

## Winter Inventing Stories

*Letters sent home :*

*Out and home again  
by way of Canada and the United States ;  
or, What a Summer's Trip told me  
of the People and the Country of the Great  
West*

Morris William of Swindon, England

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1874

.....And then we came to Chester ; the quaintest of all quaint places ; the old border city that had made for itself a history and a name ages before the great West, out yonder, had been heard of. From thence to Birkenhead there is but little to interest the traveller. But, Birkenhead reached, the city built up within a few years we are again in the very thick of British industry and enterprise. Here, and on the other side of the Mersey at the twin city of Liverpool are to be found the great *entrepôts* for the produce of the world. A writer has remarked “ that the wide valley of the Mississippi, the banks of the Amazon, the plains of India, and the classic soil of Egypt, fill the market of Liverpool with cotton. Wool is brought to the shores of the Mersey from thirty different countries, scattered round the temperate zones of the earth. The plains of South America, and the high lands of India, supply the hides of millions of cattle. The pastures of the Ohio furnish provisions for the spinners and weavers of Lancashire ; whilst the grain grown on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Delaware, the Loire, the Elbe, the Vistula, the Danube, and the Don, meet in the markets of Liverpool, to furnish them with their daily bread. The olive woods of Italy, the palm groves of Africa, the plain groves of Belgium, the floating ice of Newfoundland, and the depths of the Arctic sea, all furnish their varieties of oil. Copper and silver ore are brought in large quantities from South America, to be smelted with the coal of St. Helen. Ceylon sends in Coffee ; the East and West Indies their sugar ; America its rice ; Bengal its jute ; Honduras its mahogany ; Peru its guano ; the Moluccas their spices ; Maryland its tobacco ; and the forests of America their timber. There is, indeed, no article of use in the arts, or in the support of life, which is not found in the long list of products imported into Liverpool.”

Yet, in this England of ours, it is said there is not room enough for all, and that we have a surplus population. So that, from the same port into which more than “ the wealth of the Indies” is being continually poured, tens of thousands of emigrants yearly go out, seeking new homes in far distant lands. Birkenhead, with a population of 2,551, in 1831, had increased to a population of 24,175, in 1851, and to 51,600, in 1870. Liverpool, which was described by Leland, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, as being “ a paved towne, and hath but one chapel,” and which, towards the latter part of the same century, was rated at £25 Bristol at the same time standing at £1,000 now stands unrivalled in the history of the whole world, for its docks, its shipping, its merchandise, and its wealth. It has now nearly 200 churches and places of worship, and 503,874 of population. As you go across the river, by the steam ferry, you may see how busy and active a place it is.

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## Going Out To The Great West.

MY ride to Liverpool shewed me English life, and character, and scenery, in various aspects, and I could not help being struck with the variety of things presented. But the greatest contrast of all was to be seen in Liverpool itself, because there there was no room for theory or surmise ; nor had recollections of the past to be brought into contrast with that which lay out fairly and clearly in the present. The two opposite poles—as wide asunder as the poles of the globe—stood out shoulder to shoulder, the one jostling the other.

Having taken my leave of some of my fellow-travellers by the train, who, knowing my destination, were both profuse and hearty in their expressions of good-will, I crossed the river by the ferry-boat ; and the tide being running very rapidly, the boat, as it crossed the current, rolled and pitched along rather extensively ; so much so, indeed, that many a timid person, judging of sailing on the ocean by the experience of a journey across the Mersey, would have been inclined to give up their venture, and resolve for ever after to keep within sight, at least, of land. But at last the pier was reached ; and having seen to the proper keeping of my small stock of luggage for the night, I made my way, as best I could, to the offices of the Messrs. Allan, by whose line of steamers I intended going out to Quebec, for the purpose of securing a berth, and making the necessary arrangements for the voyage. When I got to the offices, I found them crowded by persons going out on the morrow, and who were to be my fellow-passengers. Outside the office, there were others sauntering about, apparently waiting for their turn. Wishing to see what I could in Liverpool of the arrangements made for the convenience of emigrants arrived in the place, and waiting for the starting of the vessels, I left my ticket until the following morning, and made at once for the offices of a friend, who I knew would render me what assistance he could in the way of picking up information, and seeing what was to be seen. The first information he gave me was that the *Circassian*, one of the newest and largest of the Messrs. Allan's fleet of steamships, by which I had intended going out, would not start on the morrow, her machinery—having become heated on the journey home—undergoing an overhaul ; and that the *Moravian*, a smaller and older vessel, would take her place. This was at first rather disappointing ; but when I afterwards had pointed out to me the *Moravian*, lying out in the river, I felt quite satisfied, and could only wonder, if she was one of the small ones of the fleet, what the large ones were like. There were other steamships belonging to other " lines " lying out in the Mersey, belonging to the Cunard, the White Star, the Guyon, and others, the history of either one of which would read more strange than some old eastern fiction, and yet be sterling fact. Practically, all these " lines " have been created and set afloat within the last twenty-five years. Up to the year 1840, the whole of our trade with Canada was carried on with some seven or eight sailing ships, of from 300 to 400 tons burden ; in the aggregate, less than the tonnage of the *Circassian*, the vessel by which I had intended going out. Allowing a sailing vessel to perform two out and home voyages in course of the year, we find that at this time the whole of the Canadian exports and imports could not have exceeded twelve thousand tons annually. In the year 1872, the gross tonnage cleared, inward and outward, at the ports of the Dominion amounted to over thirteen million tons. Much of this development of the Canadian trade appears to be due to the enterprise of the Messrs. Allan, who were among the early Scotch settlers in that country. At all events, if they have not actually created the trade, they have moved along with it ; for, in addition to a fleet of thirteen sailing ships, they have a line of twenty-five steam ships, representing a total net tonnage of over 48,000 tons. When we know that men like these have had to do with the building up of Liverpool, and making the place what it is, we can understand how it is we are enabled to record such growth as that noticed in the last sentence of my first letter.

Before going to visit some of the boarding-houses for emigrants, I found it was quite time to pay some little attention to my own inner wants, so I and my friend made for Salmon's restaurant. To reach that place, we had to pass up narrow streets, where dim lights, struggling through dusty window panes, seemed to tell of the fag end of the day struggling to make the most of itself. And then we reached the flags in front of the Exchange, where the merchant-princes of the world congregate. Evening had now well set in, and the place had a strange, deserted look about it. Men owning their millions were just now jostling against each other on this very spot, and the trade done there that day probably was fabulous in amount ; and ere this, the turn of the day's business had been sent to all parts of the world, to rule on the morrow, more or less, all its markets. But the men who had been so active there were now gone to their offices or their homes—counting up their gains and losses ; or resting for the morrow's work. There were a few lights in some of the office-windows around, and the outline of Nelson's monument stood out against the darkness ; but there was nothing else to be seen. So we crossed the open Exchange court, and proceeded up a narrow alley towards the restaurant we had decided upon visiting for our supper. As we did this, I noticed that on either side of us there was a line of women and children crouched down on their haunches, quite motionless—not a word being uttered. I had never seen such a sight before. The women were, as a rule, cleanly and decently attired, after the fashion so common in the Midland counties. They wore no head covering ; their profuse and well-dressed hair shining even in the twilight. Around their shoulders they wore small shawls, or kerchiefs, the ends of which, with their bare arms, they folded tightly across the breast. The children also were cleanly, although poorly dressed ; both head and feet being uncovered. Some few of the children - were talking together ; but, like the women, most of them were maintaining a stolid silence. If the eyes were raised to us as we passed, it was but momentary, and they went back again to the ground, or the wall, watching and waiting. The scene puzzled me much ; so that we had entered the restaurant, and taken our seats there, before I had asked my friend what it all meant. They were waiting for the broken food from the place which we were then in. These scraps of existence—the waifs and strays of this great Liverpool—were waiting for scraps of food—crumbs from bountiful tables by the aid of which they hoped to wriggle themselves into the next day—then again to go through the same process. Standing so convenient to the Exchange, the restaurant was much frequented in the day by merchants and others. The “ leavings” on the plates in such a place would sometimes, when collected together, form an immense mass. Mr. Salmon, instead of sending these leavings to the hog-tub, had them all carefully collected, and, in the evening, after the work of the establishment was well over, caused them to be distributed to such of the needy poor as came for them. There may often be seen hundreds of women and children waiting for the evening distribution to take place, moving barely a muscle until the longed-for signal is sounded, announcing that the distribution is about to take place.

Wishing to see some of the Emigrants' Boarding Houses, I was next taken into some of the narrow streets leading down to the river. To-morrow, I shall know something of the number of passengers going out by the *Moravian*. All I can gather at present is that there are but a few short of a thousand souls going out by her. When it is recollected that there are two or three other similar vessels leaving the port to-morrow, and nearly every day in the week, with emigrants, it may be easily seen how important it is that proper arrangements should be made for the convenience of the thousands of men, women, and children, who are daily arriving in Liverpool, awaiting the sailing of vessels. In some of the streets leading down towards the river, most of the houses are furnished for this purpose. I went into some of them, kept by men connected in some way with, or employed by, the leading shipping companies ; and it is but fair I should say I was much pleased with the scrupulous cleanliness I noticed in them all. For an exceedingly moderate sum, a bed and breakfast, with other meals, if needed, are provided. For those who prefer to find their own food, provision is made for cooking the same.

In the bedrooms, I found iron bedsteads invariably used—the clothes being equal to anything generally found in respectable commercial houses. There are, no doubt, many houses in Liverpool where emigrants are not only taken in, but “done for ;” but it is satisfactory to know that there are others where their every reasonable want is provided for, and comfort to themselves, and protection to their property secured. These places may best be found by asking at the shipping office, from whence the emigrant obtains his ticket. Near these boarding-houses—and frequently connected with them—there are stores, where the necessary ship’s kit required by steerage passengers may be purchased for a few shillings.

Having made these enquiries, we took a tram-way car for Sefton Park ; and at that delightful suburb, after a stroll of an hour or so, in the moonlight, out in the park, viewing, as best I could, its many striking points, I repaired to lodgings my friend had kindly secured for me, and was soon oblivious to all I had seen and done on my first day from home, on my way for Canada and the United States.

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### On Board The Moravian.

GRADUALLY, but grandly, we are making our way for the broad Atlantic. I use the term “grandly” because those who have never been on board one of the Allan Line of Steam Ships can form the least idea of what the sensation of travelling by them is like. We are, in fact, gliding along so smoothly that we could barely tell we were moving were it not that on either side the river, which is gradually getting wider, and the banks becoming more indistinct, we are now and again enabled to fix upon some landmark which we know cannot well be running away from us, and as one or the other must be moving, the land mark or the ship, it must be the latter that is moving away from the former. Occasionally the thud of the engines may be heard in the stillness of the beautiful evening, when such of the passengers as are on deck looking out on the broad waters with suspended breath, evidently absent even to themselves because of the new charm that is holding them spell bound, seems to make the place and the scene more solemn and deserted because of their presence.

But it has been a real busy day. In the morning I spent several hours, along with crowds of holiday-folk, in viewing the great sights of Liverpool. You will not expect me to give you any particulars of these, worthy as they are of the most ample notice. But I must say how pleased I was when visiting such places as the noble Public Library, the Museum, and St. George’s Hall, to find them well attended by respectably dressed working men and women. I have already told you that the working classes in this district are “out” enjoying the holiday season, and this morning it was a real pleasure to me to see crowds of these people congregating around the entrance to the principal public buildings waiting for the hour of ten to arrive, when the doors would be thrown open and they would be privileged to feast on the wonders these buildings contained. Later on in the morning, and when going into these buildings, I was again much impressed by the intelligent and appreciative manner in which the visitors were enjoying the lesson these places afforded. In the magnificent free library there were both men and women of the artizan class poring over the books they had obtained from the librarians, many of them having pencil and paper with them making notes or taking extracts. Others were consulting the catalogues for the class of book they wanted, whilst all appeared thoroughly to appreciate the great boon the place afforded them. In the Brown Museum there were crowds of visitors, and it was only to linger occasionally amongst them, and listen to their remarks, to feel how great a work is being done among the people in the effort to bring them up to the highest and best, instead of, as has been too much the case, pandering to the lowest and worst in them. In St. George’s Hall I several times noticed men

and women standing in front of some marble bust or statute, with which the place is adorned, giving the children they had brought with them some particulars or slight history of the work and life of the man whose memory was there commemorated. I was particularly struck with what I heard and saw, and I could not help thinking that a great lesson was thus being taught me that, going out as I was to see what I could of the great New World out in the West, there was much to remember and be thankful for in the old country I was about leaving behind.

But naturally my chief concern was with the departure of the Moravian. On application at Messrs. Allan's offices, I found that the steerage passengers would be required to be on board by eleven o'clock in the morning, and the cabin passengers by four in the afternoon. I also learnt the unpleasant and rather alarming intelligence that it was doubtful if I could go by the vessel at all, the full compliment of tickets having already been issued. The Moravian has accommodation for eighty cabin passengers, and there were fully that number of tickets issued. Persisting, however, in my wish to go by that vessel rather than wait for another, and being promised that I should be made as comfortable as possible, I accepted my ticket, and shortly before four o'clock started from the landing stage in the steam tug for the Moravian as she lay out at anchor in the river. It was a strange sight on board this steam tug. Such an heterogeneous mass I think I never before saw anywhere. There was luggage piled up after a most random fashion, passengers and sailors being mixed up with the luggage, sometimes most ludicrously. The vessel's side, however, was soon reached, and in an incredibly short space of time the tug was relieved of its load, animate and inanimate, and the way made clear for the most trying scene of all—getting rid of the “leave takers.” But at length this also was accomplished, and the old lady who would not leave the ship until she was fairly taken by the shoulders and led off, and who afterwards managed to elude the vigilance of the sailors, and got back again after her umbrella, was effectually disposed of, and was to be seen, with an increasing space of water intervening, frantically engaged in the double duty of wiping her eyes and flaunting her handkerchief in the air.

I was pretty well armed with letters for Canada, and I felt confident that when I got there I should meet with friends who would afford me what information they could, and who would put me in the way of learning more than what they could tell me. Until I could reach Canada, I had concluded, I should be thrown on my own resources, but in this I was most agreeably surprised. On board the steam tug, before I had reached the Moravian, I had recognised Colonel D——, of Toronto, whose acquaintance I had been fortunate enough to make in Wiltshire, in course of the past winter; so that I felt quite at home. The Colonel, who was accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, was on his way home in consequence of a telegram announcing the sudden death of his father. This unexpected, but most agreeable meeting with an old friend soon enabled me to make many new friends, and by the time we had started on our journey I had had the opportunity of exchanging a kind word with many of those who were to be my fellow passengers.

What excellent order there is even in disorder, when we are enabled to look at things in their right light. Everybody was in everybody's way, looking after their luggage and finding everybody's luggage except their own; and the sailors' patience was becoming sorely tried in their vain endeavour to find somebody's luggage that might be put below out of the way, or some that might be taken off by the stewards to the berths, as being wanted on the voyage, when the dinner bell rang, and there was a regular scamper off to the chief cabin by those who had been just previously almost frantic over missing luggage, and the ship's officers and servants were left undisturbed to themselves.

As all the conveniences and arrangements made for the comfort of passengers by this popular line of vessels must be of general interest, I will give you, as far as I can, some

account of the ship as I found it. First of all, then, as to the chief cabin for the cabin passengers. This is a large room, the full width of the vessel, nearly square, and occupying rather more than a third of the after-part of the vessel. Running parallel down this room there are three tables securely fastened to the floor, with seats on either side, also fixed, but with reversible backs. The two outer tables are lighted by the port holes in the sides of the vessel, and the centre table by a raised skylight, which projects through on to the upper deck, the sides forming seats for those who resort there for promenade. Over the tables there are hanging pendant shelves or trays for wine glasses, bottles, and the like. At the end of the cabin there is a large sideboard, with hot water pipes and sunk dishes for the reception of joints of meat, &c. The tables, as laid out for dinner, present a very pleasing appearance, there being on each of them a fine display of hot-house plants in pots, interspersed between dishes containing pastry, fruit, &c. To each table there are at least four stewards, or waiters. Plentifully distributed over the tables there are bills of fare for the day. From these, passengers make their selections, and are supplied by the stewards from the sideboard, where the chief cook and his assistants preside in due state. A copy of one of these bills of fare will best show how bountiful are the Messrs. Allan in providing for the wants of their friends :—

*Breakfast.*—Beefsteak and horse radish, mutton chops in mashed potatoes, fried soles, veal cutlets and ham, fried ham and eggs, Irish stew, cold meats, &c. *Dinner*—Soups—turtle. Fish—turbot and anchovy sauce. Joints, &c.—beef, *a la* George IV., saddle of mutton and currant jelly, calve's head and brain sauce, roast duck and apple sauce, boiled turkey and oyster sauce, cold ham, tongue, cold round of beef, fillet of veal and bacon, pigeon pies, tripe and onions, *vola a vent* of lobster. *Vegetables*—assorted. *Puddings and Pastry*—plum and vermicelli pudding, transparent jellies, Chester cakes, Italian creams, apple and rhubarb pies, maid of honour cakes. *Dessert*—assorted.

I may just add that these bills of fare are very nicely got up, and in addition to the interesting particulars I have just quoted, give ground plans of the cities of Liverpool, Quebec, and Montreal, so that, if so disposed, when over your wine and walnuts, you may study the geography of the city you have left, as well as those you are going to.

In addition to these meals, there is luncheon at twelve, tea at six, and supper at nine o'clock, the leading dish at this latter meal being invariably boiled herrings and potatoes. Beer, and wine, and spirits may be had at all times on board ; but for these an extra charge is made.

But perhaps the strangest places of all to a “land-lubber” are the sleeping berths. They are invariably double—that is, they are arranged to take two passengers. Imagine a square space of about ten feet, boxed off, and lighted either by a small round port-hole, or a piece of glass let in the roof. On one side there is a sofa, or lounge ; in front of you, as you open the door, a washstand and looking-glass ; and on the other side a couple of trays or shelves, the bottom of the one being about a foot from the floor, and the top of the other about two feet from the roof. These are the berths, or cribs. To prevent sleepers falling off the shelves there are boards in front, about a foot deep. Between the sofa and the cribs there is an open space of about three or four feet, where the occupiers of the berth stand to dress, undress, &c. My berth is down on a lower deck, under the great cabin ; but it has this important difference—instead of a sofa it has two extra shelves, and is arranged for four passengers instead of two. The vessel is sufficiently wide to take four of these rooms across it. In the middle part there are two rows of rooms, back to back, with two single rows running down the sides, thus allowing for two passages leading right on to the open spaces between the middle and outer tables in the large state cabin. In the intermediate and steerage divisions the arrangements are somewhat similar, although the space is still more utilised. These two divisions occupy the whole

of the fore part of the vessel, and there there are from eight to nine hundred people stowed away. It seems almost incredible that it can be so. The women and children have rooms somewhat similar to the cabin passengers, but instead of there being two berths to a compartment they vary from eight up to as many as twenty. They are arranged in tiers, one over the other, and three or four wide, according to the space to be filled. The men sleep in hammocks suspended from the ceiling. The tables on which the meals are served are between the berths and under the hammocks. These tables slide up and down a pair of square uprights at either end. When in use they are let down to the required distance from the floor ; when not in use they are slung up to the roof with the hammocks. On land it would be simply impossible for people to live in such a crowded state ; but I am told that the ventilation is so strictly looked after that no inconvenience whatever is experienced. I have told you the steerage passengers had to be on board some hours before the cabin passengers. This is done simply that the Government inspectors may see that every passenger is properly cared for, and has proper accommodation provided. A medical officer “ passes ” every passenger as being “ fit ” to undertake the journey, and other officers see that the vessel has every convenience provided, and that there is nothing wanting, either for preserving the health or meeting the reasonable requirements of all. Although a knowledge of all this gives one confidence that there will be nothing serious the matter, it is not without some misgivings that a land-lubber goes down below to turn in on his shelf for his first night at sea.

#### On Board The Moravian.

WELL, I have passed my first night on board the Moravian, and will now do what I can to give you some account of my experiences. There were too many things to engage my attention last night to permit of my thinking of retiring for the night until the rules of the vessel compelled it. After dinner, last evening, I made the acquaintance of Father Nugent, the Roman Catholic chaplain to the Liverpool Penitentiary, who is going out as far as Moville, where he will land in course of to-day for a few days’ fishing in some of the Irish rivers. We paced the deck together for some time last night, for I was deeply interested both in him and his work. From what I have seen of him, his professions are as nothing when placed by the side of his work, accomplished and done. He is a man of medium height, and moderately stout. He has a round, kindly-looking face, with sharply cut mouth and nose, and with peculiarly piercing, but winning grey eyes. I have seen but few faces in which there is so much decision. Yet he seems as gentle as a woman, and as winning as a child. There is also a peculiar crispness in his short “ yes, yes,” which he throws in like notes of exclamation in your remarks in conversation with him. He is the Father Matthew of Liverpool. His work is essentially with, and among, the poor of that large city. I told him of the pleasing scenes I had witnessed in the Museum, the Library, and other like places, crowded with men and women of the industrial and poorer classes, who evidently had a right true idea of life, and who could appreciate and profit by the great lessons the better spirit of the present age was providing for them. He has painted the other side of the picture, and has told me of the back slums, and of scenes of wretchedness and vice—of places where human life is reduced to a mere animal existence. But it has not been the telling of these dreadful things that has drawn me to him. On board the Moravian there are some twenty-five or thirty young lads and girls—orphans and deserted ones ; children who know nothing of childhood ; the waifs and strays of a great wealth stricken city ; God’s creatures, who knew not of human sympathy, who have heard much cursing, oaths, and blasphemy : who could barely tell the meaning of “ father ” or “ mother.” There are, I say, twenty-five or thirty of what are called Father Nugent’s children on board. They are his children because they belong to nobody else, and he has been picking them up in the places he has been telling me of. After some preliminary teaching and training they have been placed on board the Moravian, in charge of two matrons, who are going out with them to the great West ; there to find homes for them, and put them down in those places

where such energy as they possess, both of body and brain, is loudly called for, and will have its reward. Father Nugent tells me he has administered the temperance pledge to over twenty thousand persons in course of the last twelve months ; and it is very clear he is a most thorough worker. Some time ago he went out, as I am doing, to Canada and America, for the purpose of seeing for himself what promises these countries really held out to those who had no hope here, and who were not wanted here, and were only in the way. He had been much pleased with what he saw on the other side of the Atlantic, and spoke most hopefully of the prospects promised to the steady and willing worker out there, and that was why he was sending his “ children” out. This is not his first offering to Canada of that which she stands most in need. He had sent others out before, and they had been heartily welcomed and provided for, and had won for themselves faith and hope in their new homes. He had, therefore, confidence in increasing their numbers.

But there are other workers in this great work. I hear, but have not yet seen them all, that there are one hundred and twenty of Miss Macpherson’s children on board, going out to her “ Homes” in Canada. And we have all heard of Miss Rye, and her work in this same direction. Having mentioned to Father Nugent that I hoped to visit the State of Maine before returning to England, I was not surprised to find that he had little faith in repressive legislation, or total prohibition as *the* means for the suppression of intemperance. No one had seen the evils of drunkenness more than he, nor could any one more honestly lament the consequences it brought both upon individuals and society, but he believed the evil was only to be put down, and the consequences got rid of, by honest earnest work amongst the drunkards, and not by Act of Parliament.

But I have to tell you of my first night on board. The most I knew of my cabin was that it was No. 78, and that it was down below, under the general state cabin. So shortly before eleven I went below in search for No. 78. I was not long in finding it in a room which also contained Nos. 75, 76, and 77. Two of the berths were already occupied, and the third was about being occupied by a passenger who was then in the act of undressing. The room for this process being exceedingly limited, I resolved on having another turn on deck, allowing the gentleman who held the floor full and undisputed possession for a time. Returning again to the cabin, I found three of the berths occupied, and the curtains in front of them drawn. I also found that No. 78 was situate aloft, and that it was necessary to resort to some little device to reach it. In due course I managed this by mounting the side board, which was to serve as a protection against self and bed finding our way into some other berth, or on to the floor. For a time it was quite clear, in the stillness, that each of the four persons occupying the berths was lying with suspended breath waiting to learn something of his neighbour. But from neither tray was there a sound to be heard. I had no thought of sleeping, but the slight motion of the vessel must have had a soothing influence, for when I next looked out the morning light was shining strongly through the port-hole. It was quite clear from the motion of the vessel that there was a strong wind blowing. This fact appeared to break upon the minds of all the occupants of the cabin at one and the same time, and impel them to get up. So that, as by one impulse, the whole four sprang as best we could from our berths into the small space intervening, where we became packed so firmly together that to move to dress was a physical impossibility. There must, I think, have been some noise or sudden motion of the vessel to have caused us all thus to act. Of this I am certain : up to this time no word in common had passed between us. But this was to be the case no longer. The ludicrous position in which we all found ourselves caused us to burst out in one unanimous shout of laughter, and the question which must have existed in our minds as to “ Who’s who,” at once gave way to “ Pretty well, thanks, how are you ?” To proceed, however, with our toilet was out of the question, so the two bottom berth men good humouredly crept back into their places, and the two top ones completed their work. But this was no easy matter. We had not as yet found our sea legs, and

our elbows had a most awkward tendency of running into each others' sides, whilst an attempt to stoop was almost invariably followed by a violent effort to avoid a pitching forward.

But I was not long in getting on deck and into the glorious bracing sea air. On either side of us land could be seen : Ireland to the left, and Scotland to the right. Before I could well look round I heard the voices of children singing. You cannot imagine how enchanting the sound was. There came the full burst of joyous song, and then the low cadence, and then the hushed suspense. So sudden, so fresh, so joyous was the whole thing that for a time I stood entranced. Going forward, I found one of the ladies in charge of Miss Macpherson's children standing up with about thirty girls around her. The lady was giving out a verse at a time of a hymn, which the children sang as children only can sing. There were a number of the steerage passengers and several of the crew standing around, much interested in what was going on. It was a most touching sight, and one I shall not soon forget. The eldest of the girls could not be more than twelve or thirteen years of age, the youngest not being more than six or seven. They had evidently been well trained, and knew both the tune and the words well. They were all neatly and comfortably dressed in dark serge dresses, their shawl, cloak, or kerchief being the only remains of their original wardrobe. On their heads they wore scarlet hoods, with a fall hanging sufficiently down the back to protect the neck. But as my seat at the dinner table is directly opposite that of the lady in charge of the children, no doubt the opportunity will soon present itself for making myself fully acquainted with the scheme they have at heart, and are so thoroughly carrying out.

When the children went below, I turned my attention to the Irish coast, Father Nugent, who appears to know the district well, pointing out the direction of things worth seeing, such as the Giant's Causeway, and the marvellous basaltic formation. I had never yet been able to take in this coast in any of my rambles, but had longed to do so, and even now all I could do was to notice that the coast is very bold and precipitous all along its northern line. It looks, in fact, like the great boundary line to the blasts and surges of the great northern seas, and to have been placed there in a wise order as an everlasting barrier. Our course lay too far out to admit of more than this being seen. Sometimes, I am told, the vessels go much nearer land, when all the marvellous formations of the coast may be clearly noted. I have booked the hope that it may be so on our return journey.

We are expecting to reach Moville between eleven and twelve this morning ; and as we shall have to wait there till probably between five and six this evening, intend going on shore for a hour or so. The passage across the Atlantic has been reduced to a few days, but for speed, travelling on the water, even by an Allan Steamer, is not like travelling by rail. The mails which we shall take on board at Moville left London many hours after we had left Liverpool. These mails, however, will have travelled only some 68 miles, from Holyhead to Dublin by sea, the other parts of the journey being done by rail. We, however, have travelled 250 miles by water. When the Gulf Stream has connected the two hemispheres by a bank of dry land, the out and home journey from England to Canada will probably be done in a week.

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Moville.

As the head of the Moravian was turned to the left, to enter Lock Foyle, the sun was shining brilliantly ; the sea was as smooth as a small inland pond and the deck was crowded by hundreds of passengers, looking out for what they might see, yet evidently on good terms with themselves and all the world beside. We had to go up the Loch, or River, for such it

really is, some three or four miles before reaching Moville, and as we went along I could not help thinking the scene was eminently characteristic of Ireland. We were passing up what appeared like a huge cleft in the island. To our right, there were green fields, apparently well cultivated and well timbered. Lying out on the hill side, with a bright southern aspect, there was the old castle in view, and there was a fine sprinkling of modern built villas and country residences. Looking out upon the scene, there appeared nothing to preclude the existence of comfort, prosperity, and even luxury. On the left of us could be traced an immense track of sand, intervening between the narrow channel open for the passage of vessels entering the Loch and the bold and precipitous headland which originally formed the river's bank, but which now stood some considerable way inland ; this accumulation of sand, by taking a sweeping curve-like form, near the mouth of the river, prevented probably by the power of the Atlantic current from going farther out, formed a barrier to the course of the river, and made it into a loch or lake. Looking out on to this waste, and on to the hills beyond, all appeared desolate, if not wretched. But our attention was directed mainly to the scene on our right, and the first fact we learned in connection with it was that it was a *proclaimed district*, and that the people living there were not to be trusted with the use of fire-arms, fire-arms being deemed the most ready weapon for the taking of human life on the sly when in the hands and under the control of a lawless people. In this ugly fact there was more to encourage a desire to remain on deck than to go on shore ; but the sight of the ruins of the old stronghold was more to me than any fear, even had not my personal knowledge of the Irish people told me that a stranger had nothing whatever to fear from them, so that directly the boat from the shore came up to the ship's side, I went on board her, with several others, and in due course passed under one of the arches of a wooden landing stage or pier, erected for the purpose of reaching ships lying in deep water from the shore. This landing stage was, of course, unused and in ruins : a mere wreck of " good intentions." Passing under the archway I have referred to, we came upon a scene the like of which probably would not be possible in any country in the world except Ireland. There was a small bay or cove, the bed of which gradually shelved off from the beach into three or four feet of water. Shooting under the archway, the head of our boat was turned right into the little cove ; but we had barely passed the bridge when we came to a dead halt, and could proceed no further, for, in front of us, there was a double row of Irish jaunting cars backed into the water as far as it was practicable to take them without floating. Each car had its driver, a tout or two, and a fair complement of women with children in their arms, with a number of other children who had outgrown their perches on the arms and were big enough to do a little cadging on their own account. Many of these people were standing well out in the water, some of them being up to their knees in it, the Irish predilection for going without shoes and stockings enabling them to do this without the necessity of undressing, or the alternative of getting wet garments. Even the horses maintained silence until the moment when we were within a dozen yards of this scene, and our boat had turned well into it. *Then*, there arose a shout and a commotion that might have been heard a long way around, and which made the neighbourhood ring. A party of wild Indians never danced more frantically over the immolation of some poor wretch who had fallen their victim than did this motley crew, when, as it were, another boat load of victims came to their hands. To land was simply impossible, except by getting on the cars, which we were invited in true Milesian fashion to do, the loudest of protestations being made that they were placed there solely for our accommodation, and to prevent our feet getting wet. But an unlucky wight no sooner put his foot on the car than he was at once seized upon as a fare for a drive round the neighbourhood of Moville, to see the wonders it had to shew. For some time the scene was of the most lively character. Each driver was loud in singing the praises and the beauties of his own horse and car, and in good humoured banter picking holes in those of his neighbour, whilst the women and children were incessant in their clatter, supporting the claims of their male friends, and proffering any amount of " blessings" in return for coppers. Some of our party became easy victims, and were driven off right from the boat's side, but

others, preferring a stroll into the town, made the best of their way through the crowd of mendicants who appear to infest the place, and who seem to live for no other purpose than that of cadging and selling cheap blessings for halfpence. But we had a sorry time of it : at almost every step we took we were surrounded by fresh batches of those wretched creatures, each one trying to look more forlorn and wretched than her neighbour, and each striving to the full extent of their ingenuity to concoct the most horrible tale of distress.

But there are a few characters in Moville who are pretty well known to travellers by the Allan line. The best known perhaps is an old shoemaker, who does a great trade in birds, especially in thrushes. These he professes to raise and teach to sing, and the Canadians' love for birds leads them to pay high prices for them. I am told that large sums are often spent in importing birds into Canada, where they are let loose. The winter, however, often kills them. No doubt I shall have occasion to refer to this matter after I reach Canada, but as it was with the old churches, so it is with the birds, these little matters seem to tell me much of the people I am going to, and to raise them in my estimation. There were a number of boys who came running after our party with their birds and cages, and it was rare fun to listen to them as they tried hard to effect a sale. If the poor birds could only have heard and understood all that was said about them they must have thought themselves peacocks at least.

Moville itself is a fair sample of a small Irish town. The roads are very uneven and ragged, and the houses are of all possible shapes and sizes. As usual, the principal place is the market place, which is very broad and long, and which, to-day, looks wretched and deserted. On market days, when the farmers with their pigs and poultry are all assembled there, the scene is no doubt of quite another character.

After some little time we hired a car and proceeded to Greencastle, a distance of about three miles. Along the course the scene was of a somewhat mixed character. The land told of a most wretched cultivation, and seemed as impoverished as the people. To the left of us the country was mountainous and barren, but to the right, looking down on to the Loch, the scenery was occasionally striking. I should not like to say how many beggars we passed on the road. As we neared the old ruins at Greencastle we could see them coming in from all directions, making for the entrance to the old ruins, there to ply their abominable calling. The old castle was once the residence of one of the races of Irish kings. When in its prime it must have been a most formidable and important stronghold, the ruins covering an extensive tract of country, and the remains of its dungeons telling clearly of the purpose to which it was applied. From the character of the masonry and the general appearance of the ruins, it is probable that the glory of the place had passed away before the Great Western world was known to England, for but little more than three hundred and fifty years have passed away since our King Henry VII. gave a reward from his privy purse " to hym that found the new Isle, 10*l.*," the said new Isle subsequently proving to be the immense continent known as Canada and America.

Our driver was not a good sample of his class. We tried to draw him out but could not succeed. He had no traditions or legends about the old castle. Perhaps this was because he had not included " story telling" in his contract for the car, or he might have felt sulky in consequence of an uncomplimentary remark or two made by some of our party in reference to the district being proclaimed. As a last resort Colonel D—— asked him what he did in the winter months, when there were no visitors ? " Then we live on taters and salt," was the brief answer. This question once put to a Killarney driver and guide produced a very different answer. A Yankee visitor to the Lakes was immensely taken up with the historical knowledge of this man. For a week or more he had been looking upon him as possessing a marvellous amount of antiquarian learning and local history. There was not a place they had visited but

the history of it had been related in the most complete and circumstantial manner possible, the details being carefully booked by the visitor as perfectly true and above all suspicion. Never was Yankee so blessed as was this one in having fallen upon such a store of learning and veritable antiquarian research. At length, when taking a most affectionate leave of his guide, it occurred to the Yankee to ask him how he spent his time in the winter months, when there were no visitors requiring his services. " Oh, faith ! we spend the winter in inventing stories for the summer," was the prompt answer. The Yankee parted from his Irish guide a wiser if not a sadder man.

On our return journey we took another road farther out into the country, and nearer the mountain side, the heather growing thereon being in full bloom presented a very bright and pleasant sight. We also passed by many of the cabins, or dwellings of the poor, peculiar to Ireland. Many of them being newly lime-washed, looked very bright in the sun-light, the bright walls bringing out in ugly contrast the dirty-looking thatched roof and the pools of surrounding filth. As a rule, they appeared totally unfit for human habitation, and to be used in common by men, women, and children, pigs, and poultry. After making a few purchases in the village, and posting my former letters to you, we made our way back to the boat and to the vessel, which was still riding to her anchor in Loch Foyle. About three o'clock we noticed the steam tender approaching down the river, and at once we began to think that our time for starting was not far off, but somewhat to our dismay we soon made the discovery that the vessel was laden with emigrants for Quebec, instead of the mails. You may form some idea of the capacity of a ship like that of the Moravian when I tell you that although we had been previously quite satisfied that the ship was full in every compartment, the extra two hundred men, women, and children, brought down by the tender were taken on board and stowed away, there being no palpable appearance of over-crowding over that which had previously existed. Two hours after this a second steam tender hove in sight, and she proved to have the London mails on board. I was somewhat interested in watching the removal of the mail-bags from the tender on to our vessel, as it gave me some idea of the correspondence between England and Canada. There are two mails out direct weekly, besides other mails sent indirect.

There appeared to be fully fifty large sacks of letters, &c., each sack being as heavy as a man could well carry. I am told by the officer in charge of the mails that each mail contains on an average twenty thousand letters, in addition to books and papers, weighing between two-and-a-half to three tons. These on board, and stowed away, we prepared to weigh anchor, and in a short time were retracing our course down Loch Foyle, and back fairly once again on to the Atlantic.

Letters sent home : Out and home again by way of Canada and the United States ; or, What a summer's trip told me of the people and the country of the great West ([1875?])

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