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**HOROLOGICAL
HISTORY**

TO
MY DEAR MOTHER

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK



THE "ROYALSHIRE"

ROUND THE HORN

BEFORE THE MAST

A. Basil Lubbock

REDESIGNED AND REPRINTED BY



**HOROLOGICAL
HISTORY**

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“Frisco”

“Serene, indifferent of Fate,
 Thou sittest at the Western Gate;
 Upon thy heights so lately won,
 Still slant the banners of the sun;
 Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
 O Warder of two Continents!
 And scornful of the peace that flies,
 Thy angry winds and sullen skies,
 Thou drawest all things, small and great,
 To Thee, beside the Western Gate.”

ON Wednesday, 12th July 1899, I signed on before the mast on the four-mast barque *Royalshire* of Glasgow, which had just arrived in Frisco from Japan, and was busy unloading the first cargo of Japanese coal that had ever left the country.

I had just come out of the “Golden North,” having had several months up in the Klondyke, where I experienced both the “midnight sun” and the “midday night.” I had intended prospecting Vancouver Island for copper during the rest of the summer, but the party having been broken up for various reasons, I came down to San Francisco, meaning to ship on board a South Sea schooner and proceed by slow stages to Australia; but after a thorough search I failed to find a single South Sea trader in Frisco, except the barque *Maura Al*, which ran to Honolulu with passengers, so I decided to give up this plan.

I had long had a wish to sail before the mast, and witness real sea life in all its dangers and hardships. The chief officer of one of the Empress boats, those magnificent steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on my speaking to him of this wish, had told me that if I shipped before the mast on a windjammer, I should find it a wonderful experience, which, if I was not afraid of real muscle-trying work, and was hardy enough to stand the bad food and other hardships, I should look back upon with much pleasure.

As I was as fit as it was possible for any one to be, and felt sure that nothing would come very hard after such an experience as I had gone through in the Klondyke, I determined to ship home round the Horn in one of the magnificent windjammers which lay in the port.

The next thing to do was to pick a good ship. There were several four-mast barques—beautiful iron ships from the Clyde—and not a few full-riggers and three-mast barques, all about to load grain for the British Isles or Continent.

Though a very keen lover of the sea, and with a certain amount of experience gained yachting and travelling, I really knew very little of what a foremast jack's life was on board a big deep-waterman. I knew enough, however, not to ship before the mast on a ship with "down-east" or "blue-nose" mates, who, though they are the finest seamen probably in the world, are terrible "drivers," and are a bit too free with belaying pins, knuckle-dusters, and six-shooters to please me,—the "gun-play" on board some "down-easters" being almost worthy of an Arizona mining camp.

I also knew enough to find out before I signed on, whether the ship was a hungry one or not, and whether her skipper drank.

I spent a whole morning prowling round the docks, and decided that the *Royalshire*, *Lancing*, and *Loudon Hill*, all four-mast barques, were the finest ships in port.

The *Royalshire* I thought the finest looking alow and aloft, and from the spread of her yards she had evidently got a larger sail plan than either of the others. She only had one defect that I could take hold of, and that was a rather heavy stern, though this was made up for by one of the sweetest entrances I have ever seen; the curve of her cut-water and her bow lines were a delight to the eye, and I at once decided to make inquiries about her.

On the wharf, tallying the carts of coal as they were loaded from the shute, was a small red-headed Scotchman.

From him I found out that she was reckoned one of the crack ships of the "Shire Line" of Glasgow, that her captain and officers were all Scotch, and that, though not noted for her good feeding, she could hardly be called a "hungry ship."

My red-headed friend answered every question very readily, and gave the ship and her captain a first-rate character. He evidently thought that I wanted a passage in her, and told me that I could see

the captain on the following day about eleven o'clock, before he went ashore.

Thanking him for his information, I asked him what position he held on board.

He replied, "third mate," and told me that she carried four mates, and also that the whole of her crew had run on arriving in Frisco.

"That does not look as if she was such a comfortable ship," I said.

"Weel, I dinna think ye'll find a vessel in port with her hands aboard—all foremast hands run in Frisco—I've half a notion to run mysel', the wages is that gran' sailing oot o' Frisco; an A.B. gets four pund a month, it's naw great wonder crews run," he replied. And with this I left him and returned to my hotel, well pleased with my day's work.

Lo and behold, the first thing I saw on returning at the appointed time, was the captain and my red-haired friend shaking their fists in each other's faces on the poop, and "cussing around" to beat creation.

From what I could hear of it, the third mate was asking for his discharge in language both "painful and free," but without success, for presently the captain went below, and he came ashore, evidently off up town.

As he stepped off the companion ladder, I buttonholed him, and asked him when I could see the captain.

"The old man will be oot preesently, if ye just wait a wee while," he answered hurriedly and away he went.

As I stood on the wharf watching the coal being unloaded, I noticed that a small man, with a thick red moustache and kind light-blue eyes, seemed to be bossing things on board.

After a bit, seeing me loafing around, he called to me and asked me what I wanted. I told him I was waiting to see the captain.

"Come aboard; he's having his breakfast now but he'll be going ashore directly, and then you can see him."

I came aboard, and spent a couple of hours waiting for the old man to come on deck. For some reason or other he was later than usual going ashore, and it was nearly one o'clock before he appeared.

Meanwhile I loafed about the deck, keenly interested in everything. I gave the red-moustached man a cigar, and found out that he was the mate, which bit of news caused me to look him over very carefully, and I decided that I liked the cut of his jib.

He had got a nice face, with a steady, kindly eye, and from what I could see, he had a temper to match. In the short talk I had with him he was all civility, and I congratulated myself on hitting upon a ship with such a mate. Of course I knew enough not to be too sanguine; many a sailor, who ashore or in port is as mild and quiet as a lamb, directly he gets to sea, for no apparent reason, turns into a fiend incarnate. I felt sure, however, that this man was not one of that sort.

At noon "eight bells" were struck, and the men came up from the after 'tween-decks, where they had been cleaning the coal out of the stringers.

They consisted of the fourth mate, carpenter, sailmaker, an apprentice out of his time, and the nipper, as an apprentice on his first voyage is called.

The nipper, a boy of sixteen, was a picturesque figure, with a face as black as a nigger minstrel's, from the coal, surmounted by a red tam o' shanter; he was full of fun, and I found out afterwards that his father was a clergyman in Kent.

I'll bet he would have stared if he could have seen his son then in grimy dungarees and jumper, as I've no doubt the last time he saw him was in a brass-bound serge suit and a deep-sea cap, one mass of gold braid, with the badge of the "Shire Line" glittering resplendent upon it.

The stevedores at work on the coal in the mainhold also knocked off, and went ashore for their dinner.

I was beginning to think the captain was going to stay below all day, when he appeared.

He was a keen-faced, middle-aged Scotchman, of medium height, with a glitter of steel in his eye, and I put him down in my mind as a "hard nut" after one look at him.

As he came off the poop I tackled him, telling him that I wanted to sign on before the mast.

After scanning me curiously for a moment or two, he asked, "Can ye climb up there?" pointing to the mizen-royal yard.

I had never been aloft in my life, but I knew that I had got a good head from my prospecting experiences in the mountains, where, looking for quartz reefs, one constantly takes terrific risks, especially rock-climbing; a very different job to climbing the Alps with a guide who knows every bit of the ground.

So I answered in the affirmative with great confidence. This was good enough for him, and he gave me the address of his shipping agent, who would sign me on, as he explained that if he signed me on himself without the shipping agent and it was found out, the shipping agents would turn against him, and the next time he came to Frisco he would probably not be able to get a crew.

Away I went, and in an hour's time had turned into an "ordinary seaman," signed on for two pounds a month for a passage round the Horn, calling at Queenstown for orders, either for the British Isles or Continent.

The shipping agent had got another victim with him, an Englishman, by name Don Henderson, a man who had turned his hand to pretty nearly everything—singing in the opera in New York, teaching swimming at the Frisco baths (the finest in the world), mixing wine in Southern California, gold prospecting in Arizona and Montana, lumbering in Louisiana, farming and cow-punching from Texas to the Line—were but a few of the things he had done.

He had had rather a bad time of it lately, having had to give up the wine-mixing, where he was doing very well, as he got knocked over with a very bad bout of fever; only half recovered from the fever, he hung on at Frisco, living by means of his wits and free lunch counters, until it struck him that he would try and get home, and see if he could get hold of some money which was due to him.

He decided to go before the mast—a way not exactly new to him, as he had come home from New York in the *Umbria* before the mast; and without much trouble he got an introduction to the shipping agent from a pal, and the thing was done.

As Englishmen in the Colonies will, Don and I immediately palled up together, and were very pleased to find we were both going on the same ship, as we had a good deal in common, both being English Public School men, and both knowing how dull it is living or camping for any length of time with men with whom you have got nothing in common.

I once shared a canvas bunk for a fortnight with a man who had a reputation of having killed twelve men. One would have thought that a man like this would have been an interesting companion to yarn with, but not a bit of it; he only had two ideas in his head, one was whisky, and the other whittling wood.

He was a silent man, very slow of speech, but quick enough with a six-shooter; as harmless and quiet as a prairie dog except when he had a skinful of "nosepaint," on which occasions he was like a busted volcano or a wounded grizzly, a-raging and tearing around something sinful to see, and a scandal to a quiet neighbourhood.

Don and I were both in pretty good spirits, and exchanged chaff with the clerks of the Consulate.

The ceremony of signing on was soon got through, somebody gabbled off the "ship's Articles" to us. I caused some amusement by giving the "Bachelors' Club, Piccadilly," as my address, and Don raised a laugh by making his mark, a huge, straggly cross, as he pretended he could not write.

Pocketing our month's advance, we gave the shipping agent a drink, he in return giving us the address of a seaman's tailor, and telling us also to be sure and get aboard the following noon. This we promised to do, and then we went off together to do our shopping.

Few landsmen know that a common sailor before the mast has to provide all his own clothes, his soap, matches, eating utensils, blankets, and bedding.

Don and I were soon hard at work bargaining with as precious a robber of the innocents as I have ever met.

Luckily for us we were not poor, ignorant, foremast jacks, whom these landsharks simply prey upon, but both fellows who had knocked about a good deal.

We soon had his prices down, and our purchases were rubber sea-boots, blue jerseys overalls, heavy clothing for the Horn, soap, towels, matches, and plug tobacco.

Then we went off to buy something to eat and drink out of. From Klondyke experience, I bought the largest graniteware plate with the highest rim I could get, and also a huge pannikin.

By the time we had got everything we wanted, the sun was beginning to go under.

We determined to do this our last evening as gentlemen, in some style, so we dined at the Palace, and went to the opera afterwards, finishing up with an excellent supper.

Thursday, 13th July.—We turned out fairly early, meaning to go on board about eleven.

Taking a last stroll before going on board, we began trying the "nickel machines" at the cigar stores; our luck was terrific wherever we went, every time we got two or more cigars; the way we turned up three of a kind, straights, flushes, and full houses, made us wish that we were sitting down to a game of poker, and by the time we were ready to go on board, we had each got thirty cigars in our pockets.

We hired an express cart, and, piling it with our luggage, drove down to the ship in style.

The crew and stevedores on the *Royalshire* stared in amazement as our craft, with its huge pile of kit and dunnage bags, hove in sight.

But the mate was ready for us, and told us to get into working togs and turn to at one o'clock.

We packed our truck (British Columbian for "carried our baggage") into the port forecastle.

One o'clock found me on the wharf in an old flannel shirt, cowboy hat, and well-worn pair of overalls—the same had seen a lot of service in the Klondyke and on the prairie, where I had bought them, and had lasted twice as long as English dungarees.

Alongside of me was a big stack of lumber in long inch and half-inch planks, for lining the hold with. This must be done before a ship is allowed to load grain.

These planks I had to pass aboard through a port, which, as the tide flowed, got higher and higher above me.

At six o'clock our day's work was over, and I for one was quite ready to knock off, for the lumber was not light, and so rough that it tore my hands to bits and filled them with splinters.

On going to the galley for our grub, we were presented with a kid of meat and potatoes, and had our pannikins filled with a queer-tasting liquid which the cook, a slab-footed and extraordinary German, tried to make us understand in broken English was tea.

"What is this stuff?" said Don, pointing to the contents of his pannikin.

"Dot ist ze tea."

"The what?"

"Ze tea, I dell you, for zu drinken!"

"It's not medicine, is it?"

"Nein; ze tea, I dell you; ze tea, ze tea!"

"What is tea?" asked Don, solemnly.

“Vot is tea! you not know! vy tea is tea; ze tea for zu drinken.”

Don ended by nearly worrying that wretched Dutchman off his head.

“Tea, is it?”

“Tea, zat is vat it is; ze tea for zu drinken.”

“Do you mean to say you call that tea?”

“For shor’ zat is tea, very fine tea.”

“Then why on earth didn’t you say so before?” With this we retired to the forecabin, which den we had all to ourselves, the crew having run.

The meat we found was fresh, as, being in port, we got shore rations; but sailors as a rule prefer the ship’s salt meat to the fresh meat which they get in port, as this fresh meat is the cheapest that can be bought, in fact nothing but the refuse bits from the butchers.

But Don and I were hungry after our four hours’ work, and finished it all up.

After our meal we started in and got things shipshape, choosing our bunks, into which we hove our “donkey’s breakfasts,” as sailors call their straw mattresses, and stowing away our things.

Friday, 14th July.—We were turned out by the night-watchman at 6.30, and told that we had got to turn to at seven o’clock.

We had not much time to lose, as we had to wash, dress, and get our breakfast in less than half an hour. This at first sight would appear to be a bit of a rush, but it was not, for washing consisted of a rough sluice down with salt water, gained by lowering a bucket overboard, and dressing was but slipping on a pair of overalls, a flannel shirt, and foot gear.

For breakfast, we got half a pannikin of hot liquid each, some “wet hash,” and some “hardtack.”

“Wet hash” is broken-up beef and potatoes in hot water, with, perhaps, an onion thrown in: occasionally, however, we got “dry hash,” which I much preferred.

Dry hash is simply minced meat and mashed potatoes, and I believe goes by the name of “shepherd’s pie” ashore.

As to what the hot liquor was at first, we were not quite sure.

“I suppose it’s another brew of what the cook calls ‘ze tea,’ only a bit lighter in colour,” said Don, sipping it. “I don’t detect much dif-

ference in the taste; I've got a pretty keen palate, and but for a slight flavouring of garlic, I'm willing to bet it's 'ze tea.'"

"I'm inclined to think it's coffee myself: it's got a sediment of flour which seems to remind me of the slumgullion I've drunk at different times in mining camps," I answered.

"I think you are wrong. You don't get me to believe that a hard nut of a section boss like our old man is going to pay us two pounds a month, and throw in two kinds of liquor as well, don't you believe it; he's got his eye square on the almighty dollar, and he ain't going to chuck his dust around in no such lordly style as that."

"And I say it's a full house against a pair of jacks that it's coffee, because why—"

"Turn to!" said the mate, poking his nose in at the door, and out we had to trundle.

We were soon hard at work cleaning the Japanese coal out of the stringers in the after-hold, down in the gloomy depths of the ship. Each man was given a broom-end and a bit of rag or canvas, and woe betide the unlucky one who overlooked a small piece of coal stuck in the stringers, or who did not wipe off every speck of coal-dust, for the lynx-eyed mate was sure to spot it.

Here we worked all day in the semi-darkness of the hold, which was only half lighted by the open after-hatch.

Occasionally one of us had to shovel coal for a while, which soon finds out the weak muscles of the back.

We worked hard, with never a spell, for the mate was a great lover of work, always taking a hand himself and doing more than any of us. I found my hands very sore and blistered from handling the rough lumber yesterday, but comforted myself with the fact that they would very soon get hard and would be fit for anything before we sailed.

At twelve o'clock we were knocked off work for the "dinner hour," and how pleased I was to come up into the sunshine again!

I enjoyed that dinner (the midday meal is always called dinner on board ship), and especially the smoke after it, as I have seldom enjoyed a meal, refuse meat and irrigated potatoes though it was. Then at it we went again until 5.30, when we were sent on deck to clear up.

The decks were swept, and any loose gear put away in the bosun's locker, and as the factory whistles screeched out six o'clock, the mate

said quietly, "That'll do." We were free, and our day's work was finished.

The first thing to do was to wash, for we were all as black as chimney sweeps, and our eyes and ears were full of coal-dust.

We got a couple of buckets of fresh water from the pump, which was just aft of the mizen-mast, and soon turned ourselves from black into white men again.

On going to get the grub from the galley, I found that I was right about the queer liquid we had drunk in the morning; it was coffee all right, according to the cook.

As soon as we had demolished our supper, Don and I dashed ashore, and anybody who saw us seated in a couple of stalls at the opera listening to "Carmen" would have been very much surprised if they had seen us, black and grimy coalheavers as we were, an hour or so back.

On our way back to the ship I bought some Alaska bread and tinned plum puddings, to augment our scanty fare.

Both these I can thoroughly recommend. Alaska bread is made of ginger, and is like sponge cake; it lasts for ever, never gets stale, and is exceedingly cheap. Tinned plum puddings, I admit, were luxuries; they were delicious eaten cold, and I thought they were as good as any plum pudding I had ever eaten.

"I calculate," said Don to me as we turned in, "that you save quite a lot of breath calling me Don instead of Henderson, whilst I'm all behind the game calling you Lubbock. What was the name your god-fathers and godmothers gave you? I'm rising thirty-nine, and can't afford to waste my breath any longer on a jaw-breaking name like Lubbock."

"Jehoshaphat Nebuchadnezzar are my Christian names; if you think you can save breath on either of them you are welcome to try," I replied laughing.

"No, bar rot, you old deadbeat; if you don't tell me, I shall call you "Jos," short for Jehoshaphat."

"Well, what do you think of 'Basil' for a fine, high-sounding, bang-up, number one, top-side, high-born Christian name?"

"Too good for a bally old ruffian like you. Dashed if I don't call you Bally, it's short for Basil, just as Johnny is short for John."

And Bally I remained the whole time I was on the *Royalshire*, though some of the crew called me "Klondyke."

Saturday, 15th July.—The mate told us, while we were at work this morning, that the captain had given leave for Rowland, the apprentice out of his time, the nipper, and myself to play cricket in the afternoon for the "British Sailing Ships" against the "Californian Cricket Club," over at Oakland.

This was a great bit of luck. Our old man and the mate were both very interested in cricket, which accounted for our being allowed to go.

How they found out that I played cricket I don't know, as Don, who was also a cricketer, was never asked to take part in any game, though he would have been a valuable addition to the "British Sailing Ships" eleven.

Our eleven assembled about 1.30, at the Institute, and were taken over by the ferry to Oakland by Mr. Karney, one of the two clergymen of the Institute.

We had a most exciting match, just beating our opponents by two runs. Both teams were very, very scratch; the Californian Club were the best side, and as half their men were base-batters, their fielding was superb.

The wicket was on cocoanut matting and concrete, and the ball came along plain and easy, but the out-fielding was very difficult, being very sandy and almost rocky ground in places.

The scoring was not very high, I managed to notch 11 and 24 in my two innings, getting caught beautifully each time by a base-batter in the deep field.

After a most enjoyable game, in which we *Royalshires* well accounted for our fair share of runs and wickets, we crossed to Frisco again, and sat down to a huge tea at the Institute.

Few people know what splendid work the Institute to British Seamen is performing all over the world, and in no place more than in Frisco, where it has perhaps more to contend against than anywhere else.

It is chiefly apprentices whom it benefits; and but for it, I am sure, many and many an apprentice, but an ignorant boy fresh from his

English home, would have gone utterly to the bad in the great seaport towns of the world.

If an apprentice runs away from his ship, the clergymen of the Institute search until they find him, and over and over again persuade him to return. Even if they cannot persuade him to go to sea again, they go to endless trouble to get him a job on shore, or arrange to send him home.

These institutes are like clubs, where apprentices can spend their evenings reading, playing billiards, or with music, or even gymnastics or boxing; and but for them the apprentices would loaf about the town, spending their money in all kinds of sailor's hells and dance halls, where they would run great dangers, not only of being stripped of every cent they possess, but even their clothes, and could count themselves lucky if they got safe back to their ship with a whole skin; this, without speaking of the unmentionable experiences of drink and women, they would have in such haunts of vice.

There is no more dangerous waterfront in the world than that of Frisco; many a mate or apprentice has disappeared never to be seen alive again, and often his body would be found, stripped and mutilated, floating in the Sacramento.

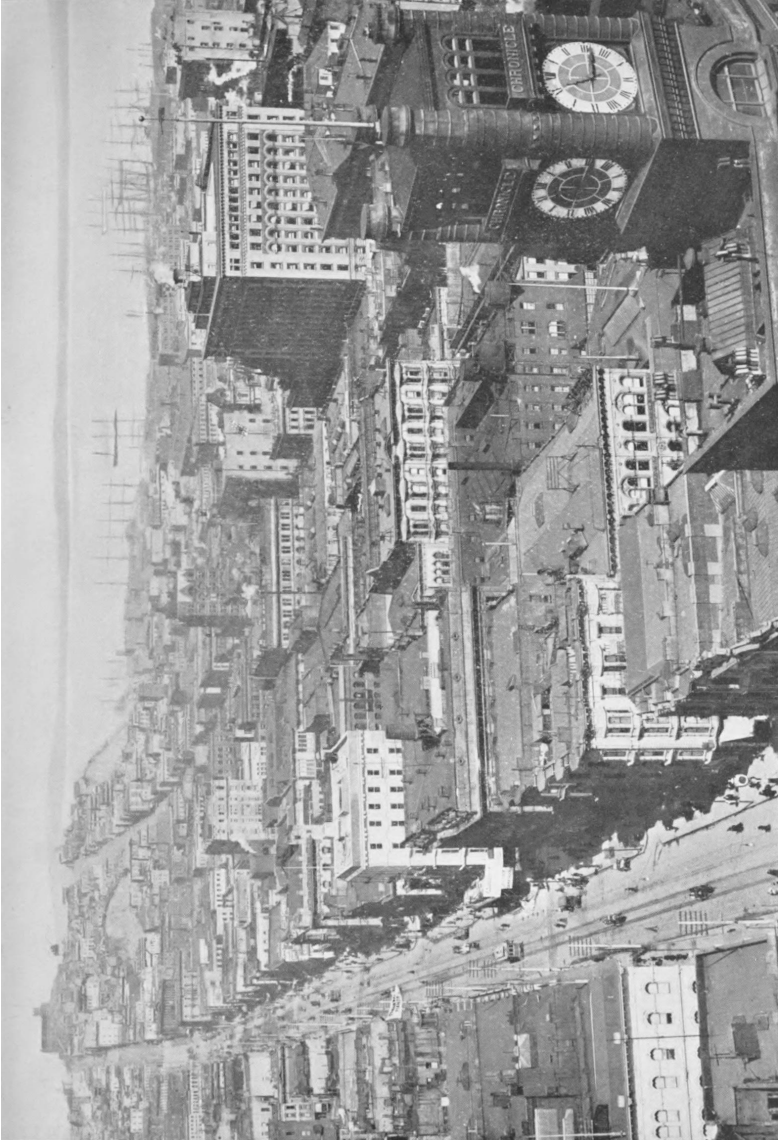
Not only is the Institute a refuge for mates and apprentices, but sailormen of every nationality are welcome there.

Most nights they provide you with a splendid tea for the huge sum of five cents, and certain nights a week the tea is extra fine, and is free. Once a week a very good concert takes place, in which both outsiders and talented ones amongst the ships perform.

As for the clergymen at Frisco who carry on this noble work, mere words cannot express the admiration I feel for them.

Their daily duties require an infinity of tact, dogged perseverance, and courage, not to despair at some of the setbacks they get. They have to be hardened to every kind of insult; such an incident as being kicked off a Yankee floating hell, or having to use their fists in a real stand-up fight, being by no means unusual in their daily work.

They have to contend against the crimps and boarding-house masters, the saloon and dance-hall keepers, all of whom stick at nothing from bribing and perjury to cutting throats.



FRISCO

Frisco is one mass of gambling hells, dance-halls, low drinking-saloons, and such like places, which only keep going by bribing the highest in authority to the lowest.

The policemen pay 500 dollars for their posts, so lucrative are they in bribes and blood-money.

So much for the Institute to British Seamen, and the extraordinary good work it is doing; of course it scatters tracts a bit, but the tract-mongers at home send them out for distribution, and there would be a terrible row if they found out that they were not distributed.

No one hates a tract maniac more than myself, with their absurdly and often blasphemously worded literature; of course they are pretty harmless, except that they bother and worry poor strangers with their everlasting cant.

I was once in a railway carriage with a tract maniac and another man. The maniac started straight away assuring the other man that he was bound to go straight to hell if he did not mend his ways, at the same time pressing various coloured tracts into the man's unwilling hands.

At last the worm turned.

"I guess, stranger," he said, "these here be my passports to that there hell that you say I am going to sure."

(But I am clean off the line altogether, and must make a cast back and see if I can pick up the scent again.)

Well, I was talking about the Institute. There is no doubt that this tract-scattering has done the institutes a great deal of harm and gained them a bit of a bad name in places; but this is the fault of the spindle-legged, black-gloved tract fraternity at home, not the fault of the hard-working, fearless, and undaunted clergymen stationed at the different institutes.

The Institute at Frisco, for instance, in no way thrusts religion upon you. It did not matter whether you were a Hindoo Lascar, a Mahomedan Arab, or a Heathen Chineese, you get the same welcome.

On Sundays there was a Church of England service in the Institute, which you attended or you didn't just as you chose.

To Messrs. Karney and O'Rorke, the gallant workers in Frisco, go my heartfelt thanks for their many and great kindnesses to me, and my very best wishes that their great work may prosper—that work of

helping and looking after the great company of our British mercantile marine.

Sunday, 16th July.—How I did enjoy our long lie in bed, my bed being especially more comfortable than anybody else's, for I slept in my cariboo-skin sleeping-bag. This bag I got at a bargain. I gave a pair of 12-lb. blankets for it to a man who was camped alongside me at Lake Bennett, on the way into the Klondyke. The very next day I was offered sixty dollars for it, but it was worth a great deal more than that, and but for it I should have been in a bad way many a time.

I have slept on ice in it, and have crawled into it on the muddy floor of a log hut, through the leaky roof of which the rain poured down; in the morning I found the bag in a pool of water, but inside I was quite dry. Where would blankets, even with waterproof sheets, have been in a case like that?

This bag was made in Newfoundland by the Indians from the skins of a couple of cariboo deer, sewn together with the sinews of the animal, and Indian cured.¹

In the very cold weather in the Klondyke, I used to fill it as tight as it would pack with blankets, and, with my head covered up, slept out in the open with the thermometer well on the wrong side of zero.

The nipper came and turned Don and myself out at 8 A.M. to hoist the ensign and house flag, as it was Sunday.

Don and I spent the morning washing clothes, a regular Sunday occupation on board ship as it is in camp.

In the afternoon we went ashore, and taking a car went into the park and listened to the band, which was an excellent one; and in the evening we looked into the Olympia, a free music hall where, provided you spent five cents on a glass of beer, you could sit comfortably and smoke whilst a first-class variety show was performed before you.

Monday, 17th July.—Cleaning the stringers all day, and getting into fine condition. Karney came on board to-day to ask me to dine with him, and was rather amused when he was shown a blackfaced, grimy ruffian, in very dirty dungarees and a slouch hat.

¹I have since found this bag invaluable whilst at the front in South Africa.



MARKET STREET AND CALL BUILDING

I shall never forget that dinner though: he took me to the top of the "Call" building, where there is a very good restaurant.

Here, added to an excellent dinner, you get a superb view over Frisco in every direction; but I had come to eat, and eat I did, everything in the *table-d'hôte*, and countless plates of nice white bread and butter, neither of which I had even seen on board the *Royalshire*.

My favourite dish on the West Coast of America is "hot cakes and maple syrup," not "flapjacks" made out of flour, baking powder, and water, on which one lives in the Klondyke, but batter cakes, smoking hot, and smothered in butter and maple syrup.

You can get as much as you can eat of these, with a good cup of coffee to wash them down, for ten cents at any restaurant in Frisco, and they are very satisfying to a hungry man, filling up the corners so well!

Every night when Don and I wander ashore after the day's work is over, we have a go of hot cakes, and sometimes more.

Unfortunately, we are running rather short of ready cash, and so are economising rigidly; Don's boots have fallen off his feet in pieces, so we had to provide him with new ones, and now all our spare cash is to go for jam and plum puddings!

Tuesday, 18th July.—Cleaning coal out of the stringers all day. The darky steward has cleared out, and a German has appeared, who, according to himself is a man of vast attraction and many parts, and his wonderful stock of lies would make even Kruger or Li Hung Chang green with envy.

Wednesday, 19th July.—The after and main holds are now quite clean after a hard day's work.

There is a concert every Wednesday at the Institute, and performers from the ships are eagerly sought after.

Don and I went to-day for the first time, and Don proved a great catch, as he has a vast *répertoire* of songs, comic and otherwise, and accompanies himself.

We found that the two favourites with sailors are "Tommy Atkins" and "Eliza 'Awkins."

It was a very amusing concert, and ended with a hauling chanty, that good old stager "Blow, Boys, Blow," all hands tailing on to the

end of the rope, and running three fat apprentices up by means of a hook in the ceiling and a block and tackle.

Thursday, 20th July.—My only entry in my log to-day was a most important one, namely, “We laid in a stock of jam.” This jam Don and I meant to keep until we got to sea; but, alas, when we finally did sail, there were only four small pots left.

Friday, 21st July.—At work to-day cleaning out the bilges in the after and main holds. This is a most filthy job; the bilges are filled with a thick, greeny-yellow fluid, the refuse of the different cargoes, case oil, rotten wheat, etc. We have to shovel it out with anything we can get hold of, empty sardine tins being at a premium, and where it is thicker and more foul than usual you have to use your hands in scooping it out.

Someone stands at the opening of the hatch and hauls the buckets up as fast as they are filled, dumping the foul muck overboard into the bay, which, if you please, supplies the city with water.

By the time that we had been six hours at this, the water all round the ship was covered by a mass of slimy, yellow and green decayed matter, which smelt worse than anything I have ever smelt yet.

The four-mast barque *Earl of Dunmore* came into the wharf next to us this morning, fifty-two days from Newcastle, Australia. She is nothing like such a fine ship as the *Royalshire*; though her tonnage is greater, her masts and spars are half the size of ours. She is a Glasgow-built ship, like the *Royalshire*, and is overrun by a wild crowd of Scotch apprentices.

Saturday, 22nd July.—The *Marlboro’ Hill* which has been lying in the stream for several days trying to get a crew, has at last got one.

This fine four-mast barque had a very bad name, and her crew ran directly she arrived in Frisco; and the mate, having had a row with the captain, left her also.

Her old man has the reputation of being a very hard nut, and some people thought he would be months without getting a crew, as men are very scarce just now.

Every Saturday afternoon we wash down decks fore and aft, and put everything into spick and span order for Sunday.

We are waiting now for our "stiffening," as we dare not take our last 400 tons of coals out until we get a like weight of grain, as there is no ballast to speak of, and the ship might turn turtle on the way up to Port Costa if there happened to be a fair breeze blowing.

All ships loading grain from Frisco have to go up the Sacramento and load at Port Costa and Crockett, where the railway deposits the grain.

Our cargo, it is rumoured, is to be barley, so we shall be a light ship, and probably cranky.

We had a merry evening at the Institute, singing and feeding, Don being to the fore with a new lot of songs.

Sunday, 23rd July.—Delicious weather, sunshine and blue sky, without being too hot. As usual, I spent the morning washing clothes.

I dined with O'Rorke, the boss sky-pilot at the Institute; he is an old Etonian, and I am not certain if he was not at Eton with me.

The first time he saw me, I was as black as a sweep, shovelling coal; but he spotted a faded Eton Rambler ribbon on my dirty old slouch hat, and inquiring from the captain, found out who I was. Once before, up in the Klondyke, my faded Rambler ribbon caused me to make the acquaintance of a fellow old Etonian.

The new mate of the *Marlboro' Hill*, which sails to-morrow, was also dining with O'Rorke. He seems to have had a hard time with his new men. He found the ship swarming with wild apprentices, who had been having a fine time, with no one to keep them in order; and of his new crew, hardly a man has been to sea before; most of them are farm hands, and six of them had to be put in irons at once, including two ex-clergymen and two ex-bartenders.

He said they had great trouble bending sail, and took the whole of Saturday afternoon bending the mainsail.

With such a crew as that, a captain and his mates must use strong measures if they hope ever to get their ship safe home; but the fault is generally the captain's if he cannot get sailors to ship, and has to pay blood-money to the boarding-house keepers to "shanghai" farm hands and dead-beats aboard.

But this is a big subject, and few people know that this sort of thing still goes on in big ports like Frisco, New York, and Philadelphia.

Very different to that of the *Marlboro' Hill* was the case of the *Benares*, another Scotch four-mast barque, a magnificent ship with several record passages to her credit.

She left about a week ago with every man on board a Britisher, and the same crew that she had left England with.

This, of course, was a great feather in her captain's hat, for most crews run at Frisco, as A.B. wages are four pounds a month out of Frisco, as compared with two pounds ten out of British ports.

It is nothing unusual, either, for a ship to sail with several of her crew in irons. The *Royalshire* sailed from Philadelphia this very voyage with half her men in irons.

The second mate told me of a ship sailing out of Philadelphia, whose crew were shipped on board drunk, and were chucked into the sail-locker and shut in there by her two mates, who were both very strong men. After keeping them there for twenty-four hours, the two mates went in amongst them with belaying pins and laid about the poor devils with such effect, that the sails they were lying upon were soon covered with blood, and two of the victims succumbed to their injuries.

There are quantities of stories of this kind, but nearly always on Yankee ships; for on board a British ship a sailor can get justice in port, and a captain or mate knows he will get heavy punishment for brutality.

A British ship came in here yesterday from Cape Town, where her mate had been hanged for killing a man during the passage there.

One of the biggest bits of brutality I have heard of, was the case of an apprentice on a ship outward bound round the Horn.

This poor little chap was shut in the hencoop with the hens for the whole passage of one hundred and fifty days, and was never allowed to come out, even to wash himself. When the ship arrived in Frisco, the boy was in a truly pitiable condition; but I am glad to say that the captain and mates got it very hot, as the case was taken into court.

There is even a still more terrible case of a boy who was lashed to the mizen fife-rail all through the bitter passage round the Horn. It was a wonder that he did not die of exposure; for to be wet and half-drowned in that awful weather, day after day, night after night, unable to lie down to rest, unable to sit or even stand on account of the seas

continually washing his feet from under him, this terrible experience many a strong man would not have survived.

It was a wonder that the boy kept his senses, but he lived through it all, only to die before getting into port, from neglected cold and pneumonia contracted whilst lashed up thus off the Horn.

If ever a boy was murdered it was that boy. On some of the Yankee hell ships the things that go on are almost incredible, and the captains have to be skilled surgeons to cope with the work of destruction wrought by their mates.

Legs and arms broken were considered nothing, ribs stamped in by heavy sea-boots had to mend as best they could, faces smashed like rotten apples by iron belaying pins had to get well or fear worse treatment, eyes closed up by a brawny mate's fist had to see. There have been many instances of men triced up in the rigging, stripped, and then literally skinned alive with deck-scrapers.

Thus the reputation of American ships has got so bad that none but a real tough citizen, or a stolid, long-suffering Dutchman (as sailors call all Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, or Russian Finns), will ship in them.

On board these "down-easters" and "blue-nose" craft, where discipline is enforced by a plentiful use of belaying-pin, knuckle-duster, and boot, the work done is stupendous, and the ship is certainly kept in a wonderfully trim state.

Of course there is also a certain amount to be said on the side of the captains and mates, as nowadays some crews are composed of such villainous scoundrels, that unless you take a high hand with them, and show you are not to be trifled with, they would soon take advantage of what they would call a "softy," and a reign of terror would begin, any sort of discipline would be impossible, the men would do just as much work as they felt inclined for, and they would openly sneer and scoff at you if ordered to do anything they did not wish.

Monday, 24th July.—Thank goodness, we have finished with the hold for the present, and to-day we are all over the side on stages, chipping the rust off the plates preparatory to giving the ship a coat of paint.

This is a very pleasant change, and it is quite delicious working in the open air and sunshine after the gloom of the stuffy hold. But now,

instead of getting our eyes filled with coal-dust, they get bombarded by bits of rusty iron.

Chips wears goggles for protection; and I tried to find my snow goggles, but not being able to, had to do without.

Chipping is not nearly so simple as it looks. To begin with, the hammers are by no means light, and I found that at the end of my first day's chipping, my wrist was very stiff.

If you hit too hard, you make dents in the iron; if you hit too soft, you get nothing done.

Don and I, though we worked like furies, found that we could not keep up with the others, who did not seem to be working hard at all.

We started chipping from the port bow, and as soon as a plate was chipped and rubbed smooth, it was immediately painted.

We were a very cheerful party. Don and I started singing choruses at the top of our pipes in time to the chipping. The mate, who was prowling about the deck, came to the side and watched us in amazement, but said nothing.

The second mate, who is a real white man, does not mind, though his language is often forcible. Rowland, who had been degraded from his post of night watchman because he was ashore till two o'clock one night, joined in with a will, and Mac, the fourth mate, was also induced to tune up when he saw that nothing happened.

Chip! chip! chip! And it's Blow, my bully boys, blow! As we were not under the eyes of the mate the whole time, we slipped in an occasional smoke, and, in fact, thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

This evening Don and I went to see *Heartsease* played at the Columbia Theatre. The piece was well put on, and well acted. To my great surprise, the pathetic bits moved Don to tears, and he insists that he must go again; it is wonderful what delight a piece gives some people if it is tragic enough to make them cry.

Tuesday, 25th July.—Still chipping and painting all day. My hands, which were very sore, are now quite healed and hardened up, and I am as fit as a fiddle, and ready for anything.

Don went off this evening, with Rowland in tow, to see *Heartsease* again.

Wednesday, 26th July.—Again chipping and painting.

We are waiting anxiously for our stiffening, which may turn up at any minute, as we have to go over to Oakland Creek to discharge the rest of our coal.

Don and I, on coming on board this evening from the shore, found Johnsen, the sailmaker, camped down in our forecastle, and trying to get to sleep in the bunk next to Don's.

This man is a very queer character: he is very silent, and rarely says a word, though he speaks English very well: he is a Swede, and an excellent sailor, but a more unpopular scoundrel never sailed the seas. He has got a villainous face, with queerish eyes; and, owing probably to two severe falls from aloft, he is not all there. He is exceedingly suspicious, and thinks everybody is trying to do him a bad turn.

As he is such a good sailor, the old man, on losing his sailmaker, offered him the job, which he accepted, and moved into the midship-house, where Chips (who is a Russian Finn) and our German cook live.

But now, for some reason or other, he has refused to go home as sailmaker, and has come back into the forecastle, meaning to come home as an A.B.

Such is our queer, new mate in the forecastle. I must say he does not interfere with Don and myself in any way, even getting his own grub from the galley, which an A.B. expects an O.S. to do for him.

Thursday, 27th July.—Oh, joyful sight! On turning out this morning, we found four lighters alongside with our 400 tons of stiffening on board.

Before knocking off this evening, we cockbilled the lower yards, as we are going to be towed over to Oakland Creek to-morrow morning to discharge the rest of our coal, and the yards have to be cockbilled, apparently to clear the top of the coal sheds.

As this is our last day in Frisco for some time, I took the second mate, Don, and Rowland, to dinner at the top of the "Call," and afterwards to see *Heartsease* again.

Oakland Creek and Port Costa

Friday, 28th July.—We were turned out at 3.30, and started un-mooring ship in the dark; no light work, shorthanded as we are. The tug was soon fast alongside, however, and away we went for Oakland Creek.

The early rising had a bad effect on the captain's temper. He started letting it off in loud tones to the pilot about what a — fool of a mate he had got. This was on account of the yards not being cockbilled quite high enough.

This was said so that the whole ship's crew and tugboat could hear. The mate happened to be forward superintending the cockbilling of the fore-yard a bit higher.

"I'm d—d if I'd stand that," shouts the second mate at the top of his voice to the mate, in plain hearing of the old man; nor did he.

Aft came the mate, not stopping until he was within talking distance, but shouting at the old man as he came along, and letting him have it hot and thick. The old man roared back, and for a minute or so they went at it in rare style, much to the delight of the rest of us.

"I won't stand it, Captain Bailey; I'm d—d if I will, and so I tell ye."

"Didn't I tell ye to cockbill the yards last night, d—n it? but I can't trust ye, I can't trust ye: what good are ye, what use are ye?"

"I know my duty, Captain Bailey, and I do it;" and the mate had his say. At last the mate went forward again to his cockbilling, and then the old man thundered out to the second mate, who was under the break of the poop.

"Mr. Knowles, come up here!" and then another furious row began. These two had been at loggerheads most of the voyage, both had tempers of the hottest description; the second mate was afraid of no man, and what's more, did not care what he said, and he used to make the old man almost foam at the mouth, by laughing when he was cursing him.

On the passage from Japan, the old man had shut him up in his cabin for a week—this, by the way, is a not uncommon punishment for young second mates.

Well, at it they went, and I heard every word, as, unknown to the old man, I happened to be doing something on the other side of the wheel-house.

“You are the worst b—dy second mate I ever had!” thundered the old man.

The second mate laughed.—He had a laugh when his temper was up which would have made an angel grind his teeth.

“D—d mutinous dog.”

This burst the torrent of the second mate’s language, and the air was sulphurous for a bit.

“I’ll put you in irons! I’ll put you in irons!” yelled the old man, shaking his fist in the other’s face.

“Two of you could not do it; I defy you! d’you hear, I defy you!” and the second mate glowered over the old man, with clenched fists and quivering nostrils.

At last they talked themselves out, and the second mate left the poop.

Turning round, the old man found Rowland and myself coiling down a line behind the chart-house. Rowland was just out of his time, and had served the whole of it under Captain Bailey in the *Royalshire*, and so knew him pretty well by this time.

“Ever cockbilled yards before?” growled the old man sarcastically to Rowland.

“Yes, sir, in mid-Atlantic this voyage,” said Rowland, referring to the cyclone the *Royalshire* was caught in, in the Western Ocean on her way to Philadelphia from Hamburg, in which both her fore and cross-jack port lifts carried away, and the yards were cockbilled as they had never been before. They had a narrow squeak of it; all three topsails and the foretopmast staysail were blown out of the bolt-ropes, and for some seconds the ship was on her beam ends.

But to return, whilst the skipper raved on the poop, we were being towed over to Oakland Creek, and the dawn was not yet.

Presently there was another row, for Mac was overheard by the old man as he cursed him in the foulest language under the break of the poop.

Up Mac had to go on to the poop, and stand up against the old man's wrath.

He and Scar the third mate, who is now acting as night watchman, are both very down on the old man, because he won't let them go home *via* New York.

Like Rowland, they are both just out of their time; the old man has made them third and fourth mates, but they want him to pay their passage home by New York, as they do not want to waste the time by going home in the ship. Rowland hopes to go home by New York, as his people are going to send the money out.

On arriving in Oakland Creek, we found a wretched three-masted schooner in our berth, so we had to moor ship a hundred yards off the sheds.

How sick we did get of mooring ship and unmooring ship. Our whole ship's company at present is only nine for working purposes: the four mates, Rowland, Chips, Johnsen, Don, myself, and the nipper, who is only sixteen. Mooring a big ship like the *Royalshire* is pretty heavy work for eight men and a boy.

Talk about "sea serpents," I know what they are now—"wire mooring-lines."

These devils incarnate will go any way but the way you want them to go: as a rule they prefer lying in a tangled knotted heap on the deck. If you try to coil them down neatly, they spring into action at once; one bight trips you up, whilst another knocks you over the head and lays you flat on the deck; a third giving you a gentle rap across the wrist, which nearly breaks it.

Then if they have been in the water, they have probably found bottom somehow, and come out covered with slimy mud, which they immediately wipe off on you.

They jam in the hawse pipes, they serge, and in fact play the devil in every way they can think of. The consequence is, that mooring the *Royalshire* is usually done by eight blaspheming, perspiring ruffians, muddy and bruised, and soaking wet.

For some reason or other, we always had to moor or unmoor ship in the early morning, or late at night in pitch darkness, which certainly did not improve matters.

Well, by eight bells, 8 A.M., we had got the *Royalshire* snugly moored; but no sooner had we cleaned ourselves and gulped down our

slumgullion than we were turned to to warp the ship further up the wharf, as another ship wanted to come in where we were lying.

This meant slacking away our stern lines, and taking our head lines to the capstan.

Four hands were all we could spare on the capstan to move the 2000-ton ship, with 600 tons of coal and the stiffening, about fifty yards against the stream.

We did it somehow; how long we took I don't know, but I shan't forget those hours at the windlass, fighting for every inch.

The second mate, Don, Johnsen, and myself, were on the bars.

"Heave and she must, heave and she will!" sung the mate; but devil a bit of it.

As soon as we had got her moored again, we were turned out to cleaning out the stringers in the fore-hold.

Just across the creek lies an old-time South Sea whaler, and from the look of her lines she must be at least fifty years old.

She had a regular old-fashioned stern, with great windows surrounded by ornamentation gilt work. Her boats, to the number of four, were slung out on wooden davits; her jibboom had a great hoist to it, and was very lengthy compared to the iron spars which form the bowsprits of modern sailing-ships. Her decks were flush fore and aft; there was the usual brick-built "tryworks" amidships, and a small galley forward. She had long topmasts and stump topgallant masts, and her topgallant yards were on deck.

I was very much interested in her—a last survivor of an almost vanished type of ship, whose business in the Great South Seas was at one time a source of great wealth to "down-east" owners.

In the days of their prime, these South Sea whalers constantly came into port after a three years' voyage with a fortune in their hold.

The record whaling cruise, I believe, was that of the New Bedford South Seaman *Onward*, which, after forty-one months at sea, stocked 275,000 dollars. But, like many other good old sea trades, the day has passed; whales have been thinned out and killed off, and it no longer pays, and a South Sea whaler is now a very great rarity.

Saturday, 29th July.—Early this morning we were again turned out of our berth, and had to move farther up.

Johnsen is getting quite talkative in the fore-castle, and yarned away last night for some time to Don and myself.

He has tried to educate himself a bit, and thinks he knows a good deal about languages. He told us some very queer and bloodthirsty yarns about his sprees in New York and other parts of the world.

They generally had some deep joke in them, which he would chuckle over for hours, but Don and I always seemed to miss the point.

He has got a sea-chest which he bought in China, and which he is very proud of. Somebody on the last passage broke the lock and stole the lid, so now he is very much on the alert lest Don or I should try and repeat the performance.

He has bought some wood, and spends most of his spare time trying to make a new lid. It is bothering him a good deal, and we found him cursing like fury two days ago, as, after all his trouble, he found he had made his lid a bit too small, so now he is hard at work making another one.

Don and I often go and sit in the half-deck of an evening now, and yarn away with the nipper, Rowland, and Mac.

This half-deck, as it is called, is a kind of deck cabin under the break of the poop.

It is the abode of the apprentices, and, though none too large, has seven bunks in it.

It is pretty well blocked up now with the curios they all bought in Japan. Each man bought a tea-set, besides sword-sticks, fishing-rods, vases, Chinese puzzles, and other curios. The nipper also has got a canary, which he hopes to get safely to England.

The occupants of the half-deck at present are Scar, MacDenny, Rowland, and the nipper. There was another apprentice, who is at present in hospital in Frisco.

He fell from aloft one dirty night whilst making the spanker fast, and landed face down on a skylight. It was a wonder he was not killed; his jaw was broken, his face cut to ribbons, and his skull nearly cracked, but he is slowly recovering.

The others all swear by him. He appears to have been a very fine sailorman, strong as a bull, good-tempered, and fearless.

Sunday, 30th July.—Turned to at 5.30 A.M., and warped ship down to the coal bunkers, the schooner having departed. Finished mooring ship at 8.30.

After breakfast, Rowland and I went off to play cricket for the California Cricket Club against the Pacific C.C. in a cup match, both of us having been made honorary members.

Neither of us helped them much, and we got badly beaten. After the match Don, Rowland, and I went and had a swim in the magnificent baths they have here.

Don holds several swimming records both in California and in England, having taught swimming in the famous Frisco baths, the finest in the world. He has a lot of diving tricks, and is really a beautiful performer.

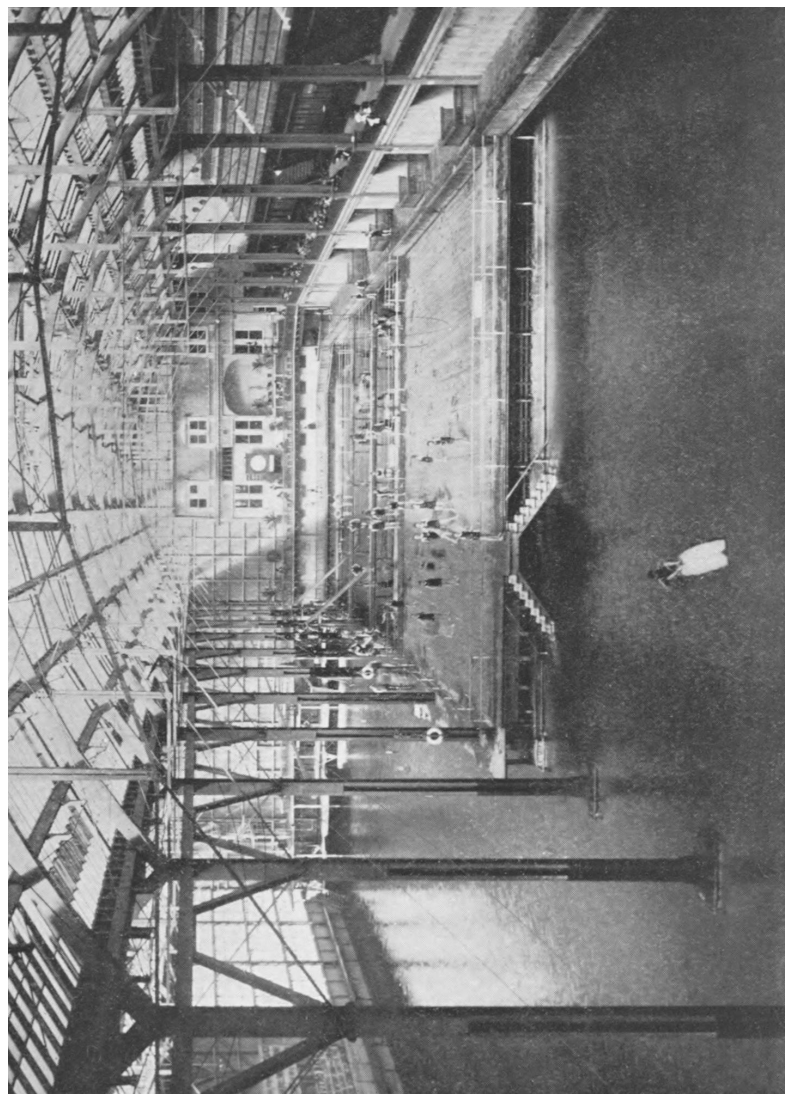
After our swim we wanted our usual go of hot cakes, but though we searched Oakland high and low, we could not get them. Apparently in Oakland they only eat them for breakfast.

Monday, 31st July.—I had the dirtiest day's work I have ever had to-day. Directly we had got the stringers clean as the last of our coal was taken out, we were turned to cleaning bilges again. These bilges forward were far worse than those aft; the smell was worse than any smell I have ever smelt, and you could not help getting covered with the awful stuff as you shovelled it into the buckets with your hands. Once a full bucket, when half hauled up, fell, and scattered the muck all over us, and I can tell you it made some of us feel queer. When we had the bilges clean, we plastered them, and this filthy job lasted until knock-off time.

They tell me that when the ship gets home she will have her bilges full again and the grain will have grown over a foot high in them.

Tuesday, 1st August.—Turned to at 3.30 A.M. unmoored and towed off to Port Costa, or to be exact, Crockett, which is about a mile nearer than Port Costa.

Chips and his mate from the shore have got all the after and main hold lined with planks ready for loading grain, and are busy now on the fore-hold, and all the lumber that I sent on board from the wharf in Frisco is fast being used up.



FRISCO SWIMMING BATHS

We are busy on a much cleaner job to-day, that of nailing down old sails and canvas over the lining in the hold, according to regulations.

Many were the growls when, on arriving at Crockett, we found our berth again occupied, and we have got to wait until the other ship has finished loading.

The captain has allowed Don and myself to come aft into the half-deck, a rare piece of luck; so we brought all our truck aft this evening, and took possession of two empty lower bunks.

Our first night in the half-deck was not a nice one, as it was very hot and close, and the mosquitoes were awful, biting like fury; they were half the size of Klondyke mosquitoes, but twice as vicious.

Too hot to sleep in my bag any longer, so have turned it inside out to lie upon.

Wednesday, 2nd August.—We finished chipping this morning, and all hands are over the side on stages, busy painting. I always thought “slap, dab, dash” painting of this sort was easy enough, but I soon found out my mistake.

A modern sailorman has to be an expert with the paint-pot, and the mates of course have to understand how to mix the different paints.

It is wonderful how much paint a smart ship consumes in a voyage.

Well, I started work painting our beautiful figure-head white, and thought I was doing very well; but when I had finished it, Chips had to come along and do it all again. After this the old man was constantly pointing out bits of bad painting as he came along the wharf, and they generally turned out to be my doing.

Don had been in the “slap-dab” trade before, and rather fancied himself, and the only person on board who attempted to rival me in bad painting was the nipper.

Painting is reckoned one of the nicest jobs on board ship, and most sailors are extremely neat, quick painters. I was all right at little tricky jobs, but when it came to putting the paint smoothly on a big plate, I was done.

This evening we walked down the line to Port Costa, where there is a small branch of the Institute. Here we met a number of apprentices off the other ships loading, marvellous specimens some of them.

A very kind old lady ran the branch, and after an evening spent in song, gave us a very good tea—the great attraction, of course, and

one that was well earned, as the Institute was at the top of a hill with a regular breakneck climb up to it, and a nice time we had coming down it one or two pitch-dark nights. Walking back to the ship along the railway track was not a very pleasant job on a pitch-dark night, with trains coming along every few minutes, and grain-trucks being shunted about.

The second mate of one of the ships had an adventure which provided us with laughter for some time. As a whole lot of us were sitting yarning in the half-deck, he came staggering in, evidently full of nose-pain, and with his trousers pulled up above his knees.

"My God, boys, I can run, an' so I tell ye. I'll run any man for fthifthy poundths."

"Why, what the devil have you been doing now?"

"I've just—ah, let me see, I forgeth—oh yeth, I've justh beaten the bloomen thrain; that'th so'th, boys. I was down sitting on th' thrack over ath Port Costa, when I sees a thrain a comin' righth on top o' me; well, boyths, will ye believ' thi't, but I justh pulled up ma' throuters like this, see,—d'ye see, ye with the uglith mug,—are you lookin', you, eh? ugly?"

"Aye, mate, I'm lookin'."

"Do ye want'th to fighth; if tho, I'm ye man, d'ye hear, ugly? I can fighth the blasted world, I can." He was beginning to get bellicose, and was right off his subject, leering round and shaking his fist at us all as we roared with laughter.

"What about the train, mate; did it catch ye?" asked somebody.

"Did it catch'th me? ye say; did it catch'th me? I should smile. Why, I giv'th a whoop, an' away I goes for Crocketh quicker 'an flyin; an' here I am—the blasted thrain ain't got here yet. Run! I can run!" and he pulled his trousers up higher, and put himself into position to run a hundred yards. We spent a hilarious night, heedless of heat and mosquitoes, on the top of this yarn, and finally had to put the crack runner to bed.

We never found out the truth of this yarn. I expect really he ran from a stationary lot of cars, thinking they were a train after him, or else some carriages being shunted started him off.

Thursday, 3rd August.—The other ship finished loading yesterday, and went off; so early this morning we warped down into position, and started loading barley.

How those stevedores did work!—the heavy bags of grain being simply poured down the shoots into the hold, where they were immediately shouldered by great burly half-naked men, who packed them as tight as possible in tiers and rows.

I now had a new job. Chips and I crawled about over the bags as they were stowed, with our knives “bleeding” them, that is to say we ripped them open, and poured grain into all the chinks and crevices.

The stevedores were as rough a crew of men as I had seen anywhere, and their chaff amongst one another was of the wildest and coarsest description, and several times small fights arose and even knives were drawn, but with no dangerous results.

One man hove some grain in another’s face by way of a joke, but the other did not see it, as, growling out that he wasn’t going to be blinded, he hurled his knife across the ’tween-decks at the other; it missed the man by a hair-breadth, and stuck, quivering, into a bag of grain by his side.

Friday, 4th August.—The mosquitoes were very hungry all night, and made a great repast.

Last night the captain had a party on board, the result of which was that the new steward got “whole seas over,” and kicked up such a row in the half-deck that the old man wanted to know about it in the morning; and as he could not find out the truth of the matter, put it down on Don, whom he regards as a real wrong ’un.

After work to-day, all hands from the mate down, except the Dutchmen, went overboard for a swim; but it was dangerous work, as the tide and current of the Sacramento are very tricky and strong, and full of eddies.

Chips brought out a little 30.30 Winchester carbine, and we had some shooting at bottles.

I had one of these guns up in the Klondyke, and was delighted with it. I can’t say much for sailors as shots, but Scar was the worst of the lot, and could not go within a hundred yards of the target, besides letting the gun off by mistake, and scaring us out of our lives.

Saturday, 5th August.—The old man gave Rowland, the nipper, and myself, leave to go and play cricket in Frisco for the “British Sailing Ships” against the Australian boat R.M.S. *Moana*.

We played up in the park on a grass wicket, and for a wonder it was a very cold, damp day. I only got 12, and was rather annoyed getting out, as the old man, who is a keen cricketer, was looking on.

Rowland and the nipper, however, distinguished themselves, getting 28 and 18 respectively, and we of the *Royalshire* contingent beat the *Moana* off our own bat, besides getting most of the wickets, so we did not do so badly.

Sunday, 6th August.—Karney of the Institute very kindly put the nipper and myself up for the night, as we had not got to get back to the *Royalshire* until Sunday night, so as to be in time to begin work on the following morning.

What a luxury sleeping between sheets seemed. I did not go to sleep at first, because I felt so comfortable, and wanted to prolong the enjoyment, and revel in it as long as I could.

A member of the Olympic Club took us there in the morning, and we had a fine swim, followed by a big lunch, at which I ate a whole porterhouse steak, much to the amazement of our host. We caught the seven o'clock train back to Crockett.

Monday, 7th August.—Still at work bleeding grain bags, whilst the others are painting the ship.

Amongst the ships loading-up here is the *Queen Margaret*, a sky-sail-yard four-mast barque, with a great reputation for speed and good treatment. She is a very fast sailer, and is expected to get home first out of the whole fleet. Her apprentices actually get eggs and bacon for breakfast in port: who ever heard of such a luxury?

Close to her is the *Almora*, a three-mast barque, with a greater carrying capacity than the *Royalshire*, but so slow that she will be very lucky if she gets home in one hundred and fifty days. She is such a hungry ship, that even in the cabin they do not get butter or marmalade.

Tuesday, 8th August.—Don and I went aloft for the first time to-day, as we have started bending sail.

The first sail to be bent was the fore-royal, and so there was no chance of approaching matters by degrees. We neither of us found any difficulty, however, except that perhaps at first we were a bit more careful, and kept a good hold.

On the royal-yard I found that I was much too long in the leg for the foot-ropes, so that my knees came above the yard, and I was in danger of losing my balance and toppling over if I stood up, and if I sat down on the foot-rope I was too low down, so I had to do a kind of kneel to be able to work in any comfort.

We soon found that bending sail shorthanded, with a strong wind in your teeth, was terrific hard work, and most trying to the temper, especially when you are new to the job.

For those who may not know how a square-sail is bent, I may perhaps be permitted to give a short explanation:—

First you have to hoist the sail up by means of a block and gantline until the bunt, which is made fast to the end of the gantline, is well above the yard—(always send up a sail to windward). Then the sail is spread along the yard, head up, and the head-earings passed by the men at each yardarm. Then the buntlines and leech-lines, which are used to clew up the sail, are clinched. Then you tie the head of the sail to the jackstay, which is an iron bar running along the top of the yard. This is done with rovings, lengths of rope yarn, three or more being passed according to whether the sail is a royal, topgallant, topsail, or course; the sheet and the clew-line being shackled on to the clew by the men at the yard-arms. The sail is then picked up and furled by means of the gaskets, short ropes made fast to the jackstay, and wound round and round the sail and yard to hold the sail up when furled.

All this is no easy business for two men on each yardarm and one at the bunt, with the sail dragging and blowing aback and trying to knock you off the foot-ropes, and half a gale of wind in your face.

The old rule on a yard is, “one hand for yourself and one for the ship,” which means, hold on with one hand and work with the other. But if you want to get the work done in a case like this, when so short-handed or in real bad weather, I defy anyone to do much good with only one hand; you soon find yourself using both, extremely dangerous as it is, for the sail has a way of flying up over the yard and hitting you in the face, which, if you have not got fast hold of the backstay, must send you over backwards.

All day we worked like furies, sweating and cursing. The language used up aloft was a revelation to me; never had I heard such thundery and hair-curling expressions before, not even in an American mining camp.

The language of the mates verged from the forcible to the personal, from the picturesque to the lurid; and finally their inventive minds gave way before the strain of coining new words, and their voices, grown husky and broken, gradually lapsed into hoarse murmurings and whispered commands to "hoist away," or "tie up the sail," as the case might be.

There was a kind of fierce enjoyment of it all as we sweated and toiled, struggling desperately, and putting every ounce of strength into the pulling and hauling, such as a man feels in the midst of a hard-fought battle—an exultation that lifted one out of oneself, and enabled one's muscles to accomplish prodigies of strength without feeling the tremendous fatigue and strain.

Occasionally a laugh would be raised at some unfortunate's expense, and chaff flew thick from yardarm to yardarm.

By the end of the day we had bent the fore-royal, two topgallant-sails, and two topsails, and were all well pleased with ourselves, as it was no mean performance with half a gale of wind in our teeth.

The second mate was as active as a cat aloft, and did the work of six men. As for myself, after the first hour or so I felt completely at home, and as if I had been used to swinging on a foot-rope 200 feet above the deck all my life.

Wednesday, 9th August.—No mosquitoes could keep me awake last night, I was so tired.

We bent the main-royal, topgallant sails, and topsails to-day, and did even better work than yesterday; things worked smoother, notwithstanding that the wind was blowing as hard as ever.

My hands, by the way, are now as hard as leather, and all this pulling and hauling has got me into splendid condition.

Don, though, is fifteen years older than I am, and is feeling the hard work rather, especially in his back, and is fairly worn out at the end of every day's work.

We are bending our best sails; these will all have to come down after we have been a few days at sea. We shall bend our old sails for the tropics, and then bend these again for the Horn.

Many landsmen think that one bends one's old sails for the bad weather, and one's best sails for the tropics. But just the opposite is the case.

The old, patched sails that are used in the tropics would fetch away like tissue paper in a hard blow; and in the furious southern blasts and the terrific gales of the Western Ocean, only the very best and strongest canvas is able to withstand the strain.

Thursday, 10th August.—Bent mizen-royal, topgallant sails, top-sails, and foresail. This last was a very heavy job for our small ship's company.

Friday, 11th August.—We finished bending sail to-day with the jibs, staysails, spanker and gaff-topsail.

After work, we were glad to plunge into the Sacramento and have a good swim, Don giving us an exhibition of trick diving.

We had several visitors in the half-deck this evening, and a great sing-song took place, everybody being required to tune up his pipes and sing a song in turn.

Saturday, 12th August.—We had a great treat to-day: the second mate, Mac, Rowland, Don, and myself went off in the lifeboat to get sand, taking a dozen empty grain bags to be filled.

Don and I took a pot of jam and some hard tack, as we started before breakfast; but the second mate had the remains of a cold leg of mutton, and some real bread-and-butter sandwiches.

We rowed about two miles up-stream before we found a suitable sandy bay.

The sand we wanted was good, fine sand, as it was to be used for that most important business on board ship known as "sand and canvassing," which is "rubbing the woodwork clean by means of wet sand and pieces of canvas."

We soon had our bags full, and then began the picnic. How we did enjoy that breakfast on the beach—we even lit a camp fire, though we had nothing to cook on it.

Rowing back was very heavy work against the tide, and the sand bags put the boat very low in the water, added to which, by the time we got alongside she was quite half-full of water. As she had not been in the water for some time, her seams were open, and she leaked so badly that we had to keep a baler going the whole time.

After washing down, I was lucky enough to catch the five o'clock train for Frisco.

Sunday, 13th August.—I played in a cup match for the California C.C. against the Alameda C.C.

We had a very exciting match, and just won by a wicket and 6 runs.

I got 34—top score.

I had supper at the Institute, and caught the seven o'clock train back to Port Costa.

We were greeted by bad news on board the *Royalshire*. The nipper had been bathing with some apprentices off another ship.

He and two of the others could swim, but the third couldn't, so he hung around the shore, until all at once he floundered into a hole. The nipper was the only one near him, and immediately dived for him; the drowning boy caught hold of him as he reached him, and held him under the water in a deadly embrace. The other two came up as quick as they could, and after several dives, managed to fish the nipper, insensible, up to the surface, but the other boy could not be found.

When I arrived on the *Royalshire*, I was told that the nipper was still insensible, having been taken on board another ship, and that the other poor little fellow's body had not been recovered.

Monday, 14th August.—We have finished bending sail for the present, and are busy painting.

The nipper was brought on board this morning, very little the worse; but the other body has not been found yet. Poor little fellow, he seems to have been such a nice little chap, and it was his first voyage.

Friday, 18th August.—Finished loading. The captain is anxious about the trim of the ship, but, except for a slight list to port, we seem to be all right.

About mid-day the tug came alongside. We cast off our lines, and slowly swung into the stream, and away we went again for the great

Bay of Frisco; but this time in sea trim, and loaded nicely down to our marks.

We brought up, and let our anchor go in the bay about six o'clock.

Around us lay several magnificent ships—two four-mast barques, a three-mast barque, and two or three full-rigged ships.

One of the full-rigged ships was a real beauty, a skysail-yard clipper: she had her masts, yards, and blocks painted white, which gave her a very neat and trim appearance aloft.

Soon after we brought up, a scow came off with some stores, chief amongst which was some very fine, new, hard tack, which actually was smoking hot when it came on board.

There were some cabin stores, and some ships' coffee, which Don declares is not coffee at all, and I incline to the belief that it is coloured wood.

Saturday, 19th August.—The second mate, Henderson, Johnsen, the nipper, and myself, swung the captain's gig out this morning, and rowed him and Rowland ashore.

Rowland had got paid off, and said good-bye to us, as he is going home overland.

To-day was our first day's sand and canvasing.

This is the kind of work which you get most of on a sailing-ship, and at the same time is the most disagreeable, especially in bad, cold, and wet weather.

This afternoon more stores came on board.

Sunday, 20th August.—We have no chance of getting ashore, and occupied ourselves turning out and cleaning up the half-deck.

Monday, 21st August.—To-day we bent the mainsail and crossjack in record time for six men.

Tuesday, 22nd August.—Our crew began coming aboard to-day. The first man came alongside about eleven o'clock this morning.

We were at work shifting the bags of barley from the starboard to port, in the fore 'tween-decks.

The man was soon "turned to" carrying the bags.

He was a very small, greyheaded dago, called Yoko, and looked very ill and done up, and it was as much as he could do to lift a grain bag; still he stuck to it, and we were soon chaffing and talking with him.

He was a Peruvian, and thought we were bound for Callao; but when he heard the news that we were bound for Europe, it did not seem to bother him much.

He afterwards turned out to be a good sailor-man, though too old and weak; but he knew his work, and was one of the best men in the port watch.

He had not been working long before he was followed by another dago, who turned out to be a Brazilian. He was a stronger and younger man, but not much of a sailor, and one of the most cheerful men I have run across; everything made him laugh, and when he was not laughing, he was singing.

We had just knocked off for dinner, when two others came aboard: they were only rated as O.S., and had never been to sea before, both being American hobos. The biggest was a strong boy just nineteen, who afterwards took to the life, and learnt everything he could very keenly. The other, who was a year younger, and was a small, weak Canuk, was the drudge of the ship; he boasted that he had never done a day's work in his life, in fact he was a regular good-for-nothing hobo; but he soon found out that he had to work, and all the dirty work in the port watch fell to his portion.

These two, when told to turn to at two bells, came aft to work in stiff collars and boiled shirts, which showed that they had not much experience of hard work.

In the afternoon, boats kept coming off at intervals from the shore, each boat depositing a half-drunk and very decrepit-looking man, who did not at all like paying a dollar for his boat. As yet no Britishers had arrived, though we had scooped in an Arab, a Swiss, a Norwegian, and a Swede.

Wednesday, 23rd August.—Our new steward came on board too drunk to work, so I have been appointed steward for the time being.

This is a slice of luck, as I feed with the second mate in the cabin, and finish up whatever the captain and mate leave.

The captain had someone to supper with him to-night, and was very much amused at perceiving me playing the waiter.

I had been very careful in laying the table, determined not to forget anything; but, nevertheless, I forgot the napkins.

The captain, noticing this, said smiling, "H'm, I think you have forgotten the serviteers."

He was a self-educated man, and though very well read, was by no means certain in the pronunciation of his long words.

He had a talk to me one day about this, whilst I was at the wheel in the South Atlantic. He complained that Scotch boys were taught to spell, but not to pronounce the long words.

I felt very funny standing behind the captain's chair, with unsmiling face, and as like a waiter as I could manage to be.

After the captain and his guest had retired, the second mate came down, and then how I did tuck in; though there was only dry hash, and bread and butter, I could have cleared the board with ease, but I had to remember the inmates of the half-deck, who were prowling around the port-hole, ready for me to pass something through to them.

Well, I don't think they complained of my treatment of them whilst I was steward.

Thursday, 24th August.—A great day for Frisco, for the Californian boys are expected home to-day from Manilla, and a great reception has been got ready for them.

Ever since the transport had been sighted off the Farallones, every factory and steamer whistle had been tooting for its life, and this awful din has been going on since four o'clock yesterday afternoon.

As the *Royalshire* was considered the flagship of the British sailing-ships in port, and had the reputation of being the smartest, early in the morning we dressed the ship with flags, and did what we could towards the general din, by keeping a man at work on our foghorn.

I had a good climb, as I was sent up to clear the house flag, which had got foul at the main-truck.

This means, that after you get on to the royal-yard, you have to swarm up the naked mast, and is a pretty good test of the condition of your nerves. For a beginner, however, I accomplished the job all right, and thus proved my statement to the captain when I first met him.

The captain, who had stayed on shore last night, presently came off in a launch with about twenty people.

I thanked my stars that the steward was on his legs again. He was very shaky still, and had a very busy day of it. How he managed to feed those twenty people I don't know; they kept on going down to the cabin, though, in relay after relay.

We have been given a holiday on this auspicious occasion.

The bay was a lovely sight; all the morning, yachts and crafts of all sort were scudding out to the Golden Gate to escort the transport in.

There was a bright sun and a fresh breeze, and the bright colouring of the bunting, the white sails of the yachts, and the flashing effects of foam-flecked sea and blue sky, made an exceedingly pretty and animated picture. It was a fitting last day in Frisco, for we sail at daybreak to-morrow.

During the afternoon the rest of our new hands came off, and a queer crew they looked. Most of them were under the influence of liquor, and lurching into the forecastle, were seen no more.

One young O.S., by name Jennings, who was afterwards in the starboard watch, had been on the American Navy, but had been kicked out for some offence at Manilla.

He had been a signaller, and told us what the battleship *Iowa* kept signalling.

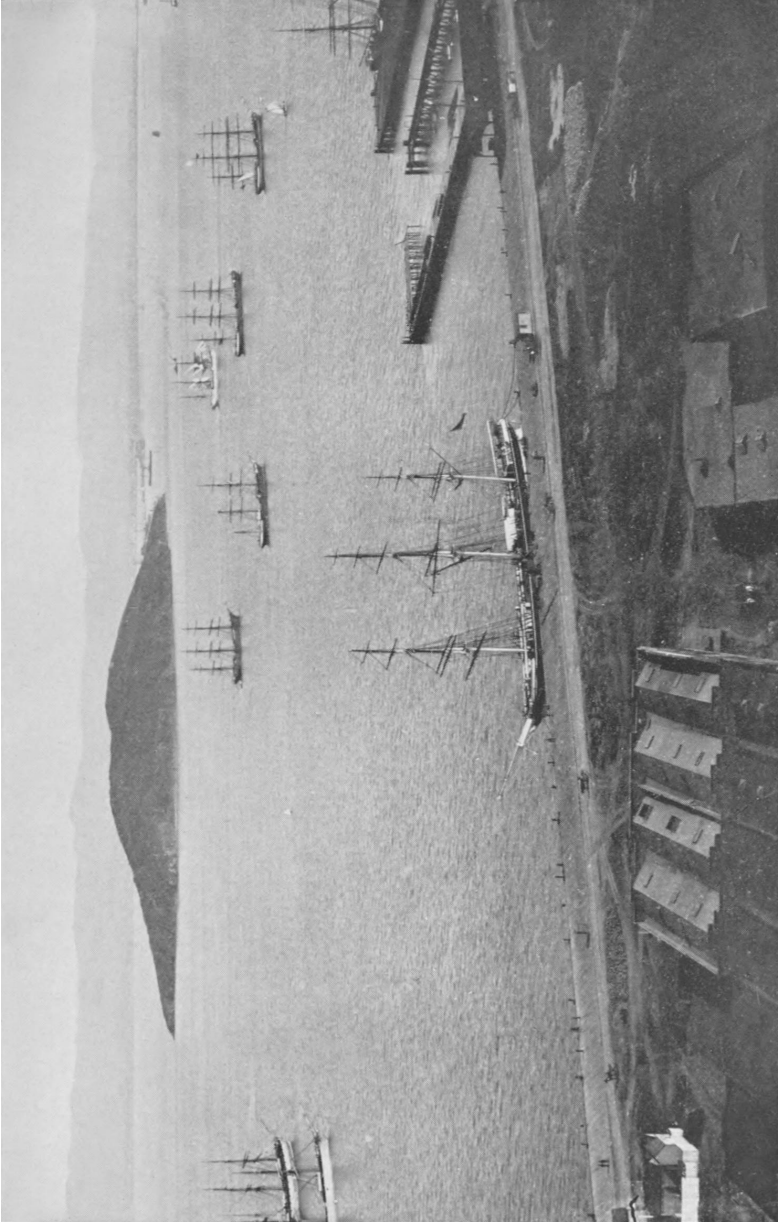
At last the transport was descried in the distance slowly approaching up the bay, surrounded by yachts and steamers, black with cheering enthusiastic people.

She was a very pretty sight as she approached, with all her bunting flying, and sailing-yachts and steam-launches darting about all round her.

As she steamed in between our little fleet of deep-watermen and Frisco, the din became deafening; the deep roll of cheering reached us over the water, the *Iowa* began firing her guns off, and every whistle screeched at the top of its pipes.

As she came by, we dipped our ensign a number of times, and the man at the foghorn put his whole heart into his performance.

Dodging round us were yachts of all kinds, big cutters and little cat-boats; but the prettiest of all was the Frisco pilot-boat, the *Bonita*, a beautiful little schooner, which was scudding about in every direction under foresail, headsails, and double-reefed mainsail.



FRISCO BAY

The transport anchored below us, and now the captain had to get his guests ashore; and as there was no chance of getting the steam-launch, the order was given to get the gig over the side.

It was now blowing quite fresh, and with the tide at half-flood, there was quite a bobble on the water, and we had evidently got a stiff row before us, as we were lying some way out.

The captain had got half a dozen women amongst his guests, who did not seem to like the lookout at all, especially when they saw us bobbing up and down alongside.

With some care and stowing we got them all aboard, and away we started for the shore, the second mate pulling stroke.

It took us two hours' hard pulling to reach the landing-stages, by which time the gig had shipped so much water that the captain and ladies in the sternsheets were up to their knees in water, and the nipper had to give up his oar and take to baling.

The old man on getting ashore made the second mate go straight back to the ship, as he said he would come off in the launch, so we were done out of a run ashore.

So ended our last day in port.

The North Pacific

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah, heave her short again!
 Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on the pawl,
 Loose all sail, and brace your yards back and full—
 Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!
 Well, ah, fare you well; we can stay no more with you, my love—
 Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee
 For the wind has come to say: "You must take me while you may,
 If you'd go to Mother Carey (walk her down to Mother Carey!)
 Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!"

KIPLING.

Friday, 25th August.—Manned the capstan at 4 A.M. The crew were turned out with some difficulty, and some of them looked very much the worse for wear, especially those that only came aboard last night. The German-American bosun soon began to give tongue, which, with his size, soon brought the loiterers up to the scratch.

The longbars were put into the capstan, and we were soon tramping drearily round in the raw, misty, morning air. As no one felt equal to a chanty, we hove her short to occasional "Heave, and she comes!" "Heave, and break her out!" "Heave, and she must!" "Heave, and bust her!"

Presently the anchor was hove short, and we had to wait a while for our tug.

I took the opportunity to take stock of our crew; they seemed all sizes, shapes, and kinds. At my bar was a long, thin man, who looked like a sailor: he turned out to be a Swiss naturalised American, one of the hardest workers in the ship, who, though he had been at sea all his life in sailing-ships and steamers, yet could not steer, and certainly was hardly qualified for A.B.'s work.

Close to him was a little Arab, who, in light blue dungarees, dark blue shirt, and red tam-o'-shanter, made a picturesque figure, with his bow-legs and face of bright copper. This man had shipped as A.B., thereby earning four pounds a month; but he soon showed himself a

lazy and ignorant little coward. Alongside him was a man who looked the very image of an old weather-beaten tar, but who also turned out very different.

Presently as it grew lighter, we made out the tug coming off. We soon had her hawser aboard, and "Man the capstan!" came the order, and "Break out the mudhook!"

Puff! goes the tug, and with its help we soon break out the demon, which presently appears at the rail, with a mass of dark blue clayish mud clinging to him. A man is sent to the wheel, and the tug goes ahead.

The anchor is soon catted and fished, and we are turned to getting all ready for sea.

Slowly, in the twilight of early dawn, we leave Frisco, and pass our comrades lying in the bay. One of them, the smart French barque, has a tug alongside of her, and will soon be on our heels.

Anxious as I was to get to sea, I felt quite sorry as I saw Frisco, that gay wicked city of the West, fading out of sight. It was a lovely view as the sun rose in all his glory and flashed on the windows of the great "Call" buildings and lit up the bay, with the deep-sea sailors at anchor nearest the American battleship *Iowa*, beyond the ferry, and close to her the transport that had brought the Californian boys home, and a great Australian liner.

Good-bye, Frisco, we shall ever have pleasant memories of you; but, as the good old chanty goes—

"Our anchor we'll weigh, and our sails we'll set,

Good-bye, fare-ye-well!

Good-bye, fare-ye-well!

The friends we are leaving, we leave with regret,

Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound!"

As Frisco fades into the distance, the Golden Gate begins to open up, and the deck to have a bit of a jump in it as we near the bar.

Here we had quite a tumble for a short time, and one of our land-lubbers did not require any breakfast when eight bells went. For myself, as usual, I had an appetite like a shark, and one of our invaluable pots of jam was sacrificed to the occasion.

I had an accident this morning that might have turned out badly. I was down in the cabin helping the steward to put away some stores in

the lazarette; the trap-door down to the lazarette was open, of course, and I carelessly, without looking where I was going, stepped through it, and of course fell with a terrific bang to the bottom of the lazarette, a fall of over 10 feet, but I am pretty hard and fit now, and was not a bit hurt.

By 8.30 we were nearly up with the light-ship, and we were turned to again.

“All hands make sail!” sang out the mate. There was a steady breeze from the north-west.

I went up on to the fore-topsail yards and loosed those sails, and then to the fore-topgallant yards, and finally the royal. We had a busy morning of it setting all sail.

When the royal yards had been mastheaded, I was sent up to the fore-royal to overhaul the leech and buntlines. This means shinning up the royal halliards, which are, of course, of chain, and just within reach from the top of the topgallant rigging.

Up I went, without any difficulty as regards the climbing, and luckily for me I have a very good head, so I was soon on the royal foot-ropes overhauling the gear.

What a magnificent lookout one gets from the royal yard of a ship, and what wee specks the people working on deck do look from such an elevation!

Having overhauled the gear, I was preparing to descend on to the upper-topgallant yard when I was hailed by one of the new hands, who was trying to overhaul the gear of the main upper-topgallant yard. He evidently knew nothing about the job, and I had to shout directions to him. Then he wanted to know how to get on to the main-royal yard. I told him, by shinning up the royal halliards. This was a job he did not seem to relish at all, and he was for going down on deck again, but up came the mate’s voice from below,

“Topgallant yard there!—get a move on, and overhaul those royal buntlines!”

Up he had to go, and a pretty shaky job he made of it; any moment I expected to see him lose his nerve and come tumbling down on deck, but at last he got up and on to the foot-ropes.

This man was afterwards on the starboard watch with me: he was a German-American, and had been “hoboing.” He was an ex-American soldier, and had no idea of anything connected with a ship; he

found, like the Canadian, that it was very different from what he had expected. For some reason, most landsmen think that at sea, except for setting and taking in sail, you have nothing to do but sit and smoke.

When all the gear had been overhauled, and the *Royalshire* was off with the wind on the beam, with everything drawing and the decks cleared up, all hands were called aft, and the watches were picked.

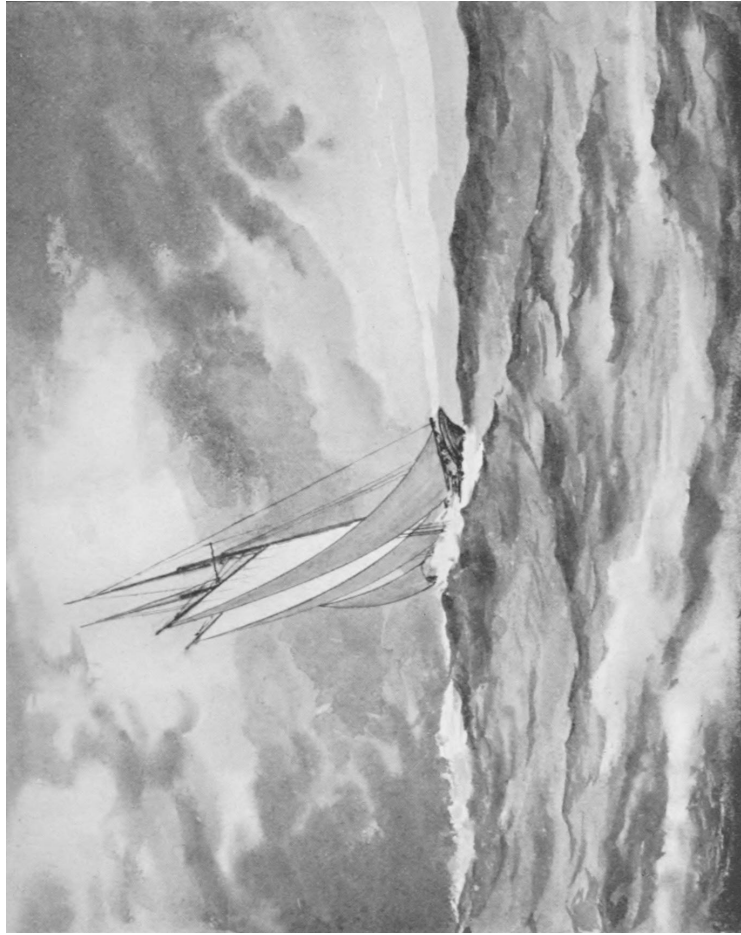
Don had a big compliment paid him, as, though only rated O.S., he was made lamp-trimmer, a job generally given to an A.B., and one which is sought after, as the lamp-trimmer has two hours of his afternoon watch on deck, (whether it is the afternoon or first dog watch) in which he is allowed to retire into the lamp-locker and prepare his lamps and binnacles for the night. As a smart man does not take two hours over this work, he generally has an easy time, instead of having to work at some job or other under the eye of the mate or bosun.

By the way, I forgot to mention the fact that the tug had cast off directly we had got our top-sails mastheaded, and with a toot of farewell had turned her head for the Golden Gate; and soon after the beautiful pilot-boat, the schooner *Bonita*, ran down upon us, and sent a boat aboard to take off the pilot.

But, to return to our watch picking, the mate always has first choice, and he took a Welshman, who was immediately made sail-maker. Our new Sails was a Cardiff man and one of the best all-round sailormen in the ship, besides being one of the most cheery. He was a man who knew something, having worked ashore and steadied down. He had a big outfit of clothes in his chest, which is a sure sign in a sailor that he does not chuck his money about quite so wildly as most foremast hands.

For some unknown reason, all the dago's were picked in the mate's watch; the second mate, in whose watch I was, having by far the best men. He only made one bad pick, which was in picking old man Higgins, second choice: this was the old buffer who I thought looked such an old salt whilst we were heaving up the anchor. Though rated A.B., he was soon found to be absolutely useless in any technical work.

It was his wheel in the forenoon watch, and, after nearly getting the ship in irons three times, he had to be sent away from the helm in disgrace. He was no sailorman at all really, but an old soldier who had seen a good deal of service in India with Roberts.



THE PILOT-BOAT "BONITA"
(Drawn by the Author)

He was an Irishman, and a very good old chap; but the poor old man was very badly off for clothes, and the hardships of the passage pretty nearly broke him up. It was really hardly safe to send him aloft, and when you did, he was of very little use, as he could do nothing more than hang on as a rule.

The watches being picked, I think I might take the opportunity to give a list of the ship's company.

Besides the captain, the bosun, Sails, Chips, the cook, and steward keep no watches, They are called on board ship the "idlers"—a very bad term, as no men work harder as a rule on board ship than the bosun, sailmaker, and carpenter, who begin work at 6 A.M., and with half an hour for breakfast and half an hour for dinner, as the midday meal at sea is called, work all day, knocking off at 6 P.M.

Of course, they have all night in, besides have a half-holiday on Saturday, and all Sunday free; but I had had all I wanted of working all day and sleeping all night, and I think working watch and watch infinitely more preferable.

I think I have already described all the idlers, and so will turn to the watches. In the mate's watch were:—Scar, third mate; Whitmore, the nipper, and Don Henderson, lamp-trimmer, all three in the half-deck; Frenchie, an old man who had been some years in the French Navy, and was a good sailor but a bad helmsman, and was getting rather too ancient (he was a quarrelsome little beast, though, and the worst grumbler in the ship); Hassan, the Arab, I have already mentioned; Liverpool, a young Lancashire man, and not much of a sailor; Yoko, the Peruvian, a rare good old chap, and about the best sailor in the port watch, though too old (he was the first man of the crew to come aboard), he had an extraordinary sweet voice, a very rare thing in a sailor, and without doubt had the best temper in the ship; Webber, the Swiss-American, who was alongside me heaving up anchor; and Pedro, a Brazilian, the merry rascal already mentioned.

These six were all A.B.'s, and had come up from Chile in a dago barque, which they had left in Frisco. The two ordinary seamen in the port watch were the two hobos, Jackson and Joy, who had wanted to start work the other day in boiled shirts and white collars. Joy boasted when he came on board that he was a hobo, and had never done an honest day's work in his life, and at first was inclined to think himself somebody, but this was soon knocked out of him.

The starboard watch consisted of—Mr. Knowles, the second mate; MacDenny, fourth mate; Loring, and myself. Of the after gang, I don't think I have mentioned Loring before. He was a young Londoner, about eighteen years old, and I believe his grandfather was an admiral. He was an apprentice of two voyages' standing, but on his second voyage had run from his ship in Frisco, on account of bad treatment by the mate and captain. Then, enlisting in the American regular cavalry, he served several months, and did very well; but at Honolulu, on his way to Manilla, he deserted for two reasons, the chief of which was, that his charger, which he had a great love for, had died on the passage, and the other was, that he had won a lot of money at poker. From Honolulu he came back to Frisco first-class, in the clothes he stood up in, and there the good people of the Institute looked after him, and got him back again on his old ship, which had not yet sailed; but the day she was to sail, he fell down with enteric fever, and was sent ashore into hospital.

Recovering from fever, he found himself stranded again, and in danger of being arrested as a deserter; but Karney of the Institute got our old man to ship him as an ordinary seaman, and give him a bunk in the half-deck.

When he first came on board, he was so weak that it was as much as he could do to lift a bag of flour. I noticed this as he and I put the stores away in the lazarette, under the eye of the second mate.

Loring turned out one of the best, and full of grit. He and I were, of course, watch mates, and the first part of the passage looked after the binnacles, and kept time at night in our watch, each taking two hours. Our A.B.'s forward are—Jamieson, a little Scotchman, who had been ship-wrecked three times, and is the best helmsman the captain has ever had, a good seaman and a hard worker; Taylor, an ex-man-of-war's man, and a Londoner, but getting on in years (he was the cheery man in the starboard fore-castle, though the passage ended very badly for him); Wilson, a Swede, an old man with a voice like a foghorn, and a nature as kind and affectionate as a child's, a good sailor, and terrific hard worker; Johnsen, whom you have already heard about; Rooning, a young Norwegian, and a very good sort altogether, with a good temper for a red-headed man; and Higgins, the old soldier.

The O.S.'s were Bower and Jennings. Bower was the German-American who I had instructed in overhauling gear, and Jennings was

the young, down-east American, who had interpreted the signals of the *Iowa* the other day: precious little seamanship he knows, and he is a bit of a shirker too, though he is pretty active aloft, and twice as much use as Bower or Higgins. So much for the crew of the *Royalshire*: they were a pretty scratch lot, all things considered, though they might have been much worse.

The forenoon watch is our watch on deck; the wind is not very strong, and has hauled ahead, so that we are close-hauled on the star-board tack. The French barque soon ran past us, and heading higher, much to our disgust, was soon almost out of sight to windward. At which Don let off some keen sarcasm at Scar and Mac, who had been talking a great deal about the wonderful sailing qualities of the *Royalshire*.

At noon we went about, and no one who has not witnessed the sight of a big ship going about, can imagine the yelling and excitement that goes on.

Before going about, the braces are carefully coiled down on the deck from off the pins, all clear for running. The spankerboom is then hauled amidships. The old man then comes to the break of the poop, and calls out, "Ready oh!"

All hands are at their stations; being of the after gang, my station is on the poop with the fourth mate, at the mizen-topgallant and royal braces. The old man gives a keen look round, and then motions to the helmsman to ease the helm down. The helm is eased down, so that her way may not be checked too suddenly.

As soon as the helm is down, the old man calls out, "Helm's alee!"

On which the fore and head sheets are let go and overhauled, the cook always attending to the fore sheet. Directly the wind is out of the mainsail, the order comes—

"Raise tacks and sheets!"

The foretack is kept fast until the mainsheet is hauled, for, as the foresail bellies into the mast, which it does directly the foretack is let go, it retards the ship from coming to.

Then comes the order—

"Mainsail haul!" and if the old man has judged his time well, the yards swing round so quickly that you can hardly get the slack of the braces in sharp enough.

The afteryards are now braced up and belayed. The ship is filled with strange, weird cries, and the tramp of many men, as on an occasion like this, every man sings out independently at the top of his pipes as he hauls on the brace. We on the poop soon have our topgallant yards round, and fly down on to the main deck to help the rest of our watch at the crossjack and main-braces, whilst the mate and his watch attend to the foreyards.

I think the bosun has the most lively time, though, for he with two men has to attend to the headsheets, which, when the ship is put about in anything of a breeze, thrash about and thump their heavy blocks on the deck with a force strong enough to knock a man's brains out; so he has to keep his eyes skinned, besides which he has the ticklish job of letting the foretack go.

Our German-American bosun is a pretty big coward, having had most of his nerve knocked out of him by a knife through his lung put in from behind, and this foretack job he fairly hates.

Everybody works as for a wager, and the old man stands at the break of the poop ready for trouble; woe betide the mate if he has trouble trimming his foreyards, but generally the bosun and his foresheet receive the most language.

Whilst the mate trims the foreyards, the old man generally attends to the trimming of the afteryards. Then we of the starboard watch board the maintack, whilst the port watch board the foretack.

The yards being trimmed, the tacks boarded, and the bowlines hauled out, the old man retires and the order is given, "Go below, the watch!" the watch on deck coiling down and clearing up.

After a little practice at going about, the crew get together well, and the manoeuvre is executed rapidly and without any hitch, and each time we go about we try to break the record as to time. Of course, putting about a great big ship like the *Royalshire*, whose yards are so heavy that it requires a couple of strong men to the royal braces, is a pretty heavy job, and every one has to put all his available weight and strength into the work.

Our old man is a thorough seaman, as are both the mates, and though there is plenty of noise, and a good deal of hard language, still there are no belaying pins flying, and wild confusion, as on some ships, Yankees mostly, with hard gangs aft.

Twice we went about in the afternoon, much to our disgust, as it was our watch below. The breeze freshened up towards sunset, and we took in the gaff-topsail in the second dog watch.

The *Royalshire* is logging 10 knots, laying over to it, a bit cranky at present until the grain settles down a bit. The gaff-topsail is one of my sails, which I have always to go up to whenever they are set or taken in; and Loring and I went up to make the sail fast.

The gaff-topsail is an easy enough sail to get in if you know how, but if you do not know how, it is a terror. The way to do it is, to get on the outside of the sail and ride it down; and after two or three times, I found that even in a gale of wind I could manage to muzzle it pretty easily by myself.

Our first night at sea was an easy one, as it was our middle watch, so that we got the first and morning watches in.

Coming on deck at midnight, we found nothing to do, and most of the watch curled up and went to sleep on the deck. This is allowable in the tropics, the only men awake sometimes on a smooth night in the tropics being the mate of the watch, the helmsman, lookout, and timekeeper.

Timekeeping is by no means fun: all through the night at sea the bells are struck every half-hour, and one bell struck a quarter before the watch changes. So the timekeeper has no chance to get a doze, though I have slept between the bells.

Keeping the binnacles alight was the worst job. The cheapest and foulest of mineral oil being used, the wicks soon had a cake on them, and the binnacles promptly went out; this the timekeeper has to look out for, as the helmsman, when steering by the compass, must have his binnacles alight.

No extra matches were allowed for lighting binnacles; one has to use one's own private store, and sometimes on a bad night I have used as many as a couple of boxes of matches in a watch, and the amount of swearing it produced was lamentable. I have sat in that half-deck, the sea washing about the floor up to my knees, a binnacle in each hand, my matches wet, in pitch darkness, as the lamp was not allowed alight at night after one bell in the first watch; when I got a match well alight, I had to scrape the wick clean and then light it, but often it utterly refused to light inside, as there was not air enough, and it would not keep alight outside, as there was too much.

There I would sit, lighting match after match, burning my fingers, and cursing in a loud whisper for fear of waking the watch below. Then the second mate's voice would be heard at the break of the poop, "Hurry up with those binnacles!" and it would be a case of more haste less speed. Every half-hour, after striking the bell, the timekeeper has to go forward and see that the side lights burn brightly, and the lookout is wide awake on the forecastle head. Coming aft, one reports in a kind of chant, "Lights burn brightly, and all is well."

Talking of matches, it is a great question for sailors and prospectors, and anybody on the trail or camping out, what are the best matches to take.

I have tried all kinds, from "stinkers," the common West Coast matches, to all kinds of different wooden matches.

If you put a block of stinkers amongst your provisions, you may be certain that the provisions will be all spoilt. Wooden matches that only strike on the box are a great nuisance, as you invariably lose the box, or else it wears out in your pocket. I also had wooden matches that would strike anywhere, but their heads invariably come off. So the match question is still an unsolved one, as only millionaires can afford to use wax vestas out of England.

Coming over from Japan, there was great gambling on board in matches, the nipper losing twenty or thirty dozen, and Mac winning as many.

Don and I brought three different kinds on board—stinkers, matches that struck on the box, and big wooden matches that struck anywhere. These big ones used to make a terrific explosion when struck; and at first, when I used to go down and wake the mate at one bell, and light his lamp, I used these, and sometimes I would use nearly a dozen before one would light, each one going off like the report of a pistol, and their heads coming off. They were an awful swindle too, for occasionally we came upon a box which had not got a match in it with a head on.

At last I had to give up these matches for lighting the mate's lamp, for fear of waking the old man.

Bang! bang! bang! they would go, accompanied by whispered curses, whilst the second mate and Mac on the poop listened, and laughed to themselves.

“Listen to Bally’s bombardment of the mate; did you ever hear such a row?”

The second mate swore one morning that he had picked up nearly thirty of these matches round the door of the mate’s cabin.

The worst of the matches in general use was, that their boxes soon crumbled up in your pocket, or the striker on the side of the box wore out.

The second mate, who only smoked cigarettes, used always to have one of these boxes in his pocket, with a couple of matches and a cigarette-end inside.

But—to return at last—one’s two hours are up, and one strikes four bells, then the lookout and wheel are changed, and the old lookout reports who relieved him.

Much amusement was caused in our first middle watch by Bower, who came aft from the lookout and reported,

“Mr. Higgins relieved the lookout, sir.”

Great was the laughter at the “mister” being given to a poor, broken-down old soldier.

This man Bower was fearfully green about seafaring matters. Whilst I was having a bit of a yarn with him, he asked me if all ships had the same coloured lights, referring to the side-lights. Nevertheless, when he left the ship at Liverpool, he thought he knew a terrible deal about the sea.

The weather is delicious and warm, without being too hot. A pair of serge trousers, rolled up to my knees, and a flannel shirt, is all I shall wear until we are well out of the south-east trades a month ahead.

What a blessing it is not requiring shoes or stockings; one’s feet soon get hard, and up aloft or at work on deck I never wore shoes except in cold weather, and then it was a case of rubbers and oilskins day and night.

Mac has been telling Loring and myself terrible yarns about the state of the half-deck in bad weather.

“You just mark my words: many a night in bad weather an’ you’ll wake up and find the water washing into your bunk; aye, I guess you two will have to swim for it in your lower bunks, off the Horn, sure enough,” says Mac.—“Why, I’ve had to swim out of my bunk before now, and its a top one!”

And truly, Mac's words were verified; the half-deck was the worst and most dangerous part of the whole ship in bad weather.

Saturday, 26th August.—Under full sail all day, with lightish fair breeze. Fine, smooth, favourable weather, and wind getting more and more on the quarter. In the forenoon watch we hauled down the staysails and jibs, and squared the yards. Busy sand-canvassing poop ladders, and overhauling gear aloft. The rigging is very badly off for ratlines, especially the fore and mizen topgallant.

This is one of the things a sailor has to be very careful about.

"Never hold on by the ratlines," is one of the well-known rules. What might happen, and what sometimes does happen, is this:—The watch is sent aloft to shorten sail, all going up one after the other to windward; the first man breaks a ratline as he steps on it—he is holding on by a ratline also, that goes too, and down he comes, probably bringing several of the men underneath him down also. If ever you see a rotten ratline aloft, out with your knife and cut it at once.

In our topgallant rigging in some places there were three or four ratlines gone all together; this had to be seen to, and our best men under the bosun were put on the job.

Every day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the fresh-water pump is shipped and water served out, the watch below doing the carrying, so many buckets to the cook, so many to the forecabin, one to the midship-house, and one to the captain, and one to the half-deck, and two to the steward.

Fresh water is very valuable on board ship, and if a drop is spilt as it is being carried along the deck, there is considerable trouble for the delinquent.

Scar and Mac each have charge of a tank, and give it out week and week about.

Sunday, 27th August.—Wind dead aft; captain thinks we have got the N.E. trades. Weather superb. Deep-blue sky, and trade-wind clouds. We are doing about 5 knots.

We had our first go of soft tack to-day, each man getting a small loaf for breakfast. It was very poor bread, made with sour dough; and I thought longingly of the lovely, hot, yeast bread I used to make up in the Klondyke.

Nevertheless, I managed to eat the whole of my loaf at breakfast, and would have liked another.

It was my forenoon watch below, and I found no difficulty in sleeping from 8.30 to 11.30, after having the eight hours on deck last night.

I went out on to the bowsprit end to-day, and had a grand view of the ship as she cut through the clear water under full sail.

Spent part of the afternoon busy with needle and thread, putting patches on my overalls and oilskins.

As I sat sewing, Loring came up to me and proposed that we should make some dandyfunk for tea. I was always ready for anything in the eating line, and at once seconded the proposal; but what dandyfunk was I had no more idea than the man in the moon.

"What do you make it of?" I asked.

"Well, first we must make a canvas bag," he answered.

"What, to put it in?"

"No, to smash it up in, of course."

"Smash it up in?" I asked; this was truly curious. What could be the dish, that to start making it you have to smash it up in a canvas bag? At last I struck it.

"You are not going to make us a pudding out of brick-dust and oyster-shells, like the hen's food, are you? because, if so, I'm off."

"You will eat it quick enough when I've made it," Loring answered. "I'll make the dandy funk if you will make the bag."

Well, curiosity and greed got the better of me, and borrowing a palm and needle from the third mate, I soon had a small canvas bag made.

This Loring proceeded to fill with hard tack, and then went forward with it; I followed.

He took it to the rail forward of the galley, and then looked about him for something.

"Get me an iron belaying pin, will you?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you swear not to use it on me."

I gave him the belaying pin, with which he proceeded to pound the bag of biscuits until it was so much fine dust.

He put this dust into my plate (as it was the largest in the half-deck), and then proceeded to put water to it, and mixed it up until it was a thick paste. Then he added molasses and some jam (Don and

I still had a pot or two left). This compound, after being thoroughly mixed up, was taken to the cook, who put it in the oven.

At tea time we were all curious to see the result of the dandyfunk. Loring went to the galley for it, and brought it aft steaming hot, a mixture between a cake and a pudding.

I thought it extremely good, and it had another excellent quality, it was exceedingly stodgy, and filled up the chinks splendidly.

For several Sundays, Loring, the nipper, and I made dandyfunk, but it soon got stopped. The old man noticed one of us bringing it aft one day from the galley, and thinking that too much hard tack was used by this means, put his veto on it, and shortly afterwards, having run out of both jam and molasses, we had to give up our Sunday dish.

Crackerhash is another sea-dish for tea. You save some of your salt junk from dinner, and mixing it up roughly with broken-up hard tack, have it baked by the cook, and thus you have something hot for tea.

Old Slush hated having to bake our dandyfunk and crackerhash for us; but the old man gave us leave to have crackerhash for tea, and ordered the cook to bake it for us.

Each man brought forward his little dish of crackerhash, and the cook often had his ovens full, contributions coming both from the fore-castle, midship-house, and half-deck.

The wind is getting rather light. We hauled down the staysails in the second dog watch.

Lovely starlight night. We shall soon have seen the last of the North Star, as it is almost on the horizon now.

Monday, 28th August.—The wind is same as yesterday, evidently the north-east trades, but rather light.

We started shifting sail again to-day, changing our hard weather sails for the old and light weather sails. With a whole watch on the job, this is a very much lighter business than the bending sail up the Sacramento.

I had my first taste of sea grub to-day, as our fresh meat has now given out, and salt junk and pork are now the order of the day.

I did not think much of the look of our first go of salt junk.

There, in the kid, lay a greasy, fat mass, which gave out a very strong and nasty smell.

If one is lucky, one may find a couple of mouthfuls of meat on one's portion, which is chiefly nasty red fat. The cook, who is nicknamed "Old Slush," well deserves his name, and many a curse did we give him as we tried in vain to find some meat on the dirty, greasy, square chunk he had given us.

The port watch are no good; we are by far the stronger and better of the two watches, illustrating well the fact that Britishers and Dutchmen are far superior to dagos.

Perhaps I ought to explain, for the benefit of those who do not know it, that in sea parlance "Britishers" include, of course, anybody hailing from the "British Isles." "Dutchmen" include Germans, Swedes, Danes, Russians, Russian Finns, and Norwegians; and "dago" is a general term for any one of the Latin races.

The two O.S.'s in our forecabin, namely Bower and Jennings, are great rivals, and disputes and arguments are everlasting between them. They have both fallen foul of Johnsen already, and I expect matters will end in a fight. Jennings is a stout-built little chap, and knows how to handle his fists, but I doubt if he has got much "sand."

Bower is a thin, weedy, unhealthy man, with no strength or endurance about him.

To-day, when we were bending the fore upper-topsail, I was between Johnsen and Rooning on the yard, and was talking to Rooning as we put in the roving.

Suddenly Johnsen chimes in, and says to Rooning,

"What's dat you say about me, young fellow? Wait till I gets mit you on deck; you just call me dat down dere, and you see I just puts one big head on you."

Rooning, not knowing Johnsen's peculiarities yet, did not know what to make of this, as he was not even speaking about Johnsen. So I turned my tongue adrift on Johnsen, as the only way to treat a scoundrel like him, was to take a high hand, or he would try to bully you.

"You d—d scoundrel of a white-livered Swede, we weren't talking about you at all. You just keep that villainous mouth of yours shut, and don't come any of your idiotic talk over us, or when we get on deck, I'll turn to and give you such a dressing down as you never got in your life."

This stopped his nonsense, and he kept clear of the pair of us for a bit after this.

Whenever he got up to any of his rot with me, I always used to let him have it straight back in the worst language I could think of, and sometimes even laid hands upon him; and under this treatment he was always very polite to me, though it all went down in his log, which, for fear of having it stolen, he always carried about with him inside his shirt, even in the hottest weather, much to the amusement of everybody on board.

In this logbook of his he puts down every little incident that occurs on board, but it is chiefly full of different offences which have been committed against him by various members of the crew. They managed to get hold of the book one day in the fore-castle, and great was the laughter thereat; every soul on the ship had been "logged" for some offence or other, from the captain down, and as for people like Don, Mac, and myself, there were pages given up to our misdemeanours.

The man was as sulky as a bear, and not a man would he speak to forward; but with quiet cunning he palled up to the bosun, and thus managed to get a lot of soft jobs out of him until he tumbled to it.

Tuesday, 29th August.—Same fine weather. We finished bending sail to-day, our lightest and oldest sails being bent.

The old man is at work now all day making the most beautiful little model yachts, at which he is a past master. He told me one day that he had made models of every kind of ship that sails the seas.

Though his models are very pretty, still I am not particularly fond of them, as he covers the poop with shavings, and as I have to see that the poop is kept shipshape and clean in our watch. Every afternoon I have to spend some time sweeping these shavings up out of all the corners.

We are busy again on all the teak wood with the everlasting sand and canvas.

Wednesday, 30th August.—Same fine weather; the wind is blowing nice and fresh, and we logged 10 knots in the first dog watch.

The bosun come into the half-deck this evening, in the second dog watch, with his guitar, which he plays very well, and gave us some

songs, we doing full justice to the choruses, of which the following was a great favourite:—

CHORUS OF “DUCKFOOT SUE.”

“For now I’ll sing to you,
Of the girl I love so true;
She’s chief engineer of the “white shirt” line,
And her name is ‘Duckfoot Sue.’
Her beauty was all she had;
She’d a mouth as large as a crab;
She had an upper lip like the rudder of a ship,
And I tell you she was mad.”

This is sung very fast, and with a great swing. Besides comic songs, he had some pathetic ones; one of the prettiest of the choruses was this—

“Just a little cradle,
Just a little child,
Just a few fast-fleeting years,
Then a boy so wild!
Soon he reaches manhood,
Then comes on old age;
Thus we have the journey from
The cradle to the grave.”

The wind dropped in the middle watch, and it came on to rain. There is nothing more detestable at sea, I think, than rain. Rain water seems so different to salt water; it wets you, makes you feel cold and miserable, gives you rheumatism, and washes the oil off your oilskins.

Thursday, 31st August.—Wet day and head-wind.

Hard at work scrubbing and sand and canvassing the poop ladders, rails, etc., in the pouring rain, with oilskins on.

The glass is falling, and there is a heavy head-sea. We took in the jigger-topmast staysail and gaff-topsail in the forenoon watch.

I shinned up to the staysail, and got dripping wet in spite of my oilskins, whilst I was making it fast, as the sail was full of water.

I was not sorry to go below at eight bells, as our watch on deck had been very cold, wet, and uncomfortable.

We are all furious with our dirty old cook, as the food is so awfully badly cooked, and comes aft one mass of dirty grease and fat, with hardly a mouthful of meat per man.

The pea-soup, which is our chief sustenance, and which we get three times a week, is so dirty that, instead of being white it is nearly black, as he never takes the trouble to wash the peas.

Still, though Mac says it is the worst pea-soup he has ever tasted, I take good care to get all I can of it, as without it I really don't think we could exist.

We save a little of our meat and potatoes for tea, and take it to the galley, so that the cook can make us some dry hash out of it.

At present the steward has given us nothing from the cabin; he will find out his mistake when the bad weather comes.

The wind fell altogether in the afternoon, and an oily calm with a swell remained, which continued until the middle watch, when a breeze sprang up.

Friday, 1st September.—Same fine weather.

The crew came aft to-day at eight bells, noon, with their grub, and there was some strong language on both sides. Of course we in the half-deck did not take a hand, as we are supposed to be of the after gang, though we are no better off than those in the forecabin.

In the midship-house the carpenter, bosun, and sailmaker are living like fighting-cocks, as the carpenter has got flour, currants, and jam; so they even get plum dough, besides getting the nicest bits of meat.

The old man was down on the men like a ton of bricks, and says that they shall now only have their legal whack according to the Board of Trade regulations, which have made a fine science of prescribing just enough to keep a man alive and no more.

The rules say a man is to have 1 ¼ lbs. of salt junk a day. This is weighed out every day by the steward; but is so boiled away in the cooking, that a man thinks himself lucky if he gets half a dozen mouthfuls.

It is the same with the pork, of which each man's allowance is supposed to be three-quarters of a pound.

We had less than 1 lb. of pork between three of us to-day, and my belt is rapidly getting too large for me.

The other day the old man and the mate had a terrific row, and they have not spoken to each other since. The old man has the mate absolutely in his power, as it is only by his influence that the mate can get a ship, which he has been hoping for for so many years—the old man having more influence than any skipper in the line.

The second mate gets all the old man's smiles now the mate is in bad odour; but presently the mate and old man will be all right again, and the second mate's turn will come for the rough side of the old man's tongue.

From what I can see of the matter, I think this petty rowing between old man and mates is pretty general in wind-jammers, and is chiefly caused by the old men getting livers on them, caused by not getting enough exercise; this, added to anxiety, worry, and excitable dispositions, is quite enough to account for the extraordinary exhibitions of childish temper which sea-captains so often give way to.

It was wet again during the night, and the wind was very light.

Saturday, 2nd September.—We scrub out the half-deck twice a week, each watch taking it in turn on Saturdays and Thursdays.

To-day it was our turn.

An institution on board a sailing-ship is "peggy." Each of us take it in turn, and peggy has to fetch the grub from the galley, and, in fact, do all the "fagging" necessary.

At breakfast this morning, the steward called to me to give the bur-goo to the chickens.

This was the remains from the cabin table, and I was the chicken that ate it.

There are a lot of flying-fish about now, and I think they produce one of the prettiest effects in the tropics.

It is lovely to see a mass of them suddenly dart out of the water, flashing like silver in the sun, to plunge with tiny little splashes in again; out and in, they never get any rest, for the bonita go for them in the water, and the bosun birds in the air.

I think we are only about 18° N. latitude now.

The port watch caught four albacore this afternoon. These are big fish, rather like bonita, and are not at all bad eating. Dagos are pretty good fishermen as a rule.

The binnacles were an awful nuisance last night. We lit them no less than twenty-one times in the middle watch.

Sunday, 3rd September.—Lovely day; flying-fish and bosun birds in abundance. The wind freshened up, and we set staysails and jibs.

The latitude to-day is $17^{\circ}.06$ N., longitude $121^{\circ}.18$ W., and the run for the last twenty-four hours was 111 miles—not very good; but our bottom is awfully foul, as the inland seas of Japan and Frisco Bay are two of the worst places for fouling a ship's bottom.

It is much hotter to-day, and I slept on deck. Sunday is given over to washing and repairing one's clothes, and there is a run on needles. To-day I put a huge patch in my oilskins, which have got rather worn, from work in the Klondyke, and I wished that I had invested in another suit at Frisco.

Monday, 4th September.—To-day, at noon, the steward appeared with a bucket of lime-juice for the first time.

Each man had to come aft and take his whack. In the half-deck we all thought it very good, and were up to all kinds of dodges for getting two goes; in the end, the steward finding we appreciated his brew, used to give us whatever was left over every day.

I never heard anybody growl at having to take lime-juice, as, besides being a very good drink, each deep-water jack knows how good it is to keep off scurvy.

We turned the after-hatch to-day into a barber's shop in the second dog watch; of the haircutters, the bosun was the best, and I was the worst.

The nipper was my victim, and I don't think his hair has ever grown since. I found myself cutting huge holes, so cut round them to level it down; the result was, that when I had finished, only a razor would have been of any use to take more hair off, and the nipper got up looking like an escaped convict gone prematurely bald.

We are still hard at work sand and canvassing the poop rails and stanchions; every bit of varnish has to be rubbed off by the primitive means of sand and canvas, pumice stone, and elbow-grease.

Tuesday, 5th September.—Calm, with big swell running. Two sharks have been hanging around us to-day. It is interesting to watch a shark and his pilot-fish. This little fish is the one friend and companion of the shark: he is of a blue-and-gold colour, and generally swims just in front of the shark, or alongside the shark's head, and in times of danger even takes refuge in the shark's huge jaws along with the little sharks. No shark will touch even the most tempting lump of pork before he has had the little pilot-fish's report upon it. Contrary to general belief, the shark in reality is a very timorous beast, and a little splashing is sufficient to frighten any number of ravenous sharks away.

I have seen men bathing off ships in water infested with sharks, such as the roads off Durban, Natal; but, what with the splashing, laughing, and shouting, not a shark dared approach.

Sharks eat human beings whenever they can, for the chief reason that they have to keep body and soul together, as they are not fast enough swimmers, and far too sluggish, to catch any other fish. Their movements are so slow that expert swimmers, like South Sea Islanders, have no fear of them in smooth water, and as the shark turns slowly on to his back to open his mouth, they dive quickly under him and plunge a knife into his white belly, to his great discomfort.

Of all things that have life, the shark has the greatest appetite, and nothing goes amiss with him; indigestion does not trouble him, and he takes his food as it comes, whether it be animal, mineral, or vegetable.

I don't suppose even one of Sandow's big dumb-bells would give him the least inconvenience.

Lat. 12°.59 N., long. 120°.28 W.

Course—S. 14 E. Run 95 miles.

The ex-American soldier, Bower, in our watch, is finding out that sailing is very different to anything he imagined. He complains that the work and the food are more than he can bear, and he is so despondent that he says it will be a merciful release if he were to fall overboard and be drowned.

There is something to be said, however, for the poor devil, as he is in an awful state of health, being one mass of boils from head to foot.

Wednesday, 6th September.—Calm all day. There was a thunder-storm in the second dog watch, it being our watch on deck.

We took in the spanker, gaff-topsail, and royals in pitch darkness, with the rain coming down in torrents. One soon gets used to working up aloft in the dark.

The storm took us by surprise, and as we did not have time to get our oilskins on, we got a nice soaking.

Lat. 12° 30 N., long. 120°.29 W. Course—S.

The run was only 29 miles. We are now right in the troubles, and trials, and heart-burnings of the doldrums. Very trying weather, hot and muggy; heaps of rain; the wind never steady for a moment, and during a good deal of the time conspicuous by its absence.

However, the thunderstorm did not last long, and we had to set the spanker, gaff-topsail, and royals again before the watches changed.

It is trying work at night at the braces in the doldrums, bracing her up, then squaring the yards again to every puff of wind.

Behold us on deck in the middle watch; it is a coal-black night, with not a star showing, and what little wind there is, is very unsteady and constantly shifting.

The watch are all lying about under the break of the poop, and probably the second mate, the helmsman, the lookout on the forecas-tle head, and myself, who am timekeeper, are the only people awake on the ship.

Even I, though I have to strike the bell every half-hour, am dozing between the times. I open my eyes for a moment, and am just turning over for another snooze, when the second mate's voice rings clear through the quiet night,

“Weather crossjack brace!”

I jump to my feet and cry out, in repetition,

“Weather crossjack brace! Up you get, there! Can't you hear? Weather crossjack brace!”

Mac goes to the lee braces to slack them away and on doing so, cries,

“Haul away!”

Meanwhile we are all standing ready to haul, with the crossjack brace in our hands, the A.B.'s at the head, the O.S.s at the tail of the rope. Our general order was—Wilson, Jamieson, Rooning, Johnsen, or Taylor, myself, Loring, Bower, and Jennings.

Then one of us would sing out as we haul on the brace—(Jamieson and Wilson were our chief criers, and Jamieson had a very weird, curious note, in high, minor tones),

“Eh—hai—ai! Eh—hai—ee! Eh—heu!”

Old Wilson had a very deep, gruff voice. We called him old “Foghorn.” His cry was like the growl of a big dog, ending in a half bark.

Johnsen used to sing out jerkily,

“Oh—ho! Now den! In mit her!”

I used to sing out,

“Aye—hay! Aye—hay—oh! Oh—ha! Oh—ho—ah!”

In would come the crossjack brace, until the second mate would cry,

“Turn the crossjack brace!”

Then—“Lower-topsail brace! Take it off!”

More hauling and crying.

“Belay!”

Then—“Upper-topsail brace!”

More hauling and crying.

“Turn the upper-topsail brace!” from the second mate.

Then—“A couple of hands to the topgallant braces!”

The topgallant and royal braces come down to the fife-rail. Loring and I were the two hands meant, and a rare time we did have sometimes, as they were very heavy yards, and occasionally, of course, several hands were wanted to them.

Whilst we were at the topgallant braces, the rest of the watch were at the crossjack sheet.

In a strong breeze we had to take the sheets to the capstan, but in an ordinary breeze you can get the sheet in easy enough, if you watch your time.

Say it is blowing fresh, we all get on to the sheet, even the second mate, the strongest nearest the head.

The man who is going to take the sheet off the pin, cries,

“Ready?”

“Take it off!” cries the second mate. “In with her, now—hang on all—watch for the slack up—now she flaps—in she comes—in with her sharply—now turn that! Look sharp, do you think we can hang on all day?”

Devil take the man who does not turn a brace or sheet quickly; the rest hang on with straining muscles, the sheet trying to pull the first man through the port into the sea, as he has to give inch by inch.

A sheet never really succeeded in taking charge of us in the star-board watch; but it did with the port watch, two or three times, and then there was trouble.

It takes quite a slice out of the watch, bracing up the *Royalshire*, as her yards are so heavy.

As a rule, in the trades the lee braces would be hauled tight in the second dog watch, the lifts and sheets being also attended to.

You have to be sharp at turning braces; generally this was Loring's or my job in our watch.

Directly the mate says "Turn that!" the men in front of you hang on, and the men behind you at the tail of the rope leave go, and you take it round the pin as quick as you can directly it is fast, calling out, "All fast!"

Then, and not till then, the men at the head of the brace leave go.

Thursday, 7th September.—Light breeze and sunshine once more. Grub very scarce, and bad. We got a greasy lump of fat for our watch dinner to-day, and had a consultation what to do with it, as it was quite uneatable. I advised heaving it at the cook's head; but as the responsibility for any row falls on the shoulders of the fourth mate, he decided against this course, instead heaving the fat overboard in the presence of the cook, at the same time commenting on the cooking in language both promiscuous and free.

Lat. 11°.25 N., long. 120°.32 W.

Course—S. 20 W.; 65 miles.

Friday, 8th September.—Fine breeze, with tacks boarded all day, the ship doing 9 knots.

There was a heavy squall in the afternoon watch, with rain.

I had to go up the jigger and make fast that everlasting nuisance, the gaff-topsail, and soon afterwards the royals were tied up.

There has been a good deal of fishing off the bowsprit, and a number of bonita were caught to-day, and Loring, who is a great fisherman, caught a couple.

I had a try, but was not successful. You want to trail your bait (a bit of white linen makes as good a bait as anything else) along the water, jumping it occasionally.

Saturday, 9th September.—My birthday, but the celebrations were not up to their usual excellence, and there was no birthday cake.

Since last night, we have been going like a steamboat, lying over to the fresh breeze, close-hauled, with the royals fast and the lee scuppers full of water.

Shoals of porpoises are all round us: they are a pretty sight as they come curving out of the water, the sun gleaming on their glistening backs.

Loring, the fisherman, caught another bonita to-day.

Sunday, 10th September.—We had Loring's bonita for breakfast in the half-deck. I don't think any of these deep-water fish are much good eating, being coarse and without much flavour; but they are very welcome on a hungry "lime-juicer," though sometimes you catch a tartar in the shape of a poisonous one.

We went about at two bells in the forenoon watch, and set stay-sails, flying-jib, gaff-topsail, and royals; and are now on the port tack, heading S.W. by W. by compass.

A fine day, and fresh breeze. We think we have got the S.E. trades.

Lat. $6^{\circ}.25$ N., long. $116^{\circ}.35$ W.

Course—S. 68 E. Run 114 miles.

Everybody on board seems very curious about the Klondyke, and an admiring group sit round me in the dog watch as I discourse thereon.

Most of them seem to think that one simply went up there with a spade and dug up nuggets like potatoes.

Jamieson and old Foghorn are especially curious, and very keen to go to the Golden North, but some of my yarns damped their enthusiasm a good deal.

Monday, 11th September.—We have got the S.E. trades all right, but they are too far to the S., so we can only head S.W. by S.

The trades are the ideal weather at sea,—day after day you sail before a fresh breeze in warm, balmy weather without touching brace or tack.

“Oh, I am the wind that the seamen love—
I am steady and strong and true;
They follow my track by the clouds above,
O’er the fathomless tropic blue.

“For, close by the shores of the sunny Azores,
Their ships I await to convoy;
When into their sails my constant breath pours,
They hail me with turbulent joy.

“From the deck to the truck I pour all my force,
In spanker and jib I am strong;
For I make every course to pull like a horse,
And worry the great ship along.

“As I fly o’er the blue I sing to my crew,
Who answer me back with a hail;
I whistle a note as I slip by the throat,
Of the buoyant and bellying sail.

“I laugh when the wave leaps over the head,
And the jibs thro’ the spraybow shine;
For an acre of foam is broken and spread,
When she shoulders and tosses the brine.

“Through daylight and dark I follow the barque,
I keep like a hound on her trail;
I’m strongest at noon, yet under the moon,
I stiffen the bunt of her sail.

“The ocean wide thro’ for days I pursue,
Till slowly my forces all wane;
Then, in whispers of calm, I bid them adieu,
And vanish in thunder and rain.”

Thus sings Thomas Fleming Day of the "Trade-Wind."

The ship is evidently very foul, as she is only logging 5 knots in this fine breeze.

On board a sailing-ship a patent log is not generally used much, and the log is hove in the old-fashioned and most reliable style about once every watch.

The log is a conical-shaped canvas bag, to the mouth of which the logline is attached.

The logline, which is wound on a reel, is divided up into knots by means of different pieces of leather—the first knot being a single piece of leather, the second knot has two tails to the leather, and the third knot has an ordinary knot tied, and so on. The knots are marked off on the line to correspond with a sand-glass running 28 seconds, the distance between each knot on the logline bearing the same proportion to a real knot that the 28 seconds of the sand-glass bear to the seconds in an hour. Thus, avoiding any calculation, you just read off the number of knots that have run astern during the 28 seconds, and they are the number of knots per hour the ship is going.

The mate or second mate generally heave the log, whilst one of us held the glass, and another the reel, which he holds above his head as the line runs out.

The first 20 or 30 fathoms of line are allowed to run out, so that the log may settle in the water; then, when a piece of rag is reached, the mate, who is at the rail watching the line run out, calls out sharply to the man holding the glass, "Turn!"

The man turns the glass, and the moment the sand has run out, calls, "Stop!"

The mate at once stops the line from running out further, and notes the number of knots that have run out.

When the ship is going 10 knots or over, the line runs out very fast, and it is as much as one man can do to haul it in again.

It was the duty of us in the half-deck; and on hearing the second mate sing out from the poop, "Heave the log!" Loring and I always had to scuttle out on to the poop, one to hold the glass, and the other the reel. The log was generally hove at the end of the watch, just before eight bells.

We had a lovely sunset to-day, with a mackerel sky.

I stood my first trick at the wheel last night, from ten to twelve in the first watch.

It was an easy night to steer in, as the wind was steady, and it was light enough to see the mizen-royal, which, as the ship was close-hauled, required watching, to see that the clew was just lifting and no more.

Tuesday, 12th September.—Wind rather light all day. We sighted a sail in the afternoon off our lee quarter, and could see down to her topsails from the deck.

This is the first sail we have sighted, and there was some excitement as to what ship she was, as it was evident, as she was heading our course, that she is one of the San Francisco Cape Horn fleet.

She turned out to be the smart French barque which had passed us the first day out, and so everyone was in great spirits at our being ahead of her, especially the old man.

A superb night again, with the breeze freshening up.

The second mate is very keen for me to take him up to the Klondyke. If I did ever think of going there again, I could not wish for a better partner for the job.

Wednesday, 13th September.—All hands disgusted to find the Frenchy out on our weather beam at daybreak this morning. The old man is very angry about it, and bent and set a topgallant jigger-stay-sail and a “save-all,” or “jimmy green,” consisting of a spare top-sail under the mainsail.

Of course, stunsails are hardly known at sea now, and very seldom met with, though I believe the American clippers *Judas Dowes*, *Indiana*, and *Paul Revere*, still carry them.

A fine breeze, and lovely day.

We can only head S.S.W. by the wind, and shall cross the line to-night, as at noon to-day our lat. was 1°.25 N. only.

The South Seas

Thursday, 14th September.—We crossed the line last night about four bells in the first watch. Needless to say, in these days of prose, Neptune did not show himself above the horizon.

It was a lovely moonlight night, with small fleecy clouds chasing each other across the star-studded blue-black vault of heaven.

The wind got rather puffy at times, and we had not been on deck long in the middle watch before a rather ugly-looking cloud began to approach and cover the sky to windward.

Like a great black pall, it gradually spread over the sky: one by one the bright stars were engulfed in the great bank of darkness which rose slowly from the horizon.

“We are going to have a nasty squall, I expect,” said Mac. “I advise you to get into oilskins, Bally.”

By the time that we had got our oilskins on, the bright sky, moon, and stars had been completely blotted out to windward by this huge, monstrous cloud. Higher and higher it rose, until it got right overhead.

Suddenly the second mate, who had got his eye gummed on it, roared out in a voice which must have woke the blind sea-snakes down in the deeps below,

“Stand by your royal halliards!”

There was a rush to the halliards, and I went to the main-royal and cast the coil off the pin, ready to let them go if the order came.

Down came the squall upon us, and over and over lay the *Royalshire*.

The rain came down like a cloud-burst, and in a moment the water was rising in the lee scuppers.

“Let go your royal halliards, clew them up, and make them fast!” yelled the second mate.

Down came the yards amidst a thrashing of canvas, and we rushed to clew them up.

We had got them half clewed up when the squall passed; the *Royalshire* stood up again, and once more the stars began to peep out as the great black cloud retired to leeward.

"That'll do there at the clew-lines!" said the second mate. "Mast-head the yards again!"

"Ahay! Aheigh! Aho—oh! Up she goes!"

And soon we were once more in quietness, sailing along 7 knots in the smooth sea, with every sail set.

Half an hour later, and another black cloud arose out of the horizon to windward.

Again came the cry,

"Stand by your royal halliards!"

This time the *Royalshire* lay over; the squall hissed, roared, and beat upon us; the rigging shrieked, and the ship groaned; but the second mate was not to be frightened, and hung on to his canvas.

In vain we waited for the cry,

"Let go your royal halliards!"

There was a lull, only to be followed by a severer gust; the ship lay over until the men to leeward by the main-royal gear were up to their knees in broken water, still the second mate stood immovable, with his eye to windward. He was rewarded for his daring, for the squall passed, and nothing carried away.

So the middle watch passed, and every half-hour nearly we had to stand by those royal halliards.

There was a fine breeze all day, and we logged 9 knots.

This is grand sailing, and one feels so fit and well. It is the good times in the trades that a sailor always remembers; he never remembers the terrible nights off the Horn, or in the Western Ocean in mid-winter. Well, it is all for the best as few would ever go to sea if they kept the memory of the hard times before them instead of the easy times.

Friday, 15th September.—We have got a new job now, making rovings in the first watch. This consists of platting three or five rope yarns together.

One gets wonderfully quick at it, and we generally race to see who does the most; though the second mate and Mac are easily the best, and I am the worst, as I have got a cut finger.

Course—S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

We had a little bit of excitement to-day, which might easily have ended in a tragedy.

I was at work, sand and canvassing boat-gear by the after-hatch, with Loring and Mac.

The second mate, who was watching us, called to Johnsen, who was putting a splice in a wire, and began to row him about something or other.

Johnsen's evil countenance went into a more villainous aspect than usual, and his scowl deepened to a really fiendish leer.

Then suddenly putting his hand into his shirt, he drew out his knife and stabbed the second mate full on the left breast.

Everyone of us saw the affair, and Loring cried out,
"My God, he's stabbed him!"

It was done so quickly that one could hardly see the knife, as he held it up his wrist.

But where was the blood? Why didn't the second mate fall, for he was stabbed right over the heart.

The knife must have missed somehow, because, for a man who had just been stabbed to the heart, the second mate showed amazing vigour.

Seizing Johnsen's wrist in a grip of iron, he tore the knife from the wretched man's grasp and hove it overboard, saying,

"I'll teach you to try and stab me, you hound!"

Then he set to and gave Johnsen such a hiding as I have rarely seen given to a man.

Smack! bang! His ponderous fist took Johnsen on the jawbone, and he fell to the deck.

Slowly he got to his feet, still with that everlasting scowl, and his lips moving silently in murderous abuse.

Crack! and again he smote the boards.

"Up you get, you cur; can't you stand up to me like a man?"

Before the second mate let him crawl haltingly forward, he was in a pretty battered condition, with a reddened nose, blackened eye, and twisted wrist.

"Back to your work again, you knifing coward, and no skulking, or you'll feel my fist again."

And so the incident closed.

But what had saved Mr. Knowles?

It was a very simple matter. In drawing the knife out of his shirt—where, by the way, no sailor ever keeps his knife—Johnsen had failed

to draw it quite clear of the sheath, and the sheath had remained on the end of it, thus saving the second mate's life.

This incident, which might have been such a tragedy, was discussed for a little while, and then entirely dropped, and no one thought further about the matter.

Such is life! Johnsen meant to kill the second mate, but Providence intervened: the mate lived, and Johnsen escaped the gallows.

Saturday, 16th September.—The S.E. trades are humming to beat the band, and the *Royalshire* is snoring through it with her lee scuppers in the water.

Occasional rain-squalls necessitate taking in the jigger-topgallant staysail, gaff-topsail, and flying-jib, which are the light weather sails, and always the first to come in.

We started "tarring down" to-day; but I was painting the break of the poop with the second and fourth mates, and so escaped it.

Of all the jobs on a deep-sea ship, tarring down is, I think, the dirtiest.

You are sent aloft with a pot of tar slung round your neck, and a bit of rag in your hand. As you climb about, you find your hands, arms, and face gradually getting covered with tar, and a bungler will come down from aloft pretty nearly all tar from head to foot.

Poor old Higgins had a very bad time of it, as he is a very poor climber. First of all he upset half his pot over the mainsail—a crime which brought down the curses of the second mate upon him, and which, if it had happened on an American ship, he would have probably been triced up in the rigging for; then he got to work upon himself, and upon the rigging of the ship, but from the first it was easy to be seen that he was more intent upon tarring himself down than doing anything else.

It must have taken him nearly the whole of the first dog watch to get himself clean. Even Loring took an hour of his watch below to get himself clean.

We are steering now, true course, S. by E.

Sunday, 17th September.—A lovely day again. Don and I started teaching the second, third, and fourth mates to waltz in the dog watch.

It was a most amusing sight to watch us gravely waltzing round and round, occasionally carrying away as the ship rolled.

The mate and the old man came and looked on from the break of the poop, and fairly roared with laughter.

The bosun sat himself down on the after-hatch and tuned up his guitar, and someone else started work on a mouth organ, making quite a creditable band.

The nipper and Loring took a hand, and we soon had three couples pirouetting about.

Don made a first-rate dancing master, and took great pains, whilst the three mates were as solemn as owls over the affair.

The second mate (dancing lady) was like a huge bear sprawling about, and Mac danced like a wild man from Borneo; but Scar went in for grace and stateliness, and pointed his toes and clicked his heels in a most fascinating manner.

Lat. 6°.25 S., long. 127°.08 W. Run 184 miles.

Monday, 18th September.—The glorious weather still goes on. We are hard at work with paint pot and brush, and put a coat of paint on the topgallant bulwarks and the break of the poop.

The break of the poop is being most carefully done, and is having coat after coat put on it, after which it is to be stencilled and grained.

Every morning, if it is my watch on deck in the morning watch, I have to swab it most carefully with “fresh water” if you please.

Our skipper is a particular man, and being an expert at painting, graining, etc., is down on one at once for a bit of bad painting, or if an out-of-the-way corner has not been properly swabbed.

It is wonderful what a knowledge of, and memory for ships they have seen, sailors have got.

I was helping Sails to-day, who is at work on a new royal, and while we worked we yarned.

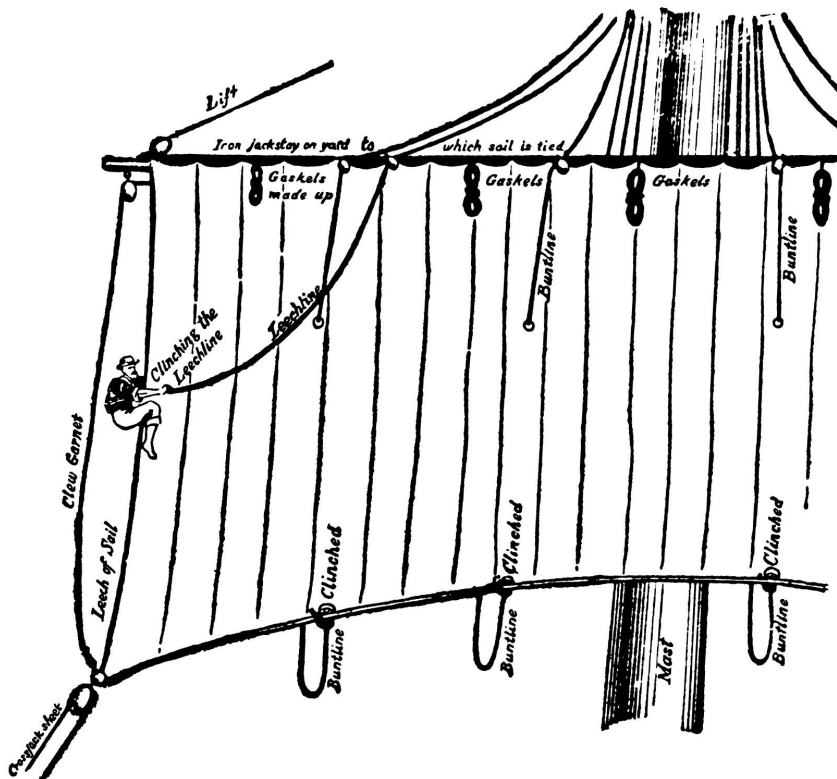
He told me that the *Henry B. Hyde* was the finest wooden American ship afloat.

She was built over twelve years ago, by John M'Donald, at Bath, Maine, and her registered tonnage is 2500 tons. There is only one three-master that is larger than her sailing the seas, and that is the British ship *Ditton*, of 2800 tons.

A marvellous fast Yankee is the barque *St. James*, of 1500 tons.

Clinching the Crossjack Leechline.

facing forward



The *Somali*, a four-mast steel barque, is the largest British sailing-ship, and is 3537 tons gross, and 330 feet long.

To show that sailing-ships are not being driven off the seas, as some people think, in the year 1897, 34 steel sailing-ships were launched in the United Kingdom, with a gross tonnage of 28,481, besides 2 iron ships, and 183 wood or composite ones.

In the past year, according to the statistics, there were 863 wooden sailing-ships in the United Kingdom, with net tonnage of 161,528 tons; 1093 wooden sailing-ships in the Colonies, with a net tonnage of 403,269 tons; and 2287 wooden sailing-ships in America, with a net tonnage of 1,123,307 tons. Of composite sailing-ships, the United Kingdom had only 17, with a net tonnage of 8884 tons; and the Colonies had only 17, with a net tonnage of 9292 tons; whilst America had none. Of iron sailing-ships, the United Kingdom has got 878, with a net tonnage of 1,040,695 tons; the Colonies 58, with net tonnage of 32,353 tons; and America 24, with net tonnage of 27,815 tons. Of steel sailing-ships, the United Kingdom had got 503, with a net tonnage of 829,442 tons; the Colonies 12, with net tonnage of 11,660 tons; and America 59, with net tonnage of 121,793. So you see there are plenty of sailing-ships still sailing the seas, and some of them earn very good dividends too.

The Americans, always enterprising, are going in now a great deal for four-, five-, and even six-masted fore-and-aft schooners, and very fine vessels these are, easy to handle, with great carrying capacity.

I passed one of these five-masted schooners once in the Gulf of Mexico off the Florida Keys. It was a bright moonlight night, and I was sleeping in a hammock slung on the boat-deck of a big four-mast tramp steamer. We passed within a biscuit-throw of this schooner, which, with a nice beam breeze, was going almost as fast as we were.

She was such a lovely sight that the officer of the watch actually ran down off the bridge and woke me up so that I could see her. She was painted white, and in the moonlight her hull and sails gleamed a pearly yellow, and gave her a fairy-like and enchanting appearance.

Tuesday, 19th September.—Lat. 11°.48 S., long. 127°.08 W.

We are busy working aloft to-day, sending down all old gear and sending up new rope; several of the braces have been renewed, besides leech and bunt lines.

I nearly had a fall from aloft. We had sent up a new port crossjack leech-line, and the second mate asked me whether I could clinch it by going down the leech of the sail. This is not easy to do, as you have only the sail to hang on to, but it is not anything out of the way: some men brag that they have come down from the royal-yard by the leeches of the sails.

I went on my old motto, "What one man has done I can do," so I said I would try.

I slipped off the yardarm, and, gripping with hands, knees, and feet, proceeded to slide slowly down the sail, tearing my nails, and skinning my legs.

The sail did its best to shake me off; there was not much wind, and it kept flapping, each flap swinging me violently from one side to the other.

I found it was all I could do to hold on, and on trying to leave go with one hand to clinch the leech-line, I all but fell, just saving myself by gripping the bolt-rope with all my strength. Again and again I tried; my muscles groaned and crackled under the tremendous strain, the whole weight of my body falling on the ends of my fingers, which were but slightly assisted by my knees and feet, owing to the flapping of the sail. I ground my teeth, as I hated to be beaten; how I did strain, until the muscles felt as if they would break, my veins stood out like cords on my forehead, from which great drops of sweat were falling. I crooked my fingers, and tore my nails as I dug them into the sail; but it was impossible, I could not hold on to the flapping sail by means of the tips of five fingers, whilst I clinched the leech-line by means of my teeth and my other hand. At last I had to give it up and slide down. I was quite blown when I got to the deck, and had ripped the skin clean off one shin, which, by the way, took over two months to heal, so bad does one's skin get at sea.

No one else would tackle the job, so finally I was lowered from the yardarm in a bowline, and so clinched the leech-line. Clinching the leech-line simply means making it fast to the leech of the sail about half-way down.

I note in my log to-day the following entry: "Mac turned out first in the afternoon watch to-day, a marvellous feat."

The much-admired and much-written-about constellation of the Southern Cross is in sight now, low down on the horizon.

Wednesday, 20th September.—Lat. $13^{\circ}.55$ S., long. $120^{\circ}.02$ W. Course—S. 3 W. Run 127 miles.

We had a bad rain-storm in the middle watch last night.

Again busy sending up new gear all day. We sighted a four-mast barque on our weather bow this morning.

The old man thinks she is the *Centesima*, which was in Frisco with us.

Much to our delight, we put her on the lee bow in the middle watch.

Thursday, 21st September.—On coming on deck this morning at eight o'clock, we found the other ship on our lee quarter.

They had just been signalling when our watch came on deck, and she turned out to be the *Loudoun Hill*, which left Frisco twelve days before us, and is considered a smart ship.

All day we gradually dropped her, and the old man is very pleased at passing her. The wind fell light, and broke off in the first dog watch, and we saw a black squall catch the *Loudoun Hill* all aback.

There are about a dozen dolphins off the quarter to-day, swimming alongside the ship. They are what seamen call "mosky," that is, having yellow tails. It is an old sailor's hoax that a dolphin gets his yellow tail from eating the weed off the ship's bottom, which is supposed to poison him.

In the afternoon, our watch below, the second mate, Mac, and I got the grains out and tried to grain them; but though we hit once or twice, we were not successful, for it is no easy matter this harpooning of dolphins.

Lat. $15^{\circ}.45$ S., long. 129 W. Course—S. 28 W. Run 124 miles.

Friday, 22nd September.—A calm day. We squared the yards, and started shifting sail again; very hot work, as we are working like demons to beat the port watch.

We can still see the *Loudon Hill* down to her topsails on the lee beam.

Saturday, 23rd September.—We have lost the trades, and are in the doldrums, busy bracing the yards up to any puff that comes along.

The *Loudoun Hill* is out of sight to leeward.

The dolphins are still showing off their beauty alongside, but they will not take a bait, and nobody is skilful enough to grain them, as at the very sight of the grain poised above the rail, they dive deeper into the water or swim just out of range.

I had a long yarn with the bosun to-day. He is a fairly well-to-do man for the bosun of a sailing-ship, as, until this voyage, he had left the sea for ten years, having married a woman with money, and having taken to farming in California, where he seems to be doing very well, and talks like an expert on the subject.

He is making this voyage as a means of getting home to see his old people, who are Germans, and he is taking them a large cask of home-made Californian wine, and two huge oil-paintings of himself and his wife.

He told me that he was chief officer on one of the Mexican Gulf steamers before he finally left the sea.

For a chief officer he certainly is a very poor sailorman, and I expect makes a far better farmer, as he has not got the nerve or grit that is necessary to make a good sailor.

Sunday, 24th September.—Fine breeze all night. In the first watch, when keeping time, I went forward at six bells to see that the side lights burnt brightly, and happening to look overboard from the fore-castle head, saw what I took to be a large fish keeping steadily along with its back out of water, just astern of our bow-wave.

I called Higgins, who was on the lookout; he said it was a porpoise, but I thought it was much too big for a porpoise.

Going aft, I woke up Loring, who was coiled up asleep under the break of the poop, and sent him forward to have a look at the queer fish. He came back cursing. The queer fish was old Higgin's clothes, which he had got towing overboard, and which the old man had forgotten.

It was a lovely day, and the ship lay her course on a bowline.

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free.”

Monday, 25th September.—Lat. $21^{\circ}.04$ S., long. 127° W. Course—E.S.E.

We had a busy time last night, squall after squall coming up in the first watch.

We stood by the royal halliards eight times.

The gaff-topsail, jigger-topmast staysail, and flying-jib were taken in in the middle watch.

The breeze is fresh to-day, with a cloudy sky, and the weather is getting colder.

We are taking sprays aboard, and will soon be in the ruck of it if this goes on.

Tuesday, 26th September.—The wind went ahead in the middle watch last night, and we could not head up better than E. by N., so all hands were called, and we went about. I think this is the first time we have gone about at night.

We finished bending sail to-day, and have bent a brand new foresail for the Horn.

My leg is festering all down the shin, the result of coming down the weather leech of the crossjack the other day, and I have had to put a bandage on it.

On coming on deck in the first dog watch, we found another sail in sight on our weather bow, also a four-mast barque.

She proves to be the *Centesima*, and we are coming up on her.

We had a long argument to-day about that vexed subject, British sailors on British ships. A great deal is written nowadays about the scandal of British ships sailing the seas manned by crews of Dutchmen and dagos, and most people think the reason is, that Britishers prefer sailing in foreign ships because they are so much better fed.

But the real reason why British ships are not manned by British seamen entirely is a very simple one to my mind,—there are not sufficient British seamen to man the British ships.

Take the better class, fairly steady, foremast Britisher; he is taken up to the last man by the mail-steamers and yachts (the amount of prime sailors employed on yachts nowadays makes no small item in the grand total of British seamen); added to this, look at the number of men the Navy requires annually from the country.

Thus it is that only British sailing-ships and steam tramps whose good qualities are well known, and whose officers are well known, can get crews of Britishers.

There are more British sailing-ships, however, at sea which never ship a foreigner amongst the crew than most people imagine. Of

course, British sailormen are often to be found in foreign ships for more than one reason; perhaps the chief is, that very often the man is on his beam ends and has to take the first ship he can get, which as likely as not happens to be a foreigner.

Many Britishers sail on American ships to qualify for the "Snug Harbour," and there are also a vast quantity of British seamen in the American Navy.

Therefore I contend that the chief, I do not say the only, reason why you find so many foreigners in British ships is, because there are not enough British seamen to supply the demand.

Wednesday, 27th September.—Course—S.S.W.; wind faint and unreliable, though we are overhauling the *Centesima*.

To-day we came to an end of the Kobe biscuits, which are nearly all rice, and at last have got the splendid American hard-tack served out to us: I don't think I have ever eaten better biscuit than this Frisco bread.

Hard at work again to-day scrubbing and painting.

I had a yarn with Webber in the dog watch. He is the hardest worker in the port watch, though he is a poor sailor. He has sailed a good deal in Yankee hell boats, and has tasted more belaying-pin soup than is good for him, the consequence being that though he is a great big man, 6 feet 2 inches high, he is as meek and mild as a newborn lamb.

He told me that he had sailed with "Black Taylor" the voyage before this demon in a human skin was killed. This man came to a fitting end. He was mate of the *S. G. Alley*, one of the toughest of tough hell ships, outward bound, and just off the Hook.

He found fault with a man for allowing the rope to surge at the capstan. As the rope was wet, it naturally paid out in short jerks, which, of course, could not be helped.

But this was too much for "Black Taylor,"—he went for the man, kicked him into the waterways, and was preparing to stamp his ribs in, when he leaped to his feet and ripped Taylor's stomach up, with the trick-twist of the New Orleans nigger.

"Black Taylor's" inside fell out, and his career ended then and there.

The ship put back into New York to get another mate, and the sailor at his trial pleaded self-defence, and only got six months, as Taylor's record was too well known.

Another notorious Yankee is Captain Summers, of the *H. D. Macgregor*. He is supposed to have broken every bone in his body at one time or another jumping after the men. He is a little man, very broad and strong, with a fearful temper.

He jumped clean off the poop one day, meaning to land on one of his crew, but the vessel rolling, he missed, and brought up against a water-barrel instead, and broke his thighbone.

Captain Slocum, of the *D. G. Tillie*, is another devil of a "down-easter," with a terrible character for brutality.

Thursday, 28th September.—We came on deck in the morning watch and found heavy rain falling, and the ship hardly going 3 knots.

My feet are so swollen from wearing no shoes that I cannot get my rubbers on.

Pitcairn Island is in sight from aloft, and soon will be from the deck.

We were hoping the captain would call there and take in some fresh vegetables.

What an interesting story is that of the Mutiny of the *Bounty* and settling of the mutineers on Pitcairn Island!

The island rises like a rock out of the sea, a mere speck in the great Pacific Ocean.

We had two squalls in the afternoon, and a fine breeze sprang up, but we are still close hauled, and going to the westward.

Friday, 29th September.—Fine night, and an 8-knot breeze, our light weather sails coming in in the first watch.

To-day is another day of painting.

Lat. 24°.55 S., long. 120°.30 W. Course—S. 22 W. Run 96 miles.

In the afternoon one of the port watch caught a 28-lb. albacore, a rattling fine fish.

Whilst putting a sail away this afternoon through the skylight on the poop into the sail-locker, Higgins in sea-boots trod on my bare foot. I stepped back hastily, and tripping up, fell through the skylight, smashing it to atoms.

In a Yankee ship I should have been in for belaying-pin soup to a certainty, but here, the matter being an accident, only raised a laugh, even from the old man.

Saturday, 30th September.—Hurrah! Fine breeze and lovely day, going 7 ½ knots with the yards on the backstays all the morning.

It was a case of our great chorus—

“What ho, Piper! watch her how she goes!
Give her the sheet and let her rip—
We’re the boys to pull her through.
You ought to see her rolling home,
For she’s the gal to go—
In the passage home in ninety days,
From Cal—i—for—ni—o!”

In the afternoon the breeze freshened and freed us a bit, and we logged 8 knots, and all night we were going like a steam-boat under all sail, the wind freeing all the time. At midnight the jigger-topgallant staysail had to come in, and the log showed 10 knots.

Soon after four bells in the middle watch I awoke, as I lay under the break of the poop, curled up on the deck, with the water in the lee scuppers lapping up to my feet, to hear the stentorian voice of the second mate above me—

“Square the crossjack yard!”

We had very hard work squaring her in, and had to take the handy billy to help us with the lower and topsail yards.

Running Easting Down

Sunday, 1st October.—The *Royalshire* is travelling faster to-day than she has done yet, going over 10 knots under all sail—splendid sailing! Ten knots may not seem a great pace to a man who has only tried the sea in steamers, but 10 knots on a sailing-ship is equivalent to 20 on a steamer, and far, far more exhilarating. How some of our keen yachtsmen would enjoy to-day! The *Royalshire* is laying over to it like a yacht with her lee rail, which is nearly 6 feet off the deck, almost under water: the lee scuppers are, of course, full of water, and sprays are rattling like small shot on the deck forward, and on the midship-house.

This is indeed sailing; everyone is cheerful, and in a good temper—as for myself, I feel as if I should like to dance about the deck and shout for very joy of such going. It is, indeed, a magnificent sight from the fore-castle head, but the best view of all is from the end of the bowsprit, a favourite spot of mine. From there you see the whole ship. How the sails belly out and tear at their sheets, how firm and round they look, how white and gleaming; then look below you at the fore-foot, slicing the green water in half, and throwing out a bow-wave as big as a torpedo-catcher's,—and all around white horses prance and toss the spume from their foaming heads.

The run for the last twenty-four hours was 232 miles, the best we have done yet. Lat. $31^{\circ}.28$ S, long. $127^{\circ}.09$ W.

We of the starboard watch came on deck at 4 P.M., to see a black-looking squall coming up.

“Aft the watch and brail in the spanker!” yells the second mate. Then the gaff-topsail and staysails had to come in. I was rolling up the main-topmast staysail, when there came a clap like thunder right over my head.

The squall was upon us, the wind shrieking through the rigging, and the rain rapidly filling the scuppers.

“The fore-royal's blown away!” yelled Rooning, who was rolling up the staysail with me.

I looked up, and there was the fore-royal in rags, wound round and round the mast and yard; the sheet had carried away.

This was the signal for the royals to come in. I went up on to the main-royal yard with old Taylor, and as we rolled up the sail, we could see that Johnsen, Jamieson, and Wilson were having a rare job on the fore-royal yard cutting the sail adrift.

It took them nearly a couple of hours before they got the tattered remains of the sail on deck.

I thought the old man would have been rather mad at losing the sail, but not a bit of it; he seemed rather pleased than otherwise. There was no mistake about it, his reputation for carrying on was no false one.

By 8 P.M. it was blowing very hard, and just as the port watch were going to turn in, all hands were called, and the crossjack and mainsail were hauled up and made fast.

This done, the other watch went below, whilst we set to work to get the topgallant sails in.

I went up to the fore upper-topgallant with Jennings and old man Higgins. Getting on to the yard, we found the sail thrashing about and raising a great commotion, as it had not been properly clewed up.

A terrific fight began between the furious sail, Jennings, and myself; poor old Higgins was of no use, it being all he could do to hang on.

Whenever one got a grip of the sail, after repeated attempts and tearing of nails, it shook itself free again, and then tried to knock you off the yard. The only thing to do was to trust to Providence, and use both hands. Of course, it is taking big risks. To begin with, you are standing on a swinging foot-rope, the ship is pitching so that you are first nearly flung over the top of the yard and then nearly fall over backwards; with both hands you are trying to pick up the sail, which every now and again, especially if it is not quite hauled up by the spilling lines, bellies out over the top of the yard, and hitting you in the face, tries to knock you over backwards; then if you have not got firm hold of the jackstay you are bound to go—to land on the deck 150 feet below, an unrecognisable mass, smashed like a rotten apple.

Jennings and I were soon using both hands, hitting the sail with our fists, tearing at it, every now and then getting a bit up, and hanging on to it like grim death.



“ROYALSHIRE” UNDER FULL SAIL

Swearing like pirates, sweating, fighting, struggling, we at last got the bunt up, and the bunt gasket made fast. Then I went out on to the weather yardarm, with Jennings inside me, and Higgins inside Jennings, on the yard. Exerting all my strength, I managed to pick up the leech of the sail and get it on to the yard, and hold it down with my body on top of it. I then got my arm under the foot, and held on to it for all I was worth, shouting to Jennings to pass the gasket round the sail; this he never succeeded in doing until I could hold out no longer, and had to let the sail drop again. As we were such a long time, the fourth mate presently came up to see what we were about; but he came on to the yard without stopping to pick his language.

“What the — — — are you doing, you — hobos? Are you intending to stay up here all the — — night?”

This was nice language to use to men who were risking their lives and tearing their hearts out, and it was too much for our tempers.

Notwithstanding the pitching of the ship, and the thrashing of the sail, there would have been a fight on that yard if Mac had not sung low.

Now Mac was one of the best men aloft in the ship, but even with his aid, we had been two hours on that upper-topgallant before we had got the last gasket passed.

This was our first bit of a blow, and: of course the watch wanted a lot of drilling. In hauling the mainsail up, the maintack had never been unhooked, so directly I got on deck from the fore upper-topgallant, I found I had to go up on to the main-yard with Wilson and send the tack down. It was a simple enough operation with the aid of the leech-line, but Wilson and I managed to get mixed up in the dark and, of course, lost our tempers, and he started cursing at me; at last I told him I would chuck him off the yard if he did not shut his adjectived mouth, and he was silent. This was the only row I ever had with Wilson, who was a rare good old chap, as simple as a child and very kindhearted.

Whilst I had been aloft, three quarters of the watch had passed away. From eight to eleven we had been going fully 14 knots, and for the first time this passage the ship required two men at the wheel.

She was taking some big lumps of water aboard, and hardly had I clambered on deck out of the main rigging than a big dollop came over

the rail right on top of me, and swept me off my legs; luckily I had firm hold of the topgallant halliards.

The next moment I heard the second mate calling for me: it was my timekeeping, and two of the binnacles were out. I soon had them lighted, after a liberal use of matches and oaths, and rushing on to the poop in the darkness, ran straight into the old man, all but knocking him down. Hastily apologising, I dashed on, not waiting for any remarks.

When I turned the watch out at one bell, Don rounded on me and said,

“I wish you would not make such a row lighting those binnacles, Bally.”

“Why,” I answered, “I thought I was very quiet.”

“I don’t know what you call quiet, but I lay and listened to you scratching matches and cursing for nearly twenty minutes.”

“Oh, rats! I cursed a bit to myself, I admit, in a whisper.”

“D—d big whisper,” and with that he proceeded to roll out of his bunk.

“Any water on deck?” asked the third mate.

“I advise you to put on oilskins; I’ve had a dollop over me.”

“Where’s Loring?”

“At the lee wheel.”

“What ho! a lee wheel, eh! What’s she doing?”

“Been going about 14 knots since eight,” I answered, and glancing at the clock, saw it was eight bells, and dashed on to the poop again to strike the bell.

Presently came the welcome words from the mate,

“Relieve the wheel and lookout!” and our watch went below, after a busy time.

The second mate came down into the half-deck when the watch changed, and told them how I had tried to knock the old man down.

This was a great joke.

“Bally’s been raisin’ hell everywhere to-night,” said Mac. “He wanted to fight me on the fore upper-topgallant yard, he threatened to chuck Wilson off the main-yard, he tried to knock the old man down —”

“He’s been keeping us awake in here for the last half-hour whilst he abused the binnacles,” put in Don.

"Boil your burners to-morrow," I growled to Don, and then gave myself up to delicious sleep.

Monday, 2nd October.—In the morning watch the weather began to moderate. We hove the log and found she was doing 8 knots.

At 5 A.M. we started setting sail in the dark. I loosed the mizen-royal and upper-topgallant sail.

We set all three royals and the upper-topgallant sails, bending another fore-royal.

Cape pigeons made their first appearance to-day, a whole flock of them hovering round the stern. They are very jolly little birds, with black and white markings, and are quite the most cheerful little beings in the Southern Ocean, far different to the sullen, majestic albatross, the weirdly screaming mollymawks, and the great Cape black hens.

The old man had the tattered royal stretched out on the poop this morning.

The whole of the foot was gone, and only about half the sail was left, and that was in strips.

"Never seen a sail blow away like that before have you?" said the old man, turning to me.

"No, sir!"

"Well, you may see two or three more before the mudhook's in the ground," he said, with a grim smile.

This looked as if he meant carrying on, and I thought of that twenty pounds bet.

To-day we are preparing for the bad weather in the half-deck. We have collected all the bits of canvas we can get hold of, and are nailing them round our bunks to keep the water which pours in in bad weather from swamping our bunks out.

I am better off than the others, as I have got my waterproof sheet which I used camping out. This I have nailed round mine, and very useful I afterwards found it. Many a time has the water been two blocks under the break of the poop, and of course poured into the half-deck through the ventilators, in the doors, and the cracks.

One could not keep the ventilators always closed, as even with them open, the air inside the little half-deck, with both doors shut, was very bad. Whenever the water came in through the port ventilator, it used to pour like a waterspout on to Don's and my bunks; mine was the

lower one, and my waterproof sheet had all it could do to withstand the force of water, firmly nailed as it was.

I have turned my cariboo-skin sleeping-bag fur inside again. Clothes lines have been hung overhead, chests looked to and jammed.

The nipper's canary was taken to the carpenter's shop next the galley, the warmest place in the ship.

We overhauled our cold weather clothes. I am very well off indeed with all my Klondyke things; indeed, but for my leaky oilskins, I could not have a better outfit for the Horn.

It consists of an Eskimo fur coat with a hood, a fur cap with nose and ear flaps, a Klondyke coat of buckskin and corduroy lining, a reefer jacket, fur mits, a thick waistcoat, and homespun Norfolk coat, besides thick pilot-cloth trousers, several pairs of stockings and thick socks, three pairs of arctic socks, arctic moccasins reaching to the knee, thick snow moccasins, field boots (to which I had given a good coating of grease), and hip rubbers.

But, alas! though I bought my rubbers a size too big, my feet were so swollen from not having worn shoes for a month that I could not get them on, and I had to swop them with Mac for a pair of knee rubbers.

Loring was very badly off, and had no warm clothes at all, so I gave him my Norfolk coat and thick waistcoat. The coat nearly reached down to his knees, and his hands went out of sight up the sleeves; but this was all the better for warmth.

The wind fell calm after sunset, and a drizzling rain set in, with heavy swell, which set the ship rolling very badly, so that it was all one could do to stand up; I took two terrific tosses, slipping upon the greasy decks.

How delightful and cosy I felt turning into my sleeping-bag in the first watch, better far than a dozen pairs of blankets, Off the Horn the air is so moist that once one's blankets are damp they never get dry again; besides which, the iron side of the half-deck sweats awfully, and drips on to everything. But when everybody and everything else was wet off the Horn, I would crawl into my bag, my underclothes wet, my socks dripping—I did not take them off, as the only chance to get them dry was by the heat of my body—and on turning out again I would find my clothes dry, and my feet smoking hot, notwithstanding the wet socks.

But the job was getting wet rubbers on over wet socks.

Tug! tug! tug! Puff! puff! puff! It necessitated turning out punctually at seven bells. In the tropics it took me two seconds to dress, off the Horn twenty minutes;—what with putting lashings on your oilskins, a deep-sea lashing round the waist, wrist lashings to prevent the water pouring down your arms as a sea came over the rail on top of one's head, and a lashing round your legs below the knees to prevent the water from getting up between the oilskins and rubbers.

Tuesday, 3rd October.—The wind went down in the night, and the morning found us loafing along with a thick damp fog all round us. According to Board of Trade regulations, a lookout was sent on to the forecastle head with a cowhorn, out of which at short intervals he blew three blasts—a more weird sound I never heard.

We are busy to-day sending down all the gaskets and renewing them. Rotten gaskets have probably caused more deaths by falling from aloft than any other cause.

A careless sailor will haul his gasket tight with both hands—result, if the gasket is rotten it carries away, and over he goes backwards. Even if the gasket is not rotten, it may give to him suddenly, and the jerk taking him by surprise causes him to leave go, and away he goes, to be smashed like a jelly on the deck below, or, if he falls outboard and he manages to struggle up to the surface, the weather is probably too bad for a boat to be launched.

Lat. 36°.31 S., long. 123°.19 W. Course—S. 36 E. Run 130 miles.

The steward was rather amusing to-day in the first dog watch. Whilst looking about in the lazarette for something for the cabin tea, he came across a tin marked “Frankfurter Sauerkraut.”

This puzzled him completely, and he determined to find out what the mysterious dish was.

On opening it, of course he found sausage and cabbage inside.

“Blast me if it ain't nothin' but sausage and greens, after all that heathen writin' on the tin,” he growled.

Loring and I were down there getting up bread for him—by bread I mean hard-tack—which was a job we had about once a fortnight.

“But that means sausage and cabbage,” I said.

“Well, 'ow was I to know; I ain't no scholard—they didn't learn me no French when I was a kid,” he replied, much incensed.

This getting up hard-tack was not a bad job. Loring used to get right inside the tank—the hole was not big enough for me, so he always had to do that part of the job.

I used to sit on the tank and pass him down a plate, this he filled with biscuit, which I poured into an empty flour sack; this when full I carried up and emptied into a locker in the pantry. The steward generally gave us something for filling his locker up—a piece of soft-tack or a little cold dry hash—which, you may be sure, we fully appreciated.

On the line, it was, to say the least of it, hot in the lazarette, and poor Loring in the small bread-tank fairly sweltered.

The job generally took nearly two hours, as we did not hurry much, and during that time our jaws kept steadily munching, as we usually put away over a dozen biscuits apiece.

The steward kept his eye on us pretty well as he did not trust us further than he could see us down there with all the cabin provisions around us.

Notwithstanding his vigilance, the pair of us generally left the lazarette our shirts stuffed with onions, which were much prized in the half-deck, and eaten raw.

In the lazarette there was a big open cask of unrefined sugar, which I was very fond of: it was so juicy as to be quite intoxicating, with all the properties of Jamaica rum. It had one drawback, however, and that was that some paraffin oil had somehow got upset in it, giving it a bit of a paraffiny taste. This, though sufficient to prevent it being served out to the crew, did not prevent me from enjoying a big bit of it whenever I got the chance.

As luck would have it, our new sugar, which had been got in at Frisco, also got tainted thoroughly with paraffin, and was not nearly so good as this old sugar, to my mind.

This was rather hard lines, as sugar is half the battle in the sort of tea and coffee you get on board a lime-juicer.

It is wonderful what you can get used to however. I have drunk many queer apologies for coffee, but with time have always managed to get so used to them that I rather liked them in the end; in the same way that on a ranche in winter in the north-west, where I have done a bit of cowboy work, if snowed up and run out of tobacco, one smokes tea, and gets so used to it that one hardly likes leaving it when one gets tobacco again.

The worst coffee I ever drank, I think, was up in the Klondyke. I had walked over the Chilkoot Pass to Lake Linderman, where the Canadian custom-house was, for the boundary line was the top of the Pass.

Here I had to wait for my truck, consisting of my stove, tent, provisions, etc., to come over the Pass by means of the Wire Cable Company, by which the things were hauled up to the summit, and the sleighs and pack-trains by which they were conveyed across the lakes and over a very rough trail down to Linderman.

Over a fortnight I had to wait, with nothing to do but watch snow slides in the mountains, whittle wood (a popular pastime in the Klondyke), and shoot ptarmigan. During this time I was obliged to put up at a canvas bunk-house, with a sawdust floor, and sleep two in a bunk between dirty blankets. A small glass of native beer cost 4 bits (the North-west Coast term for 50 cents), and whisky of the most poisonous description 6 bits (75 cents). Bacon and beans were the staple fare, washed down by a drink supposed to be coffee, but generally called slumgullion.

This slumgullion almost formed a meal in itself, for half the cup was filled with a thick sediment of flour, sawdust, and one or two other delicacies. It tasted tallowy, it tasted pork and beany, it tasted oily, and it tasted of garlic; this, for coffee, I thought hard to beat, but old Slush's coffee on the *Royalshire* ran it close.

There were two brands of coffee on the *Royalshire*, marked "cabin coffee" and "crew's coffee."

Don, who posed as a bit of a connoisseur of coffee, examined both taps as we passed them aboard. The cabin coffee he pronounced to be sweepings, the cheapest to be got in Frisco. The crew's coffee he bit and tasted, and declared was not coffee at all.

Goodness only knows what it was composed of; all I know is that there is a deal of painted wood doing duty for coffee in America, put in circulation by certain slim gentlemen, and I sometimes think we got some of this.

It was wet during the night, and there was some lightning, but very little wind.

Wednesday, 4th October.—To-day we are busy sending down and overhauling sheets. I am glad to say that the *Royalshire* is not one of those cheaply-run ships as to gear, which cost so many men's lives.

The old man looks at every sheet, leech-line, buntline, and halliard whip with his own eye, and it is at once replaced with new rope if showing much signs of wear. The gaskets especially were all renewed.

It fell dead calm about four bells in the afternoon watch, and there was a heavy swell running, so the mainsail and crossjack were hauled up, and the royals furled.

It is much colder, and socks and boots are the order of the day.

There was a regular Cape Horn sunset, and I thought it looked very wild and grand. The sea was a greyish sickly green, and ran in long ridges as the swell rolled in from the South'ard, where there was evidently dirty weather; the sky was yellow, with a few angry red streaks in it, and the sun sank very slowly.

In the second dog watch, some fiend started the discussion of "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father was my father's son: who is that man?"

After deep thought, Scar declared that that man was my son, and I seconded him.

"Both wrong," cried Don excitedly; "that man's myself."

"Well, I'm fair dashed if I can see it," said Scar; "he canna be mysel', an' he maun be my son."

"Hear! hear! how can my father and my father's son be the same person?" I joined in.

"Well you must be a pair of — — fools, that's all I can say," said Don, highly scornful.

"What do you think about it, you wild Highlander?" he continued, turning to Mac.

The canny Scot put his head on one side, and after meditating a bit, came out with this extraordinary statement,

"He's me brither, or myself."

"I'm me gran'mother if he is!" yelled the hot-tempered third mate.

"What do you think, Klondyke?" asked Mac in an aside to me.

"Why, that you and Don are a pair of idiots."

"Hang it all, Bally, I did not think you were such a thickhead as all that," sneered Don in his superior way.

"Thickhead yourself; I'll bet you anything you like that that man's my son," I replied.

"And I'll bet you a fiver that that man's myself."

“Done with you! I’ll lay odds Klondyke’s right!” almost shrieked Scar.

At one bell the second mate came into the half-deck, and was immediately appealed to by both sides. But he found it such a matter for thought that before he could give his decision eight bells went, and we of the starboard watch had to go on deck.

The sides were evenly divided so far; Mac and the nipper joined Don, whilst Loring “plumped his stack of blues” on Scar and myself.

Mac, Loring, and I paced up and down the main-deck arguing hopelessly, each thinking the other an absolute fool for not seeing the right answer.

Whenever we came under the half-deck, we heard Scar and Don hard at it; both had lost their tempers, and sitting up in their bunks, were yelling across at each other in a way which was both painful and free. So excited were they, that they lost more than half their watch below before they gave up the unfinished argument for sleep.

Meanwhile the second mate was struggling with the problem as he walked the poop. Occasionally he would come to the rail and call us, saying that he had changed his mind; for, first he declared it was the son, then he took a few turns and came back and said it was the father, and so he went on.

There was no work to be done as we lay rolling in the swell without a breath of wind, the sails slating against the masts. Presently the whole watch were arguing, cursing, and scratching their heads about the infernal conundrum.

So the argument went on all night. At eight bells the second mate whispered it to the mate as he relieved him, and it straightway kept the mate pondering all the middle watch.

On our watch coming on deck again at 4 P.M., Don and his side were in the minority, and soon after every one went with a rush to our side, and Don was left solitary, stubborn, and defiant, declaring that he would prove he was right by mathematics, or if we preferred it, by algebra, adding that we were the biggest lot of thickheads and duffers in creation.

Thursday, 5th October.—The calm cleared off about four bells in the forenoon watch, and left us slipping along under all sail in sunshine, blue sky, and rolling sea. The light breeze is dead aft, and

fog rolls down upon us at intervals, and gives the "tootler" with the cowhorn on the forecastle head a chance of showing his powers, and startling the inhabitants of the Southern Ocean.

Two albatrosses have made their appearance. How magnificent they look as they hover in our wake, swooping gracefully about without a single quiver of their huge double-jointed wings. I have watched them for hours at a time without seeing one of them make a flap of his wings. They don't fly, they sail; and when they want to go against the wind, "they brace sharp up," and in a wonderful manner seem able to sail right into the wind's eye. It is a bad sign to see them so far north, and means very bad weather to the southward.

Lat. 38°.06 S., long. 122°.03 W.

"Mugi," the white hen from Japan, died to-day, making the third death in the hencoop this passage from unknown causes.

When we were in Frisco, Mugi had the hencoop to herself, and was as fit as she could be. The day before we sailed, however, a dozen wretched-looking barn-door fowls were sent on board with a seedy-looking cock.

The hencoop, filled with these newcomers, was brought aft and lashed on to the after-hatch, and Don was appointed feeder of the hens, a store of wheat, brick, and oyster-shells being put in his lamp-locker for their use.

Meanwhile the steward and the nipper prepared themselves for an egg competition, and it is probable that if the hens had been good layers, the cabin would not have seen many eggs, as the nipper was as sharp at abstracting eggs from a hencoop as a London pickpocket. Only two eggs have been laid, however, up till now, and they have been carefully divided between the six inmates of the half-deck, and eaten raw, shell and all.

Notwithstanding Don's unrelenting care and attention, the hens have been getting worse and worse, and there is evidently some catching disease which is killing them off.

Friday, 6th October.—Fine clear day, with a fresh breeze dead aft. Course—E.S.E. Run 67 miles. Lat. 40°.54 S., long. 120°.17 W.

We are now in the "Roaring Forties," and ought to have fair westerly winds until we head north again on the other side of the Horn.



THE ALBATROSS

Between the parallels of 40 and 60 a westerly gale of wind blows continuously all the year round, and when a ship bound for Australia gets into these parallels she keeps in them the whole way to Sydney, and what sailors call "runs her easting down." Some of the old tea-clippers made wonderful records running their easting down.

Perhaps the best was that of the famous American clipper *Red Jacket*, which ran 3184 miles in ten consecutive days, her daily runs being 312, 300, 288, 400, 299, 350, 357, 334, 245, and 300 miles.

This vessel was built by George Thomas, at Rockland, Maine, in 1853, for Donald M'Kay.

She made some very fast passages, one of the most notable of which was thirteen days one hour and twenty-five minutes from New York to Liverpool. In this passage she made the extraordinary day's run of 417 knots.

The famous record-breaker *Thermopylæ* was especially noted for her qualities when running her easting down. Perhaps as it is now some time ago when her wonderful passages were the talk of every one, just as those of the *Deutschland* and *Wilhelm der Grosse* are now, it might be of interest if I give a short account of this vessel, which was considered by many sailors to be the fastest sailing-ship ever launched.

The *Thermopylæ* was a composite ship of 948 tons net, 1991 tons gross. She was built by William Hood & Co., of Aberdeen, and designed by the late Mr. Bernard Waymouth, Secretary of Lloyds' Register.

Her dimensions were—length, 212 feet; beam, 26 feet; depth, 20.9 feet.

Her first voyage was a wonderful one, as she broke a record every passage.

At 5 A.M. on the 7th of November 1868, she left Gravesend, the Lizard was passed at 6 P.M. the next day, and the channel cleared that same night.

She let go her anchor oft Port Phillip, Melbourne, on 9th January 1869, a passage of sixty days from pilot to pilot. From Melbourne she went to Newcastle, N.S.W., where she loaded for Shanghai.

On the 10th of February she left Newcastle and arrived at Shanghai on the 10th of March, a passage of twenty-eight days, and another record.

From Shanghai she sailed for London, and arrived after a passage of ninety-one days. This was also a record, but was beaten a fortnight later by her great rival, *Sir Lancelot*.

Thus she went round the world, breaking the record each passage.

On her second trip to Melbourne she took sixty-one days.

When the opening of the Suez Canal broke the hearts of the tea-clippers, *Thermopylæ* went into general trading, in which she remained till the end of 1895. Her last voyage as a deep-waterman was from Port Blakeley to Leith in one hundred and forty-one days, she was then sold, and is now a training-ship on the Tagus.

Thus, after a very fast life, the *Thermopylæ* spends her old age in rest and quietness. A better ending this than that of many a famous tea-clipper; most of them were bought by foreign nations and ended their days timber droghing, and a number of them are afloat still, but, of course, with their huge sail-spreads and crews very much cut down.

Leander, *Patriarch*, *Cutty Sark*, *Titania*, and *Black Adder* are all, I believe, still afloat.

Of course sailing-ships of the present day are only built for carrying capacity; notwithstanding this, many of them have made records worthy to be ranked with those of the tea-clippers.

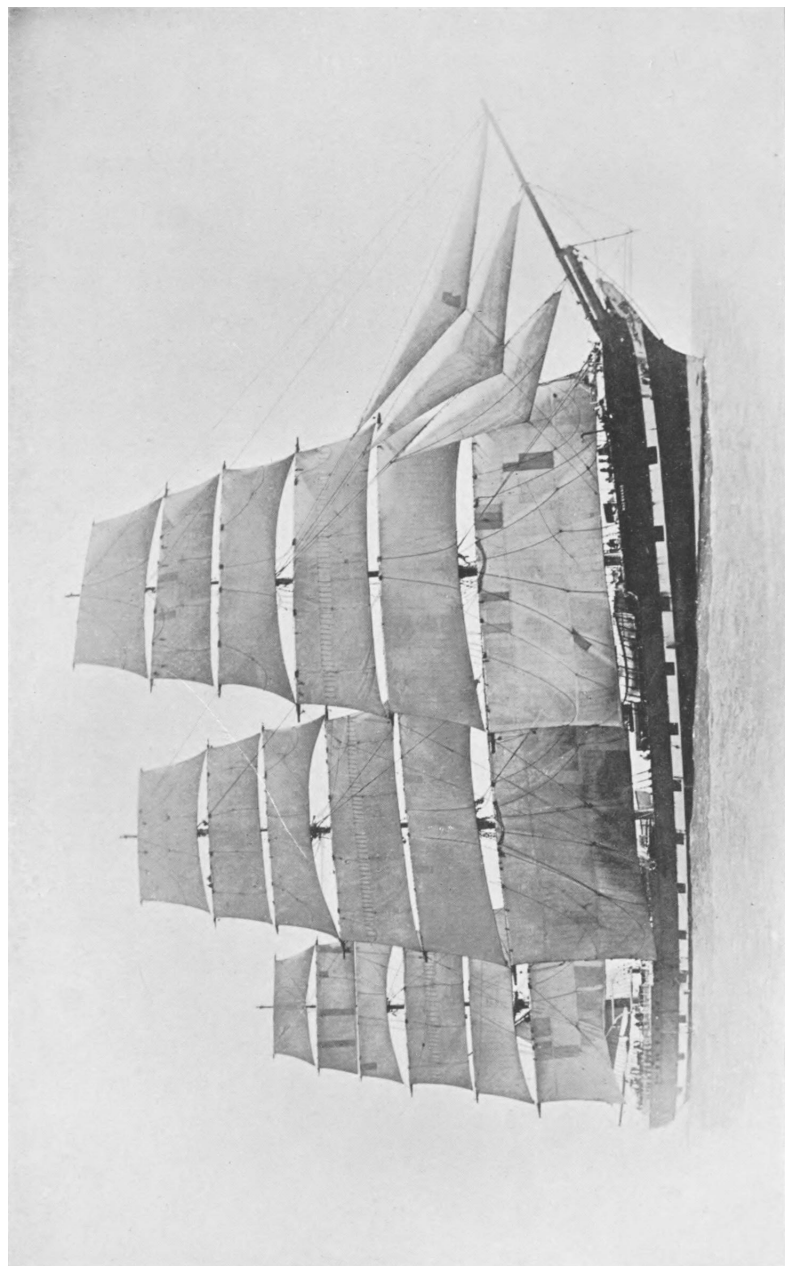
In 1883 the *Maulesden*, an iron ship of 1455 tons, built by A. Stephen & Sons, of Dundee, did an extraordinary fine performance.

Leaving Greenock on 2nd March 1883, she crossed the line seventeen days out, doubled the Cape in thirty-nine days, passed Tasmania sixty-one days out, and arrived at Maryborough, Queensland, after a passage of sixty-nine days.

Running her easting down her best days' runs were 302, 303, 304, 311, 317, 322, and 335 knots.

Her best weeks' runs were 1698, 1798, 1908, and 1929 knots. From Maryborough she went to San Francisco, and then home, calling at Queenstown; the whole voyage, including detention in ports, took only nine months thirteen days.

Her sister ship, the *Duntrune*, was also an exceptionally speedy ship, and in 1887 went from Port Augusta, Australia, to Valparaiso in thirty-one days. This was a distance of 6920 miles, and an average of 223 knots per day.



AN AUSTRALIAN CLIPPER

Many of the modern four-mast barques are also very fast, and the *Royalshire* herself is considered a fast ship, having done some very fine passages.

One of the finest and fastest of these magnificent vessels is the *Loch Torridon*. She holds the record for a deep-loaded ship from Newcastle, Australia, to San Francisco, making the passage in forty-six days. In 1891 she beat a fleet of seventy-eight vessels, coming home wool-laden from Sydney in eighty days. It was on this voyage that she made the wonderful record of forty-one days from Diego Ramirez to the Lizard.

In 1892 she went out to Melbourne in ballast in sixty-nine days, and in nine consecutive days made runs of 302, 290, 288, 272, 285, 282, 270, 327, and 341 knots.

She has also done the passage from Newcastle, Australia, to Valparaiso in thirty days.

The *Dundee* is another fast four-master, making the passage from Montrose to Sydney in 1889 in seventy-six days, her best days' runs being 295, 318, 338, and 342 knots.

The *Queen Margaret*, a skysail-yard, four-mast barque and a "blue-nose," was a noted flyer. She was up at Port Costa loading grain with us, and at the present moment is probably close on our trail.

In the afternoon watch it began to freshen up, and we furled the mizen-royal and upper-topgallant sail, and at eight bells the mainsail was hauled up and made fast. As a rule, when a course was taken in it was done at the change of the watch, and then the port watch took their yardarm and we took ours, a race taking place between the two watches in furling the sail.

As we were much the better watch, our last man was frequently on deck before they had picked up their sail. It is a great shipmaster's dodge to work his watches in rivalry against one another, as he then gets twice the work out of them.

In sand and canvas and painting I don't think there was much to choose between us; but when it came to taking in sail in bad weather, or work at the braces, we were twice as strong a crew as they were.

Some Yankee ships have what is called "checkerboard" crews, that is to say, niggers in one watch, white men in the other, and I believe the competition between the two watches is tremendous. There are some deep voyagers that go in for entirely nigger crews.

They are said to be rather unruly at sea, though good and fearless sailors. The great point about a negro crew is their "chantying." They do nothing without a chanty, and their chantying is a real musical treat, which, if put on the stage, I am very sure would draw immensely.

Squalls are coming up at intervals, and on coming on deck in the middle watch we found the wind had broken off a bit. We had not been on deck long before the order came to take in the topgallant sails. Having rolled them up, we then set the staysails, and when we went below at 4 A.M. she was going a good 11 knots.

Saturday, 7th October.—From to-day, until we get to the 40th parallel again on the other side of the Horn, we get "burgoo" for breakfast, and I must confess that I have been looking forward to this for some days.

So, on being called this morning at seven bells, it being my "peggy," I was soon out of my bunk and beseeching old Slush to give us a good whack.

How we did enjoy that burgoo, badly made as it was! how we lingered over the last few mouthfuls! how we scraped the kid!

A lovely day, clear and cold, the topgallant sails had been set again in the morning watch, and at eight bells, 8 A.M., she was logging 11 ½ knots.

In the forenoon watch we set the mainsail and reefed it, and then set the royals.

The run to-day was 180 miles. Course—S. 47 E. Lat 42°.57 S., long. 118°.03 W.

It is gradually breezing up, sprays are flying, and occasionally a dollop of green water slops aboard. We are surrounded by Cape pigeons, mollymawks, and other Southern Ocean birds, and the two great albatrosses are still with us.

The crossjack was reefed between the dog watches, our watch suffering, as it was our second dog watch below. We had that crossjack reefed in pretty quick time, for every minute kept us from our tea; though it was only hard-tack and half a pannikin of coloured water per man, such as it was, it was always eagerly looked forward to. As for myself, I have twice the appetite at sea that I have on shore, and up till now have never missed a meal at sea, either in steam or sail.

In the first watch we had two Cape Horn hail-storms, and as the wind came more astern we hauled down the staysails.

Sunday, 8th October.—Regular “running easting down” weather. Lovely day, not too cold, with sun shining and foam glistening. The white water is roaring past as the *Royalshire* snores through it with her lee scuppers full, leaving a wake like that of a channel paddle-boat.

We shook the reefs out of the crossjack and mainsail this morning, and with all sail set she is going for all she is worth. One has to watch one’s time on the main-deck now, as biggish dollops are coming aboard.

Lat. 45°.08 S., long. 115°.19 W. Course—E. ½ S.

A great big mollymawk flew aboard this afternoon, a very rare occurrence. He was a magnificent bird, with a body as big as a swan’s, and with a splendid white breast. He could not rise off the deck, and was so sea-sick that he could hardly waddle along. After we had examined him, we let him go by throwing him over the side, and he soon joined his mates, his only loss being his dinner, which he left on board.

It is now pretty cold, especially at night, and some of the men forward are very badly off for clothes. Poor old Higgins and Bower are the worst off in our watch, and we have each given them a few things. The old man, who has got an immense wardrobe, has been very generous, giving away very good clothes to some of the men forward.

There is no slop-chest on board, so if a man comes aboard with only what he stands up in, he has to trust to the generosity of his shipmates.

But sailors are by far the most generous and liberal people on this earth, not hesitating to give away what they know they want very much themselves.

Bower, who knew nothing of the sea when he came aboard, thinking he could do without oilskins, sold his new ones to somebody in the other watch, and now he has had to cadge around for what he can get, and after some difficulty he has managed to get an old suit, which badly wanted oil and a good deal of patching.

Old Higgins is also very badly off, as he has no rubbers, and his sea-boots leak badly. He is a comic though pitiful sight now, as he has tied bits of canvas round his boots, and has got lashings all over him to prevent his tattered raiment from blowing away. Even his old slouch

hat he has tied on by a piece of canvas passed over it and made fast under his chin.

When the decks are wet, as they are now, it is almost impossible to stand up in anything but rubbers, so the men that have no rubbers tumble and slip up in every direction as the ship rolls; even in rubbers, it is hard enough to keep on your legs.

Monday, 9th October.—Lat. 46°.35 S., long, 111°.52 W. Course—S. 59 E. Run 173 miles.

It is much colder to-day, and much rougher, with hail squalls at intervals, the wind having gone more into the southward.

It is too cold for sand and canvasing, so we are busy making mats for fenders; and Jamieson is engaged in making a large mat, which is going to make part of a terrible instrument called “the bear,” which afterwards caused much heartbreaking work.

I was beginning to think we were going to have an easy forenoon watch, as we all sat under the forecastle head in comfort whilst the seas thundered on the deck above us, and a continuous succession of dollops fell aboard amidships. But it was too good to last long, as presently the second mate sneaked forward with a large bundle of roving—the result of many first watches in the tropics, which he had kept hoarded in his cabin—these, and as many rope yarns as we could carry, he presented to four of us.

“Lubbock and Jennings, you two go up the fore and put in as many rope yarns as you can cram in from the royal-yard down, and if there are any gaps, put a roving in as well, and look lively about it. Loring and Bower, you do the same on the main.”

If the reader has not understood this order, I will explain. We simply had to lash the head of the sails more firmly on to the jackstay, to resist the terrific Cape Horn squalls in front of us.

It was a cold job, I can tell you. It was blowing pretty hard, and there was an icy chill in the southerly wind which soon had one’s fingers frozen and numbed, and as one fumbled clumsily and squeezed one’s fingers under the jackstay, they were soon sore and bleeding.

But though not a pleasant job, it had one compensation, the sea and ship from aloft were a glorious sight.

All around the ship was a mass of white froth, and great Cape Horn greybeards rolled up on each side until they overbalanced themselves, and broke their tops into glittering spray.

A good deal of green water is coming aboard, and the cook has to keep his weather door shut.

Circling and wheeling astern are sea-birds of all kinds, Cape hens, mollymawks, Cape blackbirds, Cape pigeons, and our two friends the great wandering albatrosses. These Cape blackbirds are like large black gulls, and utter a weird kind of cry. I believe they are really another species of albatross called the "sooty albatross."

Tuesday, 10th October.—The weather is still fine but squally, and we are doing great sailing. It is much colder again.

Loring and I were sent up aloft to finish putting the rovings in. We both put on our thickest clothes, and our oilskins over them, and I put on my Klondyke fur cap; but notwithstanding this, we found it bitterly cold up aloft, and to make matters worse, we had hardly put a couple of rovings in on the mizen upper-topsail yard when a hail-storm came down upon us, and beat upon us for nearly an hour. But presently the old man came on deck, and seeing us up there aloft, told the second mate to call us down, as he thought it was too cold to keep us aloft for such a long time in such weather. Presently the sun came out, and things looked much brighter.

Loring and I were given half a dozen flags to patch, which we did sitting to leeward of the chart-house on the poop, and a very comfortable time we had of it.

All night it was squally and very cold, and we are now fairly in the ruck of it.

Off the Horn

Wednesday, 11th October.—A good blow, and a big beam sea. We are logging 10 knots, and rolling both rails under; for the first time, we have been getting the water in the half-deck, which is truly in a miserable state, as about half a foot of water pours backwards and forwards across it as the ship rolls.

She is rolling so badly, that one has to brace oneself firmly against something fixed whilst eating, and anything that is not well jammed off or lashed, carries away, and either gets smashed up or forms one of the heap of sodden, wretched objects which wash ceaselessly across the floor.

We now live in oilskins and rubbers, and only take them off to get into our bunks. I had two big seas over me to-day, but I hung on and faced them, so that they failed to wash me away, and my oilskins and rubbers being well lashed, kept me pretty dry. One of the golden rules in bad weather is, Never run away from a sea. Catch hold of whatever is nearest, and hang on for all you are worth; for if a sea catches you and you have not got firm hold of something, you stand a very good chance of being washed overboard. Even if this does not happen, you are washed into the lee scuppers and get badly bruised and cut about, besides being nearly drowned into the bargain. A real big sea of course you cannot hang on against, so great is the weight of water, and you have to go whither the sea wishes you to.

Whole watches have been washed overboard off the Horn, whilst trying to get a pull on the braces, which is a most dangerous business in real bad weather.

The old man is carrying on like anything; but in the afternoon watch the gaff-topsail, staysails, and mizen-royal had to come in, and in the first watch we took in the main and fore royals to ease the weight aloft. Lat. $49^{\circ}.28$ S., long. $104^{\circ}.38$ W.

Thursday, 12th October.—The wind hauled ahead last night, and we had hard work bracing up. The port watch had a rare bad time in the middle watch, and whilst at the fore-braces were all washed away—

Scar, Frenchie, and Don getting jammed underneath the spare spars, whilst Jackson and Webber were floated right aft as far as the main-hatch.

The wind is lighter this morning, and we have set the royals again, and the ship is ever so much steadier with the wind ahead, though the sea is still very heavy.

Jamieson has finished his mat for the "deck-bear," and this afternoon we started work with it.

The bear is a square box, filled with stones to weight it, and on to its bottom is nailed the mat; it has a couple of short ropes made fast to it on each side, and with one man on to the end of each rope, we have first to haul one way, and then the other two on the other side haul it back again. Backwards and forwards it goes without a stop, some sand being sprinkled over the deck on which it is pulled. You have to keep at the same bit of deck until its whiteness passes the mate's inspection, and he tells you to move on.

Of course it is splendid for the muscles of the back and arms, but on board a wind-jammer one's muscles get all they want without an infernal slave-driving deck-bear to wear them out.

It is the hardest work on the back I have come across yet, and the rolling of the ship does not improve matters; Loring, Jennings, Bower, and myself are its victims in our watch, the second mate and Mac watching us, and occasionally giving a helping hand to one side or the other.

By eight bells we were all completely cooked, hardened and in rare training as we were, I know that I just threw myself into my bunk in the first dog watch, and lay there dead-beat for nearly an hour.

But presently I was tumbled clean out by a terrific roll, and on looking out found that the wind had hauled right aft again, making the *Royalshire* roll in the heavy sea until the deck was like the side of a house.

Lat. 50°.35 S., long. 99°.35 W.

In the second dog watch a sea caught me and tossed me like a feather into the lee scuppers, where I brought up a terrific bang, cutting my knee open on the port main bits.

Friday, 13th October.—The log was hove at seven bells in the forenoon watch, and marked 12 knots, and it was as much as I could do to haul the line in again.

All the morning we have been at that terrible bear. Yesterday we had started on the deck to windward by the after-hatch, but as a continual succession of dollops kept coming aboard just there, knocking us down and interrupting the work, the second mate told us to work forward by the fore-hatch, where the sea did not come aboard quite so often.

Even here it was exciting enough. All of a sudden a big wave would be seen approaching, which looked like coming aboard where we were; then there would be a rush, the bear would be left, and we would jump for safety on to the main life-rail or the fore-hatch, then crash would come the great weight of water on the deck where a moment before we had been working, washing the wretched old bear before it into the lee scuppers.

The big dollops were not the bother, however, it was the small ones which were annoying and at the same time amusing.

Pop! one would put its head over the rail and fall on two of us, to the amusement of the other two, who would sooner or later be caught napping in their turn, or again it would come with a rush through the port almost sweeping us off our legs.

The sand had to be given up, as it was washed off the deck faster than it could be put down.

Loring was very unlucky, a big dollop bowling him over and thoroughly soaking him notwithstanding his oilskins! The second mate having compassion on him as he shivered with cold, sent him aft to get a change and took his place for a few minutes; in those few minutes the second mate got caught and soaked.

Poor Loring, though on his way forward in dry things once more, got caught by a big sea, as he was going past the galley; though he made a jump for the skids, on which the quarter boat rested, and tried to haul himself up, he was too late and was again soaked to the skin, as he had no lashings on his oilskins.

This time he had to stay wet, as his wardrobe was scanty, and he had no more dry clothes.

The sea and wind began to get worse as darkness set in, and we had a hard night of it. Royals came in first, then upper-topgallant sails, after which all hands were called.

The mainsail and crossjack were now hauled up and made fast, followed by the fore and mizen topgallant sails.

Notwithstanding the cold, the discomfort, the wet, the man-killing work in the pitch darkness, and the washing about the decks, I thoroughly enjoy it all. One is stirred up by the danger; one works like a fury, whether up aloft getting in sail or on deck up to your middle in water, occasionally even hanging on for dear life until you think your lungs will burst, so long is the water in clearing off.

Though the older men, like poor old Higgins and some of the dagos in the port watch, are almost useless from fatigue, cold, and fright, I never felt fitter in my life, and Loring, who came on board as weak as a rat from fever, is fast putting on flesh; it is the same with the second mate and Mac, who are both as frisky as young lambs.

It is wonderful, too, how used one gets to being knocked down and floated about the deck in a half-drowned, half-stunned condition. Every accident, however dangerous, is always treated as a joke on board ship; the laugh goes round as half the watch crawl out of the lee scuppers like yellow rats, dazed, bruised, and panting for breath.

Orders are given sharply, and those who are the keenest sailors jump to the front in everything; up aloft the Britishers and Dutchmen do herculean work, whilst the dagos hang on, quite useless and scared, with all their tropical liveliness taken out of them!

It is blowing now with a vengeance, and if we were going into it, we would be under lower topsails and hove-to. The seas are pouring in a cascade over the weather bulwarks and back again over the lee bulwarks as she rolls, and the main-deck is a boiling, seething maelstrom of water, under which the hatches are constantly hidden. The two men at the wheel are working like blacks, as the ship is very unsteady, and swings a couple of points on each side of her course.

About four bells in the first watch the cook was washed out of his galley, and his pots and pans rattled about his head. The water is knee-deep in the half-deck, and Loring and I are expecting any moment to be washed out of our bunks, which are the lower ones. We are afraid that the doors will be broken in by the seas; if they go, we shall be in a

nice mess, as the half-deck will be filled up "two blocks," everything will be washed out, and we inside will be lucky if we are not drowned.

Last passage, even with the doors tight shut, one night the half-deck filled up, and Mac, who had got his present top bunk, found himself floated off and nearly drowned, as he could not get his head above water.

As I lie in my bunk I watch the flood of water washing backwards and forwards by the dim light of the turned-down lamp. On deck there is the ceaseless crash of seas falling aboard, and then the rushing sound as if of a roaring torrent; as the sea pours across the deck and comes dashing aft; it fills up under the break of the poop, and then I hear it gushing in through the ventilator of the door against my trusty waterproof sheet.

"Shut that ventilator or we shall fill up," growls Mac, half asleep.

Presently the door is opened and shut with a bang, and Don dashes in, just in time, as a sea follows him close. He holds a couple of binacles in his hands, and proceeds to try and light them as quickly as possible with damp matches.

"Anything going on outside," I ask.

"Nothing much; seas getting bigger though, and Pedro's been turned away from the wheel; it's cold as the Klondyke, and I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Saying which, he takes two or three bites out of a biscuit, and then, watching his chance, dashes on deck again.

I fall asleep then with the everlasting crash of the sea in my ears, only to be aroused as I suppose five seconds later by Don calling out,

"Now then, starbowlines ahoy, tumble out. One bell's just gone, it'll take you all your time to get your sea lashings on by eight bells, and there's lots to do."

Loring and I immediately start to struggle into our rubbers. I know nothing more trying to the temper than getting a pair of wet rubbers on over wet socks in semi-darkness, half asleep, and shivering with wet and cold, the ship all the time rolling and pitching so violently that you cannot possibly keep your balance even sitting in your bunk.

Meanwhile, as Loring and I hurriedly lash our oilskins on, Don is vainly attempting to wake Mac.

"Mac, one bell's gone!" No response.

A tug at the blankets, and again,

“Mac, one bell’s gone!”

This time a good healthy shout, and into the slumbering man’s ear. Still no response.

“Here Mac, out you get, five minutes to eight bells!”

At last Don gives up words as useless, then Loring and I each have a try; no result. Then his blankets are pulled off him, his toes pinched, his ears pulled; but the best remedy of all is to tweak his nose.

He sits up in his bunk at this last, and swears fluently at you for nearly a minute, then if you let him, he will fall back again and in a moment be fast asleep. It is quite fatal to let him lie down again once he is sitting up in his bunk and trying to get his eyes open. Every dodge to get him out have we played.

“Mac, it’s gone eight bells, and the second mate wants you; buck up, old man, or he’ll be raising hell!”

This was effective for a while, but he got used to it, and refused to budge; at last one day, however, he got caught.

At ten minutes to five in the morning the watch on deck get coffee, which, if there is not much doing, they are given nearly half an hour to consume. This half-hour Mac used to spend in sleep on one of the chests. This time the second mate wanted to talk to him about something, and sent me for him.

But not a bit of it, he would not stir. At last the second mate came down, and between the pair of us we managed to get him on to his legs, and when he came to his senses, Mr. Knowles gave him a rare dressing down.

One thing I will admit, he was easier to turn out in bad weather than in fine, when it was one of the labours of Hercules to get him to stir. He seemed to be in a kind of stupor, and though he might talk to you and swear for some minutes before you really got him out, he would not remember anything about it. He always used to go to sleep with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and invariably woke up with it down his back.

Saturday, 14th October.—Strong gale of wind and very big sea, a regular Cape Horner, main-deck under water.

I took the lee wheel with Taylor from six to eight in the morning watch, and how we worked! Taylor is a good helmsman, and has been in the Royal Navy; but she swung a point and a half on each side of her

course, and sometimes more, and the wheel was spinning round the whole time, hard up and hard down.

The second mate stood behind us on the watch, for on the helmsman the ship and every life on board depends now.

Occasionally he says sharply,

“Meet her! Meet her!” and sometimes he jumps to the wheel and gives us his powerful aid in grinding it up or down.

Great Cape Horn greybeards, with crests a mile and a half long, roar up behind us, and at one moment you see a great green sea with a boiling whirlpool of foam on its top, which looks as if it must poop you, and wash you away from the helm; the next moment the gallant vessel has lifted to it, and it roars past on either hand, breaking on to the main-deck with a heavy crash and clanging of ports, then sweeping forward in a mighty flood of raging, hissing, seething, icy-cold water.

The old sailors manage to get about and dodge the water on the main-deck fairly well, though it is a queer sight to see an old shell-back going his best pace at a sort of shambling run on the slippery, heaving deck. But poor old Higgins, Bower, and Jennings seem quite helpless, and instead of making tracks along the weather side of the deck, hesitate, and are lost; the sea catches them in the open and away they go, and have to be rescued and picked out of the lee scuppers half-drowned.

The steward, though still in his shirt sleeves—I have never yet seen a steward in anything but his shirt sleeves, even in the coldest weather—has put on hip rubbers, and has to exert all his cunning to get the cabin dinner aft from the galley; we in the half-deck give him our aid in fetching and carrying, in return for which he gives us a few leavings from the cabin table.

He has to take everything over the poop and down through the chart-house to the cabin, as his little square opening on the main-deck, through which he usually passes his dishes, has to be shut tight to keep the sea out.

A big sea came aboard this morning soon after eight bells, and filled up under the break of the poop “two blocks,” so that the portholes in the half-deck, which are 6 feet above the deck, were under water. It burst in the door of the lamp-locker, and filled that up to the top.

In a moment, Don, who was inside busily engaged in cleaning his lamps, was under water, with his lamps floating around him: perfect

swimmer as he was, with a locker full of trophies and cups, he was within an ace of being drowned, for it was nearly two minutes before the water cleared off sufficiently to allow him, by laying his head back, to get his nose out of water and draw breath, notwithstanding a severe bumping from the deck above.

It was my watch below, and we were just turning in, when Don staggered into the half-deck, gasping and half-drowned, and lamenting his lamps, which he had just cleaned.

Escapes of this kind on a sailing-ship in bad weather are quite common, and thought nothing of, and we immediately started chaffing Don about it.

Hard-tack was our only diet for breakfast this morning, as the galley is all topsy-turvy, and half-full of water; the fresh-water pump also could not be rigged in the first dog watch yesterday owing to the water on deck, as we dare not risk getting any sea water into the tanks, as it would spoil all the fresh water. So no hot liquid for tea last night, and nothing hot to drink to-day, for two reasons, namely, in the first place, the cook could not keep his fire alight, and in the second place, there is no fresh water left.

Some ships have small stoves in their forecastles for use off the Horn in cold weather, but there is no luxury of this kind on the *Royalshire*, and as the galley fire is out, we cannot dry our wet things, which we generally hang in the carpenter's shop, which is nicely heated as a rule, being next the galley.

Lat. 53°.23 S., long. 88°.58 W. Run 236 miles.

We came on deck this afternoon to find the wind moderating slightly, but the sea if anything was worse.

It really is a magnificent sight: huge mountains of water with 10 feet of foam on their crests rush after us as if they would devour us; like great beasts of prey they rage round us, then flinging themselves upon the straining, groaning *Royalshire*, they swarm all over her, and seem as if they would rend her limb from limb.

It is glorious to watch a great sea break: as it curls over there is a most beautiful deep-green colour in the very heart of the breaker, a colour which I have only seen once before, and that is where the deep water comes over in the centre of the "Horseshoe" at Niagara Falls.

Jamieson had the first trick at the wheel in the afternoon, and whilst he was at the helm the ship was much drier, as he is a beautiful helmsman—in fact, the old man says he is the best he has ever seen.

In weather like this the watch can do nothing but “stand-by,” the men staying in the forecastle until wanted, whilst Mac, Loring and I have to keep on the poop ready to summon the watch or do anything the second mate may want, whilst the second mate himself stands ever on the watch behind the toiling helmsman.

The old man is pretty continually on deck now, and with a keen eye to windward, hangs on to his canvas.

At four bells it was Rooning’s wheel and old Higgins’ lee wheel. Watching their time, they dashed along the main-deck, but just as they were passing the after-hatch, a big sea tumbled aboard right on top of them. Rooning hung on to the starboard mizen capstan like a limpet, and, though the water passed completely over him, it failed to wash him away. But poor old Higgins made a jump for the after-hatch; off this he was rolled, and hurled into the lee scuppers, whence Mac and I rescued him in a dazed condition.

It was bitterly cold, with the everlasting hailstorms at intervals, so you may imagine Rooning and Higgins (both of whom were soaking wet) had a pretty cold trick at the wheel.

During the night the watch on deck, who in fine weather always stayed aft on the main-deck, had to come up on to the poop, where they tramped up and down to leeward in a vain attempt to keep warm.

Of course this tramping goes on right over the heads of those asleep in the half-deck. It does not affect our watch, who can all sleep through any noise; but in the other watch, Don, Scar, and the nipper are all very light sleepers, and in the middle watch, when I sneaked down into the half-deck to light binnacles, I found them all three awake and swearing fluently.

They told me to ask the second mate to stop it. I promised to do my best, but informed them that the old man was the chief offender.

I managed to get the watch to walk further aft and more quietly, that is, all except that surly brute Johnsen, who refused to budge. The old man, however, continued his promenade to windward, and stamped strongly to keep himself warm, and I chuckled to myself as I thought of the terrific blasphemy that was being used on his behalf by those below.

Sunday, 15th October.—Lat. 54°.46 S., long. 83°.08 W.

"Seven bells; buck up, Bally, and tumble out! It's blowing harder than ever, and there's the very hell of a sea running!"

"Nice Sunday morning," I growl to myself, as I crawl carefully out of my sleeping-bag and prepare for the usual struggle with wet rubbers.

"I suppose you haven't ordered breakfast yet?"

"No, what will you have?"

"Well, I think a fried sole to start on, with poached eggs and bacon, sausages, and devilled kidneys to follow; and mind you tell the cook that I must have my toast crisp."

"That all; and what will you have, Mac?"

"As many kippered herrings as you can pack along."

"And you, Loring?"

"Order me a couple of roast turkeys, with plenty of chestnuts, stuffing, and sausages."

With which Don, who had been calling us, dashed out into the flying spume again.

"There's no more water in the breaker," says Loring, "and from the look of the weather, there'll be no chance of rigging the pump for some days."

"Then it's likely we'll have a pretty good thirst on before we're round Cape Stiff."

"A man does not want much to drink when he lives in wet clothes like we are doing now."

"All the same, with nothing to eat but hard-tack sodden with salt water, I don't see why one should not raise quite a respectable thirst, even though we are up to our necks in water."

Hard-tack is now our only food, and though we all try to fill up the void by smoking, it is hard work even keeping a pipe alight, so wet and damp is everything.

I took in another hole in my belt to-day, that makes the third since leaving Frisco.

On going on deck at 8 A.M., we found that the gale was getting worse, and though we were running dead before it, it was a case of snuggling down.

This kept us at work all the morning. We took everything off her but the three lower-topsails, foresail, main upper-topsail, and main lower-topgallant sail.

When taking in sail, before one can lay aloft and furl the sail, one has to work on the main-deck, hauling it up to spill the wind out of it by means of buntlines, leech, and clew lines. Whilst doing this we are often up to our necks in water, and not seldom under water altogether; sometimes, as we are hauling on a rope, a sea pours over us, sweeps our legs from under us, and though we hang on, we are all rolled and tossed about the deck, until the water, pouring off through the ports in the bulwarks, frees the ship, and allows us to pick ourselves up. Many of us are badly bruised, but that does not matter. I have a bleeding and swollen knee, but what would be considered serious anywhere else, is a mere trifle off the Horn; sea cuts, which eat down to the bone, are very common, and many of the men have got bad sea boils on their wrists and arms.

Having made the sails fast, when we reach the deck again we have to “turn the gear up.” This is done on the backstays, a few feet above the topgallant rail, and one hangs right over the whirling white water that boils around the vessel. Most of the seas break aboard just below your feet, but not a few rear up their foaming crests until they are above the level of your eyes; you tighten your hold and take a long breath—crash! and the ice-cold water is pouring over you, and doing its utmost to tear you from your insecure perch as it pours like a cataract on to the deck below.

It is trying work, as each roll of the vessel hurls you into the very lap of the raging sea, sometimes dipping you to the waist, sometimes under altogether.

Whilst turning this gear up, I very nearly went to Davy Jones’ locker—in fact, some of the watch thought I was gone.

An immense sea broke aboard, feet above my head, and I found myself overboard; but, holding my breath, I hung on to the end of the main topgallant clew-line like a leech, and as the water cleared off over the lee rail I was floated back into safety.

Meanwhile the sea had caught Mac and Bower and swept them from the main-hatch to right under the break of the poop, Bower bringing up with a bang on the head against the poop ladder. The second

mate, who was on the poop, ran down the ladder and hauled them out. They emerged half-drowned and bruised amidst loud laughter.

Coming to relieve the lee wheel this morning, Higgins lost his head as usual; he had just got past the mizen fife-rail when he saw a huge monster of a wave coming aboard. The sight of the approaching sea left him standing nerveless and shaking in the middle of the main-deck, with nothing handy to hang on to.

The old man was watching him from the break of the poop, and roared out,

“Get on to the fife-rail, you man there! Do you want to be washed overboard, you paralysed idiot?”

But he was too late; down came the sea—a hiss, a roar, a stagger, and a muffled shout, and poor old Higgins was an indistinguishable black mass, being rolled over and over in the scuppers. Mac and I had to rush down on to the main-deck and splash into the water up to our waists, to pick him up before he got badly hurt by being jammed in a port or hurled against a stanchion.

It was Jamieson’s trick at the wheel, and when he was relieved the old man said to him,

“See that man safely forward,” indicating Higgins, “a whole lot,” as they would say in Western America.

Ever since this, old Higgins had a dry-nurse, in the shape of one of the A.B.’s, to take him along the main-deck.

I have lost my knife somewhere in the half-deck; it is probably floating about on the debris of brushes, dungarees, boots, caps, socks, etc., which are washing about the floor.

As a sailor is helpless without his knife, in my watch below this afternoon I thought I would take a pig-sticking hunting knife which I have got, and grind down the point a bit, so that it will go into my sheath easily.

The grindstone being forward under the forecandle head, with my knife in my hand I warily started off on my journey. I had just got past the main-hatch when I saw a big sea coming aboard, so I started to run, but as the ship rolled, I slipped up and came down a terrific bang on the deck by the galley. Picking myself up without a moment’s delay, I dashed on and reached the forecandle in safety; not until then did I notice that in my fall I had cut my thumb to the bone, and was bleeding

like a stuck pig. This was a serious business, as a sailor's thumb is a very necessary part of him, and cuts won't heal off the Horn.

Well, I had to make the best of it, and after some difficulty in stopping it bleeding, bound it up tightly with some rag. This done, I ground my knife, and succeeded in getting aft again without any further mishap.

This was a very unfortunate accident, as my thumb became inflamed and was very painful, especially as I had to use it just as if it was quite well. Besides which, all my trouble had been for nothing, as I found my other knife floating in the half-deck soon afterwards, much to my joy, as a knife is a knife, and more valuable on a wind-jammer than anywhere else.

Monday, 16th October.—Lat. $56^{\circ}.09$ S., long. $77^{\circ}.04$ W. Course—S. 60 E. Run 222 miles.

Blowing harder than ever, and a mountainous sea running. It is really awe-inspiring, and the captain told me it is the biggest sea he has ever seen, which is saying a good deal, as this is his thirtieth passage round the Horn.

In the forenoon watch, our watch below, the main upper-topsail split from top to bottom, so that sail and the lower-topgallant above it were made fast, and now we are running before the gale under three lower-topsails and foresail.

Poor Don had a great misfortune to-day, though we all could not help laughing at it.

Whilst up on the main upper-topsail yard, he lost his only set of false teeth overboard, with the result that he now speaks as it were with tongues, but more as if he had a hot potato in his mouth. Poor Don, he will have a very bad time now till the end of the voyage, for, with hardly anything but hard-tack to eat, his gums will get pretty sore.

We are now well to the southward of the Horn, and the weather is as bad as any weather can be; hail squalls blow up at minute intervals, and Cape Horn greybeards, a mile or two long, with white shaggy crests, chase us like birds of prey.

The weather is so bad that there are no albatrosses about, they are all away to the nor'ard; there are, however, a few Cape pigeons and mollymawks, which the weather seems to have very little effect upon.

It is very cold, and Don and I are wearing our oilskins over our Klondyke fur coats at night.

The huge seas are beginning to poop her badly now, especially when the port watch are on deck, as their helmsmen are a very indifferent lot.

Ever and anon in our watch below we hear a terrific crash on the deck above us as a sea falls on to the poop, to pour in a roaring cascade on to the main-deck.

All the weather clothes put up round the poop-rail have been torn down by the sea, as if they had been bits of paper instead of the strongest canvas.

No sailor likes his ship to be constantly pooped like this, and I can see that many of the men are beginning to get anxious and uneasy, especially the dagos.

The water pours into the half-deck now so constantly that it came in over my bunk this morning as she rolled; but though it was over the foot of my sleeping-bag, none got inside, and I rejoiced in warmth.

Still no fresh water, of course, and we are really beginning to get thirsty.

We came on deck in the afternoon watch to find the sun trying to get out through the rushing clouds, and its cold gleams lit up the wild scene, and added a tinge of colour to the huge, forbidding, foam-topped masses of raging, hurtling sea.

Just as Mac, Loring, and I got on to the poop at eight bells, an immense sea pooped her. The mate, who was standing to leeward of the chart-house, trying to get a sight, was carried off his legs, and only the poop-rail saved him from being swept down on to the main-deck. He kept his presence of mind, however, as every sailor does, and clung on to his precious sextant, picking himself up as the water poured off, very little the worse for his mishap, which might have so easily ended seriously.

At the same time, one of the chart-house doors being ajar, volumes of water found its way down into the cabin, and the steward had to get Loring's help below to put things shipshape and clear up the damage.

"If the old man does not heave her to soon, he'll never be able to heave her to," said Mac to me as we stood in the lee of the chart-house, "as, on the ship coming up to the wind in a sea like this, it would roll her over and over."

He was evidently getting uneasy at the terrific sea and the constant pooping of the ship, and started yarning about the number of ships which had been lost with all hands from running too long before a storm.

I rather enjoyed the fun myself, it was so stupendous, so magnificent, so terrific.

When on the top of one of the great Cape Horners, looking forward was like looking from the top of a mountain; first smaller mountains, then hills, until what looked like the valley, seemed miles away in the distance.

I am very certain that it was a good deal nearer two miles than one mile from crest to crest of these enormous seas, and I don't believe any vessel under 500 tons could have lived in them for five minutes.

The main-deck is often out of sight now for some minutes, even the hatches being covered, and as the ship rolls it becomes a roaring, hissing, boiling cauldron.

In the midship-house they are almost as badly off as we are in the half-deck, and the bosun, who is thoroughly scared, would give worlds, I am sure, to be safe and sound on his Californian farm again.

The old man, with all the care on his shoulders, seems the least anxious man on the ship, and is ably backed up by the two mates, who, with nerves of steel, send no one where they dare not go themselves.

As for myself, I am in raptures with the magnificent sight, and delight in the tremendous experience. I feel fit and braced up, ready to go anywhere and do anything; there is a kind of glorious exhilaration about it all which fills me until I can hardly keep it down;—I smile and chuckle to myself, and watch the huge seas like a scientist over a new invention, whilst the others hold on with scared, anxious faces.

All of a sudden, as I watch I catch sight of the topsails of a ship on our port quarter.

"Sail ho!" I cry.

You could only see her when both were on the top of a sea; she was a three-master, running before it like ourselves, under three lower-top-sails and reefed foresail.

The old man said she was probably a wool-clipper from Australia. A sail is a cheering sight at all times; but at a time like this, in such a sea, she was watched with great eagerness, as we scanned her through the old ship's telescope and the captain's glasses.

I think the sight of her relieved the old man of a good deal of anxiety, as he got very cheerful, and spun us several amusing yarns; so much so, that I forgot about four bells, and I am afraid struck them nearly ten minutes late, to the great disgust of the tired helmsman.

A landsman has no idea of the various noises on board a wind-jammer in a storm. Every part of the ship groans; up above the gale roars, sings, and whistles through the rigging; one backstay produces a deep note, and one could fancy an organ was being played aloft; others shriek shrilly like telegraph wires; some hum, some ring, others twang like banjo strings; and above all is the crash of the seas falling on the main-deck, and the clang of the hardly-used ports as they are banged first open and then shut by each succeeding wave.

I am afraid the ends of the gear are badly mauled about, as they get washed off the pins and dragged through the ports.

We have to be very careful going in and out of the half-deck, as the break of the poop is filled up every other wave.

Some of these tremendous seas fall aboard the whole length of the weather rail, and even the forecastles are inches deep in water, though not to be compared with the awful state of the half-deck.

Indeed, it is really beginning to be dangerous in the half-deck; any moment an extra big sea may break in the doors, and the watch below would be drowned like rats in a trap.

We discussed the matter over our hard-tack in the first dog watch. Mac was for asking to be allowed to sleep in the cabin; but if one goes down to the sea in ships, one must take risks, and though the careful Scot does not like the lookout at all, Loring and I being mad and reckless Englishmen, are quite ready to take the risk, and are not going to bother ourselves with what might happen.

In the second dog watch, whilst the second mate was below at his tea, there was a slight lull in the gale, and the mate ordered the fore upper-topsail to be reefed and set.

This was, no doubt, a great error of judgment on the mate's part; the glass was exceedingly low, and from the look of the sky, it was evidently going to blow harder than ever.

Perhaps he thought he would try and put more speed on to her, as the seas were pooping her so badly.

The old man was snatching a few moments for a snooze; but from what we have seen, the mate is even a bigger terror than the old man

at carrying on—at any rate, in this instance, I thought him reckless to the verge of insanity.

But orders must be obeyed.

Two reef-earings were got ready, and away we went aloft and lay out on the yard.

I went out on to the weather yardarm with Jamieson, and we soon had the earing passed.

“Ready?” shouted Mac from the bunt.

“Aye, aye, sir!”

“Haul out to windward!”

“Eh—hai—ai! Oh—ho! Oh—ho—oh!” we chorused.

“Far enough, sir!”

“Haul out to leeward!”

“That’ll do!”

“Tie her up, and don’t miss any reef points!”

We soon had the reef points tied, and Mac sings out,

“Lay down from aloft, and set the sail!”

We took the halliards to the small capstan forward, and mast-headed the yard to the chanty of “Away for Rio!” Jamieson singing the solo. It was pretty bad weather for chanting, but there is nothing like a chanty to put new life into a man, and we roared out the chorus at the top of our pipes.

The dagos in the port watch looked out of their forecastle at us in amazement, just in time to let a sea in, which pretty well swamped them out, and did its best to wash us away from the capstan.

Of all the chanties, I think “Away for Rio!” is one of the finest, and I cannot refrain from giving you the words.

CHANTY.—“AWAY FOR RIO!”

Solo. “Oh, the anchor is weigh’d, and the sails they are set,”

Chorus. “Away, Rio!”

Solo. “The maids that we’re leaving we’ll never forget,”

Chorus. “For we’re bound for Rio Grande,

And away, Rio! aye, Rio!

Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,

We’re bound for the Rio Grande!”

Solo. "So man the good capstan, and run it around,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "We'll heave up the anchor to this jolly sound,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "We've a jolly good ship, and a jolly good crew,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "A jolly good mate, and a good skipper too,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "We'll sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "You know at this parting how sadly we grieve,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "Sing good-bye to Sally and good-bye to Sue,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "And you who are listening, good-bye to you,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "Come heave up the anchor, let's get it aweigh,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "It's got a firm grip, so heave steady, I say,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "Heave with a will, and heave long and strong,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "Sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good song,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "Heave only one pawl, then 'vast heaving, belay!"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "Heave steady, because we say farewell to-day,"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio!" etc.

Solo. "The chain's up and down, now the bosun did say,"

Chorus. "Away, Rio!"

Solo. "Heave up to the hawse-pipe, and anchor's aweigh!"

Chorus. "For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! aye, Rio!
Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande!"

Of course the words are not exactly appropriate in the present occasion, but the chorus is one of the best I have ever heard, with its wild, queer wail.

It would have been a grand picture for a painter: the struggling ship surrounded by foam, the great, greeny-grey seas, the wild, stormy sky just tinged with yellow where the sun was setting, the wet, glistening decks, and the ring of toiling men heaving round the capstan.

With the extra cloth, the poor old *Royalshire* laboured terribly, and seemed to make worse weather of it than ever.

Mac, Loring, and I managed to get along the main-deck and on to the poop without being washed overboard, and there found the second mate, the mate having gone below on being relieved, staring in consternation at the reefed topsail.

I asked Jamieson to-day whether he called the *Royalshire* a wet ship. He said that no iron ship could expect to be anything but a half-tide rock in such a terrific sea, and that he had been on ships which before now would have had their boats and everything on deck swept clean away by the weight of water. But the *Royalshire* has everything of the best, and all for strength.

"Great snakes, here comes a sea!" cried Loring all of a sudden.

I gave one look astern, and there, towering high above us, was a huge monster, roaring and hissing as it curled its top; it looked as if it must break full on to the poop, and was a sight to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

Would she rise to it, or was this our last moment on earth?

"Hang on for your lives!" roared the second mate.

Up, up, up went the *Royalshire*, good old ship, she was going to top it after all; but though she did her best, the heavy weight aft held her down, and she did not quite get there.

With a deafening thud, the top of the monster curled into boiling surf and fell upon us, overwhelming the helmsmen, who clung desperately to the wheel, and dipping us to the waist as we hung in the weather jigger rigging.

In a roaring torrent it poured across the poop, and then, like an earthquake wave, fell aboard the whole length of the port-rail. Such a height was it, that it toppled over in a terrible breaker upon the top of the midship-house; the gig's side and bottom fell out, as if hit by a thunderbolt, the lamp-locker door was smashed down, and all the lamps washed out (luckily Don was not inside this time, or he would have certainly been drowned), and it filled the main-deck high above the hatches until the water was on a level with the poop.

The poor old ship gave a sickly roll under the terrible weight of water, and dipped Loring and myself up to our necks in the next sea as we clung on to the port jigger-backstays.

All the life seemed struck out of her; she swung nearly five points off her course, and old Foghorn, Jennings, and the second mate were working like demons as they hove the wheel up.

"If she gets another on top of this, she'll go down like a stone!" yelled Mac in my ear.

"What price the watch below," I returned. "I thought the half-deck doors would go to a certainty."

"Yes, they held out well; that lamp-locker door's torn clean off its hinges, and is smashed in like a rotten apple. Just look at the lamps washing about; we must get them somehow, and put them down in the cabin as soon as the water clears off a bit."

"Aye, aye!"

"Did you hear the dagos yelling in the port-forecastle? I guess they thought they were halfway to Davy Jones' locker!"

Gradually the gallant ship shook herself clear, and the hatches showed their tops once more above the water.

Down Mac, Loring, and I dashed on to the main-deck until we were up to our waists in water, and started retrieving the lamps.

Meanwhile, a howling hail squall came down upon us, and the second mate rushed for the captain.

As we splashed about removing the lamps from the wrecked locker, Mac said grimly,

"If another sea comes along and catches us two in here, we're gorners."

"I should think the betting's two to one on. Let's hope old Wilson won't let her run off; she's steering vile, though," I reply.

At that moment Loring, who was on the poop ladder passing the lamps up, shrieked at us,

"On the poop for your lives! God Almighty! look sharp, or you're caught!"

We made a wild rush for the ladder, a lamp under each arm; the invading sea leaping madly at us, tried its best to catch us, but in vain, we reached the poop in safety. The poop ladder was now working loose and wanted relashing, or it would go adrift.

At this moment the old man came on deck, and giving one glance round, turned to the second mate and said,

"Call all hands and get the sail off her, I must heave her to."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

I ran down to call the mate, and found him dozing.

"It's all hands, sir; the captain's going to heave her to."

"What's that; is the weather worse?" he asked, as he struggled into his oilskins.

"It's blowing harder than ever, sir, and she shipped a very bad sea just now," I answered, and ran on deck again.

"All hands! all hands on deck!" yelled the second mate and Mac, as we splashed forward.

The port watch turned out sharply, looking pretty scared.

"How did you like the big sea in the half-deck?" I asked of Don.

"It poured in like a watershute, and your bunk was under water in double-quick time, my boy."

"Well, that don't matter much; I don't suppose I shall get much chance to sleep in it to-night."

"Henderson, go and get your side lights and binnacles lighted," called the second mate.

"What's become of them, sir; my lamp-locker's washed bare as a bone?"

"They are all down in the cabin."

Away went Don aft, to run the gauntlet of the furious seas until he reached the safety of the poop.

"Fore upper-topsail first!" called the mate. "Tail on to the spilling-lines all hands, and show what you can do!"

"Now then, starboard watch!" cried the second mate, "up with your sail, and give the port watch a dressing down!"

"Lively, boys; haul, and show your spunk!" yelled Mac.

"Yo—ho! Yo—hay! Yo—ho—oh! Up she goes!"

Crash! and a sea broke over us. One gasp and a splutter, and we were under water; swept off our feet, and knocked helter-skelter edge-ways, we lay in tangled knots of yellow humanity. Some one tried to cram his foot down my throat, whilst my knee was gouging out his eyes. As the water poured off, it left us bruised, battered, breathless, but undaunted.

Scrambling to our feet, at it we went again, working like fiends and no skulkers.

"Haul, and bust yourselves; haul till you break!" yelled Mac.

"One more pull and she'll do!" cries the mate.

"Oh—ho! Oh—har!"

"Turn that!"

"All fast, sir!"

"Up aloft, and roll up the sail!"

"Now then, starboardlines, give her hell and show your grit!" shouts the second mate as he dashes aloft at the head of us, as active as a monkey, whilst the port watch, led by Scar and Don, take the port rigging.

As we sprang into the shrouds, she rolled her rail under until we were dipped deep below the surface. But we hung on like grim death, and not a man was washed away.

Up we went over the futtock shrouds and on to the yard. It was pitch black now, and spitting hailstones as big as marbles.

The wind blew up aloft with an edge to it that froze one's extremities into ice. The sail was as stiff as a board, and it seemed a matter of impossibility to pick it up.

We hit it, we scratched at it, we clutched at it with hooked fingers until the blood gushed from our nails.

“Catch hold of her, dig your fingers in!” cries Mac. “You there, Bower, blast you, are you going to sleep on the damned yard, or what the devil do you think you are doing?”

Frenzied men tore at the sail with both hands, hanging on by their eyelids, whilst we out at the yardarm had the hardest task of all.

“Up with her!” roared the second mate at the bunt. “Now then, all together—Oh—ho!—and she comes! On to the yard with her—Oh—hay!—and roll her up!”

Truly a sailor must have each finger a fishhook, as they say.

Well, we got it on to the yard somehow, and made a fair stow of it.

Meanwhile the port watch were all at sixes and sevens, doing nothing much but hang on and swear in five languages. Don’s language up aloft is enough to scare the devil, though he’s the best man on a yard in the watch.

“Lay down from aloft!” cries the second mate, and we gain the deck glowing with triumph, for our last man is out of the rigging before they have picked up their sail.

But now comes the great tussle—the foresail had to come in, and it is a new sail.

Some of the men were pretty well coopered by the hard work, cold, wet, and strain of it all. Poor old Higgins could hardly stand on his legs, Bower was not much better, and as for the wretched port watch, their struggles on the upper-topsail yard had quite worn them out. Don and the red-headed third mate were hoarse with swearing, though both were still full of beans; the Arab was a miserable object, whose teeth rattled like castanets, and eyeballs rolled their whites in a frenzy of terror.

“Port buntlines and clew-garnets first!” yells the mate, whilst the second mate takes the ticklish job of easing away the sheet.

In the small space round the fife-rail, we were very cramped up and crowded out, and it was difficult to get the whole weight into the pull, so some of us got on to the fife-rail and hauled from above until the blocks came down too low.

Difficulties of all sorts cropped up: the blocks jammed, the buntlines twisted up and had to be unrove, and ever and anon the wash of a sea swept over us.

Men lost their balance and cannoned against each other, men slipped, and half a watch fell on their backs cursing, but the mate gave them no time to think.

"Up you get there, no skulking, jump, or you won't know what hit you!" snarls Scar at the prostrate group. "You damned dagos, what good are ye?—hell, you ain't worth thumping."

"Dat no right, mistar, we do our dam level best, dat's true!" whimpers one.

"Oh, curse you for the worst watch I ever sailed with!" roars Scar in a frenzy of rage. "Here, you there, you blasted bandylegged Turk, haul, can't you! Don't look at me like that, damn ye!"

Inch by inch, with incredible labour, we hauled the sail up. The strongest of us got our fighting second wind, and the icy blast of the south wind only put new breath into our nostrils.

"Take some of your best hands to the braces and spill the sail, Mr. Knowles!" called the mate.

Mac, Don, Jamieson, Rooning, Loring, and myself followed the second mate.

"Jamieson and you, Bally, come with me to the weather braces; you, Mac, take the other three and get in the slack as we give it you."

This was as dangerous a bit of work as any one could want; the seas swept in a continuous cascade over the rail where we were working, and more than half the time we were under water, hanging on for our lives.

One blunder and the yards might take charge. Inch by inch we let out, and those to leeward took in, watching our chance as the vessel rolled.

The second mate was like a bull for strength, and Jamieson a very tiger for energy.

"Take it off! Carefully does it—that's it—keep a turn in, and ease away gently." Then, as a huge black mountain of water appears above us,

"Hitch it, and hang on all. God Almighty! quick, for your lives!"

At last we have the fore-yards braced up fairly well.

"That'll do!" yells the mate above the shrieking of the storm, and we dash forward again.

The foresail was now fairly well hauled up.

"Are you going to reef it, sir?" asked Scar.

"No, furl it," answered the mate. "Away you go aloft, and take a yardarm at a time."

There were a goodish crowd of us when both watches were out on one yardarm, and we did not have as much trouble as we expected with the sail.

The lower yards are so big that it requires two men to pass a gasket; one sits down on the foot-ropes and catches the gasket, whilst the other man, hanging above the yard, swings it to him.

On the fore-yard the white tops of the huge seas seemed on a level with us as they rolled by in great mountains of ink, leaving a trail behind like the wash of a Kootenay stern-wheeler.

The sight was truly grand, illumined as it was by a small wisp of a moon which peeped out every now and then from behind the scudding clouds.

With the foresail furled, we had now the three lower-topsails alone set; but even this was too much, and the main lower-topsail had to come in before the old man dared bring her up to the wind.

The most dangerous work of the lot came now, as we had to haul up the main lower-topsail right amidships; here the water was up to our waists between the seas, and every other moment the whole ship's company was under water.

It was a wonder nobody was lost, and a still greater wonder that no limbs were broken.

The second mate, Scar, Jamieson, and myself, hauling up the port clew-line, had a rare time of it.

Whenever we did get our heads above water we managed to get a few short, strong pulls in; but mostly we had to work like divers.

If we saw a sea coming in time, we took a turn, and all four dashed for safety, one into the rigging, another on to the skids, a third up the iron ladder on to the midship-house, and the fourth on to the main fife-rail.

At last we had the sail hauled up, and away we went aloft to furl it.

Directly we had got the sail on to the yard and were making it fast, the helm was put down.

It was an exciting moment as her head came slowly up to the wind.

A huge sea rose up before us until the spume off its boiling crest was blown into our faces, high up as we were, then down it swooped aboard, sweeping her fore and aft.

Over and over went the poor old *Royalshire*, until the lower yardarms were dipping into the whirl of broken water to leeward.

The main lower-topsail yard was almost straight up and down, and we hung on like so many frightened flies.

"She'll turn turtle!" yelled some one.

One of the dagos gave a shrill shriek, which rang like the cry of a wild bird above the roar of the tempest, and in absolute terror would have fallen off the yard if the man next him had not hauled him back by the scruff of his neck.

"Hell, are you all going to sleep up here!" came the thundering voice of the second mate at the bunt.

"Tie up the sail and get a move on, or there'll be trouble." Nothing was able to dismay his indomitable spirit.

Mechanically we turned again to our work. Seconds passed like hours as we felt the ship heeling over, ever over.

Was she going? She was almost on her beam ends now! We could not see the decks; between them and us was a curtain of boiling, hissing spray and broken water, into which the masts were stuck half-way up to the lower yards.

After some terrible moments of suspense, we all felt that she had stopped going over, and lay steady almost on her beam ends.

Long before this point had been reached, ten or twenty years ago, the men would have been gathered in groups round the masts and standing rigging, with axes ready, waiting the order from the captain to "Cut away!"

But in a modern wind-jammer, with masts of iron and shrouds of the strongest twisted wire, this is impossible, and you can no longer save your ship by cutting away the masts.

Presently a lull came, and we could once more see the deck beneath us.

The *Royalshire* was lying over with her lee rail dipped, so that the fair-leads were level with the water, the hatches were half submerged, and the lee side of the poop was under water.

As we came down from aloft, the sprays were thick, as high as the main-yard, and it was like going into a boiling cauldron with the steam rising from it, with the difference that its embrace was icy cold.

Nothing more could be done now; the ship lay hove-to, though she was a good many points off. Our watch was sent below for a short hour

and a half before coming on deck for the middle watch, and the port watch went on to the poop.

Mac, Loring, and I managed to get into the half-deck without mishap. We were all three soaking wet, half numbed with cold, and with no dry clothes to change to.

Mac was anxious, and thought she was lying very badly, and declared that we should be lucky if we saw the night through. I found, however, that the inside of my good old sleeping-bag was comparatively dry, so slipping out of my oilskins and rubbers, I crawled in, and soon got some heat into my body.

Mac also turned in, and as usual, smoked himself to sleep.

Just as I was dropping off to sleep there was a terrific crack as a hail squall struck her.

"Something's carried away aloft," growled Mac. "Hope to hell we shan't be wanted."

We heard the watch tramping off the poop on to the main-deck, and presently heard them singing out.

I looked out through the forward porthole.

"They are hauling up the mizen lower-topsail to leeward," I said.

"Likely the sheet's carried away," said Mac.

"Yes, and they are going to goosewing the sail."

This was what had happened, and it took the whole of the port watch until midnight to make the starboard half of the sail fast.

At one bell Don staggered in and turned us out; he was absolutely dead-beat, frozen, and angry.

"Oh, those damned dagos, the cowardly curs; there are only about two men in our watch left who are not too paralysed with funk to work. We've had an awful time on the mizen-topsail-yard: this is fair hell."

"What's the night like?"

"Worse than ever; you can't see farther than the after-hatch from the poop, there's so much broken water on deck, and if our watch get forward safely at eight bells I shall be kind of surprised."

Well, that was a bad middle watch; I never felt colder I don't believe, not even in Klondyke.

The main-deck was a sight to scare the stoutest heart, and it looked an impossibility to get along it in safety.

Mac was sent forward to tell the watch not to come aft, but to stand-by forward and to see that all the fore lower-topsail gear was clear, as any moment we expected to see one of the sheets carry away.

We watched him as far as the mizen fife-rail, when a huge sea broke aboard, making a clean sweep over everything, and throwing the spray right over the crossjack-yard.

Mac shinned up the mizen lower-topsail sheet, and was hidden from our view by the spume.

It took him over an hour to get forward and back again. Hardly had he got safely on the poop before a furious hail squall, which we had been watching come up for some time, burst down upon us.

The second mate, Mac, Loring, and I hung on to the jigger weather rigging, and waited for something to carry away.

Over lay the Royalshire until the fair-leads disappeared from sight, and the leeward side of the poop was under water right up to the chart-house.

The squall screamed and shrieked at us in fury, as if determined to break down the gallant ship's resistance.

The hailstones cut our faces until the blood came, helped by the spindrift, which blew over us in sheets.

The deck was straight up and down, and still everything held aloft. Everything depended on the fore lower-topsail; but it was a brand-new cotton sail, and the sheets had been carefully seen to.

The squall passed, but others kept coming up.

Every few minutes I slid down to the chart-house to see if there was any change in the glass; it was extraordinarily low, but fairly steady, and inclined to rise.

The watch passed very slowly as we hung on to windward, numb with cold, but ready for anything.

We tried to yarn, but the roar of the gale made it impossible to hear each other, and we soon gave it up.

It seemed a wonder that any ship could keep afloat with all that quantity of water on the main-deck.

So the watch passed without incident, except for a small matter which amused Mac and Loring somewhat.

The second mate and I were both making carefully for the chart-house—only two or three yards to go—but, with the deck sloping every other moment like the side of a house, it needed some care. As

luck would have it, this time a wave struck her, and gave her a quick heel to leeward. We both lost our balance and slid down to the rail, bringing up in about four feet of water, from which we emerged spluttering out curses and salt water, only to be greeted by the loud laughter of Mac and Loring.

As the ship was hove-to, the helmsman had an easy time, and the wheel might just as well have been lashed.

At last I was able to strike eight bells, and we went below, leaving the worst four hours in the twenty-four to the port watch, namely, those from 4 A.M. to 8.

Tuesday, 17th October.—At seven bells we were awakened by the hoarse cries of the port watch at the braces.

They were squaring the ship away before it again.

On coming on deck after our scanty breakfast of hard-tack, we found that both sea and wind were better than they had been.

This was not saying much, for even as we emerged from the half-deck we saw a sea whirling aft along the main-deck, with odd legs and arms belonging to sundry members of the port watch sticking up out of it like derelict spars.

The watch had evidently been washed away from the fore braces.

They were glad enough to get below at eight bells, and leave us the tough job of setting the main lower-topsail, and reefing and setting the foresail and three upper-topsails.

Very heavy work, as the main-deck is still under water, and some of the men forward are completely used up from the cold, wet, and hard work; all hands also are beginning to feel the pangs and grip on the stomach of hunger and thirst, and I took my belt in another hole.

Although we were all pretty well worn out, we managed to ring out a rare good chorus, chanting up the topsails.

Jamieson sang the solo of "The Wide Missouri," a very celebrated chanty.

CHANTY.—“THE WIDE MISSOURI.”

Solo. “Oh, Shenadoah, I love your daughter,”

Chorus. “Away, my rolling river!”

Solo. “Oh, Shenadoah, I long to hear you.”

Chorus. “Ah! ah! We’re bound away
’Cross the wide Missouri!”

Solo. “The ship sails free, a gale is blowing,”

Chorus. “Away, my rolling river!”

Solo. “The braces taut, the sheets a-flowing,”

Chorus. “Ah! ah! We’re bound away
’Cross the wide Missouri!”

Solo. “Oh, Shenadoah, I’ll ne’er forget you,”

Chorus. “Away, my rolling river!”

Solo. “Till the day I die, I’ll love you ever,”

Chorus. “Ah! ah! We’re bound away
’Cross the wide Missouri!”

So it runs on, the roar of the storm and the weird shrieking and humming in the rigging making an accompaniment hardly to be beaten by a first-class band. Even the clash of the deck ports resemble cymbals and the big drum.

Round we go, half a dozen voices roaring at the top of their pipes, Mac’s and Jamieson’s shrill, wild, and broken, old Foghorn’s two octaves below the rest of us, like the growling of a grizzly bear.

It’s wonderful how a chanty will get a topsail mastheaded. We sent the mizen upper-topsail up to the tune of

CHANTY.—“ON THE BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO.”

Solo. “Sing and heave, and heave and sing,”

Chorus. “Hoodah, to my hoodah;”

Solo. “Heave, and make the handspikes spring,”

Chorus. “Hoodah, hoodah day.

And it’s blow ye winds, heigh-ho,

For Cal—i—for—ni—o;

For there’s plenty of gold, so I’ve been told,

On the banks of the Sacramento!”

It is rather difficult for a landsman to understand the sense of the words in some of the chanties, and no doubt in most cases they need some explanation. Some of them refer to people and events long since gone and forgotten.

There is one chanty, however, which is, perhaps, as well-known ashore as afloat, and few songs have more beautiful words than “Hame, dearie, Hame,” and I cannot resist from giving the first verse.

Solo. “I stand on deck, my dearie, and in my fancy see,
The faces of the loved ones that smile across the sea;
Yes, the faces of the loved ones, but ’midst them all so
clear,
I see the one I love the best, your bonnie face, my dear.”

Chorus. “And its hame, dearie, hame! oh, it’s hame I want to be,
My topsails are hoisted, and I must out to sea;
For the oak, and the ash, and the bonnie birchen tree,
They’re all agrowin’ green in the North Countree.”

This is, of course, a capstan chanty, and it takes some beating when sung by a good chantying watch.

As we were chantying up the main upper-topsail to the tune of “As off to the South’ard we go,” a big sea fell aboard and washed Higgins and Bower into the lee scuppers.

Solo. “Sing, my lads, cheerily, heave, my lads, cheerily,”
Chorus. “Heave away, cheerily, oh, oh!”

Solo. “For the gold that we prize, and sunnier skies,”
Chorus. “Away to the south’ard we go.”

Solo. “We want sailors bold, who can work for their gold,”
Chorus. “Heave away, cheerily, oh, oh!”

Solo. “And stand a good wetting without catching cold,”
Chorus. “As off to the south’ard we go—o,
As off to the— ”

Crash! bang! fizz! — “Hang on all!” — “Damn!” — “South’ard we go!” — “Curse you, get your boot out of—” (splutter) — “Blasted fool!” — (puff, splutter) — “O Lord!” — “Lost my only sou’wester, curse it!” — “Where’s Bower?” — (coughing, panting, blowing, as the water begins to roll off) —

"In the lee scuppers with old Higgins, clasped in each other's arms."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hallo, Rooning, bleeding?"

"Some one kicked me in the face."

"Now then, tune her up, boys, give her hell!"

"Give us a chanty some one."

So we struggle on, and by noon the *Royalshire* has got all she can stagger under.

The weather is moderating a bit, though hail-storms still blow up every few minutes; but the sea is not as bad as it was, and the main-deck is keeping freer of water.

With some risk, at six bells this afternoon we got the fresh-water pump rigged, and managed to get some fresh water along, after losing a few buckets and having some narrow escapes.

Poor Loring was caught by a sea and washed into the lee scuppers, and got a black eye.

The cook also managed to get the galley fire alight, and we had some hot tea for the first time for some days.

The wind hauled ahead in the first dog watch, and we had to brace her up until the yards were on the backstays.

The half-deck is in a fearful state, and still inches deep in water. Up above, hanging on lines suspended from bunk to bunk, are wet socks, shirts, caps, mits, overalls, coats, mufflers, oilskins, rubbers, etc., and every spare corner is crowded with sea-boots hung up upside down to let the water drain out of them.

The chests and my big hunting kit bag we have jammed up in one corner, and lashed them so that they cannot carry away and break anybody's leg as the ship rolls.

Backwards and forwards across the floor wash trousers, shirts, hair-brushes, matches, socks, books, papers, pieces of sodden hard-tack, chunks of salt junk like bits of wood, shoes, caps, belts, swabs, bits of soap, and every kind of derelict.

Wednesday, 18th October.—We had a very cold night of it, and in the first watch the wind went back into the old quarter, and we had hard work squaring the yards.

We had to take a handy billy to each brace, and Jamieson had a narrow escape from going overboard: he was standing on the topgallant rail putting the strop on the main-brace, when a big sea swooped down upon us. He saved himself by shinning up the brace, but we on the deck below were all sent washing about on our backs.

In the middle watch the mate and Webber, who is the hardest worker in the watch next to Don, were in the lee main-rigging at work in bowlines. I forget what had carried away; but after close on two hours, first under water and then with a minute or two above, they were carried aft at eight bells, helpless with cold, and in a very bad way. It took some time and hard rubbing before we could get any life into them; and when we did get his circulation back a bit, Webber had no dry things, so I lent him my arctic fur coat with the hood.

It was a plucky bit of work; but the mate is a fair demon, and does not know what fear is, and as for the cold and work, he laughs at them as trifles. He's a man who came through the hawsehole, and has seen some very hard times.

The old man is carrying on again, and we set all three lower-topgallant sails in the morning watch.

Soon after daylight we sighted an outward-bounder under lower topsails and staysails, having a bad time beating against the wind, and big sea running.

She was a four-mast barque, with painted ports like ourselves, but with single topgallant-yards. She passed us about a mile to the southward on the starboard tack; the wind was a dead muzzler for her, and she was evidently only beating on and off hoping for a slant.

We sighted land to the westward of the Horn about 11 A.M.—a bleak, dreary-looking coast, all black rocks and white foam.

Cape Horn was called after the Dutch vessel *Horne*, which was the ship of Schouten, who, with another Dutchman, Le Mair, was the first to weather the Cape.

Before this, passages to the Pacific were always made through the Magellan Straits, and navigators imagined that the land of Terra del Fuego extended right south into the ice of the Pole.

The next man to these bold Dutchmen to round the Cape was Sir Francis Drake, and, like the Dutchmen, he was but scurvily treated, and arrived in the Pacific battered and torn, a sadder and a wiser man,

with an everlasting respect for the great South Wind and his companions the Cape Horn Greybeards.

At 4 P.M. we passed the great and dreaded Cape Stiff, as sailors call Cape Horn, towering huge and gaunt, worn and rugged, through its everlasting battle with the raging sea.

At the same time we passed another outward-bounder, which was beating in towards the Horn on the port tack, crossing our bows less than a cable's length ahead.

She was a full-rigged ship with painted ports, and, like the four-master, was under lower-topsails alone.

We ran up our ensign, but she made no response; it was easy to see, however, that she was a foreigner.

The sight of us foaming through it under lower-topgallant sails was too much for her, and just as she got on our port bow, we saw a man go aloft on to her main upper-topsail yard, and she soon had her fore and main upper-topsails set.

She made a lovely picture as she surged past us, with the great, black, world-renowned promontory as a background.

I wonder how long she and the four-master have been beating backwards and forwards at the pitch of the Horn!—very likely over a fortnight.

The sight of these two ships beating under lower-topsails whilst we were foaming along, doing over 10 knots under lower-topgallant sails, put the old man in a very good humour, and he made Mac, Loring, and myself come up on to the poop and look through his glasses whilst he spun us yarns of the adventures he had had off this dreaded point.

Once, he said, he was outward bound, beating up against the usual heavy gale, the weather being so thick that you could not see a ship's length ahead. All of a sudden the lookout yelled, "Breakers ahead!" and the next moment out of the thickness appeared the great tower of Cape Stiff itself.

The ship was running right on to the rocks at the foot of the Cape, and in another five minutes she would have been lost with all hands; as it was, he put her about with all dispatch, and as she came up to the wind the huge breakers rolling in swept her decks, taking away all the boats and tearing the standard compass from the deck.



CAPE HORN
(Drawn by the Author)

This was a narrow escape, but he was destined another time to get more close than was pleasant. This time it was blowing a terrific gale, and after a very exciting and anxious struggle, he just managed to weather Cape Stiff, and the next moment found himself in a calm land-locked fiord, protected from the raging gale outside by huge cliffs.

Here he lay for nearly twenty-four hours, and then got a slant. Then the old man got on to the subject of the difficulty of getting round the Horn outward bound.

"This is my thirtieth passage round the Horn as master, and outward bound I've never been more than a couple of weeks beating off the pitch of the Horn; and what's more, I never will be. Why is it that some ships spend months beating off the Horn? Simply because, directly he gets off the Horn, the captain puts his ship under lower-topsails, and just beats backwards and forwards, waiting for a slant to get him round; that's not the way to get round the Horn; why, I've come round under royals and passed ships under lower topsails. Whenever you get a chance, you must take advantage of it, and cram on sail and force your way against the Westerlies. No, don't tell me that it's not the master's fault when his ship spends a month or six weeks off the Horn, for I know it is. Look at that foreigner under lower-topsails; if we were outward bound now I'd have the *Royalshire* under six topsails and whole foresail;—though, mind you, I'm not saying that if I was captain of that dagoman I'd have all that canvas set, for the *Royalshire* has got seven backstays, whilst that old tub's only got three."

"Well, Lubbock," he continued, turning to me, "you've seen the Horn now, and come round it in the worst blow and biggest sea I've ever seen down here; and what's more, you've done it in one of the finest sailing-ships afloat."

"What's happened to that full-rig ship we sighted in the bad blow, sir; oughtn't she to be in sight?"

"Well, she'd have had to heave-to when we did; for if she went on running before it, she's hard and fast ashore now, and not a man alive to tell the tale."

It breezed up again as darkness began to set in, and between the dog watches all hands were called to handle the mainsail.

Lat. 56°.18 S., long 69°.04 W.

The wind hauled ahead again early in the first watch, and we had to get the topgallant sails in.

Thursday, 19th October.—A very cold night, with rain, snow, and sleet. In the middle watch the second mate caught a little land-bird on the poop. What kind of a bird it was none of us knew; it was a little larger than a sparrow, with yellow-edged wings. After examining it, we let it go again, and it immediately flew away.

We are going 7 or 8 knots through the water, and passed Staten Island early this morning some way off.

Lat. $54^{\circ}.47$ S., long. $64^{\circ}.04$ W.

The wind hauled aft again this afternoon, and we set topgallant sails again. We passed another outward-bounder under lower topsails, a barque.

The water has not been coming aboard quite so freely to-day, so we seized the opportunity to clear up the litter and wreckage in the half-deck.

Oh! what a mess everything was in! After a long search, I found my hair-brushes and all my matches in a far corner afloat in the spittoon, so I am without matches for the rest of the passage. Mac, however, has come to the rescue, and presented me with half a dozen boxes of Japanese matches.

The carpenter's shop is now as full as it will cram with wet clothes from the half-deck and midship-house. Chips will not let the men dry their things there, so they can only wring them out, and hang them up under the forecastle head.

There was hardly a dry pair of socks or stockings in the ship, and all sorts of expedients were resorted to to dry one's rubbers and keep one's feet warm. We used to wrap our feet in paper, or put paper soles inside the boots; and another dodge was, to light bits of paper and let them burn inside the rubbers to warm them.

The second mate suffered a great deal from cold feet, as did most of the others. I lent him my arctic moccasins, which are, of course, much warmer than wet rubbers, but are so frightfully slippery on wet decks that you absolutely can't stand up in them.

I do not feel the cold half as much as any of the others. Whether my Klondyke experience had hardened me I don't know, but I used just to wring out my socks and put them on again, and my feet very rarely felt the cold.

No one wears mits, except at the helm, as you cannot work on deck or up aloft in mits, as they soon get soaking wet and worn out.

The South Atlantic

Friday, 20th October.—We foamed through it all night close hauled under topgallant sails, going about 8 knots.

We are on the banks now, and there is a pretty big sea running. Occasional hail-storms in the morning, but by noon we had crossed the terrible banks, and were in lat. $52^{\circ}.14$ S., long. $55^{\circ}.41$ W. The glass is very low and is falling rapidly, and I suppose we are in for another blow.

It is our afternoon watch on deck. Every few minutes the second mate dashes into the chart-house and looks at the barometer.

At 3 P.M. the glass was down to $28^{\circ}.60$, and the sea and wind are beginning to get up.

All of a sudden the wind chopped round into the S.W., and began blowing harder every minute.

We soon had her squared before it, and it was a case of in with the topgallant sails, and reefing the upper-topsails: so we had a hard afternoon's work up aloft. My thumb is very awkward and painful still, as, though I keep a rag round it, the salt water gets in, and salt water, wherever it gets in, eats to the bone.

A very wild sunset to-night, but as yet the wind is not very bad, though an occasional hail squall stings us up.

All night we never touched a rope, and foamed through it, going a good 10 knots.

Saturday, 21st October.—A lovely morning, with the sun shining! It is blowing hard, and we are reeling off the knots under reefed upper-topsails, lower-topsails, and foresail.

The Falkland Islands are well to the south-west of us now.

I had another very bad fall last night in the first watch. Feeling very hungry, and finding that our bread barge in the half-deck was empty, I went forward to cadge some from our forecastle.

They gave me as much as I could carry; but, alas! just as I got past the after-hatch on the starboard side, the ship gave a very heavy roll, and my feet slipped up from under me on the greasy, wet deck.

Down I came with a terrific crash, hurting my hip, and smashing the biscuits into atoms.

The old man and mate were aft by the wheel, and they said that my fall shook the whole poop.

Well, I lost all my biscuits, and damaged my hip; but scored all the same, for the old man went below and presently emerged with a tin of potted meat, which he gave me out of his private store.

How we in the half-deck licked our lips over that potted meat! for myself, I thought I never tasted anything half as good in all my life.

The men are beginning to suffer a great deal from sea-boils.

Poor old Taylor has got a very bad finger. It started with a whitlow, which got poisoned from not being cut, as the captain, who is always the doctor on board a ship where no doctor is carried, did not like to cut it, having made a mess of a finger before through cutting it badly.

Taylor has had to lie up, and is in terrible pain.

Loring has taken his wheel, and is a very good helmsman. I do not like this at all, as now I have to keep time the whole watch at night, instead of only two hours in the watch.

The third mate is also laid up, as he has got very bad sea-boils on his wrist, and they have paralysed his right arm the whole way up.

Pipes are beginning to get very scarce on board. I had four pipes in Frisco; I gave one, a little beauty of Lowe's, Haymarket, to Don. It passed from man to man, until I think Loring had it at last, and by that time it was minus its stem piece.

Another I gave to Mac, and it got washed overboard off the Horn.

Another was a corn cob—sweetest of all pipes to smoke—which got its bottom broken in; and my last, and old favourite, a bull-dog, from being constantly scraped out, got a hole through the bottom of the bowl.

This hole I plugged with everything I could think of, but it was no use, the only thing to do was to keep one's finger over the hole when smoking.

The mate gave the nipper a pipe, which the nipper in turn gave to Scar; from Scar it went to Don, from Don to Mac, from Mac to Loring, and from Loring it went to the bosun.

Mac had a clay, the stem of which was broken off so short that he had to hold it to his mouth.

Scar had an old silver-mounted pipe which was everlastingly choked up.

So now, what pipes remain have to be shared; and in the half-deck, Loring, Don, and Mac taking turns to smoke one, and occasionally I let Don have a pipe out of my old bull-dog.

Scar and the nipper have only one pipe between them, and are everlastingly at loggerheads as to whose smoke it is.

It is hard work to keep a pipe alight this weather, as the tobacco gets so damp that it won't keep burning.

I cut up a couple of plugs to-day, and putting them in a tin, got old Slush to put it in the oven for a bit.

But we both forgot to take it out, and the tobacco got roasted almost to a cinder, and now has a very peculiar taste.

Still anything is better than having to do without, as I have often found, and this roasted 'baccy had one advantage, it burnt well, and kept alight.

Cigarettes and cigarette tobacco have, of course, always been very scarce on board.

Don used to roll cigars out of the leaves of ship's tobacco.

Don, Loring, and the second mate, who are the chief cigarette smokers, got a fine haul on the other side of the Horn.

The old man had got a lot of fine cut English tobacco which he could not smoke, as he preferred the strongest and blackest ship's plug, so he presented this to the second mate, Don, and myself. As I preferred a pipe, I swapped mine for some plugs of American tobacco which Don had got, so now Don, Loring, and the second mate have got plenty of cigarette tobacco, and there is only the trouble of cigarette papers.

The second mate has only got a few left, and neither Don or Loring have got any; but luckily for them I managed to get some out of the Turk in the port watch, as he of course only smokes cigarettes.

Sunday, 22nd October.—A fine morning, and we set the topgallant sails again, and staysails, and shook the reefs out of the topsails.

It was our forenoon watch on deck, and we chantied the topsails up in fine form, taking the halliards to the capstan.

Scar is an authority on chanties, and he says that the real old chanties are very seldom heard now; all the same, we have had a good number of fine chanties sung on board.

The thing to hear is a nigger crew chantying. They sing most beautifully, with splendid minor and half notes; they cannot do the least little bit of work without chantying.

A celebrated chanty, which I am very fond of, is "Haul on the Bowlin'," which is a setting sail chanty, and runs thus:—

Solo. "Haul on the bowlin', the fore and maintop bowlin',"

Chorus. "Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

Solo. "Haul on the bowlin', the packet is arolling,"

Chorus. "Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

Solo. "Haul on the bowlin', the skipper he's agrowling,"

Chorus. "Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

Solo. "Haul on the bowlin', to London we are going,"

Chorus. "Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

Solo. "Haul on the bowlin', the good ship is abowling,"

Chorus. "Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

Solo. "Haul on the bowlin', the main-topgallant bowlin',"

Chorus. "Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!"

A real good old-time chanty is "Storm along, Stormie!" which runs thus:—

Solo. "Stormie's gone, the good all man,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "Oh, Stormie's gone, that good old man,"

Chorus. "Aye! aye! aye! Mister Storm along!"

Solo. "They dug his grave with a silver spade,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "His shroud of finest silk was made,"

Chorus. "Aye! aye! aye! Mister Storm along!"

Solo. "They lowered him with a golden chain,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "Their eyes all dim with more than rain,"

Chorus. "Aye! aye! aye! Mister Storm along!"

Solo. "He was a sailor, bold and true,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "A good old skipper to his crew,"

Chorus. "Aye! aye! aye! Mister Storm along!"

Solo. "He lies low in an earthen bed,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "Our hearts are sore, our eyes are red,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "He's moored at last, and furled his sail,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "No danger now from wreck or gale,"

Chorus. "Aye! aye! aye! Mister Storm along!"

Solo. "Old Storm has heard an angel call,"

Chorus. "To my aye, Storm along!"

Solo. "So sing his dirge now, one and all,"

Chorus. "Aye! aye! aye! Mister Storm along!"

This is a pumping chanty. One of the most celebrated chanties is "The Black Ball Line," the first verse of which runs thus:—

Solo. "In the Black Ball Line I served my time,"

Chorus. "Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!"

Solo. "In the Black Ball Line I served my time,"

Chorus. "Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!"

This is a long capstan chanty, and has fourteen verses in the original words; of course you hardly ever hear two men sing the same words in the solo of a chanty, though the choruses are always the same.

Chanties such as "Blow, my bully boys, blow!" "A long time ago!" "A poor old man," "The plains of Mexico," "John Brown's whisky bottle's empty on the shelf," "Boney was a warrior," "Blow the man

down," "Reuben Ranzo," "Away for Rio!" "Whisky for my Johnnie," we were constantly singing.

"The Girls of Dublin Town" is also a very popular chanty.

We had hardly got sail set when it came on to blow hard again, with heavy squalls, and the other watch had to take in the upper-topgallant sails in the afternoon.

In the first dog watch it was a case of all hands on deck.

"Haul up the mainsail, and get the lower-topgallant sails tied up," said the old man to the mate.

Each watch is a man short, Taylor being laid up in our watch, and Scar in the port.

The decks are full of water again, some very big seas coming aboard, and we had a difficult job clewing up the mizen upper-topsail, which had to come in directly the topgallant sails were fast.

Then came the terrific business of squaring in the yards, one of the most dangerous of all jobs when a heavy sea is running.

Many a ship has lost a whole watch over the side whilst at work at the braces.

Both watches tailed on to the port main-brace.

I was about fifth on the rope, with old Wilson, who was singing out on one side of me, and Higgins on the other.

We had hardly taken two pulls at the brace, when a huge sea broke aboard right over our heads, and both watches were swept oft their feet in every direction.

Wilson, Higgins, and I received the full force of it. For one tiny moment of time I saw the great hissing mass as it reared its foaming top higher and higher above us, and then crash! and it toppled its whole weight upon us.

Knocked down, crushed, overwhelmed by the monster, I was quite conscious of what was going on, as I hung on to the brace with all my strength. Under water as I was, with my heels above my head, I saw dimly the round bundles washing about close to me which represented Wilson and Higgins.

Over and over the sea rolled me, and hurled me with terrific force against the main-hatch, and three times did my poor right knee come with a crash against a ring-bolt.

It was worse than being upset out of a canoe whilst shooting rapids, infinitely worse; there was no chance of getting your head

above water, and one could only hold one's breath or swallow gallons of water, until the sea rolled off.

I hung on to the brace until the terrific weight of water tore it from my grasp, and away I went, first my head up then my feet, rolling over and over, a plaything of the furious sea, which made me turn somersaults, balance myself on my nose or on the back of my head, just as the whim took it.

It washed me round the hatch; it bumped me against the fife-rail, which I clutched at madly; it rolled me like a beer barrel into the scuppers; I got entangled and disentangled again with other human bundles, and never for a second could I get my head above water.

At last the water began to run off, and I found that I could sit up and get my head above water.

Once more able to breathe, I gasped and gasped, and looking around me, saw yellow bundles lying about in every position.

I lay to starboard of the main-hatch; close to me, in the scuppers, lay three men in a tangled mass; mixed up in the fife-rail were two more; another lay gasping on his back under the break of the poop.

Above the roar of the gale I heard the second mate's stentorian voice,

"Main-brace there! Up you get, d—n it, get a move on!"

I pick myself up, dazed and half-drowned. My sou'wester had gone, and I found I could hardly put my leg to the ground, I was in such pain from my knee.

Poor old Higgins was very far gone, and Wilson was not much better, and Don, of course, had as bad a time as anybody.

I think the second mate was the only one who escaped a ducking: he scrambled up on to the skids when he saw it coming, and his agility saved him.

The old man, who was on the poop, seeing the whole of his ship's crew washing about the decks, dashed down on to the main-deck up to his waist in water, went to the head of the brace, and cheering us on, and hauling to his own singing out, he soon got us all going again.

It took us a terrible time to get those yards squared. Again and again seas broke over us; but there is no such thing as giving in on board a sailing-ship—those yards had got to be squared, and squared they eventually were.

The old man told me afterwards, that when that sea broke over us, all he could see was my feet sticking up for a moment out of the water, as the wave rolled me over and hurled me against the hatch.

He made sure that I must have been badly hurt, but on examining damages I found that my poor old knee was the only cripple.

It was pretty bad, however, the knee-cap being turned right on end, so that instead of being flat it pointed straight up.

My sou'wester would have been a serious loss, but the old man very kindly presented me with a brand-new silk sou'wester.

It makes the sixth piece of headgear I have lost, blown away, or washed overboard, since I have been on board.

The second mate did not like the old man leaving the poop, declaring that it was as bad for a captain to leave the poop in bad weather as it was for a general to expose himself to the fire of the enemy. But I must say I rather admired him for doing so, as he left the security of the poop for the most dangerous part of the ship, jumping like a soldier into the breach and rallying his men. There is one thing about our skipper, he shines in moments of danger.

There is no funk about him, and his nerves are of the best, as is his seamanship—everybody acknowledges that he is the best sailor in the ship.

We spent a wet, cold, and I myself a very painful night.

However, it began to clear up again towards morning, and we set everything to the main-royal.

Monday, 23rd October.—In 46 latitude now, and romping along with a fair wind.

My knee is very painful, and I am quite a cripple, as it won't bear walking upon, and is very swollen.

As I cannot get about on it, the second mate got out a couple of Martini rifles from the armoury in the captain's cabin, and giving me some chalk and oil, allowed me to sit on the after-hatch and clean them.

This was a pretty good job, as they were frightfully rusty.

It started blowing hard again towards night, and the *Royalshire* was stripped of everything but her six topsails.

Very squally, and wet decks again.

As I am quite useless on deck, on account of my knee, the second mate let me have all night in, and Jennings had to keep time.

Although I was in great pain all night as I lay in my sleeping-bag, I could not help gloating over the fact that I had so many hours of warmth and rest whilst the sea and wind roared and battered on the deck outside.

My good old waterproof sheet protects me from the water which pours in at times through the cracks in the door, for our wretched half-deck is full of water again, and is in as bad a state as it was off the Horn.

Unable to sleep from the pain, I lay in my bunk and watched the wreckage washing backwards and forwards with the roll of the ship.

Sometimes an extra big wave would fill up the half-deck until, as the ship rolled to port, the water would splash up in my face.

Tuesday, 24th October.—Splendid sailing! Our run to-day was 270 miles, pretty good under six topsails only.

It is blowing hard, and big dollops are coming aboard.

I can't get about yet, so I am at work again cleaning the old man's shot-gun on the after-hatch.

If this weather continues, we shall soon be into the south-east trades. Already everybody is beginning to talk about getting home.

The second mate has all along said, that, notwithstanding her foul bottom, she was coming home in ninety-seven days, which is quite possible if all goes well.

Don gives her forty days home from now. We sailed on 25th August, which makes us sixty days out to-day. So far, we have done a very fairly good passage, and I certainly think another sixty days ought to see us docked.

Scar is very gloomy, and says we are going to take one hundred and sixty days, and he hopes we'll never get back,—

"I feel something's going to happen this passage," is his favourite grumble.

His temper is so bad that he is quite soured by it, and looks on the gloomy side of everything.

Wednesday, 25th October.—The weather is moderating, and we set all sail this morning. Lovely sunshine and fresh breeze again, and it is fast getting warmer.

Bower and the bosun had a row in the morning watch.

The bosun, who is not very fond of Bower, called him by a name that would have caused "gun-play" if they had been in Arizona.

Bower retaliated by blacking the bosun's starboard peeper with his grimy fist.

The bosun seemed to take no notice of this, and only said sharply,

"Go to the bosun's locker and bring aft the handy billy, and look damn quick!"

Bower, all unsuspecting, turned his back and started off on his errand; but the moment his back was turned the bosun jumped for him, and, knocking him down, started to kick him in the ribs.

The end of it was, that Mac and Jamieson had to haul the bosun off, or Bower would have got badly hurt.

The bosun has got a very black eye, and is in very low spirits; he is in rather bad odour aft just now, as we all think it was a very dirty trick to play.

But whilst yarning with me in the first watch, Bower told me that it was a regular old German trick, and that he was a fool not to have thought of it at the time.

He and the bosun, though both naturalised Yankees, are both German born.

The wind dropped in the afternoon, and the first watch found us rolling our rails under in a very long, heavy swell, without a breath of wind.

As the ship rolled the swell gushed in through the ports, and she even dipped her rail under to it. The cataract of water pouring across the deck carried one off one's feet if one was unfortunate enough to get caught by it, and it was impossible even to sit down without holding on. The lower yards look as if they would pierce the sea every time, and we had to haul up the courses, or they would have flogged themselves into shreds.

As we were all sitting round smoking and reading before one bell, the third mate suddenly hove the magazine he was reading on the deck and cried,

"Well, I thought Clarke Russell knew more than that!" and he showed us a passage in the magazine, in which Clarke Russell, talking of sailing-ships, says that they do not roll, they only list.

Well, this ship proved he was wrong anyhow; here we were, a long, modern iron ship, and nearly rolling our masts out.

Scar even went so far as to say that no steamer ever rolled like a modern sailing-ship.

From my experience on the *Royalshire* I am sure that he is right, though I have seen some steamers rolling very badly, especially foreign men-of-war. I once passed the *Lucania* lying at anchor just inside the bar at New York, and she was rolling very badly, but nothing like a sailing-ship in a calm with a heavy swell running.

Thursday, 26th October.—Lat. $41^{\circ}.48$ S., long. $38^{\circ}.31$ W. Course—N. 43 E. Run 148 miles.

It was quite calm all night, but a light head wind sprang up towards morning, and we are sneaking along quieter than we have been for many a day.

We have started scrubbing and painting again. My knee is better, but I dare not rest my whole weight upon it, and the knee-cap is still out of place, but the swelling has gone down. It is hard work getting the rust off the topgallant-rail, standing on one leg all the time like a pelican.

The second mate and Loring are hard at work on their models again.

Scar and the nipper are talking a good deal about starting models also, but they have not got beyond the talking.

Loring's is the model of the *Talus*, his last ship. This ship, which is a very handsome clipper, was in Frisco with us, and sailed thirty-two days before us.

The second mate is making a very small model of the *Royalshire*, and is doing it beautifully, its yards being cut out of matches, and its ropes the thinnest of cotton. How on earth he does it with his big hands, I can't imagine.

We had a terrific argument in the half-deck this evening about schoolmasters swishing and caning boys.

Don and I both maintain that it is an excellent thing, but Scar and Mac apparently think that it is the greatest disgrace that can fall upon one.

"When I was about twelve, I remember our schoolmaster at Findhorn caning me," said Mac. "I scratched, and kicked, and bit, and fought every time. The cad! he soon got to funk it; and if a schoolmas-

ter had ever tried to swish me when I was seventeen or eighteen, great Harry, but I would have killed him."

Scar endorsed this, and was, if anything, more furious than Mac at the terrible cruelty of caning boys.

"Well," I said, "I've had plenty of it myself, and it's thought nothing of at Eton, where a boy would far sooner have a swishing than a long poena; and I believe that if you asked each boy out of the eleven hundred at Eton, pretty nearly every one of them would say it was a good thing."

"Why, I used to prefer being caned at school to learning half a dozen lines of saying lesson," said Don.

Scar and Mac regarded the pair of us with wonder and surprise as being without shame or pride.

But it was too fearful a thing to be argued about, and they relapsed into silence.

Then we began talking about Wellington, and I happened to mention that he said that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton.

Oh, what a hullabaloo this raised! Don lay back in his bunk and laughed at the tangle I had got myself into.

They actually screamed at me in their rage; at first they did not believe it, then they pronounced Wellington a liar of the first water—for who did not know that the battle of Waterloo was won by the Scotch regiments!

Scar worked himself up into such a frenzy that I thought he would have a fit. He bashed in the lid of his chest with his fist; he hove his knife on the deck, and spat on it; he stamped, he tore his hair, he screeched inarticulately, until one bell in the first watch, when the light was turned down and our watch turned in.

Talk about bigoted people, but Scotch boys take the cake!

Friday, 27th October.—A fine breeze all day. We are romping along under full sail, yards almost square, and averaging 8 ½ to 10 knots.

In latitude 39 S. at noon to-day.

There are a whole heap of birds all round us, including a lot of albatross, which have come up here to get out of the bad weather down to the southward.

I think the albatross is a wonderful bird. He sails in a stately, majestic way instead of flying, and not once in twenty-four hours does he give a flap to his immense wings.

Like the shark amongst fish, he is a devourer of offal—the scavenger of the South Seas—as he is not quick enough in his movements to catch fish.

His appetite is enormous; and when he can get a good meal, such as a dead whale, he will gorge himself until he is unable to rise into the air. Despite his appetite, his powers of abstinence are wonderful also, and he will go for days without any food. For instance, the young bird (the albatross only lay one egg) is left by its parents when it is still too young to fly, and for six months has to live without any food whatever; it is very fat when they leave it, and apparently lives on its own fat, never leaving the nest during the whole of the time. At the end of the six months the parents return, and forcibly eject the poor young bird, and he has to go straight out into the world to earn his own living after having had a six months starve. His parents take no further interest in him, and busy themselves over the hatching of another egg.

A large flock of “whale birds” passed us to-day.

Old Slush is very keen to catch an albatross, and has got a hook over, but we are going too fast through the water.

Once more voice is raised in song in the half-deck, and we made Don sing all his old favourites.

Saturday, 28th October.—It fell calm last night, and has been calm all day.

In the second dog watch Loring and the cook caught an albatross. It measured 10 feet across the wings, and had a splendid grey-white plumage.

We skinned him at once; Scar got the breast plumage, the cook the wing bones for pipe-stems, the nipper and Mac taking the feet for tobacco-pouches. Scar also got his head and beak, which is a tremendous affair, and so I think he got the best of the spoils.

There is a bigger one than this one about, which we have nearly caught several times; it has a big snow-white head, and I think must be a very old bird.

These birds are of course the great wandering albatross, as, besides them, there are heaps of sooty albatross and mollymawks around us.

Lat. $37^{\circ}06$ S., long. $34^{\circ}.06$ N. Course—N. 30° E. Run 154 miles.

My knee is still very painful, but might have been much worse, and I am able to get about better now.

Sunday, 29th October.—A light wind sprang up in the middle watch last night, and is dead ahead; we can't head better than N.E. by E.

There has been a lot of betting lately as to whether we shall be home for Christmas. It is odds on at present, but a few days of a "dead muzzler" like this will soon alter matters.

No more burgoo for breakfast, as we are out of the "Roaring Forties" again; and our allowance of water has been reduced, as we are running short, having only about sixty days' water left in the tanks.

Taylor's finger is very bad, and is fast rotting away, his whole hand being swollen up.

The old man can do nothing but poultice it, as it is too late to lance it now.

If it goes on getting worse at the rate it is doing now, he will lose his hand.

Though landsmen are constantly sent to sea for their health, sailors as a class (that is, deep-watermen) are by no means free from ailments, caused on the one hand by the shocking food they have to eat, on the other by the action of the salt water on the skin, which causes sea-cuts and sea-boils.

From the captain down, I think I was the only man on board who came ashore without having had something wrong with him during the passage. True, I had a twisted knee-cap; but that was an accident, not an ailment, though it was caused by salt water.

The mate and the nipper suffered chiefly from toothache.

The captain, the second mate, and Mac, suffered very much from cramp in the stomach in the North Atlantic.

Scar had a very bad time with sea-boils on his arms.

Poor old Taylor, of course, is on the sick list, and won't do a hand's turn again on this ship. He is in great pain, and cannot sleep at night.

Bower has suffered all the passage with boils: Rooning has also very bad sea-boils; he can only use one arm, and has to keep his head on one side.

Jamieson, besides having a huge boil on one of his arms, which left a hole as large as a five's ball, nearly fainted one day at the wheel, and had a short go of malaria.

Don consumes quinine and chlorodyne wholesale, for jungle fever, which lays him low every now and then.

I have got a small medicine-case on board, which I had up in the Klondyke with me.

I never took a thing out of it for myself, but during this passage, pretty nearly every second dog watch, someone would come along for a dose of something or other.

Podophyllin and cascara pills I gave away, a half-dozen a dose. I have used half a large bottle of quinine tabloids already, and half a small bottle of chlorodyne, two bottles of cascara and one of podophyllin, and a lot of fever tabloids.

This dosing, of course, goes on all unknown to the old man, who has been pretty busy himself dealing out his pet remedies for sailors' ills.

If it was not for the lime-juice, I am sure we should have scurvy on board; for I have seen scurvy caused by much better food than any going here, up in the Klondyke.

I really wonder how I kept so well, when I think of the bad pork swimming in grease and slush, and one mass of fat, which we had to consume every other day, even on the equator.

Pea-soup and hard-tack are my great main-stay. The pea-soup is very bad, without any flavour, and very dirty; but that does not prevent it filling up the great hollow, which is the main thing.

There is not much superfluous flesh on our ship's crew, and though I was in splendid condition and without a bit of fat on me when I came on board, I have taken my belt in six holes already, and it is only the muscles which prevent my ribs from breaking through my skin.

Lat 36°.19 S., long. 32°.22 W. Course—N. 60 E. Run 96 miles.

By the way, I have never explained how it is that I can give the lat. and long. every day. Of course, I do not take a sight at noon, or anything of that sort—though Jamieson told me that he sailed out of Aberdeen once in a small barque, and on the first Sunday out every man in the forecastle except himself brought out a sextant, and going on to the forecastle head, shot the sun.

It appeared that, except himself, every man had either a master's, mate's, or second mate's ticket, and they took the sun on Sundays just to keep their hands in. This incident is a small proof of the terrible overcrowding of officers in the Mercantile Marine.

But to return, the captain and officers are always very careful on most wind-jammers never to let out to the crew the position of the ship, and on the *Royalshire* even the third and fourth mates were not told it. So the way we found out was this: on alternate days Don and the nipper used to clean out the mate's cabin, and, whilst doing so, they used to take a peep into the log-book, and jot down the position and run for us.

Monday, 30th October.—Wind a dead muzzler, fresh, with rain squalls. "A dead muzzler" is a sailor's way of saying that the wind is blowing from right ahead, so that the ship cannot lay her course, and can only beat backwards and forwards, making very little headway in the right direction.

We had a great treat for breakfast this morning: we cut up the albatross, and made the cook broil it for us. The meat of the great bird was as dark as mutton, and tasted very like mutton, with a strong, fishy flavour. Don could not touch it, but I thought it was awfully good.

The wind is freshening, and just as we had got started on our everlasting sand and canvassing this morning, a squall came up.

"Stand by your royal halliards!" roared the second mate.

I stood by the main royal halliards.

Down came the squall upon us with a shriek, the wind howling, and the rain hissing, and the *Royalshire* groaning as she lay over to it.

"Clew up your fore and mizen royals!" yelled the second mate.

Then the main-royal had to come in. I ought to have gone aloft and made the mizen-royal fast, as it was one of my sails; but as I could only just hobble about, the second mate would not let me go. But, alas! it blew harder and harder, and the upper-topgallant sails had to come in.

This time there was no help for it, and I had to go aloft. I was pretty well done by the time I had got on to the mizen upper-topgallant yard, as I could not bear any weight on my knee without it giving.

Going over the futtock-shrouds into the top was a job, and I had half a mind to go through the lubber's hole for once in my life; but I could not bring myself to do it, even though I was a cripple.

That forenoon watch fairly did me up: hobbling about on a rolling deck, pulling and hauling, climbing and swinging on a foot-rope, all with a twisted knee-cap, is no joke.

Lat. $35^{\circ}.47$ S, long. $29^{\circ}.08$ W.

Heading about N.E. by E., and gradually coming up to our course.

Tuesday, 31st October.—Wind still ahead, and blowing fresh.

We furled the crossjack at midnight last night, and my wretched knee got into the wars again.

The wind being dead ahead, the yards were braced up so that they were hard on the backstays, and whilst on the crossjack-yard I managed to get my knee crushed in between the yard and the backstays as the ship rolled; the consequence is, that it is as painful and weak as ever this morning.

Lat. $35^{\circ}01$ S., long. $26^{\circ}.18$ W.

We are not making much northing.

We set the crossjack again this morning whilst the port watch were below.

There is a queer, unhealthy look about the sky to-day, and squalls are numerous.

At 8 P.M. we furled the crossjack again, and at 9 the mainsail was hauled up and made fast.

The horizon to windward is beautifully lit up with sheet and fork lightning, and it is raining.

I am afraid we are in for something; the old man is on the poop, watching the lightning to windward, but for which the night is as dark as the inside of a cow, as the wild man from Findhorn expresses it.

I was just thinking of striking four bells (ten o'clock), when I heard the second mate roar from the poop,

“Haul down the jigger-staysail!”

At the same moment the squall struck us, the wind coming with such force that one could hardly stand up against it.

Over and over went the *Royalshire*, the lee rail went out of sight in the smother of broken water to leeward, and then the hatches were covered; the ship was almost on her beam ends; here we were nicely caught with all our flying kites set.

The decks were on such a slope that one could not stand up without hanging on.

Everything was in confusion.

"On to the poop some hands and get the spanker in!" I heard the second mate yelling.

Up I dashed in the pitch darkness, and ran full tilt into the jigger-mast, striking my game knee on an iron belaying pin.

I fell to the deck, and writhed in the greatest agony I have ever been in in my life.

All of a sudden there was a terrific crash of thunder, and a fork of lightning zigzagged into the sea from right above us.

This lit up the scene, and with a glance, as I tried to get on to my legs, I took in everything.

The ship was lying as far over as she did that night off the Horn; the second mate had carried away and nearly gone overboard, one of the poop stanchions bringing him up (as it was, he had both legs dangling overboard); the old man and Jamieson were fighting with the wheel, trying to put the helm up; and Jennings, of all people, was making frantic efforts to get on to the top of the chart-house by jumping up against it, just like a dog trying to get up a wall it can't jump.

Some of the men had lost their heads, and were shouting and screaming,

"The sticks will go! the sticks will go!"

"Get the topgallant sails off her!" shouted the old man to the second mate, who, picking himself up, dashed on to the main-deck, bellying at the top of his voice,

"Aft the watch and clew up the mizen-topgallant sail; look alive, men, and get your wits together. Great Cæsar! don't you know where the lower topgallant clew-lines are yet, you sodgers!"

Meanwhile Loring and I were struggling with the spanker. Luckily for us, it was not the big spanker, but only the three-cornered storm spanker, which we soon had fast, making it fast on the boom with a couple of gaskets like a yacht's mainsail.

This done, we hurried down on to the main-deck to help clew up the topgallant sails. I managed to hobble along somehow, though in terrible pain.

The scene was now extraordinary. The lightning forked from one horizon to the other; there was a "Jack o' Lantern" or "St. Elmo's Light" at each mast head, perched on the truck; the masts, yards, and

stays were outlined in electric fluid, as if the ships were lit up with electric light.

The flashes were blinding, so close and dazzling white were they, but between the flashes the darkness was so intense that you might have cut it up in blocks of ebony.

"Stay on deck and help me," the second mate said to me, as I prepared to struggle somehow up to the mizen lower-topgallant yard.

Loring is one of those people who have a horror of lightning, nevertheless up he had to go, right in amongst the electricity, with the thunder crashing just over his head.

At last Jamieson got the helm up, and we went off before it on a level keel.

The rain was coming down in solid sheets, and the decks were soon full of fresh water, as it could not run off quick enough.

The men had trouble up aloft, as in the hurry and darkness the sails had not been clewed up enough.

"Haul up your port clew-line!" came down from the fore lower-topgallant sail.

The second mate and I buckled to it, but it was a tough job for two men, though we were both over thirteen stone.

The rain was so heavy and the wind so strong that you could not face it except with your eyes shut, and between the flashes it was so dark that eyes were not the slightest bit of good. We groped about until we got the right ropes in our hands, often almost pulling our hearts out on the wrong ones.

The men were an extraordinary long time up aloft, and no doubt had a hard job of it; but I think they had the best of the second mate and myself as we fumbled and stumbled about the main-deck, dollops breaking over us, sprays taking the breath out of us, tearing our hands and breaking our shins, as we pulled, hauled, and struggled.

I was in such pain that I had to keep my teeth clenched, and my knee had swollen to the size of a cricket ball.

Hardly had the hands got down from aloft, when another puff came, and the second mate roared,

"Stand by your topsail halliards!"

But the old man hung on, and after this last squall the wind soon began to slack off.

As I struggled on to the poop to strike one bell, and wake the mate, for it was now a quartet off midnight, the old man called me to him, and said,

“Hey, Lubbock, did you ever see an electric storm the like o’ that before? Did ye mind the Jack o’ Lanterns—four of them—four, one at each mast head,—never have I seen so much electric fluid before, no, not in all my seafaring career!”

I was pretty glad to get below at eight bells, dead tired as I was, soaking wet, and in great pain.

The port watch had had a scare when the squall struck her. Don was chucked clean out of his bunk, and, picking himself up in a dazed state as the ship lay over, woke up Scar and the nipper with the cry,

“All hands on deck!”

They were all dressing with utmost dispatch, when Jennings, to whom the old man had given two binnacles to light whilst I was making fast the spanker, poked his head in, and asked for a match.

Mac seemed to have had a rough time of it on the fore lower-top-gallant yard (our old friend, by-the-bye, of the South Pacific).

“There were only Jennings and Higgins up there with me, and the sail was thrashing about and trying to knock us off the yard, with neither clew-line hauled up. Why the deuce you could not haul up those clew-lines, Bally, beats me; I nearly burst myself yelling to you.”

“Well, they got foul somewhere, and the second mate and I nearly burst ourselves hauling on them, and it was so dark we kept getting hold of the wrong ropes.”

At this moment the second mate looked in to smoke the butt-end of a cigarette before turning in.

“Did you see me nearly go overboard?” he asked me, laughing.

“Yes; and did you see Jennings trying to run up the side of the chart-house?”

“Ha! ha! ha! I should think I did. The old man saw him too, and thought he was off his head.”

“The old man and Jamieson could not get the wheel up,” said Loring, “and the old man chucked it as a bad job, and walked to the break of the poop, saying to himself, ‘She wil’na go off; she wil’na go off.’”

“He told me he expected to see the sticks go when the first squall struck her,” said the second mate.

“He wasn’t the only one who thought that,” said Mac.

"Well, it would not have worried me at all if she had turned turtle at the time, as I was in such pain," I said.

"Poor old Bally," laughed the second mate, "up he dashes on to the poop, and runs crash bang into the jigger-mast. I heard him groaning to himself as I slid past him to leeward on my way to the scuppers."

"Let's have a look at your knee," said Loring. "By Jove, it looks nasty."

And it was nasty too; the knee-cap was twisted more than ever, and was right up on its edge, and the knee was swollen into a plum-pudding all round.

I could not bend it, and had great difficulty getting into my sleeping-bag, and when I did get in, the pain was so great that I could not sleep.

Meanwhile the storm had cleared up as rapidly as it had come on, and the other watch were hard at work setting everything to a light breeze dead aft.

So much for an electric storm at sea; though it was a wonderful and extraordinary sight, it was too near touch-and-go to be pleasant, and in cold blood I am sure I could not have done what I did, with my knee good-for-nothing and in sickening pain.

Wednesday, 1st November.—Coming on deck again at 4 P.M., we found the ship under all sail.

There was a lovely sunrise this morning, the sky being divided up into bars of different colours and gradually so shading off, each colour running into the other; right overhead it was indigo, and sloping towards the east ran from purple to pink, greeny-blue to gold, with great yellow sunbeams spreading out fan-shape from the horizon.

My knee is quite useless, so I am cleaning guns on the after-hatch.

Tarring down is the order of the day, but I escape it, as, with my leg as it is now, I cannot possibly get aloft.

Lat. 33°.40 S., long. 25°.10 W.

There are about a dozen albatrosses about, and Loring succeeded in catching one of them in our watch below. It is a bit smaller than the one the cook caught, though its feet (one of which I have got for a tobacco-pouch) are larger.

We were hoping that we had got rid of our dead muzzler, but, alas! this afternoon the wind went ahead again, and we had to brace sharp up.

We sighted a full-rig ship on the lee quarter in the second dog watch. I wonder if she is the ship we saw running in the bad weather off the Horn!

Thursday, 2nd November.—Lat. 32°.00 S., long. 26°.09 W.

Our watch came on deck at 8 this morning to find ructions going on; the old man was raging up and down the poop, every other moment stopping to hurl a torrent of invective at the mate.

The cause of all this trouble was the fact that the ship we sighted yesterday is now right ahead of us, leaving us and going to windward at the same time.

The *Royalshire* is terribly foul now, and very hard to steer, besides which, the dagos in the other watch are a very bad lot of helmsmen, which no doubt accounts for the vessel ahead.

As we could only head about N.W., the old man put her about in the first dog watch, and now we are heading N.E. ½ E.; thus we are making very little progress north.

It is blowing a bit harder, and in the middle watch we took in the royals, gaff-topsail, flying-jib and jigger-topmast staysail.

I am afraid I shall have to lie up for my knee, which does not get any better.

Friday, 3rd November.—Lat. 30°.33 S., long. 24°.29 W.

A fine breeze, but still dead ahead; we are going 7 ½ knots through the water, and steering N.E.

Johnsen has been having a lot of trouble with the watch lately, and this morning he and Bower had a fight on the forecastle head.

Neither (both being Dutchmen) knew how to use his fists, and they both just banged about anyhow. Bower at last managed to knock Johnsen down, and he, craven-hearted, refused to fight any more, but, getting up, slunk off muttering murderous threats.

Johnsen has now got pretty nearly everybody logged for some severe offence or other, and swears he will not let a man go ashore when we get in. He is going to get a lawyer, and prosecute the old man and second mate for bad treatment, and he is also going to make charges

against the rest of us, and at the same time says he will hold us as witnesses against the second mate.

It is quite laughable. There is no doubt that he has got a screw loose, and he is quite dangerous; he won't speak a word to anyone, except to swear at them, and he thinks that we are all on the watch to do him a bad turn or steal his things.

One day, in the South Pacific, he had got a shirt hung up on the forestay on the forecandle head.

It was a Sunday, and I happened to be up there washing clothes, when his shirt carried away, and would have been blown overboard if it had not caught on the rail.

I took it and threw it down on to the fore fife-rail, where it was not so likely to be blown away.

That afternoon he kicked up the deuce of a row, and accused each man in turn of stealing his shirt, as he could not find it on the forecandle head.

He was so persistent, that the watch began to get angry about it.

I happened to go forward, and hearing the row going on, said,

"Here's your shirt. I threw it here out of harm's way; it blew off the stay when I was on the forecandle head, and would have gone overboard if it had not caught on the rail. I should have thought you were an old enough sailor to be able to stop up a shirt without its blowing away."

He was completely nonplussed, and did not know what to say; luckily for him our watch were a good-tempered lot of men, or they would have half-killed him.

Another time, in Crockett, Don and I had just left the forecandle for the half-deck.

Johnsen came aft and accused me of stealing his knife.

"Go away; I have not got your knife," I said.

He went away, but presently came back again and started to abuse me.

I was about to argue the matter with my fist, when I caught sight of the knife slung on his belt.

"Get forward, you infernal fool, it's on your belt the whole time."

Again he was caught out, and slunk forward without a word.

Saturday, 4th November.—We had two heavy squalls in the night. It is a lovely day, but the head wind still continues blowing fresh, and keeping us from heading better than N.E.

Lat. $28^{\circ}.36$ S., long. $22^{\circ}.17$ W.

My knee is much worse, and I have had to lie up with it. The old man has given me some turpentine lotion to rub on it; it is very painful, and the cap does not seem inclined to come down into its right place.

The wild man from Findhorn had a great feast to-day. Fish is his great delight, and the steward gave us a tin of bad salmon which they could not tackle in the cabin, but old Mac fairly gloats over it.

He really is a sight at meals, and Loring says he puts him off his grub.

He does not believe in a knife and fork, and prefers to eat everything in his fingers, even bad salmon.

His plate is heaped high with layers of food—salt junk, pork, and hard-tack. It is never cleaned, and he seldom gets down to the bottom layer, though he occasionally pokes a finger in and fishes out an extra tasty bit from the depths which has probably been there for over a month.

He sits there, his plate on his knees, and fairly chuckles over his food, gnawing the bones and scraping them clean, for all the world like a savage.

He is really very amusing to study.

Though he is a very good sailor and a hard worker, he is as simple as a child. He has the sweetest temper of anyone I have ever come across; nothing puts him out except being turned out at one bell, and then his anger is all over directly he is really awake.

He has got rather a good voice for singing, but is much given to war-whoops and blood-curdling yells, and he has got some peculiar war-dances he occasionally gives us. He truly is a wild Highlandman, the wildest I have ever come across.

Sunday, 5th November.—The same weather; a fresh head wind; going about 7 knots.

Lat. $27^{\circ}.05$ S., long. $20^{\circ}.05$ W. Course—N. 52° E. Run 148 miles.

Rather slow lying in my bunk all day, and literature is very scarce on board; all ours in the half-deck was washed away off the Horn, but

the old man has given me some *Weekly Times*, which are two years old, but better than nothing.

The odds about getting home for Christmas are getting worse.

Monday, 6th November.—Lat. 26°.10 S., long, 17°.50 W. Course —N. 46 E. Run 168 miles.

The day is superb, but, alas! the wind is still in the wrong quarter.

Scar, that prophet of evil, puts all this head wind down to our killing the albatross, and hints gloomily at an awful fate awaiting us:

—

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow! ”

It is a sailor's superstition, that within the breast of each albatross dwells the soul of a dead mariner.

The steward has found me a job, peeling onions for him to pickle. I don't see the fun of it much, though; I hate the smell of onions, and they make one's eyes smart and water very much.

It is the wild man of Findhorn's nineteenth birth day to-day; he is very young to have served his time already.

After a great deal of coaxing, he succeeded in getting some pancakes out of the cook for tea. Though they were pretty nearly all grease, it is needless to say that they were all consumed with great relish.

Scar's temper has been very bad lately, and Don, who would give anything to be in our watch, says he is absolutely unbearable.

Don, who is frightfully hot-tempered himself, is nearly bursting with the strain he keeps upon himself; it does not matter what he says, he is promptly contradicted by Scar, who is, of course, backed up by the nipper.

Poor old Don, who hoped this voyage would do him a lot of good, is getting very run down; he does twice the work of anybody else in the other watch. Scar, who has got a down upon him for a bad thrashing which he gave him one day in the South Pacific, hazes him about

eternally in his watch on deck, and gives him all the dirty and heaviest jobs.

Don says he is getting too old and worn out for manual labour.

Their watch is very different to ours. At meals, Loring, Mac, and I are as cheerful as crickets, cracking jokes, laughing, and spinning yarns, often being joined by the second mate.

But in the other watch, Scar, Don, and the nipper sit there in solemn silence, except when Scar and the nipper have a row, which is not infrequent, then there are blows and oaths, snorts of rage from Scar, and shrill cries from the nipper.

In the Tropics

Tuesday, 7th November.—Lat. $23^{\circ}.51$ S., long. $16^{\circ}.23$ W. Course —N. 46 E. Run 111 miles.

To-day we passed the tropic of Capricorn, and so are once more in balmy climes; but, alas! no signs of the south-east trade wind, and we are zigzagging along with the yards hard against the backstays.

Old Slush has been excelling himself lately in cooking the queer greasy lumps of red fat which we poor sailormen have to feed upon.

None of our watch touched our meat to-day, even Mac heaving his share overboard, and we fell back on hard-tack.

The other watch in their turn did the same, and the nipper said that he was going to complain to the old man.

We tried hard to dissuade him, as we knew he would only make a fool of himself, and get the worst of it, as Scar and Mac were the persons to complain if anybody did, being officers of the ship.

Well, the nipper insisted. He first tried the mate, but was only laughed at, as the mate had been hardened in much hungrier ships than the *Royalshire*, and men who have experienced terrible hardships have not much sympathy to give away.

It was the same with the old man, who jumped down his throat at once, and sent him up to overhaul the mizen-royal leech-line in his watch below.

The second mate's advice is simple and to the point. "Take it out of old Slush. What do you want to go and bother the old man about it for?" and this is what I have advised all along.

As the days get hotter, the meat gets fatter and greasier; no wonder there are so many bad boils on board.

Mac has threatened to heave it at the cook's head several times, but it has never come off yet.

Old Slush complains bitterly that he does his best, but that he cannot cook without more fresh water.

He really is an extraordinary being. He is one of the ugliest men I have ever seen: he is round-backed, with his chin touching his chest, and his feet are so huge that he can't lift them off the deck, but slouches

along, the very emblem of slackness and slovenliness; he has served his time in the German army too.

He is horribly dirty, and, though we are waiting patiently for a wonder to take place, he has not changed his shirt since the ship sailed.

He and the steward get on very badly together, and more than once have come to blows.

Wednesday, 8th November.—The wind broke off about midnight, and we went about a dead muzzler, worse than ever. We went about again this morning at 8 A.M.

It is a wet morning, and what wind there is is very light. There are a lot of ships in sight to-day: a barque to leeward, a four-master on our weather quarter, a ship on our weather beam, and another right astern.

The old man says that all the wheat fleet from Frisco must be collected round us, all gathered together by the head wind.

It is funny how a head wind or a calm will bring ships together.

There was a very long calm off the Azores about a year and a half ago, which lasted over six weeks.

The *Royalshire* was in it, and they counted nearly a hundred sail in sight round them.

Loring was also in it, in a clipper ship called the *Argus*, and said that one day he counted three hundred ships round him. This is a bit hard to believe, but it has been verified.

What a fleet this must have been! Quite like the good old times, to see so many sailing-ships together.

Lat. 23°.21 S., long. 16°.13 W.

We have only gone 31 miles in the last twenty-four hours, and can only head up about N. 17 E.

The four-mast barque turns out to be our old friend the *Centesima*. She went about at noon, and soon ran out of sight on the other tack.

I have turned out again to-day, and am hobbling about scrubbing bulwarks. My knee is certainly better, though still very weak.

We went about at four bells in the first watch; the port watch were below, and, of course, had to turn out, much to their disgust.

We are now heading N.W. by W.



A PASSING "LIME-JUICER"

Thursday, 9th November.—At six bells in the morning watch we got caught aback in a squall, and went about, the wind being rather unsteady.

There is one of the ships in sight on the starboard quarter, and the others cannot be far below the horizon.

We went about again at 8 A.M., and are now on the starboard tack, heading N. 10 W.

Lat. 22°.32 S., long. 16°.33 W. Run 45 miles.

It is nasty, squally weather, with a lot of thunder about.

The royals and crossjack had to come in in the afternoon, and the mainsail was hauled up at the change of the watch at midnight.

It is fairly sickening, this head wind, and we are hardly making any northing at all.

Scar's followers are growing in numbers. Old Foghorn says he never knew a head wind to fail coming on after killing an albatross.

Others say that Johnsen is a Jonah, and ought to be chucked overboard.

Good old Chips, the most harmless and one of the nicest men on board, is that most terrible of men amongst sailors, a Russian Finn.

Russian Finns are believed to have wonderful powers over the wind and sea, and can bring on a gale of wind astern at a moment's notice if they feel inclined.

Unfortunately for us, I suppose Chips does not feel inclined, and allows this wretched head wind and everlasting rain to continue.

Friday, 10th November.—Wore ship at 8 A.M. on the port tack. Nothing but squalls and pouring rain all day.

We are still hard at work scrubbing bulwarks with sand and canvas, getting the rust off preparatory to painting; this is miserable work in the wet; the rain ruins oilskins and washes the oil off. None of us have got any dry clothes left again.

Lat. 22°.12 S. Course—N. 69 W. Run 71 miles. Heading from N.E. ½ E. to ½ N. by compass.

Great was the excitement in the first dog watch when the ship came up to her course for the first time for goodness knows how many days. But in ten minutes the wind had broken off again, and we headed worse than ever.

At 8 P.M. the mainsail was set. We had a wretched night again with never-ceasing rain.

Saturday, 11th November.—Hopes of getting in by Christmas are fast fading away. The dead muzzler, and his companion the pouring rain, continue to harass us.

We went about at 8 A.M., again at noon, and again at 4 P.M., and are getting pretty expert at it. Now we are heading N.W. by N. compass course, but I believe the real course is about W.N.W.

Johnsen came aft to-day to complain of his treatment by the men forward, and especially by Jennings.

The mate refused to let him see the old man, and told him to get forward; but Johnsen was not to be put off, and he started to argue the matter.

Just as I was beginning to think it was about time there was trouble, the old man came on deck, and said,

“What do you want?”

“I wish to complain ’bout dat man Jennings.”

“Get forward at once. Do you think I’m going to be bothered because you can’t keep an O.S. in order? Get forward, or I’ll log you.”

“I varn you, Captain Bailey, ve shall see ven de ship gets in; you and de second mate I gets in de law courts for bad dreatment. I haf de money, and I vill have de lawyer.”

The old man merely burst out laughing, in which the mate joined, as Johnsen, muttering ferocious threats of what he would do, retreated forward.

Sunday, 12th November.—A great and welcome change this morning; though the head wind is still with us, the weather has cleared up; once more the decks are dry, and all sail has been set.

All hands are busy washing clothes, and there is a terrific run on soap. Fresh water we have plenty of, as during the last few wet days we have been collecting it in every thing available.

The ship is now festooned with line upon line of drying clothes.

Johnsen and I, who have both grown thick beards and whiskers whilst off the Horn, shaved them off to-day, and I am told that I do not look quite such a hard customer as I did.

The same cannot be said for Johnsen, who looks if possible a greater scoundrel than ever. It is wonderful what a difference a beard and whiskers make to a face; even Don has quite altered his appearance by shaving off his moustache.

Monday, 13th November.—We started shifting sail to-day, bending our old sails for the tropics.

As my knee would hardly stand working aloft all day yet, I have been made quartermaster in our watch, and I had eight hours at the wheel to-day, from 4 A.M. to 8 A.M., and from noon until 4 P.M.,—the whole of the morning and afternoon watches. I much prefer steering to the hard work of shifting sail, of which I have had quite enough already this passage.

I am steering by the compass N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.; our true course is N. 57 W, and we are in lat. 20°.15 S., long. 18°.55 W.; our run being 82 miles.

We must be very close to the south-east trades now. Not so many years ago, captains could tell to the degree where they would pick up their trades; nowadays you sometimes do not get them at all, and have to fluke along to the line as best you can. Why the trades are so uncertain nowadays is one of those facts of which scientists have not been able to offer an explanation.

There are two ships right astern, a full-rig ship and a four-mast barque, and it behoves me to steer my very best to prevent those two ships coming up on us.

It was a lovely night, regular tropical weather, and in the middle watch everybody coiled up into snug corners under the break of the poop; and as the gallant old *Royalshire* slipped quietly along, everybody slept the sleep of the just except the second mate, helmsman, lookout, and myself, I being the timekeeper.

Mac and Loring had even brought their blankets on deck, and lay very snug. This was too much for the second mate—the sight of every one snoring about him whilst he had to keep wide awake—so he bent the end of a brace on to Mac's and Loring's blankets, and getting well out of sight, suddenly jerked the blankets away across the deck. Mac and Loring were rolled roughly over on to their faces; Loring woke up at once in the deuce of a rage, but Mac, much to our amusement, took some time to come to his senses.

There is a better trick than this, which is to drop a bucket overboard with a line bent to it, take the line through a port, and then make it fast to some luckless sleeper's foot.

At the right moment you leave go; away goes the bucket astern, and if it is blowing fresh the victim is pulled full speed across the deck until he brings up with a bang against the port, where he sticks, not being small enough to go through.

Even if the ship is only going a few knots through the water, this trick will give the victim a nasty jerk, and almost pull his foot off.

It was very amusing to watch Loring's look of amazement as he woke up and saw his blankets careering across the moonlit deck as if of their own accord.

Tuesday, 14th November.—Lat. 19°.12 S., long. 19°.53 W.

I took the wheel this morning from 8 A.M. till noon, and ran the two ships astern out of sight.

The sun is coming south, and the old man tells me that we are only 50 miles off it to-day, and it is very nearly straight overhead. To-morrow, when we pass it, there will be no shadows.

It seems funny that you will be able to stand on the deck in the brilliant sunshine and yet have no shadow.

The old man has been busy all the morning painting his models, which he has got on the wheel box; and whilst I stood at the wheel he spun me yarn after yarn of sea experiences—of gales, shipwreck, narrow escapes, sea phenomena, fights, and fires, enough to stock a dozen books.

He told me he had sailed the seas in every kind of sailing-ship, but had never been on a steamer. He ran away to sea, and landed in Australia from his first voyage a penniless boy, and for many weeks picked up his living in the streets of Sydney, bare-footed and ragged, before he got a ship again.

I took the wheel again in the first dog watch, and brought her up to north by the compass. I don't know what the variation was; but, alas! some wretched Jonah in the other watch broke her off again soon after to N.N.W.

We finished shifting sail to-day, and once more the *Royalshire* is clad in her old and patched suit of sails.

Wednesday, 15th November.—I had another eight hours at the wheel to-day whilst the masts and yards were painted down.

Of course there was a terrific race between the two watches, our watch starting at the mizen-mast, and the port watch at the main.

Rooning has the post of honour—that of painting the mast from the truck down to the royal-yard.

Each of the other yards have a man at each yardarm, and the low-ermast has Chips and Mac at work on it in bosun's chairs.

Johnsen and Wilson, who have each got a topsail yardarm, are having a terrific race, both working as if for dear life; but I am afraid Johnsen is the best, as at any sailing job or at painting and scrubbing he is very hard to beat; though he is not so good on a yardarm taking in sail, at which I think old Foghorn Wilson is the best—excepting of course the second mate and Mac, who, to use a Yankee expression, are “crackerjacks” at picking up a sail.

Notwithstanding that old sails, awnings, and tarpaulins are spread on the deck and bulwarks under the painters, still our champions, Bower, Jennings, Higgins and Company, have managed to scatter paint pretty promiscuously.

The colour is a light-yellowish salmon colour, and the *Royalshire* is beginning to look very smart aloft.

Meanwhile I loll at the wheel in the glorious sunshine, keeping the ship a clean full in the gentle breeze, a spoke now and again being all she needs. I have to be careful, however, not to let her get within flapping distance of the wind, as the weather clews would soon have wiped the paint off the gay yardarms.

Dressed in a slouch hat, flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and a thin pair of light blue dungaree trousers turned up to the knees, my feet, legs, and arms are burnt to a rich mahogany colour.

Without any flesh on my bones, with all my muscles like whipcord, and with my belt buckled tight to prevent the feeling of hollowness which comes from the ever empty stomach—what care I for the scorching tropical sun which is making the pitch in the deck seams boil, and is making the paint rise in blisters on the bulwarks!

It is a fascinating business steering a big sailing-ship, and keeps all one's faculties and senses at work; one knows how to steer more by instinct than anything else, and unless you are born with this instinct,

however much practice you have, it is impossible to become a really first-class helmsman.

We are heading N.N.W. by compass, but true course is only N.W. by W. Lat. $18^{\circ}.20$ S., long. $21^{\circ}.04$ W. Run 85 miles.

We passed the sun this morning, and at noon the captain told me we were 15 miles to the north of it.

All the afternoon the wind got lighter and lighter, and there was a calm all night.

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down;
’Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.”

Oh, where! and oh, where! are our bonny south-east trades?

Thursday, 16th November.—A nice little breeze sprang up this morning, and allowed us to drop a full-rig ship which had come up astern during the night when we were becalmed.

To-day I have six hours at the wheel, the forenoon watch and the first dog.

Painting is still in full swing; the masts and yards have been finished, Mac breaking all previous records painting down the jigger-mast.

Lat. $17^{\circ}.41$ S., long. $21^{\circ}.52$ W.

The wind has gradually dropped away again in the first dog watch, and the sails are flapping against the wet paint, so we have hauled up the courses.

Friday, 17th November.—The trades sprang upon us about midnight, and at last we are able to make our course, steering N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. by compass.

I am having a glorious time of it at the wheel all day in this delicious weather, whilst the others are up to their elbows in paint.

This morning is a typical morning in the trades: sunshine, and blue sky covered with white fleecy clouds; blue sea and white horses; shoals of glittering flying-fish, and swooping “frigate” birds, those robbers on the high seas.

The “man-of-war” or “frigate” bird does not fish for himself, but, swooping from a terrific height, so frightens those hard workers the “booby” birds, that they drop their fish, which the robber catches before it reaches the water.

These “frigate” birds rise to a greater height than any other sea-bird, and are so swift that they can catch flying-fish on the wing.

This weather is simply idyllic. You can have all your English summer days in the green fields—give me a ship’s deck in the trades, with the sails bellying in gleaming rounds of white above you, and the deep, transparent blue of the ocean stretching away until it meets the little clouds of cotton wool on the horizon!

Everybody is cheerful to-day except Scar, who is only cheerful when everybody else is in the dumps, and Johnsen, whose wrongs are too heavy upon him to allow his grim features any aspect but a scowl.

The old man is yarning away to me again this morning.

“Ah!” he says, “if a sailor’s life was all like this, it would be honey. Last time I was in these trades, there were the *Loch Horn* and the *Ben Lee* in company with me; the trades were very strong, and we sailed dead level for more than a week. All that time, though it was piping strong, we carried every stitch we could set.

“I remember well one Sunday—the three of us were neck and neck—the *Ben Lee* kept splitting and carrying away sails all day.

“As I looked through my glass I watched the tears gradually getting bigger in his royals, at last the fore-royal split from top to bottom; with remarkable dispatch, he unbent the sail and sent it down on deck. Now old Captain Gaines was short of canvas, and spare royals he hadn’t got, so he turned his sailmaker and all hands to, and as fast as a sail split he sent it down, patched it, and set it again.

“I think he sent up his fore-royal more than half a dozen times that Sunday, each time with a fresh patch.

“I guess you heard of my race with the *Puritan* and *Cromartyshire*: we were in sight of each other the whole way from Frisco to the Horn.

“The *Cromartyshire* (which is a full-rigged clipper, and the ship that cut down that French liner in the Atlantic) is really a much faster ship than this, but she only beat us by a few days into Queenstown, and we just got in ahead of the *Puritan*. I daresay you saw the report in the papers at the time.”

I had; and as far as I remember, it ran somewhat like this:—

“The days of ocean racing, when tea-clippers ran 16 knots before a gale of wind with royals mastheaded, are not yet dead.

“The sailing-ship *Lord Dundonald* reports passing, in lat. 40°.33 S., long. 106°.15 W., three sailing-ships racing neck and neck, one of them being a big four-mast barque.

“Though it was blowing hard at the time, and the *Lord Dundonald* was under topsails only, they had each got every stitch of canvas set, and must have been going well over 14 knots.

“They were steering a course for the Horn, and we made them out to be the *Royalshire*, the four-mast barque, and *Cromartyshire* (both Glasgow ships), and the Yankee clipper *Puritan*. Each ship had got a string of flags flying.

“From the *Royalshire*’s signal hilliards flew the signal, ‘Shall I take you in tow?’

“From those of the *Cromartyshire*, ‘Will report you at Queenstown!’

“And from the Yankee’s, ‘Good-bye, Britishers; can’t stop.’”

There is a barque in sight on our weather quarter, and though she is not steering as high as we are, we are dropping her, and can only see the royals of the ship astern.

We had a grand concert on the after-hatch this evening. We sang all the old deep-sea choruses, the bosun twanged his guitar, Don discoursed shrill music on the penny whistle, and Mac emitted hideous noises from the mouth organ.

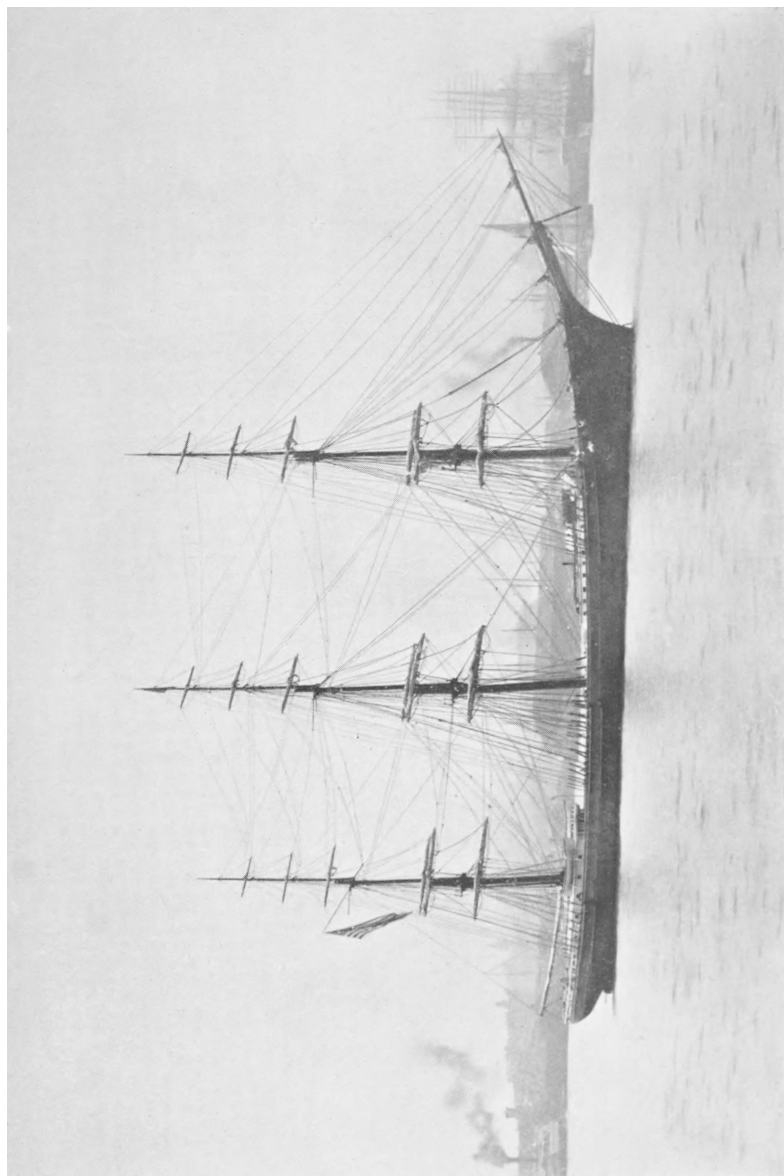
Several artists have appeared forward, and one of them is painting a really wonderful canvas of the *Royalshire* off the Horn, Another prefers a steamer with red smoke-stacks and plenty of good black smoke.

There are also minor artists, who content themselves with painting flags and heraldic devices.

The break of the poop is beginning to look very smart, and I think the coats of paint on it have got into double figures.

I employed my time one day whilst laid up in making stencils, and now Mac and Scar are going to show off their stencilling on the mid-ship-house, break of the poop, and half-deck.

The finishing touch to the break of the poop will be the graining of the lower part of it, which work of art will be done by the captain himself.



A "DOWN-EASTER"

Alas! of all our chickens there are only two left, and if these don't die of old age, they will be kept for the cabin Christmas dinner.

Lat. 16°.31 S., long. 22°.08 W.

Saturday, 18th November.—The trades are fine and strong. We are braced up on the starboard tack, with the yards off the backstays, steering N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. by compass.

Whilst I was at the wheel this morning, from 8 A.M. till noon, it breezed up finely, until at noon we were doing 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

There was more kick in the wheel this morning than there has been for some time. It is the great aim of every helmsman to have the ship steady and dead on her course when he is relieved. This I have always managed to do so far, and the other helmsmen of our watch, Jamieson, Rooning, and Foghorn Wilson, generally leave you a steady helm; but the other watch, with the exception of Yoko, who perhaps next to Jamieson is the best helmsman in the ship, are a shocking bad lot.

They very often leave the wheel hard up or hard down, having managed to get the ship on her course at the last moment before being relieved, but of course without having her steady, the consequence is if you do not watch it and meet her in time, you find your ship running a point off her course. Very often, also, I have had the wheel given me and found the ship more than half a point off her course.

I do not think our old man is as particular on this point as some captains are, or he would have turned several of the port watch away from the wheel.

Of course he knows that the *Royalshire* is steering very badly on account of her foul bottom, but still this would be no excuse with some skippers.

Quartermasters on mail-boats have to be within half a degree of their course, or they get severely called over the coals by the officer of the watch. Steering is a speciality with them, and they do nothing else.

Mac and Scar, in despair of being able to get their second mate's tickets, talk of trying to get a quartermaster's job on a liner; but it is not so easy to get.

Sunday, 19th November.—There is only one word for the weather, and that is the word "delicious." A fresh cool breeze is sending us along about 8 knots, and the sun is warm without being too hot.

I overhauled my gear to-day, and turned out my bunk. It is wonderful how things collect in one's bunk; in mine I found chunks of plug tobacco, magazines, lost socks, books, bits of wood, rope yarn, rovings, lashings, a palm and needle, a marlin-spike, sundry pieces of soap, an odd matchbox or two, a quantity of used matches, a pen and a pencil, a roll of diachylon plaster, a pair of scissors, my housewife, a stray reel of cotton, some twine, two or three old shirts, and my silk sou'wester which the captain gave me.

Our watch is still in a very bad way with sea-boils, and it looks as if poor old Taylor will lose his hand; it all depends on how long we take to get in, and if we get another dose of head winds or a strong nor'easter in the Western Ocean, I am afraid it will have to go.

The finger is in an awful state; the bone is rotting away, all the tendons have broken, and it smells absolutely putrid.

Old Taylor puts a very good face on it. He showed it me this morning, and said with a rather sorry laugh, "Another backstay carried away this morning."

He was right. The tendons, three of them, were hanging loose in long white strings. Rooning's arms are still one mass of boils, and if he goes on taking pills at the rate he is going now, he will soon run me out of them.

Monday, 20th November.—The great day for cleaning and painting out the half-deck has come.

This morning, Mac, Loring, and I turned out at 5.30 A.M. in our watch below, and the lot of us turned to.

The chests and bags were taken out and put down the after-hatch, our bedding and eating utensils being put on the main-hatch, where we shall camp for the next few days under a tarpaulin.

First we scrubbed it all thoroughly with sugi-mugi, then we dried it, and started painting everything except the deck, bunks and all. After working like furies all day, we got it finished in the first dog watch—a pretty smart bit of work.

The steward also painted out his berth to-day, and, as he can't stand the smell of wet paint, he is as ill and sick as he can be.

Lat. 7°.52 S., long. 22°.28 W.

We sighted a barque outward bound in the first watch.

Tuesday, 21st November.—The cook left the galley this morning, having handed in his resignation, and Loring has been appointed cook.

The trouble arose because the cook said he could not manage unless he got more fresh water a day. As he really gets a very liberal allowance for cooking purposes, considering how short of water we are, this was not to be thought of, and the old man told him that if he could not cook on the allowance he gets now, he could get forward to the fore-castle and do ordinary ship's work.

The cook thought he could bluff the old man, and got badly left, so at last we are rid of old Slush and his vile cooking.

This morning we have started work on the decks, beginning on the main-deck.

Each man is on his knees, with a square block of wood, some canvas, and plenty of sand and water.

With these blocks of wood, commonly called "prayer-books," every plank has to be rubbed until it is absolutely clean and white; and unlucky he whose planks are not white enough to pass the mate's keen criticism!

This is by no means a "soft" job, especially for me with a bad knee. One is never allowed to sit down or be in a comfortable attitude working at sea, as that is considered sodgering, and is a most heinous offence.

So on our knees we go at it, each working for dear life; for one has to keep up with the quickest worker in the watch, or else you get left behind, and there is trouble.

Though this is almost as bad on the back as the "deck-bear," it is a much quicker process of cleaning the decks.

We have got no holystone on board, so the whole business will have to be done with sand and canvas.

I don't think old Slush likes it much, down on his knees amongst us working harder than he has done for many a long day, whilst Loring, our new cook, leans against the door of the galley with a pipe in his mouth.

Now that Loring has gone into the galley, I take a regular wheel, and rejoice at giving up the thankless task of timekeeping at night.

Lat 5°.19 S., long. 22°.29 W.

Very hot to-day, and the trades falling light.

Oh, what a feed we had to-day! Our salt junk was a sight to see—clean, no slush about it, and cut in decent slices.

Good old Loring is determined to do things in first-rate style, and is taking no end of trouble to make the food as palatable as possible.

The trades hauled aft a bit in the first watch, and we squared in the yards.

Wednesday, 22nd November.—Hard at work again at our prayers.

The trades are leaving us, I am afraid, and it is getting very hot.

I don't think old Slush is enjoying himself much; at this rate he will soon get some of the superfluous fat off his greasy body.

I was very pleased this afternoon to get off two hours deck-scrubbing by standing my trick at the wheel.

A day of sweltering heat and back-breaking toil; the deck is so hot that one cannot walk bare-foot upon it, hardened as our feet are.

Thursday, 23rd November.—Lat. $0^{\circ}.36$ N., long. $22^{\circ}.26$ W.

We crossed the line last night at 4 A.M., and are once more in the northern hemisphere.

We broke up our camp on the main-hatch, and returned to the half-deck.

Old Slush came aft this morning and whined to the old man to let him go back into the galley, but the old man refused; at which we all rejoiced with exceeding joy, for Loring's cooking is a tremendous improvement; his soft bread—sailors call bread soft bread, as compared to ship's biscuit, which they call hard bread—is very nice for ship's bread, and far better than old Slush's rocky loaves; and yesterday the pea-soup was a treat—there was more of it, it was quite white as Loring had washed his peas thoroughly, and it was very tasty, as he had boiled small pieces of pork in it.

We finished scrubbing the main-deck to-day, and now there is only the poop to be done.

We are having magnificent starry nights, and the water is full of phosphorus, which glitters round the ship. The trades are falling off, being very unsteady and fluky to-day.

Friday, 24th November.—Yards once more square. We have lost the trades, and are now in the doldrums again.

We are hard at work to-day scrubbing the poop, and after a terrific race we just beat the port watch, getting the starboard side done first.

Poor old Don got into trouble this afternoon in the first dog watch.

The port watch were at the starboard crossjack-braces. Don started to sing out a chanty which had been made up on the ship in Japan—

“Hi! hi! hi! lournalay, lournalay,
Come and see the greatest living wonder of the day!”

The old man, who was on the poop, mistook one of the lines for some very choice swearing, which of course would have been a great offence right under the poop, so he holloa’d out to Don from the break of the poop,

“Get forward, you there, swearing like that; get forward at once!”

So off Don had to go forward. He is rather pleased than otherwise, as Scar and the nipper have been making his life a burden to him in the half-deck.

I helped him to get his truck into the port fore-castle in the second dog watch.

He is in great disgrace, and is not allowed on the poop any more.

The old man really did not mean him to go forward into the fore-castle altogether, but only to stay forward till the end of the first dog watch, and he was quite surprised when he saw Don and myself carting his things forward.

Don is delighted with the change, and says it is a tremendous relief to be amongst the merry good-tempered dagos instead of in the half-deck with that sulky dog Scar.

There was a magnificent sunset, and as it grew dark, summer lighting lit up the whole of the horizon. It was almost a dead calm all night, with little fluky puffs, which soon died away again, but which kept us at the braces most of the night; and the ship seldom had steerage way on her for more than half an hour at a time.

Saturday, 25th November.—There was a squall from the nor’ard at 7.30 A. M., and we braced her sharp up; but it did not last long, and the wind blew for short whiles during the day from every point of the compass.

Towards evening a light steady breeze blew from dead aft, and kept us going all night.

It was a lovely night, dim and misty at first, until the moon rose and the stars sparkled through the damp atmosphere. It was my wheel from ten to midnight, and it was rather a case of—

“The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman’s face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip;
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star,
Within the nether tip.”

I have shifted my things into Don’s bunk, the top one over mine.

Sunday, 26th November.—Lat. 5°.20 N., long. 22°.59 W. Course —N. 16 E. Run 47 miles.

To-day is the hottest day, I think, we have had this passage, and most of the watch have put shoes on, as the deck is much too hot for bare feet.

No rest this morning, for every few minutes a light air springs up and we have to brace her to it; this dies away, and just as we have coiled the braces on the pins, another puff comes, and again the cry rings out, “Weather crossjack-brace!”

At last, about 11 A.M., after hauling at the braces ever since we came on deck, our watch thought we had got a rest, but no such luck.

The burning heat was too great a temptation to the old man, and he seized upon it as a splendid opportunity to oil the decks.

We were provided with oil in buckets, and with rags and old socks. At it we went on our knees on the deck.

“No holidays, mind!” was the cry of the second mate.

You bet we did record time over it, as it was boiling hot, and kneeling on the deck was like kneeling on hot bricks.

It took us just till eight bells to oil the whole of the main-deck.

A nice little breeze from the eastward sprang up in the afternoon, and just kept us moving two or three knots through the water.

I spent the afternoon trying to catch a shark, but he was too cautious. Don and one or two others wanted to go overboard for a swim, but, on seeing the shark, soon dropped the idea.

Once more the Bear is rising on the horizon, whilst the great Southern Cross hangs low.

Monday, 27th November.—There was a bad squall last night in the middle watch, which heeled the ship over as if she had been a small cutter yacht.

The flying-jib split, and it was a wonder that nothing else carried away.

It was only a tropical squall, however, and it soon fell dead calm again.

All day we lay becalmed in the stifling heat. Paint-pots and brushes are out again, and the bulwarks are being painted, whilst I stand lazily at the wheel doing quartermaster again.

Standing all day in this fierce sun has burnt me as brown as a Hot-tentot, especially my feet.

The flying-fish are flitting around us in great numbers, and I have seen several with four wings.

I wish a few of them would fly aboard, as they are splendid eating.

The old man has started graining the break of the poop, and very well he is doing it.

The second mate, Mac, and Scar, each tried their hands at it, but were all miserable failures.

The most enjoyable part of the day is the second dog watch, when in the cool of the evening we sit on the after-hatch spinning yarns and singing songs.

We were talking about the wonderful hardness of Liverpool hard bread this evening, and the subject produced quite a crop of very tall yarns.

The following, however, is quite true, and was told me by the doctor of a large Glen Liner:—

“‘We had not been many days at sea,’ he said, ‘before our crew came aft and complained that the hard-tack was of such stony substance that it was impossible for any but a shark to bite it. They stated that if you hit a biscuit with an iron belaying pin it made no impression upon it, and soaking it in water made it no better.

“‘Here, doctor,’ called the captain to me, ‘here’s a case for you to decide: Is this biscuit fit for the men to eat?’ and he handed me a regular bad-looking Liverpool pantile from the bread-barge which the men had brought to show him.

"I took the biscuit, and made a great bite at it. There was a crack in my jaw, and I found that I had hardly made a dent in the biscuit with my teeth.

"As I took the biscuit from my mouth, something white came with it and fell to the deck, where it glistened like a pearl of beauty.

"'Halloa! what's this?' cried the skipper, and he picked it up. 'By gosh! doctor, you've carried away a tooth.'

"There was a roar of laughter; it was only too true, the pantile had broken off my port eye-tooth.

"'Captain,'" I said gravely, 'this bread is not fit for human consumption, and if you throw it to the sharks, they will be calling at the dentist's in a very short time.'

"There was a cheer. My poor tooth had solved the bread question."

Tuesday, 28th November.—The breeze was faint and unsteady all day.

A four-mast barque outward bound passed us to leeward this morning, and there is a homeward bound barque like ourselves to windward, but we are dropping her.

We are now right in the track of the outward bounders, having crossed the equator well to the eastward.

I am still lolling at the wheel all day during our watch on deck, whilst the rest slap, dab, dab away with their paint-brushes.

Wednesday, 29th November.—A steamer homeward bound passed us quite close this morning at 4.30, but it was too dark to get reported. This is the first steamer we have seen this passage.

We think we have got the north-east trades at last, though they are very light. Steering N.N.W. by compass. We are ninety-six days out to-day.

Another wonderful tropical sunset to-day, the sky being one gorgeous mass of colour.

Thursday, 30th November.—A foreign barque, probably a dago, passed us quite close outward bound, and notwithstanding that she was only an old wooden ship with stump topgallant masts, she made a beautiful picture as she wallowed slowly by.

There was a tremendous hunt up aloft to-day after a booby, which keeps settling on the yards. He sits quite still until you are just about to grab him, and then off he goes in circles uttering shrill cries, only to alight again somewhere else.

Whilst I was at the wheel in the first dog watch there was a shoal of bonita round us, all leaping out of the water in every direction. It really was a wonderful sight; as far as you could see, the big fish could be descried tumbling over each other and jumping about.

The sea round the ship was packed close with them. I have never seen any fish so thick as these were, except of course the salmon in the Fraser River, in British Columbia.

Talking of shoals of fish reminds me of an extraordinary sight I saw whilst on the way up to the Klondyke in the steamer *City of Seattle*. We went through snipe migrating north; the water was brown with them, and they wheeled about in great clouds which almost obscured the sun.

For several hours we were going through them, steaming 10 knots.

This is a hard thing to believe, almost as hard as the sea serpent, which gentleman I must say I firmly believe in.

I have met three different people who solemnly swear that they have seen a sea serpent.

Why should there not be such a thing as a huge sea snake? No doubt they are plentiful, but are so seldom seen, because they stay down in the great depths of the ocean, never coming to the surface unless compelled to against their will by some terrific convulsion below, such as a submarine earthquake.

Of course, it is very probable that the tentacles of a giant squid have often been mistaken for the sea serpent.

Friday, 1st December.—Lat. 10°.50 N., long. 27°.00 W.

The trades are very light, but we are heading up well, which is something.

A steamer crossed our bow quite close last night. It was a very dark night, and we could only see her lights; she was evidently homeward bound from the South.

The days have been rather uneventful lately, being composed of hot sun, light breeze, and paint-pot. The ship is really beginning to look very smart.

Saturday, 2nd December.—Lat. $12^{\circ}.2$ N., long. $27^{\circ}.00$ W.

Very hot, and the trades are lighter than ever; the old man tells me that they are caused by bad weather to the nor'ard.

All hands are still hard at work putting the last coats of paint on the bulwarks, rails, etc, whilst I loll at the wheel.

Owing to Loring's good cooking, the sea-boils amongst the men have been getting better; but now a new trouble has broken out, and several of the men are quite helpless from it.

It is very bad cramps in the stomach. Mac got it this evening in the second dog watch, and is lying in his bunk helpless and faint from the pain.

I gave him a strong dose of chlorodyne, but it only made him sick, and did not ease up the pain.

He had to lie up all night, he was so bad.

Sunday, 3rd December.—Dead calm all night and all day.

The *Royalshire* without steerage way on her, is truly

“As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

Mac and several of the men forward are very bad still with cramps in the stomach.

I think it must be the water, which, as we get nearer the bottom of the tanks, is becoming very foul.

We have only got five weeks' water left, and out of one tank it comes up thick and muddy, and out of the other a dark red, from the rust, so I think the dark red water must be like a very strong iron tonic, and thus perhaps causes the cramp.

Lat. $12^{\circ}.40$ N., long. $27^{\circ}.46$ W.

I have got the worst wheels this week, the second dog watch and the 4 to 6 A.M. wheels being considered the worst two tricks to have; my other wheel is a good one, though, the 10 to 12 in the forenoon watch.

The second dog watch was the one I hated most, as I could hear the fellows singing and having a good time on the main-deck whilst I was stuck by myself at the wheel.

The 4 to 6 A.M. wheel is really considered the worst by sailors, as those are the two sleepest hours of the whole twenty-four.

But there was one great compensation I found in this trick, and that was, that every morning you saw a most superb sunrise whilst the rest of the watch were dozing on the main-deck.

A breeze sprang up this evening in the second dog watch whilst I was at the wheel, and it gradually increased in strength.

Poor old Mac, who was as strong and fit as a buck rabbit a few days ago, is now as weak and ill as a far-gone patient in consumption. His cheeks have fallen in, and he really looks very bad.

Monday, 4th December.—Lat. $13^{\circ}.39$ N., long. $28^{\circ}.12$ W. Course—N. 24 W. Run 62 miles.

There is a fine little breeze this morning, and we are going course steering N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. by compass.

Painting is now nearly finished, and to-day the varnish appeared, and we varnished the poop-rail and stanchions.

Tuesday, 5th December.—Fine breeze all night; going course N. by E. by compass, with a heavy swell setting in from N.E.

Lat. $15^{\circ}.22$ N., long. $29^{\circ}.20$ S. Very hot again to-day, and wind falling.

I have fallen upon a soft job, painting the name of the ship in a blue riband on the poop buckets.

The wind freshened up again in the afternoon, and we passed a three-masted schooner painted white, a brigantine, and two barques, all outward bound.

The second mate has fallen a victim to cramps in the stomach, and was in great agony the whole of the second dog watch whilst I was at the wheel.

He leant helpless most of the time over the rail, as sick as a passenger on a channel boat on a choppy passage.

Directly the watch changed I gave him a terrific dose of chlorodyne, which seemed to pick him up a bit.

Mac is still bad, and has not been able to touch any food since Sunday, and he is a fair wreck of his former self.

Wednesday, 6th December.—A welcome change has taken place; the wind is blowing fresh, and the sea is rough, and we are fast making up for lost time.

A heavy squall came up upon us whilst I was at the wheel about 11 A.M. It came out of the N.E., and went away until it hung a black cloud on the horizon to leeward, then it came swooping back upon us.

I put the helm up and held it there, but was too late, and in a moment we were caught aback before we had time to go off.

The crossjack and mainsail were hauled up, and the staysails taken in, but as it blew harder we had to take in the royals.

Lat. 17°.40 N, long. 29°.29 W. The wind freed a bit about 1 P.M., and the mainsail and crossjack were set again, the royals and staysails also being set in the first dog watch.

We are going 7 ½ knots through the water on the port tack.

Thursday, 7th December.—Fairly piping under all sail, except flying-jib, on our course and going over 10 knots.

I was at the wheel this morning from 4 to 8, steering through my trick and Jamieson's, whilst the watch were busy sending down the mizen-royal, which had split, and bending another one.

The helm is very hard, and kicking like a horse with the stiff sea running, into which we were shoving our nose and boring our way at a great pace. It took me all I knew to hold the wheel steady, and several times she lifted me right off my legs; but I thoroughly enjoyed the trick, as I exerted all my strength to fight the kicking demon.

It was a pretty heavy four hours' spell, and by eight o'clock my arms felt as if I had been riding a runaway horse.

A good helmsman has to be born, not made. Every boat and every ship steers differently. Some steer very badly, some steer very easily; each has its own peculiarities, which a good helmsman finds out at once.

The *Royalshire* was not an easy steerer at all—very few long four-mast barques are—but what made her worse than usual was the load of wheat aft, and the foulness of her bottom.

Every day she steered worse, and required a great deal of watching, and the other day one of the dagos in the port watch was turned away from the wheel.

The most difficult task of all, is to steer a large ship running before a gale of wind in a big sea.

A bad helmsman in such a case will have his spokes flying round the whole time; first his helm will be hard up and then hard down, and the ship will be swinging a couple of points on each side of her course.

This is because he probably watches his compass too much and his ship too little.

A good helmsman will know instinctively when his ship is beginning to come up, and will at once meet her with the helm a second or two before the compass shows the fact.

Never watch your compass too much, as the compass is slow always, and very deceiving.

At night, if it is clear, and you are steering a compass course (by which I mean that you are not steering by the wind, and the ship is able to lie her course), take a star at a yardarm and steer by it.

Always try to keep the wheel as still as possible. In steering the ship by the wind, a spoke or two occasionally is all that ought to be required to keep the ship dead on her course, if the wind is steady.

Steering like I am now, the ship going over 10 knots with the yards off the backstays, once she is steady she ought not to require a spoke once in half an hour.

When steering by the wind, you ought to keep the weather clew of your royal just quivering.

A landsman will no doubt wonder why, if the royal leech is flapping, the other sails are not doing the same: but that belongs to another branch of the art of sailing, that of trimming your yards properly.

The royal should be braced up the least bit more than the topgallant, and the topgallant more than the topsail, and the topsail more than the course.

A good quality in a mate is to be a good sail-trimmer.

But to return to steering. The steering of a big square-rigged sailing-ship is I think a most fascinating job, whether you are standing bare-footed in flannel shirt and dungarees, watching the flying-fish as your ship hums through the trades with the maintack boarded, or whether you are running before a gale of wind with lashings on your oilskins, working like a donkey-engine, and hardly daring to look behind you. You know that if you take your keenest attention off for a moment, your ship will run two or three points off her course, and will ship a huge sea, which, washing the decks fore and aft, will perhaps

smash a boat to matchwood, or wash out the galley, or even carry some of the watch over the side.

It is terrifying to a weak-nerved helmsman to see a huge mass of water with a foaming top rear itself up behind and chase him, trying its best to poop the ship, and ready to fall on top of him if he makes the least mistake.

It is for this reason that some ships have wheel-houses to hide the following sea from the fearful helmsman. This is the time when the good men come to the fore and the indifferent helmsmen are turned away disgraced.

Liverpool in the other watch, who relieved me at eight bells, got turned away from the wheel, as the old man coming on deck found him a couple of points off his course, and there was the deuce of a kick-up. Liverpool said that it was not his fault, as he could not hold her.

It is a lovely sunny day. The old man is hanging on to his royals, and dollops and sprays are once more coming aboard, one, of course, flooding into the half-deck.

Lat. $21^{\circ}.6$ N, long. $30^{\circ}.22$ W. Run 217 miles.

We passed a ship in the first dog watch homeward bound like ourselves, under three lower-topsails and main upper-topsail, and we were under all sail.

I bet her old man looked at us in amazement as we surged by, going close on 12 knots.

Friday, 8th December.—Lat. $25^{\circ}.01$ N., long. $30^{\circ}.46$ W.

These are champion trades, and in the last twenty-four hours we ran 236 miles.

A heavy squall came down about 9 A. M. We stood by the royal halliards, and hauled in the head of the spanker, but the old man held on to his royals, and she fairly lay over and smoked through it, the spray flying in sheets over the starboard bow.

It was my wheel from 10 to 12. At 11.30 they set the spanker again, and it was wonderful what a difference that extra bit made to the steering. Before they hauled out the head of the spanker she was steering nice and easy, being well balanced, but the extra cloth just made her uncomfortable and disagreeable.

Seventeen more days to Christmas, and the great question is, Shall we get home in time?

Saturday, 9th December.—Lat. 28°.16 N., long. 31°.54 W.

It was squally all night, and we clewed up the royals in the first watch, but set them again before midnight.

Old Slush was sent up on to the main-royal yard to overhaul the gear, and the old rascal stayed skulking up aloft in the maintop whilst we were working on deck until the watch was over, when he sneaked down on deck; but the second mate was up to his tricks, and sent him up again, and kept him up aloft overhauling gear until half an hour of his watch below had passed.

This morning, after my trick at the wheel, the second mate sent me up on to the fore-royal yard to see if there was any sail in sight, and also to put in a couple of roving.

As I was shinning up the royal halliards, my good old felt hat (which I have had all this time, and which I had got quite fond of, with its faded ribbon, and splashed as it was with paint of every colour), blew off my head and went sailing away to leeward.

I was very much annoyed to lose it, as, besides being my last hat, except for my sou'wester and a Klondyke fur cap, it was such an old friend.

I had worn it on the prairie, in mining camps, in the Klondyke, and even played cricket matches in it in England.

We started shifting sail again this morning; shifted the crossjack, main upper and lower topsails, and mizen upper-topsail.

I am out of luck to-day, as on the crossjack yard the buckle of my belt carried away, and away went my belt overboard. My knife luckily dropped out of the sheath on to the deck, and I got it again; but I was almost as sorry at losing my belt as my hat, as it was a good old pigskin belt, and had been companion to my hat in all kinds of adventures.

I was very pleased at not losing my knife, though, which bears a charmed life; several times I have lost it and found it again; three times has it fallen from aloft, and off the Horn it was afloat in the half-deck for several days.

Scar gave me an old deep-sea cap this morning, and so I have still got head gear, and have not been brought to making caps out of canvas, like Don, Jennings, and one or two others.

It is blowing pretty hard, and makes shifting sail very heavy work; but the old man dare not wait any longer, or we shall find ourselves in

the Western Ocean with only our summer suit on, and we are looking forward to a bad time in the stormy, wintery Atlantic.

The Western Ocean

Sunday, 10th December.—A rippling breeze and a peeping sun. The *Royalshire* is lying over to it under all sail, with her yards braced up. In the lee scuppers a roaring torrent of broken water rushes, gushing in and out of the clanging ports.

As I relieve the wheel the relieved helmsman gives me the course, “North-east by north a half north.”

“North-east by north a half north,” I repeat.

At sea, when given an order or instructions you always repeat it, so as to show that you understand. For instance, the mate will give the order to the bosun,

“Haul aft those headsheets a bit, bosun!” The bosun at once repeats,

“Haul aft the headsheets, sir,” and without waiting for further speech from the mate, goes forward and superintends the hauling aft of the headsheets.

We are in latitude $31^{\circ}.20$ north to-day, and making fine northing.

All day we worked as if for a wager, shifting sail.

In the evening I took part in a game of poker in the midship-house with Sails, the bosun, Don, and Loring.

Our chips were beans, and cost ten a penny, and so you can imagine there were no fortunes lost; I think I came out a great winner of a penny half-penny. We played with the only pack of cards on the ship, a wretched, dirty, torn and broken pack, about six cards of which we all knew by sight.

As a sign that we are getting into colder latitudes, I turned my sleeping-bag to-day.

Monday, 11th December.—The breeze is still piping from the south-east. Lat. $34^{\circ}.52$ N.

Hard at work bending sail all day, in the afternoon all hands had to turn to, much to the disgust of the watch below.

We worked with feverish hurry. A whole watch would tail on to the gantline, and come stumbling aft in the rolling shambling trot which

sailors and cowboys have in common, all roaring at the tops of their voices. It was an inspiriting scene. Up would go the sail, and then would come the cry,

“Aloft and bend it!”

“Now then, starboardlines!” would shout the second mate, as he raced up the starboard ratlines at the head of our watch.

It was my wheel at four bells, but being up aloft the second mate would not let me relieve old Foghorn till six bells.

At six bells I relieved the wheel, and for the next few hours stood there, the only man in the after-part of the ship, for everybody was forward shifting sail on the foremast.

In solitude I leant against the wheel and meditated, gazing over the foam-flecked sea and drinking in the unspeakable grandeur of the great deep.

Before me rose the bellying sails, and from forward the sounds of toil and sweat came floating aft, sharp commands, the chorus of a chanty, cries from aloft, the rattle of blocks, the stamp of many feet, the flapping, cracking sound of a sail being sheeted home; whilst around me, but for the swirl of the water alongside, all was silent. Whilst they worked, the ship was in my hands: I steered her, I showed her the way to go, I kept her from prancing away to one side or the other, with inexorable hand grasping the spokes I held her on her course, ever and anon casting an eye to windward.

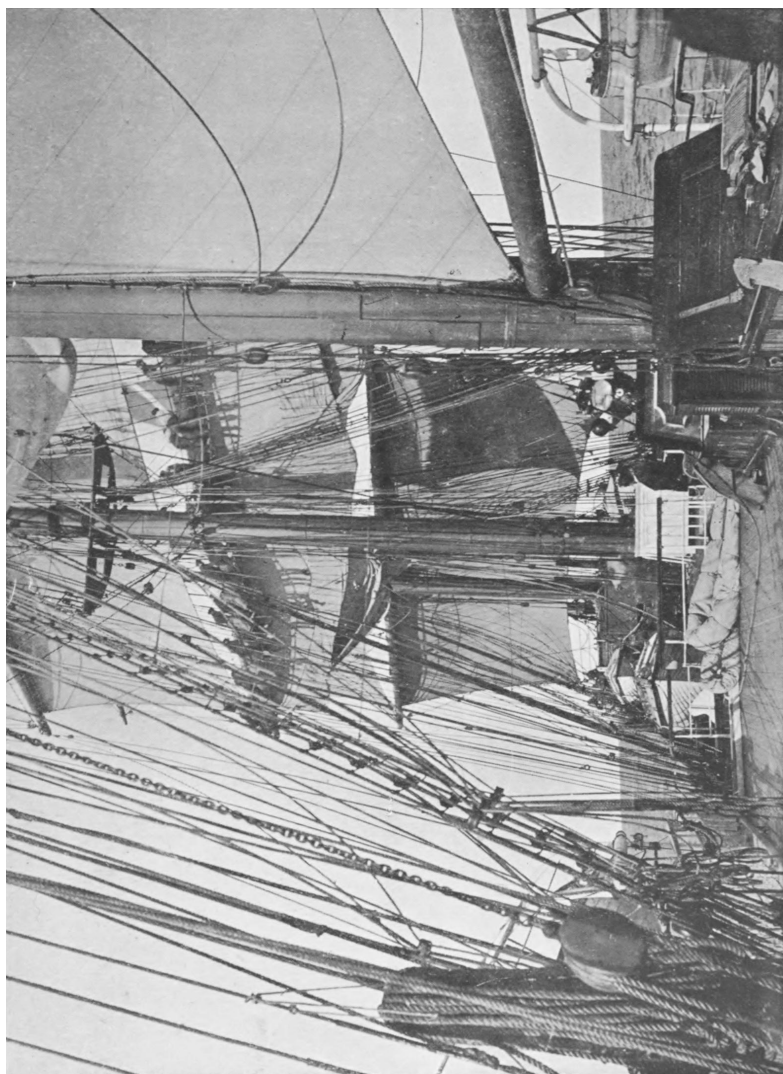
No bells were struck; time passed; amidst pillows of pink and yellow clouds and a counterpane of deep purple shading to mauve and lilac, his majesty the sun went to bed; still they worked forward, and aft I stecred and steered. The black pall of night began to descend upon the sea; there is no twilight in these latitudes, and whilst yet the after-glow lit up the west, the stars were beginning to peep forth in the east.

It was evidently long past eight bells, still they toiled; the welcome sound of “Sidelights out, hand on the lookout!” remained unheard, and I began to wonder if they were going to work all night. It was so dark now that I had to strain my eyes to see the compass card.

I could see them at work bending the staysails; all the square canvas was bent, and some hands were putting the discarded sails below.

At last came the welcome voice of the mate,

“Clear up the decks, sidelights out, binnacles, hand on the lookout.”



STIFLING SAIL

Don brought me up a couple of binnacles and then went forward.

Both watches went to their tea after the decks were cleared up; the mate, who walked the poop whilst the second mate was at his tea, came and had a look to see that I was on my course, but said nothing, so I steered on in silence.

I had relieved the wheel expecting only to be at the helm an hour, and here I was still, running into five hours.

I was awfully hungry, and Loring had promised us some meat balls out of the remains of our salt junk. I began to speculate whether some hungry person would eat my share or not, and to wish that I carried about a piece of hard-tack in my pocket like Don does; at any rate, I thought, it's my watch below at 8 P.M., and it must be pretty close on that now.

Presently the second mate came on deck from his tea and relieved the mate.

"Who's at the wheel?" I heard him ask.

"Lubbock," answered the mate.

"Why, he's been at the wheel since three o'clock; hasn't he been relieved yet?"

"No; I thought he relieved the wheel when we knocked off."

So the second mate called Mac out, and sent him forward to find out whose proper wheel it was, and at last I was relieved, and went below quite stiff from standing at the wheel so long, and not in the best of tempers.

But I soon cheered up when I found that good old Mac had put two meat balls on my plate, though there was no hot tea left.

The old man called Don aft in the first watch.

On to the poop went Don, wondering what wickedness he had been guilty of. But to his great surprise the old man told him that he had decided to raise his and my wages to two pounds ten a month instead of two pounds, as he did not think it fair that we, who were doing able seamen's work, should not get as much as the other O.S.'s, who were each getting two pounds ten.

The wind dropped, and hauled aft in the middle watch, and we are only going 4 knots instead of 10.

I forget who was the Jonah at the wheel. Some men always bring on a head wind or break her off her course when they are at the wheel, though it is funny how every helmsman on going forward after being

relieved always declares that he brought her up so many points, or to her course.

It is a great merit in a helmsman to be lucky in this way, and so everyone boasts that he has done so.

Whilst up aloft bending sail this afternoon, we sighted a ship right ahead, and the old man says she is the *Puritan*, the ship he had such a race home with once from Frisco.

Tuesday, 12th December.—Lat. $36^{\circ}.56$ N., long. $30^{\circ}.50$ W.

Wind dead aft, but light; only going about 4 knots.

We sighted land about noon, on our starboard bow, which proved to be St. Michael's, in the Western Isles. This is the first land we have sighted since Cape Horn, though we were only just out of sight of St. Helena.

The poor old gig which was smashed up in the bad weather off the Horn was sent overboard to-day, after having had her name carefully scraped out, and we watched her as she slowly went astern, full of water, wondering what would be her first resting-place.

We oiled the decks again this afternoon, but it is too damp for the oil to dry quickly, so this evening in the first dog watch, whilst we were at the braces, not a man could stand up, and the whole watch were tumbling about in every direction.

It is an amusing spectacle to see a whole watch go flat on their backs at the first haul on the crossjack-brace, and the second mate was evidently very amused.

But it was not so amusing if you were one of that watch, especially if you had no boots on, as I had, and the man next you had heavy sea-boots which, sliding from under him, crashed on to your bare toes and swept you also off your feet into the scuppers.

We sighted a brig on the port quarter in the second dog watch just about sunset, and she made a very pretty picture, standing out as if cut in jet, right in the reddest bit.

Wednesday, 13th December.—The wind hauled into the west this morning, and we braced the yards forward. Hove the log, and found we were going 9 knots.

The weather is thick, which prevents us from seeing land on both sides of us, as we are right in the middle of the Western Isles.

The wind hauled into the nor'ard about three o'clock, a dead muzzer, we can only head south-east, and are on a lee shore.

It was a dirty-looking night, and we hauled down the light weather sails.

Old Higgins and I have been busy cleaning the Martini-Henry rifles and the cutlasses in the cabin. The old man came down and watched us, and asked Higgins a number of questions about his campaigns in India; but he will not believe that he was with Roberts.

Thursday, 14th December.—We came up to our course during the night. There are three islands in sight to leeward.

The wind broke off this morning whilst I was at the wheel, and fell very light.

At nine o'clock we wore ship, and took a very long time coming round, as we hardly had steerage way.

Now we are heading N.N.W. by compass, and running dead into a very heavy swell, with land in sight to leeward, to windward, and astern.

The thick weather rolled off about noon, and allowed the sun to come through.

We are busy in the after-hold shifting the bags of barley farther forward, as she is too weighted down aft, and we do not want to be pooped in the bad weather coming, as we were off the Horn.

It is hard work crawling about in the darkness on one's hands and knees, trundling a heavy bag of barley in front of you until you run across Mac, who, right under the deck beams, is wedged in between the barley and the deck. Here, in pitch darkness, he manages to stow the bags to his satisfaction.

Two tramp steamers passed us quite close this afternoon, both dagos.

The smaller was towing the bigger, which was whale-backed, and had evidently lost her propeller. They were evidently bound for St. Michaels. They passed us quite close, but we did not exchange signals, why I don't know.

A disabled steamer and a heavy swell are pretty sure signs that there is very dirty weather ahead.

We are 1080 miles from Queenstown to-day, according to the mate.

Friday, 15th December.—A light breeze dead aft sprang up in the first watch last night, and gradually freshened, hauling on to the quarter as it got stronger.

This afternoon we are braced sharp up under all sail. Lat. $42^{\circ}.55$ N., and we have still got a chance of getting to Queenstown by Christmas.

Everybody has their own opinion of where we shall be sent to. Some say Hamburg, some Havre, some Hull, some Leith, Dublin, London, or Liverpool.

Though we are now in the cold North Atlantic in midwinter, we cannot have the promised burgoon, as there is no more left.

Whilst in the tropics, we all thoroughly repaired our leaky oilskins, and gave them a thorough oiling. There is not much left of the original pair of my oilskin pants, as they are now one mass of patches inside and out.

Saturday, 16th December.—Last night in the middle watch the wind started freshening, and we took in flying-jib, jigger-topmast stay-sail, and gaff-top-sail.

In the morning watch the royals and the fore and main upper-topgallant sails had to come in.

At 8 A.M. all hands were called to the crossjack, and we made it fast.

It is blowing a heavy gale, with a big sea running, but the old man is carrying on in his usual bold way.

In the forenoon watch we took in the mainsail and spanker; the poor old *Royalshire* is being fairly hurled through the heavy head sea, and the half-deck is awash again.

The other watch took in the three lower-topgallant sails and the staysails early in the afternoon.

At 3.30 P.M. I was awakened and nearly hurled out of my bunk by the ship giving a terrific roll. Over and over she went, until I thought she was going right over.

There was a roar and clatter overhead as a huge sea pooped us and fell the whole length of the rail, and as we looked through the porthole we could not see the hatches for water.

The break of the poop was, of course, filled up two blocks, and the water poured into the half-deck until the lower bunks were under water.

"That'll mean all hands!" cried Mac. We both slipped into our oilskins and rubbers with all dispatch, ready for the call.

In bad weather, one has them slung handy alongside one's bunk, well off the deck to be clear of the water, and great is the language if, as often happens, you find your rubbers have carried away, and are floating about on the flood.

The ship lay right over, and we could see nothing but water boiling and surging above the hatches, above the fife-rails.

We had hardly got into our rubbers, before we heard the mate yelling in stentorian tones,

"All hands on deck!"

Watching our chance, we dashed out of the half-deck by the windward door, and scrambled on to the poop.

It was blowing twice as hard as it was at noon, and there was a terrific beam sea running.

"Clew up the three upper-topsails and make them fast," said the old man to the mate,

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then get the foresail off her."

The fine new fore upper-topsail was split from top to bottom.

We had the usual amphibious time hauling up the topsails.

At the lee clew-lines and spilling-lines we were up to our necks in water, and every sea washed clean over us.

It is curious how used one gets to hanging on for one's life whilst a sea roars over one's head. One holds one's breath and takes it quite calmly, drawing a long breath directly one gets one's head out of water, and hauling away again until the next wave appears.

It was dark before we got her snugged down and hove-to under three lower-topsails.

She was making very heavy weather of it, and taking fearful lee water aboard.

I, of course, managed to get hurt as usual. I went to the half-deck to get some matches for Don to light the side lights and binnacles with.

Carefully watching my chance, I opened the door quickly, but was almost knocked down the next moment; the half-deck was so full of water that it was up to my shoulders, and I stand 6 feet 4 inches.

This water, directly I opened the door, started to pour out, and crushed me in the doorway.

At the same moment I saw a huge sea coming aboard. In vain I struggled to get inside the half-deck and shut the door; there was a crash, and with the roar of a raging torrent the sea rushed aft, filled up the break of the poop, and overcoming the feeble resistance of the water pouring out of the half-deck, slammed the door to, catching my fingers just below the nails. At first I thought the top of my first finger was gone; but no, though it was cut to the bone on both sides, it was still there, and with my other fingers was pouring forth blood on the waters.

Splashing about in the water in the half-deck (which was over my waist, and had soaked the nipper's and Mac's bunks, which were the top bunks to leeward), I managed to find a piece of rag, which I hastily wound round my fingers with some spun yarn, of which every sailer carries some in his pocket.

Getting the matches, I escaped from the flooded half-deck and got safely on to the poop, only to find that Don had got a light.

Then I had to go down into the hold with Sails to see that another fore upper-topsail was handy, so that we could send it up and bend it in the night if the weather moderated.

There was no time ever wasted on the *Royalshire*.

We had to get into the hold by the sail-locker skylight on the poop—the same as that which I fell through one day in the South Pacific.

On getting below, we found that the grain bags had shifted in the 'tween-decks, and there was over two feet between the bags and the port side of the ship.

They had evidently shifted when the bad squall struck us, and we foresaw work on the morrow filling up the gap.

Poor old Loring was washed out of the galley when the squall came down. He was asleep at the time, and awoke to find himself floating in four feet of water with all his pots and pans around him.

He lost several of his pans, and his largest pot, the beef one, was cracked from top to bottom, probably against his head, as they cruised together in the turbulent waters.

Of course it was impossible to get a fire alight in the galley; no fresh water either could be served out in the first dog watch; so as usual, though soaking wet and chilled to the bone, there was no hot tea to warm us up, as we sat in our bunks paddling our feet in the water and munching our sodden hard-tack, which had been under water like everything else.

I have doctored up my fingers to the best of my ability, and wrapped them in diachylon plaster. It is an awful nuisance, as it is my right hand; but they must get along as best they can, and do their work as usual.

Don has the crow of us in the half-deck, as in the forecastle they have hardly got three inches of water over the floor whereas we have got about three feet, and it pours in in a continual cascade through the cracks in the door. The scupper holes to let it run off are of course useless, as instead of the water running out through them, it comes in, so in bad weather we keep them plugged.

It was my trick at the wheel from 8 to 10 in the first watch, and of course, as she was hove-to, I only had to hold the wheel. It might just as well have been lashed.

We are lying broadside-on to the sea, and every other wave roars over the weather bulwarks in a way which is alarming even for a sailor to see; for no sailor likes to see his ship take weather water aboard when hove-to, though the quantity of lee water does not matter.

Sunday, 17th December.—All night she made bad weather of it under three lower-topsails.

It was a bright, clear night, blowing very hard, with occasional hail squalls, and there was an eclipse of the moon.

The mate, for some unknown reason, kept his watch working in danger of their lives all the middle watch, reefing and setting the three staysails.

They had a terrible hard job, and one or two of them were several times nearly washed overboard whilst reefing the jigger-staysail.

This is the first time the staysails have been reefed. I suppose the mate thought it would steady her a bit and prevent her from putting her weather rail under quite so frequently.

At any rate, his watch went below at eight bells worn out and angry at what they considered absolutely unnecessary work.

There is no doubt about it that the mate does fairly keep his watch up to their necks in work of some sort or other.

He hates doing nothing himself, and is never happy unless he has his watch hard at it. As they are a very poor, weak watch, it comes all the harder on them, for what would take our watch an hour to do would take them twice as long.

One day we had a belaying-pin pulling match.

Two men sit down on the deck facing each other, with feet to feet, and both grasp a belaying pin, one man taking the outside hold and the other the inside, then the man who first pulls the other up on to his legs is the victor.

I won the competition, and was rather pleased, as I pulled up the second mate pretty easily each time, and he is a very strong man, and weighs more than I do; but length of limb gives one an advantage, though the chief strain comes on the muscles of the back.

He was second, and Don third, after several terrific hard struggles with Mac, who was a good fourth.

As none of the men in the port fore-castle were near Don in strength, it shows that ours was much the strongest watch, though, with poor old Nelson laid up and Loring in the galley, we were two good men short.

True, old Slush was in our watch, but he was nearly useless; he did not pull his weight on a rope, and up aloft he could only hang on.

Old Foghorn Wilson and Rooning are both powerful men, and stronger than anybody in the other watch except Don and Webber (who is 6 ft. 3, and ought to be much stronger than he is).

The weather is a little better this morning, though the *Royalshire* is still swept by the sea like a half-tide rock.

Yesterday she was down to her fair-leads when the squall struck her, and Scar said she went over as far as she did off the Horn.

We reefed and set the foresail and main upper-topsail in the morning watch.

The weather cleared up wonderfully by noon, and the sun came out once more; the sea went down fast, and the wind completely dropped.

Lat. 43°.4 N., long. 20°.55 W. Course—N. 70 E. Run 94 miles.

Of course we had a very big drift of lee way when we were hove-to. After sunset it fell dead calm, and we set everything once more.

I had an accident at the fore upper-topsail halliards which might have smashed my hand up.

With all hands on the halliards, we hoisted the yard to the chanty of "Reuben Ranzo."

"REUBEN RANZO."

Solo. "Hurrah! for Reuben Ranzo,"

Chorus. "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Solo. "Hurrah! for Reuben Ranzo,"

Chorus. "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Solo. "Ranzo was no sailor,"

Chorus. "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Solo. "Ranzo was a tailor,"

Chorus. "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Solo. "Ranzo joined the *Beauty*,"

Chorus. "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

Solo. "And did not know his duty,"

Chorus. "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

It is too long to give in full, so I will leave out the chorus, which comes in like thunder between each line, the haul coming each time on the "Ranzo."

"His skipper was a dandy,
And was too fond of brandy.

"He called Ranzo a lubber,
And made him eat whale blubber.

"The *Beauty* was a whaler,
Ranzo was no sailor.

"They set him holy-stoning,
And cared not for his groaning.

“They gave him ‘lashes twenty,’
Nineteen more than plenty.

“Reuben Ranzo fainted,
His back with oil was painted.

“They gave him cake and whisky,
Which made him rather frisky.

“They made him the best sailor,
Sailing on tha whaler.

“They put him navigating,
And gave him extra rating.

“Ranzo now is skipper,
Of a China clipper.

“Ranzo was a tailor,
Now he is a sailor. ”

So runs the queer story of Reuben Ranzo, a rare old hauling chanty.

Being tall, I was on the fore-part hauling between the two blocks; as the yard went up the upper block came down, and finally was brought up in its career by the fife-rail, between which and the block my poor old mangled hand got caught.

The second mate, who was hauling alongside me, saw the jam, and interrupted the chanty which was being roared out in hurricane tones by a cry of “Vast hauling!” They stopped just in time, one more pull with both watches on the rope, and my hand would have been squashed flat; as it was it was pretty severely crushed, all the fingers were spurt-ing blood from the tips, and my old wounds re-opened.

“Bally hurt again!” was the cry. But I got my hand free and went on pulling, though the halliards and lower block got smeared and spotted with blood.

These little accidents are thought nothing of at sea; you bind up your hand roughly with a bit of rag, and go on as if nothing had happened.

Monday, 18th December.—It fell dead calm during the night, and we squared the yards, hauling up the mainsail and crossjack.

No wind, and heavy swell running all day. We were down in the hold all day toiling like miners, and replacing the grain bags which shifted the other day.

From 8 to 10 was my wheel in the first watch, and I managed to bring up a nice little breeze from dead aft, which rapidly increased in strength.

At four bells we took in the gaff-topsail and flying-jib, and furled the royals.

I made the gaff-topsail fast, and then went up on to the mizen-royal yard with Bower.

On getting on to the yard, I found that the sail had not been properly clewed up, and was bellying about and thrashing itself furiously.

The starboard leech-line had got jammed, so on that side the sail was flapping over the yard.

I was picking up the bunt when Bower arrived and proceeded, as was his wont, to lay down the law as to what was to be done.

He just stood on the foot-rope without attempting to help me, declaring that if I persisted in picking up the sail when it was not properly hauled up, it would most probably hurl me off the yard.

I was beginning to get angry. I picked up the bunt without his touching it, and made the bunt gasket fast.

Then I went out to windward, where the sail was really thrashing about like a fury.

I had a hard fight; several times the sail blew right over me, but I hung on like grim death, and at last managed to get the inner gasket passed and made fast.

As I moved out to the yardarm, I holloa'd to Bower, who had never ceased to talk and refused to do anything else,

“Shut your infernal jabber, and don't talk rot, but come out on to the yard and pass this gasket.”

As the dangerous part of the sail was safely muzzled, out he came, but again he refused to do anything except in the wrong way, of course thinking he knew best.

The end of it was that I got angry, very angry, for as soon as I did anything he undid it.

"If you don't get off this blasted yard at once, you d—d German half-breed hobo, I'll throw you down."

I was balancing myself on the yardarm and hanging on with one hand to the lift.

He replied by aiming a shrewd blow at me with his right fist whilst he hung on to the jackstay with his left.

The ship was pitching pretty heavily, with the result that he missed my face and nearly toppled over the yard.

I at once jabbed my left fist hard on his nose as the ship threw him forward.

The least blow threw us off our balance, as, over 150 feet above the deck as we were, every motion of the ship was magnified.

He hit back furiously at me, catching me full in the chest, and making the foot-rope swing madly as he lunged at me.

Losing my balance, I toppled back over the yard, and only saved myself by hanging with my right arm to the lift.

This fairly put my blood up, and trusting to luck in being able to grab hold of anything in case I lost my balance, I went for him, and hit him a shrewd blow on the nose, which made it bleed, and another on the jaw-bone.

This gave me the victory. He slowly began to retreat backwards along the foot-rope, holding on to the jackstay with one hand and protecting himself with the other.

I had no pity on him, and chased him to the bunt, where I left him and went out on to the yardarm again to finish furling the sail.

Then the rascal played me a dirty trick, which nearly sent me hurtling to the deck

He cast loose the inner gasket. The released sail, caught by the wind as it fell below the yard, began to thrash furiously again, and, flapping over the yard, all but sent me flying, as I was caught un-awares.

After this Bower thought he had better make himself scarce, and descended.

I finished furling the royal by myself, and then going down on to the upper-topgallant, found Bower trying to make the weather side of the sail fast.

I immediately chased him off that yard. When I got down on deck, the second mate asked me what I had been thumping Bower up aloft for.

"Because he's such a hopeless idiot, and does not know it," I replied. "He refused to pick up the mizen-royal because it was not clewed up enough, and when he did come out on to the yardarm he would not do what I told him, so there was trouble."

"Well, it was pretty dangerous; I thought the sail was going to have you off the foot-ropes once or twice. I must have that bull's eye seen to, the leech-line won't go through it."

Since we have been in the Western Ocean, the bosun, Chips, and Sails have been put in the watches, and now work watch and watch—the bosun in the port watch, Chips and Sails with us.

Now these three men are the most luxurious on the ship; they have all kinds of private stores. The bosun has some Californian wine, Chips a bag of flour and jam in plenty, and Sails a spirit-lamp.

I have often gone into the midship-house after a tea consisting of hard-tack and half a pannikin of coloured water, to find these three sitting down to hot plum cake, tea with milk in it, soft-tack and butter, and even sea-pie.

Now, in the night watches, they brew coffee in the bosun's locker, and the mates and we in the half-deck each get a pannikin. We each supply a pannikin of water, and the second mate supplies the sugar.

In our watch Sails brews the coffee, which we have either about six bells in the first watch, or one bell in the middle watch.

As the time draws near for the water to boil, Mac and I pay repeated visits to Sails, who sits cosy and warm watching his spirit-lamp in the little bosun's locker.

The second mate gets the first pannikin, which I bring aft to him well sweetened and steaming hot.

Of course I take good care the old man is not on deck before I take it up on to the poop.

Never have I looked forward to anything more than that midnight pannikin of coffee; it tasted like nectar, hot and sweet; I thought it absolutely delicious.

Whilst the coffee was brewing, we all used to get very impatient, and the second mate used constantly to call me up on to the poop and

ask in a whisper, as if it was the most important matter in the world, "Isn't the coffee ready yet?"

To-night I have got rheumatism in my knees, from having had wet socks on for so many days.

I have not said anything lately about my poor old knee which got so knocked about.

Though the knee-cap has never got back into its right place, it has made a wonderful recovery, and the knee is as strong as ever again, and I can run once more along the deck with the fastest.

I suppose the salt has strengthened it.

Tuesday, 19th December.—The wind which, when we left the deck at midnight, was blowing strong dead aft, became unsteady during the middle watch, and a cold rain set in.

The port watch set the main-royal, and we came on deck at 4 A.M. to find them at the braces, the wind having shifted right ahead.

We braced her sharp up, and furled the main-royal again.

A bad day; rain, and heavy sea. During my wheel from 12 to 2 P.M., we were only going S.E. by E. by compass, but I think the variation is easterly.

We went about at 3 P.M., our watch putting her about ourselves, a pretty creditable performance on a big four-mast barque like the *Royalshire*, which has probably got the longest and heaviest yards of any ship afloat.

Jamieson was at the wheel, so it left us ten hands to put her about, with Loring of course attending to the foresheet, which is always the cook's duty when the ship goes about.

We had her round and the decks cleared up in very good time, a much shorter time than it had taken the two watches together on several occasions.

We are now heading N. by W.

This evening we took in the topgallant sails, as it is blowing harder, and the old man expects an easterly gale.

Lat. 45°.10 N., long. 16°.39 W. Course—N. 46 E. Run 121 miles.

Wednesday, 20th December.—A steamer passed us in the first watch, crossing our bows about a mile away.

It was very cold during the morning watch, and a biting north-easter is blowing.

During my wheel, from 2 to 4 A.M., I was very glad to put on my Klondyke fur cap and mits.

Grub is beginning to run short; two biscuits and a half a pannikin of water was my breakfast this morning, and we are all very fine drawn except the second mate, who, with plenty to eat in the cabin, has been putting on flesh, and if he does not look out, will walk ashore with a stomach on him like a man of fifty though he is not twenty-two yet.

Notwithstanding his rotund stomach he is still by far the most active man aloft, and often have I seen him run along a topsail yard without holding on.

A barque outward bound passed us quite close this morning with her fore-royal yard on deck.

We are in for another blow.

At 1 P.M. all hands were called to furl the mainsail. By 4 P.M. a heavy gale was blowing, with a big sea, and we reefed the foresail and three upper-topsails.

I had a very bad wheel this evening from 8 to 10; it was blowing very hard, and the rain came pouring down in squall after squall.

The *Royalshire*, heavily pressed, was pitching into it, and throwing the spray in solid masses over herself. The wheel kicked furiously, and it was all I could do to hold it.

We soon had to make the three upper-topsails fast, and at midnight all hands furled the foresail, and once more we are hove-to under lower-topsails, this time on the starboard tack.

Thursday, 21st December.—The old man came on deck in the morning watch in a very bad temper, and finding the watch “standing-by,” ordered the second mate to wash down the poop.

Well, it was not necessary to work the pump; we simply filled the buckets from the lee scuppers and passed them along.

Rooning, Jennings, and Bower were passing the water on the main-deck, whilst I stood on the poop-ladder and handed the buckets up.

Presently a huge sea came up to windward.

“Hang on all!” sang out the second mate.

Rooning and Bower made a jump for the mizen fife-rail, but Jennings was caught half-way between the mizen rigging and the break of the poop, a bucket of water in each hand.

The sea fairly roared aboard, hitting the mizen-mast half-way between the top and the deck, and tearing Rooning and Bower off the fife-rail, hurled them into the lee scuppers, where Jennings was of course swept also.

The water poured over the lee rail in a fury of foam, and I expected all three to be carried overboard.

The *Royalshire* took some time shaking herself free, and when finally Mac and I did manage to pull them out from a tangle of gear in the scuppers, they were very nearly drowned; three buckets went overboard, and two were smashed into mere bundles of staves.

It was a marvellous thing that neither of the three were seriously hurt. Bower and Rooning especially were tossed with terrific force into the scuppers.

Such is Providence! They ought to have been killed; they ought to have been washed overboard; but at sea, Providence has constantly to intervene, or no sailor would live long.

Notwithstanding this gentle reminder from the Atlantic Ocean, that he would himself wash down the poop, orders however absurd have to be obeyed, and we finished the job.

At 8 A.M. the old man decided to "wear ship," as he did not dare go about in the sea that was running.

As it was, Mac told me we should be lucky if we got through without losing one or two men overboard.

The first thing to do in wearing ship is to ease away the after-braces and hard a-weather the helm, the old man, of course, waiting for a lull before he ordered the helm hard a-weather.

She was a very long time before she began to pay off, then we hauled away gradually on the after-braces, keeping the yards lifting until they were canted on the other tack.

But when we had got them dead square, the old man stopped us. Slowly the wind came on the other quarter, and the helm was eased, the old man watching for another "smooth" before bringing her to.

This wearing ship took a very long time, as she went off very slowly.

The mate and his watch got into trouble, as they let the fore-yards come round too soon; and there was the devil to pay.

The old man raved and stamped on the poop, and forward, everyone was yelling and cursing at once, we starboard gang looking on and waiting with a kind of condescending superiority upon the poor port watch.

But in the end we got through the operation much drier than we expected to be, and we are now hove-to on the port tack.

Directly the decks were cleared up, we went to breakfast.

Meanwhile, directly the mate came aft, all the old man's bottled-up wrath overflowed, and he fairly let the mate have it, raking him fore and aft with his cutting tongue as he stamped up and down, stopping every turn to shake his fist at the mate as he stood without answering a word.

"An' ye call ye'self a sailor! I guess you ain't used to square-riggers; it ain't the same thing as a fore-and-aft yacht, you know," with biting, sneering sarcasm.

On and on he raved; we caught snatches of it high above the gale. It was the worst row they have had yet, and all hands turned out to watch it.

"Ain't ye got nothing to say? are you made of wood? Damn it! what good are you at all I'd like to know? Call yourself fit to be mate of a ship like this! you're only a steamboat sailor, that's what you are, a blasted bridge stanchion."

It was the greatest insult he could think of, calling the mate a steamboat sailor, and one the mate did not relish, for he was a fine seaman, almost as good as the old man, and, like him, had never been in a steamer in his life.

Meanwhile the second mate, with his back turned to the old man, leant over the break of the poop and soliloquised in a loud undertone:

"Oh, you beauty! Captain Bailey; oh, but you're a beauty! Go it! why don't you call him a liar, and a thief, and a robber! Oh, you bad-tempered old man; hit him, won't ye! why don't you eat him! Curse you! you'll stamp in the poop if you're not careful! How's your liver this morning? pretty so-so, eh? Oh, you devil you! couldn't I kill you, couldn't I jump on you, couldn't I bust ye head in!—oh, but I will some day, if ye don't mind, curse you!"

At last the old man rushed below, snorting with fury, and the show was over, and we went to our regal repast.

Lat. $46^{\circ}.55$ N., long. $17^{\circ}.58$ W. Course—N. 64 W. Run 57 miles. We lost 50 miles last night as we drifted to leeward.

Friday, 22nd December.—We had a busy night of it setting sail again, and at 8 A.M. she was under whole foresail, upper-topsails, lower-topgallant sails and staysails.

The morning broke, a cold wintry day, the sea running high, a dirty slate colour, and a strong wind streaking it with white.

Lat. $47^{\circ}.07$ N., long. $16^{\circ}.19$ W. Run 68 miles.

During my wheel in the afternoon I brought her up to N.N.E., but in the dog watch she broke off to E. by N. again. Alas! again this head wind destroys all hopes of Christmas on dry land.

Higgins, Mac, and I have been busy all day in the captain's cabin polishing the woodwork with a concoction of oil and mustard.

Saturday, 23rd December.—We passed two steamers during the night; we are right in the track of the American liners now.

A fine strong breeze from the north-west; going about 7 knots under all sail.

Lat. $48^{\circ}.32$ N., long. $13^{\circ}.57$ W. Course—N. 49 W. Run 127 miles.

We got the wire cables out to-day, as we were only 220 miles from Queenstown this evening at 8 P.M.

Sunday, 24th December.—Breeze still fine and strong, and a fairish sea running.

The second mate, Mac, and I marked out the lead-line this morning.

There are two kinds of lines for "heaving the lead,"—the "hand-line," 20 fathoms long, and the "deep-sea lead," of over 200 fathoms.

At the bottom of the lead is a hollow, which is filled up with tallow, so that when it touches the bottom, fine shells, sand, mud, or whatever the bottom is composed of, will stick to it; and as the description of the bottom is always indicated in the chart, this helps you to know your position.

This putting of tallow on the bottom is called "arming" it.

The lead of a hand-line weighs close on 14 pounds, and the deep-sea lead, 36 pounds in weight, takes nearly half an hour to reach a bottom of a mile.

The hand-line is divided into "marks" and "deeps." At 2 fathoms there is a piece of leather with two tails; at 3, leather with three tails; at 5, a piece of white rag; at 7, a piece of red rag, and so on.

Whilst we were below this afternoon, Mac and I were awakened by a heavy squall, which caught us aback, and kept the port watch busy for some time.

Alas! the wind had broken off, and deeply did we growl. Presently Scar poked his head in, very hot and angry.

"How's she heading?" we both cried.

"She was going about south-east when I was on the poop last," he said coolly.

Words could hardly express our feelings.

"Well, of all the confounded Jonahs, your watch take the blooming biscuit," growled Mac, and then lay back and cursed to himself until he was worn out.

The pair of us really felt that we had got a grievance against the port watch, and were quite angry with them, as if it was their fault.

Presently Scar poked his head in again and said,

"The old man's heading for Falmouth."

The air in the half-deck became thick and blue with our combined efforts at abusing the capricious wind.

It was my wheel in the first dog watch, and at four bells I went below a proud man, for I had brought her up to E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., and away we went for Queenstown again.

We took in the royals and light sails in the first watch.

A very cold night. We expect to sight the coast of Ireland early tomorrow morning. We set all sail again during the night, and got up the last of the cables in the middle watch.

In British Waters

Monday, 25th December.—Truly Christmas day dawned a merry one for us *Royalshires*.

Soon after four this morning a light gleamed on the blackness of the horizon, and we knew that we were being welcomed by the “Coastwise Lights of England,” as Kipling so graphically puts it—

“Come up, come in from eastward,
 From the guard-ports of the morn!
 Beat up, beat in from southerly,
 O Gipsies of the Horn!
 Swift shuttles of an Empire’s loom
 That weave us main to main,
 The Coastwise Lights of England
 Give you welcome back again.”

It was my wheel from 6 to 8, and as it got lighter, the rugged, forbidding coast of Ireland showed itself on our port bow.

Day broke clear and frosty, with a fresh whole sail breeze, and the way we smoked through it showed that the girls had got hold of the tow-rope.

At 7.15 we hove-to outside Queenstown, and made our number.

All was excitement on board. Where should we be sent? Would we get our orders outside, or have to go in and wait?

Presently a signal went up ashore, and four flags blew out.

It soon leaked round the ship that the word “Birkenhead” was flying ashore.

Hurrah! without doubt this must be our destination. The old man signalled for it to be confirmed, and then round went the main-yard, and off we went again.

All was joy on board. With this wind and a good tug we ought to get into the Mersey some time to-morrow.

There was a small pilot cutter bobbing about to leeward of us, and soon after we got going she sent a boat alongside with a pilot.

"Merry Christmas, cap'n," were the first words he said, and down below the pair of them went, whilst we interrogated the crew and asked eagerly for papers.

"Who won the America Cup?" was the first question asked by us, as there had been a good deal of betting on board between the Americans and Britishers.

"Columbia."

And we patriotic Britishers knew that we had lost our money.

"Did the Shamrock make a race of it?"

"No, she bean't no good at all," answered the boatman, as if it was too painful a subject to be discussed further.

"Any news?" asked someone casually.

"Two thousand more men captured by the Boers."

"Captured by the Boers! what the blazes do you mean?"

"What I say," grumbled the man.

"Why, are we at war?"

"Been at war since October!"

Gee wiz! Here was news if you like—whilst we had been out "at the back of beyond," as Australians say, our country had been struggling in the throes of deadly war!

The two papers we got from the boatman were almost torn to bits in the competition for them, each man reading aloud the news of the war to an audience almost wild with excitement.

"Why, we might have been held up by a Boer cruiser!"

"Guess they ain't got any."

"Hurrush! but I'm off to the fight!" screeched Mac, throwing his arms about above his head, and dancing the wildest of wild Highland flings.

"So am I; I'm going to be a horse sodger, fol-de-rol de-riddle-le-i!" shouted Don. "Give us the mouth-organ!"

He immediately struck up "The British Grenadiers," Loring joining in with the penny whistle, and away we tramped round and round the after-hatch.

It was lucky that we only got this news of the war at the end of the passage, as with the number of dagos and Dutchmen on board, who would of course take the side of the Boers, it would have been a regular stand-up fight the whole time.

Presently the cunning old pilot came on deck loaded down with tobacco, two bottles of whisky, a bag of hard-tack, and sundry other gleanings from the steward.

This was the real reason why he had boarded us, though he pretended it was to tell us we were to go to Birkenhead, which was, of course, stale news.

They weren't shy of asking, those Irishmen.

"Got any salt beef?" was one of their first questions.

When told that we were short of grub, they remarked,

"Hungry ship, ain't she?"

Presently they sheared off, having reaped a plentiful harvest.

Hardly had they gone before another piece of news began to get round.

We were the first ship in of the Frisco grain fleet, except the *Talus*, Loring's old ship, which had sailed thirty-two days before us, and only got into Queenstown three days ago.

Scar and Mac were jubilant over this news, and gloated over Don.

The old man is all smiles to-day, as well he may be, for the *Royal-shire* has acquitted herself right nobly, and well borne out her reputation.

Loring and the steward are at a loss what to give us for our Christmas dinner, as all the stores have run out, even the cabin ones, and there is not much left but flour and hard-tack.

They had, however, some mouldy old dried apples, and these did the trick.

We did not even get pea-soup, only our ordinary allowance of salt horse, and a small pie for each watch, composed of break-jaw crust and stewed apples.

I don't believe anybody got through his go of pie. I made a valiant attempt, but failed. The nipper lost a couple of teeth over the job, the crust was too much for him. Mac as usual kept some on his plate for tea; he was not particular, and ate alternate mouthfuls of apple pie, salt horse, and all manner of queer tit-bits on his plate, which always reminded me of the queer things Chinamen eat on the top of their little heaps of rice—rats' tails, snails, slugs, etc. I believe they are eaten by the Chinese chiefly as appetisers.

The apple pie worked havoc with the insides of most of the crew during the afternoon, and men were to be seen lying about the decks

in all directions in all the contortions of cramp in the stomach. It truly was a fine Christmas dinner.

Notwithstanding this, at tea-time Mac and I were not to be beat, and it seemed a sin to leave the good food, so we made a second attack on the terrible stuff, but again were defeated, and Mac had to retire to the side of the vessel.

We have got a whole holiday to-day, being Christmas. As there is no champagne to be got out of the old man—nor even a “Grog ho!”—for rum, the bosun brought forth his home-grown Californian claret and gave us each a tot.

Poor old Taylor is in high spirits, as he may perhaps save his hand now, as we ought to be into Liverpool to-morrow.

Little Yoko is in his bunk helpless from rheumatism, as are a few others of both watches, but they are the victims of the unconquerable apple pie.

The weather is propitious: a keen English winter day, cold but clear, with the sun poking forth, and a fine breeze blowing from the south-west.

Tuesday, 26th December.—To-day is our last day at sea, and we are plunging through a choppy sea, going 10 knots.

The *Sarah Joliffe*, one of the finest tugs out of Liverpool, turned up off the coast of Wales. She came up under our lee quarter, and had all she could do to keep up with us, plunging and rolling about like a porpoise in the rough sea.

Now began a great bargaining and haggling between the two skippers, and our old man proved himself quite equal to the tugman.

It was well towards noon before a bargain was struck, and we took her line.

We should have gone on much further without her, if the wind had not shown signs of dropping and hauling ahead off Holyhead.

It was a case of all hands on deck this afternoon, as for the last time we furled sail.

The port watch started on the fore and we on the mizen.

A great race began, and a harbour stow was the order of the day, but we were down to the main-topsails before the other watch had finished furling the sails on the foremast.

All sail was taken off her except the staysails, as the wind had gone ahead.

For the rest of the afternoon we were busy at various jobs, getting ready for going into port.

Yoko and myself were up aloft the whole time sending down sheets.

Presently a very dandy young pilot stepped aboard, and took charge of the ship.

It was my wheel in the dog watch, and I found it was not such an easy job as it looked, steering after a tug.

I was told to keep her on the port bow, and it took me all my time to keep her steady.

As is usual on board a deep-waterman on approaching port, every jack was talking of what he was going to do: how he was going to save his money this time, and keep clear of the landsharks. Everybody made good, wise resolutions; I wonder who kept to them!

My friend Bower has a queer idea of a pleasant lodging. When I asked him what he was going to do, he said—

“Get into jug as soon as I can; no more sea for me, I’d rather spend the rest of my life in gaol than put foot on a ship’s deck again.”

Don is going to the war, he says.

Scar wants to make a voyage out East again in a steamer.

Sails is off to his native Cardiff, and the bosun for the “Fatherland.”

The poor nipper can make no rosy plans for the future, as he has to stay by the ship.

As a matter of fact, I expect the greater part of both watches will be outward bound in less than a fortnight after landing.

This evening an anchor watch was set, consisting of two men on the lookout, whilst of course the mates continued to keep watch and watch as usual.

At 10 P.M. I was turned out of my bunk, and had to go and relieve the wheel, though it wasn’t my wheel but old Foghorn’s; but apparently we now want two men at the wheel, as we are entering the Mersey.

For about an hour and a half we steered after the tug, until we were pretty nearly up to the “landing stage.”

It was a lovely frosty night, and the lights ashore sparkled in long rows of red and white on each side of us.

Suddenly, without any warning, just before midnight, a dense fog rolled down upon us; first the lights ashore were blotted out, then the ships anchored and moving round us were enveloped, and we could hardly see the dim form of the tug ahead.

The pilot did not dare go any farther, and so we let go the anchor just opposite the landing stage and slightly on the Birkenhead side. We could do nothing more until the fog cleared, so the tug let go and cleared off, leaving us to our own devices.

Wednesday, 27th December.—Well, here we are, the mudhook is in the ground, and the shore within a comfortable swim; but it seems that the Fates do not intend us to part company just yet, as the fog is too thick to dock, which we can only do on the top of the tide.

So here we lie in the dense fog, sailing-ship bells and steamers' whistles going all round us, but nothing to be seen.

We are right in the line of the ferry-boats, which have to make a detour round our stern; they have precious nearly run us down several times, and though we keep the big bell forward on the continual tinkle, they are constantly hailing us and complaining that they can't hear it.

This is quite exciting. We certainly are not safe yet from the perils of the deep; every moment we may be cut in half, and depart to the bottom of the Mersey.

The Isle of Man steamer just grazed our stern early this morning, amidst wild excitement.

We could see them rushing about on the steamer, casting loose lifebuoys, and someone on the bridge halloa'd out,

"Where are we?"

"Opposite the landing stage!"

"Thank you, thank you; pretty thick, aint' it; guess were going to have a spell of it!"

She had groped her way up the Mersey, and had not the remotest idea of where she was.

This fog is very trying to the temper. Here we are, on a bleak, raw, damp morning, instead of speeding homewards in the train, hard at work washing down decks.

This done, all hands were turned to swabbing all the paint-work. This is cold work on a bitter December day, as you have got your hands in a bucket of icy water the whole time.

Tinkle, tinkle, go the bells of the wind-jammers, whilst sirens and steam whistles fairly hum all round us.

To our joy, the fog cleared off a bit towards 8 P.M., and we could see the lights on either shore.

Two tugs came alongside to take us into dock, and with joy we responded to the hurricane shout of

“Man the capstan!”

Round we tramped, making the Mersey ring with our chanties.

We started the ball with “Sally Brown.”

CHANTY.—“SALLY BROWN.”

Solo. “I love a maid across the water,”

Chorus. “Aye, aye, roll and go!”

Solo. “She is Sal herself, yet Sally’s daughter,”

Chorus. “Spend my money on Sally Brown.”

Solo. “Seven long years I courted Sally,”

Chorus. “Aye, aye, roll and go!”

Solo. “She called my ‘boy, and Dilly Dally,’”

Chorus. “Spend my money on Sally Brown.”

Solo. “Seven long years and she wouldn’t marry,”

Chorus. “Aye, aye, roll and go!”

Solo. “And I no longer cared to tarry,”

Chorus. “Spend my money on Sally Brown.”

Solo. “So I courted Sal, her only daughter,”

Chorus. “Aye, aye, roll and go!”

Solo. “For her I sail upon the water,”

Chorus. “Spend my money on Sally Brown.”

Solo. “Sally’s teeth are white and pearly,”

Chorus. “Aye, aye, roll and go!”

Solo. “Her eyes are blue, her hair is curly,”

Chorus. “Spend my money on Sally Brown.”

Solo. “The sweetest flower of the valley,”

Chorus. “Aye, aye, roll and go!”

Solo. “Is my dear girl, my pretty Sally,”

Chorus. “Spend my money on Sally Brown.”

And so it runs on into a number of verses. How we did sing it out! It is something to hear a deep-water crew, in high spirits at getting into

port, ring out a chanty. The tugmen came aboard and watched our enthusiasm as we almost ran round the capstan at times.

Then old Foghorn struck up, "Leave her, Johnnie," a great chanty.

CHANTY.—"LEAVE HER, JOHNNIE."

Solo. "I thought I heard the skipper say,"

Chorus. "Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!"

Solo. "To-morrow you will get your pay,"

Chorus. "It's time for us to leave her."

Solo. "The work was hard, the voyage was long,"

Chorus. "Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!"

Solo. "The seas were high, the gales were strong,"

Chorus. "It's time for us to leave her."

Solo. "The food was bad, the wages low,"

Chorus. "Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!"

Solo. "But now ashore again we'll go,"

Chorus. "It's time for us to leave her."

Solo. "The sails are furled, our work is done,"

Chorus. "Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!"

Solo. "And now on shore we'll have our fun,"

Chorus. "It's time for us to leave her."

Presently came the cry, "Hove short!" and then a long wait occurred, and gradually—so gradually—the fog rolled down again and blotted out the shore lights.

No chance of docking to-night. Alas! for disappointed hopes. With a rush and a roar the cable ran out again, and with a toot of farewell the tugs left us to our gloomy reflections.

Thursday, 28th December.—We in the half-deck had a long lie in, the men in the fore-castle taking the lookout in turn.

At 4 A.M. we were turned out to get up the anchor; it was not so thick, and this time the mudhook was catheaded.

Two tugs took hold of us until we got to the dock gates, when lo! and behold! there was no one to run our lines; there was no time to get anybody, and the gates had to be shut in a few moments.

Our old man stormed and raved to no purpose; the gates shut upon us, and we were left stranded again.

As a matter of fact, the dockkeeper was afraid to let us through, as he thought there might not be enough water, and he would not risk it, so he brought this forward as an excuse.

So back we went, and anchored again. Every soul on the ship turned in except myself, who was left to pace the poop in solitary glory from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M.

It was very cold work, as it was snowing hard, and a miserable day.

Last night, Don, the bosun, and Sails slipped ashore in one of the tugs. The bosun and Sails got off by the tug this morning in time to man the capstan; but Don missed it, but presently came off in another tug, having evidently had a high old time of it. He gave me an Egyptian cigarette, though—a terrific luxury, which I had been without for many, many months. I don't know to this day whether he ever got into a row for this escapade.

Mac and Scar have been busy the whole morning making boxes down in the fore 'tween-decks for their curios.

This evening we hove up the anchor again, and this time got safely into the dock; and soon after midnight we lay all fast alongside the quay.

The last thing to be done was to cat and fish the anchors; and then at last came the long-awaited order from the mate—which means that your duty is done, that you are free once more, and have only got to go at the proper time and get your pay—

“That'll do, men!” were the magic words, and we quietly walked off to our various bunks.

I determined to fly off by Board of Trade that very night; and doing a very hurried pack, said good-bye to all, and, with Sails and old Foghorn Wilson, caught the 2.35 train for London, where I burst in upon my people about breakfast-time, clad in a pilot coat, sea cap and boots—altogether a very rough-looking individual—and it was many weeks before I got the last of the tar out of my hands.

In due course I got my money and “discharge” paper, on which I found “very good” against both character and ability, to my great satisfaction.

Little remains to be said. Of course, Johnsen and his threats came to nothing.

I have only come across one member of the crew since, and that was one day in Cape Town I met the mate, who told me he was captain of a fine barque lying in Table Bay.

He had been twice round the world since I had seen him last, and told me of the sad end of the *Royalshire*.

“What’s happened to the old ship?” I asked.

“Burnt off the coast of Australia, having a cargo of coal on board. Wasn’t it a pity! Such a fine ship as she was!”

“And Captain Bailey?”

“Left her, as did we all, at Birkenhead that time, and took a billet ashore.”

I expect at the present moment my messmates on the *Royalshire* are in every part of the world. Whilst fighting in the late Boer War, I wondered if I would meet Mac, Don, or Loring, but our courses did not cross; perhaps in the future—who knows—but some day again I may cross the trail of an old shipmate, and have a yarn about the good old days on the gallant but ill-fated *Royalshire*.

“You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how long!
Put out on the trail again!
Its North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or South to the blind Horn’s hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate,
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,

And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail;
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.”

