

Reminiscences *of a* Wanderer

By
—An A.B.—

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Reminiscences
of a
Wanderer

————— *by* —————
An Able Seaman

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DEDICATION.

To the men "before the mast" in the merchant services of England and America amongst whom he has had many true, loyal, and valued friends, the Author affectionately dedicates these fugitive reminiscences of his wandering years.

PREFACE.

Prefaces are frequently written in a vein of apology, but "Able Seaman," although not adopting that attitude, desires to say a few words in explanation of this attempt to enter the realms of literature. Friends who had listened to his "yarns" frequently suggested that—particularly as they contained the experiences of a fo'csle hand—he should make some attempt to place them before the great tribunal of popular opinion. For various reasons, he never—until recently—even momentarily entertained the idea of translating into action the suggestions of these friendly critics. In the first place he never credited himself with possession of that literary capacity necessary for such a venture, and in the second he could scarcely believe that the incidents of a common sailor's life in peaceful merchantmen could present any great interest to a reading public accustomed to pabulum of a more sensational type than that afforded by the life of one who in his sea career never rose to a higher position than that of an A.B. But, in consequence of repeated requests by a literary friend in whose critical acumen the author has much confidence, he commenced in fitful manner to write, until eventually, and somewhat to his own surprise, the manuscript grew in bulk to the dimensions of the book which, with considerable diffidence, is now presented to what it is hoped will prove an indulgent public. The "toughest" of the Author's experiences find no place in these pages, for it is not

desirable to submit such incidents to the criticism of a tribunal unacquainted with the atmosphere of ships in which tyranny and abuse were responsible for scenes only too common in the merchant service of the United States of North America.

Although written entirely from memory, these reminiscences have at any rate the merit—if merit it be—of being, down to the minutest detail, actual narrative of some of the experiences of the Author's life, but for various reasons they are not given in the sequence in which they took place. With these few preliminary remarks, he ventures to launch his little craft upon the troubled waters of public opinion.

CHAPTER I.

The Days of Youth and Years of Change—the Mystery of the Sea—I go to Sea at Fourteen—First Impressions—A Voyage to Batavia—"The Devil's Kitchen"—Some Shark Stories—A Skilled Harpooner—The Strange Pilot Fish—Bonitos and Albicore—Death at Sea—Sailors' Superstitions—A Great Sea Snake—Tropical Thunderstorms—A Queer Cure for Rheumatism—The Fierce Malay—Man's Inhumanity to Man.

"Dear to friendship are the days of youth:

Age dwells upon their Memory through the mists of time."

—Byron's "Ossian."

The seafaring wanderer, whose sun has passed its meridian, and who has finally brought up in some "Snug Harbour," must, in some degree, live in an atmosphere of retrospection, recalling many of the incidents of an adventurous, roving life, and speculating upon the fate of many a gallant lad with whom he shared the high hopes and aspirations of youth, but who now, perhaps,

"Sleeps a calm and peaceful sleep,

The salt waves washing o'er him."

The rolling years at all times bring their changes, but the last half-century has probably witnessed a greater advance in human knowledge, with its attendant results, than any corresponding period in the history of mankind. Little more than fifty years ago the vast prairies of North America were the haunts of the Indian and the Buffalo, the Dark Continent was practically a terra incognita, and the beautiful islands of the Pacific, then largely peopled by cannibals, were scarcely known except to the adventurous whalers whose storm-tossed ships frequently found a refuge in some of the most lonely and romantic anchorages on the surface of the planet. With the advent of steam the adventure and romance of sea

life have practically disappeared, but it has merely precipitated what would have come with sailing ships carrying the commerce of the world. It is the removal of all the mystery by which at one time it was surrounded that has mainly deprived sea life of its interest and romance. What a world of mystery this little planet must have presented to our pre-historic ancestors. What material it must have presented for the flights of imaginative fancy or speculative thought. Can we wonder at his peopling the great snowy ranges, the forests, lakes, and streams, the great mysterious, heaving sea, with the creatures of his fancy and imagination. But all the interest of mystery has disappeared; we have not merely measured and weighed our little planetary home, but have mapped out its pathway in space. Science has given much to mankind, but it has also robbed us of much. Knowledge has proved the winding sheet of many a fondly cherished delusion.

This by way of preamble to the story of one "who took to the sea" while the mystery still lingered.

At an early age I was possessed by a very strong desire to see the world, of which I had read so much in that literature which appeals to the fancy of adventurously inclined youth. Books of travel and the novels of Mayne Reid and Marryatt all so strongly influenced my youthful imagination that I determined, much against my parents' wishes, to choose a seafaring life, as that calculated to enable me to wander in pathways where I so much desired to tread. I have often thought it most unfortunate—and particularly does this apply to sea life—that youths have to select their occupations at an age when, from want of knowledge, they are incapable of choosing intelligently those callings in which they might make the most of this short and care-worn life. There are to-day thousands of seafaring men who have throughout long years most bitterly regretted the die impulsively cast in the inexperience and ignorance of youth.

When fourteen years of age, arrangements were made for me to join a vessel lying in the Catherine docks in London, and from there I sailed in a barque of about five hundred tons for Batavia, at that time called by sailors, in consequence of its unhealthiness, "the devil's kitchen." According to the custom of the period, my father had to pay a premium for giving me the privilege of feeding the fowls, sweeping the decks, and assisting in the performance of all the most menial duties of the ship. The stern realities of sea life, its discomforts and hardships, its association with men fore and aft of types that were to me absolutely repugnant, following so soon on my rose-coloured dreams, had, for a while, a dazing effect rather than occasioning surprise or regret. The Captain and first and second mates were commonplace men, but good sailors. Our crew consisted of eight able seamen, and two ordinary, with two boys, of whom I was one. Two of the able seamen were natives of the Azores, one was a Swede, one a Scot. One of the ordinary seamen was Welsh, and the remainder were English. We also carried a carpenter and sail-maker, the latter being a Russian Finn. We had a gale after leaving the Channel, and in this I obtained my first experience at "reefing topsails," but as we sailed south and into warm weather my spirits revived, and from that time all my youthful enthusiasm was devoted to learning everything relating to the profession which I had adopted. To those who are endowed with ordinary brain power there is really nothing difficult in a sailor's profession. It consists mainly in a multiplicity of detail.

When fairly into the delightful north-east trade winds we caught a shark of ordinary size, chopped off its head and tail, and took out the back bone, which is prized for the manufacture of walking sticks. Sailors positively enjoy dismembering and disembowelling sharks, apparently regarding them as traditional enemies with whom there can be no truce. But I have alluded to this

incident with the object of showing the apparent immunity from pain of the "scavenger of the sea," and I had then an opportunity of observation upon the point such as I have never experienced since that to me eventful day. The dismembered remains of the shark we had caught were thrown overboard, and in the evening two others came, following in our wake. But they were disinclined to take the bait. One kept swimming alongside just by the mizzen chains, the ship going at the time barely three knots an hour. The second mate, a most skilful harpooner, who was for three years in a whaler, took his stand in the mizzen chains with the harpoon, to which a line was attached, and which I, as attendant, held. Watching his opportunity, he threw the harpoon with such force and precision that it went right through the middle of the shark's body close to the backbone. Yet not so much as a tremor indicated the severity of the terrible wound, and the great fish swam placidly on until we commenced to haul in the harpoon line. We assumed that the indisposition of these sharks to take the bait was attributable to their having feasted upon the carcase thrown overboard in the morning, a view curiously confirmed. Two small fish a few inches long appear generally to attend a shark, but in what capacity has not, I believe, been satisfactorily determined. These are the "pilots," and a small sucker fish which attaches itself to the shark by its sucking apparatus. How the pilot fish is able to keep pace with the shark I cannot imagine. Sailors say that they lie in the shark's mouth, and I have seen one swimming apparently in the open mouth of a very large shark. When the harpooned shark was finally landed on deck, I picked up a sucker fish scarcely six inches long and put it in a butt used by the cook for soaking some of the salt out of his salt beef. The nauseous, briny mixture apparently sickened the little fellow, as he vomited a

piece of white flesh about the size of a pea, evidently his share of the feast of the morning.

After crossing the Line in the south-east trades Bonitos made their appearance, and a few were caught by the usual process of dangling in the water a hook to which a small piece of white cloth is attached to represent a Flying-fish, the fisher taking up his position in the jib-boom well clear of the bow. But these few captives were merely the advance guard of the main body. For several days we slowly sailed through shoals of Bonitos and Albicore, so numerous that every cast of the harpoon would strike a fish. I should rather have said that they accompanied us, as the vast shoal travelled with us in the same direction. I have never since seen anything approaching this vast shoal of fish.

Then came my first experience of that sad happening—death at sea. One of our men who had been slowly sinking with consumption passed away as we sighted St. Paul's, a lonely island in the Indian Ocean. The sailors said that the "smell of the land" had precipitated the end, that it was "too strong" for the sick man—but they were old-time sailors of forty years ago. Two sharks which had been following us for three or four days disappeared after the body had been committed to the deep, and of course the men alleged that they had followed us for a self-evident purpose. The sailors of that time believed that the shark could scent his prey from afar, and a naturalist of some repute to-day appears to hold a somewhat similar opinion.

Whilst still about a hundred miles from land I noticed a large sea snake lying on the surface of the water, in colour yellow and black, and coiled as if it were lying on the land. I have seen many a sea snake since, but none so large. The sailors of that time regarded all sea snakes as poisonous. This opinion has received confirmation from the late Sir James Hector, who pointed

out that there existed nearly a hundred varieties of sea snakes, most of which were extremely poisonous.

On that trip I had my first experience of a tropical thunder storm. All ships, when nearing the land, get their anchors and cable chains ready for use, and we had the chain ranged in many bights on deck. Our longboat—the largest boat in the ship—was lashed amidships, with a tarpaulin cover on, and as the weather had become oppressively warm I had taken my bedding in to the boat, where it was cool by comparison with the stuffy 'tween deck, where I lived with the carpenter and sailmaker. At about half-past seven in the morning I saw a terrible flash of lightning right outside the boat's bow, accompanied by the sound of a crash on deck. Thoroughly alarmed, I jumped out, and the men called out to me to keep away from the chain. The electric fluid had struck and blackened the cable chain ranged on the deck, and knocked over several of the men, without injuring any of them in the least degree; indeed, one of them, who had been suffering from rheumatism, subsequently declared that the electric shock had proved to him extremely beneficial. This storm so thoroughly alarmed me that I was ever after on the look-out for clouds indicative of thunder. It led, in fact, to a life long study of the clouds, in which I soon discovered what an important factor electricity is in weather.

At Anjer a Malay bum boat man boarded us, and in getting over the rail, he fell on to our deck, his first words as he rose being, "Got tam." However, we revelled in the vegetables and fruit which he brought on board, for there were no tinned or preserved vegetables for sailors in those days. But there was another lasting impression from this incident. My feelings were outraged by the manner in which some of the Anglo-Saxon seamen treated this man and other natives who subsequently came on board. I have since noticed in many parts of the world, our seamen treating coloured men as

if they were not merely inferior beings, but as if they really deserved or required to be treated with insult, contumely, or contempt. But there is a new era for the coloured races of mankind already within measurable distance.

At Batavia I caught the malarial, which, after all these years, still lingers in my system, giving me a "turn" in times of electrical disturbances.

CHAPTER II.

Broaching Cargo—Mercantile Passengers—Stealing no Crime—
“A Night Attack”—Spoiling of the Heathen—A Tale of a
Nose—A Great Shark—On Short Commons—Land Birds at
Sea—Home Again.

Ours was a general cargo, inclusive of casks of Burton ale and wines, and, amongst other things, the daintiest and prettiest little cups and saucers that I have ever seen. It was in connection with these articles of commerce that I became first acquainted with certain characteristics of the seamen of the English mercantile marine. Pilfering they do not regard as a crime; in fact I have been associated with many men who regarded it as a rather commendable proceeding. There is amongst seafaring men a feeling, inarticulate as that may be, that they are a class at once neglected and despised by human society, and in broaching cargo, or pilfering from wealthy passengers they have, consciously or unconsciously, a feeling that they are despoiling the Philistines. I have frequently started arguments upon this question in ship's forecastles, and succeeded in eliciting views and opinions in this direction of which probably the men were scarcely themselves conscious. On the other hand, they regard pilfering from each other as an infraction of their moral code, although this species of theft was rampant in the packet ships which carried passengers across the Atlantic. I also regret to say that seafaring men as a rule have no conception of the sanctity of an oath, and will freely commit perjury, even in extremely trivial matters. Of course, on these points I am generalising types, for there are many men at sea whose characters would compare favourably with those of men following any other occupation in life. But I have heard hands in the fo'scle

narrating to each other with great gusto accounts of what they call their "depredations." The two Portuguese in our crew were right good fellows, decent men and good sailors. So also was the Swede. None of these "foreigners" were in any way implicated in the "depredations" to which I am about to allude, but some of the others got at the crates in which the beautiful china was stowed, and purloined quantities of it, stowing it away in the den, called the fo'scle, in which they lived, and which was "munificently" provided by the ship owner, who was reputed to be a millionaire three times over.

The Scot in the fore-castle was the only "character" in the ship. A man about thirty, he had been all over the world, generally sailing in Yankee ships. A first-class seaman, but if it could be said that there was anything that he preferred to rum, it was fighting. Although of a most fiery disposition, he was generous to a fault, and true as steel to his own code of seafaring ethics. He called me down one morning to the fo'scle, and asked me to take a drink of ale, and I noticed under the latter a bucket more than half full of the same seductive fluid, whilst the sailors' hook-pots appeared to be all pretty nearly filled with it. It transpired that the carpenter was "in the swim," and at night they visited the hold, bored a gimlet hole into a cask of Burton ale, and when a bucket had been thus filled a spile was driven into the hole. At Batavia we took on board huge casks of arrack, an extremely fiery rice spirit. We were told that each of these casks was worth forty pounds.

On the passage down to Singapore the sailors also broached these casks, but not having driven in the spile with sufficient care, it was found when we got into port that two of them were empty. At Singapore the men continued to procure supplies of drink from the hold, and at 9 o'clock one night, before I lay down to

rest, they were in a most hilarious state, fit for anything "from pitch and toss to manslaughter." Sparring was commenced, and as I instinctively felt that this must be the prelude to something more serious, I retired. I was lying asleep out on the poop deck, as the weather was too oppressive to sleep below, when at 2 a.m. I was suddenly awakened by a violent blow on the nose, and, looking up, standing right between me and the full moon, I saw the carpenter in an absolutely demented condition, with nothing but his trousers on, and they suspended by one brace over his bare shoulder. He had mistaken me for one of the mates, against whom he had a grievance, and appeared penitent when he discovered his mistake. I followed him to the break of the poop, and there saw him attempt a feat of which I have frequently heard as a figure of speech.

The pumps by the mainmast are painted red, and it is a sailor's saying that "a man must be very drunk when he tries to light his pipe at the pumps." But there in the bright moonlight I saw "Chips" take the pipe out of his pocket and persistently attempt to light it at the luridly painted iron. Just then I saw the two Portuguese sailors flying up the rigging and taking refuge in the tops. There had been a perfect pandemonium. In the morning the revellers had a most woful appearance. The Scotsman's foot was broken, and another man had received a serious injury to his nose. Neither had the faintest idea as to the manner in which their injuries were sustained.

The day that we left Singapore on our homeward passage, our anchor was "hove short" ready for a start when a Chinaman came alongside with a great number of pineapples in his little boat—certainly not less than a couple of hundred. He hailed us with an inquiry as to whether we wished to buy his fruit. One of our men looked over the side and asked the price. "A cent each," was the reply. "Ask Peter Collins in the fo'scle if he

wants these pineapples," shouted the sailor on the rail. The reply came immediately back, "Yes, he'll take them all at the money." The Chinaman commenced to pitch them up, and men standing on the rail caught them as they came up, throwing them to confederates on deck. This went on merrily for some time, when suddenly the Chinaman paused and asked who was to pay? By this time there were very few left in the boat. The reply was an order to "clear out," accompanied with threats, and coal was procured to pelt the poor Chinaman off. He left, saying that he would get a "peon"—policeman—but in a very short time we raised our anchor and sailed far beyond the reach of the Singapore police. Yet ours was quite a "respectable crew."

Dr. Johnson was once asked why the Scotch settled in such a bleak, miserable country as Nova Scotia, and replied that everything was "relative" in this world, that Nova Scotia was a better country than the one they had left. And so with our pilfering crew. It was really highly respectable compared with some with whom I was later to become associated. We had a pretty good run down to the vicinity of Mauritius, where we encountered at least the rim of a hurricane, in which I spent my fifteenth birthnight. Next we rounded the Cape and were soon with our yards square "rolling down to St. Helena." During our stay of five days, the climate was most delightful, but to my bitter regret I was not allowed a run ashore. There were several dismantled slavers lying there, most beautiful specimens of naval architecture, which had been captured by the man-of-war brig Heron. The man who had received the injury to his nose went ashore here for medical advice, as the injured organ was still swollen, discoloured and inflamed, and had been giving him much pain and annoyance. The doctor told him that he was suffering from polypus, and upon his return to the ship he immediately came to consult me in reference to the matter.

as I had by this time acquired the reputation and status of an oracle amongst the crew. I told him that I could not believe that he had this disease, and that the trouble was presumably entirely attributable to an injury received in the melee at Singapore. Most sailors of that time were extraordinarily ignorant, and this man of the injured nose was the oracle of the forecastle. One night I heard him telling the crew, with quite a wealth or circumstantial detail, how a French doctor had taken off a sheep's head and put it on again. They had all gone to sea as boys, so were untaught, most of them, to begin with, and any further knowledge in reference to land affairs was obtained in the dens that they frequented when ashore.

We ran up to the Line with but one incident worthy of notice. When about seven degrees south, travelling lazily along at a pace of about four knots an hour, we saw at a considerable distance off, on our port beam, the very large dorsal fin of a shark. It must have been unusually large to be visible at such a distance. He was coming right for us, and so unusual was the size of the creature's fin that the watch below, then asleep, were called up to see it. When he came up to us he turned, and for a few minutes followed in our wake, and then resumed his course, steering east. This was the largest shark that any one on board had ever seen, and I have never seen one since that even approached it in size. The lowest estimate of its length was thirty feet.

When about five degrees north of the line, a bone protruded from one of the nostrils of the man with the injured nose, and a council of war was held by the crew as to the treatment to be adopted, the men, following, no doubt, some old-time custom, which I have never seen since that passage, squatted in a circle on the deck, after the manner of tailors at work. The question discussed was whether this bone should be pulled out or pushed in

again, and the arguments advanced for and against baffled description. Some held the opinion that it was neither natural nor proper that any bone, each having some function to perform, should be removed from the body.

"Look at the blocks in the rigging," said one. "If the main topsail halyard block was taken away where would we be."

Others thought that the bone was "dead," and "wouldn't never be of no more use to nobody."

But in the middle of the discussion the question solved itself, for the bone dropped out on the deck. The nose got better almost immediately, but it was broken, entirely altering the whole features, a fact which gave the man no trouble whatever.

When about a hundred miles from Cape Clear, on the Irish coast, we encountered stormy easterly gales, and were hove-to for weeks. Only on one Sunday did the weather moderate, and in high hopes we "clapped the canvas on" to her, but on Monday morning, at four o'clock, that horrible cry was heard, "All hands on deck, haul the foresail up." After six weeks of this dreadful weather the Captain called all hands aft, and put to them the question, "whether would you prefer holding on here or running away for the coast of North America?"

The crew unanimously agreed to hold on. We were hove-to under close-reefed main topsail and foretopmast staysail, but the gale had been so severe and continuous that the ship, although comparatively new and strongly-built commenced to leak, and we had to spend much of our time at the pumps. We were also upon very short allowance of provisions, and I have still a vivid recollection of a dream in which I sat down to a large meat pie, saying, "Now I'll eat this all myself." But just as I put the knife in to it I awoke. A wretched

time we had—grey, cold, stormy skies, and grey, stormy sea.

One night a large black ship, outward bound, running before the wind, swished past us unpleasantly close—a “narrow shave,” as sailors say. It gave me much distress of mind seeing every day numbers of little birds, blown out to sea by the cruel storm, dropping exhausted in the great waves, or settling down on deck, and in a short time falling over dead. How I pitied them in this remorseless sea, never destined to see their pleasant woods or hedge rows again. One evening a wood cock flew into the cook’s galley, but the poor thing was just skin and bone.

Numbers of birds perish annually at sea. Once blown off the land, they appear to become stupid, and seem to have no idea of the direction in which they ought to fly.

After eight weeks of this easterly gale the wind shifted in to the west, and as we checked in our yards and let her go, she seemed like a hound released from the leash.

With what delight I saw the Channel pilot board us and give his orders, which I sprang to obey; indeed, I felt that I could have hugged and kissed him, although his great jolly face was very much the colour of mahogany, begotten of storms encountered in all climes, and probably assisted by copious libations of that rum so dear to the deep water sailor’s heart. In due time we landed in the Katherine Docks, after an, to me, eventful absence of a year. I had during that time learned so much that I then thought that I could have taken our barque to any part of the world as well as the average master of those days. It had taken us a month to come down from Singapore to Anjer, and during this time I was continually practising “heaving the lead,” at which I became unusually proficient, but this led me subsequently into a scrape, of which I shall speak later on.

CHAPTER III.

Rats on Shipboard—Well Street and Ratcliff Highway—"The Good Old Times"—"Paddy's Goose"—"Under Bare Poles"—A Newcastle Magistrate.

"Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliff Road, drunk, and raisin' Cain."
—"Kipling.

Having made the ship fast, we made preparations for getting to our lodgings, and just before leaving one of the last things I saw was our good old cat, "Tom," with one rat in his mouth and another under his claws. They had been very numerous in our vessel, and had become so audacious that they ate all the hard skin off the soles of the men's feet whilst asleep, and in only one instance did they draw blood.

I went to live at the Sailors' Home in Well Street until the ship was paid off. This was generally about three days after arrival, and this interval has been responsible for many a ruined life. Well Street and Ratcliff Highway, adjoining thoroughfares, were at that time infested with great numbers of people who lived upon the deep-water sailors boarding in that locality when ashore. Many of the shops were kept by Jews and others who supplied sailors with clothing—oilskins, sou'-westers, soap, needles and thread, etc.—and outside their windows might be seen hanging trousers in reference to which Dickens said that they looked more like covering "two men's bodies than one man's legs." Such was the fashion of the period. The Sailors' Home accommodated a very large number of men—fully five hundred at the time of my visit—and it was certainly a great blessing to those who wished to avoid the shoals of harpies who crowded the locality.

In company with a retired sergeant of police who had been on duty in Ratcliff Highway and its vicinity for

twenty-five years, I visited this region sixteen years afterwards, and what a change had taken place. It was a change probably attributable to various causes, but mainly to the altered habits of the sailors of the Mercantile Marine. I feel certain that at the time of my first visit nine men out of ten—and probably a much larger number—spent most of their earnings in debauchery and drink; the streets were crowded with sailors and women, as were also the public houses, and the singing and dance houses at night. The ex-policeman spoke to some of the old residents, and one of them, a young man who was putting up the shutters of his shop, and whose father had made money there, said, “Nothing doing here now; a place of business that was at one time worth a thousand is not worth more than a hundred to-day.”

One of the most famous and favourite haunts of sailors in the Highway was a public house with a singing and dance-room, and the name of this well-known resort was “Paddy’s Goose.” We called there, and my friend entered into conversation with the landlady, whom he had known well in days of yore, and who had an interesting story to tell. They had made money at Paddy’s Goose, lots of it, so much so that they bought an estate down in Kent. But the splendid isolation of life on this estate was intolerable to the landlady of Paddy’s Goose. The “people of quality” in the neighbourhood would not associate with them, and although the old man was able, after a fashion, to stand it, his wife came back to Paddy’s Goose and its bar, and at her hands we received “refreshments.” We were introduced to her daughter in the parlour, a tall, extremely handsome and elegant girl, highly educated, and of really noble bearing, but she, like her mother, could not bear life upon the estate.

Yet it was not as of old. They were back, but not the roysterers who had made their estate possible. The old lady somewhat mournfully remarked to her friend

of "happier" days, "Times are gone to the bad; we can do no business here now."

The advent of steam has been largely, indeed mainly, responsible for this change, as also for altering the type of seafaring men. In those "good old times" an able seaman's pay was two pounds ten shillings a month, voyages frequently lasted three years, and during their brief stay ashore they were robbed and victimised in every manner conceivable. And this recalls a tale of the old Highway.

In an extremely violent gale of wind, ships occasionally run or scud before it without any canvas spread. This is technically known as "scudding under bare poles." Sailors, when sleeping in the dens which everywhere abounded, frequently woke up in the morning to find themselves alone, and the new suits which they had been wearing abstracted. To get home to their lodgings under these circumstances naturally taxed to the utmost their resourcefulness and ingenuity, and many laughable stories I have heard them relate in reference to devices adopted. Two sailors, chums, were sleeping in one of these dens, and in the early morning awoke to find themselves alone, and their garments gone, soon no doubt to find their way into the convenient and friendly pawnshop, and later to be resold to other sailors and re-robbd. Our pair of heroes consulted, and as a result a newspaper was found, and it was arranged that one should wrap this round his manly form, and "run the gauntlet" through the streets to their not far distant lodgings. If the run was successful, the second man was to follow still more lightly "clad." The first away encountered a policeman, who facetiously remarked: "Hullo, Jack, you're running along under very easy canvas this morning!" "Oh, that's nothing," was the reply, "there's a fellow coming after me scudding under bare poles."

After our ship was paid off and all had been given their discharges, we went our several ways, and I never met or even heard of one of my first shipmates again, Poor Scotty, who so "dearly loved fechtin," shed tears when he parted with me, and seemed to be desirous of again sailing with a horrible scoundrel called "Bully Waterman," whose name, familiar as a household word in American ships, was synonymous with cruelty and oppression. There were in those days standing topics of discussion, and in this barque I first heard of the alleged severity of a Magistrate who occupied the Bench in Newcastle, New South Wales. It was alleged—and you heard of this in almost every ship—that he gloried in giving most severe sentences to any seafaring men who might be so unfortunate as to appear before him. Comparatively recently in a leading Australian weekly I read the following amusing anecdote in reference to this probably worthy man.

A sailor heard so much in every ship in reference to the alleged wickedness of the Newcastle bug bear, that he became seized with a desire to see the "monster" with his own eyes, and so shipped for the Coal Port in order that he might do so.

Having duly arrived, he took his seat in court one day before the Bench was occupied, intending to watch the proceedings, but when the Magistrate made his appearance, the sailor's long pent-up feelings proved too much for him, and he exclaimed, "Oh, you're S—, are you, you old —; I've come sixteen thousand miles to see you."

"You had better take a good look, then," was the Magistrate's reply, "as you won't have another opportunity for six weeks. Six weeks for contempt of Court."

Many lads would leave the sea after their first voyage, had they sufficient strength of mind to do so, but for various reasons comparatively few turn back once they have "taken a hold of the plough." When a lad of

fifteen or sixteen returns to his native village after, say, the absence of a year, he is, by comparison with his old playmates, a travelled and important person. His clothing, and probably his language, has a flavour of the sea. Amongst his former companions he has a status which they envy, and amongst the fair sex the young sailor who has seen so much of the world takes a higher position than the landsman who has never been "half a mile away from a cow's tail." To remain ashore, and to engage in its commonplace pursuits would be to sacrifice all these blessings and advantages, it would also be repugnant to his amour propre. The result is that he makes another plunge, which, as a rule, seals his fate. In another year or two he is fit only for the profession which he has adopted.

There is a great deal of nonsense spoken in reference to the old "Norse blood" as being responsible for the restless, adventurous lives of the "toilers of the sea." The explanation is rather to be found in the fact that we are creatures of habit, that a sailor becomes habituated to change, and cannot content himself at any steady, settled occupation. It is a question often discussed at sea, and I have frequently heard young men who detested sea life admit that they could not content themselves even when they got—for them—good situations ashore. Most seafaring men do detest sea life, particularly those who are married, and it is often extremely pathetic to listen to the confidences of men with wives and children at home.

Seafaring is a life of hardship, discomfort and danger, but certainly its worst feature is that it is a life of social isolation. The sailor is obviously deprived of much that goes to make existence, if not enjoyable, at least tolerable. To show the feeling of sailors themselves in reference to their life, and this is a typical instance, poor "Scottie," one of the roughest fellows that could be found even amongst seafaring men of his

time, on the day we parted, begged me with tears in his eyes to promise that I would never make another voyage.

As an occupation the sailor's life is of a most uninteresting character. Four hours up and four hours below, setting sails or furling them, with a fight or a gale now and then to relieve the monotony. Such is, largely, life at sea. When I had discovered all that was known in reference to winds, tides, and currents of the sea, the occupation of a sailor became to me uninteresting and insipid. But it was with me at all times, merely a means to an end, to gratify a mania to "see the world," and when I wished to visit any particular country I discovered from the advertisements the ships about to sail for it, and went down and applied, generally with success, for a berth as one of the crew.

But, what apparent trifles influence the whole course of such a wandering life. Once in Liverpool I wished to find a ship bound for Quebec, and with my then chum, a fine, powerful Devonshire lad, from Clovelly, took a stroll round the docks. Both were happy as kings in the enjoyment of health, liberty, and leisure. Presently we came to a yacht that arrested my attention, and as I saw a sailor working on deck, sang out to him: "Any chance of a berth in that tub?"

He looked up and said: "Do you both want berths?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," he said, "looking at the pair of you, I should say you're both sure of a chance to a dead certainty. This is the 'Sunbeam,' and Lady Brassey will be down in half an hour or an hour at most. I think from the cut of your jibs she'll take the pair on you, and be damned glad to get you. It's her as what ships the men."

"All right, old man," said I, "we'll take a walk first."

But in less than half an hour we met an old shipmate, whose yarns lured us to the shores of the Great Republic.

On my return from the first voyage I became the victim of what are known as "turnpike sailors." Young, impressionable, and sympathetic, I listened to the tales of men who had been shipwrecked, and who were otherwise the victims of an accumulation of calamities and misfortunes. These men are, or were, professional mendicants, who acquire a certain amount of sea jargon, sufficient to impose upon the charitably disposed, and upon sympathetic greenhorns amongst the young sailors. They were always dressed in fragments of nautical looking clothes, and I never had any suspicion whatever of their bona fides. The rascals discovered that Lady Tichborne feared that her son was lost at sea, and eventually they visited her in such numbers with stories of her boy with whom they all professed to have sailed, that her husband had at last to station men in the grounds to keep them off. One of them, brought up before the Magistrate during my stay in London, was asked: "Where have you last come from?"

"From Quebec," was the reply.

"Did you call in anywhere on the way?" inquired the Magistrate.

"Oh, yes," was the jaunty reply, "we called in at St. Helena for water and provisions!"

A friend of mine in Australia told me that his father, an Anglican Vicar in England, received a visit of five of these worthies, who alleged that they had all been "cast away" together on the stormy Welsh coast. He managed to separate them, and then asked each man the name of the Captain of their ill-fated ship. Each gave a different name. Thereupon the clergyman put them all together again and said: "My poor fellows, I am not

surprised at your ship being lost, for I find that you have had five Captains."

Sailors were, as a rule, to use one of their own expressions, "stranded" in two or three weeks, and glad to escape from the scenes of their orgies. Very little attention or respect was then paid to them by the harpies of all kinds, who regarded them as their lawful prey. In the boardinghouses a distinction was made between the "homeward bound," just arrived with plenty of cash, and those known as "outward bound" men, ready to ship in the first vessel that wanted a crew, their "month's advance" being devoted to squaring up with those to whom they had contracted some trifling debts for lodging or outfit. In some of the boardinghouses two tables were kept, one bearing the most "dainty" provender for the "homeward bounder," the other somewhat meagrely supplied, for the now seedy looking "outward bounder," and this distinction found expression in one of the doggerel ditties of the period—

"Get up, Jack, let John sit down,

For you know damned well you're outward bound."

I have often thought that the saying, attributed, I believe, to the "Merrie Monarch," "that sailors earn their money like horses and spend it like asses," was a most unpardonable libel upon a patient, long-suffering beast of burden, who, in earning his coarse fare, deserves better treatment than that which he only too often receives at the hands of ungrateful man, the cruellest creature on earth. Often on the shores of the Mediterranean I have pitied these poor, dumb, defenceless animals undergoing shocking cruelty at the hands of pitiless masters. I can never believe in the reality of human progress so long as man is guilty of cruelty to the dumb creatures who minister to his comfort and pleasure. I once had a ship-mate, a handsome, powerful, young fellow of two

and twenty, whose heart was so tender that he could not bear to see any dumb animal abused. In passing a cart one day not far from London, he saw the driver mercilessly beating an old black horse. After a strong remonstrance from my friend, which only elicited an insulting reply from the driver, he jumped up into the cart, intending to wrest the whip from the culprit and administer correction upon him with it. But there were two other men in the conveyance, and in a very short time there was a Homeric "rough and tumble" fight in full progress in the bottom of the cart, from which my friend emerged entirely victorious. But he was "hauled up" and fined ten shillings for "assault and battery." I might add that my handsome young chum almost immediately after was going ashore one day, dressed in his "very best," to keep an important appointment with his lady love in the Victoria Park, when a man and woman appeared to be engaged in a most violent altercation, which was suddenly terminated by the woman throwing herself, with an unearthly scream, into the dock, the waters of which were black with coal dust. The man made no effort to save the drowning woman, but my friend sprang in and succeeded in swimming with her to the stone steps. The net result was that his clothes were spoiled, and through this unfortunate episode he lost the love of a beautiful girl, who had waited in vain at the trysting place, and who never forgave what she most erroneously attributed to indifference or neglect. And to add insult to injury, next day a most acrimonious discussion took place between my chum and the husband of the lady whose life he had saved, the question being the sum which might be reasonably expected for the destruction of clothing in an act of philanthropy. Eventually, after much forcible language, the disgusted rescuer received ten shillings from the husband, and I really think to this day that the rescue of his wife was not by any means a

source of satisfaction to her spouse. The rupture with his sweetheart, however, caused my chum to leave England, to which he has never since returned.

What is known to landsmen as a storm, is always spoken of by seamen as a gale, but hurricanes receive their specific appellations from the localities in which they are found, such as a "typhoon" in the China seas, a "cyclone" in the Bay of Bengal, or a "pampero" off the Rio de la Plata. It is only off Mauritius, or in the West Indies, that I have heard a hurricane spoken of as such. In a really dangerous gale at sea, when the sea is running "mountains high," the ship must for safety be placed in one of two positions, she must either be kept "running before the wind," with her topsails set close-reefed, so as to give her as high a rate of speed as possible and so keep her clear, as far as may be, of the great following waves, or she must be "hove to." The more nearly a ship can be kept "end on" to the waves the more safe her position. In running before a gale with a dangerous following sea, she has her stern presented to the great seas that keep rolling past, but she may still be in a position of extreme peril, as being very "lean" aft under the water line, her stern may "duck" under a sea and thus she may get "pooped," which means that the sea—perhaps a breaking one—may sweep her decks and carry away the man at the wheel, when she may "broach to," and fall into that dreaded position known as "lying in the trough of the sea." She is then lying parallel with the great seas, which will soon sweep and sink her, unless her crew are able, by manipulating the sails, to get her head again "paid off" before the wind. A ship may also get into the same perilous position through the neglect or incapacity of the helmsman, if he allows her to "yaw" on her course. While running in a dangerous gale only the very best helmsmen are allowed to take the wheel. When it is found to be dangerous to run, an attempt is made to "heave to," that is, to bring

the ship round so as to face the waves at as near an angle as possible to the sea, but this is an operation frequently attended with great danger, as the decks may get swept when "coming round," or, as sometimes happens, she may fail in coming up to the position in which it is sought to place her, and so, without steerage way, fall back into the trough of the sea.

Theoretically a ship should never be lost, if she goes to sea strongly and honestly built, well officered, properly manned, and provided with oil for a dangerous sea, she should be found equal to encounter any weather, but in practice much may be wanting, and I really believe that there are more ships lost from want of brains than from any other cause, and I also believe that many a British ship has been lost in consequence of what sailors call "office influence": that is, the promotion of officers, not on account of merit and capacity, but because they have "friends at court." As seamen I consider the officers of the American merchant service superior to the English, but in knowledge of navigation the English officers are, or were, very superior to the Yankees, many of whom took up this study at an age, when learning even so simple a subject proves extremely difficult to men who are otherwise ignorant and illiterate. American ship-owners have many sins to answer for, but so far as my experience went, few will be called to account for the offence of "office influence" in the sense and manner in which it has been too frequently found in the British mercantile marine.

CHAPTER IV.

I become a gold-digger—A big shout—The Doctor—On the Arrow and Shotover—Cats and mice.

"Oh, we dug for gold on the Dunstan shore
To my way a-we'll blow the man down
And went to the Arrow to look for more
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down."

Whilst still in my teens, I assisted in shipping a number of cattle on board a brig bound from Wellington, New Zealand, to Dunedin, where, in consequence of the influx of men from Australia in search of that gold which the celebrated Spanish chronicler tells us "most men covet," the price of meat was high, so much so that bullocks which were bought on the North Island for twelve pounds readily fetched double the money on their arrival at Port Chalmers, the Port of Otago. I then noticed on the passage—and I have since seen the same thing elsewhere—that some of the very best cattle died from no apparent cause, and I have often thought that this was attributable to what passes amongst men as a broken heart, a feeling which I have seen responsible for the death of a Swiss girl in America.

After driving the cattle up to Dunedin, three of us who had assisted, decided to travel up the country to the Dunstan, a mining township which had suddenly sprung into existence at the touch of the "magic wand of gold." We arranged with a carter who was about to start with his team for the new El Dorado, to carry our swags for ninepence a pound. Carriage to the Dunstan, 80 miles from Dunedin, was then worth about £150 a ton, but the journey lay over unformed roads and hilly and mountainous country, in which no trees were to be seen, and even small scrub was so scarce and so seldom met with that we had generally to boil the "billy" with

grass. But what appetites the glorious atmosphere of these bare mountains gave us. We could hardly satisfy ourselves, and provisions of all kinds were ruling at such high prices that we discussed the absolute necessity of moderation. The hotels and stores were mainly built with sod walls and roofed with calico, but the gullies in the neighbourhood were yielding well, and in these temporarily built business premises a large and lucrative commerce was carried on with the lucky diggers, many of whom made the money fly in the manner so frequently seen when men, hitherto poor, suddenly become possessed of affluence. All drinks, "hard" or "soft," were a shilling each, and one evening I saw a young fellow whom I had known at Home "shout for the house," which meant giving a drink to all present, or perhaps within range, and a hundred and twenty thirsty souls partook of refreshments at this fountain.

Amongst the diggers were men of all nationalities, and of many different occupations. Many social grades were also represented, but, taken as a whole, they were respectable men of fine physique, in the prime of life, and crime of any kind was rare. Amongst the men at this Dunstan rush was an old Irish doctor, whom I had previously known, and who had been twenty-five years at sea. He was distinguished in the field from the fact that he might sometimes be seen kneeling in his tent in scanty attire, pouring forth such a "fore and aft" stream of curses and imprecations in reference to the earth and its inhabitants generally, and the Dunstan and its population in particular. On such occasions people used to gather round to listen to what they would describe as a "picnic." One day he and I passed one of the "swells" of the camp, a banker about six feet five inches in height, dressed in a shirt, tight riding breeches and riding boots, a costume, much worn at the time by the swells of the township. This man resembled a mathematical line, length without breadth, and altogether

presented a most "outré" appearance. As the doctor passed him he looked up at him, and with inimitable Hibernian humour, said to me: "Did you ever see such a spither."

My friend of the big "shout" had just come down from a newly discovered auriferous river, named the "Arrow," where he and a few other men had been working rich ground, the locality of which they had succeeded in keeping a secret. In a few weeks they made a good many hundred pounds each, but the inevitable discovery soon took place, and my friend, accompanied by an intrepid Irish explorer named Bill Fox, came down to the Dunstan for a visit. He introduced me to the celebrity and said: "Now, Bill, this is a particular friend of mine, and I want to lay him on to gold; where would you advise him to go?"

"Well," said Bill, "I would not advise him to go to the Arrow"—the river upon which they had been secretly working—"but there's a river over near Lake Wakatipu, called the Shotover; I was prospecting over there for a while one day and got two ounces of gold with just a tin dish."

I started off next day with two young men two or three years older than myself, one a native of New Zealand, and the other of Australia. Both had done a good deal of digging. The distance by the then route was about eighty miles, crossing, by the way, a range seven thousand feet high, and upon which the snow still lay in the shelves of the rocks, although it was then November and getting into the New Zealand summer. We realised the difficulty of carrying our swags up this hill—the Crown Range—but the sensations in my limbs on the way down the other side were so much worse, that sometimes to ease them I turned round and walked up the hill for a short distance.

We procured a candle, a rude appliance for obtaining the gold from the gravel, and started up the Shotover

River, the first men, I verily believe, on the ground, as we saw no others. We got some gold and I picked some pretty little nuggets from the crevices in the rocks. The river where we were camped ran through deep rocky gorges. But then a most remarkable occurrence took place. We were three of a party and I had no experience whatever. The New Zealand-born member had been very recently married, and all at once he displayed an absorbing desire to get back to his wife, at the same time persuading the other fellow that life without matrimony was not worth living. The result was that we idiotically left a river which, with its tributaries, soon after proved to be the richest "poor man's" goldfield ever known in the world. Within a month from the day that we left, about five hundred men made fully a thousand pounds each on the Shotover and its richest tributary, Skippers Gully, in which the gold was procured, in many instances at a depth of less than two feet. We walked back to the Dunstan by a much shorter route than the one by which we came up, and worked for a while in Conroy's Gully, eight miles from the Dunstan, buying some boards for fluming the creek at a cost of four shillings a foot. We got no gold to speak of, nor did we deserve it after our idiotic escapade.

Getting some capital, sensible and experienced men as mates, we started again for the Arrow River, where we took up a claim and did a lot of hard work, but got very little gold. On the way there from the Dunstan we crossed a high range called "Gentle Annie," camping on a small saddle at night not far from the summit. I saw there, lying on the surface, some logs of totara, one of the most durable New Zealand woods, and I conjectured that at one time these bare hills and mountains must have been covered with forest. A young and good-looking Russian Finn sailor camped beside us that night and told us how deeply he was in love with a Scotch lassie in Glasgow. After we had been little more than

a month in the Arrow he passed us one day and told us that up near "Skippers" he had taken up a little bit of ground, and made, to him, the fabulous sum of over four hundred pounds. He seemed scarcely able to believe or realise his good fortune, but was at any rate sufficiently sane to start for Glasgow the next day with his little fortune intact.

In consequence of the difficulties of transport provisions were obtainable only at very high prices. For a rather skinny merino wether we paid an ounce of gold and half a crown; beef was sixteen pence a pound. Two of us walked seventeen miles one day to purchase flour at two shillings per pound, each carrying home a fifty pound bag. On the prices ruling in our vicinity, viz., five shillings per pound, we thus saved quite a substantial sum. A mob of 37 fat bullocks were being driven up close to a precipice said to be fifteen hundred feet in height, when one sprang over. All the rest immediately followed, entailing a loss estimated at fifteen hundred pounds. Rats and mice were extraordinarily numerous, so much so that during the dinner hour I could kill half a dozen of the latter, by placing a few crumbs on the floor and merely dropping my foot on them. One of our party, an Irish gentleman, had a most remarkable head of hair, resembling, in quantity, and even appearance, some which I have seen amongst the races of the Pacific. It was not of very great length, but exceedingly thick and curly. One Sunday afternoon, as he was lying on the couch bed, I saw him put his hand to his head and extract a mouse. Cats were scarce and valuable, £5 or £6, and even more, were easily obtained for one, and these high prices induced a Scot, with all the enterprise of his race, to start with a van full from Invercargill for the Lake districts, but being unduly addicted to the consumption of the "national beverage," to use an American expression, he got on a protracted "bender" at a wayside hotel, and the cats got adrift, none, it was said, being recaptured by the owner.

CHAPTER V.

Floods on the Arrow—The "Doctor" Again—Moa Remains—A Maori "Haka."

The climate of this southern Lake region of New Zealand is certainly one of the very best in the world—sunny, bracing, and dry, very little rain falling, but a rainstorm during the winter of my stay occasioned, in addition to other injuries, great loss of life.

Mountain streams like the Arrow and the Shotover rose to a height never anticipated by the diggers, many of whom had built their huts at the foot of the hills and close to the rivers, which came foaming down during a remarkably dark night, washing away the little structures, and in many instances their inmates. The workings of the diggers along the river banks had in many instances "loosened" the gravel and detached huge stones along the rocky mountain slopes, and during this "fearsome night" the slips came tumbling over precipices into the river with a noise like thunder. Occasionally huge fragments of rock, some of them many tons in weight, came rolling down at a pace that made the ground tremble in the vicinity of their paths. A friend of mine, one of a dozen who were gathered into a hut on the Shotover that night to hearten each other up, heard a huge rock thundering down the hill behind their frail dwelling. Fearing that it would crush the hut they all rushed for the door, but, strange to say, stuck in the doorway—happily for them, as a large rock flew past within six feet of the spot in which they had got "jammed."

Our abode on the Arrow was constructed of stone walls a little more than three feet in height, and roofed with calico spread over the rafters. It was situated on

a tiny alluvial flat composed of pure sand, our chimney being a pretentious structure of stone. I occupied the same bed as the Irish friend to whom I have alluded, and during the night I struck a light and discovered that the stones of the hut wall next the river had disappeared, and from my place in the bed nearest to the wall I could see below the waters of the rapidly rising stream. I at once gave the alarm, and as the chimney had the appearance of "canting," we burst through the calico at the back and ascended the hill, which was both high and steep. Immediately beside our hut was a precipice two or three hundred feet in height, and we, with a bottle lantern—a candle inside the neck of a bottle from which the bottom had been cut—tried to shape our course so as to get up on the spur as close to the brink as safety would permit. I was leading the way up the hill, bottle lantern in hand, the other three coming on in single file, but when I had come up well over the brink of the precipice I noticed the ground cracking under my feet, and sang out: "Don't come a step further, boys, the ground's cracking."

"No one but a fool would ever have come this way," disgustedly yelled my Irish friend. It was a reflection upon me as guide, as I had suggested taking this slanting track on to the spur instead of another, steeper but safer. But we soon got on to the top, or nearly so. Some Irishmen had a tent near the top, but they were afraid to remain in it, and were spending the night on the sure foundation of the rock itself on the hill top. I turned in to one of their beds, but towards morning they came back to the hut, having, as one of them remarked to me, "gathered courage."

Taken as a whole, it was a terrifying night to those unaccustomed to danger.

I have often considered the question as to whether the existence of gold on the surface of our planet is beneficial or otherwise to mankind. It is valuable as a

medium of exchange, and probably still more so in connection with the profession of dentistry. Anything approaching an analysis of a many-sided question would be out of place amongst these rambling reminiscences, but un-orthodox as the opinion may be, I incline to the belief that, measured by the best standards, the existence of gold in Australasia has not proved conducive to the betterment of the race.

Having spent some time in the Lake District, I left the Arrow and walked down to the Dunstan along the banks of the Kawarau and Molyneux Rivers, the former being a large tributary which joins the Molyneux about ten miles above the township. The beds of these rock-bound rivers contain vast quantities of gold dust, the filings through countless ages of the precious metal contained in the rocks of the basins which they have drained and denuded. To-day the powerful dredges are scooping up submerged hoards of wealth from the river bottoms, the existence of which was more than suspected by the diggers of an earlier period.

One of the first persons I met at the Dunstan was my old friend the Irish doctor, who saluted me with: "Well, old friend, how is every tether's length of you?" He subsequently pressed me to take up my abode with him during my brief stay of a couple of nights, as he told me that he had a good "tint" pitched down near the river. This river at the Dunstan is a noble stream, in width just the distance that the greatest experts could throw a stone—and it was a favourite pastime of the diggers to thus test their throwing powers and the river's breadth. It is deep and rapid, and after receiving some other tributaries, pours at its mouth a greater volume of water into the sea than the historic Nile itself. The weather was delightful, bright and clear, with a full moon sailing through a cloudless sky as the Doctor and I retired to rest about midnight. He told me of a powerful scoundrel, whom I already knew well. "In his

cups," quoth the Doctor, "he is a most unmitigated ruffian; he came in here one night and threw me out of bed. I didn't fight with the blackguard or anything like that, or else I'd be making myself as bad as him, and in the morning said he to me: 'Now, Mister, you can turn in.'"

"Why, thin," says I, "the Divil thank you for nothing."

The Doctor was elderly and corpulent, with quite a phenomenally large, bald head. We hadn't long retired to rest when a volley of stones struck the "tint." Its owner jumped out of bed with a nimbleness which quite surprised me. Unable to catch the culprits, he waited, standing inside the tent door ready to pounce for another attack. None came, and he turned into bed, and as he did so uttered but four words, but they were delivered with a deep emphasis and solemnity, and a whole-souled disgust which I could never forget: "By the living God."

I was supposed to be asleep, but was in reality convulsed with laughter under the blankets. Next night a similar scene was repeated, but the situation was so irresistably comic that this time I could not restrain myself, and I said, as my host lay down after one of his vain sorties:

"Are they throwing stones, Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, feelingly, "and that's not half as bad as they did to me the other night. Do you know," his voice took on a new depth, "they came and they—"

But just then another volley struck the tent, and the old man once more essayed a fruitless pursuit, leaving the sentence unfinished, so that I was never to know what particular atrocity he was about to relate, as I was afraid to ask him on his return.

At a depth of thirteen feet in the gravel bed of the Arrow we dug up bones of the Moa, the famous extinct wingless bird, which stood fifteen feet in height. At

Conroy's Gully I have seen cartloads of these great bones, and on the mountain slope above, we noticed a string of bones, indicating that here presumably a number of the noble creatures had perished in a flock, probably overtaken by fire, which in a dry season in that thickly grassed country would spread for hundreds of miles. In Conroy's Gully, too, great numbers had evidently perished, huddled there for shelter from the flames, and I am strongly of opinion that fire has been largely responsible for the extinction of these remarkable connecting links with a remote past when continents existed where now roll the blue waters of the Pacific.

There has been much controversy in reference to the date or period of the disappearance of the Moa, some contending that they must have been extinct antecedent to the arrival of the Maori more than five hundred years ago. But for various reasons I believe that their disappearance is of comparatively recent date. A lady gave me a feather rather more than a foot in length which had been discovered in a cutting through clay in which a number of Moa bones were also found. From its appearance I concluded that this was a Moa feather. Afterwards, while visiting a great Maori meeting in the North Island, at which I met an old chief with whom I had some acquaintance, I asked him if he knew what the Moa feathers were like, and he told me that he had no knowledge in this direction, but that there was an old Maori camped alone on the edge of the forest who came from Wairoa, where it was alleged the last Moas had been seen in New Zealand, and that we would call upon him, and perhaps obtain some light on the subject. In response to our inquiry the old fellow told us that the Maoris did not know much about the Moa, that they were afraid to get too near it, as "it kicked so hard." Of course, birds of this order, like the emu and the ostrich, do kick hard, but it is scarcely conceivable that the Maoris would have credited the moa with kicking at all,

had they not had some very specific acquaintance with the habits of the bird.

I, with some other returning diggers, arranged for seats in a teamster's empty waggon, bound for Dunedin, the beautifully situated Scottish metropolis of Australasia. Thence I travelled to Wellington, and walked for about a hundred miles up the west coast of the island. In the vicinity of a wayside house of entertainment, where I passed the night, I witnessed a spectacle which will never again be seen of similar type. This was a Maori war dance, performed by several hundred magnificently stalwart warriors panting for the fray, their passions having been thoroughly aroused by an emissary who had been sent south from the Waikato, the then seat of war, to rouse the southern tribes to the assistance of their gallant kinsmen in the north. This emissary struck me much, a quiet, self-contained young man, but he conveyed to me the impression of a born leader of men. He had also the reputation of being a somewhat skilful gunner, as he had fired some steelyard weights out of a small cannon, of which they had somehow become possessed. But the frantic gesticulations of these stalwart warriors, their seeming fury, their facial contortions, rolling eyes, and rhythmic stamping, making the ground tremble beneath their feet, formed to me a most interesting, and for the moment somewhat alarming picture, which can never be erased from the tables of memory. I have said "alarming," for the fury seemed so terrible as to suggest that they had lost all self-control, and I had for the moment a suspicion that I would be the first victim of warlike ardour. But this impression was most erroneous, as, the dance over, normal conditions were immediately resumed, and I was courteously invited to partake of my native host's hospitable fare.

CHAPTER VI.

Battle of Taumatawiwi—Te Waharoa—Maori Strategy and Valour
—Origin of the Maori—Heredity.

“And he thought of the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high.”

—Scott.

And here perhaps I may quote, for I have bound myself to no order, a most interesting account of a battle given to me by a very remarkable man whose knowledge of the Maori race was probably at least equal to that of any European in New Zealand. He obtained this description of the fight from an old Maori who, as a boy of eleven, was a witness of the engagement. My friend narrated the story to a British officer of high rank, with whom he became acquainted in Auckland, and who as a soldier felt so deeply moved that he visited the locality to inspect the battlefield, and obtain the old Maori eye witness's account of an encounter which he, justly, I think, regarded as of historical interest. My friend, from whom I received this account of the battle, was an old Highlander, whose grandfather fought at Culloden, a grandson of MacIan, the slaughtered chief of Glencoe. He was a man of altogether remarkable powers of language, and lucid description, and as he told me the story of the battle his eyes fairly blazed with excitement and animation. My friend was known over the North Island of New Zealand, and was for years the trusted friend and counsellor of the Maori race. The character of the Maori is changing, but the chiefs of a preceding generation had implicit confidence in “Aleck” Macdonald, who, in the absolute unselfishness of his character, differed from many of the cunning, grasping Europeans, who were regarded at once with

suspicion and aversion by all those natives anxious to preserve the tribal lands of their ancestors. The description of the battle is given in Mr. Macdonald's own words, and I have recently learned with deep regret, that he, an interesting link with the past, has departed for that shadowy land "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

"The battle of Taumatawiwi, fought in the year 1830, might well be termed the Waterloo of the Waikato.

"The Maori tribes north of Auckland, collectively known as the Ngapuhi, were the first to obtain firearms in quantity. With the new weapon these tribes overran the North Island, slaughtering and capturing prisoners in great numbers.

"Their incursions into Waikato culminated in the storm of the great Matakiki Pa, and the massacre of men, women and children. This was in 1822. Matakiki Pa was situated near the present town of Alexandra, and when I last visited that district in 1869, a recent fern fire had exposed to view a large area strewn with human bones, around the site of the old Pa.

"Ngapuhi formed no permanent settlement south of Auckland, but they practically depopulated the great triangular district formed west and east by the Waipa and Waikato Rivers, and by the Maungatautari Mountain and range in the South.

"The tribes called Ngatimaru and Ngatipawa, of the Lower Thames, and south coast of Hauraki Gulf were also by this time (1822-4) becoming well supplied with firearms and ammunition, and they now invaded, with the intention of permanent settlement, the depopulated Waikato district.

"In this they were entirely successful, occupying the above mentioned triangular district with fully 3000 men, and their women and children.

"Between 1814 and 1822, Ngatihaua, before the Matakiki massacre, were driven from the Waikato posses-

sions by the firearmed Ngapuhi. But under their chief Te Waharoa, they retired in a body to the hill country north of Rotorua and between the Waikato and Thames rivers, a region known as the Hinnera ranges. Ngatihaua was only a small tribe, or rather a large hapu, numbering generally 300 warriors, but under the able conduct of Te Waharoa, they maintained by sheer talent and superlative bravery, their tribal individuality and independence in the Hinnera hills. Te Waharoa, by politic conduct and convenient services against the Uriwera and Rotorua tribes, established for himself and people very friendly relations with the coast tribes of Tauranga, collectively known as Ngaiterangi, and through these coast tribes he obtained a considerable supply of firearms and ammunition.

"Then, from 1825 to 1830, Te Waharoa was indefatigable in drilling his tribe to the combined use of the firearm and tomahawk, and in those years, from 1825 to 1830, he and his people had on many occasions to practice with these weapons in actual fight against the Uriwera and Rotorua tribes.

"Up to this time, however (1830), Te Waharoa had not considered himself strong enough to make any attempt against the numerous Ngatimaru and Ngatipara, who had taken and were in occupation of his ancestral Waikato lands.

"But now he learned that the many remnants of Waikato tribes who had taken refuge in the Hunua and Manakau ranges in the north; in the Pirongia Kawhia ranges in the west; and Mokau in the south, having obtained firearms through three ports, were organising a great attempt to recover Waikato from Ngatimaru and Ngatipara. Eight hundred men from Hunua ranges and Manakau were nearly ready to march, and other parties from Pirongia Kawhia and Mokau would join them from west and south.

"Now, it would be, according to Maori ideas, very derogatory to the prestige (mana) of Ngatihaua and their warrior chief, Te Waharoa, if their ancient Waikato lands were recovered mainly by other instrumentality than their own. For supposing that the rallied combination of Waikato tribes were successful in expelling Ngatimaru and Ngatipara, and that Ngatihaua could thereupon reoccupy their old lands, they could only do so under obligation to hapus, to whom they had not hitherto been in any way subordinate.

"Ngatihaua mustered 300 first-class warriors, each having at least one firearm and tomahawk. And every man had been sedulously taught to look forward to the time when they could burst into Waikato and by sheer valour reconquer their ancestral homes.

"News now came that the Waikatos were about ready to march, and that Ngatimaru and Ngatipara were assembling their whole force in a strong pa in the north-east flank of Maungatautari Mountain, with the Taumatawiwi plain spread out in front.

"It was time, therefore, for Te Waharoa to act or leave to others the glorious task of reconquering the Waikato.

"In this emergency Te Waharoa appealed to his Ngaiterangi friends to lend him 1000 men, not to be exposed to any great risk, but chiefly to make a show of force.

"Ngaiterangi consented, Te Waharoa got the 1000 show allies, and the following rough sketch will, I hope, illustrate the great battle that ensued, while the Waikatos were still several days distant.

"The address of Te Waharoa to his people before leaving the Thames hills was short and altogether to the point: 'Our women and children,' he said, 'go with us, for we go to stay. If we conquer it shall be well. If we cannot conquer, we can die, and our women and children will be with us in either case. Any one or more

of you who have had omens can remain here, and join Ngaiterangi and live on fish. At dawn we march. The women and children will follow. Enough! You are each as good a man as I, and it is my fixed intention to conquer before the Waikato tribes come up.' There were no bad omens, or, if there were, none were expressed, and not a Ngatihaua soul remained behind in the Thames hills. On the following afternoon they junctioned with the 1000 Ngaiterangi allies, and together crossed the Waikato River a little way above where the present town of Cambridge now stands.

"The Ngatimarū and Ngatipara were by this time all concentrated, with their women and children, in the strong Pa shown in the sketch. Thinking, however, to crush Te Waharoa and Ngatihaua before the other Waikato tribes came up, they drew out their entire force and disposed themselves in order of battle in the open, but with a steep gully and terrace in their front. Their right rested on the cliff banks of the Waikato River, their left on their Pa, but they neglected to occupy the little mass of boulders on their right in the angle of the river cliff and the terrace. Te Waharoa noticed this, and this little mass of separate boulders became a distinct feature in his dispositions. The enemy's line formed two sides of a square, their left wing twice the length of their right.

"Te Waharoa first of all disposed of his 1000 show allies of Ngaiterangi along the brow of the gully opposite to that occupied by the enemy. His orders to these 1000 men were simply to keep up a fusilade across the gully, but he neither asked them nor professed to expect from them, a closer hand to hand conflict. He, however, placed twenty men of his own Ngatihaua on the extreme right of his allies, with orders, on given signal, to charge across the gully regardless of numbers opposed to them, and to incite merely by their example as many of the allies as possible to follow.

“He then divided the remaining Ngatihaua into two bodies of 140 men each. The left detachment had no special leader, as it was extremely doubtful which of them would live to reach the destined point of attack, but every man in the attachment knew the orders, viz., they were to creep through the fern to the edge of the chasm shown in the tracing, and lower themselves by ropes to the bottom. Five women were detailed to creep after the men, and let the ropes go when the latter were all down. The men were then, by notches cut in the papa cliff, to get at least one man to the top of the opposite side. Then, by assistance of the ropes, all were to get up as speedily as possible to the cover of the little clump of trees in the angle of the chasm and the river. Then, on signal, all were to run at best speed and in loosest possible order to the rocks at the opposite end of the little plain, exposed all the way to fire at about 140 yards range from the steep terrace.

“Arrived at the rocks they were there for a moment to get together and charge with their whole weight in the extreme right of the enemy’s line. While this operation was in progress Te Waharoa advanced the other detachment to within range of the enemy’s centre just over the waterfall. The ground here was a little hummocky and afforded good cover. Te Waharoa himself stood a few yards further back on the flank of Pukekura hill, until he saw the attack on his left from the rocks taking effect. Then shouting his war cry and signalling the twenty Ngatihaua on his extreme right, he precipitated himself and his 140 men full on to the centre of the enemy at the angle formed by the Terrace and the gully. At the same moment the twenty Ngatihaua on the extreme right charged across the gully on the left of the enemy, and in the excitement and natural love of Maoris for battle, a good many of the allies followed, and charged home with the immortal twenty.

About forty of the left Ngatihaua detachment fell in the 500 yards from the little clump of trees, to the rocks; but the remaining 100 sprang in a body up the Terrace. And now was seen the enormous advantage of Te Waharoa's careful training.

Gaining the top of the Terrace, the 100 men instantly spread themselves in a line of 80 men, with ten men on each flank. Only three flankers used fire-arms, the line of 80 men charged with the tomahawk, using the firearm as a sort of shield, the flankers keeping up a constant fire on their front and advancing step for step with the line of Tomahawks.

This detachment of Ngatihaua actually rolled up the enemy's right wing, so that the two Ngatihaua detachments still holding the flank of the enemy continued the charge until a cry arose from the latter that they were being cut off from their Pa and their women and children. This was the effect that Te Waharoa calculated upon, or at least hoped for in placing these twenty men on his extreme right.

The ten survivors of the twenty now stood back to back in a deluge of the retreating enemy.

When the last of the enemy was bottled up in the Pa the surviving Ngatihaua and their allies retired beyond "Brown Bess" range, for there were no long range rifles in those days.

Ngatihaua lost altogether sixty men killed and ninety wounded. Ngaiterangi lost ten men killed and twenty-five wounded. Ngatimaru and Ngatipara lost 400 men killed, and any who were only slightly wounded escaped into the Pa.

Ngatimaru and Ngatipara still had 2,500 available men and Te Waharoa could not place implicit reliance on his allies. Ngatihaua therefore carefully collected all their dead and the bodies were cremated in the night after the battle to prevent them falling into the hands

of the enemy. In 1880 there was still a small flagstaff to mark the spot where the bodies were burned.

In the night, however, negotiations were opened, at first between Ngaiterangi and the enemy. Next day the matter was referred to Te Waharoa, and that politic Chief readily agreed to cease hostilities, provided Ngatimaru and Ngatipara forthwith retired, bag and baggage, to their own districts. This they accordingly did, escorted by Te Waharoa's Ngaiterangi allies and fifty of his own men. Te Waharoa himself, and the remainder of his people, with their wounded and their women and children, took possession of the Pa and waited there to receive the advancing parties of Waikato. And so ended a compact and well-planned little battle, won by good generalship and the most supreme valour. The reason I have termed it the Waterloo of the Waikato is because long after the Native Land Court was to hold that the conquest and occupation by Ngatimaru and Ngatipara was complete, and the conquering of them in turn by Te Waharoa and Ngatihaua vested all that region, "according to Maori custom," in Ngatihaua, and all titles to land in that great triangular country dates from the battle of Taumatawiwi.

I would call particular attention to my dear old friend's diagram of the battlefield and the disposition of the hostile forces, showing the wonderful strategic skill of Te Waharoa, worthy, as Macdonald thought, of Frederick the Great. And at once, in pathos and heroic resolve, the speech of Te Waharoa to his tribe is worthy of a place in the literature of an Empire which has absorbed the noble Maori race, who are to-day devotedly loyal to the flag to which they have sworn allegiance.

A noble race the Maoris were, generous and hospitable, but as in all similar instances, seen to greatest disadvantage when in a state of transition, as under these conditions men appear to forget or lose the "savage" virtues of their ancestors and coincidently acquire the

vices and wiles of civilisation. But in this respect it is not for us, at least we of Highland race, to cast the stone. What would those clansmen who followed the desperate fortunes of the unfortunate House of Stuart, until its star had set for ever over the blood-stained field of Culloden, think of their posterity receiving and expecting "tips" from the hands of such as those who annually swarm over the mountains which were the cradle of a once heroic race. Nor has the Maori Chief dispossessed his clansmen in the subdivision of the tribal lands. On the appearance of "civilisation," the Scottish Chiefs were sufficiently unscrupulous to obtain titles to land which was in equity and reality the property of the tribe, with what result is only too well known, as the exiles of Canada and Australasia can testify. The Maori Chief, under exactly similar conditions, has risen to a higher level. In many instances he has rather protected than despoiled the people of his clan.

The origin of the Maoris is a question of much interest, at any rate to the people of Australasia, "who are rapidly becoming Australasians." It has been generally assumed that they are of Malay origin, but it is probable—some would think certain—that in the remote past we have sprung from a common Aryan household. But in their migrations a certain amount of admixture has taken place, and I have seen amongst them traces of Negrito, Papuan, and Tartar blood. The people of rank appear to have kept their blood pure, and many of the noblest types of mankind were to be found amongst their aristocracy.

It is alleged by scientists that types or characteristics may disappear and re-appear for centuries, and as a proof cite the case of an English noble family, a member of which married a Jewess during the Crusades, and in which a perfectly Semetic type of features crops up to our time. And I once saw a young Maori, with absolutely perfect Aztec features, as I have seen them delineated in America.

CHAPTER VII.

The Pacific—Ancient Traditions and Monuments—Savagery and Civilisation.

"The South wind sighed, from the Virgins my midsea course
was ta'en,

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,

Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the long-backed
breakers croon

Their endless ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon."

—Kipling.

The Pacific has been probably the theatre of great events, and its islands have been peopled by races who have disappeared, some leaving no trace except their burial grounds, whilst others have left monuments in Titanic masonry and in breakwaters, some of which furnish rich material for the leisured investigator. In my wanderings on the Pacific, I have always, when possible, endeavoured to obtain information from the natives in reference to their mythology and traditions, but found them—when at all—vitiated by the teachings of the missionaries. But from some I discovered that traditions exist in islands widely separated, that the massive masonry found in several was the work of a race who had disappeared, and that they were very large men with only one eye, and that in the centre of their foreheads. Lempiere tells us that the most solid walls and the most impregnable fortresses were attributed by the ancients to the Cyclops, and the tradition to which I have alluded may probably have some relation to these creatures of fable and of fancy. But many of the islands of the Pacific still furnish rich fields of investigation.

From my earliest years I was consumed with a desire to explore the beautiful islands which stud the mighty expanse of ocean which rolls between the shores of America and those of Asia and the Eastern Archipelago,

but those aspirations, like many others, were practically doomed to disappointment, and my wanderings in these regions contains recollections so alternately "streaked" with pleasure and with pain that I could wish some to be for ever blotted out from the pages of memory. There, far from the horrible slum life of cities, from the demoralising factory, the toiling mine, and the moiling cultivator of the soil, it was pleasurable to me to witness the—by comparison—happy and Arcadian existences of peoples over whose lives the darker features of civilisation had not as yet flung their baneful shadows. The teachings and influences of self-sacrificing, but often misrepresented missionaries, had worked beneficial changes, but contact with the beach-combers and the traders had in many instances considerably discounted the value of these good men's efforts to establish the ethical code of Jesus of Nazareth. Viewed from a purely materialistic standpoint, the question whether the average civilised man of our time obtains as much pleasure from existence as the average "savage" would probably furnish abundant material for controversy. The "savage," living by the chase, enjoyed the rudest health, and whose occupations of hunting in the forest, fishing in the lakes and rivers, were all to him a source of delight. I am strongly of opinion that the so-called savage "had the best of it," and that our boasted civilisation is a failure. We may perhaps by a process of evolution, of which we are unconscious, be travelling upon a pathway of progress, but the goal is not yet in sight, nor, should it exist, can any tell the direction in which it lies.

To me, a keen lover of nature, the flora and the fauna of different countries were of the greatest interest, and the woods, and plant life of the islands of the Pacific still retain a place in some pleasant memories of by-gone years. In the pristine privacy and beauty of the leafy glades of New Zealand, one could almost imagine that the forest flowers still bowed their lovely heads beneath

the light tread of the swift-footed Diana, or that the mountains still echoed her clear call. But taking leave of these pleasant memories, I wish to show how a man's life may be rendered miserable by his fellow-man, as put by the poet:—

“Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Limejuice and Hard Tack—Brutality of Officers—Blood Boats—
“Tips”—Chums—Athletics—A Dangerous Mate—Coming
Events cast their Shadows before—a Foul Murder.

English and American ships have distinguishing characteristics, well known to those who have sailed in the merchantmen of both countries. The English ships, derisively designated by American sailors as “lime-juicers”—in consequence of its being compulsory by Act upon all British vessels trading within given degrees of latitude to carry the juice of the lime as an anti-scorbutic—are by comparison with Yankees, rather easy going, and carry more men to their tonnage. But wages were as a rule much higher in American vessels, and the sailors were also much better fed, good meat being supplied, excellent white biscuits, potatoes and fish, and other concessions to appetite. In English vessels the meat supplied was almost indescribable, and occasionally the sailors made with it little models of ships; no fat was to be seen, and I feel inclined to believe that it was largely composed of the flesh of old bulls. The brown biscuits were so hard that they had to be broken with some instrument—no human teeth could crack them unless when honey-combed with maggots. No potatoes or onions were carried, and I think the pea soup was the best and most honest food provided for the British tars who took a somewhat fabled place in story and in song. The biscuits had generally to be placed, before use, on the cook’s stove, to allow the great white maggots to leave their homes in what was satirically known as “bread.” So far, the comparison is in favour of the well-provided Yankee ship, and in reference to manning, matters were equalised by better appliances for working ship, as all American

vessels carried patent blocks and beautiful silky Manilla ropes for running gear. How, when in a good Yankee ship we loved, in working, to make her patent blocks "clatter." But in very many American ships a state of things existed which it is somewhat difficult to describe, and perhaps even more difficult to account for. This was a chronic state of hostility existing between officers and men, and which only too frequently found expression in, when possible, a most brutal tyranny, and also fights of a most desperate and sanguinary character, in which all sorts of weapons were brought into requisition—belaying pins, heavers, handspikes, knives, and revolvers were freely used, with, of course, frequently fatal results. Nothing analagous was to be seen in English ships, and those inclined to doubt the fidelity of the picture might naturally ask "why should such a state of things exist in American vessels and in no other?" I have sailed in American ships of all classes, except men of war and whalers, and I may perhaps be able to throw some light on the subject.

I was at one time "shipmates" with a man that I regarded as the highest type of sailor, the "smartest," taken all in all, that I ever met at sea. He had been Captain of some of the most famous clippers, but in consequence of intemperate habits, was first officer or "mate" when I sailed with him. His father was a Highlander and his mother an American, and at the time I knew him he was fifty-six years of age, but even then a man that few men of any age would dare to "tackle." He told me that prior to the discovery of gold in California, they had plenty of good, respectable, American sailors, but that they all went to the diggings, and that then and thus was instituted a new order of things. Men were obtained to fill the places of the gold-seeking sailors, but they were the very refuse of humanity, and gradually ruffians were found as officers to keep the crews in subjection. A large ship would carry

three, and sometimes even four, mates being selected largely for their physical strength and capacity as "bruisers," and the system led to absolutely incredible cruelty and ruffianism. I have sailed in ships in which an atmosphere of constant apprehensiveness and nervous tension existed, no one knowing when the next "difficulty" would arise or what would be the result. Men are largely what their occupations make them. Schoolmasters accustomed to rule in their little spheres become autocratic and impatient of contradiction. And Captains of ships likewise develop despotic characteristics. In the case of Yankee Captains, begotten of a system which I have faintly outlined, the characteristics of goblins make their appearance, and they harass, worry and insult their crews with most fantastic devices, such, for instance, as making them, marshalled in a row, imitate the neighs of horses, and the calls and cries of beasts and birds.

Comparatively few Americans take to the sea, and these mainly from the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, but the officers of these ships are almost entirely of American birth. It is a remarkable fact, as showing how men are the products of their surroundings, geological and climatic, that the Americans of the New England States, largely the descendants of the Puritans, are, both in features and physical conformation, approaching the type of the Indian, the original possessor of the soil. The North American Indian was the cruellest savage known to mankind, and I fear that this may become a feature of American character, even the tortures and lynching of negroes, of which we hear so much, would appear to point in the same direction. And this may perhaps account in some degree for the cruelty and brutality so frequently found in Yankee ships. The whole system has evoked and developed at once in officers and men some of the very worst traits in human character, as in jail the worst criminals were the greatest heroes. A tiger or a gorilla was quite a respectable

animal compared with many of the men to be found in what was known as the "blood boats" of the American Mercantile Marine. It would be manifestly unjust to measure the actions, faults or even crimes of a respectable seaman "caged up" with these worse than wild beasts by those standards which have application in every day life. I always, as much as possible, avoided quarrels, rows and fights. I would not willingly give pain even to an insect, but I have seen times, when blood was flying, that appeared to transform my whole nature and render me scarcely responsible for my actions. Yet I have also sailed in most happy and comfortable Yankee ships.

The many varieties of human character were to me a great source of interest at sea. Men of many nations, characters and dispositions, some who had been born in good social strata, and others raised in the gutters of great cities, were found in the ships of the American merchant service during the period when the beautiful rakish, saucy, Yankee clippers appeared for a period to hold, in speed, the supremacy of the sea.

Of all the men that I have known, two stand out most prominently on the canvas of memory as being the most remarkable with whom I have ever come into contact, and whilst no two men could be apparently more dissimilar, still they had some strong points in common. I have found a greater diversity of types amongst the Irish people than any other with which I have been associated. On the goldfields of Australia and New Zealand the men of Tipperary had rather an evil reputation for "jumping" claims, that is, taking forcible possession when the occupants were unable to hold their own, and the arm of the law not sufficiently long to afford the needed protection. No doubt many of these "Tips" were wild, lawless men, and still I have found amongst them some of the finest fellows that I have ever known. When leaving the Arrow river, one fine, noble-looking fellow—and just as good as he looked—came up to me and said that he

wished as we were parting to make me a present. He gave me a nugget of gold about half an ounce in weight that he had dug up at Kingower, in Australia, and one which he valued in remarkable degree, as it was an absolutely perfect representation of that harp so dear to an Irishman's heart. I do not believe that he would have sold it for a hundred pounds, and the gift furnished a striking instance of the exceptionally warm-heartedness of children of the Emerald Isle. Another Irishman also gave me one of his little treasures in the form of a half-ounce nugget representing a leaf. Loyal, big-hearted fellows, may their souls rest in peace; they have, I believe, both crossed the dark stream. Irish gentlemen are certainly some of the finest fellows on this earth, and the bourgeoisie have a remarkable shrewdness of their own, but in the lowest strata I have met with much truculent brutality, many of the lowest types in American ships coming from this class.

Men at sea, and particularly young men, have chums who have similar tastes and instincts, and I was most fortunate in this respect, but I had one to whom I was deeply personally attached. He was an Irish gentleman of good birth and high lineage, and about twenty-three years of age. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, had a most beautiful head of wavy golden brown hair, and fine features, but with a remarkably strong lower jaw, which is, I have noticed, nearly always an indication of force of character, fortitude, and frequently pugnacity. He was fond of athletic games, and as I had some reputation as a runner and wrestler, he was very desirous of "trying conclusions" with me on land. My reputation as a wrestler rested upon a most shadowy foundation, having been obtained in contests with Kanakas on something of a "catch as catch can" principle. We managed to get ashore on a lonely island for our diversions, and as I looked at my friend standing on a nice hard, sandy beach, clad in flesh-coloured tights,

I could almost have imagined that he was a Greek god who had risen from the sea. He could beat me badly for a hundred yards, but I held him safe at a mile. In our measurements we were at nearly as possible equal in every way, and I was apparently as well muscled, but in our wrestling bouts he could throw me about like a child. This shows what I have often noticed, that in estimating physical strength from inspection, the quality, no less than quantity, of muscle has to be considered. My chum had a traditionary hatred of the English. I had remonstrated with him in reference to this feeling, pointing out that the English of our time could not legitimately be held responsible for the sins of their ancestors, and that all the inhabitants of Britain appeared sincerely desirous of treating Ireland not merely with justice, but with generosity. He would admit that as an abstract question my argument was unanswerable, but he could not divest himself of the feeling, nor had he any wish to do so. He was intensely proud of his lineage and race, and I gathered from his remarks that in the English Navy, in which he had served, he had come into contact and conflict with some officers sprung from the ranks of comparatively recently ennobled families. He spoke of these officers in terms of withering scorn, and his association with them had evidently emphasised his hatred of their race. But we had much in common, and were mutually strongly attached. In the ship—this was his first trip in a merchantman—he strode about with a lordly air, hardly appearing to recognise the presence or even existence of those by whom he was surrounded. He rarely spoke to any one but me, but I once heard him utter a few words which I have never forgotten. The mate of the vessel was the only “bad egg” on board, and he had the reputation of being one who had “tasted blood.” This meant that he had “killed his man,” and such men are always regarded as dangerous. This ruffian was very much dreaded by the crew, but my chum regarded him

with such disdain that he never even spoke of him to anyone. I felt certain that the mate hated the young sailor with a most malevolent hatred, but there was something about my chum that conveyed to all the idea that he would be a most dangerous man to interfere with. The mate, a lean "down easter," as we were taking a pull on a rope by the mainmast, sang out an order from the break of the poop, accompanying it with some foul, insulting language. With eyes glittering like live coals, the Irishman sprang up the poop ladder, and standing near the officer, said, "Never dare to speak in that manner again whilst I am in the ship." On that occasion I noticed something of which I have read but never seen before or since, and that was an apparent enlargement of form as my friend stood uttering the words.

The mate seemed at once surprised and cowed, as he made no reply, and my friend came down the steps, when we walked forward together.

Nothing was said by either of us in reference to the incident, but for once in my life I had a boding presentiment of evil. My friend had told me much in reference to his life, but not all; in this he carried out the injunction of the poet:

"Aye keep something to your sel' ye scarcely tell to ony."

But in some respects he was communicative, and I knew that he was engaged to a young Irish lady in 'Frisco, to whom he expected to be married on his return. In the night watches he told me much in reference to his sweetheart, to whom he was most devotedly attached, and of course he thought that nowhere on this planet could her equal be found. His mother was still alive, and he hoped to bring her out to 'Frisco, when he had comfortably settled down, as he intended that the present trip would be the last one of his sea life.

I can well remember one chat that we had together, as it had a singular significance in reference to a coming

event which was somehow, with me, already casting its shadow before. He told me of two young men, valued friends, who had, although in entirely different ways, come to sudden and violent deaths. He was somewhat affected by the recital, and when finished I kept silent, as he appeared lost in thought, and I had no desire to disturb his reverie. After remaining thus a few minutes he suddenly turned to me and said:

"If I should happen to be suddenly killed or drowned, you must go and break the news as well as you can to Norah, and write to my mother, too. I must give you their addresses to-morrow when I am writing up my log."

"You won't require to give me their addresses," I responded, "for I won't need them, and if I did, I already have them by heart."

"What are they now," he said, and I told him his sweetheart's address in 'Frisco, and his mother's in the county of Cork.

This little incident, trifling as it may appear, made a strange and most unpleasant impression upon me, following, as it did, gloomy forebodings ever since the day that the mate had apparently quailed before him. I was haunted by presentiments, yet never before had I thought my friend present such a noble appearance, never before had I so much admired his chivalrous personality and warm, generous heart. In short, he appeared to me to walk as a king amongst men.

Even after the lapse of all these years I dislike to write what follows.

We were both extremely fond of botanising when we could get anywhere ashore, and the Captain, who was a very decent fellow and liked us both, always allowed us the use of a boat; indeed, he rather looked up to us, I thought, as he was a man of very poor education and little knowledge outside his own occupation. For all these reasons the fiendish-looking mate hated us both with a most bitter hatred. We had the use of the boat to go

fishing one night, and at about eight o'clock were busy with our lines. Only the mate and the cook were left aboard the vessel, a small brigantine, the Captain and other hands being all ashore. A small fore and aft schooner was lying at anchor not very far from our brigantine. We had a small lantern in the boat, then about a couple of hundred yards from the ship, and I was engaged in trimming it, when I heard the report of a gun, and almost immediately after I imagined that I heard a thud in our boat. This was followed by my friend falling, without a word, lifeless from his seat, with, as I soon discovered, a bullet through his brain. I sat for a while stunned with the horror of the situation, and even when I had pulled alongside, seemed like one in a dream. Finding that the Captain and men had not returned, I pulled ashore, and found my shipmates. We carried the body to a deserted native hut, and I remained by it all night to prevent, by any agency, any mutilation or disturbance of all that was mortal of my loved and valued friend. Next day we wrapped that still splendid, though inert, form in canvas and carried it to its last resting place, under some beautiful trees by the margin of the murmuring sea. I put a rude cross over his grave, and with an inexpressibly sad and lonely heart went back to the ship to take charge of my friend's effects, as he had a desk with many private papers which I determined should reach his mother intact. The mate alleged that he had heard no shot, that he had turned in and was sleeping at the time the shot was fired, adding that if any shot had been fired it was either from the schooner or a boat or canoe. I said nothing, but to this day I believe that he fired that shot, guided by our little lantern, for either my friend or myself. I felt that after all that had happened life in the brigantine would be to me absolutely unendurable, and, most fortunately, I was able, with the Captain's consent, to exchange with a man on board the homeward-bound schooner. It was only after the

schooner had laid her course to the east that I seemed to realise how awful was the experience that I had come through and the high tension was presently relieved by a flood of tears, and I snatched up my dead ship-mate's beautifully bound little Catholic prayer-book and kissed it passionately.

When I arrived in 'Frisco my first duty was to find, in accordance with his wish, the girl to whom he had given his heart, and acquaint her with the sad story, and I instinctively felt that this would be for me a something more than difficult task. I walked past the house several times in the forenoon, and could not summon sufficient courage to call. In the afternoon I did the same, but about four o'clock a young lady came out and passed me close to her garden gate. I knew that it was my friend's "Norah" from his fervid descriptions of her, and a glorious looking lassie she was, her features radiant with health and happiness. I immediately decided that I could never tell the awful story to that girl, so I went back to my lodgings and wrote her mother a letter, in which I hinted that I wished to see her next day upon unpleasant business. The interview was most painful to us both. I never saw Norah again, nor did I wish to, but I afterwards heard that the shock had nearly cost her her life.

Loyal, noble comrade, farewell!

CHAPTER IX.

Hazing, Uncanny Eyes—"The Way I Reef Topsails"—"I'll Scatter Them"—"Mac" in Tights—Proficiency with the Revolver—O'Brien and Macdonald.

The other man who so deeply impressed me, was, as I have previously said, of an entirely different type. I had joined a rather large American ship in which we had twelve able seamen, and three mates, all of the "Bruiser" type, a nice set of ruffians. The first night out, a process known as "breaking in" the new crew was in full swing. This "breaking in" consisted in "hazing" or knocking men about, to reduce them to the desired or necessary state of subjection. I am quite prepared to admit that in many instances, taking into consideration the character of some crews, it was a most necessary proceeding. In this case it was not so, as we appeared to have a decent lot of men willing to do their duty, so that I was able that night to gauge the character of the officers, who appeared to knock men about in a sheer spirit of wanton brutality. About half-past eight an incident took place of which I was an eye-witness, that had unquestionably a most restraining influence upon the brutality of the officers during the rest of the passage. Personally, I had so far escaped molestation. Two days before coming on board, I had been standing on the wharf near two men, who were speaking to each other in the Gaelic language, one of whom was a very tall, powerful fellow, and almost as dark as a Spaniard, but he carried a stick and seemed to walk with some difficulty. His companion was a man of entirely different type, being very small and thin, with sharp, though regular features, but there was something

about his eyes that arrested my attention. I have never elsewhere seen such eyes in a human head. His features appeared to wear an expression of settled seriousness, and grim determination, but his eyes seemed to flash everywhere, and actually caused me to regard them as "uncanny." He wore a long coat, and long boots reaching nearly to the knee. I afterwards found that he was one of our crew, and in getting all ready for sea, and the canvas on the ship, recognised him as one of the smartest sailors with whom I had ever been associated. So I was glad to find that he was with me in the port watch. About half-past eight, on a fine moonlight night, he was coiling up the main topsail halyards by the mainmast, and I was engaged near him in coiling everything clear. The mate, in passing by, spoke to him in reference to the work which he had in hand, and used, altogether unnecessarily, some vile, insulting language. As quick as lightning—he was in his movements the quickest man I ever saw—he stooped down and drew from his long boot a revolver which in a second he had pointed close to the mate's face, accompanying the action with the words:—

"Look here, Mr. Mate, this is the way I reef topsails. If ever you interfere with me again on this ship you'll go down. There's four of you aft there, and if ever I start amongst you then there'll be damned few of you left. And, what's more, I only want the chance."

It was in some respects the most thrilling incident that I have ever witnessed: the attitude of the man, the grim determination, and, above all, the flashing of those terrible eyes. The whole picture suggested to me the idea of an enraged cobra, coiled, and ready to strike. The mate evidently realised his danger, for he never spoke a word, nor did he appear to wince while covered by that deadly revolver. But when it was lowered he said something to the effect that he did not want to raise

any trouble in the ship, whereupon the grim little sailor accused the officer of treacherously crippling Macdonald, the man with whom I had seen him conversing on the wharf.

Perhaps some unacquainted with all the circumstances might consider this incident as of a trivial character, but it has to be remembered that the action of this seaman constituted practically a challenge to four officers, all of whom possessed firearms. I feared that an attack would be made that night upon "Mac," and that anything might happen. Before I went to the wheel at ten o'clock I said to him, "For God's sake watch yourself to-night," but with a sardonic grin he replied, "Don't trouble yourself; if any of 'em try to play up I'll scatter them." There was no more brutality in the ship that night, however.

I soon became extremely interested in "Mac." He had led a wandering life, and tried various occupations. But he was the most reticent man that I have ever known. He never, during the passage, held any conversation with anyone in the ship but me, and not very much with me either. But I gathered from snatches of conversation much of his history. Born of Highland parents, he had been pretty well raised in the gutters of Glasgow, and still he was, I could easily see, a man of the most honourable instincts. He thought himself, comparatively speaking, a degenerate, as he told me one night, that if his father had been a sailor and in this ship he would have killed every officer in her the first night of the hazing. He, like my chum of whom I have spoken, was intensely proud of his race. Both were Celts, and though one was a gentleman, descended of noble family, and the other a Glasgow gutter snipe, yet they have always in my memory been bracketed together. Although he appeared to be a thin, light little fellow, I soon discovered that he possessed extraordinary physical

strength; indeed, he was much the strongest man on board. I saw him one evening in "tights," and was very much struck with his "clean cut" build, and on handling his muscles found them like bands of steel. These tights he had used while performing acrobatic feats with a travelling circus in America. But he was a man who would never "unbend," and even in repose those flashing, glittering eyes continually reminded me of the snake ready to strike. In walking about the deck he appeared to be ever on the alert, as if watching for, and anticipating attack. I was for some time apprehensive that some of the officers might "settle" him, taking him unawares. But if any such attempt had been contemplated, it was never attempted, and I could easily see that the officers rather appeared uncomfortable when in his immediate vicinity. This in no way surprised me, as apart from the incident with the mate, there was something in the man's whole bearing and facial expression when his features were lit up by those extraordinary eyes that is impossible to describe. After the first night, there was no more hazing or brutality, and I have no doubt that the immunity was entirely attributable to Mac's interview with the Mate. When I discovered his proficiency with the revolver I began speculating on what might have happened had there been any attack on him that first night. He always carried the revolver either in his boot or hip pocket, in the former position for preference. Even in his "watch below" it was placed where he could seize it at a moment's notice, as he felt he was dealing with men who would take any advantage, and therefore he would take no risks.

I saw him one evening cleaning the weapon, and he appeared to regard it with positive affection, as he muttered, "Ah, my beauty, you never went back on me."

I said to him: "Mac, did you ever practice shooting with the revolver?"

He seemed surprised at the question, and said nothing for a while, but subsequently told me that living in the California woods, he was accustomed every day to stick up cards in trees, each at some little distance from the other, and then practise what he called "rapidity firing." He kept this up till, placing four cards at distances of from two to twelve paces, he could place a bullet close to the centre of each every time, emptying the four chambers with very great rapidity. His intense desire to attain such deadly skill he attributed to ill treatment which he received in a Yankee ship and which he swore would never happen again. So that had it come to a fight on that first night, I think, as he told the mate, there would not have been many of them left when he had done with them.

It was quite a relief to me when he told me one night that he intended paying a farewell visit to Glasgow, and then, leaving the sea for ever, make his home in a remote locality in California. I had certainly never expected to see that voyage end without fatalities. It was a singular instance of how the "force of heart" of one man checked all brutality, and profoundly influenced the daily life of, for the time being, our little world the ship, for the remainder of the passage.

In these fugitive reminiscences of travel, I have avoided giving the names, either of the ships or of those with whom I have been associated, as I have no wish to move the "personae dramatis" of my narrative across the stage without their consent or approval, but in reference to the two most remarkable men I have ever known, I shall depart from the rule I have laid down for myself, as one has "crossed the Bar," and anything that I have written may be regarded as my tribute to his memory. In the other case I know that "Mac," if still in life, would not object to my little "yarn," and in giving their

names I feel that I may be lending a little more interest to the shadowy forms who flit across the page of my recollections. My well-loved friend, perhaps the physically handsomest type of manhood I have ever seen, bore the name of a family which has given kings to his country, the family of O'Brien, so celebrated in Irish history, and of whom he was a worthy descendent. "Mac" traced his descent from the, to him, greatest of all clans, the Macdonalds of the Isles. The poor fellow had few, if any, advantages in childhood's days, but he inherited all the fibre of his martial ancestors, and endeavoured to live up to the proud traditions of his race.

CHAPTER X.

Gales in the Pacific—Second Mate Injured—I take his place—
Surly Sailors—A Treacherous Blow—I have it out with the
Bully—In 'Frisco.

The Pacific Ocean has been wrongly named. Many a stiff blow is encountered there, and hurricanes are not by any means unknown. It is the South Atlantic which is the true Pacific Ocean of the world, and which in nomenclature should have been given the pride of place. In a beautiful, well-found Yankee barque bound for 'Frisco, we had for three days a very heavy gale, accompanied by an unusually high sea. We were hove to under a close-reefed maintopsail and foretopmast staysail. I have noticed, without being at all times able to account for it, that in some gales a dangerous breaking sea is encountered, whilst in other instances a very heavy sea may be running, with few "combers" upon its crests. One of the heaviest seas that I ever experienced was in the Bay of Biscay, and never once did we see one break. The sea in this instance was occasionally breaking angrily, and beautifully as our little craft behaved we had our decks frequently flooded. The Captain tried the use of oil with excellent results, and until the gale had moderated very little water had come aboard. I believe that in running in a dangerous gale, when it is considered perilous to attempt to heave to, the use of oil, which prevents the sea from breaking, would in many instances greatly minimise the risks of the situation. During the gale the second mate was washed aft by a sea. His spine was seriously injured, with resultant paralysis of the lower limbs. He was a young American who hailed from Maine, the "Pine Tree State," and was much respected and personally popular with all

on board. I volunteered to nurse him as far as my duties would permit. He was most grateful for any attention paid to him, and I spent any spare time in his cabin. I talked and read to him, to prevent him, as much as possible, from brooding over his injury. It was most gratifying to notice the manner in which his features lit up when I entered his cabin.

I have frequently noticed that when a young man gets injured or becomes seriously ill, that his thoughts turn to his sweetheart even more than to his parents, and so it was with this poor lad; the very thought of going back a crippled wreck filled him with anguish and despair. When it was seen that the injury would incapacitate him for his position, the Captain selected me to "keep his watch," that is, to take up the duties of second mate of the ship, and I therefore went aft to live with the officers. I was exceedingly glad to live with the Captain and Mate, who were both smart sailors and intelligent, respectable young men. But my promotion led to trouble. There is a story told of an old Scotch lady in Glasgow who, having paid a visit to her daughter, recently well married, was upon her return asked by some of the cronies how Jeanie, the daughter, was getting on. "Oh, fine," was her reply. "She's got a graun hoose an' a' thing in it, but she canna bear the sicht o' her man; ye ken, there maun aye be a some-thin'." And so in our little barque there was a "some-thin'." in the form of two surly, ill-disposed men who would have been more in their place in a hazing ship. One, a thick-necked, heavy-shouldered fellow, about fourteen stone in weight, had a reputation as a bit of a fighting man, and much he presumed upon it, being generally in a semi-mutinous state, and at all times disagreeable amongst the crew. He and his mate, another "daisy," were in the starboard watch. I had been in the port watch, and fortunately had had little to

do with them. When, as occasionally happens, although very seldom, a man has been taken from amongst the crew to act as an officer, there is frequently displayed a considerable amount of jealousy and ill-feeling, and men dislike to take orders from one who has hitherto been their comrade. Our crew of eight seamen was composed of several nationalities—an Austrian, a Chilian, an Italian, a French Canadian, an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scot and a Dane. The mutinous, quarrelsome man to whom I have alluded was the Irishman, and his mate, the Englishman, would have been quite as disagreeable as his friend had he dared to be so. All the rest of the crew were very decent, well-behaved, sensible men, and I had no trouble with any of them. Bad enough had been this bully before my promotion, but now his conduct became absolutely unbearable. He would only make his appearance on deck when it suited him, and when I occasionally asked him why he laid up he would tell me in an insulting manner that he was "ill." I complained to the Captain about the man's conduct, as I had begun to imagine that it was in some degree demoralising some of the other men. The Captain told me that he would rather put up with it than have any fighting started aboard; our passage would now be a short one to 'Frisco. He added that he had a man killed in the ship last voyage, and that he would avoid trouble all he knew how. But I made up my mind to tackle this scoundrel, as his conduct had fairly set my blood on fire. I somehow imagined, despite his reputation, that I could lick him. I might here remark that I knew nothing whatever of the "noble art." But I had great activity, and more lighthness than any man I ever knew. I could also hit very hard, as some of the "sports" in 'Frisco told me that I could punch the bag better than most of their pugilists. These were my qualifications for the encounter. My antagonist was two stone heavier than me,

and, as I have said, was alleged to have considerable pugilistic skill, but I always thought that he was clumsy in his movements, and this, more than anything else, gave me reason to hope that I could lower his colours. Just before dinner time I went into the house on deck where the crew lived, and asked the man why he was laid up to-day, and the reply was an insult. He was lying in a top bunk, and overcome with passion. I caught him before he was aware of it and pulled him out of his bunk, he falling heavily on the floor or deck, as sailors would say. Before he got up, for which I was waiting, I received a blow on the back of the neck from some one behind me, and I fell completely stunned. My ruffianly antagonist thereupon kicked me severely about the face, and finally threw me out, scarcely conscious, upon the deck. I got aft somehow, and had my wounds dressed by the hand of the sympathising Captain, who bathed my face and head with brandy and water, which had to me such a refreshing effect that I was able to sit down to dinner in an hour or so. But all my thoughts were running in the direction of revenge, and I determined to bide my time and await developments. The ill-treatment which I had received had not injured me in any perceptible manner, and I had fully made up my mind to "have it out" with this bully at the first favourable opportunity. Two nights after the incident which I have related it was my watch on deck from eight till twelve. The weather was fine, with a wind abaft the beam, and fleecy clouds chasing each other across an almost full moon. I had the watch aft about ten o'clock taking a pull on the weather braces, and my antagonist was on duty that night. Just as he started to go down the steps of the poop ladder I let him have a regular smashing blow under the ear, and he tumbled down on to the main deck. I also jumped down and waited until he rose. In the first round I got at him again with a

heavy blow on the jaw, and he went down like a log. I thought that I was going to have an easy time with him, but in this I was grievously mistaken. He had been stunned somewhat by my first blow and the fall, but was rapidly coming to. In the next round he got at me with a well-planted blow between the eyes, and I went down, but felt none the worse, and immediately rose again full of fight, and determined to win. Up to our sixth round "honours were easy," but I could see that he was getting pumped, and I adopted a ruse of my own. Suddenly swerving and ducking, I gave him what the Yankees call a tremendous "rib bender" with both fists simultaneously, and I felt sure in my own mind that this had really settled the fight. When he again rose I thought he was "groggy," and I got in a good blow on the jaw, which made him reel so that he fell against a stanchion, and there he lay, unable to rise for some time. He said his neck had been injured in the fall and that he could fight no more at present. "But," he continued, "I am just as good a man as you." I said "Yes, and I am just as good a man as you." After this fight I had no more trouble, and the man behaved himself as well as any one on board. Even more, he admitted to me one day that he had deserved all he got, but added that he had never had any chance in life. Brought up in the gutters of an Irish city, he had, since going to sea, mainly associated with blackguards. After this I actually began to have a liking for the man.

Upon our arrival in 'Frisco I went to my old lodgings far from Sailor-town, which I always avoided, and received a hearty welcome from many whose acquaintance I had made on previous visits. But my heart was sore for our poor second mate, who was more despondent than ever, and I visited him occasionally to hearten him up, even taking a most winsome lassie to see him, and I thought that her visit at once cheered and gratified him in a remarkable degree.

I had been previously acquainted with some young fellows who were passionately fond of amateur athletics, and many a friendly contest I had with them. They were nearly all engaged in office life in 'Frisco, and were most kind and hospitable in many ways to me. How different these gentlemanly young Americans were from the types of Americans that I had generally been associated with at sea! And now I must for a time abandon Mars and Neptune to enter the realms of Venus.

CHAPTER XI.

I Run a Race—Posing as Ajax—A “Forty-niner’s” Widow—
More Entanglements—a Saloon Fight—Devine the Murderer
—I Meet and Part with Marie.

I was a very good runner from one mile up to ten, and eventually a match for ten miles was made between me and a very smart young fellow who was employed in one of the city banks. The evening this contest took place a good many friends of my young acquaintances were present, and when I saw my antagonist take a “preliminary canter” he looked such a “pretty man” in his tights, and withal displayed such elasticity and promise of pace that my heart almost sank into my boots. I could not bear the idea of being beaten with so many girls present. In the sixth mile my opponent was striding along splendidly with a strong lead, which I had just started to endeavour to reduce, as I knew that he was a faster runner than I, and that he was certain, if I let him away too far, to beat me on the post. But whilst going so well he strained some sinew in his foot, and had, much to his disappointment, to abandon the race. There was a photographer present who said to me: “I would like very much if you’ll wait two or three minutes to take you as Ajax defying the lightning,” adding, “You’re not much like Ajax; he was a devil of a big, stout fellow, with bunches of muscle all over him as big as your head. You would suit Antinous better but we like to have different samples.” Whilst waiting for the photographer, some, as I thought, rather over-dressed ladies came along, one of whom cast upon me some glances of a most gratifying character. After the likeness had been taken I immediately dressed and walked homewards with some of my friends, and on the way we were passed by a well

appointed looking carriage, in which, amongst others, was seated the lady who had flung, as I thought, approving glances upon me at the Athletic Grounds, and as I looked up at her she gave a slight bow, to which I responded by raising my hat. A young lady who was one of the little party looked at me with a glance of surprise, but said nothing. Two days after this little incident I received a note written upon paper of the daintiest description—and how much there is even in this—with contents as nearly as possible as follows:—“A lady would be pleased to make your acquaintance, and if convenient would be glad to see you at afternoon tea to-morrow at 4 p.m.” I naturally felt at once pleased and surprised, and the lovely little envelope and sheet of paper so different to anything to which I had been accustomed, actually caused me to be filled with a desire to see the lady herself. I took a walk in the forenoon in the vicinity of the given address and was astonished to find that the house was a most palatial mansion. I thought that there must be a mistake somewhere, and I had almost decided to take no more notice of the matter. But after dinner I somehow felt different and determined to make the call. At 4 p.m. punctually I rang the bell, and, apparently expected, was admitted into a most gorgeous and beautifully furnished mansion. I gave my name to the handsome girl who had given me admittance, and whom, I thought, looked at me with quite a glance of interested inquiry. She ushered me into a most charming little room, and almost immediately after a lady came in whom I at once recognised as the one who had thrown at me gratifying glances on the day of the race. She was quite at her ease, and somehow so was I. She was extremely dark, indeed, almost Spanish looking, but her accent was that of a native of the Emerald Isle. She was tall and handsome, and I should say approaching forty years of age. I spent with her an extremely pleasant couple of hours, and she made me promise to

call again in a couple of days. She was a most interesting woman, and of great conversational powers, but she appeared to hold in the greatest contempt the conventionalities of society by which she absolutely declined to be fettered. In short, she was the widow of an old and extremely wealthy "forty-niner," as the pioneers of the Californian goldfields were called. Some of these men when wealthy, married young women, and left them rich widows before they had arrived at middle age. And some of these ladies were looking out for young husbands, my friend amongst the number. All this I discovered from a countryman of mine who was a detective in 'Frisco and well acquainted with its social life. I feel quite sure that my Bohemian lady acquaintance was a thoroughly good woman, but for various reasons I was unwilling to take any advantage of the opportunity which was apparently presented to me. To my very great surprise, upon my return to the lodgings I found a missive of a somewhat similar type, which the lady-help handed me with an expressive smile, saying, with some little emphasis, "Another one." In this the lady said that at 5 p.m. next evening she would be driving in a carriage and pair past a given point at a Park, and that if I were standing there I should recognise her by a wave of her handkerchief. Again I responded to the call of love, and was taken up and driven round beautiful places in and about the city. This lady was a young woman not more than thirty-five, if so much. She was a blonde, and I imagined of German birth or extraction. I was invited for a drive the following day, but was beginning to feel annoyed at these entanglements, and I shifted my lodgings to quite another part of the city. But still I got letters, and my dark lady acquaintance subsequently told me that a private detective in her employ could obtain any desired information in reference to anyone in 'Frisco. For various reasons I determined to leave 'Frisco as soon as possible.

When training for the race with my banker friend, I was leaning over the bar of a very small saloon reading the morning paper, when a man entered, and without any provocation on my part, hit me a rather heavy blow on the small of the back with his open hand. I turned very quickly round, and suddenly knocked him down, before, I think, he anticipated any retaliation. When he got up we clinched, and almost immediately the barman also caught hold of me with the object, I believed, of assisting my assailant, but at this moment the man with whom I had fought in the barque came in and rescued me from their clutches. My recent antagonist poured forth a stream of indescribable language, consisting of oaths and blood-curdling threats, and I was glad to escape with my life. I was subsequently informed that my assailant was considered a most dangerous rowdy, and that I should endeavour to keep clear of him as much as possible as he had threatened to "fix" me. Years after this, either in New York or Boston I picked up an issue of the "Illustrated Police Gazette," and there I saw a likeness of the man of whom I have spoken, accompanied with a biographical sketch, of which the following is the gist. This man, whose name was Devine, was originally a sailor, but, settling on shore, became a "runner" for sailors' boarding houses. He had, it was alleged, committed thirteen murders: these were known, but it was also believed that he had others to his credit. He had, it was further asserted, played the part of the bravo of the Middle Ages, "removing" people obnoxious to some of the wealthy residents of the city, and in consequence frequently boasted that he could disclose so much that they did not dare to hang him in 'Frisco. He had, it was stated, visited a butcher's shop one evening, and had evidently been misconducting himself, as the butcher, presumably aware of the dangerous character of the man, brought down a large knife with

such force that the rowdy's hand was completely severed from his arm at the wrist, it falling upon the floor, where it lay unmolested. The rowdy then ran out, but very soon returned, saying, "Where's that bloody flipper," which, I might explain, is a slang word in use among sailors meaning the hand. He picked it up, and ran with it into a chemist's shop close at hand, and putting the severed member up to his wrist, said, "Here, couldn't you fix this on for me?" Some of his admirers—every great ruffian has his admirers, to whom he is a hero—after this incident set him up in some business, but his old proclivities remained, and eventually he requested a German to whom he owed fourteen dollars, and who had sufficient temerity to ask him for it, to walk with him up a somewhat unfrequented street, and that there he would pay him the money. The German never returned alive. He had been murdered, and it was for this murder that Devine was lying under sentence of death at the time when I read the account of this monster's career in the illustrated paper of which I have spoken.

If this was the man, and I was told that it was, I was most fortunate to get out of his hands alive. In consequence of his threats I was desirous of leaving 'Frisco at the first opportunity.

I have given two reasons for hastening my premeditated departure, and I shall briefly allude to a third, and to me most important of all.

One of the smartest, and by far the best looking of the young athletes with whom I had been associated, was extremely hospitable, and I was a pretty constant visitor at his house, where he lived with two sisters and a widowed mother. His father was a Louisiana Frenchman and his mother an American lady, of, I should say, English extraction. This exceedingly bright family had a very large circle of acquaintances of both sexes. One of the sisters was a nice, happy lassie of sixteen, but not

very different to many every day to be met with on the pathway of life. Her sister Marie, nearly nineteen, was surely one of the most fascinating daughters of Eve that ever bound captives to her chariot wheels. Euclid tells that a whole is composed of its parts, and I think that this natural Queen carried in her girdle every weapon known in the deadly armoury of feminine attractions and charms. A little above middle height, with a willowy and slender, though full, form, fine features and complexion, hazel eyes that seemed to reflect every mood, and glorious brown hair thrown in heavy masses over her shoulders, she moved in her circle like a Queen whose position was at once recognised and absolute, and so much was this the case that even the fair sex never appeared to evince any feelings of either envy or jealousy. But it was not her beauty alone which gave her this regal position. Beautiful she was certainly, but I have seen women more beautiful. It was the witchery, the sorcery of her manner. It has been said in reference to the typical Russian diplomatist that the worst of him is that you cannot even believe the opposite of what he says, and this girl's coquetry, with all its airs and graces, was such that we were not by any means sure of the position when we saw some apparently consigned to what might be regarded as oblivion. She at once, so we thought, encouraged all, repelled all, but no doubt we, the admirers, were all eager to interpret any word or glance in a manner favourable to our aspirations and hopes. The day upon which I took a drive with the wealthy blonde lady of whom I had spoken, Marie happened to see me, and the next time I called I felt, rather than saw, that I had been guilty of an unpardonable offence. She was entirely too proud to show any annoyance, but I instinctively felt that I was to receive my conge, and thought that there now existed between us an unbridgeable chasm.

Not many years ago I discovered that I had been mistaken when I had a letter from Marie, in which she told me that she, once a joyous girl, looked out upon a grey cold world a widow, and childless, her three little loved ones having all been laid to rest in the pine forests of California. What a world is this of blighted hopes and aspirations.

On my last visit, I said: "I've come to say good-bye."

"O!" she replied, "where are you off to now?"

"To China," I said.

"Oh, well, you'll be back one of these days," she remarked.

My answer was: "Perhaps! Farewell."

But little idea had she of the agony of heart that in that brief parting I experienced, or the feeling of bitterness and pain by which I was possessed as I passed out through the Golden Gate, never to return.

CHAPTER XII.

Afloat Once More—A Strange Crew—Japanese Philosophy—Bible and Shakespeare—A Nation in the Making—The Sea Wolves—How a Jap. Cowed a Brutal Bully.

My experiences ashore for the past few weeks had furnished me with abundant material to ruminate over when caged up in the prison house of the "hooker" which I had selected to cross the Pacific for the last time, but I very soon found that the conditions of life in this vessel were such that my attention was occupied with the present, largely to the exclusion of shore memories, pleasant or otherwise. The first night out I was on deck from eight to twelve in the starboard watch. It is one of the old traditional customs of the sea that the starboard watch—the Captain's watch kept by the Second Mate—takes when outward board the first watch on deck from eight o'clock till twelve, and on the homeward passage the port watch, commanded by the Mate, takes this position. Sailors say thus that the Captain takes the ship out, but the Mate brings her home. Our vessel was a pretty little barque, well found in all that had any relation to the rigging or sails; we had two mates, first and second, and six able seamen, three in each watch. My first watch passed without positive friction, but I disliked the officer's method of giving orders as unnecessarily harsh and rude, and I was generally able to make a forecast of the voyage from appearances or incidents of the first night out.

We had a peculiarly diverse crew. The Captain was a "down easter," a native of Maine or Massachusetts. An evil-looking creature he was, and in this instance appearances were not deceptive. He was a tall and muscular man, with no superfluous flesh, having all the

appearance of great physical strength. He had exceedingly thin black hair, which he wore very long, and very small, cruel-looking, dark eyes, but to me his mouth and lips were the worst and most repulsive features, suggesting a cold and pitiless disposition. The Mates were Nova Scotians, one of Irish and the other of Scottish descent. They were very fair sailors, but otherwise low types of men. Both were young, of medium size and strength, and I had no fear of either of them, single-handed, in the event of a "difficulty" arising. One of our able seamen was a young Austrian, about twenty-two years of age, rather above medium height, and physically a magnificent type of manhood. He had noble features, and a wealth of beautiful, wavy, brown hair. Just a great, handsome, generous boy full of joyous good nature. One of his watch mates was a Chilian, with perhaps a slight "lick of the tar brush"; he also was of great physical strength, and I thought of great determination of purpose; an awkward fellow to meddle with. McCarthy, the other man in their watch, was difficult to describe. One of his trainers said in reference to Ladas, Lord Roseberry's Derby winner, that he was the only horse which he ever saw that he could not liken to some other that he had known. And so with this man. I have never seen another with whom I could bring him into comparison.

Born in America, of Irish parents, McCarthy had been lumberman and fisherman, occasionally making short trips in the coasting and West Indian craft on the eastern seaboard of the Continent. He was a very poor sailor, and apart from the fact that no experience would have made him an even ordinary mariner, he had spent most of his time in the lumber regions of British North America. He was fully six feet five inches in height, and although a badly built and exceedingly clumsy man, had the physical strength of a giant. His head and face always reminded me of a pear, and his mental calibre

could not have been much above that of a gorilla. Like the Captain, he had exceedingly thin hair, worn long. He was the most utterly objectionable and truculent ruffian that I have ever known. But he was the Captain's favourite. That worthy had no doubt shipped the ruffian—as is not infrequently done—as an ally in the event of any pitched battle taking place between officers and crew.

This ex-lumberman rarely spoke directly to any of us, but in a series of audible soliloquies allowed us all to understand what a dangerous fellow he was. In fact, according to these self-revelations he must have had a private cemetery of his own in the Oregon lumber regions, so numerous were his victims. Occasionally at night the Captain would give him a glass of liquor, and on these occasions I recognised the dangerous character of this gigantic ogre.

The remaining two sailors—my watch mates—were two Japanese, about twenty-two years of age. They had left home in an American vessel nearly six years before, and had never been separated during that time. They were most interesting, pleasant, intelligent fellows. As sailors they were worthy of the very front rank, and there to hold a conspicuous place. What Professor Tyndall described as “force of heart” is the very first requisite in the equipment of a sailor, and closely following this most necessary qualification is alertness, the next being resourcefulness, and this word has in this connection many renderings well known to seafaring men. Other very desirable qualifications might be added, but in those which I have indicated, as in many others, my Japanese shipmates were at least equal to the men of any other race with whom I have been associated. The qualities displayed by them set me a-thinking, and I concluded even then that if they could be regarded as fair specimens of their race, the day must arrive when the people of Japan would play an important

part in the drama of life, at least amongst those peoples whose island shores are washed by the waters of the Pacific. Occasionally, however, I imagined that I might be arguing from an exception to a rule.

The thirst for knowledge evinced by these young Japanese was to me their most striking characteristic. They had made a collection of books in their travels which in most instances they had read with a remarkable amount of intelligence.

In the first place, they had the Bible, which they had obtained with the object of discovering the basis of the religious beliefs of the Christian nations that had appeared to constitute the vanguard of human progress. Their criticism of the Scriptures filled me with astonishment, and their contention that the Biblical narrative contained conclusive intrinsic evidence of human and not Divine origin, was the result mainly of a searching analysis of the records of the Old Testament. In the first place, they argued that no wise, just, or merciful and beneficent Creator possessed of a knowledge of all that was to come, would make two beings and place before them temptations which, in consequence of imperfect construction, they were unable to resist, the result being disastrous to human kind. Selecting many texts and quoting many passages, they contended that the Jehovah of the Jews was the creation of an Eastern people of the period, that he was a jealous, proud, cruel and changeable minded Sultan; in short, the embodiment of the ideas of a people of a barbarous age. The prophets they regarded as men who occupied caves or wastes in the wilderness till they became half or wholly mad, occasionally emerging from their hiding-places to preach tales of woe and predictions of disaster. In some respects they admired the Christ of the New Testament, but at the same time regarded him as a man whose theories would not stand the test of practice amongst human beings fighting for their daily bread.

In the different sects of Christendom they took no interest whatever, as they had absolutely rejected the basis of these superstructures.

Wishing to acquaint themselves with the philosophic teachings of one of the greatest intellects known to mankind, they had obtained a copy of Shakespeare's works, but here again they met with disappointment, as they believed that he taught nothing that was not already known, at any rate to the wise men to be found amongst various peoples of the earth. They had read about Carlyle, and in consequence bought an edition of "Sartor Resartus." Much of this work they could not understand—which will occasion little surprise to those who remember the puzzle it constituted to the reviewers at the time of its first appearance. They had a book which I have never seen either before or since, called, I think, "Little Pedlington and the Little Pedlingtonians." This was written in the form of a satire of human nature, but my shipmates had read it seriously. They had also works by Dickens, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, and Mayne Reid, as well as some trashy novels of which they thought little, possessing extremely healthy instincts in their selections and tastes.

Two books they treasured in a remarkable degree, "Prescott's History of the Conquest of Peru," and "History of the Conquest of Mexico." Apart from the intense interest of these narratives of conquest and cruelty, they were attracted by the lucid and at the same time noble style of one of the finest writers known to the literature of English-speaking peoples. They liked Dickens fairly well, but I thought that they were somewhat deficient in that sense of humour which can alone permit the appreciation of the works of one whose name will only perish with the history and the language of our race. They liked Scott and spoke very highly of "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward." But they loved his

poetry, particularly "Marmion," and best of all the description of the Battle of Flodden Field.

On Dickens' first visit to America he met on one of the river steamers a young and handsome Indian chief who had only recently learned English, but who was strangely excited by the battle scene in "Marmion," and when in the seventies I was sailing on the great lakes of North America the same old chief, then a broken-down old man, was visiting Washington in the interests of the people of his tribe.

I have dwelt at some length upon the literary tastes of these young Japanese sailors, with the object of showing some phases of those antecedents which have placed Japan in the very front rank of the nations of the earth. The conversations of these two shipmates were extremely interesting, but I could not enjoy them as much as I otherwise might have done, as I had a foreboding of trouble.

Every night my Japanese friends went through certain forms of exercise which they told me was to keep them strong and supple, but as it was generally dark I seldom saw them at it, nor indeed did I take any interest in the matter until after events gave the fact significance.

I had arrived at the conclusion that the Captain was a most evil-minded and dangerous man. He had been drinking a good deal in a quiet way, and occasionally when he came up for a stroll on deck after dark seemed inclined to raise disturbance. I could easily realise that he regarded me with aversion, although I had given no cause whatever for hostility. I was at the wheel one night about half-past eight when he came on deck, evidently the worse for liquor. The ship was being steered "full and bye," which means with her yards braced up sharp. She was steering as close to the wind as possible. He came up, and peering into my face, said: "Where the Hell are you taking her; why don't you keep her up to it?"

"The leach of the royal is quivering now, Sir," I replied.

In a most insulting manner he used some vile and threatening language, to which I made no reply, because I feared the result on such a ship, feeling sure that the Captain would use firearms, and even more than his revolver I feared his gigantic henchman, "the ogre," of whom I have spoken.

A couple of nights after this I had a somewhat similar experience, but on this occasion the Captain declared that things were "going too damned slow," that we all required some hazing round, and that he would give us a "wiping down" one of these days. These things made me feel very uncomfortable.

But it is said that in Greek tragedy it is the unexpected which happens, and in the little world of our ship an unexpected event happened which entirely altered the "balance of power" and removed a load of apprehension from my mind.

The behaviour of the ogre had become absolutely unbearable. He evidently wanted a row, and I felt sure that there was one within measurable distance.

One night, after having had a glass from the Captain, McCarthy raised a disturbance in reference to the manner in which the young Austrian was belaying the lee forebrace. Seizing the handsome young sailor, the brutal giant got his head "in chancery," and pounded face and head till his victim fell fainting on the deck. He came in to our house on deck covered with blood, and as I looked at him my heart sickened within me. I bathed and washed his face and head, and whilst thus engaged McCarthy looked in and said, looking with his horrible little grey eyes at me: "I'll give some more of ye a taste of my quality before long." Though the Austrian was possessed of great physical strength he told me that he felt like a baby in the hands of his assailant.

Three or four nights later the bully managed to pick a quarrel with Manuel, the Chilian, and endeavoured to deal with him as he had dealt with the Austrian. In those awful self-revelations of which I have spoken McCarthy had boasted of his prowess in gouging out men's eyes. In his brief tussle with Manuel he attempted such tactics, but the Chilian was a man of altogether exceptional physical strength and activity and he quickly freed himself from the scoundrel's grasp.

Like the races of the Mediterranean, whom they very much resemble, the Chilians are quick to resent either insult or injury, and as with the Greeks of old, they regard revenge as not only legitimate but commendable. After the assault Manuel's manner became strangely altered. He suggested to me a man fairly "panting for revenge." But next night, as I was coming from the wheel at ten o'clock, I was partially witness of a development which fairly amazed me. Although it was McCarthy's watch below, the Ogre had been prowling about the decks. A libation from the Captain had roused his evil nature. As I came along the deck I heard some words and saw one of the Japanese with his back to me, and in front of him the long boots, which the Ogre wore in all weathers, describing a semicircle. Instantly there followed a dull, heavy thud on the deck. It appeared that just as I was coming along McCarthy had picked a quarrel with Jo, and had attempted to get hold of him, but the Japanese had given him such a sudden heave that his feet flew up and round in air, and the consequent severe fall on the deck quite stupefied him.

The astonished giant presently sat up, seeming quite dazed. Jo, approaching quietly, said: "Now, do you want any more." The crestfallen bully replied: "No, not at present I don't." "Well," said Jo, "If you ever touch me again I shall surely kill you."

Even as I write these words the remembrance of this, to me, astounding incident recalls one of the most thankful memories of my experiences in the Pacific.

CHAPTER XIII.

In a Gale—The Ogre is Disgraced—A Steersman's Reflections—
Lashed to the Wheel—A Ridiculous Myth—The Japanese
Again—Manuel is Avenged—The Last of the Ogre—A Ship-
board Tragedy.

Next morning the Captain told his officers not to take any canvas off the ship without his permission. At twelve o'clock, when I came on deck, we still had all sails set, though it was blowing very hard. I said to the officer of the watch: "If you do not take in some canvas something will soon go."

The wind was "quartering," and the ship was slipping at a great rate through the water.

Just after I had spoken the Captain came up evidently muddled with drink. He seemed pleased with the strong, fair wind, not apparently realising the danger to canvas and spars. Just as he was again going below, away went the main-top-gallant mast.

All hands were called, and, as with the exception of the Ogre, all the sailors were smart, capable men, we soon sent down the wreckage, and as the wind continued to rise, took in everything but the topsails and foresail. The wind then shifted right aft, and soon freshened into a very heavy gale, so that we took in everything but the lower topsails and fore-topmast staysail. The gale blew still more fiercely, and in a few hours we were running before as heavy a sea as I have ever experienced. In the morning I went aloft to make fast the fore-top-gallant sail, which seemed likely to blow adrift, and as I looked out on the wild waste of waters, at the mountainous following seas, and then down at our frail little barque scudding along as the great waves lifted her

stern high in the air, I seemed to realise that in our isolated, precarious position we might well commend ourselves to the keeping of "Him Who walketh upon the wings of the wind and Who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

Although in such weathers as we had hitherto encountered, our little ship had steered well, we discovered that in this gale she required the greatest vigilance on the part of the helmsman, and with some of our hands had occasionally "wandered" perilously close to disaster. One of my Japanese watch mates and I appeared, as the officers thought, to have "the hang of her" better than the rest, so it was arranged that we should relieve each other every four hours. During this time the Captain had fortunately "pulled himself together," and shown himself to be a capable commander, as one indication of which, he, much to my delight, had turned the Ogre from the wheel at an early stage of this dangerous gale.

It is customary, under such circumstances, for the sailor who is being relieved by another helmsman, to wait with him for a more or less brief period, till he "gets accustomed" to her, and I soon discovered that the Japanese who took my place was one of the finest steersmen who ever caught a wheel. He gave her little wheel, but always kept it moving. I have often seen it written that "the sailors were lashed to the wheel," and I have wondered how this ridiculous idea originated; in heavy weather, and particularly when "running," the helmsman may be secured with a rope to prevent his being washed away, but he could not be "lashed to the wheel." In this gale a sea came over the stern, but I managed to retain my grasp of the wheel, and no damage was done. The Captain, whose whole manner was now thoroughly changed, actually consulted me as to whether we should not make an attempt to "heave to," but I was opposed to the suggestion. The sea, though high, was true, the wind sticking steadily in the same quarter,

and I felt sure that Jo and I could keep her running steadily before it.

I never under any circumstances felt any timidity at a ship's wheel, and this I attribute to the great responsibility of the position. A word which I have never seen or heard used in connection with steering, but which would be at once expressive and appropriate, is "touch." The skilful helmsman "feels her" in his hands. One of the very best helmsmen I have ever known was an elderly man with very defective sight, who had been brought up in a "Geordie" collier brig. Some ships steer so badly that the most skilful helmsman cannot keep them from "wandering," but occasionally in the very worst of them a man appears who, "finding the hang of her," can keep her fairly on her course. On one of Wigram's auxiliaries that did such good work in the Australian trade of the sixties, the boatswain, a fine seaman, told me that he had only seen one man who could properly manage her, and he was a diminutive German sailor, from whom, upon appearances, little might have been expected.

I now began to hope, after the experiences of this gale, that the Captain would behave better in future, and also that after his degradation in being sent away from the wheel, and the humiliation of defeat by Jo, the Ogre would display less of that truculent brutality, which had, to me, constituted a source of apprehensiveness, that could only be realised by those who have had practical experience of the atmosphere of a Yankee ship under like circumstances. After her behaviour in the gale I regarded the gallant little barque with affection. The gale blew itself out in about forty-eight hours, but as our cook, a little, elderly negro from Savannah, said to me, it was "a proper sneezer." The cook added the reflection that she was a "sarpint to roll."

About three days after the subsidence of the gale, our watch was called at four o'clock in the morning by Manuel. We had a lamp hung up in the house on deck where we lived, and this was generally extinguished when the watch below went to sleep; it was customary for the man who called the watch to light it for those about to come on deck. The Chilian performed this duty, and at the same time lit his pipe with the match which he had just used in lighting the lamp. I was lying in an upper bunk, and noticed, as I thought, a most unusual expression upon the Chilian's features which seemed quite lit up with a smile of pleasure and satisfaction. One of the Japanese went to the wheel and the other sat and chatted away to me until the time had arrived for washing decks. A chat with anyone at that hour of the morning watch was with me a most rare occurrence, as I felt then a greater desire to sleep than at any other time of the day or night, and when on deck between the hours of three and four frequently experienced a feeling of weakness. Many other sailors to whom I have spoken have confessed to similar feelings. It is, in fact, a popular belief in some countries that between these hours, a greater number of deaths take twenty-four, and a physician to whom I mentioned the subject also thought that such was the case.

At six o'clock I went to the wheel and stayed there the usual time till eight o'clock. At five minutes past the hour no one had come to take my place, and I said in a spirit of annoyance to the officer on duty who had come to look at the compass.

"Don't you think that it is about time that I was relieved?"

He went forward to the break of the poop and sang out: "For'd there, whose relief is it."

The Chilian answered: "It's McCarthy's."

"Where is McCarthy?" cried the officer.

"I don't know," was Manuel's reply. "He's not in the house, and he was not in to breakfast either."

"The devil " exclaimed the officer. "See if he is in the longboat or under the to'-gallant forecandle."

The longboat was lashed amidships and covered with a tarpaulin. But no search could discover McCarthy, and the Chilian relieved me at the wheel. As he took her from me I said to him:

"Where in the world can McCarthy be?"

The answer, with an absolutely jubilant expression of countenance, was: "The Devil only knows."

The Captain was so astonished that, apparently to satisfy himself, he came forward, looked into the house, under the forecandle, into the longboat, even went to see if the missing man was not in the bobstays under the bows.

The general supposition was that he had committed suicide, as he had been seen about two o'clock apparently asleep on the deck under the lee of the longboat, and did not come into the house at four o'clock, when his watch went below. It was not considered possible that he had fallen overboard, as there had not been even a pull at a rope during the middle watch.

I said nothing, but I could not believe in the suicide theory that was propounded.

It was between the hours of two and four that McCarthy had disappeared, and during that time the Austrian was at the wheel, and he told me that the officer on watch was seated behind him all the time. Thus the only occupants of the main deck during the two hours were McCarthy and Manuel, who called us at four o'clock.

At twelve my watch came again on deck. There had been lying for two or three days by the bow of the longboat an iron maul, and a short time after coming on deck I was walking forward when my attention was arrested by this weapon. A sudden thought flashed

through my mind, and picking it up hastily I looked at both ends of it, and upon one I saw what I believed to be a trace of blood. I rubbed this upon the tarpaulin and threw the maul down in the same place again, never mentioning the discovery to anyone, from that hour until I now put it down on paper, but I felt that one blow from this maul, delivered by an active, powerful man, would have crushed in any human skull like an eggshell.

I cannot say, of course, what did happen to McCarthy, but if his skull was broken and he himself pitched overboard then it was a case in which killing was no murder, but rather a most righteous execution. Those people who know nothing of the ways of the sea might think differently, but others who have experienced somewhat similar conditions will agree with me when I say that the removal of this dangerous monster with whom we had been caged up for several weeks was an act which should merit the approval rather than the censure of even law-abiding men.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Happy Ship—Sweethearts and Wives—The Captain Reformed—
An Apparition—What the Austrian Saw—More Japanese
Philosophy—American Patriotism—In the China Seas—I
Leave the Ship—A Grateful Skipper.

What a difference McCarthy's disappearance made to our little community! We seemed to breathe another atmosphere, and now held extremely pleasant intercourse, where formerly silence and gloom were the normal conditions in the house on deck. Our Japanese shipmates became much more communicative, and the Austrian and Chilian were both exceedingly pleasant, interesting, and, in some respects, intelligent men. The disappearance of McCarthy quite altered the balance of power and placed the Captain in a helpless minority. But his manner and conduct during the remainder of the passage were entirely altered, so that from having been a floating hell, we had quite a happy little ship. Even the old negro cook shared in this revival, and treated us occasionally to the sacred songs of the coloured people of the Sunny South, where he hoped to anchor in the near future.

And amongst others we had "sweetheart" stories. All my shipmates were young and had sweethearts, and I was quite pleased to find that none of them had more than one. What castles they built in the air. Alas! where are those castles now?

About a week after the disappearance of McCarthy an incident took place which is perhaps worthy of record. About half-an-hour after our watch had gone below at 8 p.m., my Japanese friends and I had just "turned in," having chatted longer than usual at that hour. As Joe was about to put out the lamp the Austrian lad rushed in

at the door, scared and excited, and informed us that he had "just seen McCarthy standing by the rail near the waist on the lee side!"

We were all thunderstruck, and for a few moments practically deprived of all power of speech.

At last I said to the Austrian: "What was he doing?"

"Just standing by the rail," was his reply.

"Were you any way near him?"

"Not too close to him," was the answer.

I felt puzzled and perplexed, and thought for the moment that the ruffian might have been stowed away somewhere out of sight; but on second thoughts I discarded this theory as impossible, and said:

"Let us go out and have a look at him."

"Right," said Joe. "I will give him another heave if he wants one."

The Austrian's nerve was shaken, and in the search we made he would only follow in our wake. We went round the leeside and then round the weather one, and saw nothing at all, so we conjectured that the Austrian had been the victim of his own imagination. But he himself had no doubt on the subject, and was evidently in a state of nervous anxiety. I said to him: "Sit by the door there, till you go to the wheel, and you'll soon forget all about it."

Soon after this our passage was drawing to a close, and I felt sorrowful at the thought of leaving, probably for ever, shipmates to whom I had become personally much attached. But for various reasons I had determined to leave the ship in China, whilst all the others intended to make the "round trip" and take her once more through the Golden Gate.

The Japanese had been saving every available penny during their seafaring life, and had become possessed of quite a nice little sum, with which they intended embarking in the fishing industry on their own coasts, a pursuit to which they had been born and bred, being

descended from a long line of fishermen ancestors. They hated the sea and said that in following it as a profession men were only throwing away their lives. It had suited them for a time. They had seen much to interest them, and their earnings, judiciously invested, would easily render them independent for life. During six years of seafaring they had seen much of the world, and as they possessed altogether remarkable powers of observation, had accumulated a store of knowledge. They had been ashore in America during a Presidential election, and had arrived at the conclusion that there was too much noise about Yankee patriotism. It had too much of the splashing of a shallow stream, and, they remarked, "still waters run deep."

They thought that, generally speaking, the Governments of countries had comparatively little to do with the welfare and comfort of nations, which mainly lay with the people themselves, and, furthermore, if the people were good themselves they would have good Governments. In this connection they quoted the couplet from Goldsmith:—

"How small of all that human hearts endure

That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

I think I have said enough in reference to these two most interesting men, to show how fresh and pleasant was their conversation; how original their view points. It was a revelation to find two fisher lads intelligently discussing what furnished material for analysis amongst men of philosophic order of mind in every quarter of the globe.

* * *

Upon my arrival in port I asked the Captain if he would pay me my wages and allow me to leave the ship, as I was not desirous of returning to America. He professed surprise at my desire to leave, and said that he would only part with me with very great reluctance.

"In fact," he added, "I won't part with you; you've been a damned useful man in the ship."

I said no more at the time but resolved to approach him again when opportunity offered. The next night I met him in an hotel ashore, and, to do him justice, he behaved well, quite differently to his manner on board. I again approached him, for I was determined to leave. He expostulated with me, and spoke, very much to my surprise, in quite a flattering manner.

At last he said: "Well, you behaved so well on board that I will pay you up and let you go. And now that you are going," he added, "I want to say that, taking you all over, you were the best man in the ship fore or aft."

I can hardly describe my feelings in taking leave of my shipmates. In some degree I feel sorrow even as I write these lines. The fine Austrian lad burst into tears as I pressed his hand in a kindly farewell. But it had to end, so I shook hands with all, fore and aft, and thus terminated, all things considered, the most interesting passage of my seafaring life.

CHAPTER XV.

About Apparitions—The Ghost of 42nd Street—An Unexplained Phenomenon—A 'Frisco Elopement—The Peril of the Water-spout—"Dinis the Dog."

In the foregoing lines I said that the incident of the supposed re-appearance of McCarthy might be worthy of record, and in this connection I now wish to describe the most inexplicable experience of my life. It is, I admit, a most incredible story, and for this reason, if for no other, I will give it in absolute accuracy of detail. I may here explain that I am not a superstitious man. In reference to apparitions, etc., I adopt the attitude of an agnostic. There may be such things or there may not. I do not know. But at the time this incident of which I write took place, I absolutely disbelieved in what is known as the supernatural. I held that if the eye reflected anything on the brain there must first be a material substance to reflect. I make this brief explanation to show that superstition played no part in an incident which appears to me unaccountable upon any natural hypothesis.

Having stripped the vessel in which I had been sailing upon the great American lakes, I left Chicago about the middle of December and took train for New York, breaking my journey at Buffalo to see the Falls of Niagara. At New York I intended to take the first steamer in which I could find a berth for Liverpool, but meantime spent a few days with a shipmate and his wife who lived in Forty-second Street, close to Eighth Avenue. I went with them and some other friends to a "surprise party" away up on 186th Street.

It was a fine, clear, starlight night, and when nearly twelve o'clock, we who had gone away together, met for a parting glass at my friend's house before separating.

My friend with whom I was lodging went away somewhere to get a bottle of brandy, and all were waiting for his return, the result being that to me the room, not a very large one, had become oppressively warm, so much so that I threw off my monkey jacket, with the intention of going to the street door for fresh air. I may here explain that we lived on the ground floor and that above us lived two other families, each upon what is called a flat. The passage ran right through the house from the front door to the back. Almost immediately after entering the first door at the street entrance, at a distance of perhaps five or six feet, a stair ran up on the right hand, and on the left hand, right opposite the stair, was the door of the room in which we had all assembled awaiting my old shipmate's return. Right in front of the street door there was a gas lamp. Having thrown down my jacket, I came out into the passage, intending to stand at the front door until my friend arrived. And now came this, the most extraordinary experience which I have ever encountered.

The street door was slightly ajar, and as I drew it open there passed between me and the wall the form of a girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age, with a pale face, dark eyes with which she looked up at me as she brushed past, and black hair thrown over her shoulders. The dress appeared to be of black silk, and I distinctly felt it rustle against my legs when she passed me. A queer "creepy" feeling came over me. I felt puzzled that she could pass me where there did not appear to be sufficient room for her to do so. I pulled the door wide open to allow the light from the gas lamp to stream into the passage, and whilst thus standing, perplexed, a young fellow came out of the room which I had just left.

I asked him if he had any matches about him, and on his answering "Yes," I asked him to go into the passage at the back, strike a light, and see if there was anybody there.

'The lad did so and reported, "No one here."

I have read that medical men have had patients whose malady consisted in seeing apparitions, men whose brains or nervous systems were in a diseased or disordered state. But I was in absolutely perfect mental and physical health, in fact, overflowing with vitality and the joy of life. Nor had I for years tasted intoxicating liquor. So that in this case it would hardly be possible that I could be included in the category of those who from a disordered system require the treatment of the physician. Had I seen the apparition in a graveyard, I should have considered that probably I merely imagined that I had seen something. But encountered in a city where I had no idea or thought whatever of anything supernatural, this experience has baffled all my attempts at explanation.

During the following summer I re-visited my friends at 42nd Street, and the woman with whom I had lodged told me that she had heard that the apparition that I had described had been seen in the same place six years before. There may be, and certainly are, laws operating around us of which we are absolutely ignorant.

* * *

Before taking leave of the Pacific I shall recall a very different episode of my life in the old Golden State of which, for certain reasons, I have never spoken until now.

I had known my old friend O'Brien for some time in 'Frisco before sailing with him, at his urgent request, on our last ill-starred voyage, and a very different person he was, when clear of the atmosphere of a Yankee ship. Full of humour and love of adventures, he had also in a very full degree, the reckless courage of his race.

In the reign of Justinian, lovers who eloped ran the risk of capital punishment, and those aiding or abetting had, when discovered, molten lead poured down their throats. Had Justinian ruled in 'Frisco I would have incurred the risk of "lead poisoning," as through

O'Brien's instrumentality I was engaged, much against my own will, not in abducting a young lady, but in aiding her to fly to her lover's arms; indeed, I should have taken no part in this somewhat dangerous escapade were it not that I was under deep personal obligations to my friend, and it was entirely at his instigation that I became one of the accomplices in the task.

O'Brien had a young Irish-American friend, to whom he was greatly indebted, and this young man was madly in love with a young lady whose parents forbade him to visit the house. The girl quite reciprocated her lover's feelings, but had been recently placed under such strict surveillance that any communication or intercourse had been found impossible. The parents were wealthy Irish-Americans of humble birth, dwelling in a 'Frisco suburb, and they were desirous of a higher match for their daughter. To frustrate any attempt at elopement the lady was kept locked in her bedroom every night, and a maiden aunt slept in an adjoining room. The family eventually decided to send the girl away to relations in Chicago, and the day before her contemplated departure, in the forenoon, O'Brien and his friend came to consult me as to the possibility of removing the young lady before she left for the East, when she might be lost to them for ever. I was enlisted in consequence of my reputation as a climber, of which O'Brien had heard from a shipmate, who had sailed with me in a ship where I had had several desperate matches with a "down-easter," in which, when the wind was dead aft and the mainsail hauled up, we raced up the leaches of the sails from the deck to the fore royal masthead.

O'Brien was intimate with the young lady's family, and had reconnoitred and discovered that she slept in a room on the third storey, the window of which looked over the back yard. A water-pipe ran up not far from her bedroom window, and this pipe was the key of the situation. O'Brien had assumed that I would be

able to climb the pipe and get in at the bedroom window, though frankly confessing that the task was beyond his powers. He could, he said, climb up the pipe, but could not get from it to the window. He thought that if I could overcome this difficulty we might succeed. But in reply to my interrogations I discovered other difficulties and dangers of the undertaking. My reckless friend regarded the whole thing as a splendid joke, but my Scotch caution could discern elements of serious risk.

I first asked if any dogs were kept loose on the premises, as all my life I have had a fear of dogs under such circumstances.

"Yes," the lover said, "there is a bloodthirsty divil of an Irish terrier they call Dinis; sometimes he's loose in the grounds and sometimes he's kept in the house."

"Well, if he is loose to-night," I said, "I'll turn back; he would certainly wake the household."

I also discovered that the young lady's father was a "rough customer," and there were two sons in the house who were "hard cases."

O'Brien's comfortless suggestion was: "You might get away with one of them, but if the two of them got at you they'd destroy you."

By way of final protest I said: "Supposing that I get in at the window, is not the girl sure to scream? And then I might get shot in the room before I could get away."

"Oh," said the lover, "just say to her, 'Mary, it's Jack has come for you' and she won't say one word."

I arranged to meet the conspirators at one o'clock, but first warned them that they should "square" the policeman on the beat, if such existed. I also told them that I would insist upon all taking off their boots before entering the grounds surrounding the house. The party was to consist of five men, O'Brien and his friend the lover, with them a man who was supposed to be able to "charm" the dog if necessary. This last indi-

vidual, whose acquaintance I made that night, was a regular "son of the sod." But I took a further precaution in reference to the dog, who, I much feared, would upset all our plans. I enlisted the sympathy and assistance of a singularly devil-may-care shipmate, who was to go down to the ship which we had left, for a "heaver," a weapon somewhat resembling a policeman's baton, with which to "settle" the dog should he attack us. This shipmate entered into the proceedings with positive glee, but I still feared the developments that might arise, and dreaded the revolvers of the inmates of the house should any alarm be given.

We all met at the appointed hour, clambered over the fence, and crept carefully through some shrubs towards the back of the house. To my consternation I heard the dog barking in the house, and I felt sure that he had either heard or smelt us, but I made the party all stand in a corner made by the walls at the back of the building, waiting to discover if any alarm had been raised. I wanted to get into action as soon as possible, and I felt quite apprehensive as to the complication which had prevented O'Brien from carrying out the task himself, viz., the difficulty of getting from the water-pipe to the third storey window.

The bedroom was in a corner of the building. I tied the end of a ball of twine to my button-hole with a view to hauling up a nice piece of Manilla rope should I prove successful in obtaining an entrance. When I arrived opposite the window described by O'Brien I thoroughly realised the danger and difficulty of my task, but never hesitated for a moment, knowing from experience that hesitancy is fatal to success. So up the spout I went, got one hand on to the window sill, and somehow managed to hold on or hang by it until I got the other on to the sash. Fortunately the window was slightly open. Had it not been so I could not have succeeded. The struggle from the pipe until I had a

good grip on the window constituted one of three of the "tighest pinches" of my life—the other two occurred at Constantinople and Lisbon, and the recollection of it even after all these years almost makes my flesh creep. I gently and cautiously raised the window, every moment expecting to hear a scream from the occupant of the room. Then I got inside and pulled up the Manilla rope, so that if an alarm was raised I might be provided with means of escape. Feeling my way in the dark I hitched it to the leg of the bed, and then with a beating heart proceeded to make the lady aware of my presence. This I feared more than anything which had preceded it, as I felt convinced that she would scream, and had she done so I would have gone down that rope like a lamp-lighter. Following the advice of her lover, I whispered as loudly as I dared, while remembering the presence of the dragon (her aunt) in the next room:

"Mary! Mary! Jack has come for you."

I heard a slight movement, so repeated my message, whereat the girl seemed to be listening, so I whispered on.

"Mary! Jack sent me here to help you to get away with him; he is down there in the yard and I have a rope to let you down with."

Came the response, also whispered: "Oh my God! I'd be in dread to go down on a rope."

But I said: "I'll tie you on and lower you down. Now, for God's sake be quick and put on your things. Any valuables that you may have I'll bring down with me."

The girl proved perfectly calm and collected. She put such clothing and valuables as she required in a bag in which soiled linen was usually placed. I would not allow her to strike a light, but she very quickly dressed in the dark, whilst I admonished her that delay was dangerous.

With the rope I took a round turn with two half-hitches round the leg of the bed, though I dreaded that it might move on the floor as I went down, then made a bow-line in which I seated the lady, taking a hitch under her arms and making her hold the rope with both hands as I lowered her.

She behaved admirably, and was soon in her lover's arms; at least I supposed so. I very quickly followed with her bag of clothes in my teeth, as I was afraid to throw it down, and lowering it with the Manilla rope would have caused a slight delay at a time when every moment was precious. We went out in the same manner in which we had come in, and again we heard "Dinis," the dog, barking in the house as we passed.

I never saw the lassie before or since, and know not what became of her, but she came well through the ordeal on that eventful night, and I felt sure that we were all most fortunate to come out of the escapade without bloodshed. The lovers departed, I know not whither, and O'Brien (my shipmate), the dog charmer, and myself, went to drink a glass of brandy under a tree. O'Brien was perfectly delighted at the success of our expedition, and the dog charmer said to me: "Well, you are a great man." But inwardly I resolved never again to assist in a 'Frisco elopement.

In a spirit of Irish humour O'Brien insisted that I should go with him the next evening to make a call upon the bereaved family. Never shall I forget that visit. The "old man" was discussing the situation with a detective, and they were both imbibing whisky in sufficient quantity to render them garrulous. The detective contended that the elopement must have been effected with the aid of a seafaring man, as the hitches of the rope to the bed, if nothing else, showed this.

"But," excitedly retorted the "old man," "how in the divil did he get out of the water-sphout into the room?"

He occasionally broke into perfect paroxysms of rage, largely in consequence of O'Brien's stimulating interjections, and on such occasions used the most grotesque language, threats, and oaths, against the disturbers of his family peace—his truant daughter receiving her full share of uncomplimentary names—and the spectacle of the arch-conspirator, O'Brien, sitting there and lashing the old man into these fits of fury was to me humorous beyond all powers of description. He would also dwell on the cost of her accomplishments, saying, "Look at all the money that I losht wid her wid schooling, the nasty shlip." I occasionally feared that the detective had his suspicions, as more than once I detected him casting suspicious glances at me.

CHAPTER XVI.

In Search of Gold—The Gympie Rush—Two Men and a Dog—
Australian Aborigines—Wild Chants—Native Ducks—A
Kangaroo Hunt—I am in Danger—Marvellous Tree Climbing
—Black Trackers.

In search of gold I had carried my "swag" over the snow-clad hills of New Zealand, and at the time of the Gympie "rush," in company with a fine, handsome young sailor, determined to woo fickle fortune under the burning sun of Northern Australia. With sixty other men we left Maryborough for the El Dorado of the day, where a huge nugget had just been unearthed and some rich reefs discovered. We paid a carter half-a-crown each to carry our swags for about sixty miles. He had an old white horse in his team of two, and we had on one occasion at least to drag the poor old beast, cart and all, out of a swamp on the then unformed track. On the way up a very fine large, rough-coated staghound-looking dog attached himself to my mate and me, just as if he had known us all his life.

Upon our arrival at the field we found that all the ground known to be payable had been already occupied. The alluvial ground in which the large nugget had been found was extremely limited, and the new arrivals who remained engaged in quartz-reefing. These reefs were lodges of quartz varying in thickness from a few inches to several feet. They all ran north and south, and all "dipped" at various angles to the west. For miles from the township through the forest the miners followed the reefs, and sank innumerable holes or shafts in the hard blue rock. But of all the new arrivals (and ten thousand men came over from Victoria), I never heard of one who "got on to gold." Storekeepers, and others, took up

claims, and by going into partnership with working miners, giving them about twelve shillings a week, they could retain possession of shares in the claims until gold had been found. My mate and I fortunately obtained a partner, and we started to work in the O'Connel line of reef. We had not a penny, but could live well on twenty-five shillings a week, and were both of such sanguine dispositions that we never doubted for a moment that we were going to make our fortunes, but on hearing of the fabulous yields of the Caledonian, Lady Mary, and other famous reefs, we feared that by the time we got at ours, gold would have ceased to have any value.

We lived in the forest about a mile from the town, and in our immediate vicinity a tribe of Australian blacks had formed a camp. Only on the approach of a rain storm do they erect any shelter whatever, and then two or three sheets of bark are placed at an angle against an upright stake driven into the ground. These people were to me a most interesting study. There was at one time much speculation as to what branch of the human family they belonged to, and Lyell has been credited with the belief that they were the oldest people on earth. The late Sir George Grey told me that during his term of office as Governor of South Australia, he had a portion of the Gospel by St. Luke translated into their language, and thus philologists discovered that they were of the same stock as the Tamils of Ceylon. Like some of the islanders of the Pacific, they appeared to me to possess a much greater exuberance of joyous life than any civilised people that I have known. I found the bubbling happiness of the piccaninnies absolutely contagious. Very frequently our slumbers were disturbed by their nocturnal songs, chanted together by all in unison, and accompanied by the rythmic beating of hands, upon which small pads formed from Opossum skins had been placed. Their principal chants ran:—

"Vera malawa malarala," and

"Vera haloonga mammalara."

I asked a half-caste the meaning of these songs, and he replied that they meant "got marrit!"

Their weapons were the spear, boomerang, clubs of different sizes, and large, somewhat oval-shaped shields made out of a thick slab of wood with a catch cut out for the hand in the middle. I have seen a number of single combats with these weapons, and when the men fought with clubs and shield, the battering and noise was tremendous, reminding one of battering of flails.

Their prowess of climbing the tall forest trees, and I speak as a sailor who could climb anywhere as well at least as any white man I ever met, were probably unparalleled by the people of any other race. One fine Sunday morning, as I was taking a walk through the forest, I met a blackfellow who was carrying a few things and trailing a long vine about the thickness of a man's middle finger. I had our staghound with me. I asked the black if he would come out for a hunt after kangaroos, which were plentiful in that locality. He replied that he was going first to a "corroboree," which means a native dance or merry-making, but after it was over a party of blacks were going out for a hunt. I had heard so much of the wonderful skill of these people in the chase, that I at once determined to accompany the hunting party. About half-an-hour's walk took us to the native encampment, a mostly lovely glade in the forest, where about one hundred and fifty blacks of all ages and both sexes had assembled. To me this gathering furnished a most delightful picture of novelty. None wore any clothing whatever, and the fitting about of the dark, sinuous forms, the gleesome chatter, and the smoke from their fires curling up through the noble forest trees, constituted tableaux of singularly interesting character. The first feature of the proceedings was a long procession formed in single file, and this

moved slowly along, each person taking only a few inches at each step, and that in the slowest possible manner. Two men, painted with clay, waving wands, and gesturing in a most fantastic fashion, postured round the procession. After some other evolutions, they all sat down to a feast before the departure of the hunting party.

It is told that in bygone days, the Scottish matrons along the borders put a pair of spurs in the dish when the supply of beef had run low, as a hint to their husbands to replenish their stores from the herds of their Southern neighbours. And perhaps the black gins had given these men some similar hint, as the feast consisted almost entirely of bones from which every vestige of flesh had been previously removed, but which were again gnawed over by all present, the women getting their turn last. There was no whisper of protest, nor reference to "women's rights." I noticed that the very old people had not lost their teeth, but as with old dogs they were worn down to the gums. To my great delight, after the conclusion of these festivities about sixty men started for the hunt, mainly equipped with waddies (short clubs made of hard and heavy wood), which they throw with remarkable force and precision. I had taken off my belt and with it led the staghound, so as to keep him fresh and slip him at a kangaroo should a favourable opportunity present itself. Suddenly the hunters halted, and I sat down at the foot of a large gum-tree, still keeping the hound in leash. With the exception of two "Kings," who carried spears, all the blacks sat down in a perfect circle, of which I at the foot of the gum-tree formed a part. The Kings, around whose necks were hung half-moon shaped brass plates, on which their names were engraved, stood with their spears in the middle of the circle. The name of one of these worthies was "Billy Dirty-face, King of Gympie"; the other's was, I think, plain "King Billy." Their Majesties com-

menced a discussion which gradually grew more animated, and I soon discovered that apparently I was the subject of contention. Eventually one of them stepped a couple of paces in my direction, poising his spear as if about to throw, and I then noticed that the eyes of all forming the circle were turned upon me. The spearman again drew back. The discussion was resumed, and raged more furiously, none in any way taking part except the two disputants in the centre of the circle. I realised danger, but at the same time felt that I was absolutely at their mercy, and that any attempt at escape was worse than useless, as even if I could outrun them all, which was most improbable, they could soon bring me down with their waddies. So I put a bold front upon it, and appeared quite unconcerned. But the King once more poised his spear, only apparently to be again dissuaded by his comrade in the ring. Still a third time he repeated the threatening attitude with similar negative result. There the discussion terminated and all started for the hunt.

I asked "Jimmie," my companion of the morning, to whom I attached myself, and who still trailed along his vine, what the excited pair had been talking about, but he appeared desirous of evading the question and answered, "O nuthin."

I was to now witness a most extraordinary feat in climbing, a performance which, had I not seen it, I should have regarded as impossible. We came to a giant of the forest which had probably been killed by lightning, a tree about six feet in diameter at three feet from the ground, and running up without a branch for at least 150 feet, and perhaps a great deal more. The tree had no bark upon it, and its hard barrel looked and felt almost as slippery as glass. With the wonderfully keen vision of his race my friend "Jimmie" detected the presence of a native bees' nest in one of the very topmost branches. He then put on a belt and stuck a tomahawk

into the girdle thus formed. Then he took his vine and putting it round the tree, held an end in each hand. Next he placed his feet against the slippery barrel, and with a rapid motion, shifting his vine at each step, he walked right up to the forks, certainly at least one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. And, greatest feat of all, when he arrived at the forks, and was unable to shift the rope higher, he somehow raised a foot and pulled himself up in to the forks between the great branching limbs. He cut the branch containing the bees' nest, which dropped to the ground, and I regret to this day that I missed the sight of his negotiation of the fork in his downward trip. How he managed that I cannot now imagine.

Some kangaroos were soon discovered, and the hunters threw out a large circle round them, which became gradually closer, and the poor animals made a bolt at last for freedom, breaking through the cordon by which they were surrounded. Some were cut down by the terrible waddies. The hungry hunters kindled a fire and feasted upon the spot. A native bear was captured, and its cries, as the dogs worried it, had, to me, a most distressingly human sound.

On my return from this most interesting hunt, I told of my experience to an elderly man who worked near me. He was not a miner, having lived on sheep stations nearly all his life. He had an intimate knowledge of the natives, and told me that most probably at the time of the Royal discussion I had a very narrow escape of my life. He said that though I was in no way an aggressor, my life might have been taken in revenge for some wrong inflicted by a white man. For instance, if one of their people had been shot by a white man, according to the native code blood should have to be shed in return.

The Australian aboriginals are famous as trackers. Two black trackers have been known to track a dog for fourteen miles at a rate of between three and four miles

an hour. My fine-looking hound failed to score, and a few days later, when following my mate in the township, his owner turned up, so we saw no more of poor "Jimmie," who had quite become one of our party.

The blacks around us were about middle height, and had rather spindly legs, but nearly all had exceedingly well developed chests. I found them to be very fast runners, and one who comparatively recently became famous might have been a record breaker had he been willing to prepare for his contests in orthodox fashion, instead of training upon whisky and cigars. Their powers of mimicry were remarkable.

In the earlier portion of last century an object of much interest in Sydney and its neighbourhood was Bungaree, "King of the Blacks." He was the hereditary chief of the natives of that locality, and his recollection ran back to the first arrival of ships in Port Jackson, which, he said, the natives believed to be gigantic birds, the sails being their wings. Upon occasion he continued to affect Royal rank, and always imitated in manner as nearly as possible the Governor of the period. One Governor was in the habit, when approaching his residence where a guard was stationed, of waving his hand to prevent the soldier on duty turning out to receive him, and this practice, it is alleged, was always copied by Bungaree with inimitable fidelity. A captain of an English man-of-war visiting Sydney, hearing of Bungaree's intention of paying him a visit, and knowing of the old king's weakness, determined to receive him with the customary honour paid to Royalty. In due course Bungaree arrived, wearing an air of absolutely majestic dignity and importance. As he condescendingly shook hands with the Captain he asked for his name. "Brisbane," was the Captain's reply.

With an offended air Bungaree immediately said: "What for you tell me one dam lie, sah; you not Brisbane, sah, Brisbane friend of mine," and taking up a

telescope that lay at hand, he looked up at imaginary stars, occasionally shifting it and ejaculating "Ha," then saying to the Captain: "This Brisbane, sah."

The explanation of this amusing incident was that there had been a Governor of New South Wales named Brisbane, who was, of course, a friend of Bungaree, and who was very much addicted to nocturnal observation of the stars, and in the very manner imitated by the old King.

The Captain was fairly convulsed with laughter, as he happened to be a cousin of the Brisbane depicted by Bungaree, and realised the wonderful fidelity of the old Chief's pantomimic description.

But suddenly Bungaree relented, and assuming an air of forgiveness, remarked: "Never mind, sah, me forgive you, sah," and then, in an aside to the Captain: "Len' it sixpence."

A Jesuit priest who had been for eight years amongst the wild blacks in the far north told me that some black fellows had been given a bundle of sticks of tobacco, and also a letter to carry to a mission station some miles distant. When the recipient had read the letter he found that a stick of tobacco had been abstracted from the parcel, and he taxed the blacks with the theft.

"That letter tell one big fellow lie," was the reply. "When we took the stick of tobacco we put the letter behind a tree, he no able to see us."

The priest also informed me that judging from their language—which he had thoroughly mastered—he was strongly of opinion that they were a race who had been descending in the scale of human intelligence, and he also believed that a dim and misty tradition current amongst some northern tribes had reference to the Incarnation.

The blackfellows, when visiting the township, would have furnished the author of "*Sartor Resartus*" with

food for reflection. One day I saw some blacks standing round a deep trench. One of them, named "Yorky," was fashionably attired in an old white bell-topper and a duster coat. As he looked into the trench some mischievous person gave him a push and he fell in. Hastily scrambling out, and wishing to be revenged on some one, he caught a black gin and hurled her into the trench.

CHAPTER XVII.

Life on a Goldfield—Early Days of Gympie—Mining Councils—An Exciting Election—Orators Seen and Unseen—The Effect of “Presence”—Royal Blood—The Wearing of the Green—“Three Sheets in the Wind,” and “Half Seas Over.”

During my stay at Gympie, the Government, knowing little of mining affairs, had given the miners power to elect Mining Councils, and make their own laws and regulations in reference to all matters relating to the mines. Mr. Pickwick remarked that “fame is dear to the heart of every man,” and I think that this feeling must have been largely responsible for the number of candidates who appeared desirous of representing us on our Mining Board. A very large crowd assembled one starlit night to hear the addresses of some of those who intended contesting seats. The meeting was held in the open air, and the rostrum upon this occasion was a heap of stones, about ten or twelve feet in height, taken from an adjoining shaft. For the first time in my life I recognised how much appearance has to do with the reception of a public speaker hitherto unknown to the audience. As each speaker took his stand on the stone pile he had to wait until two men, one standing on either side, had each lit a match and held it close to the candidate’s face. Sometimes the wind blew out the matches, but the speaker was not allowed to proceed until a fair view had been obtained of his features. One man made an admirable and fluently delivered speech, pointing out the experience of Victoria, and the many wiles practised to obtain seats upon the Mining Board there. This speech was received with wild yells of delight, and the crowd roared for the speaker’s name to be placed upon the list of those worthy of their support, but the man astonished and disappointed us all when he calmly

said that he had no intention of becoming a candidate. Some applicants, after the matches had revealed features unpleasing to the multitude, failed even to obtain a hearing. Thus I discovered that "presence" is a material adjunct to oratory.

The elections for our Council were productive of tremendous excitement, and the candidates delivered "stirring" addresses from, in some instances, rudely and imperfectly formed platforms, which were hurriedly constructed for the purpose. Upon one occasion I was standing amongst a crowd of, I should think, some thousands of men, and three orators were simultaneously addressing the mob from the same platform. I could see their lips moving and also their frantic gesticulations, but with the awful babel of noise I could not hear one word of the speeches. Suddenly the rostrum collapsed, and all three suddenly disappeared. But afterwards, beside the polling booth, I heard the candidates singly addressing the crowd, although some of them were very badly received, even hooted down. Why, I could not tell.

One, an Irishman, a very decent-looking young fellow, was unable to get a hearing, but during a lull in the hostile demonstration, he shouted, defiantly, "I know what ye are." This constituted his speech. Yet being perfervidly supported by the Irish element, he went in at the head of the poll.

Afterwards, during a bye-election, one of the candidates, named O'Regan, was alleged to be the son of an Italian Princess. This contest was conducted upon national lines. In a conveyance I met, travelling at a perfectly awful rate, coming down a hill, sat three men with desperately red faces. Green ribbons were flying like a man-of-war's pennant, not merely from the occupants, but from the horse and vehicle. An Irish terrier was endeavouring to keep up behind, also decorated with green ribbons. When O'Regan made his appearance on

the hustings he was somewhat more than "half-seas over."

All he could utter was: "My name is O'Regan, it'll carry me through the world," and then he totally collapsed.

A Cockney bell-man, presumably subsidised by the O'Reganites, followed with: "Now, gentlemen, after this lucid exposition of Mr. O'Regan's views you cannot fail to roll up and vote for him."

In a mild way I recognised by their speeches some who were evidently old hands at the game. They exercised those arts which distinguish the demagogue wherever he may be found, and which subsequently afforded me much interested amusement in listening to politicians in that seething maelstrom of politics, the United States of America.

I have made use of the terms "Three sheets in the wind," and "Half-seas over," and for the benefit of the uninitiated I may explain that they have practically the same meaning. Either term is applied to an inebriate. In reference to the term "half-seas over," there is a most amusing story told of Lord Mansfield, who was, I believe, a great English Judge. An old sailor, one of the old school, who was continually hitching up his trousers, and whose complexion was the colour of mahogany, was giving evidence in a collision case.

"As I was a standin' near the binnacle," deposed the old tar—

"What is a binnacle?" interposed the Judge.

Turning round to the people in the body of the court, the witness exclaimed: "Bless my jolly old eyes, here's a cove as doesn't know what a binnacle is."

"No," replied Lord Mansfield, "we want you to tell us what it is. You have already given us a practical illustration of what 'half seas over' means."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Digger's Luck—All is not Gold that Glitters—A Goldfields Tragedy—“Accidentally Murdered”—Some Snake Yarns—Sir George Grey's Adventure—A Brave Little Girl—Bushrangers—A Brutal Murder—Shipmates in Gaol—The Caution of a Sailor-man.

My mate and I had sunk two shafts, each about twenty-five feet in depth, blasting every foot out of the hard, blue rock, without striking gold. One day my mate was below, and I was at the windlass winding up the broken rock, when he suddenly cried out, “I’ve struck it at last; the shaft’s half full of gold. Send down the bucket, and I’ll fill it.”

I had been quite expecting to “strike it” heavily, but the suddenness of this announcement seemed overwhelming, and I sang out to a man working on the next claim to come over and see if it were real gold that Harry was sending up. Up came the bucket filled with yellow, glittering stuff, and the man, shaking his head sadly, said: “Ah, mundic, New Chum gold.” In reality it was glittering, worthless dross.

This man had recently had a somewhat melancholy experience illustrative of the lottery of a gold-digger's life. He, with some other mates, had sunk a shaft forty-two feet in depth, following down a leader of quartz not much more than a foot in width, but little gold had as yet been seen in the stone. A “rush” had taken place to Kilkivan, about forty miles distant, and, throwing up his claim as worthless, he left for the new field. After his mates had sunk another foot they struck stone so rich that the first bucketful sent up contained more than £500 worth of gold.

Believing our claim to be a duffer, we shifted to another part of the field, and took up an abandoned claim

on the Sydney reef. As I strolled over one morning to arrange for pitching our tent, I passed one of those deep trenches here and there, cut east and west, in search of the reefs which all ran north and south. This trench was about nine feet in depth, and lying in it, just as if asleep, was the body of a handsome lad of seventeen, who had tumbled in during the night and broken his neck. It was difficult to realise that he was dead, he looked so tranquil and handsome in that sleep which knows no waking. His father was camped in a tent not much more than a stone's throw distant. An Irishman who was with me that morning told me a week or two afterwards that the Coroner's jury found that the young fellow was "accidentally murdered through falling down a hole."

About thirty or forty yards below us was camped another Irishman, a very handsome young fellow of twenty-four. Pat told me that he intended leaving Australia in consequence of the dreadful thunderstorms, and he had an experience one night in another direction which was scarcely calculated to cause him to alter this intention. He occasionally arrived home about midnight, to use a sailor's expression, "three sheets in the wind," and on one of these occasions, when getting into bed, was bitten on the sole of the foot by a large snake.

"I got a stick and killed her," he told me, "but I broke every stick of furniture in the tint before I had her kilt." His mate, he scornfully declared, was so paralysed with terror that he rendered no assistance whatever.

The orthodox treatment of that period for snake-bite was as much whisky or brandy as it was possible to induce the patient to swallow, and then he had to be kept in motion by two men each taking an arm and walking him about to prevent his going to sleep, which, it was thought, would be fatal. And poor Pat received this treatment for nearly two days, which proved not so much

the beneficent efficacy of the system, as the iron constitution of its recipient; and it was all uncalled-for suffering and alarm, as it was a carpet snake that bit him, and, although I was not aware of it at the time, carpet snakes are not poisonous. Pat's specimen was about six feet in length, and inflicted a wound such as might have been caused by the bite of a dog.

Snakes in all countries have always had for me a singular fascination. In Australia I concluded that the carpet snake was a species of boa-constrictor. At that time I read of one killed in Queensland twenty-seven feet in length. In speaking to the late Sir George Grey of the carpet snake, he told me that during his exploration on the north-west coast of Australia his party was attacked by a tribe of hostile blacks, and he received a spear-wound. A belt of open grass land, about three hundred yards in width, lay between the forest and the cliffs by the seashore, and the explorer's camp was situated on the seaward side. Sir George, in consequence of his wound, had to remain in camp, and as he lay there quite alone, all the rest of the party being absent in the forest, towards which he was looking, he saw something come out from the trees and apparently travel in an inexplicable manner towards him. He told me that at that time he was quite a wonderful marksman, which will astonish no one who has looked into the singularly bright, clear, blue eye of the great Pro-Consul. Fearing that this approaching object might be a native in some disguise meditating an attack, he picked up his rifle, and, taking a most careful aim, fired, the result being that the creature was knocked over. But still he could not imagine what it was. Eventually it proved to have been a kangaroo in the grip of a huge carpet snake, which had coiled round it. Like me, he concluded that this variety of snake was a species of boa-constrictor.

Later on, I worked with a farmer on a Queensland River, where snakes were plentiful, and on the next

farm two of the family had fallen victims to snake-bite. There, too, I heard much of narrow escapes. A woman with whom I was well acquainted told me a story of most remarkable fortitude displayed by her daughter, a child of ten or eleven years of age. The girl was sitting close to the end of a table, and a snake had coiled itself round the leg of the table and the bare leg of the child, without, strange to say, her being aware of it. The mother somehow noticed the situation, telling her daughter not to move or stir in any way whatever, as if she did the snake would almost certainly strike. The brave child obeyed, and after a period of terrible suspense, the snake slowly unwound itself and glided away.

I was visiting a friend one day outside the township on the Brisbane road, when some horsemen galloped excitedly past us. They were followed by others, who informed us that the coach running to Brisbane had been "stuck up" by bushrangers about seven miles out. A banker named King had seven thousand pounds in gold, and he fought the two robbers with his revolver, eventually escaping without loss. A few days afterwards, down by the river near the township, a wounded man was found. He was arrested on suspicion, proved to have been one of the bushrangers, and received a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment. He had been a man-of-war sailor. The other robber, a powerful young Australian-born man, named Palmer, went northwards, and afterwards, in company with others, most barbarously murdered a gold buyer named Halligan somewhere between Rockhampton and the Peak Downs goldfield. Archibald, one of the murderers, made such protestations of innocence that many believed him, and he had a second trial, as a result of which he was sent to the gallows. Another, a jockey, turned Queen's evidence, but his three companions, Palmer, Williams and Archibald, swung for the crime, which, with its attendant circumstances, was one of cold-blooded brutality.

During the incarceration of these three men in the Brisbane gaol, three of my seafaring friends were also inmates of that institution, their offence having been insubordination at sea. After their release one of them told me that Williams promised him sixty pounds if he would assist him to escape. My shipmate, while fearless, was also a singularly cautious man, and, although the sum offered was to him a great temptation, he reasoned that if he assisted the bushranger to escape, he might get discovered, with the result of a long sentence to himself, while if he got the man clear away the escapee might not leave the money he had promised.

So Justice had its course.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the Wallaby—I Become a Swagger—An Awful Creature—
Strange Oaths—I Hunger and Thirst—Two Bonnie Lassies—
A Wayside Lunatic.

With my mate and another friend, I had determined to walk across the continent to Melbourne, eight hundred or a thousand miles distant; but the night before the start I altered my mind, as my feet got sore with much walking, even the comparatively short trip up from Maryborough had quite knocked them up. But my friends started in high glee, and I have never heard of or seen either of them since.

Getting the loan of a "cradle," I managed to save a little gold amongst the "tailings" down by the Mary River, and, shouldering my swag, started to walk to Brisbane. In travelling along the track on a high wooded ridge, a hurricane overtook me, breaking the branches of the forest trees in its path; the thunder rolled heavily, the lightning was incessant and fierce; and finally the rain poured down in torrents. My position was one of danger as well as discomfort. Seeing a large hollow tree near the track, I rushed towards it for shelter, but just as I was about to enter the great trunk, a snake reared itself up on end. He had possession—and I left him there. In the morning the weather cleared, and after crossing a small river, somewhat flooded by the storm, I pitched my tent on a gentle rise beside the lovely grassy flat near to a small wayside store. Another small tent had been already pitched not far distant. I had run out of tea, and went over to my neighbour to obtain a little, trusting to the customary generosity of Australian tent-dwelling wayfarers, who are usually ready to assist each other's small wants and necessities.

My query, "Is anyone in?" brought forth a volley of indescribably awful oaths, having a distinctly American flavour, and this was followed by the most unearthly noise that ever greeted my ears, resembling somewhat the roaring of a bull and the howling of a dog. But the volume of sound seemed to me almost superhuman, and sounded as if it were issuing from an empty cask. I forgot all about my quest and stood as if rooted to the spot, while the occupant of the tent continued to abuse me. Occasionally he would introduce irrelevant matter, but it was all flavoured with oaths which were most novel to me. Sheer curiosity held me, until I got a glimpse of so extraordinary a personage. I feared to look into the tent, believing that as he was a Yankee, and perhaps a lunatic as well, he might shoot at me. The regular fore and aft fire of profanity continued, and finally, curiosity mastering timidity, I passed the opening in the tent door, looking in momentarily as I did so. Inside was a man about middle height, and rather stoutly built, but his head seemed of absolutely unnatural size. I have never seen any other head approaching it. Nor have I ever heard another voice containing anything like the same volume of sound. After obtaining this glimpse, my curiosity was so far satiated, and I departed, feeling sympathy with a poor creature, who, I feared, must be a lunatic.

In my straitened financial position I did not wish to apply at the store for tea, as I assumed that they would not sell it in such small quantities as I would desire, but trusting to the "gift of the gab," I went over to the wayside store.

A nice, buxom lassie of about eighteen or nineteen was washing at a tub placed upon a bench outside the door.

"Good evening, Miss," I said.

"Good evening," she replied.

"How is it," I asked, "that so handsome a girl as you is not married yet?"

"Oh, go away," she retorted, "I just hate you men."

But in a minute or two she thawed and chatted pleasantly.

Just as I was about to enter the little store, another lassie came out, and I soon discovered that she spoke the rich Doric of my native land. It was music to my ears. I felt sure that with the clannishness of our race, she would supply my wants. Having told her that I had but a few shillings to carry me on, she ran and got me some tea, also some other little luxuries, for which I have felt grateful to the dear lassie to this day.

These two girls had only recently landed from England, having come out by the same ship.

She said: "There's an awfu' like body in yon tent, eh me! Sic a heid as he's got on him."

After tea I came down to the store again, and spent under the noble forest trees one of the happiest evenings of my life with these two bonnie lassies, and next morning, when saying farewell, my charming young countrywoman quite broke down, and I very nearly did so myself.

Reference to the unearthly sounds emitted by the occupant of the tent recalls another incident of my wanderings in Queensland. In the vicinity of the Logan River I was walking along a forest track, when I heard from somewhere in front of me a most prolonged yell or roar, such as could only come from exceptionally powerful lungs. I was hungry, thirsty, footsore and weak, and thus badly equipped for a physical conflict of any kind whatever.

I stood beside a large gum tree, in the centre of the road, and saw approaching a powerfully built young man, wearing only a flannel singlet and trousers, walking bolt upright, with one of his boots placed on his head. At short intervals he uttered these awful yells. I concluded that the man was stark, raving mad, and by walking round the gum tree as he passed, succeeded in keeping out of his sight. I felt that if he tackled me in my reduced condition it might be "the last of me."

CHAPTER XX.

A Working Man's Hotel—Mixed Company—I Become Potato Digger—Some Theology—Perfervid Celts—Hard Up—A Meagre Meal—I Become Hotel Help—A Termagant.

On my arrival at Brisbane, as I could not get a ship, I had to look round for employment of some other kind.

I took up my quarters in an admirably conducted and comfortable working man's hotel close to the river. What a motley throng were the habitues of this hotel! They included two young English gentlemen, brothers, who annually came down to Brisbane for a "good time," two other young Englishmen, sons of an Old Country vicar, who were on the eve of fighting a duel; a highly educated Russian, who was supposed to be a spy; a broken-down Major of the Royal Artillery; a pale gentlemanly young man, then making a living by catching sharks, and said to be a Scotch baronet.

These by no means exhausted the list of interesting people, but they, with a slight flavouring of seafaring men, furnished the most variety, and to me the most pleasing companionship.

I first tried working on the wharf at a shilling an hour, but in a week made only eighteen shillings; my weekly board money was twenty.

I had always a horror of running into debt, and I hunted everywhere for employment, which was at that time most difficult to obtain. In consequence of financial depression, there were large numbers of unemployed in Brisbane. The highest wages were about fifteen shillings a week, and I heard of men actually engaging for six months for their board and lodging.

I travelled out amongst the "cockatoos," as small farmers were called, and met with many interesting and amusing experiences, and was thankful to obtain a job

from an old Irish farmer about twenty miles from Brisbane. My duties consisted solely in earthing up potatoes with a shovel, at the modest remuneration of a shilling a day, inclusive of lodging and food, the latter of a plain but substantial character, and consisting mainly of salt beef, pumpkins, and bread. Looking at the bountiful repast one day at dinner, the old man gently shook his head and, turning to me, oracularly remarked: "We have better than we deserve." Being a zealous Catholic, and wishing to save me from wandering on heretical pathways, my employer admonished me one evening with solemn emphasis: "Wisha, John, why don't you turn to the throe religion."

His wife, a short, elderly lady, was extremely forceful, and occasionally even a violent person. She wore the white cap with frills so common amongst peasant women of the period. I never saw her with either boots or slippers, and she had a voice like a bos'n's mate. She on this occasion added her testimony, saying: "It's the throe religion, for it's been proved to be the throe religion," with remarkable emphasis upon the word "proved."

"Shure Luther confesht to sleeping wid' the divil for seven years," the old man continued.

So far from resenting in any way their efforts in proselytism, I felt grateful for what merely meant their desire to place me on what they so strongly believed to be the only safe pathway to a future state.

In the immediate vicinity there dwelt a veteran Irishman of seventy, and not much more than five feet in height. He was a pronounced Fenian, and a Roman Catholic of extremely narrow type. He would soliloquise for my especial benefit "The bravest on the battlefield and the sagest in council"—this of the Irish people. Then with some emphasis: "Arrah, be me soul, if Queen Victoria loses the Emerald Isle she'll lose the brightest gem in the crown," winding up with: "Shure, them

English knows that we're lions on the battlefield," uttered with an appearance of absolute fury, and special stress placed upon the "lions."

This old gentleman and my employer's forceful wife lived in a state of chronic hostility. Their verbal conflicts occasionally lasted hours, displaying not merely the volubility, but the imaginative powers of the Irish Celt.

Meeting one day on a narrow road, these two fiery souls could not pass without engaging in conflict, and after a sanguinary "rough and tumble," poor old Paddy emerged, to use his own expression, "all shattered and torn," from the fray.

Before leaving Queensland I had an amusing experience with Paddy. I went down the twenty miles to Brisbane for stores, with a cart in which there was a very fine old mare, which had been taught to jib by cruel treatment. She had little hair on her belly, as fires had been lit under her to make her move with her load. On this trip I had Paddy as companion, and was entertained by his descriptions of the superlative valour of the Irish, the wickedness of the English, and the ultimate triumph of his faith over all others. Having been for some time in America, he hated the Yankees worse, if such a thing were possible, than the English. On our return journey next day, just as evening was falling, we were coming up a hill and the mare required much manoeuvring to get her up, so on the wide track we were going up, as sailors would say, "tack for tack." I would first take her off at an angle to the road and then turn her head and take another angle of about forty-five. Running beside the track up the hill there was a trench, originally a ditch, but cut away by the rain water to a depth of at least three feet. And standing on the road line beside the ditch was a tall gum tree. When nearing the top of the hill I had Paddy holding her head whilst I was spoking the wheel

to assist the mare with her load. Suddenly she flung round and threw old Paddy down, his little legs flying up into the air as he fell on his back. Well it was for him that his legs did thus fly up, for at that moment the wheel passed him so closely that had they been in any other position they might probably have been run over and broken by the cart-wheel. The mare trotted down the hill at a great pace, and as she passed the gum tree the wheel struck it and the cart overturned, emptying all its contents for the country store on the road. The mare went head foremost into the deep trench, just as the owner rode up. Paddy's first words as he recovered the perpendicular were:

"Three times have I crossed the blue say, and I never was as near my lather end before, and that's not what's troubling me, but there's people that would be glad av I had to be kilt."

"Oh, no, Paddy," I said, "Nobody would be glad if you were killed."

He replied: "She would be glad of it," naming my employer's better half, with recollections of their rough and tumble fight.

Strange to say, not a strap of the harness was broken, nor was the mare in any way injured, but the cart was strained, and having deposited our stores at a house hard by, Paddy and I managed to get back to Brisbane for the night.

Poor old Paddy! I never had a more entertaining companion of his type, in many respects a typical specimen of the peasantry of the Emerald Isle. If ever these people get Home Rule the responsibility may have a steadying effect, but I have noticed that when living in communities by themselves in Australia or America, they are ever at war with each other.

Having heard that there was some possibility of obtaining work at Ipswich, about twenty miles up the river from Brisbane, I went up there in a beautiful little river steamer called the "Emu." I then heard that one

Mahaffy wanted someone to put up a post and rail fence. Unfortunately, when I went to see Mr. Mahaffy I found that he had just been arrested for horse-stealing.

My funds had run so low that on this day I dined upon a banana and supped upon a glass of rum. But I had no thought for the morrow, being possessed of a sublime self-confidence that I could always get a crust at something.

I went that night into an hotel, having just a shilling left to pay for my bed. In the morning, I discovered that there was not a servant in the establishment, and the landlady asked me if I would stay and assist in the culinary duties, as she was unable to do all the work of the place herself. I was only too glad to accept the offer, and agreed to stay for a week, for which I was to receive ten shillings. She was quite a young woman, not much over thirty, and had a very nice family, the oldest, a girl about twelve, in that climate quite a child-woman, who looked like an Italian beauty. The husband, the proprietor of the hotel, was a well-educated and most gentlemanly man.

A Yankee satirist has divided the fair sex into three classes—petticoat angels, women, and devils. The very worst enemy of my lady employer could not have accused her of belonging to the first division. From five in the morning till 12 at night I was kept going at such a rate that I had not time to sit down to a meal. The lady herself was so tyrannical and bad-tempered that she kept up continually a running fire, if not of positive abuse, of depreciation and nagging which, although it at first amused me, became annoying when taken in conjunction with the very long hours during which she kept me employed. But I wished, if possible, to stay out the week at least, and had the woman been at all reasonable, I would have remained until a ship upon which I had been promised a berth was ready for sea. I had commenced my duties on a Sunday morning, and on Wednesday, just at midnight, the lady called me out

of bed to clean a lot of boots and shoes. Next day I told her I was going to leave, and she said that I was breaking my promise to stay a week, but I told her I had sufficient reason to change my mind. Her husband gave me a couple of shillings, and feeling as if I were leaving a prison I went over to the river, where a steamer from Brisbane was discharging flour. I spoke to two men who were sitting near the vessel and told them of my experiences at the hotel. One of them told me that he had worked for a year in a blacksmith's shop nearly opposite, that the proprietess—whose husband was quite a wealthy man—had the reputation of being a perfect fiend, and that she could never keep a servant of any sort whatever. Before leaving Australia I was told by a friend in Brisbane that my late employer had a quarrel with her husband after my acquaintance with her, whereupon she went to her native city of Sydney and inserted in a newspaper there a notice of her own death. This she sent to the supposed widower in Queensland. Six weeks afterwards she walked into the hotel. Her appearance gave the poor man such a fright that he took to his bed and never rose again, dying in less than a month.

I got a job assisting to discharge the flour from a steamer named the "Settler," and worked until I was pumped out, not being accustomed to carry bags weighing 200lbs. each. But the mate said if I would assist to put them on the backs of the crew I could keep going at a shilling an hour, and I kept at it until nearly twelve o'clock, when I had a basin of coffee and some bread—one of the most enjoyable meals of my life. Such apparently trivial circumstances may not seem worth recording, but under conditions such as those by which I was then surrounded they still stand prominently forth upon the canvas of memory. Only those who have experienced it can realise how much there is to interest in the undercurrents of life.

CHAPTER XXI.

I Become a Queensland River Boatman—Tropical Products—Some Hard Rowing—Kanakan Sugar Growers—An Evil System—The Benefits of Civilization—After Wild Cattle—A Weird Ride.

Presently I obtained a job which suited me better than the hotel, on one of the Queensland Rivers. This consisted in gathering cotton from the settlers along the banks of the Logan. I pulled up the river for twenty-seven miles, taking supplies to the settlers and fetching back the cotton, for which my employer paid 2½d. and 1-16 of a farthing per lb. Below the store I pulled the boats for twelve miles, that is, with both loaded, I then pulled in and towed the other. The settlers were mainly Irish and German. Some of them grew sugar cane as well as cotton, and beautiful arrowroot was also grown on the alluvial deposits that flanked the stream. Bananas and other semi-tropical fruits grew well. The winter climate of this region is absolutely perfect, but its many attractions were to me largely discounted by the presence of snakes, which were too plentiful for my liking, and about which stories were told on every farm.

Leaving the river work, I went to an island in Moreton Bay, on which sugar-cane was grown, forty Kanakas and several white men being employed. The former were really good working men, and very decent fellows as well. They worked ten hours a day and were treated very much as cattle, no interest being taken in improving or elevating them in any way.

Whatever may be said in reference to the necessity for coloured labour for developing the resources of tropical Australia, the practice, as it then existed, of the Kanaka labour traffic was not merely indefensible, but calculated to work serious injury to the population of those islands from which the labourers were procured?

They were obtained by force, misrepresentation, and fraud. Can any one believe that these people, leading happy, toilless lives in their beautiful island homes; would come were they aware of the conditions of life on Queensland sugar plantations, to work like brute beasts for three years at the rate of six pounds a year. They were kept in Queensland for three years, and many had little to draw at the end of their term of servitude. They would describe to me with glee their intentions as to their line of action upon their return to the islands. They intended to take back muskets, and, with them settle all differences with those whom they would find in possession of their wives and gardens at home.

It was almost pathetic to hear them saying that upon their arrival at home they would "sleep for one fellow moon," the inference being that they felt the work of these long hours oppressive. Some of them told me they went on board the labour schooner from mere curiosity. There they were given some drink that made them all lie down and sleep on the deck, and when they woke up they were far out to sea.

Yet I have seen it alleged that these poor captives—for such they were—would return to their islands and "spread the blessings of Christianity and civilisation" amongst the "heathen" of the Pacific. Now, of course, the Commonwealth has stopped the traffic, and the Kanakas have been sent back to their islands.

Upon an island in our immediate vicinity, ten or twelve miles in length by three in width, a herd of cattle was kept from which was procured the supply of beef for those employed on the sugar plantation. During a period of scarcity from the usual source of supply, we had sent to us some of the flesh of the dugong (called the "sea-cow"), an amphibious animal indigenous to the coast of Australia. The flesh resembled exceedingly tender beef and is considered a most nutritious and health-restoring food to those afflicted with pulmonary disease,

and "dugong lard" and "dugong oil" are much prescribed by medical men. Some of the mermaid legends might well have been inspired by this strange beast.

I was sent with a half-caste to the cattle island for a supply of beef, but the cattle had been so mismanaged that we were unable to bring them home to the stockyard. The men previously sent to bring them had dropped those which they did not require on the way, and now all the herd were composed of "droppers," which had been left or allowed to bolt into thick scrub where they could not be followed on horseback. For three days we rode through the island, but each mob we gathered escaped before we had them within two miles of the stockyard. I had learned to ride before going to sea, having been for years in the saddle every day, and I quite enjoyed the chase after the wild animals, which displayed much cunning in the selection of those points of vantage where they could most readily make their escape.

I rode a Timor pony stallion, so wild that he was placed all night in the stockyard and kept without any food before being used. I did not approve of this treatment, and found him, although extremely high spirited, most kind and docile and ready to respond to kindness. Surely he was one of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle. The half-caste rode a splendid horse that had been a successful hurdle racer, but on my gallant little steed I held my own in the rapid spurts we had after the cattle, and although upon one occasion we went, when going at a hard gallop, into a great hole, originally made, I suppose, by the uprooting of a huge tree, the high mettled little stallion never came down.

On the third day that we went out, several days having intervened since our last hunt, I was ordered to take a rifle, and, if unable to ride any cattle in, to shoot one wherever it might be found. On this day we never found any cattle at all. Riding home in the evening,

somewhat crestfallen, an incident occurred which might easily have been attended with injury or death. I was carrying the loaded rifle, and my gallant little steed having been, as usual, shut up the night before, was hungry and continually making rapid snatches at the herbage as he went tripping along. The bridle had no throat strap and the horse, in snatching a bite, stepped upon the rein close to his mouth, and when lifting his head the bridle came off altogether. Finding himself thus freed he went off like an arrow from the bow. I was seated upon his back without any means whatever of guiding or controlling him. I knew that I must do something at once as he was galloping at his highest rate of speed and the branches of the great trees were in many instances thrown out laterally, so that if he ran under one I might have been killed on the spot. Indeed, I saw not very far ahead such a branch, and he was going straight for it. I first threw the loaded rifle off behind me, and then catching his mane with my right hand, sprang off his back, and when off brought my left round in an effort to catch his nostril. Most fortunately I caught him so at the first attempt and hung on like a bulldog until he came to a full stop in about fifty yards. All this happened in very much less time than it would take to tell. The half-caste riding behind me saw what took place, but it was all over before he had matured any plan for assistance.

CHAPTER XXII.

In Chase of the Boss—We Become Shipowners—Four Hard-up Sailor-men—A Varied Experience—I Fill Many Parts—A Brutal Assault—Kicked to Death.

The sugar industry on the island was by no means a success, and the boss was absent in Brisbane. We feared that we might be unable to obtain our wages, and four of us, all sailors, resolved to leave for Brisbane, in the hope of having a satisfactory settlement with our late employer. We procured a boat and pulled over to the mainland, walking thence to Brisbane, twenty-seven miles distant. Upon our arrival we found the boss, but were unable to obtain anything from him at all, as his schooner, lying at the wharf, had bailiffs on board. He appeared to be in a desperate state of impecuniosity. After waiting for a few days, during which our late boss disappeared, we were advised to serve him with summonses, but were informed that we would require to serve them ourselves, in consequence of the difficulty of reaching the island in reference to the service of the summonses. Three of the four were penniless, so that we were in a dilemma. But hearing that a small vessel was lying in the river for sale, I interviewed the agent with a view to purchase. He was a tall, thin, and very angular man with long whiskers, dressed in a suit that had once been fashionable, but which now was a rusty black, with a "bell-topper" to match. In this rig-out he looked quite an interesting and imposing personage. In reality he was a broken-down Irish swell, who still carried in his air and manner the dignity of by-gone days. Most courteous withal, but his air of self-importance was worthy of a man treating for the sale of the British Navy. Eventually

I asked him if he was prepared to give a trial of the craft, to which he gave immediate consent. We then went on board, took up the anchor and dropped down the stream until opposite our lodging house, there in the evening taking in supplies of food which we hoped would be sufficient for the period of our contemplated trial. Leaving our anchorage after dark, we soon found that our vessel was somewhat "crank," and so liable to capsize. In the middle of the night we hauled alongside a quarry in a bend in the river, and there took on board several tons of stone as ballast, which gave her the necessary stability for our trial trip. We had a fair wind for the twenty-five miles or so down to the mouth of the river. Over the open bay to the island we had a strong, fair wind, although the weather became thick with thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain. We arrived about midnight, and in the morning went up to call on the boss, but found that he was absent from home, being on a visit to some friends on the Albert River. Once more we resumed our trial trip, and found our man about four o'clock. So we served him with the summonses, and after a little pleasant converse returned on board and set sail for a further "trial," and most severely were her seaworthy qualities tested, as the wind was right ahead and blowing hard. We "hammered" her at it, and for twenty-five hours kept fairly burying her in the sea. We were most anxious to get in somewhere for food, as our supplies had been exhausted in the morning. Eventually we worked her up to Cleveland, and there sent the only capitalist in the party—he had five and sixpence—for some provisions, afterwards despatching him on foot to Brisbane to acquaint the agent with our near arrival. Still the wind was unfavourable, and unable to get to windward we let go our anchor for the night. About midnight the wind shifted and I called the crew. We soon had sail on her again and carried the fair wind

with us over the bay and up the river to Brisbane. I feared that the interview with the excitable agent might be in some degree unpleasant, as he might possibly think we had kept his vessel for a much longer period than was usually occupied on a mere trial trip. In this fear I was not altogether mistaken; in fact, he had arrived at the somewhat erroneous conclusion that we were pirates and had taken flight to the islands of the Pacific. That interview was indescribable. I was lying reading on a sofa in the hotel when the indignant agent strode into the room. First he took a turn up to the fireplace and back again without saying a word. Then he "opened out" and I "caught it." No one but an Irishman could, upon such slender material, have delivered such a fiery and interesting diatribe. I say interesting, for the humour of the situation appealed to me, and I uttered not a word. I could not find an opportunity to tell him how satisfied we were with the trial nor how adverse winds had delayed our return. He fairly "ran himself out," and then, suddenly departing, I saw him no more. Although I did catch it I somehow entertained a most kindly recollection of this Irish gentleman, who, even in trouncing me, kept at so high a level. As for the summonses, we discovered that they had been served on Christmas Day and that such service was illegal, so our effort was fruitless.

Next night one of our party vomited blood, and on the following day I procured for him admission to the Hospital. Calling in to see him before leaving Brisbane, I was surprised to find so many of the patients suffering from infections of the eye, and some of them told me it was attributable to some exceedingly small flies which irritated those organs. My friend told me on my farewell visit to him that the Hospital was admirably conducted and that he felt quite grateful for the kindness and attention which he received. I thought that as I bade him farewell we should never meet again

in this world, as he looked to me as if consumption had marked him for its own. But to my surprise and delight I met him in less than a year at breakfast in Green's Sailors' Home, Commercial Road, London. But he was still far from well, and when his ship was paid off I accompanied him to the railway station, en route for his home at Bournemouth. I have cause to well remember that day, as I picked up from almost under the wheels, as the train was starting, a young lady who had suddenly tripped and fallen on the rails. And I caught her by a protuberance then fashionable, called the "Grecian Bend."

During the preceding thirteen months I had had quite a variety of experiences, having filled the positions of cook and ordinary seaman, as well as acting mate at sea. On shore I had been a gold-digger, cook at an hotel, lumper on the wharf for a shilling an hour, gathering cotton with boats on the Logan River, potato-earthing, pulling a ferry boat, working at a sugar plantation, beside sundry other small jobs, and being "full-up" of Australia I was now determined to get away to the eastern seaboard of North America.

Before leaving Brisbane I had rather an unpleasant experience, of which I have a singularly vivid recollection. I had made the acquaintance of a fine young fellow, a countryman of my own, who had a sheep farm in Queensland. I very much liked his society, as he had much of the sparkle of the Celt, but I did not associate with him much, as he was a rich man and I had nothing. I went with him for a stroll on a fine starlight night in the suburbs of the town, and we there parted for ever, as he liked Australia, and I was determined to return to America. Very soon after parting with him I came upon a man who had hold of a girl, and was beating her most unmercifully.

I ran up to him, and, catching him by the arm, cried, "Let go, you ruffian, do you want to kill the poor girl?"

Suddenly throwing his victim from him, he turned and struck me a severe blow on the jaw, which sent me stunned to the ground. At this moment he was joined by another ruffian, and both commenced to kick me. I lay on my front, with my arms closed to protect my face, and received some severe kicks about the body. Fortunately for me, two young men, carpenters, came along, and my brutal assailants decamped, the girl with them. The two young men assisted me to rise, and as I felt sick and quite tottery from the kicking, each took an arm and assisted me to my lodgings. I recalled this attack years afterwards, when, while I was in Liverpool, a man was kicked to death on a summer evening as he was returning from a day's holiday with his wife and brother. A rough asked him for the price of a drink, and he replied: "Go and work for it, the same as I do." Three ruffians thereupon knocked him down and, in a very few minutes, kicked him to death in sight of his horrified wife. Then they disappeared and nearly made good their escape. They stowed away on a Yankee ship, but were discovered on the passage down Channel. The Captain put them on to an English homeward-bounder. Thus they were captured in Liverpool, and two of them hung, the third getting twenty years' imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Wealthy Convicts—The Criminals Mustered—The Celebrated Miss Dixon—A Lady Horsetrainer—Horses that Changed their Skins—A Bewildered Mortgagee—Romance of Melbourne City Lands—The Bushrangers—I am offered the Clue to Gardiner's Lost Gold—Resurrection of Miss Dixon—A Most Remarkable Woman.

During one of my visits to Australia I made the acquaintance of a lady whose name was then familiar as a household word over the island continent. When I met her she might have been past thirty, tall and slender. Her features were plain, although when animated her face had a pleasant and intellectual expression. Her father, Dr. D——, was one of the earliest settlers of Melbourne, but with his wife and daughter settled in Sydney, where he occupied a good position, having held, I believe, a seat in the Cabinet. He was exceedingly courteous and dignified, and his tales of early experiences were particularly interesting, especially when he told of the convicts, some of whom played notable parts in the early history of the colony.

Men were transported in those days for what would now be regarded as very trivial offences, and many of them won esteem in the land of their exile.

The following incident, which I had from his own lips, must surely be of interest to the student of criminology, and it has at least the appearance of demonstrating how in one instance heredity seemed to be a stronger force than environment. A man called at his house one evening about six o'clock, to lay an information before him as a Magistrate against a very wealthy man in the immediate neighbourhood. He alleged that he was a gardener, that he had been in the employ of the man against whom he wished to lay the information, that his employer paid him his weekly wage

at five o'clock, and that, when walking down through the shrubbery, he was pounced upon by his employer and robbed of the wages which he had only received a few minutes before. The alleged criminal in this case was an old convict, who had become wealthy and lived in a fine house, which was surrounded by beautiful grounds. Dr. Dixon was absolutely astounded by the man's narrative, as he was quite intimate with the person thus accused, and, indeed, entertained a very high opinion of his character. I might here remark that in those days men were transported to Australia for very trifling crimes. The Doctor, quite puzzled under the circumstances, put the aggrieved party off by telling him that he would see into the matter at once. He then proceeded to his friend's residence and told him of the charge formulated against him. To the doctor's still greater astonishment, his friend at once admitted the charge, told him how he had paid the gardener, and how he could not resist the temptation, although wealthy and requiring nothing, to rob the poor fellow of his wages. Of course Dr. Dixon managed to settle the matter so as to keep it out of court.

There was another striking instance in Sydney, where a Quaker convict and chemist became noted for his philanthropy, estimable life, and great wealth. After enjoying high esteem in Sydney for many years, he returned to end his days in honour in England—and ended them on the gallows for the murder by poison of some woman whom he found in his way there.

The Doctor's daughter's hobby and mania was the training and running of racehorses, in which she was for a time singularly successful, her celebrated mare, Zenobia, running first in twenty-one, and second in twenty-two races; her other horses, Rockingham and Kildare, also frequently "caught the judge's eye."

According to the public prints, she had three hundred pounds lent her by one Yeomans, upon the security of

Zenobia and Kildare. He afterwards seized the horses, which were then in training and being heavily backed for the Sydney races. With the aid of her mother—who claimed the horses—and eight men to assist, the horses were seized from two jockey boys who were exercising them at Randwick course. It was known that the horses were at a certain livery stable, and Yeomans went to recover them with the assistance of the police, but Kildare, a black horse, had by some skilful hand been painted grey, and Zenobia, a chestnut, a lead-pencil colour, and all this had been so cleverly done that Yeomans said that these were not the horses upon which he had advanced the money. The affair went to litigation, and the lady told me that public sympathy was so great that the women of Sydney took the horses out of her carriage and pulled it along the street.

As I wrote these lines in reference to the painting of the horses, the “yarn” appeared so incredible that I began to fear my memory might be at fault, and I wrote to a friend resident in Sydney, asking him to endeavour to obtain, if possible, a look at some of the newspapers of the period. Fortunately he met a friend who possessed some clippings, which he forwarded to me, and from them I discovered that all I had written was absolutely accurate. In one of the clippings I read the following amusing incident:—Far away back in the sixties a man was travelling from London to Liverpool. and spent a night at a city upon the way. Upon his arrival in Liverpool he discovered that he had left his shirt at the hotel where he had spent the night when en route, and he wrote the chambermaid, asking her to send it on to Liverpool. To this letter he received the following amusing and witty reply:—

“Dear Sir, ’tis here you left your shirt,
 No reason can I see to doubt it;
 I’ve made a shift of your old shirt,
 So you must make a shift without it.

She also told me that, being a woman, her career on the turf laid her open not merely to much detraction, but webs of villiany were spun round her by rascals engaged in, or mixed up with, racing affairs, and that this was really the explanation of those difficulties which led her more than once into the courts of New South Wales. She said that if I would act for her while she herself trained the horses, she could ensure me a large salary, as she would make money "at the game," particularly on the second-class courses of New South Wales. Her inability to raise the necessary funds at the time deprived me of the opportunity of adding this to my somewhat varied experience of life. She was then married, but separated from her husband, and had with her a little girl of five years of age, whom she called Zenobia, after her celebrated racing mare. She very frequently carried a revolver, of which it was well known she had more than once made use, although I feel sure that many of the stories at that time current had little or no foundation in fact. Her mother was dead, and she and her father, and the little girl, were living in Melbourne when I made their acquaintance. Taking me for a walk one evening, she showed me two sections, which her mother had bought soon after their arrival in the colony, and which had been left to her. Upon one of these sections, in Elizabeth Street, a Mr. Ramsden had built a large warehouse, and he had offered her for it eleven thousand pounds. The other section was in Collins Street, and upon it the occupant, whose only right was possession, had built only a very small and modest structure. During their many years of residence in Sydney the Dixons had almost forgotten the existence of these sections.

Many interesting stories are told in reference to such "absentee" sections. In some instances land was bought at the auctions by sailors and other wanderers, who disappeared and were seen no more; but occasionally

the owners did re-appear, to the consternation and dismay of those in occupation. A gentleman, well-known in Victoria at that time, showed me a fine bank building, attached to which was an interesting bit of history.

Although the bank was in possession, it was believed to belong to a sailor who had disappeared. One fine day an ancient mariner strolled into the bank, and said to the cashier: "This here is my lot where you've built your bank on."

The manager, happening to be passing at that moment, and overhearing the remark, took in the situation at a glance. He cautiously invited the old sailor into his room and first of all administered to him a dose of the "great happyfier," in the form of a glass of wine which was providentially at hand. The rest was easy. In a very short time the sailor had sold his interest in the section for seven thousand pounds. My informant, a client of the bank, told me that with the fine building upon it, it was worth more like forty-seven thousand.

Miss Dixon—for although married she was everywhere known by her maiden name—told me that Oxtoby and Stubbs had offered her six thousand for the Collins Street section, but her father had dissuaded her from taking it, as he thought it was worth seven thousand. She feared that her husband's creditors would seize upon these sections when they discovered their existence. I strongly advised her to close at once with Oxtoby and Stubbs, and suggested that she should go down to the residence of one of the partners at St. Kilda after dinner and arrange the sale next day. I accompanied her to St. Kilda, and she did as I suggested, but before going to bed her father induced her to change her mind.

Miss Dixon took me to see a celebrated racehorse called Fishhook, and another very handsome animal, just imported from England, named Caliban, giving me

lecturettes upon the different characteristics of the various families of English thoroughbred horses.

She had been in the habit of travelling with the horses and jockeys, carrying large tents for the purpose, and described to me how, after—to her—a most successful race meeting at Araluen, bushrangers followed her, knowing that she possessed much cash after her wins, but having received private advices of their intentions, she cleverly eluded them on some rather broken country.

This remarkable woman knew personally the wives of some of the bushrangers, and had sympathy with some of the men, who had, in a measure, been forced by circumstances to “take to the road.”

When the celebrated bushranger, Gardiner, with a party of others (not all of whom, to my personal knowledge, belonged to the gang), they stuck up a gold escort and obtained the biggest haul of gold recorded in any of these incidents. How much they did get will never be known, but the Oriental Bank sued the Government for eight thousand pounds, which represented its loss only. Much of this gold was buried, and Miss Dixon offered me an elaborate plan of the locality in which it had been hidden. I won't say where she procured this plan, but after considering the matter I refused her offer, as I thought that even if my search was successful, the treasure did not belong to me, and that I had better have nothing to do with it. Gardiner, as is well known, was expatriated, and many years after the time of which I write, I read of two men coming over from America with plans furnished by the great bushranger, for the discovery of the hidden treasure.

Afterwards, whilst in an Australian port, I saw in the telegraphic news that the creditors of “Miss” Dixon's husband did endeavour to seize her Melbourne sections.

Some time after my Queensland experiences I was in Melbourne, and accidentally met a cabman named Hugins, who used to drive Miss Dixon and me when we

wanted a cab. He spoke to me and I said: "Miss Dixon's dead. I read of her death in the papers." "Not her," was his reply, "she's living out in Fitzroy; I'll drive you out to see her." "Oh, no," I said, "I'll walk out to-night." He further said: "She is married again, married to a young swell not long out from Home, and he managed to get nine hundred pounds out of her, and then he's gone and bolted Home in the Kent." I went out to Fitzroy that night, and an old domestic who opened the door told me that Miss Dixon was "not at home." "Where is she?" I asked. In a somewhat hesitating manner she replied: "Oh, I think she's gone out to the Dandenongs. What name will I take in?" she continued. "Oh," I said, "you need not take in any name as Miss Dixon is not at home." The next day I happened to meet Huggins, and told him of my visit the previous evening. "Oh, she's at home right enough," he said. "Let me drive you out." "No," I said, "never mind." I will leave her for the present, although she will once more briefly occupy a space in the pages of my reminiscences.

This was certainly the most remarkable woman that Australia has known. Few have now any idea of the prominent position which her escapades made for her in the public eye in New South Wales in the sixties.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I am Afloat Again—A Splendid Ship and a Happy Voyage—Sailors of Romance and Reality—Religion on Shipboard.

In Melbourne I joined one of the large auxiliaries which for many years did splendid work in the Australian trade. She was, I have heard it stated, the heaviest rigged ship that ever left the British shores. I cannot say whether this was true or not, but she was certainly the most heavily rigged ship that I ever saw. The cap of her mainmast was ninety feet from the deck, and while we were bending some of her sails I noticed that the truck of a barque lying at the other side of the wharf was exactly the same height. A bos'n of a man-of-war visited her one day and said to some of us, after a thorough inspection: "Well, boys' she's the finest ship I ever saw in my life, but she wants three hundred men to work her."

I laughed at the opinion at the time, but eventually discovered that it was a fairly accurate statement of fact.

Yankee ships have always held a great, and perhaps unmerited, reputation for "carrying on," which means that when blowing hard they still retain a much greater spread of canvas than the more cautious Britisher. But I never saw in any Yankee ship "carrying on" equal to that of the Somersetshire when the wind was free. One of the crew said to me, before leaving Melbourne: "Its a fair howlin' when the royals comes in if the wind's any way free." When off the "pitch of the Horn," we passed a ship in which the crew were stowing the upper main topsail, whilst we were bending a new mainsail, with the main-to-gallant sail set. I was a foretop man and went up aloft in a heavy snow squall to see all clear,

as the watch was clewing up the fore-to-gallant sail. I never expected to come down alive, and I shall never forget how the great ship, with her tremendous spread of canvas, bounded and plunged through the sea. We carried forty able seamen, and off the Horn, in an extremely heavy gale, accompanied with snow, we had that number of men for two hours on the upper maintopsail yard stowing the sail.

We had a somewhat remarkable experience when between the Horn and the storm-swept Falkland Islands. About half-past eleven at night, when blowing very hard, something hit her a "tremendous wipe" on the port bow, and with such force that it started the to-gallant forecastle deck. The force of impact actually appeared to knock her back, and we all for the moment believed that a collision had taken place, men running out of the fo'c'sle in somewhat scanty attire. Immediately after the wind increased to hurricane force, and all hands were called to shorten sail, but this the wind rapidly effected without any assistance on our part. In about four hours the storm commenced to moderate, and next day, in an icy wind, we repaired the damages aloft. What struck the ship I cannot say; some believed it to be a tidal wave, whilst others thought that it might have been a whale, but whatever it may have been it was nothing hard, as no mark was left upon the bow which had received the shock.

Our Captain had been twenty-six times round the Cape of storms, and he said that this was the stiffest blow that he had ever experienced.

What a happy ship this was to me! The crew were a decent lot of fellows, and the officers were gentlemen. I liked everyone on board, and during the passage to London began to revive from the shock which I had received in Brisbane. When near the Azores, with St. Michael's in sight, we encountered a derelict, which presented a most storm-beaten appearance. Her jib

boom was gone, and only her lower masts were standing. Lowering a boat, we pulled to the wreck and found that she was loaded with kerosene or petroleum. The main hatch had been washed away; and there we saw the tiers of barrels just as they had been stowed, probably years before, as the vessel presented every appearance of having floated about for an indefinite period. The barnacles which had attached themselves to her sides were a couple of feet in length. She was waterlogged, and some ship had evidently had her in tow, as a broken and bleached hawser was attached to her bitts and parted over her bows.

Seeing some rather large fish swimming about her, I took the boat hook, and with this somewhat rude fishing appliance managed to haul eight of them into the boat. Upon our return to the ship the fish were cooked and much appreciated, although, strange to say, no one on board had seen this species of fish before. Years afterwards, at a shelter on the coast of North America, I recognised amongst some fish brought aboard my old acquaintances, and I was informed that there they were called perch.

Our forty able seamen were of the usual mixed type to be found in the English mercantile marine.

In the fore-top with me was a young Frenchman, and a first-class sailor he was. Strange to say, although he had been but a short time in English ships, his accent was so perfect that no one would have taken him for anything other than a native of an English-speaking country. And I subsequently sailed with a Parisian, of whom the same might be said. This crew of forty men suggests the following reflections:—

The typical sailor, as he exists, or at any rate did exist, in the popular imagination, was generally believed to be an extremely jovial and good-natured individual, generous to a fault, and absolutely lavish in the expenditure of his money when ashore. How far is this

an accurate picture of the men of this occupation? And if a correct one, why in this world of cause and effect should men living the comparatively prison life of the sea develop these qualities with which they have been credited?

The picture, in so far as it has application to our time, is certainly inaccurate. In bye-gone days, when, after long voyages, men experienced, after long deprivation, the delight of liberty, of society, of association with the fair sex, in short, of most that goes to make life enjoyable, then they lived for a brief period in an atmosphere of exhilaration, accentuated in some degree by the libations in which no doubt most of them indulged. Under such conditions the popular picture was limned, and to-day exists rather as a tradition than a reality. In one feature it was, and is still, true to life. Men receiving their pay in lumps, as sailors do, are by comparison with others who receive their wages in dribblets notoriously wasteful and extravagant, but when seafaring men settle ashore they differ but little from those of other occupations by whom they are surrounded. When sailing on the Great American lakes I always lodged, when in Cleveland, in the American Hotel, which was kept by a lady well known to many seafaring men as "the handsome landlady." And very handsome she was, and good-hearted as well. As I stood outside the hotel on a fine summer night, she called out to me that I was wanted in the parlour. When I went in, there were seated two young ladies, both handsome, dark girls, and with them, I think the finest-looking young man that I had seen in America. The party had just arrived from Indiana. As I went into the parlour, Mrs. Wallace, the landlady, who was a most jovial and entertaining daughter of the Emerald Isle, said to her visitors:

"Now, there's one, a real salt water sailor; none of your freshwater eels."

"Oh, that's a sailor!" exclaimed one of the girls, in a tone of disappointment.

It seems that, coming from Indiana, an inland State, they had heard and read of sailors, and now they wished to see one. What their imagination had previously painted I cannot tell, but I felt at the time that if I had been covered with scales, or in possession of a tail, like a mermaid, I might possibly have realised their anticipations.

To give an accurate picture of Jack, he requires to be painted not so much in his holiday as his every-day attire. It has been very generally, but most erroneously, assumed that sailors are, as a class, superstitious, and again I believe this to be a tradition of the past.

The old ideas of the departed spirits of seafaring men taking possession of the Albatross and other birds, the repugnance to put to sea on a Friday, the suspicion with which the beautiful little stormy petrel was regarded, and some other superstitious fears, find no place to-day either in the imagination or belief of those that go "down to the sea in ships." Indeed, I regret to say that the seamen of our time share to the fullest extent that gross spirit of materialism so strikingly characteristic of this age of enquiry and of doubt.

I have been asked the question if sailors, bearing in mind their perilous occupation, are not religiously inclined. To this I would reply that they have always appeared to me, as a class, almost destitute of religious feeling. The man who prays or who reads his Bible is a *rara avis* indeed. Since its appearance, they hold the Salvation Army in considerable respect; many of them recognise that if any zealous and sincere followers of the lowly Jesus of Nazareth are to be found on earth they may be discovered in this now mighty organisation, whose members follow the example of their Master in visiting the home of the outcast, in searching the slums, there to afford succour and sympathy to the helpless, and to reclaim others from those pathways which lead down to death. Much of this has come within their ken,

and in a large passenger steamer in which I once made a passage, found forcible expression. This was attributable to the fact that an Anglican Bishop, who was a passenger, had apparently such a mixture of hauteur and pomposity, that he conveyed to us the idea and impression that he would feel the hem of his garment polluted by our touch. Although in these large passenger steamers sailors trouble themselves but little with the personnel of the passengers, this man was not a *persona grata* with the crew. Always desirous of eliciting an expression of opinion in the fo'c'sle, I mentioned to some of our lads in the watch below that the Bishop appeared to me to constitute a satire upon his profession. He went about clad in purple and fine linen, he would consider our touch contamination, he was evidently as proud as Lucifer, and still the very *raison d'être* of his calling was the inculcation of the code of the lowly Nazarene, one of the cardinal principles of which was humility. I further pointed out that if the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth were again to appear upon earth we might fairly assume that he would get but a cool reception from such types of his followers as the subject of my remarks. And I finished by contrasting the methods and personnel of the officers of the Salvation Army.

In all this I was not more than half in earnest, but I dearly loved in a good ship to start discussions, just for the fun and interest of eliciting by this method the frequently inarticulate feelings and opinions of the class with which I was associated.

Upon this particular occasion, the discussion elicited rather a feeling of respect for the Salvation Army than any antagonism to Bishops et hoc genus omne. Our Bishop was the subject of some uncomplimentary remarks, but to this I took exception, as the poor man was merely perhaps a type of his class, and probably a much better man than any of us, his critics.

I was sorry to leave the happy ship *Somersetshire*, of which I have entertained a grateful recollection. After some preceding experiences, she was to me a very haven of rest, and in these days I feel sure that in no British liner could be found finer types of officers than those sailing in the well-found and happy ships of Money, Wigram and Co.

Before leaving the ships of this line, I recall how an errant husband "bolted" home in the Money-Wigram ship *Kent* with £900. The *Kent* left Melbourne a month before the *Somersetshire*. Upon landing in London, I found that a rather sensational incident had taken place upon her arrival at Gravesend. She was boarded by a lady with a revolver, and, the object of her search, her recreant husband, was represented in some of the lower types of illustrated papers as jumping out through the stern windows. By mere accident I heard the matter discussed in London, but some time afterwards an old quarter-master in the P. and O. line gave me a long and amusing account of a lady and a little girl, whom I very soon recognised as my old friend "Miss Dixon" and her daughter Zenobia. In consequence of an idea of the mother that the child should be brought up like a young racehorse and its spirit never checked, Zenobia constituted herself a perfect plague to all in her vicinity. "Miss Dixon" had come home by the Suez, and no doubt awaited her husband's arrival in the *Kent*.

CHAPTER XXV.

Slum Life—An East-end Sailors' Home—The Curse of the City—Scope for the Missionary—a Ribald Captive—the Loss of the "Captain"—The Mediterranean—In Storied Waters—Australian and Indian Passengers—In Quest of Husbands—The Man at the Wheel—A Short Way with Pilots.

Slum life and its causes have always had for me a singular fascination, and as I took up my lodgings in Green's Sailors' Home, in the East End of London, I had abundant opportunity for the pursuit of my investigations. The result of all my enquiries and research in the largest cities in Britain, and many of those in America and Australia, is that towns and cities are rather a curse than a blessing to the human race. Men deteriorate morally, mentally and physically in crowded centres of population, and as the evil is ever growing, it is a question which will continually force itself into prominence and tax to the utmost the resourcefulness of the statesman of the future.

Having learned that men were required to take out to Constantinople a ram that had been built in Britain for the Turkish Government, a shipmate, a very handsome American mulatto, and I went to the Well Street Home to ship in her, as we both wanted a trip up the Mediterranean. The day was intensely warm, although no sun was visible, and as we walked home through a very warm street, containing evidently an extremely poor population, we met a procession the like of which I have never seen before or since, and which set me wondering why missionaries are sent out to the islands of the Pacific when their efforts and labours appeared desirable and necessary at home.

This procession consisted first of two policemen carrying upon a sort of hand-barrow a middle-aged lady,

who was firmly strapped down to the conveyance to prevent escape. Her garments were of the most flimsy texture, but although much dilapidated, they bore all the appearance of having been in the remote past at once costly and fashionable. This also applied to the bonnet. The rest of the procession consisted of a crowd of children, of both sexes, between the ages of seven and fifteen. None of them had boots, shoes, or head-covering, and their garments were of a most dirty and tattered description, having in some cases the appearance of having been made for their parents. Just as we met the ragged throng, one of the policemen, an elderly man, apparently overcome with the heat and the exertion of carrying the lady in the barrow, found it necessary to put down his load and open his coat, which appeared more fitted for a Polar expedition than the temperature of a narrow London street on a close and oppressive mid-summer day. Then we discovered what had attracted this gathering of street arabs. The lady on the barrow had a flow of language which rivetted us to the spot. From her lips there came a stream of the most humorous ribaldry, which caused the guttersnipes to yell and dance with delight. Both the policemen, who looked as solemn as judges, were attacked in the persons of their female relatives. All sorts of sins and wickedness, imaginable, and unimaginable, were placed to the credit of the wives and daughters of these unhappy men, all flavoured with indescribable humour. The crowd of children appeared to attain a state of ecstasy, and I felt myself contrasting them with the piccaninnies of the Pacific, whose lives had never been blasted by the cursed "civilisation of city life. But seeing us enjoying the fun, the lady turned her attention to a discussion of our antecedents, of such a highly personal nature, that we hurriedly retreated, bearing with us a memory of a phase of city life which my chum alleged he had enjoyed more than

any theatrical performance he had ever witnessed, even in the farfamed "Bowery" of New York.

We missed the Turkish ram, and I went down to Southampton, and fortunately obtained a berth in the P. and O. line on the morning of my arrival. On the outward passage to Alexandria we were boarded at half-past seven in the morning, off Cape Finisterre, by the Captain of the Bellerophon, who obtained from us the mails for the Channel Fleet.

The night before, the weather was somewhat thick, about half a gale of wind blowing from the south-west, and occasionally a sort of rain squall blew in our face, but we were able to make at least eight knots an hour, although the wind was right ahead. From this it will be seen that the weather was not such as to test the safety in the least degree of any seaworthy ship. And still on that night—and it must have been within a few miles of us, as she belonged to the Channel Fleet—the "Captain" foundered, with five hundred and six gallant British sailors, her designer, Captain Cole, paying the penalty of his error in design with his life—

"Down, down beneath the deep that oft in triumph bore them,
They sleep a calm and peaceful sleep, the salt waves washing
o'er them."

The Mediterranean and the beautiful shores kissed by its blue waters, must ever constitute to the imaginative student of history a region of delight. As if placed there by Nature herself, the Rock of Gibraltar seems to stand a massive and majestic sentinel at the entrance to that sea whose shores are everywhere classic ground, and whose every headland and bay has memories and traditions inseparably interwoven with the history of some of the greatest races known to mankind.

Over these blue waters St. Paul voyaged westward with his sacred message, and at a later date England's lion-hearted king sailed east to encounter in Saladin and his warriors foemen worthy of their steel. And here

dwelt the incomparable Greeks, who although so few in number, have scored such a deep mark in the history of mankind.

To me, with the imaginative fancy begotten of Celtic ancestry, everywhere my foot pressed seemed classic and holy ground. I could not describe the feeling which took possession of me as, when running up to Constantinople in a Cunard liner, our Greek pilot pointed out the "ringing plains of windy Troy," and the spot where, according to tradition, "Achilles sat sulking in his tent."

I was again fortunate in sailing in a most comfortable ship, with excellent officers and an agreeable crew. We had on board a passenger who had very recently been one of the best known women in Europe, as the intimate friend of the Empress Eugenie, and one of the leaders of Parisian fashion. This was La Duchess de Persigny, and a most happy, rollicking lady she seemed to be, rather stout, with a rosy and extremely healthy complexion. She condescended—of course it was a condescension—to address a few remarks to me as I stood one evening at the wheel, and I remember that I blushed exceedingly.

In the P. and O. line at that time the able seamen steered the ship, and the quarter-masters "conned" her, which really means that they stood near the standard compass, and saw that the helmsmen did their duty. The wheel that we were at that time using was right aft, and occasionally passengers seated themselves on the fine nights close to the man at the wheel. In that way I have overheard conversations at night which were certainly never intended for my ears.

In this ship there were two fine, handsome girls, apparently sisters, among the passengers, who had such an extraordinary quantity of luggage that we, the younger sailors on board, believed they were provided for any contingency that might present itself upon their

arrival at Calcutta. Once, as they were sitting close to where I stood at the wheel, the sisters had a long and interesting conversation with an Indian ayah, who was returning to her native land. The girls at last began to cry, and the ayah endeavoured to comfort them by telling them that all they required was husbands, and that when they got them they would be all right.

Passengers for India then rather looked down upon those returning to Australia. I heard a young man say to an elderly lady: "We are in this horrid Australian boat again. How do we know with whom we are travelling, perhaps the descendants of convicts."

"Oh, well," replied the old lady, "they try to make themselves as agreeable as they can, and they have all got plenty of money, so what more do you want?"

At Malta we took the Arab pilot on board who was to take us on to Alexandria. I heard it said that he belonged to a family in which the position was hereditary, and that they had held it for twelve hundred years. Also, that in olden times, if one of these pilots ran a ship ashore his head was chopped off.

When we arrived at Marseilles, then included in the "round trip" of the P. and O. boats, we found war then in progress between France and Germany the sole topic of conversation. The Napoleonic regime had been intensely unpopular, and we saw in the shop windows a number of cartoons, all of which appeared to me in bad taste, and some of them positively indecent, caricaturing the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial.

The city itself fascinated me, and mounting one of the hills, I looked over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and saw the fountains flashing in the sunlight, and in the hazy distance the grey mountains of Spain. Down by the wharves were picturesquely clad seamen of the Mediterranean, and in the street Chasseurs D'Afrique, men of the Garde Nationale, Garde Mobile, and other regiments, just landed from Algiers, indi-

cated the set of the tides of the great conflict in which France had already met with many and serious reverses.

I happened to meet with a countryman, born in London, by profession an engineer, but who had married a French lassie, and settled down ashore at Marseilles, where he was at the time keeping a cafe. From him I learned much of the popular feeling in reference to current events. He had actually commenced to speak English with a French accent, and in thought, sentiment, and feeling, appeared to be as thoroughly French as any of the "lively Gauls" who frequented his cafe. In the market-place my attention was arrested by a remarkable looking woman, who sold fruit and vegetables. Her face, in its colour and wrinkles, reminded me of a walnut shell, but it was her lower jaw which caused me to regard her with such close attention. Never have I seen so heavy a jaw, and I said to a shipmate: "That's not a woman that any one would dare to trifle with." I went to buy some grapes from her, and as she was serving me a very nice looking young priest walked past. Leaving the grapes, she rushed at him and caught him by the arm, saying as she did so: "Why don't you go to the war? My husband has gone to the war; my son has gone to the war. Why don't you lazy priests go to the war?" Telling my acquaintance of this incident, he told me that the feeling at the time was so strong against the priests amongst the class to which the fruit seller belonged, that they had held a meeting, at which they passed a hostile resolution of such a nature that it would be impossible for me to reproduce it here.

Wherever I went I visited, if possible, the picture galleries, and my visit to the splendid gallery in Marseilles was extremely enjoyable, particularly as I had with me a shipmate who painted so beautifully in water colours that one of our passengers, who was an authority on art, said that his pictures should have been hung at the Royal Academy.

On the same day I saw Garibaldi's son march up the street at the head of the Italian contingent which had come to assist France from Republican motives and sympathy. They were a smart looking lot of young fellows, and appeared to me taller than the French soldiery. Their leader limped slightly in his gait, which, I was told, was attributable to a wound which he had years before received in his foot. During this war the sympathies of British merchant seamen seemed to me almost entirely with the French. In our fo'c'sle the men were unanimously so. But we heard that in the British Navy there was much diversity of opinion. At the time of our visit the "Rapid," man-of-war, was lying at Marseilles, and I had some pleasant conversation with one of her crew, a well-read and very intelligent man. He told me that he himself sympathised with France, but that in his ship he thought that feeling was about equally divided.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Afloat with the P. and O.—Visits to Marseilles—Al fresco Dentistry
—I Lose My Mate—"Yellow Jack"—Some Theology.

The morning that I arrived in Southampton in search of a ship in the P. and O. line, I found at the Sailors' Home, where I had taken my lodgings, a noble looking young fellow twenty-three years of age, and he was also very desirous of obtaining a berth in the same line. We immediately chummed up and boarded one of the boats in which the Chief Officer at once gave us promise of employment, so that, much to our delight, we sailed together for the Mediterranean. He was a very handsome lad, of fine physique, but, as is frequently the case nowadays, he had very bad teeth. In Marseilles he placed himself in the hands of an old woman who lived in a little cottage, and had quite a reputation for the rapid and skilful extraction of teeth. She extracted four of his teeth like magic.

Marseilles seemed to be a centre of such dentistry, for we saw a man wearing the Mexican medal standing in a carriage drawn by two beautiful horses, and extracting the teeth of the populace as though by sleight of hand.

My young mate belonged to Bournemouth, and after we arrived in Southampton he asked liberty from the Chief Officer for a couple of days to visit his relatives. The Chief Officer, a very fine fellow, refused to grant the request, and my chum came to me and said that he would leave the ship, and take a trip in a sailing vessel.

"Don't be a fool," I said to him. "If you make this trip we will just get back for Christmas, and then you can have a good time."

"I hate the sea," he replied, "and want to go and settle somewhere on the land where I can never see it

again. Come with me, and let us settle down in the Western States of America."

"No," I reiterated, "come on for this trip."

But he would not, and went down to Cardiff with another young fellow of the same age, shipped on a starvation "wind-bag," and sailed for Pernambuco, where, in less than two months, they both slept that sleep that knows no waking, "Yellow Jack" having marked them for his own.

I made another happy trip, and again visited Marseilles, at a time when France lay prostrate under the shadow of defeat. On a fine, cold, clear, starlight night I witnessed what was to me a most thrilling and even painful spectacle. This was the departure of artillery men for the seat of war. The street through which they marched was crowded with spectators. The band played the "Marseillaise," the tri-coloured flags were everywhere waved in the torch-light, and the wives and sweet-hearts of the soldiers hung round their necks, causing the men to break rank.

I felt at the time, and the attitude and demeanour of the crowd indicated a similar feeling, that these gallant soldiers were leaving, perhaps never to return, that they were marching to certain defeat, and probable extinction, and as with some of those round where I stood, the tears started to my eyes.

I formed a most favourable opinion of the French people in these visits as a sailor to Marseilles. They appeared to me light-hearted, kind, and singularly courteous, not merely to each other, but to the stranger within their gates.

On the P. and O. boat we passed close to the Island of Caprera, celebrated as the residence of Garibaldi, and a most uninviting locality it appeared, rocky and stony, and the very plain looking house of the famous soldier stood with apparently only a tree or two for shelter.

Whilst lying at Alexandria we had an illustration of the moral code in operation amongst seafaring men. A poor and elderly little Arab came on board selling ostrich feathers, and he had them all in a little bunch, for which he asked ten shillings. This was possibly all the poor fellow's capital. His feathers were somehow stolen by one of the sailors, and the distressed old man sat down on the deck and cried. How much the theft may perhaps have meant to starving children at home. Had I had the money I would have given him ten shillings, but I had none at all, and was thus unable to assist the poor fellow, for whom I had great sympathy indeed. Some days after our return to Southampton I met in the street the sailor who had robbed the old Arab, and in a simmer of virtuous indignation he poured a great complaint into my ears. It was, that on the passage home, or perhaps just after our arrival, some inexpressibly mean—with great emphasis on the word “mean”—“scoundrel” in the fo’c’sle had stolen his bunch of feathers.

On the outward passage we had an example of the unaccountable dislike which dogs show to particular individuals, other instances of which I have seen at sea. Some Indian Princes occupied cabins on deck and had two splendid mastiffs, one a black-and-tan, and the other a fawn, intended for hunting in India. The dogs were quiet, and we handled ropes within reach of them where they were chained to the main rigging. On board was a passenger who paced the deck daily, with his arms generally behind him, but always with bent head, his gaze being concentrated on the deck. I only noticed him look up once, and his peculiarity attracted the notice of the crew. The dogs were tied just at the forward terminus of the gentleman's promenade, and we noticed that they were always watching the taciturn passenger. It became a topic of conversation amongst the crew. I was working in the vicinity of the dogs one morning

while the passenger was taking his customary exercise, when for some reason he came a yard or two further than usual, and almost within reach of one of the dogs, which sprang at him just as he had turned. The great jaws closed with a snap like a rat-trap, only an inch or two short of the alarmed passenger.

During these trips up the Mediterranean, I noted the great passage of birds between Europe and Africa. I have seen the decks covered for a while at night with quail, and I have noticed many taking rest in the rigging.

Apropos of the visitation of these birds, we had two young Presbyterian clergymen on board, and they were seated next morning close to where I was painting. After discussing the subject of our nocturnal visitors, the quail, they glided into a conversation on Italy (then in sight) and they appeared to believe that a great change was coming over the religious thought and feeling of her people. Indeed, they seemed to hope, and even to believe, that they might eventually become Presbyterians. They spoke deprecatingly of Roman Catholicism, and traced many of the evils apparent in Italy to the "ignorance, superstition and bigotry" of the religious regime of the Papacy, but the confessional they regarded as wholly evil, and it received their most scathing criticism and condemnation. When lying at Genoa I went on a Sunday afternoon for a walk to the high hill behind the town, and after descending, I was passing just in the gloaming a noble Cathedral. Pausing to admire it, I recognised in an elderly Italian standing by the door, the stevedore who had charge of the lumpers employed in working our cargo. He took me inside, and I shall never forget the impression made upon me. The service was just about to conclude. The noble building itself, its beautiful architecture, the splendid music which seemed to come streaming through the lofty aisles, the reverent attitude of the worshippers, even the incense with which the atmosphere was charged—all combined to present to

me an ineffaceable picture, till I found myself saying: "Nothing earthly will ever induce so warm-blooded and art-loving a people to exchange all this for the four bare walls of a Presbyterian meeting house." And so I think still. Nor could I agree with the sanguine young ministers in reference to the confessional. I am not a Catholic, and was brought up in an atmosphere of Presbyterianism, in which, as I think in most Protestant circles, the confessional is generally regarded as a singularly evil institution. Probably there are evils connected with it, as imperfection and humanity are synonymous terms, but I am strongly of opinion that, taken as a whole, it is presumably a great power for good. In my wanderings I have had the pleasure of intimacy, in America, with three Roman Catholic gentlemen and two young ladies of the same faith, all sincere believers, but absolutely devoid of bigotry of any kind. And I discovered from these friends that at the ages when fatal and irretrievable mistakes are committed, when boys and girls are just budding into manhood and womanhood, the restraining influences, and valuable and necessary councils of the confessional have a value which it is difficult to over-rate.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The North Atlantic—The World's Most Dangerous Sea—Types of Emigrants—Some Questions of Race—The Cleanly Scandinavian—English Mechanics—"The Idea"—Rome and Religion.

The North Atlantic—always spoken of amongst seafaring men as the Western Ocean—is to navigators probably the most dangerous sea in the world. Its incessant storms, fogs, and danger of collision, not merely as between passing ships, but also with icebergs, renders it a sea which taxes to the fullest extent the vigilance and capacity of those who plough its waters for their daily bread; and the great hardships encountered in its cold, biting, bitter blasts, have in some degree evolved types of sailors, who differ from those who prefer the finer weather, and who are prepared to accept poorer fare and lower wages in the "windbags" which run to the south'ard, and in which, to use a sailor's expression, men lead lives of "hunger and ease."

In the sixties and seventies the Atlantic steamships attracted many of the best men in the mercantile marine, for although the hardships were incomparably greater than in southern trades, the wages were very much higher, and the food supplied so much better, and, indeed, so extremely different, that men had no just grounds for complaint on this score. I have spoken of the dangers of collision with icebergs, and might here explain that on the banks of Newfoundland the fogs lie in belts, out of one of which the ship may quite suddenly sail into the bright, clear sunshine, and in a short distance re-enter a fog-bank so thick, that nothing may be visible for more than twenty yards ahead. This was the dreaded meeting ground of the outward and homeward bound vessels, but I believe that now they travel upon different tracks to minimise the danger.

The vicinity of ice can be ascertained by the temperature of the water, a reading of which it was customary to take every two hours. In one of the largest and fastest of Atlantic greyhounds of my day, we were running seventeen knots an hour under steam alone, the sea being as smooth as glass, and the fog so thick that nothing was visible ahead much beyond the end of the bowsprit, and the temperature of the water indicated the proximity of ice. Quite suddenly, at about five o'clock on an evening in May, we steamed out of the enveloping fog, and found, right in front of us, less than three miles distant, an iceberg glittering in the sun, some parts of which showed a deep blue, whilst other portions had a frosted appearance. The iceberg was six hundred feet in height and about three miles in circumference, and neither in size nor in beauty have I ever seen its equal. But supposing that it had been wrapped in thick fog, such as that out of which we had just steamed, we would certainly have been smashed upon it like a band box, with perhaps not one left to tell the tale.

In another vessel of the same line we were travelling through a similar fog, but in this case at a much less rate of speed. With a moderate breeze right ahead, we were making about nine knots an hour. I had just come on deck at four in the afternoon, when a steam whistle was heard, apparently right ahead. Our helm was immediately moved a-port, I assisting three others to turn it with the greatest possible speed, just as a homeward bound steamer running about fourteen knots before the wind appeared close to our port bow, and swished past, only a few yards separating us as she did so. Our passengers cheered, little aware of the terrible danger which we had so narrowly escaped. I read her name on the stern as she swept past—the “*Holsatia*,” of Hamburg.

I had another almost equally “close shave” on these dreaded banks, and many a fishing schooner has been

crushed like an eggshell by the racing monsters of the sea.

I have always taken deep interest in the denizens of the sea, and have frequently speculated upon the rate of speed at which some are able to travel. In the large and fast ship in which we passed so close to the iceberg, I had the best opportunity that has ever presented itself to me of observing the high rate of speed at which porpoises can travel, though the observation could not be said to determine the limit of their powers. On a very fine day, with the sea as smooth as glass, I was on the look-out on the fo'e'sle head at two o'clock in the afternoon. As we were running under steam alone fully seventeen knots an hour, a shoal of porpoises came alongside, and many of them played under the bows for about ten minutes. They then went off broad on the bow, and for about twenty minutes they were still distinctly visible. At that time they appeared to be at least two miles distant and ahead of the ship, although travelling so obliquely to her course. They must have been travelling many miles an hour faster than the ship, and were not probably "fully extended." It has been alleged by some seafaring men that the shark cannot maintain a high rate of speed for any distance; but this is certainly an error, as in a fast Yankee clipper in which I made a passage, and in which we were for two days logging fourteen knots, two sharks followed during that time.

I never met a man who had seen the sea serpent, and I think that sailors as a rule disbelieve in its existence. Still, a friend of mine, who had had great experience of sea-life, and a very highly educated man as well—firmly believed in the existence of this monster, as he had heard descriptions of it given by two men, both thoroughly reliable, neither of whom had known the other, and the accounts corresponded so closely as to convince my informant. I am strongly of the opinion that there is in the Pacific at least one monstrous denizen of the

deep unknown to mankind, and I entertain this belief in consequence of descriptions given to me by three men who all saw it at the same time, close beside their vessel, where it remained sufficiently long enough to cause some alarm.

During the last fifty years the tides of European emigration have been setting strongly and steadily across the North Atlantic, and whilst in this trade the many different types contributed by various countries, furnished me with much material for interesting observation, and some food for reflection as well. The Latin races furnish but a fractional portion of the emigrants who travelled in British steamers, the Irish, German and Scandinavian peoples appearing to contribute by far the largest number of those who, like Elijah Pogrum, desire to make their "bright home in the setting sun."

Amongst the emigrants from all countries, and I have seen many thousands of them, I would give the first place to the Scandinavians. They are clean, healthy, respectable people, even when drawn from the lowest social strata, and this I have noticed amongst their seamen, who, in character and behaviour, will compare most favourably with those of any other country. They are also people of very fine physique, particularly the Norwegians, and I have often thought that their stature and splendid physical development may be in some degree attributable to the comparative absence of those horrible factories, which account largely for the degeneracy which is now in Britain being recognised with a considerable amount of alarm. During the great Civil War the Americans took measurements of the men of all nations who served in their armies, and amongst those of European birth the Norwegians took first place in stature. The English, men of that race which had produced the conquerors at Cressy and at Agincourt, and at a later date the invincible "Ironsides" of the Great Protector, stood eighth. The genius of Watt and of Stephenson,

which had rendered possible all the great hives of industry, with consequent congestion of population and accompanying demoralisation and degeneracy, appears to be mainly responsible for the noticeable decline in the stamina of people of British race. Amongst all the emigrants, I have thought that none seemed of lower types than the coal miners of the northern countries of England.

The English mechanics are many of them what sailors call great "spouters," and they appeared to me to discuss political questions to an inordinate extent. I have frequently heard them "lashing" the aristocracy, and grandiloquently asserting what they call "The rights of man," and the "dignity of man." But in this connection I was much struck with the following incident.

On the outward passage to Boston we had on board a man (accompanied by his wife and family), who had been an engineer in the Government service, but had been dismissed in a period of retrenchment. One of our sailors, a good-looking and respectable lad, fell in love with the eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, and one evening I happened to come upon this young couple seated very comfortably together in one of those recesses which lovers so easily find in these great ships. In fact, they had just anticipated me in possession of a singularly favourite corner. Unfortunately, the girl's mother also discovered the lovers' retreat, and her rage at the girl consorting with a sailor was almost tragic in its fury. The scornful emphasis which she threw into the words, "The Idea!" as she marched her daughter off, seemed to come with singular inconsistency from the wife of a man who wanted to abolish aristocracy and have a general "levelling-up" or down.

The vessels of the line in which I principally sailed across the Atlantic were ship rigged, that is, that the three masts had all yards with square sails, and although the officers were generally good fellows, some of them

gave the sailors a large amount of absolutely unnecessary work in setting and furling canvas when in shifting winds. With the wind right ahead, this was, particularly in cold weather, severe and exhausting work. I once saw all sail set and stowed five times between Queenstown and Liverpool, and though at the time I was so strong, that work—physical exertion—was a pleasure, I took nearly a day in bed when I got ashore.

Upon another occasion the Captain ordered the topsails to be set at a time when they could not keep full with the ship lying on her course, with the result that they were both pretty well blown to pieces. This happened on a Saturday evening, and I had some very hard work with the sails during the night and next morning, which, under the circumstances, I naturally very strongly resented. On the Sunday forenoon following, the bos'n's whistle piped us to divine service. I at once said: "I am not going to the service after the awful work we have had with these sails." The other men in the watch took up the same position, so the Mate came into the fo'c'sle to force us out. But I was in no humour to be forced by any one, and very quietly declined to move, though the others all made preparations to attend. In these ships a glass of rum was served out to each man at 12 o'clock every day. If a man did not wish to drink this allowance he could, by connivance with the barman, have it dealt out to any friend amongst the crew. If a man refused to attend divine service (which was nearly always conducted, and well conducted by divines amongst the passengers) the penalty imposed was the stoppage of his grog. I never drank my allowance and had arranged with the barman to give it to a countryman of my own who did dearly love a glass of rum. When, on the morning in question I refused to go to church, Joe hastened into the fo'c'sle and said to me with a most serious air: "For God's sake go to church," which I did after some expostulation. Never was I hunted at any age to attend

Church so assiduously as by old Joe, so much so that during our companionship my attendance might have been classed as exemplary.

Apropos of this "rum" incident, I once worked a winter passage across from New York to Liverpool in one of the splendid steamers of the Cunard line, and there was on board, also working his passage, a very fine looking ex-English Artilleryman, who loved a glass of rum as dearly as any of the wild Western Ocean sailors. Noticing that I did not drink, he suggested that I could procure for him my daily allowance by a method which he had seen when serving, I think, in India. This was to take the tot of rum into my mouth, and, without swallowing a drop, walk forward to the forecabin and there discharge it into a pannikin for his use. Amongst merchant seamen there existed a tradition that in olden times, when a distinguished naval officer died at sea, his remains were frequently placed in a coffin containing rum, so as to preserve the body until arrival in England. And it was further alleged that the men-of-war sailors had been known to obtain some of this nectar by boring gimlet holes in the coffin. This is, I believe, the origin of the expression, "tapping the Admiral."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sailors' Health—The Mariner's Teeth—Delicacies—"Hoodle," a Queer Mess—Olla Podrida—Extraordinary Escape—"Astronomy"—Sailors' Friends—How Liners "Dip"—Great Seas.

Sailors as a rule enjoy splendid health, except where it has suffered from excesses when ashore, or been injured by the, to them, unhealthy ports which they occasionally visit. On this matter of health dentists allege that sailors' teeth are better than landsmen, and have attributed it to the use of tobacco. This is, I think, mere assumption. Better teeth may exist, in spite of the free use of the weed, and not because of it. This leads up to an incident which I admit must appear incredible, but of which I and several shipmates were eye-witnesses.

We had in the ship to which I then belonged a man to whom I have already alluded as being in some respects the most extraordinary person with whom I have ever been associated, and his life, could it only have been written, would have furnished to landsmen at once an interesting and probably incredible narrative. He was a Highlander, and even amongst the wild Western Ocean men, was in all matters of fun and devilment an easy first. He was possessed of such exuberant vitality that he was in a continual state of effervescence, and what with singing, dancing and telling yarns of his adventures, he was, when they were desirous of getting to sleep, quite a tribulation to the watch below. Amongst his yarns was one of a feat which he had performed in Liverpool, in the presence of a brewer named Blissard, who said that he would bet all that he had in the world, that no human being on earth could be found capable of accomplishing the task which the sailor professed his ability to execute. This was to lift a large table in a hotel parlour with his teeth. A pound was bet and "Mac" won it.

This wild sailor was well known amongst the sailors of the Inman line, his soubriquet being "Long Mack." We were paid off on a very fine summer's day at the South Sailors' Home in Liverpool, and five of us strolled leisurely along towards our homes in the north end of the town, making detours, as in the enjoyment of our shore walk together "Mack" could not keep quiet, and behave like any ordinary person, and we were consequently rather afraid of getting into trouble. As we were passing one of the fashionable hotels two tall, very erect, military looking old gentlemen, who conveyed the idea of having been Colonels in the Army, were drawing on their gloves, and looked apparently with some interest at our happy little party. One of them, addressing me, said: "Will you shake hands?"

He looked such a pleasant old gentleman that I at once replied: "Yes, sir," and thereupon he asked me: "Are you a Scotsman," and to my "Yes, sir," responded: "Well, you are the best-looking man I have seen for thirty years," adding, in an aside to his companion, "That man will get on in the world if he has got brains."

I was wearing a neat new uniform of the Inman line, which is very becoming to a man of good physique, and perhaps the compliment may have been attributable to this.

We next entered an hotel, in which there was a room very much frequented by the dock labouring class, in which the tables were made very strongly of thick, heavy slabs, as if specially designed for the rough crowds which assembled at this favourite beer shop. Speaking from memory, I should say that these tables must have been not less than five, or more than six feet in length, with a width approaching three feet. After we had seated ourselves at one of the tables, "Mack" suddenly jumped up and, catching the end of it with his teeth, raised it right above his head with apparently the greatest ease. An old Irishman, sitting at a table lower down

the room, exclaimed: "There's not a man in the world could lift that table fair with his teeth; you must have helped it up with your hand or something," and he added that any man thus coming into the room and imposing upon the company should be put out.

"Get out, you old rag," was Mack's retort. "Do you think I could not lift two of them?"

Catching another table, he placed it on top of the first, with the feet up, and lifted both almost as high as his head, whereupon a handsome young Irish woman, who was having a glass of beer with a friend, exclaimed, somewhat coquettishly: "Do you think you could lift them with me atop of 'em?"

I would not have believed such strength of jaw possible had I not been an actual eye-witness.

Poor "Mack," and at least one other of our little party—Quin, the bos'un's mate—have crossed the dark stream.

Noticing the first saloon cook, a most important personage on these liners, putting a number of little birds, each with a pat of butter on its breast, into the oven, I thought that I could eat the whole trayful when cooked, they looked such dainty morsels. It was customary in some of these boats for the saloon stewards to throw all the scrapings of the plates, and dishes only partially consumed, into a large tin-lined bucket, called a "dog basket." There was thus a somewhat extraordinary mixture to be found in this receptacle. There were to be seen vegetables of all kinds, meats as well, blanc mange, jellies, and other dainty dishes, mixed up with potatoes and turnips; also the legs and wings of all kinds of game birds and poultry. The whole thus presented a large and varied assortment.

The sailors, or at any rate the "watch below," had the privilege of obtaining, every evening, a large tin dishful of this delicious mixture, which was technically known as "Hoodle." Whenever this dish was placed

upon the table, all the "watch below" crowded round, each with a plate in one hand and a spoon in the other, hunting for treasure trove, in the form of the legs and wings of poultry, which were the coveted delicacies for which they dived. I, much to my delight, found some of the delicate little birds, snipe, which I had seen during the day placed in the oven. The weather had been rough, and the saloon passengers off-colour, so that thus these delicacies had reached us in the forecastle. Most of us had appetites like sharks, but none could manage to eat these birds, which looked so tempting, as, to use an expression of one of the sailors, which was scarcely an exaggeration, "they were rotten," although it was explained to me by one of the saloon stewards: "That's the way the quality likes 'em, and they won't eat 'em no other way."

A few evenings after this I was, with others, turning over the "Hoodle" in search of delicacies, when I came upon a very large molar tooth, with blood still upon it, which had evidently just been extracted from a human jaw, and although the discovery in no way impaired the zeal of my shipmates' search, I, to use another of the sailors' expressions, for ever after "gave 'Hoodle' best."

I will venture to relate another incredible incident, of which I was an eye-witness, in that ship. A boy, about six years of age, a fine, sturdy little fellow, was standing in one of the doorways leading to the lower steerage deck. I playfully attempted to catch him, when, apparently frightened, he turned quickly to run down the brass-bound stairs. In doing so he tripped and fell head foremost. I stood petrified with horror, believing that every bone in his body, inclusive of his neck, must be broken. To my utter astonishment he went down those steps "end over end," and came up at the bottom standing perfectly erect, with his face towards me. He gave me a terrified glance and then, much to my delight, suddenly disappeared. The sailors in these passenger steamers

obtain much amusement from good-natured tricks played upon the green immigrants, who are, many of them, very innocent and very ignorant. One of these games was known as "Astronomy." A pair of sailor's oilskin trousers was hung up by the waist from the lower part of the fore-rigging just abaft the break of the to'-gallant forecastle. Two young men, wishing to obtain a good view of the stars, put each his head into a leg of the trousers, and then awaited developments, which consisted in a bucket of water being poured from the waist of the oilskin trousers upon the faces and heads of the would-be astronomers as they gazed up through the legs.

Apropos of passengers and mishaps, one story tells of a passenger who fell down the after stairway from the upper deck, and broke his neck. One of the sailors picked up close to the spot where the man fell, a rolled piece of furry leather, encircled by an indiarubber band. He handed it to an officer, who opened it and found it to be a purse containing Bank of England notes for £6,000, whereat he remarked to the finder: "I am sorry for you."

The following incident will give some idea of the extent to which the great steamers "dip" under the angry head seas, through, rather than over which, they steadfastly hold their way. The foretopmast staysail is set upon a stay or wire rope, which runs from the head of the topmast down to the bowsprit. I saw some of the men preparing a tack about 25 feet in length, so as to set the sail that distance up from the bowsprit, to avoid any danger of its being washed away. Not being a steamboat man, I thought this precaution unnecessary and absurd. But thus the sail was set, and some time after I was an eye witness of the following rather incredible occurrence:—A heavy, ugly sea was running, and the ship was occasionally taking in a good deal of water from the seas, which hammered away at her starboard bow. I was sent up to splice some rope which had been chafing in the foretop, and from this position had an excellent

view of what took place. I saw a great towering sea rearing its crest immediately in front of us, and the bowsprit seemed to pierce it near its base, with the result that the sail, of which I have spoken, was washed away, and its fragments flapped and fluttered in the breeze. The great sea broke over the ship, and, looking down from the foretop, I was reminded of a rapid in a great American river, where all was broken water and foam, with here and there rocks jutting above the surface. And very similar the ship seemed beneath me.

It may appear incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that under these circumstances five men were ordered out on to the bowsprit to furl such wretched rags of canvas as were left, and, fortunately, all these men were experienced steamboat men, and as I looked down I saw another sea approaching similar to the giant that had washed away the sail, and as the men were then on the bowsprit, my heart jumped into my mouth as I felt sure nothing could possibly save them from the jaws of death. But they themselves realised their position. Again the great ship reared up before plunging low beneath the towering sea, and the men, to use their own expression, "rove" themselves round the jackstays on the bowsprit, which once more disappeared under the oncoming wave, burying these five, as I thought, doomed men below many feet of angry blue water. When again the ship arose at once, to my astonishment and delight, I saw the men still on the bowsprit. How, under the circumstances, they were able to retain their grasp is one of those things which I never can understand. They all, after this experience, ran in on deck, and one of them then found, although up to that time quite unconscious of it, that one of his thumbs, from the lower joint, was completely gone.

Some seafaring men will be inclined to regard certain features of this incident as incredible, but if the specific victim is still in life he would substantiate it all, and tell how poor Charlie Malander lost his thumb, and five

men nearly their lives, in consequence of an officer's solicitude for the preservation of the rags of the fore-topmast-staysail in the good ship City of Antwerp. Though such was the action of one officer, the Inman line had then as good officers as any of the British lines, and those sailors who had the privilege of sailing with such men as Captain Kennedy, the Commodore Captain of the fleet, or Mr. Watkins, his Chief Officer, will forever remember them with feelings of affection and esteem.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sailors' Sweethearts—A New York Waitress—Finding the Girl—
I have a Great Idea—Lack of Social Life—High Life Below
Stairs—The Servants' Hall—Heavy Penalties—The Treadmill
—Supply and Demand—Afloat Again—A Woman's Curse—We
Meet Misfortune—A Chapter of Accidents—In the Bay of
Biscay.

In the Inman steamers the sailors were given half a day's liberty on each visit to New York, so on a fine afternoon I went up to call on my old landlady in 42nd Street, and met there a very tall, slender, and extremely handsome girl, employed as a waitress in a wealthy and aristocratic American family. My old friend told me that girls of fine appearance were specially selected for such positions by the very wealthy families. I soon got upon terms of comparative familiarity with this bonnie lassie, and she asked me if I would take her to the theatre on Friday night to see Miss Ellen Tracy in some new play. She added: "If you will take me I will buy the tickets, but I replied that I had one ticket, as Miss Tracy came out on our ship and gave away some tickets for us. We went to the play on the night appointed, and I saw the young lady home to her very aristocratic looking residence. Before parting, she asked me to come and see her, as "followers" were allowed, and requested me to bring a shipmate with me, if I had any young, presentable and well-dressed friend on board, as she said there were three other girls in the house "very badly off for sweethearts." This, of course, I promised to do.

We left for home next day, but instead of going back to New York, went up the Mediterranean, so that some time had elapsed before I was in a position to make the promised call upon the handsome young waitress. However, the next time that we visited New York I selected a handsome young Manxman to accompany me, and on

a fine summer night we strolled up town, looking forward with much pleasant anticipation to the meeting. When we arrived at what I believed to be the residence of the fair one, there were three girls sitting under the trees, and to my dismay I discovered from them that I had made a mistake in the house. I told these girls that the object of our search "lives, or did live, with the President of a bank," and asked if the president of a bank did live in that street.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "he lives up at that house with the great pillars in front of it." I could not think that this was the house to which I had seen the young waitress home, but went up to it and rang the bell. Almost immediately the door was opened by a young coloured girl, of whom I asked: "Does Miss Downie live here?"

Speaking very fast, she inquired: "What is she; Roman Catlick?"

I dreamily answered "Yes," whereupon the brisk young person quickly rapped out: "Not here, den; all culled help in dis house."

As I mournfully descended the steps, I met a very handsome young lady coming up, to whom I explained the difficulty. She was quite sympathetic, and thought it was "too bad."

On our way back we again paused to speak to the three girls whom we had first encountered, and related our hard luck, whereupon one of the trio advanced as a solution that her friend on the right had suggested that as there were two young men and three girls, we had better give up a wild goose chase and take a seat under the trees.

I have a specific reason for the introduction of this little incident.

Very many respectable young sailors would almost give their heads for introductions to decent girls. Very few, indeed, ever obtain the opportunity, as they are

utter strangers to the residents in nearly every port they visit. The result has been the shipwreck of many a bright young life.

But that night a most brilliant idea presented itself to me, and that was to call at houses in search of imaginary girls, and in this manner, as in the case of the girls under the trees, acquaintance might be made with ladies equally anxious for lovers.

What fun I subsequently obtained from these imaginary searches.

The first time I tried it was in Liverpool. Taking with me a very handsome young American from Savannah, we wandered into the suburbs. (Here I would digress to point out to any young sailors who may desire to avail themselves of my most valuable suggestion, that in order to carry out the scheme successfully a ready tongue is generally necessary.)

Seeing a fine house back a little way from the road, we went up to the door and rang the bell, the door being opened by a comely, red-haired lassie. I asked if "Miss Mary Ann Smith" still lived there, and, to my astonishment, she answered: "Yes; do you want to see her?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have come a long way to see her."

When Miss Smith came to the door, accompanied by the red-haired girl, who seemed to take an interest in the proceedings, I discovered, of course, that I had made a mistake, that I could not tell where the house was that I had visited last voyage, etc., etc. But this house, occupied by an aged lady, almost bedridden, was a most comfortable one for servants, and after some conversation with the girls we were both asked into the kitchen for some supper, and we spent a very pleasant evening.

But I was not always successful.

Just in a spirit of adventure and mischief I persuaded my American friend to come out for another

"cruise," as we called it, into the country somewhere. We went to a little town, the name of which I have forgotten. Taking a walk a couple of miles from it we saw a very fine residence surrounded by trees, and concluded that we would call there and ask if "Miss Fazakerley" was at home—we would not again risk "Mary Ann Smith."

An elderly and most morose-looking flunkey opened the door, and after replying in a curt negative to my question, told us that it was a gross impertinence to come to the front door "to enquire about servants."

The humour of the situation appealed to us, and I must have wounded this august personage's feelings by a little banter, for he told us, with quite portentous manner, that we should both be given in charge as "rogues and vagabonds."

My sailor's curiosity as to "high life below stairs" was whetted by these incidents. So when an opportunity of further exploration presented itself I accepted it.

When visiting Liverpool I generally lodged with an excellent woman who had been a lady's maid in some great aristocratic family in the country, and she was still occasionally visited by some of her old associates. One of these, who might be described as "fat, fair and forty," was then in the service of an aristocratic family in Cheshire, where quite a large number of servants were employed. She gave me an invitation to a servant's ball which was to be held at Christmas time, and this I most gladly accepted, mainly from a feeling of curiosity, as I was extremely desirous of having a glimpse of "high life below stairs." I asked her if she could extend the invitation to a fine-looking and gentlemanly shipmate, who was also most anxious to accompany me in this expedition, but this she was unable to grant, as each lady had only the right to invite one gentleman friend. But she could submit this momentous question to a

committee, and this she promised to do. Soon after I had a favourable reply, and I looked forward to this festivity with much pleasurable anticipation. So I shipped on a Cunard liner for what was expected to be a six or seven weeks' trip and that would have brought me back for the Christmas festivities, but as the next chapter will show, the fates and a woman's malediction decreed otherwise.

Very many sailors, when at sea, spoke bitterly of the manner in which seafaring men were only too frequently treated when on shore, of the social ostracism which they experienced; in short, that practically they appeared to be regarded as the pariahs of society. In all this there was a certain amount of truth, in so far as it had relation to seaport towns where sailors were found in great numbers, very many of whom led such wild, irregular lives when on shore that even their well-behaved and sober comrades were included in the social tabu which was so bitterly resented. When at sea, the heavy penalties for comparatively trivial offences furnished much material for discussion amongst the thoughtful men, who were keenly desirous of improving the conditions of their calling. As an illustration of this they would point out that a man, for the offence of missing the ship, would receive six weeks in gaol on the treadmill. Truly a most iniquitous sentence. I had two shipmates, both most respectable, married men, in the prime of life, who after an experience of six weeks on the treadmill in a Liverpool gaol, for the crime of missing their ships, were so affected by the treatment which they received that in both instances their health was permanently injured, and this they attributed to sheer starvation. One of them fainted in the cab brought by his wife on the day of his release, and after his arrival at home he declared to me that he had such an appetite that for a considerable time he was so unable to satiate it, that for decency's sake he went

out into the back yard with a loaf. But I discovered by mere accident a method practised by knowing, cute men, whereby they were able to escape the emissaries of the law. This was an instance of demand and supply. A shipmate of mine, one of the smartest men that ever I knew, a Cumberland lad, was down in the south end of Liverpool, rather away from sailor town, and there met, somewhat to his surprise, a previous shipmate of ours, a rather quiet and shy young Irishman. This innocent and inoffensive young man had missed his ship, or perhaps left her, but to make sure that all would be well, he was hunting for the house of a doctor, who gave to sailors medical certificates for half-a-crown each. Quite simple—demand and supply!

I shipped in a Cunard liner for a trip usually lasting six or seven weeks. All going well, we would just get back before Christmas. Unfortunately, a short time before “casting off” our lines a “lady” came down to the deck where we lay and, to use her own expression, she “put out her malediction” upon us, giving expression to the pious hope that individually and collectively we would all go to the bottom, be “drowned,” etc., etc. Someone explained that this woman’s husband had been lost out of the same ship on the preceding voyage, and she appeared to hold all those on board as being in some way responsible for his loss.

When off Cape Finisterre we picked up the “Europe,” a French steamer which had lost her rudder. We towed her until we arrived off Lisbon. It was a fine, clear, starlight night and, as no pilot appeared, we put our helm a-starboard and headed out to sea. After a little while our engines were stopped and the “Europe” shot up on our starboard beam. The hawser with which we were towing came from the main deck through the bulwarks on the port quarter, and as the Frenchman shot up on our starboard beam, it was brought over our screw, so that when our engines again turned ahead it

fouled our propeller, with most disastrous results. Our helm was jammed a-starboard, and as the hawser was evidently wound round the propeller, we were really in a worse state than the ship that we had in tow. In the morning a tugboat came off and the master boarded our ship, but as he asked £500 to tow us into Lisbon, our Captain and he were unable to come to terms, so he left us and took the Frenchman in.

We were then lying perfectly helpless, with the sea rising, but having a good offing from the land. About two o'clock the "Alexander," of the Anchor line, hove in sight, and signalled asking if we desired assistance. The reply being in the affirmative, the Captain of the "Alexander," who handled his ship most admirably, brought her past us so close that from the end of the bowsprit I sent a heaving line over his galley. This they failed to catch, but at the next attempt they were successful.

We did not get into Lisbon until the following day. The "Atlas" came out from Liverpool, and to her we transhipped our cargo and passengers. Divers managed to cut away the hawser from round our propeller, and after having taken in a light cargo of hides, fruit, etc., we started in a somewhat disabled state for Liverpool, encountering one of the severest gales in the Bay of Biscay that had been known on the British coasts since the loss of the "Royal Charter." I have never seen a heavier sea, but, fortunately, it ran without breaking. As, during the night, I stood beside the officer on the bridge, I saw the heaviest sea coming that I have ever seen, either before or since, and as I looked at the stupendous mass of water, I thought that we could never ride over it. I called to my companion, who appeared to me to be asleep: "For God's sake look out, that sea will sweep us," but although it came only a little before the beam, we rode over it, much to my surprise.

"Did you ever see such a sea as that, Sir?" I remarked to the officer, an elderly man, when the danger was over, and he replied: "Never, and I don't want ever to see another one like it."

I afterwards read in the papers that the "Alexandra" got £13,000 as salvage money for towing us into Lisbon.

This unfortunate episode, all no doubt attributable to a lady's "malediction," quite upset all our calculations, and, upon the night when I should have been enjoying myself in the "Servant's 'all," I found myself pulling on my sea-boots in a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay, outward bound.

This reference to the derelict "Europe" recalls an extraordinary incident of about the early seventies. We were bound for the Mediterranean, and when somewhere near Cadiz or Gibraltar, I noticed a brigantine which seemed to me to be sailing "on her own hook." I pointed this out to my then chum, a native of Newfoundland. After scrutinising the stranger he said: "She does look a bit queer; she's either a Nova Scotian or a down-easter. I guess they're all having a free fight, there isn't nobody at the wheel." We passed on, and some time after I read of a brigantine being picked up near Cadiz, and towed into Gibraltar. No one was found on board, though everything was in perfect order. I think, if I recollect rightly, that a sewing machine and portions of a lady's attire were also found on board. Everything pointed to the conclusion that the vessel had been suddenly and most mysteriously deserted, as the dinners laid in the cabin and forecastle had in each instance been only partially consumed.

To the seafaring man, much more than to any landsman, has this mystery an "eerie" aspect and feeling, and many more or less improbable theories have been advanced as possible solutions of the problem. It furnished topic for many a forecastle debate. By some it was held to be possible that a gigantic octopus might have hauled

all hands over the side. Others suggested that in consequence of some murder on a preceding voyage the ship was haunted and so the terrified crew suddenly left her. But against this theory there was the fact that none of the ship's boats had been taken away. Some were inclined to believe that one of the crew had suddenly gone mad, and chased all the others overboard, a theory resting mainly upon the somewhat slender basis of a recently made notch in the ship's rail caused by some such weapon as an axe. But this most interesting problem will probably now remain an unfathomable mystery until the "sea gives up her dead." Perhaps I might myself have missed the solution, for just after I had spoken to my chum when we sighted her, I noticed a floating bottle to which we passed very close. I have often wondered if it contained a message which would have cleared up the fate of the strange vessel's missing crew.

I have heard in my voyaging some interesting stories in reference to those message-bearing ocean wanderers, and one which I came across in the West Indies presents a remarkable coincidence. About the year 1820 the "Kent," East Indianman, taking out troops to the East, was burned near the line. McGregor, father of the McGregor of Rob Roy canoe fame, was an officer in a Highland regiment, and the future canoeist and author was an infant in arms upon the ill-fated ship. At a time when there appeared to be little or no hope, McGregor placed the position on paper, and committed the record to the mighty deep. When, three years afterwards, walking with a brother officer on the shore of a West Indian island, he saw a bottle floating in the sea. He got a nigger to swim out for it, and, to his intense surprise, discovered that it was the identical bottle which he himself had committed to the trackless ocean three years before.

Another mystery of the sea was that of picking up in mid-ocean an infant lashed to a spar. No clue as to

his identity was ever obtained, and he grew up to become a British Admiral, with the appropriately given name of Bythesea.

Few landsmen pause to realise how ominous and suggestive of tragedy to the contemplative seaman is that word "missing." A shipmate of mine went on board the "Guiding Star" one day in New York, desirous of shipping in her for a foreign voyage. The Mate, to whom he made application, looking at his eye (which had been discoloured in a skirmish ashore), said: "No, we don't want any fighting men on board this ship. We had two men killed on her last voyage," he added.

The "Guiding Star" sailed away without my mate, and still remains on the list of "missing."

A young sailor, who visited Port Chalmers, New Zealand, and who, when ashore, one day gave a stick of tobacco to one of the prisoners whom he saw working in what is known as the "chain gang." For this offence he received a month's imprisonment, during which time his ship, the "Strathnaver," left for Home, but only to give another addition to the missing list.

CHAPTER XXX.

I Meet Eugenie—A French-Canadian Family—I Contemplate Matrimony—A Hoyden—Sweet Seventeen—"With Tooth and Nail."

"Love rules the Court, the Camp, the Grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

—Scott.

I had received several really good offers of advancement in American ships, all of which I declined, for two reasons. The first was that the occupation in itself was becoming increasingly distasteful to me. I had only adopted it as a means to an end—to see the world; therefore I could not bear the idea of sticking to any one ship, and visiting countries which I had no desire to see. The second reason was that a man, in taking a position as officer, had to become "naturalised," which means that he must become an American citizen. From purely sentimental reasons—for I liked America and the Americans—I could never bear the idea of renouncing my allegiance to the dear old flag. After all that I had heard and read of that region, I determined that I would make my home on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, where I could gratify my Bohemian instincts, and live in the forest the life of a frontiersman absolutely untrammelled by the, to me, distasteful conventionalities of human society in the more densely populated regions of the New World.

Musing upon this important question, I strolled on a beautiful morning in early spring, through a park in Philadelphia, keenly enjoying the attractions and charms presented round me, and inwardly resolving to take a month ashore amidst such delightful surroundings. I met, among some trees, two boys who had each a little calico bag full of small, round pebbles, and with these

they occasionally pelted the little birds in the trees. Although I did not see them kill any, still they threw their stones with remarkable precision, to my very great annoyance. I remonstrated with them for persecuting the little birds, which were probably nesting at the time, but the impudent brats strongly resented my interference, and one of them threatened to have a "shy" at me. I left them, and, continuing my stroll, again met these youngsters, still at the same game. They were on a slope above me as I was passing by, and just when opposite to them one of them threw a pebble, probably meant for me, but it just touched the bridge of my nose, and, passing on, struck a young lady, who was walking in the opposite direction, somewhere about the temple. She did not fall at once, but gradually sank down, and, quite alarmed, I ran to her assistance. I carried her to a seat, and, sitting down, placed my arm round her, and laid her head on my shoulder. She had become very pale, and almost in a whisper said: "Oh, I'm afraid I'm going to faint."

I discovered that she lived at no very great distance from the Park, and as she looked only a slender girl of fifteen or sixteen, I told her that I would carry her home, hoping, of course, to receive some assistance on the way. I felt, in truth, very much alarmed, as I had known a case of what appeared at the time a slight injury to the temple, terminating fatally. Most fortunately, when just outside the park gates, close to which the accident occurred, we met a young man driving in a nice conveyance a beautiful black horse. Hailing him and briefly explaining the position, he willingly consented to drive us to the young lady's home, which I found to be a neat but unpretentious cottage. The girl's mother was engaged in a little garden when we arrived, and never noticed our coming until I was carrying her daughter to the house. When she realised that I was carrying her daughter she gave a little scream and cried: "Oh, Mon Dieu, what is this?"

I replied as cheerily as possible: "Oh, nothing much, Madam, only a trivial accident," and asked her to lead the way to the young lady's bedroom, that I might place her on a couch. Having done so, I went in search of a doctor, whose verdict was that the young lady must be content to be quiet for two or three days, but he did not anticipate any serious consequences. Before leaving the house, the mother expressed her gratitude to me, and told me that this girl, Eugenie, was the only child left to them. They were French Canadians, who had been for some years resident in Philadelphia. In response to my promise to call next day and enquire, I was assured of a welcome. Next day Miss Eugenie was still confined to her bed, but the mother invited me to tea for the following night, as her husband was most desirous of personally thanking me. So I spent a delightful evening with this worthy and interesting couple, who appeared to regret ever having migrated from their native Canada.

The following day, when I called again to enquire, I was gratified by Madame's assurance that Monsieur considered me the most entertaining man that he had ever known. In another couple of days the patient was permitted to leave her bed, and when I saw her I felt rather shocked with the change in her appearance. The injury had evidently affected her system. However, she now mended rapidly, and in eight or ten days was one of the very brightest, most charming, and fascinating daughters of Eve that even the "Lively Gaul" could have produced. In her "airs and graces," and in her varying moods of bewitching and inimitable coquetry, she conveyed to me the idea of a typical French girl, and although in some respects very different, I always in fancy and imagination bracket her with Marie, my Californian sweetheart. To this day I feel thankful that I

was privileged to associate, to say nothing further, with two such queens amongst their sex, who ever cast round them an aroma of bright, joyous happiness, and furnished me with some of the pleasantest memories of those golden years.

Slightly under middle height, though still growing, with beautiful and expressive features, at once graceful, slender and robust, with shapely hands and feet, I thought one day, as I saw the lovely French Canadian laughing in the sun in Fairmount Park, her hat off, and her glorious brown hair gleaming in the sunlight with a golden shimmer, looking on her thus I thought of the judgment of Paris, and could easily realise the pride of her parents, who, her mother subsequently told me, "regarded the girl as the apple of their eyes." And she had already become the apple of mine. I soon discovered, despite her coquetry, that she was equally attached to me.

I have still a vivid recollection of a portion of a conversation which I had with her in the Park as we were seated together under the trees on that lovely evening in spring. As we chatted happily together, I replied, in reference to something which she had said: "Oh, well, we can do that when we are married."

At this I noticed her eyes glisten, and, as I thought, a gleam of pleasure flitted across her features, but immediately after, with much assumption of coquetry, she said: "Married! Indeed, why, you have never even proposed to me yet."

"No, Eugenie," I replied, "I have never proposed to you, and I never shall do so, and I will tell you the reason why. I need not tell you that I love you; you know that; your heart has told you, and you are perfectly well aware that you have bound me as a captive to your chariot wheels. That being the case on my part, it follows that I wish and hope and expect to marry you some day; and I believe that I have won your

heart, and, if so, I naturally believe that you wish some day to marry me. All this is understood by those who devotedly love each other. What, then, the necessity of a formal proposal, which implies a doubt of all this?"

To which she replied: "Well, that's a new way of looking at it."

"But what do you think of it—" I said.

"Oh," she replied, "I would need some time to think over it."

After this she sat quiet for a while, and I did not disturb her. Then, with her eyes bent on the ground, she murmured: "Oh, I am too happy."

For the rest of the evening we scarcely spoke to each other at all. I had no desire to speak, as my heart was filled with gladness, and I thought that she was having a similar experience. Looking back, I regard this as the happiest day of my life. But trouble was at hand. This experience had knocked my Californian schemes on the head, but I felt anxious and perplexed as to how I was to make a living on shore after marriage, as I had determined that never as a married man would I depend upon the sea for a livelihood. And I knew that I was only fit for manual labour, should I settle down ashore. But Eugenie was much too young to be married, and I thought, as we should wait at least for a year, that something better than manual labour might turn up. My sweetheart's sixteenth birthday occurred just after the accident and had been passed in bed. Next day Eugenie's mother "tackled" me in reference to the relations which existed between us, pointing out that the girl was too young to be married, and that if anything went wrong it would be the very death of her parents. She told me that she could see only too well that Eugenie was "infatuated" with me, and that after consultation with her husband she had determined to approach me on the subject. For some time at least she would like to see us separated, and I cut the Gordian knot by saying

that I would go away to sea again for a couple of months at any rate, and that perhaps Eugenie would forget all about me in that time.

This suggestion appeared to please the mother and ease her mind, as she told me that she had felt most "apprehensive of trouble," so I also promised not to write to Eugenie during the period of my absence.

I was employed for several days before sailing in getting the ship ready for sea before the regular crew had joined her, and only the officers were on board. Just at knocking-off time I was putting a barrel of meat on board, and heard a man on the wharf sing out pretty loudly: "Hullo, 'Whalebone!'" Looking up, I at once recognised a man with whom I had sailed on the Pacific. He was an intelligent, well-educated and rather interesting young man, and I was delighted to meet him. I may here explain that in consequence of my remarkable climbing powers and general suppleness, I bore, when on the Pacific, the soubriquet of "Whalebone." After a hearty handshake, we adjourned to the house on deck to have a "crack." I said to him I thought from what I had heard that he had settled down in 'Frisco. "So I had," he said, "but I have just come overland to see my sister, who is very ill." The Mate, a great, powerful, burly ruffian, just then came on deck, and Davis, my old shipmate, at once recognised him as a man with whom he had made a couple of trips on the Atlantic coast. They saluted each other highly and distantly, and I regarded this incident as an unfavourable omen. And during the few days that I had been working on board the Mate's manner to me had been so curt and snappish that I feared very much that I would have in him a most disagreeable shipmate.

"What sort of a fellow is he?" I said to Davis.

"I don't very much like the cut of his jib, Bill," my friend replied. "I must tell you what I know about him as you are going to make a trip with him, but I would rather that you did not go with him at all."

"Well," I said, "I think I'll go on; but tell me about the Mate."

"Well," he replied, "you can see that he is a big, powerful man, and at times he is a most brutal tyrant." I might here say that this Mate was about five feet ten inches in height, and a remarkably powerfully built man, but fortunately for me, becoming a little corpulent. "Now," said my friend, "I will tell you this, and that is that it is my opinion you will never make that round trip without having one fight at least with this ruffian. And," he continued, "I have seen both of you fighting. I saw you in that fight that you had with Murphy at 'Frisco, and I have seen the Mate in several scraps down in the West Indies, but, and mind this, I never saw him confronting a man of his own calibre and physique. In short, I have never seen him fairly tested. Now I have seen you in some degree tested in your fight with Murphy, who was a powerful man, but, like yourself, with little or no science. But in consequence of your wonderful activity and tremendous hitting form, as we saw in 'Frisco, you won the day. But the two blows which wound up the performance were the two blows which you got in at him in his heart. I saw Murphy in 'Frisco a few days ago, and he told me that he thought he had never got over the effect of these two blows. But to make a long story short, fight this Mate as you fought Murphy. He has none of your agility and suppleness, and whenever you get in at him, he must go down. He relies upon his great strength, and always endeavours to get hold of his antagonist. And if he should succeed in getting his arm round your neck, getting your head into chancery, as it is called, you will be lucky if you can get away from him without injury."

I felt that my friend had given me valuable information, and when we parted he said: "I should like to see this fight, for I am sure that it will come." When ready for sea, the Captain brought his wife and daughter

on board, much to my gratification, and I thought that their presence might prevent the Mate from indulging in any of those brutalities in reference to which I had received a warning from my old shipmate. The Captain was a middle-aged and rather delicate man, who liked a well-conducted, comfortable ship. His wife was a native of Jamaica and exceedingly dark in complexion—a handsome woman, with good bearing and fine presence. Her daughter was a most beautiful girl, only nine years of age, but rapidly budding into womanhood. With splendid physical development, beautiful hands and feet, glorious black eyes and magnificent black hair, she presented one of the most attractive and fascinating pictures that I had ever seen in my West Indian wanderings. From the first she and her mother were quite familiar with me, and Josephine—the girl’s name—was continually beside me when I was working about the deck. Her happy, fascinating manner, added to her great beauty, resulted in the whole ship’s company being bound as captives to her chariot wheels. And still she was only nine years of age. And had it not been for the presence of that dark shadow in the form of the ruffianly Mate we would have had quite a happy ship. The notice which I received from the Captain’s wife was I could easily see, most irritating to the Mate, and he took every opportunity to annoy or insult me. Only the presence of the ladies had already prevented a collision, but I felt quite sure that when we reached our destination—a southern run—close to the pine woods, the conflict would not be much longer delayed. Knowing all this, I took an opportunity to speak to the Mate after an insult which he had just flung at me. I said to him—and I was just brimming with passion: “Now look here, Mr. Mate, ever since we put out to sea, your manner and bearing has been insulting to me. I suppose you want to pick a quarrel, and I know an excellent place to have it out, under the pines, close to where we will

tie up." For the moment he appeared to stand aghast at my audacity, but quickly recovered and informed me that he would make a "holy show" of me. Just then Josephine came along and so charmed me with her delightful chatter, but she said: "Oh, Jack, I am quite sure that Mr. Harris—the mate—just hates you awfully, and Mummie says so too. If I saw him try to hurt you I would just try to kill him. Her mother's conversation was to me most interesting, for the reason that she looked out on the world with West Indian spectacles.

The day after we had arrived at our destination, the Mate and I arranged for the conflict to take place at six o'clock, after we had knocked off work. The ladies and the Captain had gone ashore to have tea with some friends, so that the crew and a few men under the pines were the only spectators. I somehow felt perfectly confident that I was going to win, and felt in capital buckle for the fray. My antagonist was no doubt a burly fellow, but showing symptoms of corpulence, which gave me much confidence. When we met under the trees the Mate had the atmosphere almost sulphurous with blasphemy, but I, like Brer Rabbit, lay low. The first "pass," as Peter Cartwright would have called it, was a rush made at me with the object of catching a hold. But I both dodged and ducked, evading my antagonist with no trouble whatever. I then danced round him a species of war dance, watching for an opening. Somehow, I don't know how, I hit him in the ear, but with little effect. He now appeared to try a waiting game, watching for an opportunity to get hold of me, but I could already see that he had little hope of success with these tactics. I kept going round him, and at last found an opening, hitting him a heavy blow on the chin, a fair "stiffener." He went down all in a heap and seemed to be dazed by the blow. By good luck I got another good blow in the throat. By this time he had never hit me once. I next dodged for an opening in

his body, and got a very heavy blow in just over his heart. He still tried to catch me, but had not a chance. I now thought that as he seemed to have been severely punished by the last blow which he had over the heart, that I would try for another of the same kind. But he was not beaten yet, so that I had still to be very cautious. But eventually I found an opening and hit him the heaviest blow of the combat right over the heart. This blow, really, I think, injured him, and he sat down under the trees. Though in some degree injured he was still defiant, and holding both of his hands over his heart, he told me that he would "fix me up" at some future time. But I never gave him an opportunity, as I determined to leave the ship that night, knowing full well that the ruffian would bide his time, and most probably injure me in some way. But I was buoyed up with the hope of seeing Eugenie, and after the great danger which I had incurred in fighting the bruiser Mate, the world now seemed quite happy and bright.

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He the deceiver,
 Who could win Maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her.

Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever,
 Blessings shall hallow it
 Never, oh never.

—Scott.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I Seek Eugenie—Off to Hayti—A Brutal Skipper—A Sprig of Heather—A Lady on Board—The Captain Jealous—Music and Song—A Momentous Meeting—A Declaration of Love—"Sweetheart Carrie."

In a state of pleasurable anticipation bordering upon ecstasy at the thought of again meeting Eugenie, I hastened from the schooner to my old lodgings and there found several letters. One was from Eugenie and one from her mother. They had been lying there for more than two months. I first opened and read the mother's letter, and to my inexpressible grief and sorrow discovered that not very long after my departure the family had left for Port au Prince, in Hayti, one of the West Indian Islands. I then recalled to mind that Eugenie's father had spoken to me of the possibility of getting a good situation in Hayti. Of Eugenie's letter I will not speak further than to say that it appeared to me almost as if it were a part of herself. One of the girls at my lodgings made me a pocket inside my waistcoat, just over the heart, in which I carried that sacred, precious letter, and with it a little photo which the dear lassie had enclosed. The mother had in her letter given me an address which would find them in Hayti, and asked me to write.

Instead of writing to them, I at once sat down and wrote to a shipping master friend of mine in New York asking him to endeavour to find me a ship going to Port au Prince. In two days I had a reply to the effect that he had spoken to the Captain of a brigantine which would leave in about a week for Port au Prince, and advising me to come on at once so as to secure a berth. I then went on to New York by rail, and upon arrival there boarded the brigantine, with which I was much

pleased. She was a well-found, rakish, saucy-looking craft, and of all others a brigantine is my favourite rig. My shipping master friend had written that "the skipper is a bit of a hard case, but you won't mind that," and certainly his looks were against him, very much so. A young man of about thirty, about five feet ten inches in height, and in physique a perfect Hercules, he at once conveyed to me the idea of an exceptionally forceful personality. Clean-shaven, with the exception of a heavy black moustache, with a closely clipped bullet head, and, to me, coarse repulsive features, he seemed to me like one of those animal gladiators of whom we read in history. But his worst features were his eyes. They were ludicrously small, and they never appeared to be at rest. He never looked at you in conversation, but always, as it seemed to me, down and past those with whom he spoke. I felt instinctively that this man would throw me overboard with as little compunction as I would drown a rat, and were it not that I was so anxious to get to Port au Prince I should never have thought of shipping in his vessel, and I wished to avoid "difficulties" with men of his type. Having secured a berth I then went to call upon a friend and countryman from Skye, who lived in the suburbs, and to whose care my letters were addressed, as I continued to conduct a somewhat fitful correspondence with friends in various parts of the world.

I had made the acquaintance on a passage from Liverpool to New York, in one of the ocean greyhounds, of a sweet sonsie lassie from Inverness, and I found, amongst others, a letter from her, written a couple of days before, in the hope that it might find me in the Empire city. This contained an invitation to a little party to be composed exclusively of "children of the heather," and the host was a Scottish Celt who lived a short distance up the noble Hudson River. I at once replied, most gladly accepting the invitation, as I thought that a little association with those of my own race, and the sound of the

bagpipes, might act as an antidote to the depression from which I had suffered for several days. But Eugenie's letter and photograph in my breast pocket constituted at this time a most comforting and soothing influence, particularly at night, when they seemed to me as something approaching companions. The little party was a very great success and the music of the pipes and invigorating effects of the reels and other Celtic dances (although in these I was merely a spectator) seemed for the time to banish all depression and gloom.

Before the party had commenced, my girl friend took me into a small chamber to give me a decoration of heather. They had two boxes of the treasured plant, one gathered on the field of Culloden, and the other from the wilds of Appin. My friend took a sprig from each box, and, putting them together, formed a pretty spray, which she pinned on my breast. As she was finishing her friendly office, which took some considerable time, she said, coquettishly: "You should be a proud man for a lassie like me to pin the heather on your breast." I looked down at the sweet face, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, threw my arms round her, and kissed her several times. To my horror she fainted in my arms, and I laid her upon a sofa. There she quickly recovered, and attributed her faintness to the heat of the weather. But I took the heather with me as quite a treasure, although I had at times a feeling of shame as I looked at it, when I thought of the liberty I had taken with my fair young countrywoman, with Eugenie's photo and letter in my pocket.

I have alluded to this heather incident, as it had, perhaps a bearing upon my next acquaintanceship with one of the charming daughters of Eve.

I duly joined the brigantine, and with fine weather and favouring winds got clear of Sandy Hook. We had nine souls on board, four able seamen, one cook, two mates, the Captain, and another of whom I shall pre-

sently speak. Two of our crew were stolid, phlegmatic Germans, one (my watch mate) was a Frenchman about twenty-three years of age, one of the pleasantest fellows and one of the best sailors that ever trod a ship's deck. In height he stood five feet ten inches, and except that his shoulders were rather broad, his symmetry was perfect. With beautifully formed hands and feet, at once noble and pleasing features, laughing dark eyes, silky black moustache, and thick, curly, glossy, black hair, he always looked to me the perfection of the genus homo, and I in memory bracket him, from the standpoint of appearance, with my old chum who in one of the lonely islands of the Pacific, sleeps that sleep that knows no waking. My mate was a native of Paris, and on his father's side of Breton extraction. Singularly frank and confiding with those who had won his confidence, he spoke to me of his whole life, and in referring to his father, who was lost at sea, I noticed the tears come trickling down his cheeks. Of his mother and sister he would often speak to me, and ever in the terms of fondest affection, and this strongly appealed to me, as I always respect a man who loves his mother, or who cherishes her memory.

The two Mates were colourless, common-place creatures, not worth a line of record, but they were perfect parasites, prepared to lick, if necessary, the Captain's boots. He was, I discovered, a native of Nova Scotia, born of an Irish father, and a Scottish mother, and in imagination I credited him with the possession of some of the worst qualities of both races.

The cook was an interesting man of middle age and noble appearance. He was a native of Virginia, descended from some of her noble families, a quiet, dignified, and thoughtful man, and much respected by all on board. He told me most frankly that an uncontrollable craving for drink had been responsible for the shipwreck of his life. But he had sufficient self-control

to keep from drink during the voyage, as he told me that if he ever tasted it he would "make a mess of things."

On the first morning out I was at the wheel from six to eight in the morning watch, and I had "for luck" pinned the spray of heather, of which I have spoken, on my breast. It was a beautiful morning, and we were making five or six knots with the wind free. I felt in high spirits, and need not say that I was again looking forward to the pleasure of meeting one who now seemed "all the world to me."

About half-past seven a lady came on deck, and immediately began to pace along as if for exercise, with the easy and confident stride of one accustomed to the sea. I had not known till then of the existence of a woman in the ship.

And such a woman!

I had never seen such a splendid specimen of humanity, and so much did I feel this that I actually felt uncomfortable in her presence, a feeling which I have never experienced before or since, and here I must confess my utter inability to fling her picture on to the canvas. Tall and slender, but at the same time robust, her movements reminded me of what I have heard described as the "panther tread." I subsequently learned that she was five feet nine inches in height. She had fine features and absolutely magnificent black eyes, which I later on noticed appeared to reflect her moods in quite a remarkable degree. Her beautiful hair, blue-black in colour, like a raven's wing, was thrown over her shoulders and fell in heavy masses below her hips. This was always tied with two ribbons, one half-way down her back, and the other at the end of those glorious tresses. I noticed that these ribbons were always either red or of royal Stuart tartan.

When she first burst upon my vision, I thought as she paced the deck that she might be a Spaniard, but this idea was rather attributable to her stately and graceful

tread than to any other similarity, as her colour indicated the blood of a northern race. Her feet and hands were more shapely and beautiful than any that I have ever seen, and in my opinion superior to any that I have seen in Greek statuary. Her lips and teeth were perfect, but her jaw had just the suspicion of being rather heavy for classic beauty. On this particular morning she was attired in a loose flowing robe, and she paced the deck without appearing to take the slightest notice of anyone, as if she were in the ship but not of it. But I feel, as I have said, my utter inability to give colour or life to the picture of this wonderfully beautiful woman.

After pacing the deck for about ten minutes, she appeared to notice my existence when taking a look at the compass, and she suddenly said, in a most free and easy manner: "Hallo! where did you get that heather?" alluding to the spray which I had pinned on my breast "for luck."

I felt so overcome by her presence, although this was in some degree discounted by the freedom of her manner, that I almost stammered in my reply. But I told her that I got it from a Scotch lassie in New York.

"Where did she get it?" was the next question.

I told her that it was composed of two sprays, one from the battlefield of Culloden, and the other from Appin, in Scotland.

"Ah! dear old Scotland," she said, "in the past the nursery of heroes. I love Scotland, although I never saw it."

This so pleased me at the moment that I said: "I hope you will not consider that I am taking a liberty if I ask you to accept it."

"Liberty, indeed," she replied, in her free and easy way, "I'll be very glad to get it," adding, "if it was not your sweetheart who gave it to you."

"Oh, no," I said, "just an acquaintance, an Inverness lassie."

I handed her the heather spray and pin, and she at once pinned it on her breast and continued her walk.

Just then I was relieved from the wheel and went to the galley for breakfast. I asked the cook who that splendid-looking young lady was, and he replied: "That's the Captain's wife."

This information came to me as quite a shock to think that such a woman could be mated with such a man. I thought at the time that she was too handsome for any man.

From the very first I was delighted with Louis, and in my picture gallery of memory he still holds a most conspicuous place. His laughing, cheery manner was absolutely infectious, and I was thankful that I had him as my watch-mate instead of one of the stolid, phlegmatic Germans—"sea pigs," as I heard the Captain's wife speak of them during the trip. But they were very fair sailors, and decent, respectable men. One of them played the concertina and another musical instrument most delightfully, and as Louis had a banjo, of which he was master, and sang with a fine, clear, bell-like voice French songs and negro melodies, we had many extremely pleasant "dog-watches" during a very fine-weather but somewhat protracted passage to Port au Prince. The Captain's wife had a lounge-chair, which she frequently placed near the wheel, and she spoke much to me on various subjects, but largely upon Scottish history, legend, tradition, and song. She had read some of Scott's novels, the "Tales of a Grandfather," and, I think, all his poetry, much of which she could recite most exquisitely, and in a beautiful, musical voice. She was, I found, well educated, and the best speaker that I have ever heard in any circle of society. I discovered from her conversation that she was born in Nova Scotia, of purely Highland extraction, and she told me that Gaelic was in reality her mother tongue. At her mother's knee she had drunk in the legends, traditions

and songs of her race, and I could not find expression in language for the pleasure she gave me when at the wheel at night in "crooning" with her low musical voice and exquisite ear such songs as "Mo Run Gael Dileas," and "Oh, whistle and I'll come tae ye, my lad."

But the woman was to me an enigma. Even with all her majestic beauty, and dignified bearing, there was at times what appeared a somewhat reckless freedom of manner such as that of women "with a past," who had lost that modest femininity which unquestionably constitutes one of the great charms of the daughters of Eve. At night, in the second dog-watch, we, the "forward hands," amused ourselves with music, recitation and song, as the German played his instruments and Louis sang to the accompaniment of his banjo, whilst I contributed recitations, mainly from Moore, Byron and Scott. Mrs. ——— would occasionally sit near, and I discovered that she was very much pleased with our efforts. I did not pay much attention to it at the time, but often thought of it afterwards, that she rose suddenly and left when in a recitation I repeated the words:

"Merciful God, have I fallen so low?

And yet I was once like the beautiful snow."

And the same thing happened another night when Louis with his banjo as an accompaniment, was singing, with exquisite pathos, "Home, Sweet Home."

She sat so frequently near the wheel, and spoke so much to me that I began to feel uneasy, as this was a most pronounced contravention of the etiquette of life on board ship. And one evening, when at the wheel, with Mrs. ——— in her lounge-chair close at hand, I suddenly looked up from the compass and noticed that the Captain, some little distance off, was regarding me with the most evil expression that I have ever seen upon human features. I can never forget that look, and I at once felt alarmed and apprehensive as to the future. Next day, at dinner time, Louis said to me: "Now, look here, old

chap, I want to speak to you seriously for once: You may not have noticed it, but I have, that the Captain is jealous of you. I have more than once seen him give you a look that would have killed you if looks could kill. You will have to look out for yourself."

Strange to say, we had spoken but little to each other in reference to the Captain's wife, but Louis at an early stage of the voyage had described her as "the most magnificent animal" that he had ever seen. And there was something about her which seemed to place her above the level of the gossip of the forecastle.

I felt thoroughly alarmed at this development, and resolved to speak to the lady at the first opportunity. I had that opportunity the very next day, when, in the afternoon, the Captain was forward with the mate having a look at the bowsprit, and I was at the wheel. I fully recognised that mine was an extremely difficult, delicate and, it might be dangerous, task. I briefly told her my fears in reference to the Captain, and begged of her in future to disarm any suspicion that he might have, by taking as little notice of me as possible for the remainder of the passage.

After I had said this, and something more, I awaited her reply, as she had, contrary to my anticipations, kept perfectly silent whilst I spoke. But she treated the subject with the most perfect nonchalance, and told me that I was perfectly right in reference to my suspicious, adding: "But I can keep him in order."

Her treatment of the subject by no means allayed the apprehension I felt, and I therefore asked her as a favour to avoid me as much as possible in future. This she refused to do: "I must have someone to talk to," she said, apparently in a tone of badinage, and wound up with: "You need not feel alarmed in the least; I know how to manage him." But this I more than doubted, and felt that she was playing with the fire. At eight o'clock that night I took the wheel, a glorious night with

a half-moon sailing through the sky, and to my dismay she again took her seat beside me, chattering away very pleasantly, and suddenly breaking into "Oh, whistle and I'll come tae ye, my lad," surely one of the finest songs, when well rendered, in any language. And what expression she threw into that song!

"Ah," she said, "there are no songs to us like those of our own race, and to think," she added quite fiercely, "that we have been driven from the straths and hills that belonged to us." Calming down, she repeated a verse of the "Canadian Boat Song"—

"From the grey shieling and the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas,
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
As we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

"Ah," she continued, "but it sounds better in the Gaelic," repeating it again in that tongue.

Much as under other circumstances I might have enjoyed her conversation and song, I was most thankful when at ten o'clock Louis relieved me at the wheel.

The next day, when at the wheel, I noticed her drop a long piece of Stuart tartan ribbon over the side, just opposite to where I stood. The ship at the time was just moving through the water, and, turning to me, she said: "Jump in after that Tartan ribbon." I immediately jumped over without any hesitation whatever, caught the ribbon and almost simultaneously a rope which Louis had thrown as he was just coming aft to relieve me as I leaped from the ship's side. Yes, and I caught that rope none too soon. Just as the rope tightened I saw the fin of a shark by the main chains swimming aft, and I could not have been more than three feet above the water as he swished past. Many sailors of my time believed that sharks would jump out of the water after their prey, and I have heard alleged instances adduced, but I have always doubted this, as the shark appears such a clumsy brute when in the water. In taking

bait, for instance, he has to turn on his back. And I always think that if sharks, as some people believe, jump out of the water for their prey very much as a trout does after a fly, I should not have survived to write these lines. And all the thanks that I had from the lady was: "That was a pretty close shave."

That evening she came on deck in what appeared to me a most beautiful black silk dress, and when passing the wheel, where all our conversations took place, she said: "What do you think of this dress? I got it in Paris."

"I was not looking at the dress," I replied. "I was looking at you." As Burns said, 'You would gar ony dress look weel.' "

She seemed much pleased with the compliment, and turned away with: "Oh, you flatterer."

One Sunday evening the Captain and she were both sitting close to me on their chairs and the ship was "travelling" with a fine breeze just abaft the beam. The lady, who had been singing hymns like an angel, was just in the act of rising from her chair, when, to my dismay, I heard her rap out a very "warm" exclamation. This was attributable to a large flying fish coming on board and hitting her on the bridge of the nose.

Her manner soon after this appeared to be much changed towards me, as when sitting in her chair she would read but did not apparently wish to engage in conversation. This, I felt to be quite a relief, but could not understand the cause. Of course I never spoke except when spoken to. But suddenly one evening, when sitting in her chair, reading, she turned round to me and said.

"Have you ever mentally compared me with any woman of whom you have read."

"Yes, and no," I replied. "I have tried to do so, but could not."

With whom then did you try to compare me?"

"With Cleopatra and Clytemnestra."

"With anyone else " she continued.

"Yes, with another, but I won't tell you who it was."

"I insist upon your telling me," she said, looking much interested.

I said: "No. I know that those of Highland blood are very unforgiving, and I will not dare to run the risk of offending you."

After this I had not much conversation with her, and she seemed to me to be living in an atmosphere of reflection and contemplation. She seemed to have entirely lost that "bravarie" which had struck me when I first met her, and I imagined, from the manner in which I occasionally found her looking at me, that she was longing to have a conversation in which she could speak to me in confidence. But after an exceedingly fine, though protracted passage we were approaching our port of destination; and for this I was most thankful, as I had been apprehensive of trouble in the ship, also I felt quite excited at the prospect of again meeting Eugenie.

The day before our arrival, she had a short conversation with me, in which she said: "I shall be living ashore during our stay at Port au Prince, but I am most desirous of having a private conversation with you. I know where we can have it; you leave all that to me," adding, "I am quite sorry that the passage is over; you and Louis have made it quite a happy ship."

We arrived on a Saturday night, and on the afternoon of the following day I started off to discover the object of my search. I found the address which I had received from Eugenie's mother, but only to discover that about ten days previously the family had left for Martinique. I felt fairly staggered under this knock-down blow, and sat down under a tree to collect my scattered thoughts. In short, I was the victim of a feeling of abject misery, and imagined that the stars in their courses were fighting against me. After an hour's meditation I wearily

and gloomily retraced my steps towards the ship. On the way back, amongst some trees, I picked up a pretty purse, and as there were two young ladies walking about forty or fifty yards in front of me, I thought that perhaps one of them might have dropped it, and I was just about to call out to them when they sat down on a seat under a tree. When I came up to where they sat I lifted my hat and asked if either of them had lost anything. I noticed that one of them spasmodically placed her hand on her pocket, and said: "Yes, I have lost my purse." Holding it up, I said: "Is this it?" and almost grabbing it out of my hand, she said: "Oh, thank you so much. I don't know what I would have done if I had lost it, as there are things in it that I value more than money."

"Love letters, perhaps?" I said.

"That's it," said the girl companion.

"I feel most unhappy," I said. "Would you allow me to sit here beside you?"

"Oh, certainly," they replied.

They were both handsome, well-dressed, and extremely bright and joyous-looking lassies, about eighteen years of age. That they had some dark blood in them I felt sure, but I might not have credited them with its possession had I met them in a London park. Growing confidential, in my forlorn state, I told them of the cause of my visit to Hayti, much as I have written it down. They appeared to listen with the deepest interest and attention, and when I had concluded one of them said: "Why, that is quite a love romance, and much nicer the way you tell it than if we had read it."

"Ah," I said, "you must have licked the Blarney stone."

"Well," she said, quite innocently, "my father is an Irishman."

They were first cousins, their fathers were brothers from the Emerald Isle, and they had married two sisters,

natives of Hayti. I received a kind invitation to call from the lassie who had dropped her purse, and for this felt most grateful. She said: "If you will come up to our house on Tuesday, we will give you some music, and father will be very glad to see you and have a chat." I told them of my friend, Louis, and asked if I might bring him with me, and they told me that I must bring him up.

This little incident gave Louis and me an introduction to a most charming circle, and made our visit to Port au Prince really enjoyable and pleasant. When I came on board Louis was waiting for me to have tea, and I told him when I left that I would come back to supper and take him up to see Eugenie afterwards. Whenever he saw my face he knew that there was something wrong, and when I told him my melancholy tale, he appeared quite affected, and shook my hand with an evidently deep and heartfelt sympathy, most comforting at the time. After tea we took a stroll together, and went into a saloon where we had some nice cooling temperance drinks mixed up by a professional Yankee barman from the pine-tree State. From what I heard that night I came to the conclusion that many of the coloured people of Hayti entertain deep feelings of hatred to the white man, as the remembrance of the wrongs and cruelties of the past is by no means effaced, and the traditions of the days of slavery are still found rankling amongst the natives of this lovely island, even, as I subsequently found, in most unexpected quarters. Louis and I went up to call upon my young lady acquaintances on Tuesday night, and we spent there a most delightful evening, but I felt rather at a discount as compared with him, as much of the conversation was carried on in French. But I chatted away with the two Irish fathers of the girls, and Louis "jabbered" away, and also sung, in French, fairly taking all hearts by storm.

As I listened to him I thought of an anecdote told in Scotland in reference to two old women who, during the Peninsular War, were speaking of the victories of British arms—

“It is no wonder,” said one, “that we are always victorious, for we pray to God for victory.”

“Oh, but,” said the other, “perhaps the French pray for victory too.”

“Hoots!” was the reply, “wha can understand thae jabbering bodies.”

Through those very kind people who entertained us, Louis made the acquaintance of a charming French family, so as this gave him practically the entry to three houses, most of his time at night was spent amongst these newly made friends, and to make a long story short he fell over head and ears in love with the bonnie lassie who had lost her purse. And she was equally hard hit with the arrows of the boy archer. Indeed, I thought that all the lassies, young and old, fell in love with my shipmate, and I am glad to say that the Irish fathers, though in another way, fell in love with me, as we had most philosophical discussions in reference to such abstruse questions as Fenianism and other cognate subjects.

But I felt as if a dark shadow had been flung across the pathway of my life, and I could not enter with any zest into the pleasures of the circle which we had been privileged to enter. I occasionally saw the Captain's wife on board, but not to speak to, and I was hardly surprised when I received one evening by a “trusty messenger” a short letter, in which she said that the Captain was going somewhere up the country, that he would be absent for two days, and that then we might have that private conversation for which she had asked before our arrival at Port au Prince. But later on she would acquaint me with the time and place of our meeting.

I did not look forward to this meeting with any feeling of pleasure.

A coloured man from "Ole Virginny," who had known our cook in his palmy days, very frequently came on board, and the two men appeared to me to be very much attached to one another, spending hours in conversation which had reference to the scenes of their youth. This visitor was always accompanied by his daughter, a very handsome child-woman of twelve years of age, attired, as it appeared to me, in nothing but a flowing robe, which left exposed to view her very shapely feet and limbs below the knee. She was withal one of the most joyous sprites imaginable, just continually bubbling over with merriment. Louis and I got very fond of her and gave her formal invitations to dine or have tea with us in the house on deck. Her name, she told me, was Keren Habbpuck—I do not know whether I spell it rightly or not—who was a daughter of Job or some of the patriarchs, but she was always called "Carnie," for which I substituted, as being more euphonious, "Carrie." I myself always called her "sweetheart." Louis and I were "setting up" the main rigging, and our little maiden companion would sit looking at us for hours, having grown so quiet during the time as to be quite unlike her former self. The cook told me that she was very badly "gone" on me, that he had often seen such things happen with the coloured children, and that I must speak nicely to her to make her comfortable, adding that he was quite attached to the little lassie, she was such a bright and joyous creature. I said to her that evening, just as we had finished our work: "Well, sweetheart, you must stop and have tea with us to-night." "Oh, I am not your sweetheart," she replied, "you have sweethearts in America." I said: "My little darling, I would not give a lock of your hair for any girl in America; come in here to the house." When she came, I took her in my arms and kissed her, telling her that she was too young to be married yet, and that she must wait until the ship came back again. I then told her to go and help the cook until we all had our tea

together. That night the cook told me that I "had put her alright again." This young lady came down at dinner time on a Sunday in a new print gown, and something about her carriage and demeanour struck me as being out of the common. She even walked in a stately sort of manner. And I discovered that all this was attributable to quite an extreme feeling of self-importance, as she was the bearer of a letter for me which, upon opening, I found came from the Captain's wife making an appointment for that night at eight o'clock. The note was signed "Una," and I knew that this was her name, as during the passage we had discussed the spelling of the word, and I told her that I had seen it spelt "Oonah" by the Irish Celts.

"It is my name," she said. But she never gave me any direct clue to her maiden name, nor as to the locality of her birth. But, like some other Western Highlanders that I have known, I felt quite certain that she was descended from some of the castaways of the Great Spanish Armada, whose blood is still discernable on the wild coast of Galway. Louis and I had an invitation for that night from our friends, and they had made some little preparation for a nice party, and this was to be our last Sunday at Port au Prince. I wrote a short note for him to deliver expressive of my deep regret at my inability to avail myself of their valued invitation. He went off early in the afternoon, and left me most lonely and depressed. At a little before eight I arrived at the trysting place, and admirably it had been selected; a seat under some lovely leafy trees in a sequestered spot, as I thought at the time an ideal meeting place for lovers. Still I quite dreaded the ordeal of an interview, instinctively feeling that it would be of an unpleasant nature. Nor was I mistaken in my forecast. I found the lady on the seat awaiting my arrival, and she at once rose and shook hands, merely saying: "Oh, I am so glad that you have come."

We then sat down together, and as she said nothing I also kept silent, not wishing to make any idiotic allusions to the weather or other commonplace subjects, but preferring to await developments, as I had been cited to this meeting by her. In a short time she became apparently quite agitated, and at last said: "Do you know why I asked you for this meeting?"

"I do not know," was my reply. "I came here to-night quite expecting to hear from you the reason."

She then almost fiercely said: "You know the reason as well as I do; you know that I love you and that I called you here to tell you of my love. Did you not know that was my reason?"

"Well," I replied, "I suspected it, but did not know it."

Apparently deeply agitated, she picked up my hand and covered it with burning kisses, and this she would occasionally repeat during our interview, which lasted for more than three hours, during part of which time I felt most wretchedly uncomfortable, and, by very contrast, Eugenie was ever in my thoughts.

After an allusion to an occurrence of the passage, and an experience in the Gulf of Mexico, she appeared to calm down, and said: "Now I am going to treat you with the greatest candour to-night, and let you judge of me as you may, I have been more sinned against than sinning, and have always wished to be a good woman."

After a reference to her happy days of girlhood, and a happy, religious home, she plunged into at least a partial history of her life occupying more than an hour, during which time she would occasionally become so agitated as to entirely stop her utterance. And a most melancholy history it was. She had eloped, when quite a child in her seventeenth year, to the United States with a scoundrel who first deceived and then deserted her.

And her life, as spasmodically told me that beautiful night under the trees, from the time that—

“Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute.
Dreading alike escape, pursuit”

she had suddenly left a happy home, until when, five years later, I met her in the brigantine, showed how such as she can become the football of fortune. Whilst still in her teens she had visited Europe, and again become the prey of a scoundrel. It did not surprise me to hear that she was not the Captain's wife, nor had she ever been married, but she was a distant relation on his mother's side.

“Now,” she eventually said, “I have pretty well told you my history, and I have descended to make a declaration of love, for to a proud woman it is a great descension, and I am going to follow it up with a proposal.”

She proceeded to say that her love for me was so great that she could not find for it expression in language, and that it was for the first time a love blended with respect, that I was the first man that she had loved to whom she looked up, and she thought that we might both live ideally happy lives if I would take her hand in marriage. All this was told with much agitation, with spasms of sobs, and tears coursing down her beautiful cheeks, and as if it were an absolute relief to unburden her soul of this melancholy and painful life history.

And to me it was painful beyond all power of expression, as I felt that I could afford her no relief in the direction in which it was sought, and as under the circumstances I could give no loving response to her impassioned appeals.

“Perhaps,” she said, interrogatively, “you have got a sweetheart?”

I said “Yes.”

“Who is she?” she asked.

“A French girl,” I answered.

“Canadian French?” she enquired.

I replied: "Yes."

At this she flashed up and said: "Do you think that any trash of a French girl could give you such a love as mine, and I one of your own kindred, too?"

But the poor girl's agitation and sorrow, her tears, her personal magnetism, her presence, and occasionally her warm breath on my face, almost hypnotised me, and I felt unable to collectedly answer her questions. Feeling that a slight stroll might for us both relieve the extreme tension of the situation, I suggested that we should take a walk in the pathways which surrounded a little summer house near to where we had been seated. To this she agreed and said: "Now give me your arm." Having done so, she said: "Now take my hand in yours." Having again complied with her wishes, or, to speak more correctly, obeyed her dictates, we sauntered along the walks. And now, almost suddenly, I experienced a feeling which an hour before I should have regarded as impossible. My feeling towards her, notwithstanding my deep sympathy, had been, during our interview, almost one of personal aversion, but as we paced slowly along, almost locked in the manner which I have described, I appeared to fall a victim to the glamour of her personality, and this she seemed quickly to realise. I took her along until we stood under a light, and I said to her: "Take off your hat and let me look at you under the light." Stepping away from her a couple of paces, I felt quite overcome with her extraordinary beauty, and we strolled leisurely back to our sequestered seat under the tree. After a while she told me that if I would marry her she would go away back among the hills next day, and, taking passage by a steamer, meet me in either New York or Philadelphia, adding that she would prove to me one of the most loyal, devoted, and loving of wives. Much as I admit I had succumbed to her influence during the past hour, I could not give her any hope of compliance with her wishes and desires, and for the reason,

although I withheld this from her, that I could not for a moment entertain the idea of making a woman "with a past" the mother of my children. I told her that under all the circumstances of the case she could not expect me to give her for some time a definite answer, but that I should do so upon our arrival at New York. I also told her that she should leave the Captain at once, and in future live a life really worthy of herself and the noble mother of whom she had spoken to me that night.

She immediately replied, "I will take your advice, from this hour I will, with God's help, live a pure and blameless life. I shall perhaps get back to the States as soon as you, and I will give you an address in New York where you can always discover my whereabouts. Now," she continued, "put your arms round me and give me some kisses, the very remembrance of which will be most precious to me. Ah!" she added, "you little know the love of a woman's heart.

"Now repeat," she said, "with all the emphasis, feeling, and expression, that couplet from Byron which you gave one night on the ship:"

I did so—

"Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss."

She laid her head on my shoulder and was silent for a time. Then she lifted her head and said: "Oh, my darling, kiss me; I am yearning for your love."

After another period of silence she said: "Oh, the last half-hour has been the happiest of my life."

For a while she kept silent, and then occasionally conversed in short, impassioned sentences. As about three hours had now passed away during this, to me, remarkable interview, I said: "I think it is now well that we should part."

"Oh," she said, "I dread to do so, as we cannot have another interview, for I must, if possible, leave Port au Prince either to-morrow or the next day for the country

to be out of the way, and I may not ever see you again until we meet in America, but at any rate I will send you down to the ship to-morrow my New York address."

We then rose and walked towards the light under which I had been so lost in admiration of her beauty, as I wished to have another glance at her matchless form and lovely features. And as I again gazed upon her, at her wonderful eyes, her superb head, neck and shoulders, and at her majestic figure, I seemed to feel, for the moment at least, her abject slave.

"Let us go back to our seat for five minutes more of bliss," she said, and we did so, and when the time for parting had come, I said: "Let us part here where we have been so happy." She became agitated, and we parted at our trysting-place. Our pathways lay in opposite directions, but I did not dare to look back. As I walked slowly along towards the ship I felt that now, in the absence of the glamour of Una's magnetic personality, my thoughts would cluster round Eugenie, and this with feelings of penitence and shame at what I regarded as inconstancy and infidelity to her who had bestowed upon me the priceless treasure of her maiden heart. I arrived at the ship again wretched and depressed, and just at the same time Louis came on board looking the picture of happiness.

"Well," I said to him, "have you had a good time."

"Yes," he replied, "I think it has been the happiest evening of my life."

Our shipmates, the German sailors, had not yet come on board, and Louis and I had the opportunity of a little private conversation in the house on deck where we lived.

"What's the matter with you, old chap," he said, "you look quite wretched."

"And so I am," was my reply.

"Well, what is it?" he said. "Tell me."

"No, not to-night," I replied. "My heart is too full."

He jumped from his seat on one of the German's boxes, and, placing his hands on my shoulders where I sat, said: "Tell me what's the matter."

I could not answer him, and the tears fell down my cheeks. Immediately, in sympathy with me, he—of course we were both extremely emotional men—also shed tears, and kissing me twice on the forehead, said: "Good-night, old man. God bless you."

He, dear fellow, knew what ailed me, but he did not know all. Next day my little sweetheart Carrie brought me a note wrapped up in a handkerchief, so that no one might know she was carrying a letter. This was a short but impassioned note from Una, alluding to some of the incidents of the preceding evening, and containing a forecast of her plans. In this envelope there was also a beautiful flower, which I had never seen before, and with the following verse, which I now saw for the first time—

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares,
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

I had spent a few dollars on my little sweetheart Carrie in buying her some gaudy ribbons, "just too lovely for anything," and a pretty little purse in which I had placed an American gold dollar, and the dear little lassie's delight and pleasure was a treat to witness, as a few dollars amongst such people is regarded as quite a fabulous sum.

The next day Carrie's father brought me a letter, a very long letter, from Una, which was to be her last, as she was going back into the country, and we were getting ready for sea. This letter, she told me, was for my eyes and ears alone; no one else was ever to hear of its contents, not even Louis, with whom she said she knew that I lived and associated upon terms of "loving intimacy." I have no hesitation in saying that this letter was one of the most remarkable that ever

fell from a human pen, and that if it had been given to the world would have found a place among the classics of English literature. It revealed its author to me in quite a new light, not merely in its burning, passionate eloquence, and inimitable pathos, but in, to me, its absolutely extraordinary artistic, literary power. It contained the outpouring of a bursting, human heart, descriptive of the blasting of the high hopes and aspirations of youth, of the perfidy of fiends in human form, of the hardening effects of those experiences and of the passionate yearning for the love of an honest, chivalrous man, of one who would be not merely husband, but lover, protector, and friend. The effect of a perusal of the contents of this letter, which also glowed with aspirations for a totally different and brighter future, was absolutely indescribable, and I could now easily understand and realise the causes of the reckless, and, as I thought, somewhat unfeminine manner, which had struck me at the time of my first acquaintance with this wonderful creature. Since we had taken our seats together under the trees, and I had heard her sad tale, the uppermost feeling in my heart had been one of pity, and this feeling was emphasised by a perusal of the contents of her letter, which I read many times on the passage to New York. Upon our sailing day we had a number of friends on board to say good-bye, most of the relatives of the two young ladies of whom I have spoken, and also the French friends with whom we had become quite intimate, whilst last, but surely not least, was my sweetheart, little Carrie, who was in a feverish state of excitement, and not knowing sometimes whether to laugh or cry. And her ribbons were flying like pennants for my especial approval and admiration. Louis had taken his sweetheart into the house on deck, presumably for a final embrace, and in a spirit of mischief I took Carrie in for the same purpose, thus interrupting the lovers in possession, but so far from their resenting

the intrusion, the young lady jumped up and gave me two or three hearty kisses, saying that she might thank me for having as her lover "the finest man in the world." I told her that that was entirely a matter of opinion, and that my sweetheart, Carrie, thought that I was the "finest man in the world," and that most probably she was right. My two Irish friends, the fathers of the girls, bade me quite an affectionate farewell, expressing the hope that I would come back with Louis, when he came to wed the bonnie sonsie lassie whose heart he had won. In a short time we were under all canvas, and rattling along with a fresh quartering breeze. In the evening the cook remarked to me—

"I dont think the Captain's wife is on board; I have not seen her."

"We must have left her behind at Port au Prince," I replied, and he said: "The ship won't look the same if she's not with us."

"Cook," I asked, "did you ever, amongst your southern beauties, see such a beautiful girl?"

"No," was the reply, "I never saw anything like her at all."

CHAPTER XXXII.

We return to America—The Captain Falls Overboard—I am offered the Mate's Billet.

The Captain appeared to be a strangely altered man, and took little notice of, or interest in, anything on board. Most of the time he was muddled with drink. I assisted the mate, as he had a most superficial knowledge of navigation, and the second had even less. Louis was now experiencing some of the same anxiety with which I had been perplexed when I was hoping to marry Eugenie. He was determined to marry his lady-love, but the question of making a living on shore obtruded itself, as he, like me, was determined when married to leave the sea for ever. He said that he would find some employment in America, but could not bear to think of taking the young lady away from all her friends, and from all the associations of her lovely island home, to perhaps wither like a flower under the cold winter skies of North America. He thought that he would try to procure employment in Hayti and make his home on that beautiful island. How much Louis and I had to talk over during this passage. It was otherwise uneventful, with only one incident worthy of notice. Just as Louis had taken the wheel at ten o'clock on a lovely morning the Captain was walking aft on the leese, and when abaft the main rigging fell overboard, apparently stupid with drink. If so, the unexpected plunge sobered him, and he at once caught the rope which I flung. The ship had little more than steerage way, and there were two sharks in our wake, certainly not more than thirty yards astern. Louis and I assisted the Captain on board, and he went below without looking at either of us, or saying a word of thanks or otherwise. In the evening at four o'clock I again took the wheel, and the Captain came up to me, holding out his hand, and he gave mine a grip like a vice, that revealed his extraordinary muscular power. He never spoke a word, but turned away and again went

below. But from that hour his demeanour to all on board was altered, and he never again showed any trace of insobriety. Upon our arrival at New York he spoke very nicely to me, asking if I would take the position of mate, and in so doing made, for him, some flattering remarks. But I declined the offer, although I had occasionally some hazy ideas of sailing for Port au Prince en route for Martinique.

I felt most undecided as to my future movements, and occasionally resolved to break away from the sea, and settle down near the Rockies. I had now visited nearly every part of the world which I had desired to see, and with the exception of the West Coast of South America, India, Japan, and the Baltic, all of them, places in which I took no interest, had "brought up" in anchorages all over the globe. My favourite "grounds" were the Mediterranean and the east coast of North America, and on the latter coast I had belonged to thirteen coasting vessels in fifteen months, as I was desirous of poking into every port from Eastport to New Orleans. But the Mediterranean had ever for me the fascination of its history and its associations. And the Red Sea has a similar fascinating charm. There a feeling akin to awe crept over me when, in the grey light of the early morning, I gazed upon those rugged peaks, where were delivered to man, those laws which still constitute the basis of the moral code of civilised mankind. In fancy I could trace the great Hebrew statesman and soldier, philosopher and poet, leading his weary bands through these rugged mountain passes and across the lonely desert till, arrived at the end of his earthly wanderings, his obsequies are performed where no human eye is permitted to gaze—

"For the Angel of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

Perchance the bald old eagle, from grey Bethpeor's height,
From out his rocky eyrie looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard, that which man knoweth
not."

In these remembrances I have run away from my little narrative. For various reasons, to be easily detected by any "reading between the lines" of what I have written, I felt quite undecided as to my future movements. Louis had been most desirous that I should return with him to Port au Prince, but upon our arrival at New York he received a letter which took him off in another direction.

His mother lived in Paris with an only daughter. The latter had become infatuated with a young man of whom her mother had an absolute abhorrence. Her letter to Louis contained a strong appeal to return home at once and endeavour to prevent the "sacrifice" of his sister. He seemed much excited and determined to work a passage in the first French liner leaving for Havre. We were both much affected in parting, but, of course, hoped to meet again. He urged me to accompany him, saying, "We must not part," but in my present unsettled state, I could not bear the thought of visiting Europe, and I gave Louis my Philadelphia address. The next day I parted with this noble and charming friend, and as I walked back to my lodging I felt as if something had passed out of my life.

Having called upon my Skye countryman for letters, and finding none, I shipped in a coastal steamer running south, intending to stay in her for four or five weeks, and then go on to Philadelphia, in the hope of receiving letters from Louis and Eugenie. I did not call at the address given to me by Una. After leaving the steamer I went on to Philadelphia, and went directly to my old lodgings, only to find that the family had gone. So I called upon the family next door, some of whom I had occasionally met. Here a girl friend of the lassie who make the pocket in my waistcoat told me that my old friends had gone west, perhaps to Omaha, about a week ago. She knew that two letters had been lying there for me, and I instinc-

tively believed that these two letters were from Louis and from Eugenie on her mother. Now they appeared to be lost to me for ever. I thought of endeavouring to find a ship for Martinique. Upon second thoughts, the idea of finding Eugenie, should I find her at all, perhaps the betrothed of another, caused me to hesitate, and withal to feel wretched and depressed.

How much trouble, I thought to myself, had I passed through since, a few months before, the pebble from an urchin's hand had raised a train of circumstances which might yet have an important bearing upon my future life. The morning that I had met Eugenie in the park I had felt as happy as one of the little birds, and now I felt lonely and depressed.

I have said that on my return I did not call at the address given me by Una, the reason being that really I was afraid to do so, knowing her wonderful power over me, a power which I felt had been materially increased by her remarkable letter, in which she seemed actually to breathe through its pages. On the same seat where I first met Eugenie, I one morning took out Una's letter and re-read it. Often as I had read it before, its perusal caused me to start up, determined, if possible, to see its beautiful author, so that in the evening I left for New York. The next day I called at the address in the suburbs, and found that it was a neat little cottage, with a well-kept garden in front. I introduced myself to the lady who opened the door, and told her of my business. She at once seemed much interested, but told me that she had not heard from her friend for months, and had not heard anything since her departure for Hayti. She feared that there was something wrong, or Una would certainly at any rate have written to her. I told her that she had left the vessel at Port au Prince, but this she had known already.

"However," she added, "if she is in life she will let us know sooner or later."

The result of my recent experiences was an extra-

ordinary feeling of loneliness and gloom entirely foreign to my usually lighthearted disposition and keen capacity for the enjoyment of life. Again I felt that the stars in their courses were fighting against me, and in this instance I had no confidant to whom, under the influence of strong emotions, I could unburden my heart. It seemed strange to me that everything around me should go on as usual, and that no one appeared to participate in the lonely and depressed feeling by which I was haunted. I have noticed that under the influence of any strong emotion we must give it vent; in love to a confidant; in sorrow we proclaim our grief from the house-top, in "In Memoriam" insertions in the advertisement columns of the newspapers. But to my great grief my three friends, Louis, Eugenie and Una, passed, so to speak, out of my life, and only left behind memories which are so ineffaceable that, even after all these years, my eyes have grown often dim in writing these lines, and in fancy and imagination I am again seated beside Eugenie in the park; standing near Una as she "crooned" her Celtic melodies on the deck of the brigantine on those lovely tropical nights; chattering away to Louis in our house on deck, or listening to his exquisitely rendered songs. The remembrance of that emotional meeting with that queen of womankind under the leafy trees of that lovely island is perhaps the most ineffaceable and pathetic of all those wandering and golden years. And, strange as it may appear to some, I frequently recall my little "yellow girl, 'Sweetheart Carrie,'" who, at our parting, said she would be the very first person down to the ship on her return voyage to Hayti. But Moore's lines—

"Let Fate do her worst,"

cannot be said to apply to a voyage which left upon me such a melancholy impression that I have never spoken of it, nor of any of its incidents, even to my most intimate friends. But in my own mind I felt quite

certain that Una had "passed out." Otherwise she would have met me in America, and I have some ground for the belief that she never left the island, which always holds its interest for me, as I believe it to be the last resting place of one who made upon me such a deep, such an ineffaceable impression, and who fairly flung at my feet the treasure of her woman's heart, in a manner really begotten of the poor girl's storm-tossed life. On the canvas of memory in my little mental picture gallery, Una occupies a position apart and alone.

Eugenie! Una! Louis! You all still find a place in my heart, and there you continue to live. If still in life, I waft you my love over the dark rolling waves; if you have "crossed the bar," in the language of our Celtic forefathers, I would merely say: "Dear comrade, sleep well," and in imagination fling with a loving hand sprays of the heather and fleur-de-lis upon your graves.

From information which I indirectly received from the French family whose acquaintance we made in Port au Prince, I very much fear that Louis met, in his beloved "Sunny France," a sudden and violent death. Rather more than a year after I parted from him in New York they accidentally sent me in an old Parisian paper an account of a young man of his name having been either killed or mortally wounded in a fight, and I have always feared that he met his death at the hands of the scoundrel whose marriage with his sister the poor fellow had travelled so far to prevent. But of course this is mere surmise on my part. And I have always believed that Una was either murdered away back amongst the hills for such trinkets or money as she might possess, or that she fell a victim to the yellow fever, which was somewhat prevalent at the time, and frequently rapidly fatal. Both these friends disappeared so completely that I have always attributed that disappearance to sudden or violent ends. But there is much truth in the old Greek saying: "Whom the gods love die young."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Shipmate's Call—I Cross the Atlantic—My Mate Dies—Death—
Afloat and Ashore—The Trappings of Grief.

I had sailed for a short time with a young man from the south of England who became so strongly personally attached to me, that his attachment I sometimes thought more resembled the sentiment of a lover than ordinary friendship. While visiting New York, I received a letter from his mother, entreating me, in the event of arriving at any British port, to call at my friend's home near London, as he was lying ill with pulmonary disease, and had conceived the idea that he would recover if only I would come and hearten him up by my presence.

As I had been contemplating a visit to my native land I immediately decided that I would respond to the appeal, and having obtained kind permission from the Chief Officer of one of the Atlantic greyhounds to work a passage to Liverpool, in less than twenty-four hours from the time that I had received the letter, I was clear of Sandy Hook, and once more bound for dear old England. Upon arrival at Liverpool I immediately left for London and next day took train for the hamlet, at no great distance from the Metropolis, where my friend lay. Having lunched at a cosy little inn I left my valise there, and soon found the house of my search, and was ushered into a nice, well-furnished parlour. In a short time my friend's mother, a very lady-like personage of middle age, came into the room, and I introduced myself. While glad that I had come, she told me with many tears that she had little or no hope of her son's recovery. I discovered he was the only one of her children left, and she appeared quite heart-broken as she gave me some details of his illness. We were joined by a young lady of whom

I had heard much from my friend, to whom he was then betrothed. They told me that he was becoming visibly weaker from day to day, but appeared to imagine that he was recovering. When I entered the room where he lay, my friend appeared agitated, and held out one hand, with the other covering his face. I sat down at his bedside, still holding his hand in mine, nor did he wish me to let it go. I felt quite shocked at the awful change since I had last seen him, a bright, cheery lad. For some time he was silent, but at last he said: "Wasn't it good of you to come." I spoke away to him, and he seemed to become quite cheerful, and said that he would like to get up for a while, although he had not been out of bed for three days.

He said: "I would like to sit up on the couch for a while, with your strong arms around me. I think it would do me good."

I left the room whilst they got him ready, and then we sat together on the couch as he had wished. But he soon became weak, and I lifted him on to his bed. Feeling that I had stayed perhaps too long, I rose to go, remarking: "I will be round to-morrow morning, old man, and have a good fore-and-aft yarn with you."

As I pressed his hand in parting, he whispered: "Dear old friend, kiss me."

It occurred to me that this was the first time I had ever seen an Englishman desirous that he should be kissed by a man, nor have I ever seen one except upon this occasion either give or take a kiss from a man. Frenchmen, Irishmen and Scotsmen will kiss each other frequently, but if the English are addicted to the practice I have never witnessed it.

I thought as I looked at my old friend's features, and at the sorrowful look of the two ladies, how much sorrow and trouble there is in this world, and was glad to escape from the depressing influence of the sick chamber. After a walk round, I had tea at the little inn,

and was made most comfortable by the kindly, motherly landlady who had had a sailor brother long since lost at sea. After tea I listened for a period to a somewhat acrimonious political discussion, which had in itself no interest for me, but the style and methods of debate were so peculiar that I had sometimes to laugh outright, to the evident annoyance of one of the disputants, who bestowed upon me some absolutely portentous scowls, at which I suppose I ought to have felt terrified, but it only made me laugh the more. This discussion commenced nearly thuswise: "The Government has done a lot of good for the country." "What good 'as it done?" was the reply. "Oh, it's done good in many ways," and so on. Other political gladiators came in and took part in the discussion, and from that time they appeared to be pretty well all talking together. I escaped from the heated atmosphere and was kindly invited by the landlady into a little private room where she and a very pretty hazel-eyed and brown-haired lassie, named Ella, were sitting mending and darning. Ella was the landlady's daughter, and a bright, joyous lassie she was, of about sixteen years of age. I told them yarns of the sea, in which they both seemed deeply interested, and then I sang some of the sailors' songs. Ella seemed quite excited, and said: "Oh, I would like to be married to a sailor." "Oh, Ella," I said, "this is so sudden."

Ruskin says there is no music so sweet as the laughter of young girls, and the ringing musical peals of laughter of this happy girl at my little joke, always live in memory as amongst the sweetest music to which I have listened.

In the forenoon of the following day I went up to call upon my sick friend, but found that in the 'morning watch' he had passed peacefully away. Probably the poor fellow's last flicker of life was that attempt to come and rest in my arms on the sofa. I waited to see his remains placed in God's acre, and tried to comfort the bereaved mother and sweetheart.

I thought at the time that the trappings with which civilised men surround death, the crepe, hearses, coffins, black clothes, funeral ceremonies, etc., etc., to the average individual add to its gloom and horror. The sailor wraps his shipmate's remains in canvas, and commits them to the mighty deep. The savage runs along the pathway in the forest till he falls by the wayside; his bones may bleach there, or, as is the custom in some countries, be placed in a tree-fork by loving hands. In this there is nothing repulsive or unnatural.

On the other hand, we appear to be utterly unable to disabuse ourselves of the idea that body and spirit are still in some way connected after death, a proof of which is found in the fact that men select places for their graves. Indeed, it has been said that Madame de Maintenon wished to be buried in furs to keep her warm. There is much room, and necessity, indeed, for reform in all that relates to the disposal of our dead.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Back to Scotland—The Sabbath: Imaginary and Actual—A Curious Coincidence—Changing Seasons—A Latter Visit—Scenes of Childhood—The Evil of Cities.

“Though far frae thee, my native shore,
And tossed o’er life’s tempestuous ocean,
My heart, aye Scottish to the core,
Still turns to thee wi’ fond devotion.”

—Hume.

On my return to London I took a passage for Leith in one of the coastal steamers. On the passage, as I was walking along the deck the vessel made a most peculiar dive and threw me in such a manner as to rip a portion of one of the uppers of a very smart pair of new Yankee boots which I was wearing.

“The world is round, they say, and my doll is stuffed with sawdust, and if you please, dear Ma, I wish to become a nun.”

Thus spoke, it is said, a young lady over whose head seven happy summers had passed, but who was already discovering the shams and illusions of life, hence her desire for withdrawal from the world. I once read a well-written article in the New York “Times,” taking the little girl’s saying as a text, and pointing out how in life we are continually finding that our idols are more or less “stuffed with sawdust.”

I left my native land in my seventh year, and was brought up by strict Calvinistic parents, and I grew up with the idea that Scotland was a deeply religious country, and that the Sabbath was there observed with absolutely Mosaic rigour and severity. But I found my idol at any rate partially “stuffed with sawdust.” The steward told me that I could get my boot mended by one of the shoemakers in the “old town” in High Street, Edinburgh.

Leaving the ship in the very early morning I went over to the “old town” in search of a shoemaker, and was

directed to several of their houses, in some instances by slatternly women, but I failed to obtain the services of any. Some of the women, in the most matter of fact manner, informed me that it was improbable that I should find any willing to work, as it was Monday morning, that Sunday was a day of deep potations, and on Monday they were suffering recovery; in short, that thus Monday was not a working day. And this in the capital city of religious Scotland. Here, I found, was an idol in some degrees stuffed with sawdust. But as I went a little farther down the street I saw an old shoemaker hammering away, and went up the stone step to his shop. He was a most cheery, chatty old fellow, and corroborated the tales which I had heard from the woman. He undertook my job, saying: "Oh, I whiles play the gentleman mysel, ye ken."

I went into a barber's shop for a shave, where I was taken in hand by a handsome laddie of about sixteen. As he operated he asked: "Are you a sailor?"

"Yes," I answered, although as there was nothing nautical in my dress his question surprised me; still more what followed.

"Were you ever in America?" he continued.

"I have just come from there," was the reply.

"Were you ever on the Great Lakes?"

"I sailed on them all last summer."

"Did you ever see a tug called the 'Sweepstakes?'"

"She hauled us off last summer when we grounded in the Detroit River."

"Well," he concluded triumphantly, "My brother-in-law is captain of her."

During a subsequent visit to Scotland I attended church one Sunday in a pastoral district, and listened attentively to a well-delivered sermon by a brainy young man. His text was: "He giveth His beloved sleep," and the sermon seemed to indicate that death was merely sleep; in short, pushed to its eventual conclusion—ag-

nosticism. As I left the church, the only criticism which I overheard was that of a shepherd-looking man, who said, referring to the young minister: "He's a queer body that."

Here, I mused, is food for reflection. In bye-gone ages Jennie Geddes flung her stool at a clergyman's head with the approval of the nation, for, as I understand, reading the beautiful Anglican service, and here, in a district hallowed by the blood of the martyrs I hear so "heretical" a sermon apathetically received.

In the stormy days of the past the cruel dragoons were unable to prevent the people from assembling for worship in these lonely glens, but to-day the churches seemed to me to be half empty and the people apathetic in reference to religious subjects. I thought to myself, "How Scotland must be changing!" And I have no doubt that the clergy are more or less tinctured with the changed and changing thought of our time. In speaking to a fine, stalwart, young Anglican clergyman in England, with whom I had become casually acquainted, I said to him: "What is your candid opinion of the story of Jonah in the whale's belly?"

"Well," was the reply, "I think Jonah was a devilish lucky fellow ever to get out again."

"What is your opinion of the devil?" I asked. "Do you really think that there is such a personage?"

"Oh, certainly, we must have a devil to frighten people with."

A visit to the scenes of my childhood had rather a depressing effect, and I have known other wanderers who have experienced similar feelings. The wanderer finds in re-visiting the scenes of his youth the position pathetically described in the beautiful words of the swallow:

"A change we have found there, and many a change,
Faces and footsteps and all things strange;
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care;
And the place is hushed where the children played
Nought looks the same save the nest we made."

The city of Glasgow, which I visited, and of which its inhabitants appear so proud, as being, as they will tell you, the second city of the Empire, was to me an offence, when I saw the poverty, intemperance, and vice, of its slums. All cities are evils, but Glasgow seemed about the worst I had known, and speaking as a Scotsman, I could have wished that never a pound of coal or of iron had been discovered on the banks of the Clyde. I would prefer seeing two or three millions of people in the country engaged in healthy agricultural and pastoral operations, rather than a much larger number unhealthily congested in centres, many of them dependent for their daily bread upon the capricious tides of commerce, with their fluctuating ebbs and flows. And still the people of Glasgow would point with pride to its growth, just as I found in other cities all over the English-speaking world. These cities will constitute a danger to the State in the years that are to come. I could never understand the apparently feverish desire for "more population" which I have seen in America and Australia. The more they introduce, the more rapidly do they travel in the direction of reproducing those European conditions which men fled to escape. And Canada, in calling in to-day people of all European races to settle upon her magnificent territory, is taking away from the children of to-morrow those advantages which yesterday their parents possessed. In short, she is flinging away what is probably the finest patrimony on the surface of the planet.

Whilst discharging our cargo from a down east brigantine, in the Delaware, I was working out the lumber from the port bow port, and handing to the men on the wharf. The man working on the starboard bow port was a child of the Emerald Isle, a regular "son of the sod," a shore labourer engaged to assist in discharging the vessel. Men work at such a rate there that there is little or no opportunity for conversation, but one

evening something blocked our delivery for a few minutes and I said to him: "You're great politicians in this country, I see."

I knew nothing about politics and cared for them even less, but had noticed the American papers full of political pabulum.

"Yes," he replied: "A man's nobody here widout he's a politician."

"And you have got Republicans and Democrats in this country, have you not?" I continued.

"Yes," he replied.

"What are you?" I said, "a Republican or a Democrat."

"I'm a dimocrat," was his reply.

"And what is the difference between a Democrat and a Republican?" I continued.

"The divil a bit," was his ready reply.

Again, I was one afternoon painting on a ship deck at Savannah, and a negro who had come on board to see the cook was standing near. It was about the year 1871, not long after the abolition of slavery. I always liked to glean the views of life of all sorts and conditions of men, so I said to him: "Whether would you be, a slave, or a free man?"

His reply, given most seriously, was: "Well, de fac is, when I was a slave the massa didn't like us to go round on Sundays visiting de ladies, for we couldn't do so much work on Mondays. Now we can go where we like on Sundays, and that's about all the difference I can see in it."

I further said to him: "Have you got Republicans and Democrats down this way?"

"Oh, yes, Sah," was the ready response, given with emphasis and quite a solemn look.

"And what are you, a Republican or a Democrat?"

With some heat he retorted: "Oh, I'se a Republican, Sah."

"What is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat?"

"Dunno nothin' at all about it, Sah," was the answer.

These two men, the Irish "Dimocrat" and the Negro Republican, were types of hordes of others who, without either knowledge or political convictions, were, when the elections came round, lashed into frenzy by interested demagogues and their agents and tools.

The Yankees scathingly satirise their own weakness, faults, and follies, as witness this dialogue:

"To whom does this beautiful country belong?" they ask.

"To the people."

"To whom do the people belong?"

"To the politicians."

"To whom do the politicians belong?"

"To the Devil."

And in America the Customhouse is a power in the land. Thick-headed Britishers believe that the awful stampede at Bull Run was attributable to a fear of the victorious Southerners, but the truth was that a rumour had spread through the ranks of the Northern Army that there was a vacancy in the New York Customhouse—hence the wild rush north.

CHAPTER XXXV.

“The Supernatural”—Sailors and Apparitions—How a Missionary was made—From Bangor to Philadelphia—A Comfortable Ship—Two Remarkable Cooks—Another Bid for Fortune—“Hell-fire Jock.”

One of the crew left us at Philadelphia. He was an American, a good sailor, and a very intelligent and respectable man, related, he told me, to the great novelist, Fenimore Cooper. There are many people not necessarily superstitious, who believe that at the moment of dissolution, an apparition of the person leaving life has been seen by relatives at great distances from the locality of death. I have heard from seafaring men who have never known of this belief, instances of a very remarkable character, and perhaps the most interesting was furnished by this American shipmate. Of the truth of this story I have no doubt whatever.

He was in a whaler lying at anchor off one of the Pacific Islands when one of the crew, an altogether exceptionally wild and reckless young man, who was engaged about midday upon some work on deck, suddenly sprang forward and fell down, apparently in a faint. After coming to he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

On recovery he told his shipmates that his mother, a deeply religious woman, had appeared on the deck by his side, and entreated him to reform and lead a Godly life. He was so deeply impressed by the circumstances that from being the wickedest man in the ship, he became deeply religious, and a pattern to all on board. It was subsequently discovered that, making allowance for the difference of time, his mother had passed away at her home in New Bedford at the very moment that she appeared to her son in the far distant Pacific. After his arrival at home the young sailor began a course of study

to qualify himself as a missionary, on the completion of which he married an American girl and sailed for some of the islands which he had visited, but, sad to relate, the ship was lost with all hands.

Just before leaving for Boston on the return voyage, the Captain of the brigantine told me that he couldn't get a man to take my American shipmate's place, but he added: "I've taken an old cook, and I would ask you to try and do the best you can with him."

"All right, Sir," I said, "you've been very good to us and we will manage with him somehow."

The old cook was placed in my watch, but being unable to steer, I had rather a surfeit of the wheel, as the second mate relieved me merely when it suited him to do so. But my watch-mate was a cheery old fellow, and had seen much of the world. He had sailed between Australia and New Zealand with a Captain well known in that trade, named McLean, but more widely known as "Hell-fire Jock," as he was a man, to use a sailor's description of him to me, "who wouldn't never stand back for nothing."

Among the characteristic things he told me was that once a certain Governor who was coming over from Australia with "Jock" had in his retinue a somewhat supercilious aide-de-camp. The weather was bad and the Governor sent this officer to the Captain with an enquiry as to how long it might last.

"Tell his Excellency," was Jock's reply, "that I am not in God Almighty's confidence, but you may inform him that this damned weather will last till it stops."

As my watchmate and I breakfasted one morning he said: "Would you like to make your fortune?"

"I suppose we would all like to do that," was my reply.

"Well," he said, "you have been very kind to me, and I can make your fortune, and, what's more, I'm going to do it. A man like you has no business to be at sea at all."

This I had already been informed by a lunatic of whom I had had charge in one of the Western Ocean greyhounds. This gentleman said one evening: "A man of your personal appearance has only got to go to some great ball ashore, and you would be sure to pick up a young lady with wealth."

However, the worthy ex-cook told me, with much detail, of a secret he held for the production of a beverage resembling champagne, and which had already made the fortune of a relative in New York. On arriving at Boston our ship was laid up, and we, the crew of four, inclusive of the sailor-cook with the secret, decided to take our passages in a coastal steamer for Bangor, I paying my friend's expenses, for although, to use an expression of Dr. Johnson's, he held in his pocket a formula which contained "the potentiality of making us all rich beyond the dreams of avarice," still in the meantime he had not "a feather to fly with."

I held temporarily the whole of the wages paid to us, the crew, amongst it a fifty-dollar bill, and that I changed so that sub-division could be made, and handed it to my chum. On the passage down to Bangor he tendered a twenty-dollar bill to the purser for the four passages, but that official said that he did not like the look of it; he feared that it was "bad money," and though he hoped that it might prove alright, did not feel justified in taking it. A few minutes before casting off from the wharf on setting out on the original voyage from Bangor, a friend entreated me to go to a shop over the road for "a parting glass." Ostensibly a lolly-shop, it was in reality a liquor-saloon, and this was in the prohibition State of Maine. There is said to be a whisky, distilled in the South Carolina mountains, so potent that three drops administered to a rabbit will inspire that usually timid creature with a desire to spit in the face of a bulldog. It was a very small glass I partook of in the Bangor lolly shop, but its effect was to send me to sleep in spite of myself,

while the Captain stood beside me at the wheel. Evidently the man who doled out such lollies was a knowledgeable man. So we submitted the challenged bills to him. He, too, did not like the look of it, and promised to take it to the Bank for an expert opinion. As a result he informed us in the evening that it was "not worth a red cent," and told us how he had recently been offered one thousand spurious paper dollars for thirty dollars of good money. I have given this little incident to show the risks run in connection with paper money. My chum at the same time got a fifty cent bill of this spurious money.

I had at this time one of the best chums of my life, although not a "flash" one. Born in Liverpool, of Scotch parents, he had worked at the ship yards both at ship carpentering and rigging, and thus he was in most respects an expert sailor when he went to sea. Physically he was a very powerful young man, and possessed of great force of character. If it could be said of any man that he knew no fear, my chum was that man. He was in every respect a first-class sailor, and also a man of extraordinary weight amongst all those with whom he associated; in short, a most forceful personality. We had been on several ships together, and for a change went to work for a while at loading ships with lumber, for which we were paid, I think, twenty-five cents an hour. But this was out of our line, and we decided to go up the river for the winter's lumbering in the forests of the Pine Tree State. As we were both very desirous of seeing the country of which we sailors had only so far seen the fringe. Moreover, my chum was determined to give up the sea, and wanted to discover what prospects existed on land. One day my old friend, the cook, whom we were nursing, asked me for a couple of dollars, as he was determined to show what could be done in the production of that nectar of which he had spoken to me on the ship. We procured a number of bottles, and bought at the chemist's shop some sassafras chips, from which he told

me the drink was to be made. But, whatever were his compounds, he succeeded in making as delicious a drink as ever I have tasted. This soon becoming known, a tall, fine looking young man called at our boardinghouse and offered five hundred dollars for the recipe. He at once came and consulted me, but I was utterly opposed to the disposal of a formula which appeared to contain such potentialities. After consulting together, we decided that my chum and I would take a voyage to the West Indies, and that upon our return our accumulated capital would enable us to start the business at Fall River, where our old cook, a Lancashire man, told us that he had a very large number of acquaintances.

From a casual conversation that I had one day with a young fellow at the New York Sailors' Home, I thought that there was still a possibility of Una's existence on the island, but not at Port au Prince, and I was most desirous of making another voyage to Hayti. A good-sized two-masted fore and aft schooner was getting ready for a trip thither. She was owned by the Captain, an Irish American, who made his voyages with only two able seamen, and no second mate, but he was extremely particular as to the character and capacity of his "crew," and paid five dollars a month more than the "wages of the port" so that he might obtain the best men that could be found. The shipping master, a very nice young American, told the Captain of us, of the ships in which we had sailed, and of the very high character as sailors which had been given us by various captains on the coast. He pointed me out to the Captain in the street one day, but the latter thought on appearances that I would not suit, not being sufficiently heavy to pull up the fore and aft sails. I was then probably about twelve stone in weight. However, he eventually decided to take us.

Before leaving, the kind young shipping master said to me: "They're pretty nearly always at war where you're going, but here is an old fowling-piece that you might

trade away with them for something." I took the ancient weapon with me. When new it must have been a beauty, but it was so old that when it was held on one side the lock would sometimes fall out, the screws being worn. Our ship's company consisted of the Captain, a very decent fellow and a good officer; the mate, a typical "down easter," the cook, a French-Canadian, my chum and myself—five souls in all, a somewhat small number to take a vessel away upon a "foreign voyage"; indeed, I have sailed in schooners no larger, or very little larger, with four able seamen and a second mate. The cook had a very narrow escape of being a "character." He informed me that he was sixty-two years of age, and I thought at the time that he was joking, as he did not look more than eight and twenty. He occasionally accompanied us upon "courting" expeditions amongst the coloured girls in Hayti, when he was valuable as an interpreter, as not being able to speak French I required him to convey to the young ladies the glow and fervour of my admiration. I cannot imagine that he had been ever known to smile, and I thought that with him laughter would be an impossibility. We all lived aft, and immediately in front of our house was the little fellow's galley, a tiny place that appeared almost to have been made for him. I think that in the morning, before partaking of the soothing five o'clock cup of coffee, it would have given him positive pleasure to sever a man's wind-pipe. When in the morning he went into his caboose we used to listen with the greatest amusement to the noises which he would make in "flying things" round the galley, and his perfervid swearing was quite a feature of this entertainment. He told my chum one day that when in the morning, before five o'clock, we heard him cursing Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary in the galley, we should keep clear of him, as he would not then hold himself responsible for his actions, and this friendly warning was given in a most solemn and matter of fact manner.

But the sternest of men occasionally "unbend," and he one evening told me, in what must have been for him a moment of weakness, that he thought one of his daughters would suit me.

On the first afternoon at sea, with the land barely in sight, a beautiful little golden crested wren flew on board, and how I pitied the dear little visitor. When about half-way on our passage, a large hawk flew on board with a Mother Carey's chicken in its claws, and perched upon the foretopmast crosstrees. I went up the rigging to see if I could catch it, as birds are very stupid at sea. It kept its eye upon me I could see, but suddenly I put my hand over the crosstrees and caught it. I took it down and put it in a barrel down below, but next day when down getting a rope used in reefing, it came in my way and I caught the bird and gave it its liberty. Next day it came back and for some hours circled round before taking its departure. We had some other feathered visitors in the form of grey birds of the Kingfisher type, and, although not so large, reminding me of the Laughing Jackass of Australia.

Our vessel leaked pretty badly, and in the watch on deck two hours were passed at the wheel, and very nearly two at the pumps. But we were fed like fighting cocks, and in addition to many other luxuries, had hot rolls for breakfast every morning. Our cook was absolutely perfect, and in the production of "doughnuts" I always asserted that his equal could not be found upon earth. He had served in the armies of the North during the great civil war, and he told me one morning in the most matter-of-fact manner, that in the next war he would follow up the armies, looting watches, rings, and money from those who had fallen in action. Many, whose lives had been confined to restricted orbits, would regard such a man as a monster; but, taken as a whole, he was in reality a very decent fellow.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Hayti Again—The American Negro—Characteristics of the Race—
A Great Problem—"Spread" and "Small"—The Haytian
Economy—An Army of Generals—Una—A False Clue.

Without any incident worthy of notice we arrived on a beautiful Sunday morning at our port of destination, and as the arrival of a vessel of any kind was quite an event, we were soon thronged with coloured visitors from the shore.

There were, I afterwards discovered, only two pure white men in the town, one an Italian storekeeper, married to a Haytian wife of light colour, the other, a renegade English missionary, who made cigars for his livelihood, and most wonderfully dexterous was he at this occupation. He was one of the first visitors, and having shown him the fowling-piece which I had bought from Maine, he said: "I sometimes go out shooting parrots, and I will make you 400 cigars for it." I said: "All right; it's a bargain."

But my uppermost thought was of Una, as I hoped that I might follow up the clue which I had obtained from the young sailor at the New York Sailors' Home.

In the port in which we lay I had the opportunity of prosecuting a study in reference to which I took quite an intense interest, that of the negro population of the West Indian islands and the continent of North America. As the result of much observation I arrived at the conclusion, that in consequence of the conditions of their existence, they now in many respects differ essentially from those peoples in the Dark Continent from which they have sprung. Slavery has been the most potent factor in the production of this change. It would be altogether out of place for me in these scrappy reminiscences to attempt to enter into my dissertation, in reference to the causes productive of the effects which I have indicated, as this

would in itself furnish abundant material for a volume regarding a problem which will, in some of its aspects, continue to force itself upon the attention of the white man in the New World. When visiting the ports of the Southern States in the early seventies, I was profoundly impressed with the magnitude and importance of the "negro problem." I seemed to regard it with the painter's "fresh eye," and thought at the time that the white population saw the question in a false perspective. The character of the negro appeared to me to resemble in some respects his tropical home. It was with him either a tornado or a lazy, sleepy calm. Vanity appeared to be one of his most noticeable characteristics, and for this I hold slavery to be responsible, as the slave or the weakling will generally over-assert himself when opportunity permits.

I might adduce many instances of this characteristic, but two will suffice. I was once upon intimate terms with a tall and very handsome young American mulatto, and in the evening we often left the ship and took a stroll together. He had two or three acquaintances in the port where we then lay, perfectly black men, who were cooks or stewards, friends he had known since childhood. One evening, much to my surprise, he told me in the most matter-of-fact manner, that as coloured people considered themselves superior to the whites, and thus did not wish to associate with them he had to apologise to his dark friends for his companionship with me, and excused himself upon the plea that I was a "good sort of a chap."

I recollect reading in a Southern American newspaper that at a great Negro convention in New Orleans, which was attended by coloured delegates from all parts of America, not even the presence of Frederick Douglass prevented the adoption of the following resolution: "That our own women, whether as regards their beauty or their purity, are superior to white women, except where they have been contaminated by white men."

Religion appeared to me to be more of a living realism with the negro than with the white races, with whom it, comparatively, finds a place in the region of abstract principles. In their prayers and sacred song the negroes display a fervour which I have never seen equalled by the inhabitants of the colder northern latitudes.

A friend from Georgia gave me a verse which he alleged was taken from one of their hymns, and, if that was so, it displays the realistic qualities to which I have alluded—

“De Lord He lubs de Nigger well,
He knows de Nigger by de smell;
He hears he chilan when dey cry,
And feeds dem on Opossum pie.”

I might here explain, in reference to the allusion to “smell,” when perspiring the “nigger” flings around him an aroma which it would be difficult to describe. I have still a vivid recollection of how, when stowing bags of coffee in Rio Janeiro with some niggers, the heat, but still more the aroma which had escaped from my coloured fellow-workmen, almost caused me to faint, and I had an almost similar experience when working in the hold in Hayti. I had upon this occasion as fellow workman a gigantic negro, about the most hideously ugly human being that I have ever seen of any race, and I cannot think that his appearance was in any way improved by the fact that his costume was that of Eden before the fall. He very much resembled a picture that I had seen in an edition of the “Pilgrim’s Progress” of the “old gentleman” himself. He so much conveyed to me the impression that he was a man of murderous disposition that I should not have worked near him had he had anything to gain by knocking me on the head. And in this instance my instinct was accurate, as he was taken ashore one day on a charge of murder and I saw him no more.

There is a word which the negroes themselves frequently use, and as used by them most expressive, and

at the same time applicable to themselves in some respects, and that is the word "spread." The following anecdote will illustrate the manner in which it is used:—

A negro once appeared before an official whose position was that of granting divorces, and told him that he wished to divorce his wife.

"Why do you wish to divorce her? What is the matter with her?" he was asked.

"I hab no fault to find with her," was the reply, "but *de fac'* is, when I marry dat women I had only one mule and three acres, now I got three mules and eleben acres, and I wants a wife with a little more 'spread' about her."

And this "spread" was most noticeable in Hayti.

Our port of call, Jeremie, had few visiting vessels—during most of our stay we lay there alone—but we had a General of the port and a Captain of the port, with presumably other minor officials. The general of the port was a very tall, and, although black, quite a handsome man. He had fine features and dignified bearing, and must, I think, have sprung from the Mandingo race of African black men.

Technically Hayti is a portion of the island of San Domingo and its government is republican. Originally belonging to France, the negro slave population won their freedom by force of arms, and my observations caused me to arrive at the conclusion that while they had arrived in Hayti as savages, their period of slavery there rather brutalised than civilised, and to-day they are largely composed of African savages with a veneer of the civilisation of the Parisian gutters. I discovered that away from the ports African ceremonies, customs and superstitions are still prevalent in Hayti. Isolated communities are inclined to attach undue weight and value to their own importance in the world, and I have seen many instances of this in my wanderings. I was once told that at the time of the Crimean War the Parliament of the Leeward or Windward Islands passed a resolution

with the object of "strengthening the hands of the British Government," and during my stay in Jeremie the most prominent subject of discussion was that of a contemplated alliance between England, Germany, and—Hayti. During our stay a Haytian man-of-war, with the President on board, paid a visit to Jeremie, and gave rise to a considerable amount of "spread." A very large proportion of the soldiery appeared to be generals or officers of rank, judging from the number of cocked hats worn. I saw the President, a dignified-looking man, and I was told that he was married to a charming French lady. My friend the missionary cigar-maker told me that he would "present" me to the President if I could obtain a black coat of any kind, but this I was unable to do, and so missed the distinction.

I met a most gentlemanly and highly educated young man, well acquainted with Port au Prince, and the country lying between the capital and the small port where we lay, and it was in that tract that, if the information I received in New York was correct, I might expect to hear of the existence of Una. I took this young fellow into my confidence, and told him of the object of my search. He appeared intensely interested in my story, and told me that he had methods of making inquiry. I could not believe it possible that she existed in that country, nor, from some points of view, did I wish to think so. But before we left the island my young friend had discovered the basis upon which the New York story rested. It proved that a beautiful woman from an American ship had been visiting this country district, but it was not Una.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

More of Hayti—The Paper Money Fallacy—We essay Trade—
“American Liz”—My Cigar-making Missionary—Latter-day
Cannibalism—The Missionary’s “Lady”—Too Much for Me—
Voodoo.

While in Hayti I found an object-lesson in reference to the widely distributed fallacy regarding the beneficent results of the issue of paper money. The people appeared to believe that the production of large numbers of paper dollar bills would place them all in a position of affluence. I one day changed an American gold dollar into the paper currency of the country, and felt for a period as rich as a Jew with the number of dollar bills which I received. My chum and I prepared to trade a little on our own account with our very slender capital. We bought some oranges and bananas, and gave an order to a lady called “American Liz” for a barrel of rum which, under the name of “Tafia,” we could obtain for either twenty or thirty cents a gallon.

“American Liz” was a coloured lady from the States, who kept a little drinking saloon near the water. Calling upon her one evening, I said:

“Now, Liz, you must be sure and have that barrel ready to-morrow, for we will be going out next day.”

An elderly yellow gentleman, in the orthodox linen suit and black bell-topper, and with only one eye, interposed in the most perfect English: “I shall be extremely busy to-morrow, but, nevertheless, I shall see that that barrel is ready.”

The elderly person had been born in the United States, and had been a general in the last Haytian revolution, when he lost his eye. But in spite of his distinguished assurance, the cask, which had to be constructed, was not ready next day.

The cigar-making missionary came on board to tell me that as the lock had fallen out of the gun when he was out shooting parrots, he would only give me two hundred cigars for the weapon. I was very glad to get even that number for it. This ex-missionary was a middle-aged and somewhat portly person, dressed always in clean linen, and courteous in demeanour, but before we left I saw him displaying quite a different character when under the influence of the "great happyfier." I called at his cottage at about eight o'clock on a beautiful Sunday night. The dwelling was embowered in tropical trees, and with the ripple of the wavelets for music I thought it an ideally lovely spot. I found my friend having a "one-horse" bender all to himself, seated on a low chair, with a supply of the seductive tafia close at hand. He received me in a manner in which hauteur and dignity appeared to struggle for mastery. After some unimportant remarks he said, in a most lofty manner:

"See here, I'm an educated man."

"And so am I," was my reply.

"I have read Sallust," he continued.

"And so have I," was my answer.

"I have also read Virgil."

"And so have I," was my reply.

"But," he went on, with a lofty wave of his hand and an impressive look at me, "I have read Horace."

"And so have I," was my answer, "and very hard it is."

With a sudden change of manner and holding out his hand to me, he said: "Ah, my dear boy, as hard as a brick. We won't say anything more about that."

I had out-bluffed him, and he came down from alcoholic realms to Mother Earth.

"Look here," he said, "I am married, and I have had eight children, and they're all dead and dug up out of their graves and eaten. I can assure you that there are

now two men in gaol here for exposing human flesh for sale in the market place."

"Ah, yes," I said, for this was not the first that I had heard in reference to the subject, "they came from Africa cannibals, and they're cannibals yet."

"You've got it," was his reply.

He then proceeded to tell me that his wife was a "most noble woman."

"Hold on," he said, "I'll show her to you."

He went to her bedroom and led her out, as if for show.

"Look at her," he said, "I've spent a fortune on that woman. How much," he continued, addressing his wife, "did that shawl cost that I bought you from Port au Prince?"

"Forty dollars," was her prompt reply.

"She has just come back from Port au Prince," he explained, adding, "She's just coming out of the yellow fever that she had there."

This last announcement was too much for me; on hearing it I bolted out of the door, and have never seen the worthy couple since.

The lady was a huge negress, as black as ebony, with a red turban, but my friend appeared at once proud and fond of his distinguished bride.

I always loved to leave the beaten pathways of travel, and after the few winter trips of the North Atlantic the tropical seas and lovely islands of the West Indies with their interesting peoples were to me regions of delight. And in Jeremie I had an opportunity of observing the coloured people under different conditions from those by which they were surrounded in America or even at Port au Prince. Unable to speak the language, I was placed at a great disadvantage in my endeavour to glean the opinions and beliefs of the people, but I obtained considerable information from an American coloured man who had sailed out of New York and had recently married

a buxom Haytian. From him I gathered that the horrible voodoo practices still existed, and that all sorts of ridiculous superstitions held sway, not merely amongst the hills, but even in such a town as Port au Prince.

And I noticed that although he spoke deprecatingly of these superstitions, he was already coming under their spell. His wife had been away amongst the hills, and he had discovered that it was for the purpose of obtaining a charm to prevent his abandoning her, as she feared that he might leave her for a sea life. And he therefore contemplated procuring a counter-charm. It was with regret that I took leave of the quiet and beautiful port and, to me, most interesting of these lovely tropical islands, with their charming variety of colour and their "children of the sun."

On the homeward voyage I had an example of a curious phenomenon. Some men, it is believed, enjoy comparative immunity from snake-bite, whilst to others the sting of a bee is almost certain death. I had observed that this immunity—also found in reference to other poisons, as for instance alcohol—is attributable to a peculiarity, and not necessarily to strength of constitution, and of this I could give several instances. My chum appeared to be a man almost insensible to pain, and could kick about things with his bare feet as well as if protected by boots. On a Western Ocean passage the doctor gave him a mustard plaster to be placed on his chest, but it seemed to have no effect whatever, and the doctor expressed his opinion that it had never been applied. Soon after my chum had retired to rest on the night we left Hayti he called out to me on deck to come down as he had been bitten twice by a scorpion. When I went into our cabin he told me that he had caught it, but that it had escaped. Yet the bites of this venomous creature had merely the effect of raising a couple of such swellings as might have resulted from the sting of a bee.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Back to New York—Insensibility to Snake Bite—Our Trading Venture Fails—Rotten Bananas and an Empty Rum-cask—A Snake Story—Ablaze in the Street—A New York Tragedy.

In consequence of adverse winds we made an unusually long passage to New York, and our bananas became ripe and rotten before our arrival. And when we arrived at Brooklyn we discovered that our barrel of rum was almost empty, only about a pannikin full being left. This calamity was attributable to the incompetence of the artificer employed by "American Liz." The oranges were still left, but the question was how to dispose of them. I was advised to procure a couple of baskets with a view to disposing of our stock to advantage round the doors of the New York theatres. I regret to this day that I did not follow this admirable advice and so obtain an "experience." Instead, I sold them "in bulk" at a most unremunerative price to the proprietor of the dye-works where we lay at Brooklyn, as he wished to make of them a Christmas present to his Irish labourers. My chum bitterly reproached me for my utter incapacity in making a "deal." And he, poor fellow, was right. This was my first and last attempt at "trading."

After a considerable portion of our cargo had been removed, I saw on the ship's "floor," in the hold, a white snake about eighteen inches in length. It was, in consequence of the very cold weather, in an almost torpid state. On Christmas day one of the Irish labourers kindly invited me to his house, and he told me that he had taken the snake home and placed it in a collar-box in the bedroom. In the morning he found that it had escaped, probably revived by the warmth of the room, and he eventually discovered it coiled up under the pillow of the bed upon which lay his little daughter's head.

During my stay in New York I was eye-witness of a very sad, and, in some respects, an incredible tragedy. I was sitting in a room about eleven o'clock at night with my landlady and her niece, at my lodgings in Forty-second Street, and was just about to retire, when I noticed a strange light in the street immediately opposite our house. I went out leisurely to the door, and then across the street, where a knot of people were gathered round the light, which proved to come from a living torch, a girl standing motionless and mute, with her clothing in a blaze. Under the impulse of the moment I immediately caught her and pushed her down, endeavouring with my hands to extinguish the smouldering fire in what little clothing remained. But my assistance came all too late, and the poor girl lay nude and blackened. As I bent over her I heard her murmur "Mother" and "Water," and, as no one else amongst the onlookers appeared desirous of assisting in any way I ran back to my lodgings for water as quickly as possible. When I returned preparations were being made for the victim's removal. She lived until four o'clock in the morning.

She had, I afterwards heard, been doing something with kerosene upstairs, and when her dress ignited rushed down into the street. I read an account of the inquest in the "New York Sun," and at it a man alleged that he had lost his coat through throwing it round her to extinguish the flames! She was a girl of fine physique, twenty-eight years of age, and just about to be married.

I have said that this tragedy had in connection with it some incredible features, and this I feel strongly as I write. It might fairly be imagined that in the time that had elapsed from my first seeing the light until I had gone leisurely out and crossed the street the girl's clothing would have all been burned away, but this was not so, as on my arrival on the scene she was standing, as I have said, motionless and mute, her clothes still in a

blaze, and my hands were burned first in putting her down, and still further in my attempts to extinguish the smouldering remnants of her garments.

My desire to get out west was again frustrated by a remarkable coincidence. A Yankee sailor told me that if I went up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence on to Omaha, I could get a job driving a bullock team across to New Mexico at sixty dollars a month, and ammunition found with which to fight the Indians. I had driven bullocks in Australia, and this seemed a job "right into my hand." I wanted to get away from the sea. I came up from New Orleans in one of the Mallory line and wished, if possible, to ship in the next boat of the same line for the Mississippi, thus getting away a week sooner than had I waited for our steamer. The mate, to whom I applied, told me that he thought there would be a vacancy for one man, and, if so, that I would get it, but that if I came down on a given day I would receive a definite answer.

My landlady had at this time some girls employed at dressmaking, and upon the day that I had to visit the boat for an answer, those nymphs always objected to my departure whenever I rose to leave, urging me to "tell some more stories." These tactics caused a delay that entirely changed the current of my life.

A little before three o'clock, having been detained till then by those fascinating "critters," with an exclamation, "There are the bells of a car; I'm off," I departed.

I got on the car at 42nd Street, and at 26th Street two young men came on, one of them taking a seat next to mine at the after end of the car. After we had travelled a few blocks, he said to me: "Excuse me for asking you, but is not your name ——?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is my name."

"Don't you know me?" he queried.

I looked at him closely and said: "No, I don't know you."

In a rather excited manner he said: "Did you not come out to Boston in the Cunard liner —— last year?"

"Yes," was my reply.

"And don't you remember 'George'?" he continued.

"Oh, dear me, yes," I exclaimed, as recognition dawned upon me.

He had even been my chum on the way across, but during the intervening year he had strangely altered. He had not been to sea during that time, having had a capital shore job, placing monuments over graves with tackles.

"And where are you bound to-day?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "my wife is a niece of General Phil Kearney, who lives at St. Louis, and I want to get there, as I think he would find me a good billet of some kind. "I am just going down to see if I can't get a chance to ship in the next Mallory boat out for New Orleans."

"Why, that's where I am going," I said. "There's only one chance there, and if it's going I am to get it. I want to go up to St. Louis, too."

I had, however, missed my chance in the early boat, and so fell back upon my own steamer, in which my friend was also to receive a berth. But before leaving the second mate hired a sailor to assist in shifting the ship, and gave him the berth which had been promised to my friend. I was so irritated at this that I said to him: "You take my berth. I won't sail in her after such treatment." He did, and so left for the Crescent City.

I saw him no more, and it was a peculiar coincidence that owing to the importunities of the "Nymphs of the Needle" I should have been led into taking a seat in the car which was also to carry a friend on the same errand, resulting in a complete deflection of the pathway of my life.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I go to Savannah—In England—I am denounced by “County Family” and treated as a “Pestilent Anarchist”—Of Scotch Blood—the Vitality of the Clans—Southern Hospitality—Ridiculing the Negro—I am Tendered Matrimony and a Shore Job—a Voluble Irish Cook.

Not having for the time any very settled purpose I shipped for Savannah in a most comfortable coastal steamer, intending to “put in” a month or two in her until navigation opened on the Great Lakes, whence in the fall I hoped that I might be able to steer for the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

At Savannah I had an experience of the vitality of the Scottish clan feeling.

When I was crossing the Atlantic from America to England in an earlier voyage, in one of the racing steamers, a middle-aged and rather stout man fell in such a manner that he was quite stunned and unable to rise. With some little assistance I got him up and carried him down to his berth. He soon recovered and was so grateful to me for the trifling service which I had rendered that he gave me a cordial invitation to visit him at his own home. He was a small farmer in a quiet and remote part of the country, and of his invitation I gladly availed myself, as I was curious to ascertain the ideas and opinions of the rural populations in such districts and contrast them with those of the busy world in which I moved.

And much that was most interesting to me I discovered in those placid regions where it seemed that the traditions of feudalism still continued to exist, as the outward respect and deference shown to people known as “County Families” struck me at once as interesting and ludicrous. I had never bowed to position itself, always regarding my fellow-creatures from the standpoint of their antecedents, their intrinsic qualities, and

not from that of their ancestry or of wealth. And notwithstanding this outward deference I discovered that landlords and parsons were most unpopular in these districts, and it seemed to me that socially a great chasm existed between the rural population generally, and those who owned the land. The importance and prestige of a "County Family" appeared largely to rest upon the time in which they had occupied a tract of country.

I will not here describe how I, a "Mere Hand," as Dickens described an able seaman, came into conflict with a "county family," or how I, a most peaceful and peaceable man, was by its head denounced as a "pestilent ruffian who ought to be in gaol and never out of it," but in consequence of certain events I thought it politic, if even upon my host's account, to leave this quiet locality, where I had also been stigmatised as a "blood-thirsty anarchist," etc. My host's middle-aged sister, and niece, kept his quiet, comfortable home admirably. The niece was a buxom and extremely attractive, brown-haired lassie of eighteen. She was fond of reading, and having read in Mrs. Stowe's works of the magnolia, asked me to send her a leaf of this tree from America, and this I promised to do should I again visit any ports in the Southern States.

Remembering this promise made in England, I dressed well and took a walk out one evening to the suburbs of Savannah to procure a leaf, and as I did not know it myself, I determined to ask for information when opportunity presented itself. Seeing a lady sitting alone taking a cup of tea in front of a neat cottage surrounded by shrubs and trees, I went in at the gate, and, lifting my hat, asked her if I could get a magnolia leaf there. I told her as an excuse for the liberty that I was a stranger, an English sailor attached to an American ship, and I also told her of my promise to the English girl. She appeared interested and asked me to take a cup of tea with her.

"And so you are an English sailor," she said. "Well, you are the first Englishman that ever I have met."

"Well, to speak more correctly," I said, "I am a Scotsman."

"Oh, that is much better," she responded, with a smile. "I have Scotch blood in me, and I am descended from the brave and loyal Highlanders who settled in Georgias in the last century, and those of us in Georgia who are descended from them are very proud of it."

"Did your ancestors come from Skye?" I asked.

"Yes, some of them, I believe. Why did you ask that question?"

My real reason was that in Melbourne I had seen a woman from Skye who was almost a typical Spaniard in appearance, and this Southern lady strongly reminded me of the Australian. I have no doubt that both were descendants from the castaways of the Great Armada. But in this instance I evaded the question. We chatted away about sea life, of which my hostess knew nothing, and after having spent a delightful hour or more I remarked that she must be tired of my yarns, and so I would not further trespass upon her good nature.

"Oh, so far from that," she said, "your conversation has been most interesting to me. Indeed, I am not flattering when I say you are the best conversationalist I have ever met." This compliment caused me to blush so that she noticed it and made some laughing remark in reference thereto. She told me that she was merely a visitor from the country, and living with a lady friend, who was, with her daughter, absent in spending the evening out. "But," she continued, "I can take it upon myself to ask you to spend to-morrow evening, and I would particularly like you to meet a cousin of mine who would be delighted to have a chat with you about Scotland and the clans. He has got some old relics

that came with our ancestors from Lochaber. If you will promise to come I will ask him here."

"I am most thankful for your kind invitation," I said, "but permit me to ask you one question: Would you have favoured me with that invitation if I had not been one of the 'children of the heather'?"

"Perhaps not, probably not," was her reply, "but," she continued, "your name"—I had given her my name—"has an irresistible glamour for me."

"Ah," I said, "those of us who carry about proud names bear a great responsibility—that of endeavouring at least to live up to their traditions."

My reason for asking this American lady the question was, of course, to discover how far she was still affected with the clannishness of our race. I was most thankful for her invitation, as a sailor in a port where he has no acquaintances has naturally but little pleasure in his evenings after the day's work is done. Ah! those evenings have proved the moral and physical shipwrecks of many a noble young life.

The next evening I got away as quickly as possible, in anticipation of spending a pleasant time, nor was I disappointed. It was one of the brightest of my life. These genial, warm-hearted Southerners made me as welcome, and as much at home, as if I had known them for years, and I found that several persons had been asked to meet me, including the cousin of whom I had been told, and a grand fellow he was, full of Celtic heart and fire. Nearly all present contributed to the pleasure of the evening, some in music and some in song, some in conversation, and some in recitation, and I thought at the time that the bright eyes and happy, joyous, faces of two young lassies, who neither played nor sang, furnished even more than their legitimate share of contribution to the pleasures of that very happy evening. I bore my share, and my recitations from Moore, Byron, Scott and Burns, were something more than well

received. In fact, I made so good an impression that night that the doors of several houses were thrown open to me, and I became quite an intimate of the lady who had practically given me the entry to all this pleasant company. And it was all attributable to a man's fall on the deck of a Western Ocean steamer!

Wrapped in a newspaper, I sent Magnolia leaves to the bonnie English lassie in her quiet home, and meditated also sending one to the irascible old "county" magnate, who had regarded me as an "anarchist," but I feared that he might in some manner resent it and vent his ill-humour upon my farmer host.

While at Savannah I noted how the Southern papers appeared to fling ridicule upon the coloured people in little paragraphs such as the following, which I quote from memory:—

"Clio Williams on Saturday night invested his weekly earnings in pine tree-top whisky, and left for home with a light pocket and a light heart. On arrival at his mansion his wife took in the situation, and told him in stentorian tones to "stop dat knocking," and that there would be no admittance for him that night. Knowing the female Williams to be a man of his word, he sought the shelter of a neighbouring stoop, whence he was dragged by the remorseless talons of a "grey eagle" (this being the equivalent of the English "bobby").

A pre-arranged conflict between "two notoriously degraded negresses named Caroline Richards and Frances MacDonald" in a wood near the city was thus described: "Tufts of wool flew about like turkeys' feathers at Christmas time, and bits of dirty calico were whisked away upon the balmy breeze."

Then there was the case of a negro who attempted to tamper with the caudal appendage of a mule. Two days afterwards a little funeral procession was seen wending its way to the cemetery.

One thing which pleased me with the niggers was the heartiness with which many of them would laugh. In going up through the woods from where our ship lay to the town of Brunswick, Georgia, I called with a down-east shipmate at a cottage in which there lived an elderly widowed negress with a young family possessed of most exuberant spirits. The fireplace was of abnormal width, and upon one of the hobs sat the mother of the family, so muffled up as to prevent me from even obtaining a view of her face, and emitting periodical groans, which reminded me of the drone of the bagpipes. I chatted away for more than half an hour to a buxom, laughing, eighteen-year-old "wench," and her laughter at my compliments and anecdotes was absolutely contagious, and, like that of the English girl, Ella, of whom I have spoken, was amongst the sweetest sound to which I have ever listened. So much was this the case that I rose to take my departure with regret. This was in the "gloaming," and after we had gone about fifty yards or so the coloured lassie came bounding after us, calling upon me to "come back."

"Why," I asked, in a tone of surprise, "do you want me to come back?"

"Her reply, given with much volubility, was: "Cos I likes yo' comp'ny."

To this day I regret that I did not go back, and partially for the reason that I would have spent with her a much pleasanter evening than I experienced in the town, in consequence of getting into a "difficulty" with two Germans over the subject of the Franco-German War.

My newly-made friends made me promise to call on my return to Savannah, and of course I was only too glad to do so. And again I received a most cordial welcome. But my lady friend, who was still a visitor in Savannah, asked me to take a walk with her, as she was desirous of having a private conversation with me. She

led the way to a place where there were seats under the trees, where we sat down together. After a few introductory remarks, she told me of a very dear young girl friend in the country who was very well off, having a very nice farm, upon which she lived. She was an orphan, and somehow or other did not appear very likely to get married, perhaps, my friend thought, in consequence of being over-fastidious. Having placed the position before me with some detail, the lady said that she thought I would prove acceptable as a suitor to her friend, and suggested that I should go out with her and make a call, adding that if my duties prevented me from staying longer away we could get to the girl's residence in the forenoon, and back to Savannah at night, traveling mainly by rail. I had listened without uttering a word, and when she had finished hardly knew what to say, as the lady waited for my reply.

"When would you propose going out?" I asked.

"The day after to-morrow," she answered.

I thought to myself: "I'll go, if it is only to see the country," and said aloud: "Very well, I will go with you."

We went, as arranged, by rail for a distance, and then drove to our destination. I had naturally thought much over the matter, and had mentally arrived at the conclusion that there was a "screw loose," else somebody would have snapped up this prize. The young lady's house was an extremely neat cottage embowered in beautiful shrubs and trees, and inside all was tasteful, and apparently well arranged. The room into which I was ushered was really well furnished, and I noticed some very handsomely bound books on the table. I was left alone for a while, as my lady friend had gone to have a chat with the proprietess of this charming abode. But I had made her promise that she would not in any way acquaint the lady with the object of our visit, so that when I did meet her she might be perfectly unem-

barrassed in my presence. When the ladies came into the room, my friend introduced me as a young Scotch sailor whom she had met in Savannah. In a very few minutes I had formed my own conclusions as to the reasons why the young lady had been, as my friend thought, so difficult to please. Though still in her teens, she appeared to be a fretful, peevish, anaemic girl, conveying to me the idea of a semi-invalid. In a quiet way she made us very welcome, and I felt quite interested in her trees, shrubs and flowers, in reference to which at any rate we had kindred tastes. She appeared to take a kind of languid interest in my conversation, and I could easily see that the poor lassie was not in good health. But had she been as beautiful as Venus herself I would not, even with all her wealth, have married her without a feeling of love, and I have at all times utterly despised any man who married a girl for her money. In taking a stroll round the house before lunch, I made the acquaintance of the "help" who cooked for the household. She was a middle-aged single woman of singular volubility, who had not been more than a year in America. Her brogue loudly proclaimed her nationality, as I heard her berating a lively nigger wench who was acting as her assistant.

"I could guess, I think, where you belong to," I said to her. "You are either an Italian or from the 'ould shpot.'"

"Faith," she replied, "I comes from near Cork, God's own city, wid the shky over it."

"Are you long out in America?" I asked.

"Bedad, I'm too long out in it," she snapped back.

"And how do you like America?" I continued.

"I'd rather be in ould Ireland wid one male a day of praties and salt than in this country and to be hung wid diamonds," she replied.

"How would you like to be married to one of these niggers?" I asked.

Her reply, delivered with extraordinary volubility and emphasis, was: "Arrah, the divil fly away wid you; do you think I would be after having wan uv thim black divils."

Just at this moment she noticed her assistant looking at me and laughing at her, and with the words, "you black divil," threw a little jug, which she held in her hand, at her head. The dusky wench flew out at another door as I passed it, laughing as though she enjoyed the entertainment.

This Hibernian cook forcibly reminded me of a sister of my two Irish friends in Port au Prince. She also was a middle-aged single woman and lived with one of her brothers, the father of the lassie whose purse I found. She could speak well with quite a pleasant accent, but when excited or wishing to give emphasis to her remarks would break into a rich brogue. She affected to disapprove of the hospitality extended to Louis and myself, as we had been admitted to their social circle without sufficient credentials, and I one night overheard her say to her brother: "Faith, then, and be my sowl, if I had a daughter I wouldn't be after trustin' her wid aither av thim divils; they've tongues in 'em wud coax the burds off the trees, and the Scotchman is worse than the Frinchman."

I spent a very pleasant day with the two Southern ladies, getting back to Savannah at night, and this practically ended the suggested matrimonial adventure.

As I was one day painting on the ship's deck I noticed a young man sauntering slowly past, and something about him, particularly a peculiar upward movement of his head at each step, reminded me of the chum who rescued a lady in the London docks and who boarded a waggon and fought, on account of his cruelty to the horse, the driver. I loudly called out his name, and he suddenly stopped. I went down to the gangway, and to my delight found that it was indeed my old friend.

He came on board and had dinner with me, and a long chat, but he seemed most strangely altered, and his manner subdued as compared with the time when we parted in London. He was now married and had two little children. He had married a Georgian girl and lived about twenty miles from Savannah in a quiet country home. Visiting the city on some business, he had come down to the wharves to have a look at the ships, and although he told me that he was quite happy, I fancied that there was a trace of sadness in his manner, and he seemed much affected as I pressed his hand in loving farewell. His was a splendid type of manhood, and when we sailed together he was a singular favourite with all on board.

We had a visit one day from a good-looking young American sailor, who came on board to see one of our crew. He could talk much and talk well, and gave interesting stories of his adventures in the Pacific. In speaking of a passage which he had made he told of a couple of "Kanakas" who had made a deep impression upon him, and I soon discovered that he was talking of the Japanese shipmates who sailed with me from 'Frisco to the Flowery Land.

I said: "Those chaps were not Kanakas; they were Japanese."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," he said, "I know the group that they come from."

"I know the reason why they passed as Kanakas," I said, and I told him that before going to sea the young men were taught English, and also navigation, by some sort of drunken renegade naval officer, who had taken much interest in them, and he advised them to ship as Kanakas, as in both English and American ships there was much prejudice and dislike to the Chinese and Japanese. This they did, and they told me that I was the only man that they had acquainted with their nationality." One of them, "Jack" we called him, had

quite a talent for mathematics, and his great aspiration was to be able some day to penetrate the mysteries of the differential calculus. I had myself at one time similar aspirations, and bought some mathematical works, but how our tastes change in life! Mathematics ultimately became to me absolutely loathsome, and I arrived at the conclusion that it did not require a man to have any great ability to make a very respectable mathematician.

CHAPTER XL.

Sailors and Geology—Yankee Versatility: Printer, Cook, Captain, Telegraphist, Chemist—America and England—Class Feeling—the Alabama Claims—American Strenuousness—Some Pulpit Examples—Henry Cartwright—Wholesale Matrimony: "I've joined ye all"—Religious Hysteria—the "Jerks."

From observation of the strata in the cliffs on the seashore in many parts of the world, and also from a desire to account for the formation of such noble harbours as Rio Janeiro and Port Jackson, I began in a somewhat crude manner the study of geology, not from books, but from Nature herself. And I found two American Captains with whom I sailed prosecuting the same study, but they had been reading up the subject. Both of these men were typical "down-easters," and as showing the remarkable versatility of the Yankee, one of them had commenced life as a printer, and at one and twenty was foreman of the largest printing establishment in Boston. He then went to sea, beginning as a cook, and in a comparatively short time becoming a captain. Thereupon he left the sea and became a telegraphist, but soon again took command of a ship. After my last trip with him he intended once more going ashore, this time to open a chemist's shop, perhaps because his wife was a doctor's daughter.

Geology, I have always felt, constitutes a valuable study, for apart from its intrinsic fascination, it is calculated to widen the scope of our mental horizon; to rate at something like their real value the ephemeral movements of our time; and to teach us "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." The versatile captain of whom I have spoken was a well-read and intelligent man, who took a keen interest in the public questions of the day. He spoke much to me when at the wheel, and it was most interesting to hear the views and opinions of the typical "down-east" Yankee of the old

Puritan stock. He was most strongly opposed to any rupture with England over the celebrated "Alabama" question, which had then passed its acute stage. The young "down-easters" were, although unlike their fathers, desirous of cultivating friendly relations with Britain, and this I found to be a pretty general feeling amongst all those of American stock. In Britain I have been frequently asked by some who knew that I had seen much of America from beneath: "What is the real feeling of America to England?" My reply has been that this is not a question which can be answered in a sentence, as the American population does not possess the homogeneousness of the older European peoples.

For instance, the Irish element, numerically powerful, have carried with them across the Atlantic much bitter hate to England, the legacy of centuries of oppression and persecution, and this feeling finds expression in many ways. Yet I have often thought that its "sound and fury" are frequently mistaken for influence and might. Many of the Irish race in America have no desire to preserve this legacy of hate, and I am able to say this after having worked amongst the peasant classes on the wharves of the seaports and the shores of the Great Lakes. The German population is to a considerable extent, if not positively, at any rate negatively, hostile to England. The Scandinavian peoples are certainly most friendly to England. But the children of these people do not retain to any appreciable extent the prejudices and hatreds of their parents. In short, they become Americanised.

I will give two or three incidents which came under my own observation as indicative of American feeling towards England.

During a visit to Massachusetts there was a great gathering of the literati of New England, and the chief orator of the occasion said that those noble lines—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep"

were only less dear to the American than to the English heart.

At a great musical competition in Boston, at which England was represented by the band of the Grenadier Guards, Henry Ward Beecher was present, and subsequently said, in one of his speeches, that when he saw the English Band come on to the stage in their dear red coats, he felt as if he "could have gone and kissed them all." Beecher was at that time one of the most influential and representative Americans on the Continent.

Again, an insurrection against Spanish rule in Cuba had been in progress for years, and swaggering about New York were men of the filibustering type, some of them dressed in gorgeous uniform and posing as Cuban officers of rank. They were all supposed to be waiting for an opportunity to reach Cuba through the agency of a ship likely to be able to evade the Spanish cruisers, but it was pretty generally assumed that they were not by any means anxious to leave New York so long as they were drawing funds from the revolutionary exchequer. But at last they had to depart in a vessel called the "Virginus," and when near the Cuban coast she was captured by a Spanish cruiser, and four of these "officers" were strung up to the yard arm there and then. The ship was taken into Havana with the intention of stringing up the whole crew, firemen and all next day. This intention becoming known, Sir Lambton Lorraine, the Captain of an English man-of-war, then lying in Havana, determined to prevent this butchery, and threw over the imprisoned crew the aegis of the British Flag. According to what I read at the time in an American newspaper, the Englishman threatened to turn his guns upon the town if those in authority persisted with the wholesale executions. This noble and humane stand resulted in the release of the prisoners. Immediately after this Sir Lambton left his ship and came up to New York en route for England, and so much did this officer's

action stir up American feeling from its very depths, that one of the New York papers declared that, had he been willing to accept it, he would have had the greatest public reception that had taken place since Washington rode into the city. Some time after I read that the silver miners in Nevada sent to the gallant sailor in England a silver brick, with the inscription: "Blood is thicker than water."

At the time of the "Alabama" difficulty, an Irish bricklayer in New York said to me: "Look here, young fellow, for all the talk there is about it, you couldn't kick these two countries into war."

These incidents afford expression of the feeling of different classes, and I could add that of others, but I think that the opinion of this Irish bricklayer was pretty nearly right.

These various elements, and many others as well, are rapidly crystallising into an American atmosphere of thought and feeling, and in this connection it must be remembered that the civilisation of the United States received its first and strongest impulse, and likewise its deepest impress, from the Anglo-Saxon pioneers of colonisation.

As to the future, it may be fairly assumed that two nations largely related in blood, having a common language and literature, and possessed of the same hopes, ambitions and aspirations, will for all time entertain for each other mutual relations of respect, affection, and esteem. At any rate, these are the opinions which I have heard from various classes in dear old Columbia which, in my day at least, welcomed every child of industry to her hospitable shores.

There always appeared to me to be a strenuousness amongst the people of the northern and middle States which I have never seen approached in any other country, and for this I feel inclined to believe that the climate is largely responsible. I have even noticed this

strenuousness in the pulpit. Once in Ohio I listened to a lay preacher giving utterance to an extremely fervid prayer, in which he alluded to the "old gentleman" in most hostile terms, and whilst doing so moved his arms about in such a manner as to convey the idea that he was personally "handling" the subject of his remarks. Is it not this strenuousness which glides into frenzy at the camp meetings, which are such a feature of religious life in America? I have heard many stories of a most peculiar form of, perhaps, hysteria at the camp meetings conducted by a backwoods itinerant clergyman named Peter Cartwright, who was in his day a most interesting and forceful personality in the Western States. Many of those present at these meetings were afflicted with an extraordinary nervous affection popularly known as the "jerks," the principal feature of which was such a violent bobbing or jerking of the head that in some instances, I was assured, necks were broken, and it was further alleged that in the case of women who had long hair, it had been known to crack like a whip.

Rowdies who came to Cartwright's meetings with hostile intentions became affected, with, in some cases, fatal results. Indeed, I have heard of a specific instance in which two of these rascals came with the avowed intention of horsewhipping the minister as a punishment for their sister having found or attained "grace" on the preceding day, and both succumbed to the malady.

When sailing the Lakes, I went out with four other sailors to assist farmers in saving their hay, and I found for a month a most comfortable home with an old American farmer who was a deeply religious man. I asked him about these stories of the "jerks," and he told me that they were quite true. And I feel almost certain, although I am not quite positive, that a lady in Illinois showed me a book one day, either a biography or

an autobiography—I think the latter—of Peter Cartwright, in which these stories were given.

Cartwright was a man of great physical strength and force of character, and also a great favourite with the young people, who would wait sometimes for months until he had come round his circuit, to obtain his services in tying the nuptial knot. Upon one occasion he arrived at a homestead in the backwoods in rather a bad temper, as he had been somehow unduly delayed on the way, and there were five young couples waiting for him to perform the marriage ceremony. It was in the gloaming, and the worthy pastor was hungry, weary and cross. When he had ascertained the position, he made the expectant young folk stand in a row, bade them all “jine hands,” and then briefly performed the marriage service and married them all in a bunch. After the ceremony one of the young couples lingered near the preacher, as if dissatisfied, and he asked them what was the matter. They said that their hands had not been joined during the ceremony. With a wave of his hand, Cartwright exclaimed: “I’ve jined ye all, go and sort yourselves.”

CHAPTER XLI.

Thwarted Again—American Country Life—Sailors as Harvesters
—The Founding of Mormonism—Our Strategy—Too Much
for Taffy—A Fine Old Farmer—Queer Sects—"Shakers" and
"Free Lovers"—Farm Incidents—A Horse Deal.

When sailing on the Great Lakes, I made one more attempt to get out west, but again it was frustrated by an accident. I was told that many of the American sailors went harvesting. It was before the days of combined reapers and binders, and the sailors bound the corn after the reaping machine. They would start at St. Louis in an early and warm climate, and follow the harvesting up to Minnesota, thus obtaining two months work. I was at that time sailing out of Cleveland on Lake Erie, and I found a schooner going to Chicago which would take me a long way on my journey to St. Louis, as I was determined to try the harvesting experience. In jumping down on to the schooner deck I sprained my ankle so badly that my foot was black when the sock was removed, and this prevented me from going in the vessel. The accident was attributable to a boot, the heel of which was worn down on the outside, and again a trifling incident had altered the course of my life. It was my last attempt to get "out west," and being still most desirous of seeing something of American country life, I made one of a small party to go out amongst the farmers "pitching hay," for which purpose I was told they preferred sailors, in consequence of the strength of their arms.

I noticed an advertisement headed, "Wanted, forty men" for this purpose, and as I knew that American labour agents were many of them swindlers, I arranged that two of our party should call and ascertain where the forty men were wanted, and knowing that this information would cost each of the applicants a dollar, we were prepared to pay our share of this outlay. Our party

consisted of "old George," the cook of the ship which I had just left, a smart young "down-east" Yankee lad from Massachusetts, a Welshman from North Wales, a Manxman, and myself. "Old George," not a very old man, not much over fifty, was a broken-down English naval officer, whose father had fought at Trafalgar. Following the directions given by the labour agent, we first took rail to a place called Solon, where we had hoped to find employment, but discovered that we had to go still further on to a little town called "Chagrin Falls," six or seven miles distant, but there was a coach running in which three of our party took seats, the Manxman and I preferring to walk. When at Chagrin Falls we had all got together again, we found that our destination was still three miles distant, and eventually arrived there in the gloaming, only to find that but one man was required by the farmer, who picked out the Yankee lad for his choice, and gave our party a supper of barley and milk, for which I felt most grateful. The farmer's dwelling was right on the side of the road, and in the upstairs of an abandoned house immediately opposite, used as a hay loft, we all lay that night among the hay. I afterwards discovered that in that historic old house the principles of Mormonism had been first preached in America. In a little burying place not very far distant there lay some of the first of the "Latter-day Saints."

In the morning the farmer gave the four of us employment at hoeing corn, and sent his son, a smart, growing laddie, round the neighbouring farmers to let them know that there were some sailors desirous of employment.

The farms in that district were small, and the lad rode a very smart pony, so that he soon went round his neighbours with the news.

Our Welshman was a most hen-pecked individual, really afraid of his wife, an extremely forceful personage resident in Liverpool, where I had been privileged to make

her acquaintance. He was most anxious to obtain employment at once, so as to be able to send regular remittances to Liverpool. I therefore arranged that when the first farmer appeared to select a man, the Cambrian should be working with the greatest vigour, whilst the other three should appear as if idling. To my great satisfaction these masterly tactics were crowned with success, and away went the Welshman with a benevolent looking old farmer. I then arranged that "old George" should, if possible, be the next man selected, and again were our tactics successful.

After dinner the Manxman and I went for a long walk amongst the farmers on our own account, but, being unsuccessful, we determined to return to Cleveland district, thirteen miles distant, on foot. After going a little more than a mile, we passed the house where the Welshman was engaged, and he had just then come out from breakfast. The farmer had spent the preceding half-day in an attempt to teach him to mow oats with a great scythe, but the pupil told us that that half day was enough for him, and he would walk back with us to Cleveland.

I told the farmer that I would be very glad to take the vacant place, and he expressed his willingness to have me, but asked what wages I expected. Two dollars a day, with board, he said, was the wage given to "first-class men," but he did not know how much I was worth. I told him that the wage with me was no object, as I had come out merely to see the country, and that when I had finished with him he could pay me whatever he thought I was worth. And so we arranged. It was to this farmer that I submitted the stories in reference to Peter Cartwright, already quoted, and he it was who told me the history of the Mormon house in which I had slept two nights amongst the hay. And many interesting stories of these Mormons he had to tell. I am not, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, a religious man,

but the moral atmosphere of that unpretentious American household was positively bracing to me, and its saintly head often reminded me, when conducting family worship, of the father in Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." I thought: "What a nation it would be comprised of such families!" But the old gentleman had, like the rest of us, his prejudices, and one of these was a most pronounced dislike of English, in consequence, as he alleged, of their being haughty and tyrannical.

"My father," I heard him say, "whipped them in the war from eighteen twelve to eighteen fifteen; my grandfather whipped them in the revolutionary war; and I could whip them now."

But these ideas were probably the traditions of the past and unfortunately the character of some English people settled in his vicinity, rather accentuated his views and opinions. He disliked the English, but still more the Irish, as he said they would burn down his barn with but little provocation. But he had no fault to find with either the Scotch or the Welsh, and I heard him tell a visiting parson one day that he could not make me out, that I always stuck up for the English, and never said anything about my own countrymen. I interjected that that was because I had never heard them attacked.

Quite close to the farmer's residence was the little township, or "centre," as they called it, of Orange, in Cuyahoga County, where that great man, President Garfield, was born. And not very far distant was a community of that peculiar sect known as "Shakers," who are said to be the best farmers in the world, their theory being that Earth is a loving mother, and that she will respond to "kindness." This kindness to mother earth consists in doing everything well, and thus I have heard it claimed that their orchards are the best, their fences the strongest, their fields the best tilled, and their houses, according to a London architect, the best ventilated in the world. They live communistically, and when

any one joins the sect he or she throws all worldly goods into the common fund. No intoxicating drinks are used by these thrifty people, and crime is practically unknown amongst them. But there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage," and the two sexes live largely apart. They would thus soon cease to exist were it not for those who join them from the outside world. And, strangest of all as it appears to me, it is alleged that these people thus living in isolated communities, very rarely fall in love with each other, and I heard it said that only two instances of such "falling away from grace" had been known in many years at this settlement. To their somewhat peculiar religious services on Sunday all were made welcome, and I often now regret that I did not avail myself of the privilege. I have often wondered how it is that amongst such a shrewd, hard-headed, materialistic people as the Yankees, all sorts of transparently fallacious religious heresies should spread like wildfire.

Another remarkable sect who flourished wonderfully for a period were the "Free Lovers." Like the Shakers, they lived communistically, and whatever may be alleged to the contrary, I could furnish proof that this movement constituted an influence, and that in unexpected quarters, upon public thought and feeling far outside the circle of those who lived in their immediate vicinity. These people based their system upon what they regarded as physiological principles, and mated their old men with young women, and their old women with young men. Unlike the Shakers, the "Free Lover" ladies wore a sort of coquettish uniform, a dress not coming far below the knee. I think that much of the success which attended this movement was attributable to sexual causes.

Such information as I have given in reference to this sect I derived from a shipmate, a very smart Yankee lad, who had for a period lived amongst them. With true Yankee versatility he had tried soldiering, and was

stationed at St. Louis at the time of the war with the Modoc Indians. He was, he told me, extremely undesirous of going to the "front" in this war, and resorted to a most remarkable device to escape active service. His chum was laid up with smallpox, and in the hope that he might escape the "field" at the cost of an attack of the disease, he lay in bed beside his friend all night. But these heroic measures not meeting with the success which such resourcefulness merited, he had to face the foe, and was present at the capture of the celebrated Modoc chief, "Captain Jack." And perhaps in this war his life was no more in danger than in the "blood boat"—a Yankee ship which I knew well—which he had just left when I first made his acquaintance, and in which, amongst other pleasantries of the passage, a poor old Irish sailor next to him on the mizzen topsail yard was kicked off into the sea.

Although a keen lover of nature in its widest aspect, I think, in looking back, that the most pleasurable feature in travel is human nature, for though in my experience a vast majority of those we meet are commonplace people, hardly worthy of a line of record, still it is the infinite variety of human nature which chiefly constitutes its charm. And I am moved to make these remarks in thinking of this Yankee lad, who displayed, in a striking manner the resourcefulness of his country in an escapade at Naples which I dare not submit to print.

At the farm where I worked, a number of geese were kept, and they were partially plucked every summer for their feathers, but this required the operation of skilful hands. The farmers wife told me that she lost a number of young geese in the heavy thunder showers of summer, as they would put up their heads to catch the rain, and were choked in some way by the water. There were some amusing episodes of life on this farm. The farmer had a very handsome upstanding black horse, with the fine wither of a thoroughbred, that was used in carting in the

hay. He would pull very well indeed so long as he was going straight ahead, but if turned anyway sharply round would come down in consequence of an injury which he had received when belonging to a builder in Cleveland. A load of bricks had somehow fallen on his back and injured him over the loins. At dinner time he was standing in the stable with the harness on, and two horse dealers, one of them riding a very handsome mare, came along. Horse dealers of this type were, I was told, dreadful scoundrels. They went in to the stable and had a look at the horse, and when the farmer came out from dinner the man with the handsome mare offered to make an "even swop."

"No," said the farmer, "I want thirty dollars to boot."

"Why should you ask that?" asked the dealer. "I am prepared to admit that he is a very fine looking horse, but my mare looks just as well."

"Ah, well," said the farmer, "I'll take twenty-five dollars."

So the bargain was made, and the dealer, having handed over the money, at once took the saddle off his mare, and put it on the noble looking black, saying to the farmer as he mounted: "You won't make much out of me on this deal."

"No," said the farmer, "and you won't make much out of me."

As they rode out through the gateway on to the public road, the dealer turned his horse quickly round, and down went the poor brute on his hind quarters. He got up again, however, and the last sound heard of these worthies were the ringing peals of laughter of the other dealer.

But the mare which he had left was an absolute fiend in horse form. She would do anything but work, and a man not far distant—the first farmer that we had struck on our arrival—who was supposed to be able to control

any horse on the face of the earth, took her in hand, but she very nearly "polished him off." Then she was taken in hand by an English gypsy settled in that region, who was also supposed to be able to conquer any vicious animal, but with very little better result.

Another incident of my life on the farm concerned Bennie, a little grandchild of the farmer, just able to run about, but not old enough to speak. All the family except Bennie went to church on a fine Sunday afternoon, I being left in sole charge. I lay down in my room and went off to sleep, but was awakened by the child trying to insert something in my mouth. On my bedroom table I had left a beautiful meerschaum pipe, in a case which opened with a spring, and another case, also opening with a spring, containing two grand new razors, of Rogers make, and my purse, in which there was some small American paper money, as well as loose coins. I found that Bennie had somehow opened the case, and was trying to push the pipe into my mouth. But to my horror I found that he had also succeeded in opening the case containing the razors, and they were both lying about opened. Also the purse had been opened and some of the money taken out. I told the family what had occurred on their return, and, strangest of all, when they asked the little fellow where he had put the money, he took them out and showed how he had placed it under the house, the piles being high enough to allow him to creep in there.

Razors and pipe I had bought in England for a friend in Michigan, and how the child failed to injure himself with the razors, I could not understand.

We had prayers both morning and night, and a fine black spaniel dog frequently accompanied the singing with a mournful sort of howl. But only certain hymns roused him, and one in particular, whenever the farmer led it off, caused him to give a peculiar preliminary "sniff" like a man clearing his throat to sing, and then

join with such heartiness that the old gentleman told me he sometimes thought that the animal enjoyed the "service of song." The hymn which more than any other started him off commenced with: "Am I then born to die," and the preliminary sniff was a consequence of a kick that he had from a cow on the nose.

CHAPTER XLII.

I Leave the Farm—The Great Lakes—A Dangerous Trade—A Splendid Lake Clipper.

It was with quite a feeling of regret that I took leave of the farm and its excellent family. The farmer paid me off with wages on the highest scale, two dollars a day, much better pay than the coastal shipping. When we went to Hayti at five dollars a month more than the wages of the port our pay was just thirty dollars. On the lake I think we got on an average about two dollars a day. In the late fall, when the weather was stormy and bitterly cold, many of the salt water men having then left, wages would occasionally rise to four and even five dollars a day. But the danger and hardship of sailing on the lakes at this time of year caused many to leave long before the close of the season. I heard it alleged that at that time there was an average loss of two hundred and fifty lives during the season. The ships on the lakes were much more heavily sparred than those of corresponding tonnage on salt water, and I was told that our fore royal yard in the barquentine "Erastus Corning" was only three feet shorter than the main royal yard of the "Great Republic," the mammoth in her day of the American mercantile marine. In that splendid vessel, we, in the trade between Buffalo and Chicago, used to carry seventeen hundred tons, and with her centre board down we could, without a pound of cargo on board, "claw" to windward even in a strong breeze, whilst with the wind free and well loaded, she would run fifteen knots, and under all circumstances would steer as well as any China clipper that ever raced upon the sea. What a pleasure it was to take her wheel, and how comfortable we were under our captain, a most gallant and capable seaman, who has, I heard to my regret, met his death in

the same manner as the Earl of Aberdeen. A well-known vessel on the Lake she was, and one that I still seem to regard with affection.

In the fall I was given the opportunity of working with a gang of men at Escanaba, on Lake Michigan, who trimmed the iron ore in the ship's holds after it had thundered down from the trucks on the railway line far above us. With one exception, a Cumberland man, all the men in the gang belonged to the Irish peasant class, and a really fine lot of fellows they were, with every one of whom I was on the best possible terms. It was most interesting to me to listen to the conversation of these, in some degree Americanised Irishmen, in reference to Fenianism, and other matters which they discussed, and I realised how they were gradually becoming divested of the prejudices with which they had come to this western world. We trimmed the ore by the ton, and when ships were in had to work night and day, but we made "big money," and when on the tenth of December I shipped in the last vessel of the season for Chicago, I had over seventy pounds in my pocket, a lot of money to make in the time with hands only.

One day when I came home for dinner I was, in not more than half an hour, stricken down with fever, and was ill for a few days, but made a most rapid recovery, and when in the convalescent stage I used to stroll with another convalescent along the lake shore, in the glorious "Indian summer," admiring the many tinted trees, and watching with much interest the gambols of the lovely frisky little squirrels, of which there seemed to be several varieties. I think that any man who could shoot such dear little creatures, could easily commit a murder. We occasionally crossed the railway line at a point where we were told a skunk had been killed about three months before, and the perfume was so strong that I could almost imagine it to be still there. The squirrel can jump from a great height without injury. Near to where we worked

a tall brick chimney had been erected, one hundred and five feet in height, and on its outside, irons had been so built in as to enable a climber to ascend from the bottom. A small variety of squirrel, called a chip munk, had run up on these irons right to the top, and a youth followed it up, but when the man arrived at the top the little creature jumped off and came down to the ground apparently unscathed.

I was most anxious to get some mink skins to take home to England, and I was told that the Indians had just returned from the fur hunt, and that if I visited their village down the lake I might perhaps obtain from them some of their valued skins at a moderate price. On a fine Sunday morning, taking with me a Canadian Highlander, and our landlady's son, a boy of about twelve or fourteen, we sailed down to the Indian encampment in a nice little boat which had been lent me for the occasion. There was a narrow, deep creek where boats landed, and I ran her in there, but the boy, in jumping out, slipped, and falling, wet his feet. When we went up to the Indian tents we found a fire burning under the pine trees, and I made the boy take off his boots and stockings to dry them at this fire. We saw no Indians, with the exception of a lad practising with a bow and arrow, and I watched him with much interest, as the bow had always a fascination for me. Whilst thus engaged the Chief of the settlement came out of a hut with a gun, apparently loaded, and certainly cocked and capped. Holding it up, he told us, in a most threatening manner, that if we were not gone in a minute or two he would fire. Had I not had the boy in charge I should have left at once, but his stockings were drying at the fire. The Canadian left immediately for the boat. I quietly backed to where the chief stood, and said to the boy: "Tommy, put on your stockings quietly, and don't be in a fuss," and then stood quietly beside the Indian, whose gaze appeared to be concentrated upon Tommy, and I intended, if he rose

the gun to the level, to give him the awfulest thud under the ear that he had had for some time; indeed, at the first symptoms of raising her I determined to knock him over, and I stood with my fist ready. I was from the first afraid to bolt, feeling sure from his extraordinary manner and demeanour that he would fire after us, and I preferred to keep him at close quarters. Before Tommy had his shoes and stockings on, the Indian's gun gradually sunk, and he retired back to his hut. We had in reality a remarkable escape, as we afterwards discovered that all the Indians were having a drinking bout with the proceeds of the hunt, and that this man who threatened us was in a demented state with delirium tremens, and when in this state a most dangerous personage.

In the boardinghouse where I lodged there was a remarkable admixture of personalities and nationalities, but to me the most interesting personage was an Irish American, who was a strange compound of the most attractive features of Hibernian character with the super-added qualities begotten of a wandering and Bohemian life, chiefly spent in the turmoil and bustle of the towns, cities and railway construction undertakings of the Western States. I thought, before meeting this man, that I was a good euchre player, but from him I discovered that I knew little or nothing of the game. He quite overflowed with vitality, and his devilment and good humour were absolutely contagious. I took quite an interest in him, and he conceived much of a personal affection for me. He was no doubt, as he alleged, "up to every move on the board," and informed me, not in any spirit of boasting, but in a matter of fact manner, that he never paid his passage when travelling, either by boat or rail. And he instructed me how to "beat my way" down to New York when navigation closed upon the lakes. His directions were, briefly: "Go up to the stockyards at Chicago, assuming the character of a hard-up sailor wanting to get down to salt water, and offer

services in feeding and looking after cattle on the way to New York in return for passage on the stock train."

I assisted to load with pig iron the last boat of the season, and then shipped in her at two dollars a day, bound for Chicago, where we arrived on the twelfth of December. In awfully cold weather I stripped the vessel and then went up to the stockyards, as directed by my Irish friend. I went to stay at a hotel entirely used by those having business about the yards, with, as it appeared to me, a proportion of "toughs" thrown in. But fortunately for me, I was regarded as a "stranded sailor," although I had over £70 worth of American money in my pocket. I saw some of these "toughs" displaying to each other different weapons which they secretly carried, and I felt sure that had they known of the money which I had stowed snugly away, I should be quickly relieved of it. I slept in this establishment my first night ashore, and during the following day looked for the desired employment without success. After tea the young barman, a decent fellow, called out to me: "Here's a chance for you, a hog train going to New York."

The man who was giving me the chance was just then drinking a glass of whisky at the bar, and I could smell him at some distance off. He told me to be quick, as the train was just about to start from a point scarcely a hundred yards distant. I ran upstairs and got my bag, then paid the barman for my board, and ran "for all I was worth" down to catch the train, which, unfortunately for me, was in motion when I arrived, and I could see no place to jump on.

That night the landlord said to me: "We're pretty full to-night. I'll have to put another man in to the bed with you." I replied quite cheerily, "All right," although I did not like the prospect of having a bed fellow of the types frequenting this hotel, fearing that I might be in some way relieved of the money which I carried, which was my all, and very hardly earned. I took the

money, all in paper bills, placed it in my armpit, turned my face to the wall, and went to sleep.

At one o'clock—I knew the time from the conversation which I overheard—my bed fellow turned in, and immediately after a man came into the room, the two then disputing in excited whispers. I then discovered that they were gamblers, and one was reproaching the other for not having played into his hand. I thought to myself, probably this fellow would knock me on the head for the half of the money if he knew of its existence. So I clapped my arm tightly down over the treasure and went to sleep. In the morning, when I awoke, my bed fellow was gone, and the money still safe in its hiding-place, but I can yet recollect that my arm was forcibly laid over the little treasure, showing how the feeling of protection was present, even in sleep. But I was determined to run no more risks in “beating my way,” and I took a ticket for New York which cost me eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents.

When on the Lakes, I read in a newspaper that a negro in Georgia, sixty years of age, had commenced the study of law, and felt sure that I had met this man when visiting a small port in the Southern States. It was very warm weather, and I had quite a craving for iced drinks or ice cream. A negro kept a little ice cream saloon not far from where we lay, and I had an occasional chat with him, principally in reference to his experiences when a slave. He told me that he had been brought up almost as a companion, as well as slave, to a young gentleman in Louisiana. He eventually succeeded in accumulating eighteen hundred dollars, with which he determined to purchase his freedom, this being his market value. But the transaction had to be effected through an agent, who managed to secure the money, take the unfortunate negro away up the Mississippi, and sell him for fifteen hundred dollars.

The negro subsequently drifted over to the sea coast of Georgia, where I met him. Slave owners prevented by all possible means any education of these slaves, believing that knowledge would prove fatal to slavery, and when this negro's last master caught him in a hay loft teaching some urchins to read, he warned him that if he caught him again at it he would tie him up and whip him, "as sure as the moon changed every quarter."

The old man told me that he would not like to be a sailor, that he was once somewhere on the water with his young master, and four or five days out of sight of land, and that he loved society, and particularly that of ladies, as a sailor would have little of these blessings and pleasures which were the principal solace of life. And in all this, this ice cream man was quite right. He further told me that he was a very long-headed man, and that if educated he could—throwing out his arm excitedly—measure arms with President Grant, and he went on to explain that he had extraordinary skill and success in settling disputes amongst those of his own race, so that he ought to be a lawyer. Becoming quite excited, he said: "I am studying now," and pulled out a grammar from the till to show me.

I felt an intense sympathy with the dear old chap, and gave him the name of a grammar—Lennie's—which I thought much simpler than the one he was studying, at the same time telling him that I thought grammar an over-rated study, as most of us practically learned grammar at our mother's knee, and one of the best and most grammatical speakers that I ever knew had never been taught, while that great master of English literature, Sir Walter Scott, had never learned grammar at all. This ex-slave, though then fifty-seven years of age, determined to become a lawyer.

On my way to New York I broke the journey at Buffalo, and went down to see the Falls of Niagara. As I gazed at this magnificent and stupendous spectacle, the

melancholy thought would obtrude itself that these flowing, rushing waters, must eventually destroy this one of most fascinating and awe inspiring sights on the surface of our planet. And, further, I found myself repeating Ossian's address to the sun—

“Perhaps thou art but for a season.”

The following year, after stripping the barquentine of which I have spoken at Buffalo, I took the rail for Cleveland, to call upon my friends at Orange before going down to salt water. We left Buffalo at night, and when looking at my ticket the conductor of the train, a handsome young man with heavy black moustache, said to me: “Where do you belong?” a question frequently asked in America.

“I am a Scotsman,” was my reply.

“I knew that,” he said, “but what part of Scotland do you belong to.”

I told him, and he said: “Did you ever hear of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd?”

I said: “Yes, what Scotsman has not heard of him?” He told me that Hogg was either his grand uncle or great grand uncle, I cannot remember which, and that his father lived in America in a district in which there were many Scots, who, with their games, concerts and gatherings, preserved, as far as possible, the traditions and associations of their race. This little chat, under all its surroundings, seemed to me like a breath of the heather.

When sailing on the Great Lakes I became acquainted with an elderly gentleman who lived for a short time at the hotel at which I lodged in Cleveland, a port of Lake Erie. He was a most unpretentious and unassuming man, generally. As it was warm weather, he went about without his coat. He told me that he was an infant in arms at the time of the famous, or rather infamous “Sutherland Clearings,” when so many Highlanders were ruthlessly evicted from their lands, to which

they could show no parchment claim, but which their forefathers held with the title of the sword. My acquaintance's father was one of the victims, and he, with many of his countrymen, sought a home across the Atlantic. And this old man, a babe in arms at the time of the evictions, still felt the injustice and cruelty of these "clearings" so keenly that he said to me one evening, as we chatted away together: "If I were not an old man I would go home and contest the Duke of Sutherland's title to my father's holding. I don't suppose I'd win it, but I'd make it a hot job for the Duke of Sutherland." He was then a wealthy man. As showing the great clan-nishness of our Caledonian race, he offered me the command of a new steamer then building, but as I did not wish to be fettered with any engagement or tied to any ship, I said that I felt unable to take the position, not being sufficiently well acquainted with the Lakes. He then said: "Well, go as Chief Officer until you become acquainted with the Lakes." Again excusing myself, he appeared nettled at my refusal, and said: "I know little or nothing about you; it was mainly on account of your name that I made you this offer."

Upon arrival in New York, I found several letters waiting for me, and one of them from California, with some interesting information in reference to Marie. And two others, which rather took me by surprise, offering positions to me on some of the finest clipper ships afloat. But these kind offers presented no temptation to me.

I have, I think, in life experienced my full share of human ingratitude, and in unexpected quarters, but per contra I have found much gratitude where I should not have looked for or expected it. In an American ship I found on the main deck, as I walked forward from the wheel, the Mate most brutally abusing a middle aged man, who was a quiet, well-behaved and singularly inoffensive creature. The sight fairly maddened me, and all the more so as there had been several instances of

cruel brutality on the passage, although I had not been in any case an eye-witness. I told the mate to desist, and turn his attention to me if he was desirous of having any disturbance. He at once made a rush at me, but suddenly ducking I caught him round the waist, throwing him heavily on his back on the deck. When he rose I very soon settled him, and I thought that the fall had stunned and incapacitated him for conflict. But I was fearful that in revenge he might take me unprepared with a weapon, and I always kept my eye upon him, particularly at night. But the victim of the Mate's brutality never forgot the trifling service, and occasionally wrote me until his death, not many years ago. He settled down ashore after the trip of which I have spoken as he told me that he would never put his foot upon another ship again, to become again, perhaps, the victim of brutality. From him I received the letter containing information in reference to Marie, and he would at all times attend to any request with absolutely spaniel-like fidelity, his letters being couched in quite affectionate terms. It was from him that Marie obtained my address when she wrote me a few years ago.

I was in an American schooner lying by the wharf on a beautiful summer evening after the supper hour, and was suddenly startled by a man running down, pursued by two others firing at him with revolvers. He jumped into the water and dived, nor, looking under the wharf, could I see him come up, but I thought he must be hiding behind some of the piles. The men in pursuit looked under the wharf, and then went over to a vessel on the other side, about which they appeared to think that their quarry had found shelter. Only the mate and cook were on board our vessel, all the others being ashore. We lay with our starboard side to the wharf, and after the men in pursuit had gone to the other vessel, I happened to stroll over to the port side, and fancied that I heard a noise in the water, and looking over saw the hunted man,

somewhat exhausted, close to the vessel's side. As quick as lightning I threw him a running bowline to put round his body, as I could see that he was too much exhausted to climb up a rope. I got him on board, took him in to the house on deck, stripped him in the greatest haste of all his clothing, and put on him a pair of blue serge trousers and guernsey, with Inman Line on its breast. This I made him put on with these letters on his back, so that they would be visible to any one looking in to the house if he were lying in a bunk with his face turned towards the partition. I then put his clothes in a tub of water in which some dirty clothing lay steeping for the wash. I did not know whether he was a victim of a vendetta or a fugitive from justice.

In a very short time the men in pursuit came on board and looked in to the hold, which was at the time empty, then one of them glanced in to the house where the fugitive lay, clad in sailor's costume, with "his face to the wall" and "Inman line" prominent on his back. They were thus thrown off the track by a device not original on my part, as many a Western Ocean man is aware, but I discovered from the observations of the two men in pursuit that they were detectives in chase of a man regarded as one of the greatest desperadoes on the Continent. He was an extremely active, powerful young fellow of four and twenty or thereabouts. He went ashore before midnight with my clothes on, telling me that they would be left for me at a given address, a promise which he performed. But my reason for narrating this little incident is to show what a compound man is of what we call "bad and good" qualities. This desperado, of whom I heard much afterwards, sent me for three years some little token of remembrance at Christmas time, in gratitude for the service which I had rendered him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Ladies on Board—Types of “Manly Beauty”—Captain’s Wife Jealous—Ned and Barney in Love—A Grog “Shanty”—Trouble with the Niggers—Ned Attacked—A “Homeric” Conflict—A Hurricane—Ned’s “Narrative.”

I yield to no man in admiration for the fair sex, but always felt somewhat apprehensive in reference to her presence in small sailing vessels. Propinquity is responsible for more entanglements than any other cause, and of this I could give some very remarkable illustrations, perhaps the most noticeable of which was that of a very beautiful girl of eighteen falling most violently in love with a hideous little hunchback, who had a profile like that of Punch, and was fifty-four years of age. But this took place on land in the city of New York. I made a very pleasant trip down to the West Indies in a saucy, comfortable little brigantine, and we had on board two young ladies, one of whom was the Captain’s wife, and the other her sister, a jolly, romping lassie about nineteen years of age. We had in this vessel two men of perfectly magnificent physique, one a native of the Southern States and fifty-two years of age, the other an Irish lad of three and twenty. These two men were such remarkable types of manhood that I feel my inability to fling them on to the canvas. The Southerner was well over six feet in height, with fine, but strong features, a noble head covered with beautiful glossy, curly black hair, and his neck, throat and shoulders were perfect types of noble, manly beauty. His hands and feet were rather small, but well-formed, and although possessed of abnormal physical strength, he was also a man of great suppleness and agility. His eyes were large, black and lustrous, but they were eyes which I never could read. He told me that he was fifty-two years of age, but he certainly did not look a day more than thirty-five. We carried four

able seamen, and he and I were in the same watch. He was so reticent and reserved that although quite alone together in our watch below, we only held conversation in snatches. Altogether he conveyed the impression of a man who had something upon his mind, but he was at all times kind and pleasant with me. The other man to whom I have alluded was of an entirely different type. He stood fully six feet two inches in height, had lightish hair and blue eyes, with pleasant Scandinavian-looking features. His symmetry was perfect, fine shoulders and chest, and lean in the flank, with good hands and feet. He was altogether one upon whom the eye would delight to rest. Full of joyous good nature, he quite flung around him an atmosphere of pleasure, and although he had mixed much with his fellow-men, he seemed to be as innocent as a child. He had been well educated, and when dressed for the shore he always wore clothes that might have been made in the West End of London. With the exception of a shipmate who had all his clothes made at Pooles, in London, he was the best-dressed sailor I ever saw. In short, notwithstanding all his innocence, I soon instinctively felt that there was much of his history which to me he never made known. Of his extraordinary strength I shall speak a little later on. Both men were straight and erect, with fine carriage and bearing, but I always most admired the slender Irish lad and the graceful movements of his lithe and supple figure? Our negro cook, from whom I obtained some of the gossip of the preceding voyage, told me that the Captain's sister-in-law had been "gone real bad" 'on Ned, the Southerner, but that he had made no response to her advances; in short, that he "didn't care nothing about her." But not very long after leaving New York, I could see that this young lady was smitten with the handsome Irish lad. And I also began to think that the Captain's wife regarded him with favour. The situation became at once more serious and complex when I

discovered that Ned had become furiously jealous of Barney. This disclosed to me the potentialities of rivalry. It must not be thought that either of these smitten sailors—for Barney was by this time affected—enjoyed anything in the form of intimacy with the fair damsel—the etiquette of the ship would preclude the possibility of anything of the kind—but a form of courtship, mainly consisting of loving looks and motions, which I detected, was to me evidently in progress. The next complication which I discovered was that the Captain's wife was jealous of her sister. I noticed all these things when at the wheel in the dog watches. But to me the most serious feature of the situation was Ned's jealousy. His manner, even to me, was much changed, and I could see that he was brooding over something which appeared to irritate and annoy him. I began to feel most apprehensive, fearing that serious trouble might ensue. I believed that if the Captain became aware of all I could see going on he would put a bullet through Barney without any ceremony whatever, and I also feared that Ned, whom I had begun to think was half mad, at the least might do the Irish lad some grievous bodily harm. I quite feared the result of a conflict between these two giants, all the more so that I heard Ned say in soliloquy in our house on deck: "By God, I'll throw him over the side." I often had the feeling in some American ships that if a row started anything might happen, and in this instance I could not help anticipating trouble. So much was this the case that I spoke quite seriously to the young lady, but she poutingly remarked that I at any rate had not overwhelmed her with admiration. But I succeeded in arousing her fears, and I was most thankful to notice that the flirtations had received a serious check. Poor Barney was so passionately in love that he told me he had never been in love before, and I really think that he himself believed this wildly improbable statement. To my great relief, we soon arrived at our first port of

call, and I hoped that other influences being called into play, the tension of the situation might be removed, nor was I mistaken in this forecast. At no very great distance from where we lay, there was an establishment for the sale of different brands of nectar in which sailors indulge. In going up from the ship to this house we had to cross a sandy belt above high water mark. And here I saw Barney and Ned in quite different characters from those hitherto presented on the ship. Ned would sit quietly alone, sipping the "great happifier," speaking to no one, but Barney, although not a drinking man, fairly revelled in the society of this drinking shop, which was mainly composed of niggers, and a remarkably handsome black-eyed girl in the bar fell badly in love with the handsome Irish lad, whilst he, in her company, appeared to entirely forget the damsel in the ship. For all this I was mainly responsible, as I was delighted to be able to wean him from the serious entanglement in the brigantine, and Ned absolutely ceased to worship at the shrine of Venus, transferring all his affections to the rosy god of wine. Although I never drank anything intoxicating, I spent much of my time at the drinking-house, mainly for the reason that the conversation and pranks of the niggers were to me at once interesting and amusing. I loved, with mock deference, to get them to talk upon quite a variety of subjects, inclusive of religion, and as I frequently "treated" them I became quite a persona grata with the nigger oracles and philosophers who frequented this ranch. I have been always of opinion that deep down in their hearts all the West Indian niggers hate the white man. Upon one occasion I went up to the pub. and heard a rumpus going on inside as I approached the door. Just as I was about to enter I saw Barney, with a nigger in his hand—not in his arms—holding him horizontally as high as his neck, and he threw him out at the door with such force as to knock me down. He was a man of such phenomenal

physical strength that he held that nigger up as I have described with as much ease as I could have done with a child of two years of age. Nor was Barney in the least degree excited, the dear fellow's imperturbable good humour was in no way impaired, and with quite a beaming smile he said to me: "Thim black divils are afther interfaring wid me." The Captain's wife and sister had gone ashore one night to spend the evening with some friends who lived about half a mile away from where our ship lay. The Captain asked me if I would go up and escort the ladies down to the ship, as he did not feel well, and he did not wish to send any one else, adding: "I've been running to the West Indies for nearly thirty years, and I believe that a nigger's most vulnerable point is his shins. Take a heaver with you and if any of them come near you, let them have it." I felt quite honoured by the Captain's request, and provided myself with the suggested weapon, which is a round piece of a hard wood, generally between two and three feet in length, and about two inches in diameter. I duly found the ladies, and we strolled leisurely down towards the water. It was a fine night, with fleecy clouds chasing each other across the face of the moon. When crossing the sandy belt above high-water mark we heard most extraordinary sounds and noises issuing from a peculiar depression, or hole, perhaps about thirty yards from where we stood. This hole or depression I had often seen when passing by on the way to the pub. It was saucer-shaped, about eight feet across, and perhaps three feet in depth. As we stood we heard yells and oaths, also sounds resembling some one being choked or strangled. The whole situation immediately presented itself to me. I may here explain that Ned, who was, as I have said, a Southerner, hated niggers with his whole heart, and took no pains to conceal his virulent animosity. The result was that the niggers hated him so much that I frequently wondered how he dared to go up

to the shop at night, and I often feared that they would "settle" him. I, therefore, believing that I had heard Ned's voice, concluded that the niggers were murdering him in the hole. I at once ran to the spot, and so far as the imperfect light would permit, I could see some niggers upon a prostrate form. One had just risen as I came up, and first of all I let him have an awful swipe on the shin. His yells were awful, but he hopped away in the darkness, and I saw him no more. Ned was lying on his back with a big nigger on the top of him, who was trying to strangle him, and two more had each an arm holding him down. I hit the big nigger who lay on Ned's body such a blow on the head that he rolled off, apparently dead. The other two got up to bolt, and I let one of them have it most severely on the ankle just as he got out of the hole, and he yelled like the first that I had struck. Poor Ned then sat up almost done, they had very nearly succeeded in their purpose, and he was only so far saved in consequence of his great physical strength and activity. I feel sure that this whole melee, during the time that I took part in it, had not lasted more than ten seconds. Ned was soon able to rise, but it was with much difficulty that he walked down to the ship. The big nigger in the hole had showed no sign of life when we left, but I was most thankful to get down to the ship, fearing that reinforcements might come from the pub. When the Captain heard our story he merely said, being a man of few words: "A damned good thing you took the heaver." The scene in the depression reminded me of having seen in New Zealand several dogs worrying a wild boar in a hole. I never dared to go on shore again, and Ned, who had received quite a shaking up, led me to understand that he would get even with those niggers some day. But poor Barney was attacked the next night in the pub. by several niggers, and from all that I heard of it from him and the dark-eyed lassie who came to the ship to pay us a visit, I would have given

much to have seen what must have been a Homeric conflict. As Barney described it to me, the niggers could not all get at him at once, adding: "And that's what saved me." At one stage of the proceedings he caught a nigger by the ankles and brought him round with such a sweep that he knocked two down who were moving up to the attack. The young lady's account of the battle was most amusing, and she told us that a nigger thrown by Barney came whizzing past her head, and then into violent concussion with the bottles behind the bar. She also told us that some of the worst and most dangerous nigger bullies had gathered that night to leather Barney, but he had conquered them all, adding, somewhat meditatively: "He's the finest man in the world." Notwithstanding the many years that have flown since that eventful night, I still in my heart retain a strong feeling of personal affection for that genial, generous and warm-hearted child of the Emerald Isle, who had, I always thought, sprung from the aristocracy of his race. I felt quite glad to leave this, our first port of call, as after all that had taken place I would not dare to venture ashore after dark. And I was also most thankful to find that all love affairs in the ship had for the time being simmered out. Barney's thoughts were probably with the dark-eyed beauty, and poor shaken Ned had other things to think of than those of jealousy or love. The fair damsel proceeded to give me encouragement, and many a pleasant chat I had with her when at the wheel. Soon after putting out to sea we encountered a hurricane of a remarkable character. We were not taken by surprise, having had sufficient warning. I have encountered a hurricane off Mauritius, a typhoon in the China Sea, and a pampero at Buenos Ayres, but this was the most unearthly "blow" which I ever experienced. Except when illuminated by the fierce lightning, the night was one of inky blackness, and there was occasionally something of a suffocating nature in the air. The wind

occasionally blew with perfectly awful force, and sometimes it suddenly ceased. The only sail left set blew away, and in some of the terrible gusts we were almost thrown on to our beam ends. Under such circumstances, the best device, when the wind is steady, is to place a weather cloth in the after rigging, which may, and sometimes does, keep her head up to the sea. But upon such a night, practically nothing can be done, and at such a time men realise in quite a remarkable degree, not merely their helplessness, but their utter insignificance in face of the mighty and awful forces of nature. I have noticed, after such an experience, that for two or three days men have quite a subdued manner, as if they had scarcely emerged from the shadow of death. All this was most noticeable the day after the hurricane on our little ship, even jolly, humorous Barney seemed quite thoughtful and subdued in manner. But the Captain said that in all his trading to the West Indies for nearly thirty years he had never before experienced such an unearthly hurricane. Recent events, his terrible experience in the hole, and subsequently the hurricane, had strangely altered Ned's manner and bearing, and he commenced by degrees to become communicative with me. He told me that four niggers had lain in wait for him at the hole, that for a long period they were unable to get him down, but just before my arrival he believed that he was a "done man." On the night of the hurricane, for the first time in his sea life, he had fairly given up hope, and now he felt shattered and ill. But he soon began to recover, and then become communicative, and evidently desirous of conversation. He was most grateful to me for the rescue, frequently alluding to it. At last he told me that I had no doubt noticed during the time we had been together his strange manner, and particularly to me, his shipmate, when we were alone in the house on deck. I said in reply that I merely regarded it either as his natural manner or that

it was attributable to some weight or sorrow upon his mind, adding: "You have always been kind and pleasant with me, old man."

"Well," he said, "apart from what you have done for me, I have a great regard for you, as somehow you seem quite different to any man I ever met. I can't think how such a man as you seem to be, ever came to be what you are here to-day. There's something about you that I know nothing about, and there's something about me that you know nothing about, and I am going to tell you what it is, and it's something that isn't known to any other mortal man in this world, and it's a long story, too, and one that these damned newspapers would like to get. But," he continued, "you must not tell my yarn to any one else." Nor have I ever told anyone, not even my most intimate friends, until with the pen I do so to-day. Given, as it was, in minute detail, its delivery occupied the best part of two dog watches, the narrator so entering into the spirit of his story as to cause me at times to realise in a wonderful degree the tragedy and pathos of the awful narrative which was, as he told me, for the first time disclosed to human ears. I will not attempt, after all the years that are gone, to give it in his own language, but will endeavour to narrate it in such a manner as to present the most salient and striking features of a story which, in the hands of a capable literateur, might have constituted one of the most thrilling and pathetic narratives amongst the annals of the sea.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A Thrilling Narrative of Mutiny and Murder.

Ned, when twenty-two years of age, left an American port in a barque bound for the Mediterranean, and she had on board six or seven thousand pounds in gold. On the passage across the Atlantic, they encountered such heavy gales that eventually she sprang a leak, and notwithstanding all their efforts at the pumps, the water gained upon them so much that the only hope for the crew was to take to the boats. This he minutely described as being a most perilous proceeding, as a mountainous sea was then running. Fortunately several of the best men had been whalers, and to this fact Ned attributed their success in launching the long boat, well provisioned and watered. They also managed to get into the boat a good supply of beds and blankets. Ned had made up all his belongings, inclusive of a brace of pistols and ammunition, of which he had a good supply. These pistols had been given to him by his father, a fire-eating Southerner, and in their use he was quite remarkably proficient. The box with the gold was also deposited in the boat. But before more than half the crew were on to the boat a mountainous sea broke over the ship, washing away the mate and cook, also four very fine men, the pick of the able seamen on board. Eventually the boat got away from the ship with the Captain, Ned, second mate, four able seamen, and a most interesting girl about, if I recollect rightly, thirteen or perhaps fourteen years of age. This lassie was a relative of the Captain, and a great favourite of all on board. The Captain and Second Mate were delicate men, but were at the same time possessed of that true grit which is the first requisite in the equipment of a seafaring man. The four able seamen were a very bad lot, "proper

pirates," Ned called them. Two of them, from Nova Scotia, or Newfoundland, were big, powerful fellows, and were chums. The other two were small men, but they were fit for any wickedness. It was with great difficulty that the occupants of the boat kept her head up to the sea during the first awful night which they experienced, but I think that Ned helped much with a steer oar. Following the gale, the castaways shaped their course for the Azores, but the winds were light and little progress was made. I will now endeavour to keep as close to Ned's story as memory will permit. "In a few days I saw 'trouble' looming up ahead, and plenty of it, too. The Captain and Second Mate were very much run down after all their recent experiences, but still discipline had been preserved. The able seamen all 'lived' before the mast, the Captain, Second Officer and the girl abaft the mast. Not liking the look of the four men before the mast, the Captain preferred that he, the Second Mate, and I should steer and keep an eye on the weather, but I still continued to sleep for'd amongst the daisies who lived there. After a while I noticed that these two big ruffians looked at me in a somewhat peculiar manner different to the ordinary, and that they spoke in a different manner as well. I couldn't make them out, but instinctively felt that there was something 'in the air,' and certain fears presented themselves, but I said nothing to the Captain, and with a most watchful eye awaited developments. Eventually, after some roundabout talk, one of these big ruffians approached me in reference to a scheme which they had been hatching out among themselves, and this was to murder the officers, and get possession of the gold. Here, they said, 'was the chance of a lifetime,' and it could be all so easily done. There were five of us, and it would be over a thousand pounds a-piece. I just sat and listened while they unfolded their plans, and said nothing till they had done. My worst fears were real-

ised, and I fully recognised the difficulties and dangers of the situation; indeed, I had been quite expecting a movement of this kind, and had been thinking over it in all its bearings, and I had already determined upon the line of action which I should adopt. But I told them I would think over the whole thing. But I instinctively felt that my manner had betrayed me, and that I should certainly be regarded by the mutineers as one of the first to be put out of the way. I determined that I would sleep and live with the Captain and mate abaft the mast, otherwise I felt certain that they would kill me in my sleep. I first of all chucked my bag aft, and at once rubbed my precious pistols over, and then most carefully loaded them. Oh, how precious they seemed to me at that moment. I just felt that at any rate I held at least two of these ruffians' lives in the hollow of my hand. Ah, my boy," he continued, "what a smart fellow I then was. If these ruffians were without knives, I could have thrown the whole lot of them over the side, and with my pistols I could hit a silver dollar every time at twenty paces. And what confidence I had in myself. I could easily see that we were upon the very brink of a tragedy, and still I felt certain that I would be found on top when all was over. My only misgiving was in reference to the weapons of these pirates, as I knew that each carried a sheath knife, and I quite realised that some of them, in a simultaneous rush, might get in at me. But still I never felt cooler or more resolute in my life, as my spirits seemed to rise to the occasion. In throwing my bag aft, I had practically thrown down the gage of battle, but under all the circumstances of the case I had no alternative. Of course, I at once acquainted the Captain with the whole situation, but I found to my sorrow that both he and the second mate were in such a low state that in the event of a conflict they would have no further use than perhaps averting a portion of the attack upon me. I now felt

that I practically stood alone, and that I would need a big stroke of luck to come out on top. I felt perfectly certain that the attack, the one thing of which I felt certain, would be made at night, and that it would probably be made about ten o'clock. It turned out that my suppositions were singularly accurate. The dear little girl would sit beside me when I was steering, and chatter away, and I was so fond of her that I felt much apprehension upon her account, as I knew only too well that should I go down her doom was sealed. And she seemed so delicate and fragile that I feared, however things turned out, she would scarcely ever see land again. On this eventful night I sat with the girl beside me, and the Captain and Mate were both very foolishly, as I thought, fast asleep, a very little abaft the mast. So certain was I of attack that I kept one pistol in my hand and the other beside me, as much might depend upon even a second of time. There was a moon, but it was somewhat clouded, and the wind was very light, but fair; we had a free sheet. I got the girl away to lie down not far away from where I sat, with the tiller in one hand and the pistol in the other. How much, somehow, I thought of home that night and of my dad, who gave me the pistols, and who was so proud of my proficiency with them. About half-past ten—I had been all the time watching forrard—I saw the forms, like shadows, steal noiselessly past the weather side of the mast, and in two or three seconds almost simultaneously I heard two thuds followed by complete silence. With a deep sea lead that had been lying before the mast, and, I think, an iron maul which had also been lying there, the two ruffians had killed both of the sleeping men. They then both stood erect and started to come aft to me. But I was ready for them." This, in the narrative, was delivered with such awful, thrilling emphasis, that I almost felt breathless, as with quite a feeling of tension I listened to this tragic tale.

Continuing, the narrator said: "I first levelled at the man who was slightly in advance of his comrade, and notwithstanding the dim light I sent my first ball crashing through his brain and he instantly fell. The other, I thought, appeared to momentarily hesitate, and, again firing, I had the gratification of seeing him drop as quickly as his companion. In all this the other men had never shown up. They had never come abaft, but fearing the possibility of an attack from them, although scarcely expecting it, I immediately loaded the precious weapons that had stood me in such good stead upon that awful night. But, somehow, I was filled with the lust of battle, and wished that the other two would renew the attack. I then, after a little while, sat down, still with pistols ready, as I thought it just possible that one at least of the two who had gone down might be foxing; and that the attack might be renewed from that quarter. But they never moved, and there they lay, close to the poor fellows whom they had so brutally murdered. I sat at the tiller until broad daylight, and was much distressed at the agony of the little girl, who had at last realised the awful situation. She would frequently say: 'Oh, kiss me, Ned, I can't stand this awful work.' The first thing in the morning which occupied my attention was to visit the two little ruffians who were lying before the mast, and you can bet your bottom dollar that I had a loaded pistol in each hand. As a matter of fact, I wished to do for the pair of them, as I was perfectly well aware that they were in full complicity with the two men who were at that moment lying cold and stiff in the bottom of the boat. I said to them: 'How is it that you two ruffians weren't in this game last night.' They endeavoured to make me believe that they were opposed to the mutiny, but I reminded them that when the matter was placed before me they were entirely in favour of the scheme. They somehow commenced to quarrel, and most suddenly one of them brought his sheath-knife

down into the bottom of the other's throat. I made the murderer throw the mortally wounded man over the side, and then pitched him after him. He swam for quite a while after us, as the boat was moving very slowly through the water, and how he begged to be taken in again. How sweet is life. But when I now turned my attention to the four corpses, my nerve, after all the tension, almost gave way, and I felt quite sick. I discovered that the awful crushing blows received by the Captain and the Second Mate had crushed in their skulls like eggshells, and in each case death must have been instantaneous. And so with their murderers. In each instance the ball had found the very centre of the forehead and gone crashing through the brain. Persuading the little girl to lie down, with her head covered, I committed the four dead bodies to the mighty deep, and I then realised how much the little girl and I were alone on the wild waste of water. Most fortunately the weather kept fine, and with a leading wind I kept her head for the Western Islands. You may think it strange, but I fell passionately in love with my girl companion, and hoped that if it were even for her sake we might get picked up, or eventually arrive at the Azores, which were still far distant. For fully a week we made scarcely any progress, and I noticed with dismay that my little sweetheart appeared to be fading like a flower. And she must have realised this, judging from her conversation. And she confessed her love for me, and when she did so it constituted the most thrilling heavenly pleasure that I have ever experienced in my life. I would tell her that when she was old enough we would get married and live in the beautiful Southern States. But bitter as it was to me her thoughts seemed to be directed to another world, and this caused me to believe that her days were numbered. She loved in the twilight to sing hymns as she lay in my arms, and always made me accompany her. But I did this

sometimes with a bitter spirit, as, after all that had transpired, it seemed most cruel that she should be taken away from me. But she became weaker daily, and was hardly ever out of my arms, as she said that she was happy there. Being an orphan, she never spoke of her parents, but in her last night on earth she said how she hoped that we would meet in heaven. Ah! these days were perfect agony to me. About four in the morning she passed away, and in my agony I seemed to feel that I was now quite alone in the world. I wrapped her fragile form in a blanket, and Oh! how sadly and mournfully I committed it to the deep. In all my tribulation I felt moody and resentful, so much so that then the devil tempted me to take the gold myself. I fought against the temptation, but it got the better of me. I landed at night at Fayal, but during the day had thrown everything out of the boat. I left her and next day found a barque bound for Cadiz, in which I got a passage. How little those on board imagined that I had with me such a sum. I eventually got to Paris and London, and spent the ill-gotten money, and in three years from that time I found myself in New York without a cent, and, still worse, a hopeless drunkard, which I have been ever since. I felt that I had not only disgraced myself, but the respectable family to which I belonged. I felt that I was a thief and a drunkard, and I never tried to do anything better for myself. It has been all in my mind ever since, and it is a wonder that I have never gone mad. In fact, I believe that I am sometimes mad. You can now understand what caused my peculiar manner." That is poor Ned's sad story, and it makes me so often remember what my dear old mother told me, that "the way of transgressors is hard." This was the story as told me by Ned. But he never told me either the name of the ship nor the port from which she had sailed. The story may have been a romance, but I myself believe it to be all true, in consequence of the dramatically realistic manner in

which it was declared. Poor Ned, if still in life, which is scarcely possible, must be very close upon ninety years of age, so that under all the circumstances of the case, as I have never mentioned it before, my recital cannot be regarded as a breach of confidence.

CHAPTER XLV.

A Cruise in a Brigantine—About Captains—A Fine “Old Man” and a Winsome Lass—The Green-eyed Monster—A Brutal Second Mate—I am Treacherously Stricken Down—A Highland Hercules—Rescued—I am put Ashore an Invalid.

Unconquered love whose mystic sway
Creations varied forms obey.

—Sophocles.

Drifting down to Philadelphia, I found a brigantine getting ready for a trip to the West Indies, and hearing that she might perhaps trade for a time amongst these lovely islands, I was most anxious to secure a berth in her and after a chat with the captain, obtained the position which I so much desired. Having saved a little money I was determined to make a final search for Eugenie, and if unsuccessful visit Port au Prince in the hope, however remote, that I might discover some trace of one who had made such a deep impression upon my life, and whose portrait I have felt my utter inability to fling upon the canvas. On the way back to my lodgings in the evening I received a most hearty blow on the back, and turning quickly round confronted a tall handsome and athletic young man whom I had last seen on one of the islands of the Pacific. He seemed quite overjoyed to meet me, telling me that he had heard I was in the West Indian trade. He further told me that he was just off by rail to New York, that he intended shipping there in one of the 'Frisco clippers and settling down to some shore occupation in California, adding “a man's a fool to go to sea.” I told him that I also intended settling there. In the meantime I would be off in a few days for the West Indies in a brigantine which I would join next morning. He asked me her name, and, having told him, he said, “Oh, I know her well.” We

then parted, with much mutual regret, hoping to meet again in the Golden State.

A couple of days afterwards when on board the vessel getting her ready for sea, I noticed a man coming along the wharf with a remarkably elastic springy stride strongly reminding me of a most valued friend and shipmate with whom I had parted in 'Frisco some few years before. To my intense surprise and delight I discovered that it was in reality my old friend, whose warm greeting of "Ah, I've found you," gave me a feeling of inexpressible pleasure.

"Eastport Jack," he said, "told me where you were."

"Eastport Jack" was the name of the sailor whom I had met a couple of days previously on the street on his way to New York, and in visiting one of the 'Frisco clippers he had found that the captain was an old Pacific friend with whom we had both sailed amongst the Islands, he being then "before the mast." He was quite a young man, a Yankee of the Yankees, and conveyed to me always the appearance of an American Indian, but he was one of the smartest sailors that ever I have known. He told me that when he heard from Jack, he could not resist the temptation to run down to see me.

Whilst speaking together, the captain of my vessel came on board, and the men at once recognised each other as old shipmates and friends. In the cabin they had a long chat and when they again came on deck my new skipper said to me, "I am much pleased to have you after hearing the very high character which the captain has given you, for I do like respectable men."

The captain had with him a bright, buxom lassie of about eighteen, and my old friend proposed that we should all spend the evening at the theatre at his expense. I told him that I should much rather spend the evening with him alone, as I had much to tell him, and that presumably he also had much to tell me.

"Quite right," said both men in the same breath, but

I could see that the young lady appeared disappointed. However, we spent the night together most pleasantly, and early next morning I bade him farewell, I suppose for ever.

The position of the captain of a merchant vessel and his relations to those under his command are entirely different from those of a captain in the Navy or amongst any other bodies of men where discipline exists. His position, according to the best traditions and practices of sea life is that of a parental nature, and this is most thoroughly recognised in the admirable laws of the American Mercantile Marine, although only too often in that service has the tyrannous habit, begotten of autocratic conditions, found expression in acts of gross systematic and even grotesque cruelty and brutality. The captain under whose command I had now taken service approached more nearly than any other I have known the high ideal to which I have alluded.

The mate was a fine, stalwart, respectable man, but the second was of an entirely different type, whom from the first day on board I instinctively mistrusted, and one of the men on his watch much resembled him. They were both young men about five and twenty, and both in physique and general capacity much below the average. To my great delight I had as watchmate a countryman of my own, a Perthshire Highlander, twenty-three years of age, five feet nine inches in height, with black hair, dark eyes and a most pleasing expression of countenance. I regarded him as the most powerful man that I had ever known, and his was the only instance in which I have seen ponderous strength allied with agility, as he appeared to have all the elasticity and suppleness of a panther. Our cook was to me an interesting character, a little old Louisiana "darkey," who could tell many queer stories of slave life in the Southern States.

The young lady of whom I have spoken was the captain's niece, an orphan whom he had adopted. He had

lost his wife and children years before, and was most devotedly attached to this lassie, who had been with him for a couple of voyages to the West Indies. She was the most joyous, romping hoyden that I have ever known, and this was so contagious that she seemed to be the very life of the ship. The captain of the 'Frisco clipper had told our skipper during their chat in the cabin that I had taught quite a class in the ship in which we had sailed together in the Pacific, and that he had been one of the pupils. And now this lassie had taken it into her head that she would like me to teach her reading aloud, recitation and geography, and our dear old captain was also desirous that I should do so. I had Scott's poetry and also *Ivanhoe*. I taught her to recite from Scott and Moore, and an apt pupil she was, a born elocutionist. But it has always been my opinion that geography requires the use of a globe, and that in the case of well-grown pupils they should be first taught the law of the attraction of gravitation, and the reasons, how and why, the earth is round. I made a little ball, which I covered with canvas and painted it white; then the land was painted in black, and the parallels of latitude and longitude were somewhat rudely traced as well. But this answered my purpose, and after some difficulty, I got her to thoroughly understand the meaning of a verse learned in childhood:

"The very law which moulds a tear
 "And makes it trickle from its source,
 "That law it is which forms a sphere,
 "And rolls the planets in their course."

And out of all this pleasant intercourse there arose for me most serious and unexpected trouble.

The second mate and one of the men in his watch had sailed in the ship on her last voyage, and they were both absolutely demented about the young lady, who kept them at a very respectful distance. These circumstances with much detail I discovered from our darkey cook, who

also allowed me to understand that although both of these worthies hated each other, they sank their differences in a concentrated hate for me, in consequence of my familiarity with my fair pupil. All this I had suspected, and these two men had both become so insulting to me that I told Mack, my watchmate, that I would require to give them a fright some day. His eyes glistened, and he merely said, "They had better behave themselves."

In the forenoon watch on deck the mate had given me a job to put eye splices in two hawsers, and for this work I was using two belaying pins with which to heave the strands taut. But at twelve o'clock my work was not much more than half done. After dinner I was going aft with a little old book that some one gave me in Michigan, and which I thought would furnish me with excellent material for my reading lessons. It was a book of Peter Parleys, and it had an interesting anecdote of an old Maori chief who when told that missionaries had arrived in New Zealand with true and glad tidings in reference to man's future state, said, "Tell them to make haste, for my sun is fast going down."

The second mate had sent the man of whom I have spoken to finish the eye-splicing, and was standing over him as I was passing aft. I stood for a moment to look at the work, as I could see they were not doing it well, and the second mate with a fiendish expression on his features, told me with most insulting language to "clear out" or that he would "kick me into the scuppers," and squared up in front of me. I was just striking at him when I received a blow on the back of the head which sent me almost senseless to the deck, and there I lay stunned and unable to rise, all round me seeming as if enveloped in mist.

The little cook had seen all that had taken place and he ran in to the house where Mack was lying reading, and told him that these two fellows were killing me out

on the deck. Mack sprang out of his bunk and ran to the scene of conflict, although neither of them had touched me after I fell. The man behind me, when the second mate was squaring up in front, had "felled" me with one of the belaying pins which I had been using to make the eye-splices on the hawsers. Lying stunned and helpless, I could yet see, as if in a mist or dream, what was taking place round me. When Mack came on to the scene he quickly caught my assailants by the necks or collars and threw them both as if they had been infants, on the deck. Then he commenced to knock their heads together until their outcries brought both the mate and captain on deck. They had some difficulty in pacifying "Mac," who was like a madman, so thoroughly had he been roused. He picked me up in his arms like a child and laid me in his own lower bunk.

Of course this caused a commotion in our little world in which all had been going on so happily. The captain was deeply grieved at what had taken place, and the mate appeared quite affected as he sat beside me, believing that I might be perhaps fatally injured. And my dear little pupil came and looked at me sobbing and with tears streaming down her face. I felt no pain, but lay as if in a sort of dream and had quite an aversion to being spoken to. In two or three days I attempted to take my trick at the wheel, but had in a short time to be carried forward in Mack's powerful arms. I took it into my head that I would never recover, and felt a great desire to get ashore, and into a quiet bed where nothing would disturb me.

In a few days I felt somewhat better, but with a prostrate feeling and utterly unfit for any duty whatever. We were now not far distant from our first port of call, and the captain could not tell until arrival there whether he would discharge his cargo or take it on to another island.

For reasons which will appear later on, I cannot give either the name of the port at which we called or that of the island in which it was situated.

I asked the captain if he would give me my discharge and let me get ashore, as I was quite unable to perform my duty on his vessel: He told me that he was most reluctant to part with me, but that if I was extremely desirous of leaving, he would not stand in my way, and would hope to meet me in Philadelphia or New York upon his return. He further told me that he had quite mapped out a future for me. Upon our arrival at the little port he found that he had to go on to another island with his cargo. A respectable-looking coloured man with whom he was well acquainted and who worked at loading and discharging came on board, and promised to give me a quiet, comfortable lodging, provided that a permanent boarder who lived with him made no objections.

I took leave of my friends with deep regret. Poor Mack was quite inconsolable, and the captain and mate spoke to me so affectionately that the tears came to my eyes. My dear little pupil was not on deck when taking my departure, and I asked the captain if he would request her to come out so that I might bid her farewell. When he came out again he said, "You must excuse her, she can't come as she is too much agitated in consequence of all that has taken place.

I took "Mac" aside, and said, "Now, Mack, do not touch either of those fellows, promise me."

"Well," he said, "it's a hard thing to promise, but as you have asked me I will."

He caught me by the shoulders and kissed me, saying in Gaelic, "Farewell." I had only too good reason for the request which I had made as I could easily tell that this quiet, warm-hearted fellow, was in a dangerous mood. I regret to say that I have never again seen one of these friends with whom I had spent such happy days.

Upon arrival at the coloured man's house, I was quite

pleased with its aspect and position, nestling amongst trees of which I was so fond, and overlooking the sea. He appeared to be a very decent fellow, and I was very glad that he had procured for my dear old captain a coloured seamen to take my place.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A West Indian Paradise—The Curse of Drink—A Broken Navy Man—The Beautiful Josephine—Buried in Eden—Black and Yellow—The Joy of Life—A Sailor's View of Mathematics—My Religion—Deriding the Kilt—A Sad Parting.

The permanent boarder had a small sitting-room, in which he lived apart from the family. The head of the house was pretty nearly black, but his wife was yellow, and the rest of the family were a blend of these two colours. My host had to consult his old boarder as to whether he would agree to my becoming an inmate of the household, and I awaited with some little apprehension in my weak state. They had arranged that I should be brought into the sitting-room and undergo a personal inspection before arriving at a definite conclusion upon this important question. I was given to understand that I would require to treat the lodger with much deference and respect, which I faithfully promised to do.

Upon my being ushered into his sanctum, he rose and bowed, to which I responded, and again took his seat. He seemed exceedingly quiet and I felt that I should place my case before him as I was in reality in the position of a suppliant. He was a pale and slender young man, not much over thirty, with fine, intellectual features, blue eyes, and flaxen hair and whiskers, a little over middle height, and with a slight stoop; he seemed to me a most interesting personage to meet in such quarters. He appeared to have in his eyes a dreamy look, but as I told him my story and how much I yearned for a place where I could have a quiet rest, he seemed to grow sympathetic, and when I had concluded told me that he would be quite willing to give me a trial. I thanked him most gratefully, and was soon shown into a bedroom where I was glad to lie down and rest, and think of my friends of whom in the morning I had taken

such a sorrowful farewell. Just before six, I was called for the evening meal, and I took my seat at table with the fellow lodger, whom I will call "the captain."

He asked me if I felt any the worse for the walk from the ship, and I replied that I thought the excitement of leave-taking of my friends in the morning and perhaps the walk up also—as I had to sit down so often on the way—had given me a set back. I had not eaten anything since I had had breakfast, and took with a slight appetite a little of our modest meal. We had a little conversation during our meal, and he appeared willing to talk, but I felt tired and weak, and was again thankful to retire to the quiet of my couch.

Next morning, having slept well, I was up before breakfast, and strolled out under the trees where I met my host, and to my great pleasure he told me that the lodger was pleased with my company.

The morning meal was placed before us by a lassie, who quite took me by surprise—a remarkably handsome, voluptuous looking girl of eighteen, who had such a bright, joyous expression upon her fine features and moved about with such grace, that I felt it did me good to look at her.

The captain introduced her to me as "Miss Josephine," and after she had left the room, I said, "What a splendid-looking girl!"

"Yes," he replied, "she is the handsomest girl that I have seen in the West Indies, and she's just as good as she looks."

He told me that she was a niece of the yellow "mammie" of the house, that her father was an Italian who had left her a very small annuity, and that she had been educated by the nuns in Port au Prince.

"I am very fond of her," he said. "She just looks like an Italian, but her eyes alone would capture any man's heart. I never saw such eyes—they almost seem to speak to you! Did you ever see such eyes?"

"Yes," I replied with some little emphasis, thinking of Una's.

"I don't believe it," he said.

It seemed strange to me to look at this beautiful graceful girl, and then at the imps clustering round the yellow mammie, and recollect that they were first cousins. Each day that passed found the captain increasingly communicative, and eventually I became possessed of his life history.

And a melancholy history it was.

He had been an officer in the Navy, and had become at quite an early age addicted to drink. Eventually he so committed himself that he had to retire from the service, and his bitterest complaint was the manner in which he found himself deserted by "friends" upon whose sympathy and support he had calculated to tide him over his difficulties. In what specific manner he had disgraced himself I never knew. He wished to tell me one night as we chatted together, but I told him that I would rather not hear it. His eldest brother held the hereditary estate of the family, and he himself had a small annuity, sufficient to keep him in the retirement of a quiet West Indian island. The only one who remained true was the loyal lassie to whom he had been for three years betrothed, and who still clung to him with all the loyalty of a woman's heart.

"But," he said, "I did one good thing in my life in terminating our engagement. I was a disgraced, broken-down wretch that could not keep sober, and I would not soil her by contact."

He still preserved as a precious treasure her letters, and read them all over to me, some more than once. And beautiful letters they were.

Occasionally, as he read, the tears would trickle down his cheeks, and the reader can easily understand how I, particularly in my weak state, was by sympathy similarly affected. Had it not been that it was written

"for my eyes and ears alone," I would have read to him Una's letter, but I never spoke to him of her.

"I determined," he said, "to leave England for ever, to settle somewhere where I would be lost to the world and the world lost to me, and none of them know where I am."

"Now," he said, one night, "you are the only person in the world who knows all my little life story, and I would ask this—when you leave here you will be yarning about me, never tell my name nor that of the town nor of the island upon which you discovered me." I said, "All right," and I have so well kept the promise that I have never alluded to the experiences of this voyage or to the incidents of life on the island until tracing them to-day with the pen. But the captain, as they called him, was a dipsomaniac, and was, I thought, gradually drinking himself into his grave. He kept at all times a plentiful supply of rum and whisky, generally "nipping" more or less during the day, and taking too much at night. He had a nice little library, and lived among his books and magazine literature.

Here for the first time I read a work upon geology, "The Old Red Sandstone," which much assisted me in the solution of some problems at which I had been groping for years. His books were quite a delight to me, as my own library consisted of Scott's poetry, Moore, Shakespeare, and the Bible. Two works on mathematics I had thrown overboard, and "Ivanhoe" and "Peter Parley" I had given to my charming pupil on the brigantine.

I said one day to my newly-made friend, "I believe that the study of mathematics has a cramping, fettering effect upon the human mind, and must be calculated to restrain flights of imaginative fancy or of speculative thought. I cannot imagine a great poet being a great mathematician."

"Perhaps you are right," was the reply. "I never

looked at it from that point before." In about three days I felt very much better, and again in good spirits, so much so, that I cultivated the acquaintance of the yellow mammie, and obtained from her much of the small talk of the locality. Two of her daughters, Clara and Lucy, one twelve and the other thirteen years of age, were my especial delight, at all times bubbling over with merriment and joyous happiness. They spent about half their time in the trees and in the water. Whatever may be said to the contrary, I believe that these coloured people, when young, have more light-hearted joyousness than those of the white races.

At night Josephine would sit with the captain and me, and much did both of us enjoy her society. I discovered from Mammie that, much to her indignation, a "Jamacia hog," as she termed him, had the audacity to aspire to her niece's hand, and she most contemptuously alluded to some "black trash" possessed of similar aspirations. I found amongst those with whom I mixed in the West Indies that the more white blood in them the higher the social status, and also that the coloured population of Barbadoes regarded themselves as the *creme de la creme* of their race on these islands. I almost succeeded in persuading Clara and Lucy that they were practically white girls, and that they would very soon have plenty of admirers of that colour. I was reciting from various poets one night to the captain—who never had been a captain—and Josephine, and they both said that I appeared to have a wonderful memory, to which my answer was, "Yes and no."

I pointed out that there are different orders of memories, as, for instance, I could recollect names, dates or numbers, and also poetry which had the jingle of rhyme, but that in other directions my memory was somewhat defective. An extreme illustration of this I said was given by Professor Dugald Stewart when addressing his classes in Edinburgh. A servant man in that city whose

memory was so defective that he could not be trusted with a message, once repeated forty lines from Virgil in a language of which he had no knowledge whatever, after it had been read to him once.

After Josephine had retired, the captain would drink much more than when she was present, and he would then become exceedingly communicative. "If I were not such a wreck," he told me on this evening, "I would marry that girl."

"Any man would be lucky to get her," was my response.

He then said, "You have a remarkable memory for conversations."

"Yes, I can give them word for word," I responded, and as an illustration I gave him my Georgian experiences and the incident on the Atlantic steamer that led up to it, as well as a full account of my conflict with a "county family."

This interested and amused him so much that he repeatedly laughed heartily and said, "The whole thing is too funny. Just to think of a fellow like you coming in contact and conflict with such people as I know them;" and he added, "Really, you are a most wonderful fellow; this is the first time for years that I have had a hearty laugh."

"Josie," as we now called her, would take a stroll with us every evening, and I soon discovered from Mammie that it was the opinion of the locality that we were rivals for the fair lady's hand. In fact, Mammie further warned me not to stroll alone at night, as the "black trash," previously alluded to, might give me a "dusting down."

One afternoon Josie told me that she would like to take a long walk to show me something further on than the terminus of our usual evening rambles, and she thought that it would be much too far for the captain, as he was not strong, so she suggested that we should leave

early, and pick him up at the customary terminus on our way back. The captain did not appear to appreciate the proposal, and said in a very good-natured way that we appeared desirous of "chucking him over." But off Josie and I went together, and I felt quite proud at having such a lovely girl as my companion.

After having walked about three miles, she said, "There are the fine trees which I wished to show you. Let us take a seat under this one for a few minutes before going back."

Then she told me that she was an orphan and that her father, an Italian, had a French mother, after whom he had called her Josephine. A stream running past where we sat under the trees suggested Constance's song in "Marmion," and I repeated it to her, and this seemed to please her much. But I had thought from her manner when she asked me to take this walk that she wished for some private conversation, so I now sat silent, giving her an opportunity if she desired it. After a short silence, she said, somewhat abruptly:

"What religion are you?" I felt somewhat surprised and at the same time puzzled for a reply, but said. "What religion are you?"

"Oh, Roman Catholic," she said.

"Are you Catholic?" she continued.

"No," I said.

"I wish you were a Catholic," she said.

"Well, it can't be a very bad religion that produces a lassie like you," I remarked.

"Are you a Scotchman?" she said. "Yes," was my reply.

To my astonishment she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked. But it was some time before she could reply. At last she told me that, when a girl at Port-au-Prince, she knew a Scotch-

man there who always called her his lassie, his bonnie lassie, and that thus she thought I was a Scotchman. But the cause of her laughter was that she had seen this perfervid Scot—he must have been a perfervid Scot to don the kilt at Port au Prince—in a kilt, and the dress had struck her as being of such an inexpressibly ludicrous type, like an indecently short petticoat, that even yet she almost screamed with laughter as she thought of it. I thought how much there is in the standpoint from which we see things in this world. Here was a dress that I regarded with pleasure and pride looked upon in such a manner as to provoke such laughter as I almost felt to be contagious.

But she did not appear to desire to return to religious topics. On our way home we found the captain awaiting us at the rendezvous, and he greeted us with, "Well, what have you two been talking about?"

"About religion," was my reply.

"Yes," he said, banteringly, "about the religious sacrament of marriage."

"How can you speak like that?" she said.

"Oh, all right, Josie," he said; "you have given me every hope and encouragement, and now you are prepared to skedaddle with an infernal Yankee."

As poor Josie appeared to take this banter seriously, he with much kindly tact completely cleared the atmosphere.

A few days before I left I asked Josie if she had taken me for the walk in the hope of converting me, and with the greatest innocence she replied that she did so, that she could not bear the thought of being in Heaven without seeing me there. In about ten days I felt quite well again, and had become attached to the whole household. The captain told me that I had almost made him regard life as worth living again. And what delightful evenings we three had in the dear little sitting-room.

But all this pleasure was in some degree overshadowed with a gloom begotten of the knowledge that I must soon leave these friends, with whom I had spent such pleasant and happy hours. One evening after Josie had retired, the captain said: "Well, you are an enigma to me. A man with your manners, appearance, and physique ought to be an admiral, and here you're a trollop on a Yankee scow. You tell me that you have never read anything in your life, and still you're a d——d encyclopædia. Who the devil, and what the devil, are you?"

I could not reply for laughing, and went off to bed. I told our darkey lodging-master that if he would get me a berth on any ship requiring a man I would give him five dollars, and he told me that I might get a chance "to-morrow, or perhaps not for a month." I wanted to get away, and still I dreaded the summons. I had been so happy that the very thought of leaving these friends and associations, probably for ever, sent a pang through my heart.

At last when I had been less than three weeks in this paradise, the call came for me to go down to the sea in a Yankee ship bound for New York. Two of her men had gone down with "Yellow Jack," and she wanted two more to replace them. This I heard at 11 in the morning, and at 4 in the afternoon I would require to be in readiness for the boat to take me off. To say that I was saddened at the prospect of leaving so suddenly would but faintly express my feelings on that lovely morning. The night before there had been something of a hurricane, and the captain, Josie and I were sitting together, the latter somewhat alarmed, as she had been thoroughly frightened in one of these "blows" a couple of years before. I quoted to them the beautiful lines from Burns:—

"Oh thou great Governor of all below
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow
And still the tempest of the stormy sea."

The next morning Josie asked me to write her out these lines, as she had thought them very beautiful. They had had upon her quite a tranquilising effect. I said, "the captain writes a much better hand than me; I'll get him to do it."

"Oh, no," she said quite reproachfully; "I want them in your own handwriting."

Just after I had written them came this awful summons.

She came into the room, and I handed them to her without a word, nor did she speak. I could not speak, nor do I think could she.

The captain, having heard I was going, came in and said, "You must not go—all that is mine is thine."

I could not speak, and went to my bedroom to endeavour to suppress the agitation which I felt at leaving a haven where precious health had been restored and ties formed. And my two little romping friends, Clara and Lucy, came to the window to tell me that I must not go away. Under all the circumstances I have never in life had so sorrowful a parting. The captain and Josie had determined that they would accompany me to the boat which was to take me off, and there by the water say farewell. But I told them that I detested partings at the wharf, and would desire to part in privacy. None of us seemed to care to speak, and at our last meal together no word was spoken. About half an hour before leaving Josie asked me to come out to the little summer-house, where we had spent together some very happy hours. She had difficulty in speaking, but told me that she wished to make me a little present before I left, that she was only a poor girl, and could not give me anything of value, but she would ask me to accept this, and to keep it for her sake. And what was this present?—Three beautiful little flowers, with a pretty green leaf, tied up together.

I said to her: "My dear lassie, these flowers are

more precious to me than if you had given me diamonds or pearls. I will keep them till I see you again."

This seemed to please and soothe her. Under the circumstances it was only natural that we should have a little more conversation, and at last I said to her:

"Will we part here?" and she replied, "No, in the sitting-room. I want to see you in it again."

In our last parting I whispered in her ear, "I will write you from New York," and she whispered an answer in reply.

My friend, the "captain," appeared unable to say good-bye, and, placing his left hand on his eyes he took mine in a final grasp, the while sobbing convulsively, and his tears falling fast. I felt so much affected that I turned away, and with a last farewell from Josie I most reluctantly left these dear friends, in whose society I had spent some of the very happiest days of my life.

CHAPTER XLVII.

An ugly gale—Ship by the run from Boston to Philadelphia. I have some bad shipmates. Rough and tumble fight with Packet Rats. Get knocked out in a fight—Lose my bag.

In the evening I went on board the barquentine, which was bound for New York, and I was quite delighted to find amongst the crew a remarkably handsome young fellow belonging to Pensacola, who was second mate of a schooner to which I had belonged. But I had known him previously, and he was to me then a living and striking instance of what I regard as the caprice of feminine taste. We had been fellow-lodgers ashore for a while in Wilmington, and he had become absolutely infatuated with a very plain little lassie who acted as help at our lodgings. I had to assist him in the concoction of glowing love-letters, and in other devices for storming the citadel of her affections, but all to no purpose; she was herself fairly demented about a miserable rag of a fellow not fit to blacken my shipmate's boots. We were, therefore, glad to renew our acquaintance. The man who shipped with me had had yellow fever, and was not yet sufficiently strong for his duties, and the poor fellow had an extremely dejected appearance and manner; in fact, melancholy was stamped upon his features. I felt much sympathy with him, and was of service to him in some ways, but he told me that he had a very strong presentiment that he would never reach New York. Although not, as I have said, a superstitious man, I cannot divest myself of the idea that there is something unaccountable in these presentiments. In about ten days after our departure we encountered a fierce gale, with quite a remarkably heavy sea, and our little craft, having her "hove to," was taking more water on board than I had seen for many a day, in consequence, as I

assumed, of being very heavily laden. The captain's wife was on board—a thin, peevish-looking woman, with a little girl, who was supposed to be delicate, and the cook had, for some purpose, to be supplying her with hot water night and day. We had one day, about 2 o'clock, taken such a heavy sea on board that it had appeared to start our deck-house and galley. I had just come forward from the wheel when she shipped this dangerous sea. Three of us were coming forward together—I from the wheel, the cook from an errand with hot water, and the man who had shipped with me had been aft for some medicine. I escaped by hanging on to the rigging, but the cook had a very narrow escape of being washed overboard. The third, the ailing man, was swept well clear of the ship, and I had just a glimpse of his melancholy dark face and black hair before he disappeared for ever. The poor fellow had made me such a confidant in reference to his mother and sisters that the tears started into my eyes as I thought, not merely of him, but of the vacant chair at home, and presumably in consequence of the shock to my nervous system caused by the blow from the belaying pin, that melancholy face haunted me day and night for nearly a week. Upon arrival in New York I at once wrote two letters—one to the drowned sailor's mother, and the other to Josie in her lovely island home. At her urgent request I went to call upon my lost shipmate's mother, who lived at some distance from New York. The grief of the mother and sisters was such as to cause me to feel depressed and miserable, and I felt it quite a relief to leave the stricken household. A short time after this I shipped "by the run" in a vessel bound from Boston to Philadelphia. I may here explain that in shipping "by the run," a stipulated sum is received by each sailor for the passage, however long or short it may be, and the crew is only required to work the ship, no other work being expected from them. At least this was the rule in American ships. On this passage we re-

ceived, I think, fifteen dollars for "the run." I would strongly advise any young fellow who may read these "Reminiscences," and who contemplates going to sea, to learn boxing, not with the object of courting conflict, but of avoiding it. A man who is known to be "handy with his flippers" escapes many a slight and insult which he might otherwise receive, and when forced to take "his own part" against some ruffian in the cage of a ship will do so with much more chances of success. How bitter the humiliation of a defeat in a cage where brought into close and intimate contact for months at a time. In the ship which I had joined we had eight able seamen, five of whom were an undersized and most abominable lot of human vermin, in some respects men of the "packet rat" type. The other two were both men very different in some respects to those of whom I have spoken. One was a very decent little Irish-American lad, about twenty-two years of age, a very plucky fellow, and an extremely smart sailor. The other was a young man, about thirty, a tall, powerful fellow, and one of the most insulting and truculent ruffians that could be found even in the American mercantile marine. The Irish-Yankee lad, who knew something about him, told me that he was a skilful boxer, and considered a very dangerous man. I had known the captain before, and he was the other skipper to whom I had alluded who spoke to me about geology. He spoke much to me when at the wheel, and would give me regular little lecturettes upon geology. Any undue familiarity between the captain and one of the crew is generally resented by the rest, and in this case these five men of whom I have spoken as "human vermin" became perfectly insulting, and apparently desirous of a row. All this culminated in the most remarkable skirmish in which I had ever been engaged. One of these five relieved me at the wheel, and the captain, who had been chatting away to me, went below. When I came forward the four were in a little

cluster by the house on deck. They all began together to use insulting language to me in reference to my intimacy with the captain, one assuming a threatening and semi-pugilistic attitude. As quick as lightning, with a smashing blow in the jaw, I knocked him amongst his fellows. I got in amongst them, and, ducking about, none ever got a good blow at me, but in these rapid movements a round hand blow that was directed at my head caught the jaw of one of the enemy, and flattened him out most completely. At the same moment I butted one of my antagonists in the stomach with such force that he was unable to rise for some time. I was now left in possession of the field, but the fellow that got the blow on the jaw from his own chum feared that a bone was broken. But I had no more trouble from this lot. The next day I was reading on deck when the Irish Yankee lad came up to me and said, "Dave" (this was the name of the tall, powerful fellow of whom I have spoken) "'is cutting up' in the house; he has just been knocking holes in the pannikins with his knife. Somebody ought to speak to him; he might take some notice if you were to speak to him."

This ruffian, presuming upon his size, strength, and pugilistic skill, had been previously indulging in such pleasantries as cutting the buttons off coats and punching holes in sea boots, etc.

I went, as suggested, into the house, and remonstrated with the scoundrel, but he immediately said: "Oh, you mean fighting. Out on deck with you. I'll soon give you enough of that."

"Oh, no," I replied; "I don't want to fight about it at all."

"Out on deck with you," he said, "or I'll kick you out there!"

Seeing no help for it, I went out, feeling in anticipation hopelessly outmatched. Almost at once he sent me down with a blow on the jaw, and I felt that I was

beaten from the start. In the next round I put up my arm to guard against a similar blow, and received it about the wrist, being again thrown stunned on the deck. I was this time scarcely able to rise, and sat down on the hatch. My antagonist then came up threateningly, as if he intended striking me where I sat, when an occurrence took place which reminded me somewhat of my old shipmate "Mack" frightening the mate with the revolver. The little Irish-Yankee, a pale, thin, little fellow, with his sheath knife drawn, suddenly sprang to my side, and with eyes glistening like those of a snake, confronted my late antagonist, saying, "If you put your hand anywhere near him, I'll send this knife right clean through you!"

The bully was at once evidently intimidated, and with some muttered curses went into the house, the Irish-Yankee going ostentatiously to sharpen his knife on the grindstone as a preparation for any eventualities that might arise.

The bully said to me next day: "Well, do you want any more fighting?"

I replied by telling him that if I were possessed of equal pugilistic skill, I could fight and beat him any or every day in the week. And I think so yet, for I was incomparably more active than he. Many who knew nothing of the atmosphere of some American ships, and the character of many of those by whom they are manned, would be prepared to censure the action of my little Irish friend, and in the abstract I am prepared to admit that it was in some degree indefensible, but to those acquainted with the antecedents of the ruffians there to be met with, the part which he took would be regarded as excusable; indeed, some would regard it as worthy of approbation. But, unfortunately, these practices are found where no plea could be urged in extenuation, except exposure to the atmosphere in which they have been acquired. I will give an instance of this which

came under my observation on Lake Erie. I had come into Cleveland on a Saturday night in a craft which carried four able seamen, and we lived on a house on deck. One of our crew was a very respectable middle-aged man, an excellent shipmate, and a good sailor, but I had heard from a friend who knew him on salt water that he had been known in an ordinary scuffle to use a knife.

On Sunday morning we were awakened by a man in the house where we slept. He was a very powerfully-built young man, with a head like a typical pugilist, and wore tight jockey-like breeches—a garment at that time affected by some of the “Bucko” young sailors on the Lakes. He had taken off his boots, coat, and waistcoat, and was about to turn in to the lower bunk occupied by my shipmate, evidently thinking that he was in his own ship, as he appeared to be in quite a stupid state as a result of the night’s potations. When I looked over to see what was going on, I saw my friend in a manner coiled up in his bunk, with an opened razor in his hand, and his eyes glittering like those of an adder. I jumped out and caught the intruder, telling him civilly that he had evidently made a mistake. But my friend in the bunk said: “It’s a good job for you that you went back, or I would have cut the whole belly out of you with this razor.”

That intruder had a narrow escape, but the action of my shipmate was absolutely indefensible. The only excuse that could be urged was that he had acquired the practice in some of the “blood boats,” in which I knew that he had sailed. I had been told by friends to whom I have related the incident of my knocking a man without warning down the poop ladder that it was not “fair”—that I did not give him fair play. Such criticisms drive me mad. Fair play, forsooth! What fair play did I that morning receive in the house on deck when knocked down with a blow from behind, and when lying in an un-

scious state, brutally kicked by the man to whom, according to these critics, I should have shown "fair play." A man who had also a pugilistic skill of which I knew nothing. Fair play, indeed! I would ask would any one show fair play to a tiger? I have often thought that a jury composed of landsmen cannot be regarded as competent to bring down a verdict in reference to offences committed at sea.

After our arrival at Philadelphia we made the ship fast, and in the gloaming prepared to go ashore, as the trip was for us then at an end. I went aft to speak to the captain before going ashore, and was detained longer than I had anticipated. When I went forward I found the crew all gone, and, to my sorrow, discovered that some of them had taken my bag, containing all the clothes that I had in the world, except those which I then wore. But that was only a very small portion of my loss. In that bag was the waistcoat of which I have told, and in its pocket, made by the Philadelphian lassie, were the photos. of Eugenie, and her letter, the letters of Una, and the little bouquet presented to me by Josephine on the day that I bade the West Indies farewell, one of the saddest days of my life. I cannot describe the grief occasioned by this loss, but I felt as if all my little earthly possessions had been swept away, and that I was poor indeed. The loss affected me so very much that I resolved to sleep on board alone, instead of going on shore. In short, I wished to be alone with my thoughts. And a feeling that I experienced keenly on the day when I bid my dear West Indian friends farewell was emphasised by the loss which I had just sustained. And this was the thought that I appeared to make friends, only to experience the bitter pain of losing them all too soon. I lay down on the bunk upon an old mattress—my blankets were gone—and I spent a couple of hours in recalling memories of some who had been dear to me, but who were now apparently lost for ever.

I also lost the documents which I very much valued, regarding them as being amongst the most valuable of my earthly possessions. One was a letter which my Japanese friends gave me when we parted, expressive of the pleasure they had experienced in my society, and their regret at the severance of what they—now that we were about to part—discovered as being stronger ties than they had hitherto realised. Under the circumstances they felt difficulty in saying the word “Farewell.” Apart from this letter being rather flattering in its tone, it was in reality a most quaint and extremely interesting production, furnishing quite a blend of Asiatic and European thoughts and ideas, and all so quaintly and peculiarly expressed. One of the most interesting passages was an allusion to some beautiful flower, and, so to speak, most delicately entwined in this was the expression of the hope that my “love” would be possessed of equal fragrance and beauty. I regret to say that this hope was never realised.

The other document, amongst sundry others upon which I placed value, was one of a kind not, in some respects, altogether dissimilar to that of the Japanese. Somewhat similar, and still, Oh, how dissimilar! In a Yankee ship in which I had classes we had a man who wrote a hand of singular beauty, and who also possessed absolutely phenomenal capacity for embellishing a letter or other document with flourishes of his pen. He was a well-educated young fellow from, I think, the South of England, but one of the most reticent men that I have ever known. He always suggested to me the idea of a man with an interesting life-history, but if so he kept the secret securely locked up in his heart. Always silent and impassive, but singularly courteous, he was much respected by all on board. For various reasons I believe that he had been an officer in the Royal Navy. The crew prepared an address to me, which was written out by this scribe, and also wonderfully embellished. As in

the case of the Japanese, the document was complimentary, and expressive of gratitude at my educational efforts. But it was presented in the form of a "Round Robin." This means a document in which the signatures are placed in circular fashion, so that it cannot be known which was the first inserted. It is a form of document frequently given to the captain by the crew in such a form as will not permit of his pouncing upon the first signature as that of an ostensible ring-leader. It was presented to be by the scribe on behalf of the crew, and as he shook my hand the force of his clasp and the dimness of his eye revealed to me the warmth of the heart that beat under the impassive exterior. A man of splendid physique and noble features, he retains a prominent position on the canvas of my memory. Those who have always lived upon the land, unacquainted with the vicissitudes, with the lights and shadows of a sailor's life, would utterly fail to realise the value which I placed upon these little mementoes, so ruthlessly swept away, and the keen regret and pain occasioned by their loss; indeed, that loss has been to me quite a lifelong source of regret, as they appeared to constitute visible and tangible links with some who had seemed an actual part of my life.

I made three passages from America to England in Yankee packet ships, and the crews of these vessels had an evil reputation which, I think, they fully deserved. I have seen one in Liverpool, in which, before starting, a pitched battle took place between the officers and crew, with the result that half of the combatants were taken to the hospital. It was a sickening sight, and I felt thankful that I did not belong to the "Caravan." I could tell queer stories in reference to these packet ships, but they would not furnish pleasant reading, and no doubt most of "the packet rats" of the fifties and sixties have made their last voyages, and the ships themselves have become obsolete since the advent of steam to the Western Ocean. I had a chum who had been bo'sun of

the "Dreadnaught," and the recollection of scenes in which he had been an actor in these ships seemed to have upon him somewhat of a saddening effect. The day after leaving New York in one of these ships I had a trivial argument with a tall, powerful-looking fellow when doing something about the main rigging, and he at once challenged me to come forward and "fight it out," adding that if he was unable to conquer me with his fists, he would "lay me out" with some weapon. I told him that I had no desire to fight either him or anyone else, and certainly would not fight him unless he attacked me. I said a little more than this in a quiet, amicable manner, at which I thought he seemed rather surprised. Without saying a word, he walked forward, and in a little while came back, apologising for what he had said, and saying that he had been amongst blackguards and hard cases all his life. There was on board a man with whom I had sailed in one of those ships in which I had had my little classes, and in which I read aloud to the crew. He induced me to read aloud to the "packet rats" in this ship and never have I had a more attentive or appreciative audience, as they had never heard anything of the kind before. They particularly enjoyed Dicken's "American Reminiscences." It was summer time, and beautiful weather, and I was reading one evening on deck when, after finishing a piece, an American gentleman, who was travelling in this sailing ship for his health, came up and spoke to me, saying: "I have listened with very great pleasure to your reading, which I think the best I have ever heard in my life." He then went on to say: "I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but you have one of the finest voices in the world for public reading or public speaking, and I think that you might do well in America at giving readings in public. I have been at it myself in an amateur way, but I couldn't hold a candle to you. I would like to hear you read Longfellow's "Slave's Dream."

"I can recite it," I said.

"Well, then," he said, "go at it and throw yourself into the piece, and let yourself go. It is of all others my test piece," he added.

When I had finished he said: "Very good—excellent, but you don't do yourself justice; you did not sufficiently let yourself go; but you will get over that. Now," he continued, "I hope to be back in America in less than six months, and I will give you my address in New York State, and if you come up I will give you a start at public readings and recitations."

I thanked him, and promised to come. When we arrived in England no one shook my hand so heartily as the man who wanted to fight me, saying in an Irish brogue: "I wanted to fight with you, but now I'd fight for you."

I regret to say that my American friend never lived to reach his home again. In another large ship which carried thirty able seamen, we were lying one night in the Mersey, just having arrived from New York, and I was reading to the crew quite an interesting review of a recently-published book in "Harper's Monthly Magazine." I shall here reproduce an incident from this book entirely for the benefit of any fair maiden who may honour me by a perusal of these reminiscences. The book under review was written by a man called Beckwith, and contained a most interesting description of his life amongst the Indians before the shriek of the iron horse had been heard to the westward of the Mississippi. He was a man of great physical strength and force of character, and had been selected as chief of the tribe. He tells of an Indian girl in the tribe which had selected him as its chief, whose brother had been killed in tribal warfare, and she took his death so much to heart that, after Indian fashion, she took an oath that she would never marry until she had killed a hundred of the enemy in battle. She soon became so skilled in the use of

weapons that she was regarded as the most dangerous warrior in the tribe, being possessed of a lightness and dexterity greatly in excess of that of the braves of the other sex. Beckwith goes on to say that he really believed she had killed more than a hundred enemies in battle when he fell in love with her, and proposed when on the way home from a warlike expedition. In reply, using the imagery of the children of the forest, she said, "I will marry you when the pine leaves turn yellow." With this reply he was perfectly satisfied for the time, believing that she meant to marry him upon the arrival of autumn. But, after thinking further over it, he remembered that the pine is an evergreen, that its leaves never turn yellow, and he then realised in what a romantic manner she had declined his proposal. And thus I give this anecdote as a hint to any fair maiden who may read these lines, who may thus, like the Indian girl, let any importunate lover easily down, and spare him the agony of a curt refusal.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

“A Quiet Walk”—I Acquire a Fighting Reputation—Some Dangerous Consequences—Pitted Against the Captain—“Tipton Slasher’s”—In a Chinese Port—The Champion Leadsman—British and Yankee Encounter—I am “outed” with a Chair Leg.

It may be surprising to hum-drum shore folk how easily a man mixing in nautical circles can become involved in scrapes, and how desirable it is that he should have a knowledge of the art of self-defence. I once had as a shore acquaintance an Irishman with whom I occasionally took a walk in a great lumber port in Maine. He was attached to a fore-and-aft schooner, and although quite uneducated, was to me a most interesting companion. A typical son of the sod, his conversation was always racy and amusing, and he fairly revelled in fun and practical jokes. We were taking a walk on a fine summer evening not far from the wharves, and were passing a corner where several hoodlums were being entertained by a young fellow, apparently an Irish Yankee, showing the passes and flourishes of a shillilagh. As we passed him he brought down the stick with a rather sharp tap on my head. The blow stung, but did not stun me, and being naturally intensely irritated, I let him have a blow with the left under the jaw which threw him, doubled up, on the pavement. We then cleared out as quickly as possible, as there is nothing more dangerous than a gang of hoodlums.

My companion was delighted, and said: “That was the devil’s own ‘polthogue’ you hit him.” But I still felt irritated. Strolling on we came to a ship that had just been tied up at the wharf, and as we both had acquaintances on board, we went into the house on deck for a friendly chat. There was also in the deck-house another visitor, the cook of a vessel near at hand. He was a somewhat corpulent man about forty, and had, as the

Irish say, "a glass taken." When we went in he was boasting of his prowess amongst the fair sex, but, changing his subject, told of a severe lesson he had given "on Christmas day off the Pitch of the Horn" to a Captain with whom he had sailed. I reminded him by way of a joke that on that particular day the vessel was laying at San Francisco, as indeed she was. At this he fired up, told me that I had no business in an American ship, and gave me my choice whether he should pull me out on deck by the nose or "have it out" on the wharf. He came towards me with his arm elevated and his thumb and forefinger in position for taking me out by the nose. I hurriedly determined to have it out on the wharf, feeling sure that I could easily manage him if he were not possessed of pugilistic skill. In physical conflict he was the most easily vanquished man that I had ever tackled. I got at him with two body blows, simultaneously planted, and he went heavily down. When he again faced me I let him off more easily, and this finished the fight.

Feeling much annoyed at having got into two scrapes—the first of which might easily have been dangerous—when I had come out for a quiet walk—I left for home with my Irish friend, who, I found, had conceived the fallacious opinion that I was a regular bruiser. He explained gleefully that he had never seen such body blows as those I dealt out to the belligerent cook. Before parting, he asked me if I would come off to his vessel with him the next night, as he wished to show me something. His vessel was lying out in the stream, but he promised to meet me with a boat after tea. Next night I went off with him, and jumping on the rail of his vessel, having made the painter fast to the foremost part of the main rigging, the Irishman and I jumped simultaneously on deck just as the Captain was coming forward. Pointing to me, my little Irish friend said

to him: "There's the man I tould you could put you through."

I was completely taken by surprise.

The Captain thus taunted to demolish me stood almost six feet three inches, was raw-boned and broad-shouldered, and conveyed to me the idea of an active Hercules. A well-fitting grey suit admirably showed off his magnificent physique. Imagine the embarrassment, not to speak of the danger of the situation. I had not even time to think of what I should do, but, strange though it seems to me as I write, I never conceived the idea of getting out of it by bolting.

I sang out: "Hold on, there is some mistake here." Whereupon the Captain retorted: "Oh, there's no 'hold on' about it," advancing at the same time towards where I stood, with his arms elevated, as if he wished rather to catch hold of me than strike me. I subsequently heard that he was in the habit of saying that he dreaded no man if he could only "get a hold of him." I momentarily realised from the attitude and position of his arms, that he was going to catch me, and, relying upon that suppleness which had often stood me in good stead, I dived under his arms and gave him the "Tipton's Slasher's" blow with both hands under the jaw. It was not a situation permitting of half measures, and I never hit a man such a blow before or since. I was in a perfect position, neither too close nor too distant. I thought that I lifted him off his feet, but whether this was so or not, he went down heavily on the deck. To avoid unpleasant consequences I immediately bolted for the boat, and as I was casting off the painter I saw the Captain very slowly rising, so that evidently he had been hard hit. My Irish friend was in a high state of delight. He accompanied me in the boat, and when clear of the ship exclaimed excitedly: "I knew you could tump him; at laste I tawt so."

But I was in no hilarious mood, realising that I had

narrowly escaped what might have been for me serious injury, or even worse, as if the Captain had got hold of me he might have killed me. I wrote him a letter explaining how innocent of evil intent I had been, as I thought he would regard my action as preconcerted. Still I kept a good look-out for him in the street lest he should catch me; and one day when I saw him at a distance, his head towering above all others, I rapidly strode off in another direction. I have been told by a pugilist that the blow which I administered on this occasion is a dangerous one to try on with one who has pugilistic skill. But it has several times saved me.

Just one more illustration of the ease with which a sailor can get into scrapes.

When lying on a Yankee vessel in port, we had a holiday. According to my custom I strolled away as far as possible from sailortown, being always desirous of getting clear from the surroundings of the wharves, and endeavouring to see something of the country. After a long and pleasant day thus spent I was coming in the evening down towards the ship, when a shipmate, coming out from a Chinese hotel, called: "I've just come out to look for you, we want you in here."

Not liking the look of the house, I asked: "What do you want me for?"

"Oh, never mind, come in," he said.

In a weak moment I consented, and when I went in found our men, in company with some English man-of-war-men. They appeared merry, but not quarrelsome, which was a wonder. In speaking of their prowess at sea, it transpired that the champion leadsman of the British man-of-war was one of this party. The distinction is won by the man who can heave the lead for sounding the depth further than any of his ship's company. Not to be beaten, our men had said that they could find his match on our ship. When I went into the hotel the "champion," who was slightly "elevated,"

said to me: "They tell me that you put yourself down for a first-class leadsman; I'll throw the lead with you."

"I never put myself down for a first-class leadsman." I retorted, "though I think it would take a first-class leadsman to beat me. "But," I continued, "I don't care whether you could beat me or not, I'm not going to bother with it."

However, the men on both sides were determined that we should have a match, and on board our ship, which lay not far distant. We went on board and threw with a seven-pound lead, when, to the intense surprise of the men-of-war sailors, I defeated the man they had considered invincible. Yet although I won by a little, we were pretty evenly matched.

It was then arranged that we should go back to the hotel for a final glass before going on board to tea. Again I weakly, indeed, most foolishly, consented, for I could now see that the Englishmen were in rather an irritable state of mind, evidently keenly resenting defeat by a "Yankee," which they took me to be, although the only Yankees on our ship were the officers. After a drink of vile-looking stuff, two of the English sailors planted themselves at the two doors of the room to prevent our escape, and announced that although vanquished with the lead, they were going to leather the Yankees. Thereupon a horrible free fight started, at an early stage in which I was put out of the battle with a blow from the leg of a chair, which had been broken up to supply weapons. I believe our men had, if anything, the best of it, but they regretfully declared that had I not been incapacitated by the blow on the head we should have been entirely victorious. Conflicts of this kind ashore were mere skirmishes compared with the fights on Yankee ships when on the high seas. I would tell of some of these fights, but that I could not substantiate what would have all the appearance of incredible stories.

CHAPTER XLIX

British and Foreign Sailors—A Neglected Class—A Pilot's Opinion—What Might be Done—Sailors' Songs and "Chanties"—Advice to Lads going to Sea—Good-bye.

A very great deal of nonsense has of late years been spoken and written in reference to the alleged decadence of the merchant seamen of Britain and the types of foreign sailors, of which the English merchant service is to-day so largely composed. I am not prepared to admit to any considerable extent this alleged decadence. In the absence of statistics I am unable to speak with authority, but as a rule, the most reliable standard by which we can gauge or measure is that of results. And the seafaring men of to-day appear to me to run their ships as well up to time and with as little accident as those predecessors of whose superiority so much nonsense is spoken. An analysis of this question in all its bearings would be entirely outside the scope of my little brochure, as it would, *inter alia*, necessitate a study or examination of the industrial movements of our time. But in reference to this subject I would ask: Has the feeling and opinions of the foc'sle ever found articulate expression? I think not. In our steamers much of that knowledge indispensable to those engaged in sailing ships would be superfluous and unnecessary, but it seems to me that the steamboat men are possessed of all that is required for the purpose, nor should the want of that knowledge be regarded under the circumstances a proof of the decadence of British seamen. Probably a certain percentage of men brought up in steamers occasionally find their way into sailing ships, and this will give colour to the alleged decadence. For various reasons the skill regarded as necessary in the finer work of a sailor's calling has become less of a test of his capacity than in bye-gone days, when, according to Dana, it was con-

sidered "the chief test of his seamanship." It was then considered that as a matter of course, every able seaman should be acquainted with reefing, furling, steering, etc., and that therefore it was in the finer works of seizings, coverings and turnings in that his merits as a seaman should be gauged. This always appeared to me an absolutely false and inadmissable standard. I do not wish to under-rate any professional knowledge, but want to relatively place it at its true value. Give me a crew composed of men whose hearts are in the right place, who can send up or down spars or sails in any weather, who can steer well, and make all the knots and splices in ordinary use, show me such a crew, although not possessed of that skill in finer work which was considered the test of seamanship, and I will show you a crew with whom you can safely "race down the seas" from Anger to the Lizard, or in the words of one of their songs: "Go to the westward where the strong winds do blow." And I have no doubt that many such crews can be found to-day in the merchant navy of Old England. It has been recently alleged that there have been of late years more mutinies than theretofore, in consequence of the larger number of foreign sailors in our merchant ships: in short, that the increase of foreign seamen synchronises with a larger number of mutinies. In the absence of statistics I cannot speak dogmatically, but if it is true as alleged that mutinies have been of late years on the increase, I cannot believe that it is attributable to the coincidental increase of the numbers of foreign seamen, and I would trace it to the causes which would require somewhat subtle inquiry and investigation. I have sailed with large numbers of Baltic seamen, mainly Scandinavian, and I have often thought that they had all the appearance of being drawn from higher social strata than those of any other of the seafaring folk of European peoples. Either that or the classes from which they are drawn are superior to those of a similar level

in those countries to which I have alluded. The natives of Norway and Sweden and Denmark with whom I have sailed, were, I think I might say, all men of fine physique, first-class sailors, and thoroughly respectable men. In fact, I have never known a blackguard amongst them. Totalised, I would give them the first place, and this was the opinion of several American officers that I have known. Of the French and Hollanders, although racially they differ much, I have nothing but good to say, and the latter, in my opinion, closely resemble the typical John Bull sailor of whom we read. The Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese and Greeks are men of a very different type to the Baltic people, and perhaps a considerable amount of trouble at sea may be laid to their charge, but for this the officers are largely responsible. The men of these races to which I have alluded are warm-hearted, but all quick to resent insult or injury. With tact, kindness and firmness they are, in my opinion, singularly easily controlled, and I can honestly say that as, in the case of the Baltic seamen, I have never met a really mutinous blackguard amongst them. I could, in reference to these opinions, give substantial proof, drawn from my experiences with these Mediterranean races. I might say that all the blackguards with whom I have been acquainted at sea, were members of the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic, and such being the case, I am not prepared, without very strong proof indeed, to believe these allegations of which I have spoken. I have already in these pages alluded to the belief so prevalent amongst seamen that they have been a neglected and even despised class. Now, how far is this true? Are they who have rendered great services to mankind the pariahs of civilisation that they believe themselves to be, and, if so, with whom rests the responsibility and culpability of the situation. This question may be regarded mainly from two standpoints. Are we to gauge and determine

the question by the law of nature that every organism, animal or vegetable, inclusive of mankind, has to fight its own battle, "hustle" for itself, or are we to judge by the moral code, which teaches the doctrines of love to each other, and of kindly help and assistance when necessary. Judged by the natural law which I have indicated, there is no culpability to be placed upon any one's shoulders, but if the rulings of the moral code are those by which this question has to be determined, then first of all the people of England, and secondly, but much more specifically, the ship owners, are responsible for the neglect and degradation of those men who, leading lives of hardship, danger, and, more than all, of social isolation, rendered valuable service to the country, and in many instances realised for their employers wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a believer in Trades Unions, as I feel certain that the result of these labours must have a considerable effect in the direction of diminishing the wages paid by Britain. But seafaring men are in various respects differently situated to those on shore, so much more at the mercy of capital, that were I still at sea I should be a staunch advocate and supporter of Seamen's Unions. Yes, we hear some with tears in their voices, deploring the "deterioration" of the British seaman and bewailing the diminution in supply. It would be at least charitable to assume that these seers know nothing whatever of the subjects in reference to which they feel moved to shed those crocodile tears. I have spoken of the "degradation" of our seamen, for which British ship owners are, with a few honourable exceptions, responsible. In the first place they have "housed" these men in an abominable den called a fore-castle, in which their wives and daughters would not place their spaniel dogs, nor would they place their horses in such quarters. I read the evidence given the other day by a pilot before a shipping commission in which it said that if for no other reason than the abom-

ination of the foc'sle, which was calculated to destroy men's self-respect, he would not allow his son to go to sea. And to use an Americanism, that pilot was "right every time." And the British seamen, leading a life of peril and hardship and social isolation, has been rewarded with the munificent salary of from two pounds ten to three pounds, or at most three pounds five shillings a month. I am now speaking of the men employed in sailing ships, whose "deterioration" has been so much deplored. At three pounds a month his wages would be, if fully employed for the year, thirty-six pounds. But we will suppose that for one month in the year he has been resting in the bosom of his family, his wages are thus reduced to thirty-three pounds. Give him five pounds a year in his personal expenses to clothe himself, provide tobacco, and other luxuries, and he can then hand to his wife, if married, the princely sum of twenty-eight pounds wherewith to pay house rent, clothe and educate and feed her family. Great poverty is at all times exposed to temptations, and this question has darker pictures upon which I will not enter. But the sailor whose wife is living in the East end, and in a state of abject poverty, may, when he sees the ship owners' ladies rolling in a carriage in the West, be excused for believing that there are many loose screws in the mechanism of human affairs on our little planet. Since the advent of steam the men in the stokehold are really a more important class in steamships than the sailors, whose duties largely consist in keeping the ship clean. And when these firemen come up from below, begrimed with perspiration and coal dust, they have, in the absence of any bathrooms, to roll into their beds in this filthy condition. The neglect of seafaring men finds most obvious proof in the condition of these poor fellows, whose occupation is one very frequently of an exhaustive and exhausting character. Again, the food supplied to sailors is frequently such as would scarcely be given to

the ship owner's dogs, and I scarcely think that he would dare to offer it as fare to the lackeys who wait upon his table. So that sailors are perfectly justified in the belief that they have been a neglected class, and that degradation has too often followed closely in the wake of that neglect. In short, with the exception of a few prizes in the profession, seafaring men of all ranks are ridiculously underpaid; in fact, no money would repay them for the lives they lead. But I shall in a few sentences show how much the ship owners might have done to render the sailor's life more tolerable and reduce to a minimum the discomforts of their calling. The ship owners' should in the first place have provided his men with such quarters as would be at least conducive to the comfort and self-respect of those whose calling is one of discomfort, hardship and peril. He should have personally supervised the provisioning of his ship and supplied his employees with such food as that provided in American vessels. He should have selected his officers, not merely with a view to their professional capacity, but men of character as well, in whose keeping the liberties of the sailors would be in worthy hands. He might have given all those who had behaved well during the voyage an extra ten shillings a month upon their return. He might have gone down to the ship prior to her departure and addressed them somewhat as follows: "Now, my lads, you are going away upon a long voyage, and I want you to be as comfortable as possible. I have got good officers, who will treat you well. I have given you a good foc'sle to live in. I have put good provisions on board, and I have put a little library of good books there for you to read. Now I hope you will be comfortable and happy, so good-bye and God bless you all." In a steamer he might add to the firemen: "I have given you a good bathroom, where you can bathe and cleanse yourselves when you come up from the stokehold covered with perspiration and coal dust." I

am, in all that I have written, giving expression to the feeling of the foc'sle, and when I had all this and much more of the kind written down in a little brochure, of which I have previously spoken, I found, in reading it to several crews, that it was all received with such enthusiastic approbation that some regarded me as the herald of a new and happier era. But have the ship owners done anything in the directions which I have suggested? No! They have been weighed in the balances and found wanting, when they could have done so much at so small a cost to render the toilers of the sea comfortable, and even to raise the status and character of the calling. Let those who have been so loudly declaiming against the British seamen inquire into the causes which have produced the alleged effects, and they may then be in a position to suggest a remedy. But I would ask would any lover of his species be desirous of perpetuating a system which keeps a class to whom the nation owes so much in a chronic state of semi-starvation. Can any unprejudiced person feel surprised that under such circumstances as those which I have briefly and imperfectly described, the supply of British seamen should be a diminishing quantity. Sailors are most thoroughly justified in the belief that they have been a neglected class, and if men are treated like outcasts they will occupy the position assigned to them. Taken as a whole, the ship owners have—as I think it was Dickens pointed out—shown no more sympathy or consideration for their men than for the cogs in the wheels of the machinery. No class of working men in the world have better opportunities for reading, and in consequence of their isolation probably with none will the impression of what is read be so deep, or permanent, as amongst those who make long voyages in sailing ships. In short, they have rare opportunities for assimilation. And this being so, I have always been of opinion that a small and well-selected library in these

vessels would have proved an incalculable power for good. In some American ships in which I have sailed, and in which a little religious literature had been placed on board by some good men just before our departure, I have seen beneficial results mainly derived from reading an excellent paper called the "Christian Union," and at that time edited, I think, by the famous Henry Ward Beecher. I have had recently sent to me by a literary friend, under the title of "True to the Flag," a compilation of poems for sailors' use, accompanied with a request for an expression of opinion as to their suitability for the merchantman's foc'sle. Whilst glad, and even gratified, to see any such attempts made to educate or elevate our sailors through the delightful medium of poetry, I am of opinion that in this case it will prove one of mis-directed effort, as I fear that the arrows will fly over the heads of those for whom they were intended. Some of them are wanting in that lucidity without which no poet will ever, with the masses, possess and hold the passport to immortality. Much as I admire Kipling's poetry, in which there is to be found unquestionable "fibre," I cannot believe that, with a few exceptions, his poems will find any permanent lodgment in the foc'sle. And for the same reason, in that it is wanting in that lucidity which is a pre-requisite to success amongst at least those who "go down to the sea in ships." But in the compilation to which I have alluded, there are pieces which would be received in the merchantman's foc'sle with howls of execration, such as I have experienced when satirically reciting extracts of similar type. I will give a few of these extracts, just to show landsmen a type of poetry that seafaring men detest:—

"A sailor's life of reckless glee,
That only is the life for me;
A life of freedom on the sea,
That only is the life for me."

These extracts are taken from "My Bounding Bark,"

and I once heard a sailor remark, in reference to similar lines, he hoped God would forgive the author for writing such stuff. The life of a sailor cannot be truthfully described as one of "glee," and the alleged "freedom" is conspicuous by its total absence. I will just give one more extract from a piece called "The Life of a Tar":—

"No life half so happy, no life half so free,
While we skim, undismayed, o'er the rolling sea."

Now I would ask what it is that in this life gives to the average man pleasure, happiness or glee. Surely it is a quiet, comfortable home, the fireside circle, the association of the sexes, and the society of human kind. And during a twelve months' voyage, how much of these pleasures fall to a sailor's lot. And so thoroughly is all this understood by men at sea, that a perennial subject of conversation in the foc'sle is the desirability of giving up the profession and obtaining some sort of employment ashore. In the last large vessel in which I sailed from London to Melbourne, the "Durham," every man in the foc'sle except myself was indulging in these day dreams. Having spoken of poetry naturally leads me to the subject of sailor's songs, not those of the music hall type, which are probably the most popular in the foc'sle, but those which are used in heaving up the anchor and pulling on the ropes. A very large number of songs and chanties are used by sailors, but most of them were, I think in every sense of the word, entirely unworthy of notice. I shall give a few of the best. The first to which I shall refer is a splendid anchor song, and it alludes to the mythical entity named "Stormy," of whom I have spoken, and who finds a place in several chanties. To explain to the uninitiated, I will give a verse, showing how the shanty-man leads the singing, and where the crew join in:—

STORM ALONG.

Shanty Man—"Oh, we'll lower him down with a golden chain"

Crew—"To my wayee storm along"

Shanty Man—"And on every link we'll engrave his name"

Crew—"Aye, aye, aye, let him storm along."

This wild, rolling melody, when rendered by about thirty strong, clear voices, was, I think, about the best in the sailors' collection.

The next is also an anchor song, and is, I think, of American extraction. Indeed, I feel inclined to believe that it had its origin amongst the negroes in the Southern States:—

ROLLING RIVER.

Shanty Man: "Oh, way down on the Mississippi"

Crew: "Hooray, you rolling river"

Shanty Man: "The Sweet Creole Girls are pretty"

Crew: "Aha! we're bound away on the wild Missouri."

The following anchor song is also, I think, of American extraction:—

RIO GRANDE.

Shanty Man: "Oh, with a Yankee ship and a down-east crew"

Crew: "Away Rio"

Shanty Man: "We'll pass the Dutch and the Britisher too"

Crew: "For we're bound for the Rio Grande."

And away Rio, away Rio.

So fare you well, my New York belle, we're bound for the Rio Grande."

In making sail in mastheading the topsail yards, the following is one of the best:—

BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

Shanty Man: "Oh, soon we'll sight the chalky cliffs once more"

Crew: "To my way, aye, blow the man down."

Shanty Man: "That circle around dear Albion's shore"

Crew: "Oh, give me some time to blow the man down."

This is one of the very best of the sailors chanties, and it is sung either as an outward bound or homeward bound song:—

GOOD-BYE, FARE YOU WELL!

"Oh, we're outward bound for Melbourne town,
Good-bye, fare you well!

For Melbourne Town, of high renown,

Good-bye, fare you well!

Hurrah! my boys, we're outward bound."

I would give the chanties in the following order:—

STORM ALONG

INTRO. VOICE Oh

CHANTY CHORUS CHANTY

we'll lower him down with a golden chain To my wayee storm a - long and on

every link we'll en-grave his name Aye, aye, Aye; Let him storm a - long

SYM

ROLLING RIVER

INTRO. FINE

VOICE CHORUS THE CHANTY

Oh way down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi Hoo : ray you rolling river. The

CHORUS

sweet Creole girls are - pretty Ah we're bound a way on the wide Mis -

SOU - PI

RIO GRANDE

INTRO. FINE

THE CHANTY CHORUS THE CHANTY

O, with a Yankee ship and a down east crew A - way Ri - o We

CHORUS

'll pass the Dutch and the Brit - ish - ers too For we're bound to the Rio Grande. And a

way - - Ri - o a - - way Ri - o So fare you well my

New York Belle We're bound for the Rio Grande.

GOOD-BYE, FARE YOU WELL

INTRO VOICE

Oh we're out-ward bound

CHORUS CHANTY

for Melbourne Town Good-bye fare you well good-bye fare you well for Melbourne town of

CHORUS

high re nown Hur - rah my boys, we're home-ward bound

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

INTRO. VOICE

Oh soon we'll sight the chalky

CHORUS CHANTY

cliffs once more to my way aye blow the man down that

CHORUS

circle a - round dear Al - bi - on's shore Oh give me some time to

blow the man down.

Many of these songs always appear to me to have wild melodies peculiarly their own, and altogether different from those on land. I have, in ships all over the world, endeavoured to ascertain the origins of these songs, but have been entirely unsuccessful in the search. In an Atlantic steamer in which I made a voyage, the late great novelist, Capt. Mayne Reed, was a passenger, and he was most anxious to discover their origin. But I knew that he could obtain no information in reference to the subject from any one on board. I have questioned men about them whose memories went back to the earlier parts of the last century, and I think that one may be traced back to the days of the "Merry Monarch," but most, or certainly some, are of comparatively modern

origin. In several of these songs allusions are made to a mythical character named "Stormy," in reference to whose entity I failed to obtain the slightest scintilla of information. Crews composed of coloured men have a high reputation as singers of these songs, called chanties, and chequer-board crews, one watch of which is white and the other black, are specially famous in consequence of the great rivalry which exists, this rivalry extending to all matters connected with working the ship or the ship's work. A good "shanty man," that is one who leads the singing, frequently improvising the words as he goes along, will obtain from some captains a small additional wage, as it is generally considered that the work goes along more lightly and pleasantly when enlivened by songs. There are specific songs for heaving up the anchor, and others, differing in rhythmic time, according to the character of the pulls on the ropes. Grievances, real or imaginary, and digs at unpopular officers, frequently find expression in the lines improvised by the shanty man. But some of these wild, rolling melodies, when rendered by a good singing crew of about thirty voices, and most sailors have strong voices, materially assist the progress of weighing the anchor or mastheading the topsail yards, and are frequently much enjoyed by passengers, to whom they furnish a pleasant species of novelty. Before I conclude, I would like to furnish some advice to any lad who may have an intention of going to sea. To him I would first offer the advice given by Mr. Punch to young men about to marry: "Don't." But if he will persist in disregarding the good advice which I have given, let him thoroughly learn his profession on a sailing ship before he puts his foot on a steamer, and in this it must be remembered that I am thus counselling those who aspire to

climb to the top. And I would strongly advise every young fellow who can do so to take at least three months in a rigging yard, in which time he can, if he keeps his eyes open, learn more in some directions than he might acquire from twenty years of sea life. He can there see the ship "rigged from a gantline," her masts and spars taken on board, and placed in their positions. To a young man of average intellect with a desire to learn, the rigging out of a ship is knowledge easily acquired, and when possessed, calculated to give its owner a good status in the ship. I would also advise every lad to take in his chest "The Seaman's Friend," a book written by Dana, an American, who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." In this most excellent book the young sailor will obtain a very great deal of, to him, most valuable knowledge in reference to his profession, and all conveyed in a singularly lucid manner and style. He can also obtain much knowledge in reference to the admirable laws which have relation to the American mercantile marine, and for this purpose I carried the book with me for years; indeed, I have it yet. Probably nowhere on earth is there more necessity for mutual forbearance, and the cultivation of kindly relations than in the ship's foc'sle, and here in this little world sound and fury must not be mistaken for force and strength, as the very converse is generally the case. And a man can be a gentleman in a ship's foc'sle as much as in any other position in life. We are all in greater or lesser degree influenced by those who surround us and with whom we are brought into contact, and even one man possessed of pure instincts, honourable in his dealings, and of chivalrous disposition, may fling round him influences which will leave an impression for good upon those with whom he has in the foc'sle journeyed

along the pathway of life. And surely nowhere on earth more than in the foc'sle can there be greater necessity for the inculcation and practice of the Christian doctrine of that charity which thinketh no evil, which suffereth long and is kind, and which is, no matter to what sect we may belong, one of the cardinal principles of our common Christianity. Many years ago there sailed out of London a Captain named Toynlie, of whom I have heard in ships all over the world. This man, from much that I have heard of him in the foc'sle, endeavoured to cast good influences over the men with whom he sailed, and from two of these sailors I had most direct and specific evidence of the value of his philanthropic, Christian efforts to elevate those with whom in sea life he was brought in contact. I give this as a proof of how far-reaching may be the influences of even one man for good, and also as an ideal well worthy of following by the young sailors whom I would hope to see in the future effecting some of these reforms which in their profession should, if possible, keep place with those which many willing workers are endeavouring to effect upon land. For we are all of us leaving, some faintly, some making deeper impressions, but all of us leaving, whether for good or for evil, "footprints on the sands of time." I have heard an extremely able man say that history teaches us that pretty nearly "all great reforms come from below." I would repeat, then, that I would hope to see young men from the foc'sle with all the zeal and enthusiasm of youth endeavouring to effect reforms in a calling which is the most hazardous, the most comfortless, and the most inadequately remunerated amongst the occupations of civilised mankind. Although for many years settled down on the land, my heart is still with those "who go down to the sea in ships," and

particularly with the inmates of the foc'sle, who get the most kicks and fewest halfpence, but to all indulgent readers I must apologetically "dip the ensign," and conclude with the beautiful lines from Scott—

"A garland for the hero's crest.
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight;
To every faithful lover, too,
What can I wish but lady true.

* * * * *

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light."

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**Reminiscences
of a
Wanderer**

By
An A.B.

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