1,500,000 cwts. of fish, and the French and British 1,000,000 cwts. each ; in all three and a half millions of cwts., or 175,000 tons of fish annually, which, at £10 the ton, and adding the value of the seals and oil, amount to at least 2,000,000 sterling.

My esteemed friend Mr Armour, of the firm of Andrew H. Armour & Co., booksellers, Toronto, and of that of Armour & Ramsay, Montreal, published this valuable essay, and politely presented me with a copy of it. There were ten competing essays given in.

We spoke several vessels during the voyage—one from London to Quebec with emigrants—out 23 days—another, the *Fingalton* of Glasgow, belonging to Pollock, Gilmour, & Co., bound also for Quebec, out 24 days ; and we also spoke the splendid steam ship belonging to the United States called the *Washington*, bound from New York for Southampton in England, and Bremen in Germany.

On Sunday the 28th of July, one of our sailors, a Maltese, fell overboard, but being an excellent swimmer he kept up, and made for the life-buoy, which was immediately thrown out to him, which he reached in ten or twelve minutes, and the boat which was instantly despatched, picked him up after he had been in the water about a quarter of an hour. It was fortunate that the weather was calm, as, if we had had a stiff breeze he must have been lost.

We were boarded by a pilot when about 12 miles from Boston. The captain invited him to dine with us at the cabin or cuddy table, and being asked whether he would take a glass of porter or of brandy, he replied, “I guess I have not felt altogether smart, to-day, so will take the brandy.” [2] The pilot told us of the death of General Taylor, the President of the Republic. We came to anchor in the evening near the light-house, and were examined next day, on reaching the quarantine ground, by two medical officers, appointed, one by the State of Massachusetts, the other by the city of Boston ; and, after a voyage of 37 days, and traversing a distance of 3,000 miles, landed at Boston, on the shores of that mighty republic, the United States of America.

“ Does there exist, or will there come
An age with wisdom to assume,

The rights by heav'n design'd ;
The rights which man was born to claim,
From Nature's God, which freely came,
To aid and bless mankind.—

REPUBLICS ! must the task be your's
To frame the code which life secures,
And right from man to man—
Are you, in Time's declining age,
Found only fit to tread the stage
Where tyranny began ?”

The emigrants, preparatory to landing, appeared dressed in their best apparel, some of them having tossed their tattered garments into the sea, and seemed all to be happy, delighted at the prospect of exchanging a country in which they had been doomed to want and misery, for one from which poverty and privation, sorrow and sighing, had for ever fled away. They considered, no doubt, that they had reached at last the promised land, and that the memorable words addressed to the Israelites of old, as recorded in Deuteronomy, were no less applicable unto them.

“ For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil—olive, and honey.

“ A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it ; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.”

[1] Magistrates in the Roman republic, previous to their election, were called *Candidati* (clothed in white) from the white robes which they wore while soliciting the votes of the people. Hence the origin of the word “ *Candidate*.”

[2] The word *smart* in America means *clever*, but the latter word is only applied to good-natured, obliging, and well-meaning people, who are often regarded by them as any thing but *smart*.

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