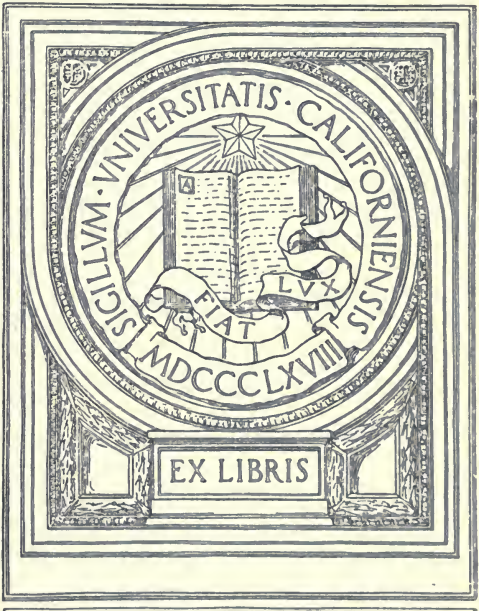
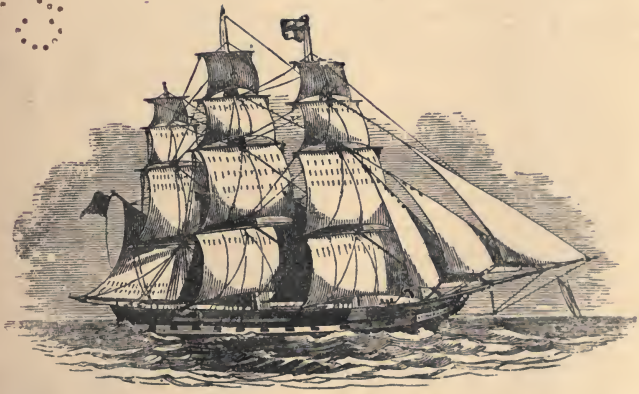
ANECDOTES OF LIFE ON THE OCEAN





CLIPPER SHIP "FIERY CROSS" OF CALCUTTA.

D. COWANS, COMMANDER.

ANECDOTES

OF

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN:

BEING A PORTION OF

THE EXPERIENCES OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE

IN

MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

By DAVID COWANS.

GLASGOW:
DUNN & WRIGHT, 176 BUCHANAN ST.
ALL BOOKSELLERS.

GLASGOW:
DUNN AND WRIGHT,
PRINTERS.

PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH AND REVISED EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

THE author of "Life on the Ocean," encouraged by the ready sale of the first three editions, ventures on a fourth and revised edition, with additional chapters and anecdotes, all of which are written in the same unassuming style as those contained in the first three, with a strict adherence to facts well known in his own experience. The stories are written as briefly as possible, and without being intentionally prosaic or wearisome to the reader, are intended to convey his meaning as graphically and consistently with the truth as it is possible to do. Thanking the public for their kind encouragement in recognising his humble efforts to instruct and interest, he now places this the fourth and revised edition before them, trusting it may meet with the same success as the previous editions.

The author would also tender his thanks to Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, who has patronised the work, and expressed his favourable opinion of its merits as a faithful narration of facts; the Press of Canada, where the work was first published; as well as the Press of Glasgow and Greenock, from which ports he first ventured on his "Life on the Ocean."

GLASGOW, 8th October, 1873.

CONTENTS.

ANECDOTES

OF A

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

MY FIRST VOYAGE TO SEA.

THERE are few professions more arduous than that of a sailor and navigator; but although we hear every day of shipwreck and suffering on the wide ocean in all parts of the world, yet there are always young men and boys who, in spite of all they hear or know of life on the ocean, will court and brave its many dangers. My own experience of almost every one of its hardships during a somewhat long service at sea, and in nearly all parts of the world, should almost be enough to deter any young man or boy from engaging in a calling so full of danger, suffering and privation. In a shipwreck on the coast of Ireland, I saw some of its dangers on a dark stormy night in the dead of winter, when our stout new ship was nearly dashed to pieces on the dangerous banks of sand lying off the coast—In a voyage from the East to the West Indies, with cholera raging on board, when among upwards of four hundred

emigrants there were three, four and five deaths daily during the first part of the voyage—In the West Indies and Brazils where yellow fever was raging and sweeping away many of the crew, from the captain to the smallest boy on board; and, lastly, during a long passage home from Peru, when our crew was reduced for some weeks to a very small allowance of bread and the same of hard salt beef, starvation being depicted in each cadaverous countenance as we received with joy and welcome our long-expected pilot.

Born in an inland village in Scotland, far from the ocean, I chose a sea-faring life more from reading stirring adventures of its ever-varying scenes in Cook's Voyages, Robinson Crusoe, and works of a like nature, than from knowing anything of ships—my ideas of ships were very limited indeed—and how they were worked or how they found their way over the wide expanse of ocean to all parts of the globe. Leaving school it was the intention of my relations that I should choose a quiet life on shore, in shop-keeping or something of a like nature, but my whole heart was bent on a seafaring life.

At length, after persuasion was used in vain, I was bound as an apprentice at the age of fifteen to serve four years in a ship in the North American trade. The employer to whom I was bound had a large number of vessels, from the small brig of 200 tons to the ship of 1,000 and 1,600 tons. Bidding adieu to my kind mother and sisters I was soon on my way to the nearest sea-port to join my ship, having a letter to the captain. I soon found him at his lodgings on

shore, but was not at all prepossessed by his abrupt, stern way of speaking to me. I was quickly fitted out for the voyage and at once began my duties as an apprentice. Our barque was quite a handy vessel of 460 tons, and there were two other boys, both of whom were much older than I, and had been several voyages at sea.

I was soon made acquainted with all the details of a younger apprentice's duties in sweeping decks, scrubbing, &c. Our barque, after taking in ballast and making ready for her spring voyage to Quebec, moved out to anchor in the stream to wait for a fair wind. Our crew, now all on board, were busily employed, securing spars, long boat, &c., and getting all secure for sea. The mate bore an excellent name as a sailor, and was well known to most of the crew, although a stranger to the ship. It was here that I first became aware of the nature of the martinet captain, with whom I was about to take my first voyage. The mate, busy looking after the various duties of the men, did not perceive that the boat with the captain was alongside; he was soon over the gangway and on deck, furious with passion because Mr D. did not receive him at the gangway; our mate very quietly answered that he was so busy he did not know that the boat was alongside, but Captain T. insisting on his making an apology before the crew, he at once answered in the negative, whereon our tyrant captain said he must go on shore.

Mr D. soon had his clothes in the boat and was on his way on shore, very much regretted by all on board for the manly way in which he did the duties

of the ship, as well as on account of the mean treatment he received at the hands of Captain T. This looked somewhat ominous to me on my first voyage, the more so as I heard at the same time that our captain had a habit of giving his boys most unmerciful floggings for the most trifling offences. Mr D. was replaced by the second mate, while one of the older members of the crew took the second mate's place. We shortly after weighed anchor and made sail with a fair wind, but had not proceeded far on our way when the wind came dead against us. Tacking ship under the charge of the pilot, we had a hard time of it to get fairly out to sea.

At length we reached the open ocean and now my troubles began: gale after gale met us from the westward; fortunately sea sickness gave me little trouble. Placed in the mate's watch I had no sooner turned into my hammock, very often cold and wet, than the long dreary cry of "All hands reef topsails," was heard at the hole or scuttle of our dreary abode, the forecastle. Streaming with water was this wretched den, and lighted by a miserable oil lamp swinging to and fro as if to show us more plainly our dreary, comfortless quarters; the men cursing the captain's stupidity in not taking in sail in time. It was soon my turn to get a share of the abuse. "Come, get out of that, you young ——." Remonstrance was of no use, I had to get on deck with the rest.

The lowering of the topsails, the hauling out of reeftackles and the shouting of the captain and mates, as the sleet and rain came down with the blast, made me think after all I would have been much better at

my mother's fireside than coming to be a sailor in such a scene of darkness and confusion. Trying to escape going aloft was of no use, the mate coming along would give me a cut with a rope's end and with an oath. "Come, get up there, you young ——, and help to reef that topsail." Shivering with cold and wet I slowly mounted the rigging, and reached the yard in time to be cursed again for a young —— as the sailors were hurrying down to set the sail.

The weather still continued boisterous and stormy as we beat against gales of wind to the westward, and on approaching the Banks of Newfoundland the cold was most intense: dense fogs came on, and as they sometimes cleared away for a time we could see around us immense icebergs of all shapes and forms, from the gently sloping island to the abruptly formed precipitous mountain of ice, and when the sun broke out for a time they looked grandly magnificent, variegated with all the colours of the rainbow; but as the dense fog again came down on us we had to keep a sharp look-out for these enormous masses of ice as they drift slowly to the southward, for there are outlying reefs very often extending some distance from the main bodies, and barely below the level of the sea, which are exceedingly dangerous to ships steering to the westward in foggy weather.

There are other dangers besides icebergs to be avoided on these banks, as we proceed towards the Gulf of St Lawrence. Numbers of French fishing vessels are anchored in from twenty-five to forty fathoms of water, surrounded by their boats, and all employed in the taking of cod and halibut. These

vessels can by no means move out of the way of ships under way; great caution and watchfulness must therefore be used to avoid collisions with them. Constant disturbances are now the rule between our fiery, passionate captain and several of the crew, who seemed determined to desert on reaching Quebec. I had as yet escaped from his ill-usage, but one of the older boys who offended him by driving one of the pigs out of his way while sweeping the decks, was not so fortunate. Seizing a heavy piece of rope he threshed the poor boy till he could not lift his arm above his head. The cries of the boy were of no use, as the blows came down on him, and for any one to interfere would have made matters worse. With an oath he at last threw down the rope saying, "There, you young ——, I'll teach you to ill-use any of my pigs." Such is only one of the many cruelties of this martinet captain on his apprentices. These days are fortunately gone by, and masters of ships now-a-days are severely punished for ill-using any of their crew. But Captain T. was only one of many who disgraced our merchant service twenty-seven years ago.

At length we sighted the Islands of St Paul's, and beating up the gulf with a whole fleet of other ships, in a few days more received on board our pilot who took charge of the ship. Quite a smart, intelligent French Canadian was this pilot, speaking very good English, and one who seemed quite at home either night or day in working the ship up the St Lawrence. We soon afterwards anchored off Quebec on a beautiful day in May, after a six weeks passage from our port of departure. Our ballast discharged, we were soon

afterwards taken to a loading berth, but Captain T., suspecting the desertion of some of the crew, set a watch over the ship at night, at the same time he gave us boys strict notice to warn him at once if we saw preparations made by any of the crew for leaving the ship.

Shortly afterwards I was awoke one night by the quiet rustlings of bags, chests and hammocks as they were quietly dropped or lowered into a boat under the bows, and six of our best seamen got as quietly down after them and away from the ship. Taking no notice of the matter I went quietly to sleep again. It can be well understood how futile would be the efforts of two or three boys with the captain to stop six determined men after they had got the start from the ship. But morning came and the rage of Captain T. knew no bounds, as he ground his teeth and threatened me when we were once more at sea how I should be flogged, &c.—for it soon became known that I had seen them go away.

Tying a few clothes in a bundle, I determined on escaping from this capricious tyrant by deserting. At dinner time I quietly stepped on shore and made for the bush, where I slept for the night. But some Canadians finding me there in the morming took me to the house of a kind woman, to whom I told my story. I soon had the sympathy of the people in the neighbourhood, and every care was taken that I should not be caught by the police. "L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose." The well-known French proverb was decidedly applicable in this case; for coming from the post-office one day I

saw our tyrant of a captain coming in the opposite direction. I tried to escape his notice by not running, and turning a corner ran up a wide entry; but, alas, there was no outlet for me there.

He caught me fairly in his arms as I tried to pass into the street, and in spite of my struggles I had to accompany him to the police-office, where there were quite a number of run-away seamen about to be sent on board their ships. We were soon sent to our different vessels, and I found myself once more under the authority of our capricious master. This time, however, I threatened to complain to the owners on reaching home if any of us were ill used on the homeward voyage, and it was well that I did so, for he well knew that our employers would not continue to keep him in command of the ship if it were known by them how he used the boys. None of our seamen who deserted were caught, and we soon afterwards sailed with a fresh crew. A fine fair wind followed us down the river St Lawrence and through the gulf to the Banks of Newfoundland; onward we sped, splitting sail after sail by sheer recklessness in some of the gales we had. In seventeen days from Quebec we arrived at our desired port.

All my enthusiasm for the life of a sailor had now vanished, although shame to return home made me hazard another voyage. Our employment in port was made tolerable by having regular hours to work in the day time, and a good clean bed to sleep in on shore at night. Our sailors were all discharged, and this was the first time I ever witnessed the reckless way in which sailors part with their hard-earned

money. No sooner did ours receive their wages and purchase a few clothes, than they seemed to try how soon they could spend the remainder. Some were drunk, night and day, until shipped, when their advance money would hardly clear them of debts incurred by their reckless extravagance.

Fortunately for sailors, there are now Savings Banks close at hand, where they can deposit their money *at once* on being paid off, safe from crimps and thieves of all kinds who haunt poor Jack like a shadow until all his money is gone. Every care is now taken by the government that our sailors shall be protected, but such was not the case when I made my first voyage to sea.

A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF ICHABOE.

HAVING, as already stated, returned from my first voyage to Quebec and discharged our cargo, our ship was ordered to proceed to Ichaboe on the coast of Africa, after a cargo of guano. It was only my second voyage, but I had now become used to the ship and was able to take my share of the various duties required of apprentices, in loosing royals and top-gallant-sails, and assisting in many other of the lighter duties of the ship. Our captain had been there before, and whatever his faults were, he was decidedly a good navigator. Some of our previous crew were also about to accompany us on this voyage,

but we were also to have in addition to the ordinary crew, twelve labourers to dig the guano on shore, fill up bags, &c., and assist in loading the ship, so that our small handy barque was well manned, provisioned, and equipped for a twelve months' voyage.

This guano and its properties as a manure are so well known, as well as its chemical properties, that no description of it is necessary here. Crew on board, and all ready, we sailed in August, 1844, on our new voyage, expecting to be absent not less than ten months. With fair winds we are soon clear of the English Channel, and steering to the southward expect soon to be within the limits of the north-east trade winds. These winds extend to the 30th degree of north latitude in certain months of the year, and at other times only extend to the 23rd or 24th degree. They blow, for the most part, steadily from north-east to east, and are of course always fair winds for ships proceeding south on their voyages to the East and West Indies. They extend as far south as the equator, and are made available for ships bound to either the north coast of Africa or Brazil. We were soon bowling before the trade winds with studding sails set on both sides.

Our good sails are now unbent and carefully stowed away for our homeward passage and expected bad weather. The second suit of canvas or half worn sails are bent in their place, as being good enough for the fine weather we now enjoy; and how pleasantly the time passes as in this beautiful mild climate we sail steadily along on our course towards the equator. We have plenty of work to do during

the day time. The carpenter either caulking decks or at some other necessary work; the sailmaker repairing sails, assisted by some of the crew, and the boatswain with his men divided over the ship repairing or replacing rigging where required, the whole under the direction of the mate or second mate.

Such are the duties in any well-disciplined merchant ship on a southern voyage, leisure being the exclusive privilege of the captain alone, who is generally walking the deck in the day-time, watching the steering of the ship or occupied in reading, when not taking or working up observations of the sun for latitude or longitude. The day's duties being over, our best singers begin after supper, and the chorus of the whole crew to some well known sea-song is heard over the ship as she moves steadily and majestically over the waste of waters, every stitch of sail full to the breeze, and like a thing of life and light on this beautiful star-light night. Some of the men can play different instruments of music, and a dance is often started by some excellent dancers among the crew; others are occupied in various gymnastic performances, vieing with each other in feats of strength or agility. So the time passes until eight bells are struck at eight o'clock, and the watch is set for the night.

The look-out, and man at the helm relieved, the watch below retire to their hammocks until called at midnight, while the watch on deck, save the officer of the watch, look-out, and helmsman, arrange themselves for a comfortable sleep on deck, the weather is so delightfully mild and warm. Sometimes roused

up to brace up or square yards, and at four bells to relieve the helm or look-out. So the time passes as we proceed towards theequator.

Our first duty in the morning is to scrub and clean the decks before eight o'clock. The monotony of the voyage is sometimes relieved by the capture of a shark, porpoise or dolphin, or watching showers of flying fish which often come on board to escape the merciless dolphin or bonito. But as we come towards the line our steady trade winds begin to fail us, and finally to die away altogether; studding sails are taken in, and the ship cleared for working through the variables and calms so prevalent here. Frequent squalls of wind accompanied with heavy rain now come down on the ship, and the officer of the watch must use all his energy and watchfulness to prevent losing any of his masts or sails; still he must carry sail through these variables in order to get across the equator.

Rain falls sometimes in torrents, and now is the time to save water for washing and drinking. Awnings are spread for this purpose, and we soon fill up our water casks with good, pure rain-water. But at length we get fairly out of the calms and variables, and reach the south-east trade winds. These winds invariably blow from the south-east all the year round, extending from a few degrees south of the equator to the 30th parallel of south latitude. They are much steadier than the north-east trades, seldom veering more than two or three points of the compass. We are now what is called close-hauled, being obliged to stand across the trades instead of making a fair wind

of them, as we have to go considerably to the westward out of our track.

As we dash through the water stretching towards the coast of Brazil, the weather still keeps mild and warm, but getting further south every day, we soon begin to feel the nights colder, although the weather continues clear and fine. At length we reach the limits of southern edge of the trades, and have made enough of south latitude to fetch the coast of Africa. We tack to the eastward and make for our desired port in Africa. In about ten days more we are standing in towards the coast, and can easily discern the forest of masts far in on the coast, where the ships are lying at the desired island of Ichaboe. As we approach nearer and nearer we can make out the hulls of some three or four hundred ships of all sizes, from the small schooner of 100 tons to the large full-rigged ship of 1000 and 1600 tons.

What a desolate, forbidding-looking spot for ships to come to! rolling and plunging heavily at their anchors as we still came nearer to the island. At length we begin to take in sail, and our anchors are both dropped in this somewhat dangerous place, after a very fair passage of six weeks. We next proceed to send down top-gallant yards and masts on deck, and then to double reef and furl our topsails; our cables being kept so that we can slip from our anchors if it comes to blow heavy, and proceed to sea from the coast, under snug sail, as there is no shelter here for ships in a gale of wind.

The island itself is about a mile and a half in circumference, being nothing but a rock covered

with the guano to the height of from ninety to a hundred feet, in some parts, and sloping down towards the sea and adjacent rocks. On the surrounding rocks, at a short distance off, there are myriads of sea-birds to be seen, which have been driven from the island, and their accumulations of dung, together with the carcases of the seal and other animals, as well as myriads of dead birds, have formed this tremendous deposit of millions of tons of guano. But no one knows how many centuries it has taken to accumulate on this desolate spot. The penguin is the most prominent of the bird species here; they range themselves in hundreds of thousands on the adjacent rocks, like whole armies of soldiers, and on any one landing a general rush is made for the water. Scampering on their webbed feet they are soon at home and out of reach of danger, diving and swimming like a fish.

These penguins are covered with a sort of down or hair instead of feathers, and are about the size of a wild duck; standing upright on their webbed feet, their short fins or flippers project from their breasts on each side. Their bills are the same as those of the duck in shape and size, and they are constantly diving in all directions in search of fish round the island and rocks; we have even seen them a long distance at sea swimming and diving in search of their prey, for they cannot fly like other birds of the sea that we have seen. Their eggs are good eating, but the flesh of the penguin, no matter how well it is cooked, retains a strong fishy taste, and is far from being palatable. The other aquatic birds are mostly sea-

gulls, gannets, boobies and albatrosses, which congregate here in large numbers to breed.

The coast of Africa about five miles off looks barren in the extreme. Nothing but hills and ridges of grey sand are to be seen, with here and there black and very bleak looking rocks. The whole coast for hundreds of miles is completely iron bound, with a heavy surf constantly breaking on its whole extent, so that any unfortunate ship stranded or getting on shore by accident is soon broken up, and the crew can only escape with extreme difficulty. It is, therefore, a most dangerous coast for a ship to be lost on, no water being obtainable on its sandy deserts, even if the crew should reach the shore. Our boats are now got ready for loading the guano, as we discharge the stone ballast we have taken in for the outward voyage ; stages are rigged from the island well out, clear of the surf which is constantly breaking on the rocks. These stages are well secured and guyed from the top of the spars with chains, anchors and stout ropes, while planking is laid along for the passage of the crews with their bags of guano to the boats ; meanwhile the long-boat or pinnace is slacked into the stage, stern on, by means of a surf line and her stern moorings made fast. The bags are now dropped in with the utmost haste and expedition, while the boat's crew stow them, and no sooner is the boat loaded, than casting off their stern moorings, the boat is hauled off to smoother water by the surf line.

The tremendous surf rising in three different rollers comes roaring in sometimes as the boats are

moored ready for their cargoes, and it is appalling to look at the boats as they rise to the breakers, their bows pointing nearly perpendicularly upwards as the three breakers roll on in succession and dash with a sullen roar on the rock-bound beach; cries are heard of "Hold on, hold on; don't slack an inch of our good surf line; it will soon be over;" and it is well the good surf line holds on, or the boat with her small crew would be dashed to pieces among the stages, and few of the men saved; but we got used to this, and though accidents sometimes happened by the boats coming broadside on, yet they were of rare occurrence.

The small gig which we four boys have to manage is sometimes caught by these heavy rollers at the stages, but we have became so dexterous in her management that we never receive the slightest damage. Our duty is to land the captain at six in the morning, while the long-boat and pinnace land the sailors and labourers, under the second mate, on the island. The chief mate, carpenter, cook and steward remain on board to receive and assist in the discharge of the boats as they come alongside. At eight we take on shore the breakfast for the men on the island, bringing back the captain and landing him again on the island after breakfast. At noon the dinner has to be landed, and it is no easy matter sometimes to land soup, meat, &c., in such a heavy surf, but we are soon well used to that, too, and rarely make mistakes. In the evening the whole of the various crews are brought off to the ships for the night, and it is quite a stirring scene as each boat

receives its crew at the stages, well tired with their day's work on shore.

Still, our jolly sailors are not a bit discontented, and on a quiet night the whole harbour resounds with songs and merriment as the boats proceed to their respective ships. Heavy gales of wind, especially at the full and change of the moon, are of frequent occurrence, calling forth all the energies of the captains and crews to prevent breaking adrift and coming into collision with other ships in the crowded harbour. Plunging and rolling in the heavy sea which is running, the strength of each ship's chains and anchors is well tried, and sometimes an unfortunate vessel breaks adrift and comes in collision with another, when she is severely damaged and cut up. During our long stay of five months at this island we received but little damage in these gales. But one ship, the "Margaret," had twelve of her men on shore with the first and second mates when one of those gales came on. There were only the captain, carpenter, cook, steward, and one boy on board. The cook was an old soldier and it was the boy's first voyage to sea, so that as the ship broke from her anchors the captain had only the carpenter and steward to depend on. As she drifted through the crowded harbour, fortunately without any collision, they managed to get her before the wind and away clear of the shipping. It was now impossible to render her any assistance, but we soon had the satisfaction to see her with her reefed topsails standing out to sea and far away from the rock-bound coast. Her crew were distri-

buted among the many other vessels, and clothes provided for them.

Meanwhile the "Margaret" had got fairly away, and running down before the trade winds arrived safely at the Island of St Helena, where she procured another crew and went on to the West Indies. We were now employed assisting to load four other ships of the same company, although not more than half-loaded ourselves; we had, therefore, the prospect of a long stay at the island. But as the crew had agreed to that before sailing there was no grumbling about it, and everything went on well.

Fights were of frequent occurrence on the island, and if two men were heard quarrelling, the cry was heard of "A ring, a ring!" down bags and barrows, and a ring being formed the whole of the motley crowd were soon assembled on the spot to see the fight, and there was no getting out of it, for fight they must. But they invariably got fair play, although it was rather a brutal sight to the well-disposed men on the island. At other times some of the roughs would propose to have a rest in carrying the bags of guano to the boats or digging in the guano pits. Then a cry was raised of "A block, a block!" then all the bags and barrows were at once dropped, and the road to the boats was soon most effectually blocked up till the King of the Island came along and gave the order to move on.

The king of Ichaboe was a stout little English mate who had gained the good graces of the sailors by some means, and no sooner did he come along,

than three cheers were given, and at his order, "Move on bags and barrows," the path was soon cleared to the boats, and things went on again as before. Tents were at first pitched on the island, but some of the captains and mates who had made themselves obnoxious to the crews, were so cruelly ill-used by being pelted with stones and dead penguins from the tents that the commander of the man-of-war stationed there gave orders for their being removed and every man on the island to return to his ship at night. Landing his crew of marines and blue jackets well armed, the tents were soon removed and some kind of order restored.

We had now been over four months at the island, engaged in the usual routine of duties, when one morning on landing with the breakfast several men came running down towards the boats asking us to go on board one of the ships for a doctor. A terrible accident had occurred to seven men who were now being dug out from beneath a fall of guano. A very dangerous custom prevailed of excavating the guano in order to obtain a fall for filling the bags. This morning in excavating a large portion in one of the pits, a mass of some hundreds of tons had come down before the men had time to get clear, entombing seven of them, who could not have lived many seconds under it. Every exertion was made by hundreds of men with their shovels to rescue them, but when they were taken out they were quite dead.

A very touching incident happened as the bodies were stretched on the ground preparatory to being buried; a young sailor on looking at them recognised

among the dead his brother, whom he had not seen for some years. His cries at the discovery were heartrending, and among all the rough sailors and labourers congregated on the spot, there were very few dry eyes as he lamented over the body of his long lost brother. The services of the chaplain of the man-of-war were engaged, and a quiet spot being selected on the island for burial, the bodies were followed to their last resting place by the greater number of the various crews on shore, the beautiful service of the Church of England was read over them, rendered still more impressive on this desolate spot; and as we turned away at the conclusion there were few of the rough men composing the funeral party who did not feel deeply moved at the sudden and tragic end of those seven men.

Having taken on board all the guano we could find, for during our five months' stay the numerous vessels had almost cleared the island, we now weighed our anchors and took leave of this desolate spot, and none felt sorry as we made all sail and stood out to sea. We soon left the barren, forbidding coast of Africa far astern, and in ten days more were anchored at St Helena to fill up water for our homeward voyage.

The crew were allowed twenty-four hours' leave, which they fully enjoyed on shore. Water filled up and all ready, we were soon under weigh for home, and all sail being set, with studding sails on both sides, our little barque made good progress as we ran down the south-east trade winds for home. With good fair winds and good weather we arrived at

Queenstown after a very good passage of six weeks, when orders were received to proceed to the Clyde, where we arrived in ten days more, somewhat tired and very glad indeed to arrive without any loss or casualty from a voyage to the Island of Ichaboe.

A SHIP ON FIRE.

THERE are few incidents in a sea-faring life more startling or alarming than that of a ship on fire; my readers can imagine, but it is very hard to describe the effect of such an alarm either on board the crowded emigrant ship, or the ordinary merchantman, with none but her own crew on board. The following story of a ship on fire may interest the readers of these anecdotes :—

Very late in the fall of 1846 we sailed from Quebec with a cargo of flour for the Clyde. After riding out at anchor in the gulf a heavy gale of easterly wind, we got on down towards the island of Anticosti, when a hard gale came on from the southward, rendering it necessary to carry sail in order to escape driving on its dangerous, inhospitable beach. Close-reefing our top-sails and reefing our courses, our little barque fairly groaned under the weight even of this reduced sail in such a hard gale, and ever and anon lurched to leeward until our decks were filled with water up to the hatchways. Strange enough, not a cloud was to be seen, and the sprays falling on dry portions of our decks were almost immediately converted into sheets of ice, so intense was the cold.

Nobly our little barque held her own, making a good course, and considering how hard it blew sometimes also making but little lee-way; the land looming plainly and not very far to leeward of us. On this particular morning the watch which had been on deck the last four hours, after breakfast went to their beds in what is called the cuddy. This is a part of the ship's poop cabin, and instead of living in the forecastle which was full of flour, our men lived in the cuddy. Shortly afterwards one of them came to the door, and speaking to us on deck said there must be something on fire in the cabin, as they could not sleep for smoke.

We immediately called the attention of the steward to the matter; but on his examining all round the cabin, he could not see or smell the smallest sign of smoke. The reason of this was on account of the extraordinary draughts caused by the wind, which drove the smoke from the coal stove entirely clear of the cabin. The steward, therefore, said that they must be mistaken, and we were all, of course, so far satisfied, as it was far from being pleasant for us to think that our noble little barque was on a lee-shore and on fire at the same time in such a gale of wind.

Scarcely had the watch retired or turned into bed again than the whole place was filled with a dense volume of smoke, rendering it impossible for them to sleep. Again the steward's attention was called to the matter, but he again insisted that there was no sign of fire in the cabin. Further examination was made, and our second mate, opening the door of our spare sail cabin, was nearly suffocated by a burst of

flame and smoke issuing from our sails stowed there. Nothing daunted, we coolly but quickly went to work, dragging the burning sails into the water on deck, which speedily extinguished them at every lurch of the ship. Meanwhile the carpenter, under the captain's directions, quickly cut a hole over the burning sail-room in the deck, and a gang was detailed to pass buckets of water from our lee-scuppers in order to drench the fire from above. We soon had the satisfaction of knowing that our exertions were attended with success, as the fire had not got hold in time of the wood work of our cabin. Speculations were now rife among us all as to what would have been our fate had the fire got the upper hand of us in such a gale of wind and on a lee shore; and we inwardly thanked God that we discovered the fire in time.

The cause of the fire was the intense heat of the stove placed near the partition dividing the sail room from the cabin, and which was lined with sheet-lead. The lead had melted and then the wood-work took fire, speedily setting fire to the sails. Our gallant little barque soon afterwards cleared the south end of Anticosti, and we felt ourselves safe for the time from a lee shore. But our troubles were not yet ended, gale after gale of easterly wind succeeded as we tried to beat our way to the eastward, and we had also to keep almost constantly at the pumps in this terrible weather, when not steering, reefing or setting sail.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and we hoped and prayed for a westerly wind to carry us home, westerly winds being almost always the pre-

vailing winds on the North Atlantic in the winter. But it was not so on this passage, and we were heartily tired and fagged out as we at length sighted our desired point on the Irish coast. Soon afterwards, taking a steam tug, we arrived all well in the Clyde. Lowering the boat down to take the captain on shore, we at once discovered the cause of our extra labour in having been kept almost constantly at the pumps.

As we pulled round the ship, taking a look at her outside, after such a stormy passage, we discovered a good sized hole which would easily admit a man's hand, a very little above the surface of the water line, and which at sea must be almost constantly submerged, enough to keep us steadily at the pumps, and we at once knew that the many rats which infested the ship had bored their way right through the ship's planking in search of water; not knowing, however, by their instinct that the water was salt, but tempted because of its constant rush in their proximity.

Discharging our cargo soon afterwards we took out whole bucketsful of their gnawings as fine as saw-dust, which the rats had accumulated in their persistent efforts to reach the water. We took care afterwards that an allowance of water was left for the rats which they could reach without boring through the ship. There are many very startling incidents in such a life as ours, but few more so than being bored through by rats or being on board a ship on fire.

CAPTURING A SHARK.

As we lay becalmed near St Lorenzo, on the coast of Peru, the monotony of the ship's duties was somewhat relieved by the cry of "A shark, a shark!" and looking carefully along the surface of the water we discovered the back fin of an enormous shark, lazily sailing round the ship (for you cannot call it swimming) as if watching our motions and looking out for any of the cook's slops thrown overboard. He is evidently hungry, and it would be sudden death to any one of our crew to fall overboard at present or to go in swimming on this fine day. The shark is, without a doubt, the mortal enemy of "Jack at sea," as is the *land shark* on shore, who strips him of his hard-earned money.

"Bring along the shark hook," cries the mate or officer of the watch. This shark hook, it must be known to my readers, is no large hook for catching salmon or pike, but a perfect monster hook, with a piece of chain attached about a foot long. A piece of salt pork, about a pound in weight, is hastily fastened to the barb, and a good stout rope bent on for a fishing line. Splash goes the baited hook over the stern and he is soon seen coming swiftly towards it. Most of the crew are now gathered near the stern watching his motions: even the man at the wheel leaves his post to assist in his capture on this calm day.

He now stops a little as he approaches the tempting bait, as if watching our motions on deck. It is, however, but for a moment; turning half round, till

the white of his belly is seen, he makes a furious dash for the baited hook, and is fairly caught by the jaw. Now he dashes from side to side in his vain efforts to extricate himself from the hook, and his great strength is at once apparent, taxing the efforts of ten or twelve of our men to play with and restrain him as he continues his struggles. But he is very soon exhausted, and with a good steady pull all together, we run him up clear of the water, with his jaws close to the taffrail. And what a monster he is! not less than fifteen feet in length, and his capacious mouth studded with six or seven rows of teeth, big enough, too, to take off one's leg at a bite.

We let him hang there for a short time, and slipping a noose over his tail, with one strong pull we land him fairly on our clean poop deck; but keep clear of his tail as he lashes the deck in his dying struggles, or with one stroke he will surely break some one's legs. Our carpenter, however, soon brings along his sharp axe, and at one chop, off goes the offending tail, and our clean decks are streaming with the blood of the expiring shark, as one of the crew draws a sharp knife across his throat to hasten his death. Still the trunk of the shark quivers as if with life.

Anxious to know what is in his stomach, the crew gather round, knowing that this is the receptacle, sometimes, of all sorts of strange things. One of my shipmates had hung a pair of pants over the bows, leaving them dipping in the water as the vessel rose and fell with the undulation of the quiet sea. We all had gone to our dinner, not thinking about the pants,

but happening to look over the bows I discovered to my astonishment that they were cut away as clean as if with a knife, leaving a very small portion indeed fast to the rope. I at once made known the loss to Lawrence, and on cutting open the stomach we found the pants, a little mangled, but not a great deal the worse. We had a good laugh at the voracity of our common enemy, at the same time it was as well that no legs were in the pants, or the owner would assuredly have come to grief.

We now proceed with the disposition of the remains of the shark; but he is such an old fellow, no one thinks of eating any of him, he is so rank. One needs his back bone to clean and make a walking-stick for a friend on shore, another takes the jaws to clean for the captain, or perhaps some of the mates. These jaws, when cleaned, I can easily slip over my head and on to my shoulders, with their seven rows of sharp teeth. The tail is usually nailed up in some conspicuous place forward, as a trophy, and the remains are ignominiously cast overboard, perhaps to feed some brother shark coming the same way.

Sharks are to be found in almost every latitude, and in all parts of the world; their voracity is well known, and in rescuing a man who has fallen overboard the shark has been known to dispute the possession of the body, as his terrified shipmates hastily drag him into the boat, his body lacerated and torn by this dreadful enemy of the sailor, to die in agony and be again consigned to the deep. The master of a vessel at a place called Bonny, on the African coast, was mounting his ship's side by the

ladder, when, slipping, he fell between the ship and the boat; the boat's crew tried to rescue him, and in dragging him into the boat he called out, "For God's sake, men, don't drag me that way." Releasing their grasp a little he was at last taken on board the boat, when it was found that one of his legs was so terribly lacerated by the bite of one of these monsters that it had to be at once amputated to save his life.

In Kingston, Jamaica, an old shark, called by the negroes "Man-of-War Tom," was regularly fed by ships of war on the station, to prevent the desertion of the crew, and he did it most effectually, for very few of the sailors had daring enough to swim ashore from his ship while "Man-of-War Tom" continued round the bay. He would far sooner face a ten-gun battery. In taking porpoises or other sea-fish there is some excitement on board ship at sea, but never so much as in capturing a shark.

I may add to the foregoing anecdotes of sharks a most exciting and rather dangerous adventure on a shark's back during the passage of the barque "Annabella" from London to Tobago, with Government stores, in 1846. A short distance off the island a shark was hooked, when the chief mate, Mr Matthew Dow, in endeavouring to pass a rope with a bowline hitch round the body of his sharkship, tumbled right on to his back, where he held on by the vertical fin. Our readers may well imagine the ludicrous though dangerous position of the mate in such a fix, while the amazed crew were looking on, wondering what was the next phase of the adventure, whether the man was to be drowned, or eaten up by

some of the shark's friends that might have been in his wake. Meantime Captain Paterson, by his intrepid exertions, and with the assistance of his crew, succeeded in rescuing Mr Dow from his dangerous position, after which the shark broke from the hook and escaped. This somewhat dangerous shark story can be vouched for by gentlemen in Port-Glasgow and elsewhere who were on board the ship at the time.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

THE incident I am now to relate occurred during a voyage from Liverpool to the Chinchas Islands.

As we proceeded to the southward the weather became much colder, and as we were now nearly off the River Plate, every preparation was made to contend with the heavy gales of wind which are to be met with on this coast. New sails are bent to the yards, extra lashings are passed round, spare spars, anchors, &c., and all is made secure about the decks. These gales are called *pamperoes*, and while they last they blow most furiously, while not a cloud is to be seen; the sky is as clear and the sun shines as brightly as if it were the finest weather; but as the storm rages, the sea rises and runs in mountainous waves, sometimes breaking on board the devoted ship, and sweeping all before it in its resistless fury.

We were now off the Rio Plata, or River Plate, when one night as we lay becalmed, the sails flapping lazily against the masts, we were startled about eleven

at night by the long-drawn cry "All-hands-reef-top-sails." The watch below, of whom I was one, were soon on deck, and as the captain said the barometer was unusually low, the topgallant sails were furled, topsails lowered down, and reef tackles hauled out, for close reefing our topsails. Still not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the night, but an ominous calm prevailed.

Not a star was to be seen as we laid aloft to close-reef the main-top-sail. My companion outside of me on the yard, I knew by his voice, was one of our young ordinary seamen, for it was not possible in the darkness to tell who was next to you otherwise. As we tied the reef points, I noticed him getting up on the top of the yard, clinging to a boom used for setting a top-gallant-stun' sail. "Come down," I said to him; "you will be falling overboard, you young fool." He came down on the foot rope at my request, and soon afterwards I was just in the top-mast rigging coming down on deck, when I heard in the stillness of the night a sudden crash on deck, as if a coil of rope had been thrown from a height; at the same moment we were startled by the cry of "A man overboard." All hands now hastened to clear away the quarter boat. In the darkness, all was confusion. A lantern had to be found to search for the oars, which were stowed away in the hold, and at last, after a delay of a quarter of an hour, four of us, with the second mate, started in the boat to find the man who had fallen overboard, but whom we knew it was nearly impossible to find alive in the darkness, after first striking the ship in his fall.

Pulling in the direction pointed out by the captain, one of us had to keep baling out our leaky boat, while we steered round the ship in every direction; pelicans and other large sea-birds swooping down close to our heads in the darkness, as if they intended to attack us. After pulling for nearly an hour we now made our way back to the ship, but without having seen the faintest trace of the poor fellow who had fallen overboard; a light being hoisted for our guidance. Curses, both loud and unsparing, were directed at the carelessness of the captain and officers in not having a boat fit to float for the purpose of saving one of our number who might fall overboard. Still more so at their inexcusable culpability in having the very oars stowed away in the hold, when they should have been in their places in the boat. Our boat was soon hoisted up, when I was asked by one of the crew "Who had fallen overboard?" I did not know, and asked in turn who it could be. They told me it was reported when the boat left the ship that I was the man overboard, no one knowing in the darkness who was in the boat. We found when the hands were all mustered, that it was young S., the same whom I had warned on the yard to be careful. He was much liked by the crew for his pleasant, agreeable ways, and we all deeply felt his loss for a short time, but in the recurring duties of a ship at sea, the loss of a shipmate is very soon forgotten by most of the crew.

I have commanded a few ships at sea since that time, over twenty years since, but took care that my quarter-boat was ready to clear away, and always had life-buoys ready to rescue any of the crew who should

fall overboard. I never forgot the culpable carelessness of the master and officers of that ship in not having either boat or oars ready to save *a man overboard.*

THE SHIP'S MONKEY.

MONKEYS are great favourites with sailors on a long sea voyage, and many a weary hour is made short, and the ever recurring duties of the ship lightened by the tricks and strange grotesque actions of these mirth-provoking creatures. Never at rest but when they are asleep, they are always moving about, either stealing from the ship's cook, or engaged in some other mischievous trick. If you have a favourite book or print lying about the cabin, and Jacko sets his eyes upon it, it is a wonder if he does not get it and set to work, tearing it to pieces as coolly and deliberately as if he were doing something very praiseworthy, and requiring a deal of fertility of thought in his mischief-loving brain.

Tying him up about the deck is of little use, as he will either find out how to loose himself, or some one of the crew will let him go to see him work mischief. Our sailmaker, seated at his bench in fine weather, must keep a sharp look-out for Jacko, for if any needles are left lying about, it is a wonder if he does not make off with them. The carpenter, too, comes in for a share of Jacko's patronage, and must not leave any small handy tools about, for if not too heavy he is sure to make off with them. Our steward,

making a pudding ready for the cook, must look out for his raisins, for if he turns his back for a few moments to attend to some other duties, this is Jacko's happiest opportunity. Stuffing himself with raisins in great haste, and chattering and grinning all the while, he next fills the pouch under his throat; the steward coming back makes a dash to catch him, but Jacko is always too quick to be caught so easily. With a bound he is off, and making for the rigging is up and quickly out of reach. Up, still up he goes, until he reaches the royal yard, the loftiest spar in the ship, then sitting down on his haunches, he proceeds with great composure to devour the remainder of his booty, chattering and grinning all the while at the steward who is now looking up at him, shaking his fist, and threatening him with all sorts of punishment. But Jacko goes on with his task, occasionally looking down and grinning as much as to say, Yes, Mr Steward, when you can catch me! The crew, meanwhile, are now gathered on deck, and the ship resounds with laughter at the cool impudence of the monkey, and rage of the steward, who can only turn away and laugh himself.

But my readers will ask what he can do with sail needles and carpenters' tools; he can't eat them surely? Very true, but he can turn them round and round, looking as wise as a monkey can look, as if examining their use, and then stow them away in some out-of-the-way place, for future study and sage reflection, or deliberately drop them overboard. Our sailmaker had lost a number of needles, and many other small things were missing, leading to the belief

that it could not be always the monkey; but one day on uncovering a part of the rigging in the main top, which was seldom moved, in order to make some repairs, we came upon a whole hoard of Jacko's peculations, in the shape of sail needles, small knives, gimlets, old rusty nails, bits of different coloured cloth, pieces of canvas, and old leather, which Jacko had stowed away snugly and securely at various times. We had a hearty laugh over the matter, some one remarking that Jacko intended setting up a marine store on a small scale when he got ashore. Meanwhile Jacko did not seem to like our discovery of his hoard, but sat looking at us, grinning and chattering in rather an angry mood.

I was carrying home a parrot to one of my relations; and a constant war was waged between Jacko and the parrot. No sooner had we filled up the cup of food and water in the cage, than Jacko, watching his chance, would be at it, stealing as usual, when the parrot's screaming would call some one to drive him away, chattering and grinning as usual. In fine weather, when the work of the ship was done for the day, and Jacko had committed some unusual depredation, a general hunt was instituted by the younger sailors of the ship, to catch the monkey. Away aloft after him, from mast to mast, and from yard to yard, while Jacko would bound from one rope to the other, almost within their reach, chattering as if in mockery at their futile efforts to catch him, until exhausted they had to come slowly down on deck, their shipmates nearly as fatigued as themselves with laughter at Jacko's feats of agility, as

well as at the rueful, disappointed faces of his would-be-captors. Jacko would then come down when it suited himself, which would just be when he was hungry. Changing our climate, and getting into cold weather, soon made Jacko give up his excursions aloft, and behave himself better; then all the sympathies of the sailors were brought out at seeing him shivering at the door of his little house, and moaning piteously with the cold. Old rags, old stockings, &c., were now hunted up to line his house with, and keep him warm.

In their wild state, monkeys are equally full of fun and mischief, and I have seen them in Burmah in whole troops and families on fine evenings, near the river side, gamboling and playing all sorts of grotesque tricks to one another, the older members of the tribe looking on as quietly and gravely as if they were human.

In Madras, monkeys are held as sacred animals by the superstitious natives, and are allowed to live in families on their flat-roofed houses, and it is laughable in the extreme to watch them as they spring from house to house, and ledge to ledge, sure-footed as goats on a mountain top. The younger menbers of the family cling to the backs of their parents, while others bring along all the old rags they have stolen to make their beds.

The sweetmeat vender in Madras will never injure the monkey stealing sweetmeats under his very nose; he may drive him away for the time, but if he turns away he is soon back again stealing, and as impudent as before. Since the terrible mutiny of 1857, the

superstitions of the natives of India are gradually but surely giving way before the glorious Gospel of our Saviour, which is now spreading throughout the length and breadth of that long-benighted land.

A VOYAGE TO THE GUANO ISLANDS OF PERU.

THESE Islands are called the Chinchas, and it is now over twenty years since I first visited them on board a Liverpool ship called the "Collector." We sailed in June, 1849, our cargo consisting of bricks and patent fuel to be landed at Coquimbo on the coast of Chili. We had quite a fine passage to the equator and well south towards the Falkland Islands, but were well aware what we might expect off Cape Horn, as it was now the dead of winter in these latitudes. The weather became colder as we proceeded to the southward towards Cape Horn, and the nights much longer.

As we approached Cape Horn our best sails were bent to encounter the heavy gales we expected at this time of the year, and our water casks, spars, &c., were well secured with good lashings. Gales of wind now began to be frequent, and storms of snow and sleet were of common occurrence. The heavy seas to be met with here are something unusual in other parts of the world, the long stretch of thousands of miles of ocean causing a heavy sea in any gale, as there is a heavy swell even when there is no wind.

No sooner had we set a little sail to get round

this boisterous Cape than it had to be again taken in as we vainly tried to buffet the gale and make a little westing, tossing and plunging about in the tremendous seas ever and anon rolling along. Wet with salt water, perishing with cold, still we must get up and take in sail, but we managed it very well, if sail was not carried too long. A glass of rum was often served out to us, which for a time put a glow within us, but after its effects had died away, we felt chilled and almost as cold as before.

On one particularly cold night, a small sail called the main trisail had to be taken in ; it was blowing a perfect hurricane at the time, and the ship had to be *wore* round on the opposite tack in order to avoid drifting on an island to leeward. But the cold was so intense, together with the strength of the wind, that the united efforts of sixteen good men could hardly get it quieted and taken in for a whole hour. At length we managed to wear round on the opposite tack, and escape the much dreaded island. We now had to make a desperate effort to carry some more sail in order to get clear, and it was some hours before we got sufficient sail set to make sure of keeping off the rocks.

At length, fatigued and perishing with the excessive cold, we were allowed some rest, and our glass of raw strong rum put a little heat in us for the time. Day after day and week after week the same fearful gales kept us back, and the long dreary cold nights were enough to damp the courage of many a crew, for no sooner had we made a good distance by a favourable point or two of the wind, than again it

would come down from the same quarter, hard, cold and furious as ever, driving us back more than we had gained.

Some of our crew now began to have scurvy, which appeared in their legs and mouths, by the long use of salt meat and constant exposure to this terrible weather; our decks where the men's hammocks were slung being so leaky that a constant stream of water came through their leaky seams, saturating bedclothes and hammocks. Various were the means tried to keep the water clear of our beds; greasing a track under the deck for it to run clear, but this was of little avail. Often as the watch below was called "All hands shorten sail," have we got out and found our den of a forecastle ankle deep with water, as our deep loaded ship lurched and rolled to and fro, trying to dress on the top of our chests to keep clear of the water, but in danger of being sent flying to leeward, chests and all, at each successive roll.

Such are a few of the many discomforts experienced by sailors in rounding Cape Horn; but there is no escape from these miseries, as round the Horn the ship must go, if we can only keep her afloat. Fortunately our ship made but little water in her bottom or top sides, and stood all this rolling, pitching and straining remarkably well. The captain was a good sort of man, on his first voyage as such; he had, however, a very headstrong way of carrying sail, which gave us all the more trouble, as we were aware that he did not attend to the warnings of the barometer. This instrument, when well understood, will always warn the shipmaster of approaching gales in those

latitudes, and save much extra labour to the crew by attending to its warnings in time.

As we drifted about in this miserable way, scarcely holding our own at times, one after the other of our crew gave in with various ailments, scurvy being the most prevalent, till nine were laid up out of our crew of twenty-four. These nine being mostly working seamen, the work came heavier on the rest of the crew. Eight long weeks had we now been buffeted about off this weary, desolate Cape, and very little chance of a change. At length about the ninth week we managed to get fairly round, *i.e.*, to double Cape Horn, and keeping well off this much dreaded coast, were standing to the northward, under all sail, the warmth of the climate increasing day by day, until fairly within the limits of the south-east trades. Our battered ship, as well as our worn-out crew, now began to look better, and we soon sighted the lofty peakes of the Andes; nearer and nearer we stood in towards the coast of Chili, the mountains rising higher and higher, and some of their peaks touching the clouds. These mountains are visible seventy, eighty, and even ninety miles at sea, and it can well be imagined how they look in their grandness and magnificence as we approach the coast, some being over twenty thousand feet in height above the level of the sea.

Entering by quite a narrow opening, we were soon at anchor in the harbour of Coquimbo, after a terrible passage of four months from Liverpool. Surrounding us on the heights round the harbour were quite a number of smelting works, for making pigs of copper,

which is brought from the mines to this port in large quantities. Our sick were landed, and it was remarkable how soon the scurvy disappeared, as plenty of good oranges, as well as potatoes and other esculents were to be had in abundance. One man, whose legs were quite black, as the scurvy slowly moved upwards towards his body, would every afternoon, on coming on board, show us his legs becoming lighter in their colour and perceptibly getting rapidly better, by the use of oranges and potatoes, &c., as well as by being daily in contact with the earth on shore, after this long sea voyage.

We were all now busily employed discharging our cargo of bricks and patent fuel. This patent fuel is composed of a mixture of small, smithy coals, and what is called coal tar, formed and dried in large, thick square cakes, and in handling this disagreeable stuff, the dust, getting into our eyes in the hot sun, nearly destroyed our eyesight for the time; the pain was almost maddening, and there were some of the crew who could not work until its effects were eradicated from their eyes. La Serena is the principal city, distant from Coquimbo about seven miles. It is a city of but small importance, but is the place where vessels enter and clear at the Custom-house.

We were not long in discharging cargo, and taking in ballast for Callao, the port of entry for vessels bound to the Guano Islands. Our anchor up and sail set, we once more resumed our route, steering nearly due north, but keeping well out to sea, in order to have the full strength of the south-east trades. Our crew were now quite well, and with the fine weather

of these latitudes we all forgot what we had suffered in rounding Cape Horn. Our steward deserted the ship in Coquimbo, but we soon had another in his place, equally well up to his duties.

Strong trade winds carried us along fast on our course to Callao, and in eight days from Coquimbo we arrived off the island of San Lorenzo, at the entrance of the port. Light winds at length carried us into the harbour after a very favourable passage. Callao is in latitude 12° south, and is the sea-port of Lima, the capital of Peru. At the time I speak of it was the port of entry for vessels bound to the Guano Islands. As a harbour it is entirely land-locked, and quite a fleet of ships of all sizes can easily find shelter here. But Callao itself is but a miserable, poor-looking place, with very few buildings of importance, and its streets mean, tortuous, and rugged.

Having filled up our water casks with water of the best quality, we had now to beat along the coast against the south-east trades to the Islands, a distance of ninety miles. Standing well out to sea at night, we made a stretch in towards the land in the morning, but alas! we had made but little of it, as we only fetched back to the place we left the morning before. At length we managed to reach the Guano Islands in about eight days from Callao, and proceeded under all sail right through among the shipping at the Islands to a small place called Pisco, seven miles off, where we had once more to anchor and re-enter at the Custom-house before going back to the Islands.

This foolish programme had to be gone through

by every ship visiting these Islands twenty years ago. First to enter the ship at Callao for the Islands, then before anchoring proceeded to Pisco to re-enter; coming back with your ship a distance of only seven miles, involving time, labour, and expense. Anchored at Pisco we went on shore in the boat, but there is along the coast at this place a most dangerous surf always running on the low sandy beach, and many boats have been capsized in attempting to land here, the captains and boat's crew very often being drowned. It was therefore with considerable apprehension that we pulled our boat in through the surf, all depending on good steering, and keeping the oars well clear as the heavy breakers came rolling along, for if the boat once came broadside on she was sure to capsize. Once more getting our clearance from Pisco, we were on our way back to the Islands, and getting one of the captains acquainted there, we came to anchor off the North Island, where quite a number of ships were waiting for their turn at the guano shoots. The North, Middle, and South Islands were at this time heavily covered with deposits of guano ninety feet deep, and in some parts were almost inaccessible from the sea, their circumference not being more than two miles each. At this place the water is generally very smooth, and though somewhat deep yet there is good holding ground for ships of large tonnage. We now prepared to take in enough guano by our boats to ballast the ship until our turn came at the large shoot.

The long boat and pinnace were manned, and each morning hauled into the boat shoot. A long canvas

hose was sent down from the rocks, about 100 feet above our heads, and as soon as our boat was moored stern on to the island, the signal was given *all ready*, and immediately there came down a rush of guano through the hose into the boat, almost blinding and suffocating the four of us in charge. When there happened to be no wind our position was almost unbearable, as we held our heads clear of the boat, trying to get a breath of fresh air, the dust not unlike that of a flour mill, and the ammonia with which the guano abounds being suffocating in its effects; but our boat, containing ten tons in bulk, was soon loaded, and seated among the guano we pulled towards the ship, where our boat was discharged in a short time, the guano being thrown into the hold in bulk, to be trimmed at leisure. In this way we managed to get enough on board to admit of our discharging the ballast, and had now to wait our turn for the purpose of loading at the *Manguero*, or large shoot for ships. Our time, as we lay here, was passed in keeping the ship clean, and in excursions round the Islands. Fish were very plentiful, and good herrings could be caught by the seine spread under our bows, or large quantities of mackerel by the simple process of tying three fish hooks together and lowering them under our boat; this was called *jigging*, sometimes two and three being thus jigged at the same time, so plentiful were they round the Islands.

The weather is always fine in those latitudes; the sun in the day time being hot, but far from oppressive, while the nights are cool, with a heavy dew falling. During our stay of ten weeks here we never once had

a shower of rain, and rain is almost unknown all the year round on this part of the coast. At length our turn came to haul the ship under the great shoot, where in a few hours we could take in our whole cargo of nearly 1000 tons, besides our 200 already on board. Getting lines passed on shore under the directions of the pilot of the Islands, we hauled on board the large shoot first of all to the main hatch, when, at the signal, tons of guano were soon rushing into the hold from the rocks above our mast heads, enveloping the ship in a perfect cloud of dust from the guano, which penetrates the inmost nook in the cabin, spoiling everything if not carefully covered beforehand, veering and hauling on the tackle guiding the shoot into the hatchway as the swell causes the ship to rise and fall. We very soon had sufficient to keep our trimmers below in employment shovelling and stowing fore and aft.

Trimmers are well paid, but their work is excessively severe on the constitution. Sometimes they are obliged to come up from the hold, the blood streaming from their nose and mouth.

Our ship was loaded in from six to seven hours, and we once more hauled out to the anchorage to clear decks and prepare for returning to Callao, to fill up water and obtain our clearance for London. We soon were gladly heaving up on our return voyage to London *via* Callao, as we were now fully eight months out at this time, and with a fair wind we sailed at night from the Guano Islands, reaching Callao on the following day by noon. As usual with ships on a long voyage, our crew were allowed twenty-

four hours' leave, the starboard watch, under the second mate, taking the first turn on shore; when the mate's watch on being relieved took their twenty-four hours. Some of our men took horses for Lima, but most of them remained in Callao, drinking and carousing until it was time to go on board.

When several ships' crews were thus allowed on shore after being confined so long on board ship, it was ludicrous in the extreme to watch the bent of their inclinations, as some, hiring cabs, &c., would have a drive into the country, resolved to be gentlemen for one day at least; others, sitting down in some low groggery, would spend all their liberty-money (generally one month's pay) at a sitting; that is to say, they would not leave until half-carried to the boat, drunk as they were, by their more sober and sensible shipmates; still another portion would be found who had not forgotten mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, at home, but were laying out a portion of their liberty-money in purchasing curiosities of all kinds to take home as a memento of their voyage to Peru. The boat landing for the liberty-men is now waiting, and as she leaves the landing-place, loaded with half-drunken sailors (and some who are wholly so), it would be laughable only for its extreme danger, as some of our half-drunken crew keep moving round in the boat, in danger of falling overboard every moment.

The ship is at length reached, and for those who are too drunk to get on deck by the usual rope ladder, a rope is sent down, and they are soon hoisted on deck and safely deposited in their bunks to sleep off their

debauch; for our sailors are somewhat thoughtful about their drunken shipmates, and will invariably try to take care of them until they can take care of themselves.

On the day following we prepared to leave for London, and heaving our anchor short we loosed and set our topsails, waiting for the captain to come on board and make a start. But the devil was on board in the shape of sundry skins of rum, which set all the crew nearly crazy. Three of our best men took it into their heads all at once that they would serve Her Majesty the Queen on board the "Asia," a line-of-battle ship of seventy-four guns, lying in Callao. The signal was given to the man-of-war by tying a blue shirt to the starboard fore lift, but no answer was visible in the shape of manning and sending a boat on board for our volunteers.

Seeing that their signal was disregarded by the commander of the "Asia," our volunteers took down the blue shirt from the fore lift, and substituted a white sheet, still more deeply to impress the commanding officer of the "Asia" with the information that there were anxious volunteers on board the "Collector" who wished to serve the Queen. Still the commanding officer did not seem to see it: firstly, as he had his full complement of 700 men on board; secondly, as Her Majesty Queen Victoria was then at peace with all the world; thirdly and lastly, because the commander had more common sense than to disable a merchant ship on the point of sailing, by taking any of the crew from her in time of peace. The captain now made his appearance, and

on coming alongside gave the order, "Man the windlass, up anchor," but none of us would move; he inquired the reason, and soon found that our volunteers were the cause. As we refused to heave the anchor up, until these three men came to their senses and their duty, the captain very wisely went on board the man-of-war, claiming the commander's assistance in getting the ship under way, and in bringing his mutinous and disobedient crew to reason.

Soon afterward, as we sat round the decks, determined not to weigh anchor, the Launch of the "Asia" was seen pulling towards us, and we could soon see the first lieutenant, coxswain, and about twenty able seamen, all in their uniforms, approach the ship. Mounting the side ladder, we were confronted by our captain and the lieutenant, who very quietly demanded our reasons for not weighing anchor. Some of our speakers now told him that we would do so if these three men did their work, but as they wished to enter the service, we objected to go to sea three men short. Reasoning with the three ring-leaders he told them that the "Asia" was not in want of men, advising us all to return to our duty.

As no terms could be come to with us, Lieutenant Collins at once called his men up, who proceeded to weigh the anchor, in spite of our protests to the contrary. Sail was soon made, and the "Collector" standing out to sea under charge of the man-of-war's crew. As we reached the Island of San Lorenzo, the ship was hove-to, and the lieutenant with his men prepared to leave, and he once more quietly told us that if we attempted to bring the ship back, we should all be

taken on shore and tried for mutiny. No one seemed to like this idea, and all hands, including our volunteers for Her Majesty's Navy, were soon once more at their duties as the ship stood out to sea, getting more sober every hour, as the effects of the bad rum died away, and we inhaled the pure breezes of the Pacific.

We made good progress to the southward to round Cape Horn. But alas! our too economical captain had provided but ninety days' provisions for what might be a five or six months' passage, and we soon found that our stock of tea was all finished. Still we had plenty of coffee for a reasonable time at least, and with fair winds we might make the passage home in three months. Going on towards Cape Horn, we had whole gales of fair wind, and soon reached the above place. As we proceeded to the northward, our stores began to get short one after the other, and having still a long passage before us after we reached the equator, every care was taken that we should have our strict allowance in order to make the remaining stores hold out.

We now entered the north-east trades, and made good progress on our homeward passage, still our stock of provisions was getting smaller, as we were now about three months out from Callao. Our allowances were now reduced to half a pound of beef or pork and half a pound of biscuit to each man for the day; our pease, barley, &c., being now all finished, as well as coffee and sugar. Leaving the trades we had a succession of strong easterly winds which retarded our progress, and still brought our short allow-

ance shorter. Day after day those head winds continued, and we were glad to get small quantities of bread from vessels bound the same way, but which were nearly as badly off as ourselves. Our allowance was now curtailed to a quarter of a pound of biscuit, and the same of beef or pork. Fortunately we had plenty of water to drink.

Still our head winds continued for nearly three whole weeks, and as the duties of the ship had to be carried on the same as if on full allowance, the want of sufficient food soon became visible in our care-worn, hungry-looking faces. Boarding a French fisherman bound to Newfoundland one fine day, we secured a small bag of good biscuit, but had to pay well for it; some of the fishermen on board also made us a present of a bag of herrings, which was very thankfully received, and gave us one or two good meals. As we drew towards the end of the fourth month at sea, the wind sometimes favoured us on our course, and we were again allowed our half pound of beef and bread, but no sooner did we have a change of wind, than our wretched quarter pound was carefully doled out to us.

At length our weary passage came near to a close as we approached the Irish coast, and on the day we received our long-expected and welcome pilot on board we had about one day's full allowance of bread still remaining. Our pilot at length brought us safely to anchor in the then Cove of Cork, fatigued, worn-out, and hungry enough, but we soon had plenty of good fresh bread, potatoes and beef sent on board, and like most sailors forgot all our miseries in the

midst of plenty, after a four months' passage. Receiving our orders to proceed to London, we arrived there in a few days more; our voyage to the Chincha Islands and home having lasted twelve months. With a good sum of money in each man's pocket, no one would have thought, seeing how reckless and extravagant we were, that we had suffered so much on this tedious voyage to the Guano Islands.

THE MARINE BAROMETER.

This is an instrument of inestimable value to the mariner who is careful of the lives and property placed under his charge on board ships and steamers on the ocean. Simple in its construction it is easily understood, and its readings noted to tenths of an inch of its rising and falling, give sure warnings of approaching gales at sea, as well as expected fine weather, so that by attending to this timely and faithful monitor many a fine ship with valuable lives and property are saved from destruction. On the other hand, by neglecting its warnings, many a fine vessel as well as many valuable lives are lost. I have often watched with intense anxiety its indications before a hurricane in India as well as before storms on the Atlantic, when it showed me that the heaviest portion of the storm had passed over the ship, and that I might soon expect to have better weather, enabling me to set more sail and to proceed on my voyage, until the mercury again falling advised me to reduce sail, and by doing so in time, save masts and sails, as well as

fatiguing and harrassing my crew. The following story will illustrate the use of the barometer and demonstrate its value more fully :—

It was very late in the fall of 1857 that I left Quebec in command of the ship "Vortigern," on her second homeward trip. She was a staunch, powerful ship of one thousand tons, with a crew of thirty-two, all told. My owners, anxious to get her clear in time, engaged a powerful tug to tow her down clear of the St Lawrence. Another ship, the "Mississippi," was also towed at the same time on her first passage across the Atlantic. We had fine, cold, frosty weather, with scarcely any wind all the way down, and as we approached Bic Island, where the tug and pilots were to leave, the unusual height of the mercury and appearance of the weather indicated an easterly wind, and I was advised by my pilot to anchor under the island in case we should be caught in an easterly gale. Hailing the "Mississippi" I asked how his barometer stood, to which he replied, "I have no barometer." Both ships now came to anchor, the pilots and tug returning to Quebec. In a few hours a nice steady breeze sprung up from the westward, when both vessels were soon getting anchors up and sail set. We were shortly under way down the gulf, carrying all sail, the breeze increasing as we went on. The two vessels were about equally matched and kept company for two full days. The breeze carried us outside the gulf, and on to Bank St Peter, but we had parted company with the "Mississippi," and the wind now came round from the east with hazy weather. On the fifth night it fell

nearly dead calm, and while walking with the second mate a little after eight o'clock I went to look at the barometer and found that the mercury had fallen considerably. I then ordered royals and top-gallant-sails to be all taken in—the top-sails were then flapping quietly against the masts and an ominous stillness prevailed. About ten at night the barometer had fallen to rather an alarming extent, when I immediately gave orders to the second mate, who had twelve good men in his watch, to furl everything except the fore and main topsails which were snugly close-reefed, and fore-top-mast stay-sail. All being finished and all secured about the decks, we waited for the expected heavy gale, but still not a breath of wind. At midnight the mate looked up at our now reduced sail, when calling his attention to the fall of the barometer he at once saw what was coming; and we had not long to wait, for about one in the morning a fresh breeze came away from north-west, when squaring our yards we were soon steering to the eastward on our course, the breeze increasing to a gale every moment. By two in the morning it was blowing a heavy gale with tremendous squalls of sleet and snow, and the sea getting heavier as we bowled along before it, with two hands snugly ensconced in the wheelhouse, she steered like a little boat. The gale now increased to a perfect hurricane, the furious squalls at times being perfectly deafening. The mate now advised me to heave-to, but calling his attention to her excellent steering and how well she behaved, I said I could not think of heaving her to with a fair wind blowing, although it was such a hurricane; I

also knew that we had no icebergs nor fishermen in our way, and with a good look-out we kept as near our course before the wind as we could, patiently and anxiously waiting for daylight. I remarked to the mate that I was afraid something had happened to the "Mississippi" in such a hurricane, as the captain had no barometer to warn him of its approach. Daylight at last came and we were able to set the foresail, all our sails being nearly new and well tried on our outward passage. Our fair winds continued until near the coast of Ireland, when we had a succession of easterly winds, but in about twenty days from Quebec we arrived all right in the Clyde. Several days passed after our arrival, but still no word of the "Mississippi." One of my owners asking if I had seen anything of her, of course I related to him our having been in company the first few days, but I had good reason to fear that she had suffered in that heavy gale on the Banks, as I knew she had no barometer on board, and so it turned out—she arriving at Queenstown in about three weeks after under jury masts. She had lost all but the stumps of her three lower masts, and her crew were well worn out, having to keep all the time at her pumps, she leaked so much through straining in the gale already spoken of. It will thus be seen what an immense amount of property and time as well as labour might have been saved by having one of these faithful and silent monitors on board and attending to its warnings.

In the Indian Ocean and other parts where the Cyclones or revolving storms prevail, these instruments are of infinite value in warning the shipmaster

to keep from the centre or vortex, which is the most dangerous part of the storm, and generally a dead calm, and the most dangerous part for a ship to be in. He can also, if expert in the theory of the law of storms, be able to find his way out of a revolving storm by watching how the storm is approaching, and observing, as often as he can be off the deck, the mercury's rising and falling, and by the veering of the wind at the ship make his way to the outer and safest edge of the now fast approaching hurricane. With these few remarks I close this article on that most valuable instrument, the marine barometer.

A RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

In these days of fast steamers and fast ships, it is a great matter to provide for safety as well as swiftness.

In many steamers crossing the Atlantic especially, too reckless a use is made of their steam power in order to be an hour or two a-head of an opposition company's steamer, whereby the lives of the passengers and crew are placed in jeopardy, and the vessel herself, and her valuable cargo, exposed to destruction. Sailing vessels are not exposed to the same dangers, and the following story of a race between two sailing ships, will, I am sure, be acceptable to the readers of these anecdotes.

In the fall of 1858 I had taken a cargo of iron work for the Victoria Bridge to Montreal, and was about to leave on my homeward passage to Liverpool at the same time that the well known clipper ship

"Shandon" was also to sail for the Clyde. My ship, the "Nestorian," was on her second homeward trip, and I was confident in her sailing qualities, with the wind a little free. Bidding good-bye to captain G. and his estimable wife, we wished each other a good passage home. I remarked that I would have but little chance with the far-famed "Shandon," but should the wind keep free at all on the way home, I would give her a heat. I soon obtained my clearance papers at the custom-house, and hastening on board with the pilot saw the "Shandon" passing round Point Levi with top-gallant sails. I was soon after getting the anchor up and sail made on the "Nestorian," and in about an hour started on our way down the river with a fine steady breeze of fair wind. As we proceeded we could see the "Shandon" well a-head in the bends of the river. As night approached we still went on, but found the "Shandon" had anchored for the night in the Traverses. Now, I thought, we could give her a heat. Onward we sped to the pilot station, where my pilot left the ship. The breeze freshening and still keeping fair, as we passed ship after ship bound the same way, I was still more confident in the sailing qualities of my ship. As we proceeded down the Gulf of St Lawrence the wind freshened to a strong gale from north-west, with snow squalls. Scudding before it, and steering well, I was soon outside of the Islands of St Paul's, but there was still no sign of the "Shandon" coming up on us. About the fifth day out, when on one of the Banks of Newfoundland, we had the wind from the eastward. Tacking about we soon found our friend the "Shandon" in company, and as

she tacked close by, was very soon miles to windward of us. This somewhat dampened my hopes of giving her a heat, now that she had the start of me again; however, we soon had our friendly westerly gale again, and dashed along steadily on our course to the eastward. About half way on our passage the wind came from the northward with sharp, heavy squalls at intervals, rendering it necessary to single-reef our topsails, but still keeping the top-gallant sails set over, holding steadily on our course, but standing by halliards fore and aft, when the squalls came down. One morning we saw a large ship considerably a-head of us, and carrying every stitch of sail, but as each squall came down, she kept away off her course considerably, losing ground as we kept steadily on; we soon made her out to be the "Shandon." I now ordered a new top-mast stunsail to be reefed, and with good preventer brace, sheets, &c., ran off before the wind in order to set the sail. As she came gently up to her course again, we soon felt the increased pressure of the stunsail, as our ship dashed along like a race horse again on her course. The "Shandon" perceptibly lost her ground as she still carried her small sails, and bore off her course at each successive squall. By evening of the same day, the "Shandon" was nearly out of sight astern. As we still proceeded on our course, the squalls became lighter and the wind steadier, allowing us to set all sail. On the sixteenth night after leaving Quebec we sighted the desired light steered for, on the Irish coast, in the North Channel, and in the morning were hailed by a Clyde pilot boat. As I was bound for Liverpool, I

did not require a pilot, but asked if the "Shandon" had gone up yet or not. I was answered "No, sir, not that we know of." Then, thought I, we have beaten her. The wind was now south-west, strong against us for going to Liverpool, and as we tacked about in the narrow channel between Cantire and Rathlin, the man at the helm called my attention to a large ship about six or seven miles off, which we at once knew to be the "Shandon." She was soon coming to windward like a steamer, and on her way up the Clyde, while I parted from her on my way to Liverpool, where I arrived the following day: we thus had beaten her fully an hour and a half from Quebec to Cantire. The "Shandon" is still in the Montreal trade from the Clyde, but there are no doubt faster vessels than she is in the trade now, as this was twenty years since.

THE COOLIE TRADE AND ITS HORRORS.

THERE are many of the readers of these anecdotes who have heard of the traffic between the East and West Indies in Coolie emigrants who are sent to the West Indies in vast numbers to take the place of the now liberated negroes on the plantations in the cultivation of sugar. To those, as well as to such as have not heard of this traffic, the following account of a trip with these people on board may be acceptable, as showing, to some extent, how the emigrants are treated, as well as the terrible effects of that scourge,

cholera, on board ship. During the winter of 1859, the ship "Thomas Hamlin," of which I was then master, was engaged in Calcutta to convey four hundred men, women, and children to Demerara, in the colony of British Guiana. These natives of India are mostly from the interior, and consist chiefly of Hindoos of all castes, from the proud but poor Brahmin to the lowest grades of Coolie and Pariah. The Mussulmans are also poor people of the labouring class, who are glad to get away to this land of promise, perfectly in ignorance of the long sea voyage and its effects, as well as of the work which they are required to do on their arrival. Agents are employed to go up country, and by all sorts of seductive stories allure these poor people to Calcutta with promises of future fortune when they reach this Eldorado of their hopes, where there is but little to do, and only a life of luxury and indolence before them.

These agents are employed by the agent of the Colonial Government of Demerara in Calcutta to procure emigrants for the colony, and are paid so much per head for each man, woman, and child so procured and brought down to the depot at Calcutta, where as many as twelve hundred at a time are sometimes collected waiting shipment. The emigrants are located in long rows of sheds at the depot, and are well cared for and well fed, having medical aid when it is needed. Qualified surgeons, both European and native, are attached to each depot, so that no blame rests with the Government of India or Demerara in providing for the wants of those poor people while under their supervision; the blame, if any, being more

with the unprincipled native agents already spoken of, who wilfully misrepresent and colour much too highly the true state of affairs and what is expected of the people on their arrival in the West Indies.

The 'tween decks of the ship, lofty and well ventilated, with an hospital for the sick separated from the rest, is now well scrubbed and cleaned with holystones and sand, and prepared for the reception of the emigrants. Samples of the provisions are ready for the Protector of Emigrants' inspection, viz., rice, dholl, a sort of native pea, dried fish, ghee, or butter, turmeric, tobacco, jaggary, or native tobacco, bread, and all the other necessaries used by natives of India, even the water to be used during the voyage must be ready on board for his inspection. After having received the Protector of Emigrants' certificate that the provisions and water are of good quality, and that the vessel is ready and in good condition for the reception of the emigrants—the master having complied with all the provisions of the Emigration Act—we now drop the ship down to the emigration wharf to embark the people. The doctor of the ship, also appointed by the agent for the colony, the Protector of Emigrants, myself as master, and the officers of the ship, have to superintend and assist in the embarkation of the emigrants. A good gangway is placed from the ship to the wharf, and soon a long procession of natives is seen approaching the vessel, men, women, and children, dressed in the scanty cotton cloth of the country, and carrying with them their little bundles of clothing and other necessaries. We assist the women and children carefully down the different stairs

to the 'tween decks, where every precaution has been taken to prevent injury or accidents to the people in their strange new quarters on a long voyage.

Laying down their blankets on the clean deck, for we have no sleeping berths fitted up, each family selects their place for the voyage, the single men and single women having places apart from each other and from the families. Very little confusion prevails as they take their places, but a good deal of talking in Bengalee and Hindostanee. In about an hour we have all embarked and the ship is comparatively quiet; the pilot and steam tug are both ready, and we at once drop down the sacred river for sea. Preparations are at once made for cooking and seeing to the sanitary rules of the ship. Twelve cooks are selected from the emigrants, some of whom have been Sepoys in the now disbanded native army, and it is whispered that some of them have belonged to revolted regiments during the late terrible mutiny in India, but they keep quiet enough on board ship; they are paid a small sum by the colony for their services during the voyage. There are also eight native Topazes or sweepers, whose duty it is to sweep and keep clean the decks, and look after the cleaning of the water closets and hospital. Eight Sirdars are also appointed, who are on watch by turns night and day to give notice of cases of sickness and to keep order among the emigrants, acting as constables, and keeping a strict look-out in cases of fire, and to prevent smoking among the emigrants below. The third mate of the ship is appointed to serve out the provisions to the cooks every morning for the day, and to give the daily

allowance of water to each man, woman, and child. His duty is also to superintend the Topazes, Sirdars, and cooks, seeing that the rules of the ship are carried out. His situation is by no means a sinecure, as he is constantly on duty in the day time, but taking no part in the duties of the ship. The second officer takes turns with the chief in seeing the emigrants all sent on deck in fine weather, and two or three times a week forty or fifty men are sent to scrub the 'tween decks with dry holystones and sand.

Having got well down the river the doctor and I were much pleased that thus far we had no cases of cholera, as this terrible scourge shows itself very often a few hours after embarking the emigrants, and before getting to sea many deaths occur in ships engaged in this trade; doubtless caused by the heat and malaria on the banks of the river. One young woman is sick with phthisis, but as we approach the Pilot Station well clear of the river, and into the pure air of the open Bay of Bengal, we are still congratulating ourselves in so far escaping from the merciless scourge just referred to. True, it was rumoured that previous to embarkation the cholera had been long among the emigrants at the depot, and one man was attacked with it while on his way to the ship, who was immediately taken back, but still we are hopeful of getting out to sea all right. Our pilot leaves us at the eastern lightship, and casting off the tug steamer we are soon under all sail down the Bay of Bengal.

At this season of the year the north-east Monsoon prevails, and the sea is as smooth as glass, with cool, clear weather and a fine breeze of fair wind. As we

proceeded on our voyage every precaution was taken to prevent sickness, but a few days after leaving, our unseen enemy and scourge, which has been evidently lurking among us, makes its appearance. Seated in the after-cabin reading, I was startled by the abrupt entrance of the doctor, who announces to me the terrible fact that, with all our precautions, real Asiatic cholera has made its appearance on board among the people. Looking at his alarmed countenance I tried to persuade myself as well as him that he was surely mistaken, but no, I must come down with him at once to the 'tween decks. Proceeding with him down among the two rows of Coolies stretched along the 'tween decks, we came to a strong-looking man, who appeared to me not to be suffering much, but who was, it appears, in the last stage of cholera. His wife was assisting him as well as she could, and every care was taken of him to alleviate his sufferings, but it was all in vain; in about four hours from being attacked he was dead. This was our second death, the woman I spoke of before having died of phthisis. This man's wife was now attacked, and she, with three of her four children, died nearly as quickly as her husband. Justly alarmed now I determined on trying to eradicate this terrible plague from the ship, or at least to endeavour to prevent it spreading as much as possible among the emigrants and my own crew of twenty-seven men.

I now ordered a tent to be rigged on our long poop deck for any who should be taken sick, and as the weather was quite mild and the ship moving quietly and steadily along on her course, the emigrants were

all ordered on deck and the process of cleaning and fumigating the ship commenced. Fifty of the strongest men were selected, my own crew assisting, and the 'tween decks, fore and aft, having been well scrubbed with holystones and sand, were now washed clean down, and the water being well swept off, charcoal fires were lighted at intervals in the 'tween decks, and the decks well dried. Large quantities of chloride of lime were now sprinkled over all, and after their clothing had been opened out on deck and well aired the emigrants were allowed to come down again to their places below; but alas! all was of little avail, for our dread enemy still continued on board, men, women, and children being seized one after the other, and in spite of our utmost efforts, three, four, and five deaths were occurring daily.

My readers may well conceive the trying position in which, as master of the ship, I was placed, both on the ground of common humanity to these poor people, as well as the loss to my employers, as every death on board was a loss to them, passage money being paid only for those landed alive in the colony. Men were bewailing in Hindostanee the loss of their wives, as they tried in their grief to succour the children now left without a mother; women were wailing and crying for the loss of their husbands, by this time left far behind in the depths of the Indian Ocean, a prey to the voracious shark, which invariably follows a ship where deaths are so frequent. The scenes of distress and sorrow on board at this time when the cholera was at its height were enough to sicken and appal the stoutest heart: women coming to me and appealing

to me to save their husband or their dead or dying children: putting their heads to my feet on the ship's deck, poor creatures, as if I were something superhuman, they would cry despairingly in Hindostanee, "Oh, Sahib, Sahib, humara baba, humara baba." "Oh sir, sir, my child, my child." "Sahib, humara-Adami morgia." "Sir, my husband is dead," as if I could restore the dead or dying to life and health.

We were approaching the equator about three weeks after leaving Calcutta, and I thought as we changed our latitude so quickly that there was a sensible decrease in the number of cases: deaths were not so frequent, though still we had one or two daily. One of my own crew who had been long ailing with chronic dysentery now died, after every effort had been made to save his life; his body sewed up in canvas was laid on the carpenter's bench, with shot at the feet to sink it, and covered with the Union Jack of Old England. We waited for sunset to perform the last solemn services of the Church of England over the body before committing it to the deep, leaving an ordinary seaman to watch over it. At sunset mustering all the crew in clean clothes and ranged on each side of the body as the mates laid the plank on which it lay on the rail, I took my place at the head and proceeded with the service as appropriate as it is touching; and nothing can more sensibly touch and soften the hardest heart of the most reckless of the crew than the beautiful service of the Church of England, and nothing can be more inpressive, or for the time more solemn, than this burial service at sea. At the words "we commit his body to the deep," the

plank is gently raised by the mates, and the body sliding off, feet downwards, goes down with a sullen plunge into the unfathomable depths of the ocean to be no more known until "the sea shall give up its dead." So ended the burial of poor John Brown, one of my best sailors, and the most exemplary and steadiest of my crew. A Swede by birth, he had long suffered both on the outward passage and in Calcutta. It was my wish to let him remain in hospital there, but the medical adviser of the ship advised me that the change at sea would do him good, but God had otherwise ordered it. Our Coolie emigrants gathered in clusters, looking on in wonder and astonishment at the preparations for the funeral and the reading of the service, and well they might for no such ceremonies were performed over the bodies of any of their friends who were so suddenly taken away by cholera. When a death happened the body was rolled up in the blanket on which the person died, and carried to a place set apart for the purpose near the hospital, laid there for an hour or so, and was then carried on deck by the Topazes appointed for the purpose, and without ceremony cast into the sea. Sometimes the wail of the women for husbands or children was heard for a short time as the bodies were thus ruthlessly disposed of. But what could we do in these cases, the sooner we were rid of the dead for the sake of the living the better. On reaching the south-east trade winds in the Indian Ocean we had fine steady breezes, and our noble ship bowled along on her course for the Cape of Good Hope, where we were bound in terms of our Charter Party to call for

fresh water and provisions. The cholera was now sensibly stopping its ravages, but we still had isolated cases, together with dysentery and diarrhœa; still the health of the ship was decidedly improving, and as we found the weather getting colder, extra blankets and warm clothing were served out to each man, woman and child.

Our emigrants had a very dangerous custom of climbing up on the rails and seating themselves on the top, without any precaution or holding on by any rope, so that the least lurch of the ship would assuredly throw them overboard. I had warned them repeatedly and given orders to the officers and crew to stop this dangerous habit when they could. The following strange incident occurred in connection with this very dangerous custom, which I shall relate here:—

Seated at my cabin table one day arranging my papers, the mate busy doing some work forward, and the deck crowded with passengers, the day being fine, I was startled by the cry from the man at the helm, "A man overboard." Rushing on deck, I give the orders, "Hard down your helm, cut away the life buoys, clear away the quarter boat, and lower her away. Be quick, men, be quick;" and in from five to seven minutes the mate was away with four hands in the boat, in search of the man overboard. The orders had been promptly and quickly obeyed; but the ship's way is not yet stopped, as she has been going nearly ten miles an hour with stunsails, and all plain sail set. We now proceed to take in sail and heave the ship to, to wait for the boat,, and I find that one of our emigrants, perched on the rail, as usual, has lost his

balance, and fallen overboard. Waiting anxiously for the boat, I mount the rigging with the spyglass, and see her pulling towards the ship, but three or four miles off. As the boat comes within hailing distance after being away an hour, I ask the mate if he has found the man; he answers, "Yes, sir, but he is dead." Strange enough neither the life buoys nor planks thrown overboard were found.

Hauling the body on deck for examination, the doctor pronounced the man quite dead; our boat is hoisted up, sail made, and we are soon once more bowling along before the wind. Keeping the body an hour longer, it is once more cast overboard. I have thought it worth while to relate this incident, as it seems strange and unaccountable to me why the body did not sink after being so far from the vessel, still stranger that we did not recover our life buoys, which can be seen at a considerable distance.

With steady winds and fine weather we are still steering to the westward to sight the coast of Africa, at a place called Cape St Francis. As we approach the land, we have a very heavy gale of adverse wind, but the emigrants are much more cheerful, as the sickness on board is not nearly so deadly in its results as during the first part of the passage, and also because we soon expect to be at the Cape. As we sight the desired point on the coast, we have now been fifty days at sea from Calcutta, and fifty-eight deaths have occurred in that time. My readers will agree with me that this mortality among four hundred people is somewhat startling in such a short time; still we have eight in the hospital, and may expect

more deaths before reaching the West Indies. With a fine breeze we sail rapidly along the bold mountainous coast, and in fifty-two days from Calcutta, anchor in Table Bay. Taking my boat, I soon have the necessary provisions, pure fresh water, and medical comforts ordered for our now cheerful emigrants. Great praise, of course, was given to the Captain Sahib for having brought them here safely after such a terrible time of sickness and death on this long voyage. Our doctor now goes on shore and fills up his medicine chest, but shortly after, by reason of his own recklessness, leaves the ship. There are no medical men to be procured here, and some more of the emigrants succumb after a long illness. The total number of deaths on leaving the Cape for Demerara, had reached sixty-four, and I am now in hopes that we shall have good winds and fine weather during the rest of the voyage.

Getting my clearance papers, I am now obliged to proceed without a doctor, but still have confidence enough, as I have a fair knowledge of medicine, obtained before going to sea, and with the assistance of my trusty mates, who have behaved nobly during the whole of this disastrous voyage, I hope to make a speedy passage to the West Indies. The anchor is soon hove up, and with all sail set and a fine breeze, we leave the Cape, steering to the northward, and are soon out of sight of the African coast. As we sail along before the south-east trades to sight the Island of St Helena we have still quite a number of chronic cases of dysentery and diarrhœa, and there are still a few deaths now and then, but far from being so fre-

quent as before we arrived at the Cape. In ten days from the Cape we pass the rock-bound Island of St Helena, so well known as the place of exile of the Emperor Napoleon. Towering far above the level of the sea, we have sighted the island about noon, and at midnight are just passing the lights in Jamestown, the capital of the island.

Day after day passes in the same way, running before the trades to the equator, but keeping well to the westward for our destination, the monotony o the passage relieved by signalling occasionally passing ships. A few deaths still happen, but we are now drawing near the end of the voyage, and the emigrants are cheered at the prospect of getting on shore. In the evenings in fine weather, the tom-toms or native drums are brought on deck, and groups are formed for dancing the *nautch* or native dance of India to the native pipe and tom-toms. The dance goes on, but the music is far from pleasant to our European ears. Other groups are seated on deck singing their most unmusical songs, while others are amusing themselves with swings rigged for that purpose, and all seem contented and happy. This terrible noise continues until eight bells are struck, and the watch is set for the night, when the decks are cleared and all the emigrants go down, without the least trouble, to their berths.

We are now steering to the westward, very much assisted by the equatorial current which is in our favour, and make excellent day's work, by observation at noon of each day. One woman who has been seven years in the West Indies before, and is now returning the

second time, is constantly at me to know "when we see Demery, sar?" "Very soon now, Banoo, in a day or two more." At length, my chronometers being trustworthy, we sight the low level coast of British Guiana, and steering for the lightship, soon receive our pilot, who takes charge of the ship, and brings her safely to anchor in Demerara River, in forty-three days from the Cape. As it is night time, I retire to rest, much relieved both in mind and body. Our deaths, up to this time, amount to eighty-one, men, women and children, but in the morning one woman whom I had thought to send to the hospital in time, is found dead, and of course, even though I have brought her into port alive, we cannot be paid for her passage. In the morning, the health-officer and harbour-master come on board, and our eight sick emigrants are carefully removed to the hospital on shore.

Arrangements are now made for the disembarking of the emigrants, and their distribution among the various plantations in need of hands, but every care is taken not to part husband and wife, or children from parents, and to whatever plantation one is sent, the whole family must go. A well educated native of India, who speaks English fluently, comes on board with the sub-emigration agent, and the names of each emigrant is carefully taken, with age, village or district from which they came in India, and noted in their indentures to each plantation.

On the plantation there are comfortable huts for the people, and every plantation must have an hospital for the sick, which is under the direct supervision of the surgeon-general of the Colony. The

emigrants are asked individually if they have any complaints to make against the master or officers of the ship before going on shore. But in our case they express themselves as very grateful for the kind treatment they have received from all the crew, as well as from myself and officers.

On leaving the ship, I am somewhat astonished at men and women crying like children as they bid me farewell to go to their new homes. We soon have our ship clear of the emigrants, and I can assure my readers that I was not at all sorry when the whole were landed. The Court of Policy, at the recommendation of the health-officer and emigration agent general, granted me, as well as my officers, handsome presents for the care and trouble we had taken with these poor people during this voyage of sickness and death.

I may, in another article, describe the terms on which they are engaged and their treatment while in the colony.

A RACE WITH A FRENCH CLIPPER.

DURING my service in India, I commanded a fine clipper-built ship called the "Fiery Cross," of about 1000 tons. Having a crew of sixty-four native Lascars and two European mates, I naturally took every pride in keeping her in the best of order. I was lying in the port of Muscat discharging my cargo of rice from Calcutta when I received an invitation to dine on board a man-of-war steamer then employed conveying the political resident, Colonel Pelly, up

the Persian Gulf. Among the guests was a Frenchman who commanded a fast little barque called "La Phantome," which had been in former days employed in the slave trade. Hearing the naval officers, whom I had known before, praising the fine, tidy, and clipper-like appearance of the "Fiery Cross," he gave me a challenge that he would beat me in a distance of ninety miles to Ras-al-Had, a point on the Arabian coast (the bet was to be for a new hat) if I was ready in time. I at once accepted the challenge, and hastening on with the discharge of my cargo, was soon ready for sea. "La Phantome" had sailed about six o'clock in the morning of the day on which the last of my cargo was discharged. My papers not being ready I hauled my ship out to the entrance of the port for a start as soon as I could obtain my port clearance and other papers. Eight at night came but still no word of my papers, which were to be sent off by a Hindoo clerk. Lying down on a hen-coop I waited patiently the coming of my ship's papers, determined as soon as they came to give the Frenchman a heat, even though he had now fully twelve hours the start of me. The weather was excessively hot, but a fine breeze of fair wind was blowing, and my crew were all lying about the decks sound asleep. At length, about midnight, hearing the sound of oars, I started up, when the clerk presented me with my papers. Somewhat annoyed, I remarked that the papers might have arrived long ago; he replied that he could not help it. Seeing me about to call all hands "up anchor," he said, "Surely, captain, you are not going to sea at this time of night." I

answered him "Yes, certainly," in the Hindostanee language, "and you had better get into your boat, as I am about to fire a gun." "Ki ko tope mariga," he asked me, "Why will you fire a gun?" "Why to let your friend ashore know that I am about to start to beat that Frenchman." With a salaam he was soon in his boat, frightened nearly out of his wits about the firing of the gun. As soon as my Hindoo friend was in his boat I fired the gun, which at this still hour of the night, and among the perpendicular cliffs rising higher than the masts, must have been startling to the sleepers on shore.

Calling the native serang or boatswain, I ordered all hands to "up anchor." His pipe or whistle was soon heard shrill and loud over the decks, rousing up the sleepers with the long drawn call "All-hands-up-anchor." Our windlass being manned the order was given, "Top men, lay aloft and loose all sail, fore-main, and mizzen-top-sails, top-gallant-sails and royals," and in less time than I have taken to write this, the "Fiery Cross" was standing out to sea under every stitch of sail, and steering along the coast in search of "La Phantome." Our ropes being coiled down and decks cleared my crew again lay down, and all was quiet as if still at anchor. Giving orders to the officer of the watch to be called at daylight I again lay down on the hen-coop, somewhat fatigued, and was soon fast asleep. About five in the morning, as daylight came in, I was called by the second mate, who told me that our friend "La Phantome" was close to leeward of us, and trying to cross our bows. "So ho! my French friend, I see what you are at.

Quarter master, keep her up, luff quickly now, and go ahead of that vessel." Answering her helm, like a beauty as she was, she came sweeping up to the wind, and proudly dashed ahead of the Frenchman who was now on deck, looking stupefied at the way in which we passed him. Hailing him in English I called out, "You can't sail with the 'Fiery Cross.'" Waving his hat he shouted out, "Bon voyage." We were soon on our course again for Ras-al-Had, and at noon the old slaver and clipper "La Phantome" was out of sight astern. I never saw my French friend the captain of "La Phantome" to receive my well won *nouveau chapeau*, new hat. Pursuing my voyage I arrived in Cochin on the Malabar coast in fifteen days, and taking in some more cargo was again on my way to Calcutta, which I reached in nine days more, my passage being made nearly in the same time as that of some of the fastest steamers trading on the coast.

A HURRICANE IN INDIA.

THE 4th day of October, 1864, had been excessively hot and sultry, and on the morning of the 5th rain began to fall heavily, still no one had any thoughts of a hurricane at this time of the year in Calcutta. The 5th day of October is the first day of the heathen festival of Doorgah Poojah, and the fortnight succeeding is called the Doorgah Poojah holidays, during which there is nothing done even by the Europeans in Calcutta. I was invited to breakfast on board a ship

lying close beside us, and taking my native boat was soon on board.

While at breakfast the wind began to rise, and on looking at the barometer we found that the mercury had fallen to rather an alarming extent. I at once called my dhingy, or native boat alongside, and was soon on board my own ship, the "Renown," of 1100 tons; and it was well I went on board at once, for the wind increased so much in violence, with heavy rain, and so suddenly, that it would have been impossible for me to have reached my ship in such a small boat with two natives. Secured with four massive chains, fore and aft, as all ships are in Calcutta river, I now made what preparations I could with my two European mates and seven native Lascars, and calmly waited the approach of the heaviest portion of the cyclone or hurricane, as I was now certain that there was a heavy storm rapidly coming on. In two hours from its commencement it blew most furiously, and at 11 A.M. it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the ships beginning to break from their moorings, even with all the strength of their massive chains. At noon the hurricane was at its height, and a storm wave coming up the river with the change of tide, swept all before it. Large ships were seen running foul of each other, and the crashing of their hulls, together with the falling of yards and masts as they came in collision, was fearful to the looker on, and as they fell in pieces over the decks were dangerous in the extreme to the crews; the terror-stricken sailors not knowing where to run for shelter. Three ships outside of us went off in a cluster to the

opposite shore and stuck fast in the bank of the river. My own ship had now parted three of her four moorings, but still held by the fourth.

I now made all ready to cut away the masts in order to save breaking the fourth chain ; but my only chain held on bravely. Meanwhile I could see a barque moored in the middle of the river, slowly sinking at her anchors, the crew keeping up aloft as far as possible on her fast disappearing masts. But no assistance could be rendered by us ; fortunately a powerful steam tug went to their assistance, taking off the crew before the vessel finally sunk.

The scene on shore at this time was indescribable, trees torn up by the roots and laid prostrate on the ground. Whole streets of native houses scattered before the hurricane like chaff before the wind. The barracks of Fort William, of good substantial stone, and six storeys in height, as I was told afterwards by the soldiers, rocked as if ready to fall at any moment, threatening to entomb in their fall the whole of the two regiments, native and European, stationed there. As the last of the ships near me broke from their moorings I gave orders to my chief officer to stand by the helm, and in case our last chain gave way to put the helm hard-a-port, and keep us on the Calcutta side of the river, as there were too many ships drifting up as well as across the river. At the last and heaviest burst of the hurricane my orders to the chief mate were : " Hard-a-port, and keep her on the Calcutta side." She answered her helm in a moment, and slackened the remaining chain so much as to save the ship as well as to give me no further anxiety.

We could now look round as we lay quietly by the one chain at the surrounding wrecks, as the hurricane still raged with unabated fury. From my ship I could see fine, noble-looking, first-class ships with not a single mast above the decks; church steeples blown down, and the banks of the river on both sides a perfect scene of desolation, strewed with the *débris* of the now stranded ships and steamers, native boatmen throwing themselves into the river and swimming for their lives.

The whole of this happened in but a few hours, and about five o'clock in the evening the storm had passed over Calcutta, like the destroying angel, leaving behind it such a scene of desolation as is seldom seen in that part of the world; forcibly reminding the most careless and reckless that verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth. About six o'clock in the evening it was perfectly calm, as if no storm had been there, and I thought of going to sleep; but aware that these cyclones or revolving storms are very often liable to come back or recurve over the same path in a very few hours, I waited with intense anxiety for the following day. My mate, second mate, and Lascars, by this time thoroughly fatigued, were now sound asleep as night came on. At length after a long and wearisome night, daylight came, and for a space of upwards of three miles, where some hundreds of first class ships and steamers had been moored the day previous, scarcely one remained at the moorings, but all were more or less damaged, and some lay high and dry far from the river's edge, the river had risen so high during the storm. Many had

not a single stick standing above the deck, but were clean swept by the mere strength and fury of the storm. The ship "Ali" foundered down the river with 400 coolies on board, captain, mates, pilot, crew and passengers being all lost. Many hundreds of sailors were left ashore, their ships being abandoned and crews thrown on their own resources, but the benevolent public of Calcutta were soon actively engaged in getting up subscriptions for both Europeans and natives who had suffered by the storm. Thousands of natives were afterwards found in the rice fields who were drowned by the storm wave as it swept along the low land on both sides of the river, with resistless impetus, carrying all before it. The extent of country laid waste below Calcutta was incalculable, and towards the head of the Bay of Bengal, one beautiful new steamer called the "Persian" was lost, all the passengers and crew going down with her, saving two Lascars, who escaped by clinging to some of the wreck floating round, and were picked up when the storm passed over.

A very short distance down the bay from where the hurricane raged with such fury, many ships and steamers felt the sea as it rolled down from the storm itself, but none of those vessels had felt the storm at all, the whole extent of the cyclone in its path from N.E. to S.W. not exceeding four hundred miles. Although six years have now elapsed, Calcutta, or the City of Palaces, as it is called, will retain for years to come traces of the ravages and destruction caused by the hurricane of 1864.

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT.

As we entered the port of Muscat my two twelve pounders were ready to fire a salute in honour of his highness the Imaum or Sultan, and as we came to anchor in beautiful style, clewing up and furling our three royals, top-gallant-sails, and topsails at the same time, no one would have imagined that the "Fiery Cross" was a merchant ship. My well-trained crew of sixty-four native Lascars of India, knew their stations and duties as well as the crew of many an English sloop of war. As soon as the anchor was dropped from the bows, our two guns, well served by the quarter-masters and second mate, fired eleven guns as we kept the pure red flag of the Sultan flying at our mast head.

The echo of our guns as they reverberated from rock to rock, and were heard faintly for some seconds far in the distance, had scarcely died away when one of the forts close to the beach answered with thirteen guns to our national flag at the peak, which was dipped in graceful acknowledgment as the last gun was fired. As I landed in my gig I was met by one of the Sultan's Arab captains of his men-of-war, who thanked me in the name of his Highness for the salute fired in honour of his flag with so much effect and precision. Hastening to my agents, who were Hindoos of the Banian caste, I found that some of the Arab ships, which had sailed from Calcutta eight days before me, had not yet arrived.

The harbour is entered between two ridges of rocks, and surrounded, except at the entrance, by the

same, not being more than a good English mile in circumference; consequently ships of war, as well as merchant ships and steamers, are completely sheltered, except from the north-west winds, which at times blow strong into the harbour. Forts bearing guns of heavy calibre are placed along the edge of the beach and far up on the precipitous heights, so that the place would be rendered almost as impregnable as Gibraltar itself if armed and manned as that celebrated fortress is. But these forts are evidently falling to pieces from want of repair, and one would imagine that it is dangerous to fire heavy pieces of artillery from their almost crumbling ruins.

Proceeding with the discharge of our cargo of rice, I am invited to an interview with the Sultan, who seems to have taken a liking to the ship, doubtless partly through my native agents, who have added considerably to his revenue, by the importation of this cargo, and partly by our salute to his flag. I accordingly accepted the invitation, and a day being appointed for the interview through Dr Rozario of the British Consulate, who speaks Arabic like a native, I am ready to accompany him to the palace of the Sultan at the appointed time, but though the day is excessively hot I am obliged to dress in a suit of black cloth as carefully and neatly as if preparing for one of the Queen of England's levees.

These Arab chiefs are so well accustomed to the visits of officers of English men-of-war that they are somewhat punctilious in the matter of dress, and can very well understand the difference between an officer in Her Majesty's Navy and a slovenly dressed master

of a merchant-man. The gig is piped away by our Serang in good English—"Away gig," and I am soon rowed ashore by my well dressed boat's crew of Lascars, accompanied by the Doctor.

As we enter the gateway of the Sultan's palace we find several fierce-looking Beloochee sentries on guard, who are armed with lances and wearing bucklers of well-tanned hides on the left arm; over the archway I hear some loud laughing and am well aware that there are female voices overhead. Somewhat confused, I ask my friend "the Doctor" what it means. "Oh! it is only some of the Sultan's favourite wives laughing at your uncomfortable rig in such weather as this."

We are soon in the audience chamber of the Sultan, who rises and, bowing politely, begs us in Arabic to be seated. The chamber itself is very plainly furnished, and the windows look out towards the entrance of the harbour. Surrounded by his chiefs, prominent among whom is the governor of Muscat, the Sultan looks the *beau ideal* of a well cultivated Arab, and we are soon at home in his presence. A man of about forty-five years of age, with a frank, open countenance, and decidedly fair complexioned, he looks exceedingly well in his white flowing robes and magnificent turban. Sharp intelligent eyes and a long well-trained black beard flowing down on his breast complete the picture I have tried to sketch. No jewellery save a beautiful diamond ring on the little finger of the left hand, adorns his person. His chiefs, to the number of twelve or fourteen, are dressed very much like himself, and are armed with

a short sword, which they lean upon rather than wear; but the Sultan wears no arms of any kind that we can see. The Sultan began the conversation by again thanking me for the salute to his flag, saying that he did not expect a salute from a merchant ship. Remarking to him, through my friend the Doctor, that it would be a good thing to have a lighthouse for the guidance of ships and steamers into the harbour on one of the points at the entrance, he laughingly replied, "Very true, captain, but what can you expect from Arabs?" I scarcely knew how to reply to this evasive answer; but as the conversation proceeded I asked him to come on board and see the ship. He told me in reply that he was about to proceed up the Persian Gulf in one of his well-appointed ships of war to bring some of his rebellious Arab chiefs to reason who refused or neglected to pay him the annual tribute due to him for his protectiou, and could not spare time. Asking to be allowed to visit his forts high up on the rocks, he answered me, "Oh yes, and I shall send a guide with you; you will find guns there over two hundred years old, when the place belonged to the Portuguese." As his Highness has a band of twenty performers who have but little to do, he tendered me their use on board the ship any time I chose, which I very willingly accepted. The interview being nearly at an end, we were about to go, when the Sultan, who has quite a number of beautiful Arab horses always ready, offered me the use of any of them when I chose to take a ride into the interior of the country, where there are some hot wells often visited by masters of ships and officers of men-of-war.

Thanking him, we now prepared to leave the palace, his chiefs, as well as the governor of Muscat, rising and politely bowing to us as we left the audience chamber.

On coming through the gateway, my ears were again assailed by loud talking and laughing from the same place overhead, and taking a fair look upwards, I saw quite a number of dark mischievous-looking eyes, peering through the barred windows of the harem, for be it known to my readers the Sultan has over forty wives, some of whom accompany him on his expeditions, strictly guarded, on board ship, while the remainder are left on shore equally as well guarded by the Beloochee sentries or by Nubian eunuchs.

The following evening was appointed to receive the band of the Sultan on board the ship, and my Portuguese cooks and servants were delighted at the prospect of seeing their countrymen on board the "Fiery Cross," for his band is composed exclusively of Portuguese, who have been born in Goa, some distance from Bombay, and have been trained musicians in the Indian army.

Hen-coops were now arranged on the quarter-deck for music stands, and all the ship's lamps trimmed for the occasion; coffee and other refreshments being made ready for their use. At the appointed time, the pinnace is sent on shore for the band. Drums, fifes, and brass instruments are brought up the gangway, but it takes two trips to bring off the whole band with music books, &c.

At 8 P.M. the concert began, the whole of the

band being dressed in the red uniform of the British Army; some, indeed, wearing the medals issued to the army at the end of the terrible mutiny in India, and who had seen service in Lucknow, Cawnpore, and other parts of India. Waltzes, polkas, and even jigs and horn-pipes were played very correctly, and the quick and slow marches so well known in the army were played with remarkable care and in *thorough good time*. The music, at a short distance from the ship on this quiet evening, sounds very pleasantly, the more especially as there is a sort of outlet for the sound through the narrow entrance of the harbour over the sea beyond, otherwise the sound of the instruments in this confined little harbour would be more discordant.

At 11 P.M. the band of his Highness the Sultan were sent on shore in the pinnace after a very pleasant evening, and each with a small present; expressing themselves as much gratified at their kind treatment on board the "Fiery Cross." As they are seldom on board ship, this was a pleasant change to them.

On the following morning I determined to avail myself of the offer of a horse to go to the hot wells already mentioned. On landing, I found a beautiful Arab horse ready saddled and in charge of one of the Sultan's servants for my use. I could not help taking notice of the mountings on the bridle and saddle, massive gold, with the initials V. R. marked on them, evidently a present from Queen Victoria.

Sailors, as a rule, are but poor horsemen, but in this case there was no mistake about the truth of the rule, for no sooner had I mounted than my Arab

steed, after making a decent attempt to start, and getting along pretty well for a short distance, soon came to a dead stop, and all my exertions to make him go on were of little use: move he would not. Some Arabs looking on made him start again, but after accomplishing a short distance, again he came to a dead halt. Somewhat annoyed and beginning to look supremely ridiculous, I now dismounted, when an old barefooted Arab said he would show me how to ride. Mounting, he struck his bare heels into the horse, when he was off like the wind. Wheeling him round quick as lightning, he came dashing back to where I stood, somewhat mortified at being foiled in my ride to the wells by the obstinate brute, who evidently knew the difference between the old Arab's horsemanship and my own.

I now gave up the thoughts of horsemanship for that day, and having manned the ship's gig, accompanied by an Indian navy officer, we started to visit a place called Muttra, about seven miles off. The day was beautiful for our excursion, and the sea as smooth as glass. We soon were on our way along the rock-bound beach, where a great number of fishermen were plying their vocations with the seine as well as the fishing line, and the take of various kinds of fish well repays the Arabs engaged in this occupation along the coast. There is no want of excellent salt in the dominions of the Sultan for curing the fish, and large shipments of salted fish are made to the Mauritius and other places in the Indian Ocean. As we pull along, there is nothing to be seen but rocks, rocks, rocks, with here and there little sandy nooks

or beaches, where boats can land. We soon arrived at Muttra, and grounding our boat on the sandy beach we are carried on shore by our trusty Lascars without wetting our feet.

On landing we were surrounded by quite a number of Arab women, boys and girls, who did not seem at all daunted as they followed us up to the town, keeping up a constant clatter in Arabic. These women were entirely different from most of the Arab women I had ever seen before, for with rare exceptions they kept themselves closely veiled. As we walked towards the town a short distance from the beach, everything had an old dilapidated appearance. The houses were, for the most part, built of mud, and were decidedly crazy looking tenements.

Walking through the bazaar we found various kinds of cereals for sale in the different stalls, but no fruit except the date. Everything looked so thoroughly worn out and old, that we soon took our departure back for Muscat, surrounded as before with Arab women, little boys and girls, clad in all sorts of mondescript garments. In fact everything wore an air of extreme poverty, whether as respects the people themselves, the town or its surroundings.

Our boat was soon launched, and we were once more on our way back to the ship. My friend, Lieutenant R., of the Indian navy, enjoyed the trip very much, as he had been for some time an invalid at the residence of the political resident. The salt we were to take on board was soon shipped, and we were ready to take our departure for Calcutta. A most important revenue is derived from the export of

salt, the staple product among the barren rocks in the vicinity of the city of Muscat, and a larger revenue is derived from its import into India, so enhancing the price there, that it is weighed like gold dust and sent far up into the interior in covered boats. Those who grumble at the light duty imposed on the article in this country may be thankful that they are not residents of the interior of India. We had on board some of the best native salt imported into Calcutta, besides quite a large quantity of rock salt.

We also shipped quite a number of cases of rose-water, besides bales of dried roses, imported into Muscat from Shiraz in Persia. Bidding adieu to the dominions of his Highness the Sultan, we are soon under sail on our return voyage to Calcutta, well satisfied with the kindly treatment we had received at the hands of the Sultan and his Arab subjects.

Before I left India this Sultan was killed by his own nephew in 1867, in the same audience chamber in which we had met him, in order to obtain the *nuzzud* or throne of his uncle. A war ensued between the followers of the murdered Sultan and those of his nephew, which was ended by the interference of the Bombay Government, which finally recognized the nephew.

ELEPHANTS IN INDIA: THEIR VALUE AND SAGACITY.

To many who have not seen much of elephants beyond seeing them attached to some caravan or travelling circus, the followiug stories of their strength, as well as sagacity, will, I am sure, be interesting. Calling at a port named Alipee on the Malabar coast for some cargo to take to Calcutta, I was amused and deeply interested on landing, to find quite a number of elephants occupied in piling up heavy logs of teak timber. Seeing me intently watching them, one of the mahouts or drivers came up to me, and making his elephant kneel, asked me for "*Backsheesh, Sahib*," that is to say, "Give me a present, sir." Not caring to be within reach of the animal's trunk, I handed a two anna piece of silver, about the size of five cents, to a native standing near, who placed it in his palm; the elephant, stretching out his trunk, at once picked it up and passed it to the mahout or driver.

Rising, he made one more salaam, and with a grunt of satisfaction resumed his labour of piling logs of timber. The elephants have each a piece of rope, which they carry on the trunk; a running noose like a lasso being at one end. This noose the elephant passes carefully round the heavy log of timber, then by the directions of his mahout, he drags it along the ground until he reaches the pile; then again carefully unloosing the rope he goes on with his task of pushing the logs on to the pile by the mere strength of his fore-legs.

As I stood watching these animals, surprised, amused, and deeply interested, I noticed one particularly large elephant with half of his tusks sawn off, and enquired the reason of one of the natives standing near, who spoke a little English. He answered me, "He very bad fellow that, sar, he kill plenty of driver, sar. Rajah send him here, make work for punishment." I found that this had been a favourite elephant of the Rajah, or native prince of Travancore, but who had killed a number of his drivers for some fancied or real ill-treatment he had received at their hands. The Rajah at length, seriously annoyed, gave orders to have his tusks sawn half off, and in charge of twelve natives he was sent up to Alipee, loaded with chains like any other great criminal, to hard labour with the other working elephants.

These working elephants are exceedingly valuable in India, and a good one cannot be obtained under 5000 rupees, or £500 sterling. In Burmah I have often watched them as they loaded large boats in the muddy river at Rangoon, carrying heavy teak-wood planks from three to five inches thick, nicely balanced on their huge tusks, walking in to where the boat was moored, and stowing the planks as carefully as any two men could have done. Their drivers are seated well forward on the back, and have an ugly-looking goad, which they keep constantly digging into the poor animals, as they shout out their orders in Hindostanee or Burmese, which the elephants seem to understand perfectly. But there are times when these elephants, goaded to perfect fury, will turn on their drivers, and seizing them with their trunks dash them

on the ground and trample them to pieces. There is a story well known in Burmah, where quite a number of elephants had been employed piling timber; their drivers had kept them without their dinners and were urging them to do more work after the usual time. At length their ferocity broke out, and each one seizing his driver, he was soon a mangled and scarcely recognisable mass of humanity under the huge feet of the elephants. After killing their drivers they then proceeded, as if they were human in their rage, and tore down the timber, scattering it in all directions, thus showing their ferocity as well as sagacity.

Before I left India the expedition for the release of the Abyssinian captives was decided upon, and Sir Robert Napier, to whom the whole of the preparations were confided by the Government of India, saw, with a great deal of prudence and forethought, that elephants would be an invaluable accessory to his small and well-appointed army. There were quite a number attached to the expedition, and their duties were to convey the baggage and assist in many other ways the passage and march of the troops to the stronghold of the Emperor Theodore—which they did with a quiet obedience that greatly astonished the Abyssinians, who had never seen any such huge animals before in their hitherto but partially-explored land; while the seven-pounder steel guns of Major Penn's battery were securely fastened on the backs of sure-footed mules, and thus conveyed from the coast to the interior, where, on the arrival of the army, the guns were placed in position, and soon had the effect of bringing the hot-headed Emperor to

reason, by delivering the captives up unharmed to the camp of Sir R. Napier—so that the elephants and mules were of undoubted value in the expedition for their speedy release, unharmed, although suffering much from their long and cruel confinement by the half savage Emperor Theodore. I have often seen Sir Robert Napier in Calcutta when he was military member in the Governor General's council, and no one would imagine in the quiet, plain-looking man, dressed in civilian's clothes, as I always saw him, that this was to be the leader of the Abyssinian expedition, where so much care, prudence, and forethought was necessary, in order to accomplish the object in view, fraught as it was with so much danger to the captives, and requiring a very great deal of tact in its management.

There are other instances of the great value of elephants with an army in the East in their great strength and sagacity in the placing of heavy guns as well as in the conveyance of the baggage of an army. The 72nd regiment of Highlanders had an elephant which took his place with the band on parade and always marched at the head of the regiment when on the route in India from one station to another. In the shipping of elephants they are docile and impassive to a remarkable degree, trusting very much to their native mahouts or drivers, and with the exception of some loud trumpeting as they are hoisted on board, they are far more docile than even Arabian horses. Where any degree of kindness is shown to tame elephants they are never revengeful, but cruelty or ill-usage of any kind is never forgotten by them.

THE USE OF MARRYATT'S CODE OF SIGNALS AT SEA.

To the landsman who is in constant contact with his fellow-man it will be interesting to know that we who are often for weeks and months confined on board ship at sea, can communicate easily with passing ships on the lonely waste of waters, both asking questions and receiving answers as well as if by word of mouth. This is done by means of flags, and when the colours and numbers of the different flags are known it is very amusing and instructive, and between vessels of about equal speed bound the same way it often relieves the tedious monotony of a long voyage. The flags are numbered from one to the *cipher* (figure 0). For instance, number one is a square white flag with a blue square in the centre, number two is square, and blue, white and blue longitudinally, number three is a square flag, one half white and the other red; number four is an oblong-shaped flag, blue ground with a white cross, and so on. Four of these flags are hoisted in line and reading from the upper flag downwards, say 4,9,1,0, on looking at the signal book the question is found to be "What ship is that?" Four flags are hoisted in reply with a distinguishing flag above, say, first distinguishing pennant and 4,6,2,8, upon again referring to the book we find her name to be the "Nestorian." "Where are you from and where bound to?" Answered with a rendezvous flag above the four numbers. "What is your longitude?" Answered in degrees and minutes with a

small flag between the degrees and minutes. "Can you spare me any provisions; my crew are sick?" and hundreds of other questions and answers by the mere transposition of the ten flags. Three years ago, while on a passage from Marseilles to New York, I had a very dull sailing ship, and consequently a very long and tedious passage; my provisions ran short, and I was several times supplied from other ships by making use of these signals; but ludicrous mistakes are often made by hoisting the wrong flags in reply, by not understanding their use properly.

On a passage home from the Brazils to Liverpool some years ago a French barque came up to me near the Western Islands and went quickly past. About a week afterwards, we came up with her again, and on hoisting up 4,9,1,0, "What ship is that?" he hoisted up four flags in reply, and on looking in the book we found the answer was "I am in a sinking state." I then bore away to his assistance, but coming within hail he called out in good English, "I will come on board." Lowering his boat away he was soon on board, when pointing out to him the answer corresponding to his four flags still flying, it turned out that he had omitted to hoist the distinguishing pennant over the number, which would have given his ship's name. We had a good laugh over the matter, and he then invited me on board to dinner; but the wind coming in our favour I soon afterwards returned on board my own ship and we again parted company, he for France and I for England. Men-of-war have their own flags entirely different from those of merchantmen, but merchant-

men in time of war when sailing under convoy of ships of war always understand the private signals of the men-of-war. Such are the various uses to which these flags may be put in signalling at sea.

A VOYAGE UP THE PERSIAN GULF.

DURING the period of the north-east monsoon in India the sky is a beautiful clear blue, and for weeks at a time there is hardly a cloud to be seen. At night there is an occasional strong breeze, making the air cool and agreeable, and relieving the heat of the day in a great measure. The north-east monsoon commences about the beginning of October, and continues till the latter end of April, or beginning of May, during which time the weather continues cool and agreeable. The south-west monsoon now begins with what is called the rainy season, the rain pouring down for days together, when the sun bursts forth with a suffocating, unhealthy heat, causing a considerable amount of sickness, engendering cholera, &c.

It was in the month of March, 1863, that the steamer of which I was then chief officer was chartered to convey the Begum of Oude, with her suite, to Bussorah, up the river Euphrates. This lady is pensioned very liberally by the British Government in consideration of the province of Oude being now annexed to the British Indian Empire. She was a strict Mahometan, and was then about to proceed with her followers on a pilgrimage to the burial place of the prophet, a place called Medina. Our cabins

were given up, as besides the saloon which she was to occupy with her ladies, she had also to find places for her men and women servants. The company paid our captain, as well as the officers and engineers, very handsomely for the temporary inconvenience, as we all had to shift as well as we could in the steerage.

Having prepared for the reception of Her Highness, as she is called by courtesy, we waited her arrival on board with her suite, and at daylight of the following morning, three large covered boats were seen pulling towards the steamer, each being accompanied by a guard of *European Bombay Police*, and as we lowered a chair well slung into the first boat, on coming alongside, a muffled form tripped hastily from the cabin of the boat to the chair, and her vizier, assisted by the captain, wrapped two, three, four distinct wrappings round Her Highness, chair and all, until we on deck might have imagined that we were about to hoist in a bundle of old rags, instead of an Indian Princess. When all was ready, the word was given by me to my native Serang of the Lascars, "hoist away;" his pipe was then heard loud and shrill over the decks as we hoisted up and safely lowered Her Highness of Oude on the quarter-deck. After being assisted by the vizier again to disengage herself from her wrappings, she walked quickly into the saloon, through a passage of raised screens, carried by her men-servants, for the purpose of concealing her from our sacrilegious view.

One after the other of her ladies were hoisted up

in the same mysterious way, and safely landed on our quarter-deck. Having embarked mails, passengers, and a large quantity of treasure, we were soon under way for Kurrachee, our first port of call. And what a motley crowd we had! Besides the Begum and her suite, there were Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Armenians, all jabbering, talking, and gesticulating in their different languages. I could hardly move along the decks for the baggage and crowd of deck passengers. We left our pilot at the outer lightship, about five in the evening. The water was, so far, very smooth, but as we proceeded under a full head of steam, the breeze freshened as usual at night, and being directly against us as we proceeded to the northward, the sea began to break on board our deep-loaded steamer, saturating and drenching with salt water all and sundry of our unlucky deck passengers with their baggage. As chief officer, my watch was from four to eight in the morning, and from four to eight in the evening, the second and third officers having their own four hours each on the bridge. About six in the evening, while on watch, my attention was suddenly called to a burst of flame nearly under the bridge where I was walking. Rushing down on deck, I found that some of Her Highness's stupid native cooks had nearly set fire to the steamer. With a few buckets of water the fire was soon extinguished, and I resumed my watch on the bridge. I had again, however, to leave my station to attend to some Jewish women, who were wailing piteously, as each sea dashed on board, drenching them to the skin, and saturating their baggage. Having seen

them to drier places in the 'tween decks, I resumed my watch until relieved by the second officer at eight o'clock.

Daylight came in about five in the morning, as I was again walking the bridge on my watch; but the weather was now finer, the water being as smooth as glass, and wind light or nearly a calm:—Thus we steamed rapidly along on our course to the northward. Diu Head was first seen on our right hand, on which we could see a very large Hindoo temple. It was almost covered with flags and streamers of all kinds, flying from its many towers, domes, and minarets; but the building itself seemed somewhat dilapidated, and its style of architecture seemed to me heavy and unattractive, being more like a huge penitentiary than a place of worship. As we sailed along the coast the shore looked bare and sandy, with scarcely any vegetation that we could see from the steamer. Evening came on—and the sunset in these latitudes is exceedingly beautiful, for the sun sets like an immense globe of gold as it casts its radiance and brightness on the surrounding waste of calm and still sea and sky, tinging the whole with inexpressible beauty as it sinks rapidly and majestically below the western horizon.

Her Highness the Begum kept closely secluded in the saloon with her lady attendants, and their only male attendants, so far as we could see, were her vizier and a Nubian eunuch of great stature, with a skin as black as ebony. His shrill treble voice at first startles the listener, coming from such a powerful looking negro. Our devout Arabs, as well as our

Persian passengers, pray to Allah five times a day. The Hindoos on board from the sacred Ganges were constantly muttering prayers from the sacred vedras or shastres they had with them. The Jews and Armenians appeared to be the only passengers we had who were totally indifferent as the time passed on board. These Arabs were dressed in long camels' hair cloaks, and with their turbans trimmed with yellow braid; they had quite a picturesque appearance as they assembled in a row on the long poop-deck for prayer.

Facing as near as they knew towards Mecca, the birthplace of the Prophet, they knelt with their foreheads touching the deck, while one who was their leader or took the lead, called out in a long drawling tone, "Allah-la-hilla-lah—there is no God but God and Allah is his prophet." They would continue thus for some time in the morning during my watch, until one of their own cooks came round with coffee served out in the smallest of pewter cups, and of course the Burra Malam Sahib or chief officer was obliged to take a cup, for I happened to be somewhat of a favourite with our Arabs as well as the other passengers on board. The fragrance of the coffee tempted me to drink more than one cup, although I fancied it was rather bitter without the sugar. Then bringing out their long Narghillies they continued smoking until again called to prayer in the forenoon.

The dress of the Hindoos was a long pure white robe with a red turban, denoting that they belonged to the Banian caste of Hindoos, their foreheads having certain marks of chalk to distinguish them

from other Hindoo castes. The Armenians and Persians were dressed in dark cloaks, with peculiarly shaped hats of dressed sheep or goatskin. The Jews wore long white robes also, but with red skull caps and a long blue silk tassel: their peculiar cast of countenance at once telling that they were Jews. The food used by all of our deck passengers was of the most simple kind, being for the most part, rice, dried fish and fruits, such as dates, raisins, &c., their only drink being coffee or water, nothing in the shape of strong food or liquors being used by any that I could see.

We now made rapid progress towards Kurrachee, as the water continued smooth and weather remarkably fine. The mountains now began to appear as we approached our port, and as they appeared from the vessel, rose far away in the interior, many thousands of feet above the level of the sea. The sea-gull, too, and the pelican were seen in close proximity to each other, rising high above the surface of the calm and unruffled sea, and making a sudden swoop straight downwards were seen rising as suddenly again high in the air, but invariably with a fish in their talons or beaks, they are so sure and unerring in their aim, as they circled round and round our rapidly advancing vessel in their swift and eccentric flight, as if she had been at anchor. On the second day out from Bombay we sighted the high land above Kurrachee, having received our pilot off Manora Point, where there is a lighthouse. Our steamer under his charge was soon anchored inside the bar.

Kurrachee is the principal sea-port in the province of Scinde, and is situated in the north-west of India. A large portion of cotton, the staple produce of the province, is shipped from here to Bombay, the balance (as the harbour is now well known), being shipped direct to England. There is a bar of sand as you approach the port, but ships drawing eighteen feet can easily get inside, where they are land-locked on all sides, and are as secure as in a dry dock.

We landed quite a number of our passengers here, besides the mails, and also a large quantity of specie for the payment of the troops in Kurrachee and other places round. This specie and other treasure under my charge was carefully slung in strong nets made for the purpose, with buoys attached to each net and carefully lowered into the boats alongside, the buoys being a precautionary measure in case the boxes of treasure should fall overboard. A guard of Sepoys or native troops was in attendance alongside with muskets and fixed bayonets, to take the government treasure in charge and up to the paymaster's office at the camp or head-quarters in Kurrachee.

Our Indian Princess and her ladies still kept closely secluded in the cabin, but as my treasure room was below their rooms I was obliged to pass through the saloon when about to land treasure at the different ports. On these occasions I had to give notice to the Begum's vizier that we were about to take treasure up, when the Begum and her ladies at once retired to their various state-rooms. I could, however, see many dark eyes peering out of slightly-opened doors, and hear some rather loud tittering

among Her Highness's ladies as I was engaged with some of the quarter-masters in getting the treasure on deck for landing. The vizier landed here on some business, and we waited a short time for him, as he had one of our boats on shore. He was soon on board and presented the boat's crew with a gold mohur, or sixteen rupees—say eight dollars of Canadian money. Our anchor was then hove up, and under charge of the pilot, the "Coringa" steamed out of the port of Kurrachee for our next port, Muscat.

Our pilot discharged, we proceeded on our voyage, the weather still keeping fine, and water quite smooth. Our course was now about due west along the coast of Beloochistan. This coast appeared from the steamer rather wild and rugged, the mountains in the interior high and covered with jungle, said to be the retreat of the ferocious tiger and jaugar. The Beloochees are a wild and warlike people, many of them being in the service of the Sultan of Muscat, who prized them very much when I was there afterwards. They make excellent soldiers in the Indian army, when disciplined and mixed with the well-trained Sepoys of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

After two days' steaming, with beautiful clear weather, we approached the dominions of the Sultan of Muscat, and what a wild, barren-like country! Rocks towering above rocks, rising abruptly and perpendicularly, thousands of feet above the level of the sea. One would imagine that the Sultan derived but a poor revenue from such a wild country. The thought struck me, too, that this would be a terrible

coast for any ship to be caught on in a gale of wind: a lee-shore here would be something terrible to contemplate, and would involve the certain destruction of the ship and all hands on board, as there would be no possibility of rescue from the shore and its perpendicular cliffs, still less fron the sea. There are no lighthouses on this coast, and we had to be more than usually careful in our navigation, at night time especially.

We soon entered the port of Muscat (described elsewhere in these anecdotes) and anchored a short distance from the Sultan's palace and stables. Quite a number of our passengers landed here, and we had our decks crowded with all kinds of rough-looking Arabs wearing crooked and somewhat dangerous looking knives openly in their belts. But as a precautionary measure we took charge of all our passengers' arms before leaving Bombay, and only delivered them up as they landed, or it might have been that a quarrel arising among our deck passengers, these firearms, &c., would have been too freely used. Once more weighing anchor we resumed our route up the Persian Gulf, the weather still continuing fine. Various small islands and rocks were passed as we rapidly proceeded, but scarcely any cultivation was to be seen. Some of these islands are governed by a Sheik or Arab chief, who pays a certain amount of annual tribute to the Sultan of Muscat for his protection.

In two days more we reached Bunder Abbas, a small unimportant place on the Persian side of the gulf, and having landed mails, a few passengers, and

a small quantity of treasures, we were once more on our way for Lingeh, on the Arabian side, also a place of but small importance. The land we had seen on both sides was very rugged, and far from being rich in its aspect. Still our illustrious Indian Princess kept closely secluded in the saloon with her ladies; her vizier, who spoke good Hindostanee, sometimes asking us questions as to how long we expected to be on the passage, &c. Steaming across to the Arabian side of the gulf, we now called at a small island called Bassadore, but as we were entering our steamer ran hard and fast on a ridge of sand lying a little distance off the shore, our commander having made a small mistake in his calculations as to its distance off. With a considerable amount of backing astern and carrying out kedge anchors we hove her off, and under the pilotage of a gunner's mate belonging to a gunboat on this station, we reached our port in safety, where we landed some naval stores.

Bassadore is a small island which belongs to the British Government, and is held as a naval station for ships of war on service up the Persian Gulf, stores of all kinds being kept here for their use; there is but little cultivation to be seen here, but it is important as a port for coaling steamers, bound up or down the gulf. We soon completed our coaling and proceeded on our route to Bushire, on the Persian side of the gulf. This port was reached in about twenty-four hours' steaming, and here we parted with quite a number of our jolly Arab merchants, expressions of regret being mutual at parting so soon. One of them made me a present of a splendid camel's hair

cloak, trimmed with yellow braid, at parting, but my scamp of a servant, Abdul, found means of disposing of it for a trifling sum before we returned to Bombay.

Bushire is quite an important sea-port in Persia, and was soon captured by General Sir Henry Havelock, who was placed in command of the Persian expedition, with his small army, in 1857. Prominent among the regimemts was the 78th Highlanders, whose gallant deeds, both there and at Lucknow and Cawnpore in the Indian mutiny, must be familiar to the readers of these anecdotes. It is rather a bad place for ships to anchor at, with a gale of wind blowing, and we were obliged to keep steam up the whole time. Its appearance from our steamer was not very attractive, as the forts and public buildings appeared in an old and dilapidated condition. Our steamer was once more under way, but this time under the charge of an intelligent Arab pilot, whose duties were to take the steamer up the Euphrates, and to Bussorah, our last port. He gave his orders to "port or starboard" in unmistakeable *English*, and guided us through the buoys placed for our use by English men-of-war, with great care and safety. As we passed on, the weather still kept fine, and the water smooth. Buoy after buoy being seen on both sides on our route, so careful had our survey ships been in placing them.

We now entered the river Euphrates, which is somewhat wide at its entrance, and its current rapid, and as we proceeded there was nothing very remarkable either on the Turkish or the Persian side of the river; there were, however, here and there to be seen

some well cultivated spots, the land being low and exceedingly fertile in appearance. We soon came to a place called Mahommerah, also captured by the gallant Havelock, with his small army. As we steamed rapidly along, the river became narrower, until at length we reached Bussorah, our last port on the voyage.

Here all our passengers had to leave, some for Bagdad and some for Bussorah. Her Highness, the Begum, made each of us, captain, officers, and engineers, a present of a small bag of krons, a Turkish coin, with sundry marks on each in Arabic or Turkish. She at the same time conveyed to us her thanks, through the vizier, for the great care we had taken of her august person, ladies and suite. We gladly received her acknowledgments with many thanks, and at the same time anticipated a return to our rooms, &c., with much satisfaction.

The disembarkation took place very much in the same mysterious way as the embarkation; a small Turkish steamer came alongside to convey Her Highness to Bagdad, the same screen used in Bombay was again raised by the men-servants, while she and her ladies tripped as hastily and as closely veiled on board the steamer mentioned. As chief officer, I tried hard to get a glimpse of Her Highness, seeing that I had to superintend the arrangements for disembarking, but my old commander told me quietly, "It is no use, C., you had better keep back." We soon prepared for our return to Bombay, and shipped quite a number of beautiful Arab horses, besides mails, passengers, and treasure.

An Indian Nabob, with his three wives, returned with us to Bombay, but was obliged to pawn his wives' jewels, which we kept in our iron safe on board, like many others on those pilgrimages to Medina and Mecca, being too lavish with their expenditure on these voyages up the Persian Gulf and to the shrine of Mahomet.

A SHIPWRECK.

To the readers of these anecdotes, whether landsmen or seamen like myself, the word "shipwreck" has something very ominous in its meaning, whether the shipwreck happens at sea by fire, by foundering, or by being suddenly cast on a lee-shore. In these days of steam navigation, it is very rarely that we hear of steamers being cast on a lee-shore, although there are exceptions, as in the case of the "Royal Charter," so suddenly lost after a most prosperous voyage from Australia, and almost in the immediate neighbourhood of Liverpool, her port of arrival. Steamships engaged in the passenger trade can scarcely ever be caught on a lee-shore, for the captains of steamships, such as those of the Allan Line, Cunard, or other trans-Atlantic steamers can always avoid a lee-shore, in good time, too, as they have an unlimited amount of steam power to take them clear in case of a gale coming on in near proximity to land.

The only danger to be for the most part avoided, is that of steamers or ships in foggy weather, carrying

on sail or steaming too fast without being certain of their exact position; in such cases more than one good steamer has been lost, but it is very rarely heard of now; although within these few years past collisions have happened in thick weather, leading to the loss with ships at sea sometimes of one or both of the ships. There are also icebergs and French fishermen on the Banks of Newfoundland in the spring time, but we seldom hear of any serious collision between them, there are so many precautions taken to avoid them.

The following story of a shipwreck on the dangerous banks which line the eastern coast of Ireland will no doubt be interesting, as the shipwreck was in my own experience. The ship I was then on board of was bound from Liverpool to Baltimore, with a heavy cargo of salt in bags. We sailed in 1854, in the month of November, a very bad month in the English or St George's Channel, as thick weather and heavy gales of wind are frequent in this particular month. Our ship, the "Brunswick," was nearly new, and the captain a young man, though with a good deal of experience. The wind continued light but with thick fogs and a good deal of rain; as we proceeded down the channel the wind began to rise from south-east, until it increased to a gale, when the topsails were close-reefed, fore, main, and mizen. These gales had been of frequent occurrence previous to this, and blew directly on to the banks already spoken of.

These Banks are called the Wicklow, Arklow, and Blackwater, stretching a few miles off shore from the

Irish coast, but there is a good channel between the land and the Banks; in fine weather there is scarcely any perceptible sea running to mark them, so that in a gale of wind they are particularly dangerous, and many fine ships have been lost on them. As the winds had been frequent from south-east they caused a strong current to run right on to these dangerous ridges of sand. On the night in question we steered in towards the Irish coast, and keeping a good look-out we expected to see a certain light on the Banks. As we slowly stood in, all at once the cry was heard above the howling of the gale, "A-light-right-a-head." Startled by the cry, the second mate was at once forward, but could not see the light; he, however, was told to call the captain who was seated in his chair in the cabin asleep, having strictly warned the second mate to call him when he saw the light. Still no motion was made to call the captain, the ship meanwhile standing in, straight on to the bank, assisted by the current without a doubt, and just as the light glared close to the ship, the captain came on deck and gave the order, "All hands wear ship."

Meanwhile the helm was put hard up, while the watch below were getting on deck, but alas! too late to clear those terrible banks. She ran for a little off before the wind, and in a few moments more we felt a shock enough to carry many of us off our feet, as she went crashing and soon breaking her back on the banks. One sea came on board sweeping the captain and two men at the wheel nearly overboard; but now she forged a-head and was soon in the deep water inside.

"Man the pumps," called the captain, "while some hands clear away the boats. Square the yards; we are all right now, my lads," were his cheering words. These orders were quickly obeyed, when again the cry came of "Breakers on the starboard bow." Answering her helm, she soon cleared the dreaded breakers, which in the darkness could be plainly seen rearing their crested heads far above our devoted ship's decks.

We all now inwardly thanked God that we had escaped those terrible breakers, which had they come on board would have swept us all into eternity in a very few moments time. The pumps were now manned as we cleared the breakers, and having steered in towards the land, the anchor, with sixty fathoms of chain was let go, while we pumped with all our energy, as the ship was now fast sinking; two of our four boats being meanwhile got afloat. The wind still kept up, but we had some hopes from the various life-boats stationed on this part of the coast.

Daylight at length came, on that terrible November morning, as we still kept at the pumps, barely able to keep our now fast sinking ship afloat, and we hoisted the ensign *union down*, as a signal of distress to the people on shore. Our captain, who stood it out well, giving his orders clearly and distinctly, now sent crews into each of the boats afloat, with orders to stand by, while the remaining seventeen men worked still harder at the pumps. These seven started for the shore, and one boat was dashed to pieces in the surf, one man being lost, the other we afterwards

found was picked up with her crew by some fishermen and safely landed.

This cowardly conduct in deserting their shipmates was severely spoken of at the time. The remaining portion of us who were left, now worked with hearty good will, some pumping while the rest got out the other two boats, one of which was swamped alongside. The captain was now appealed to, that as the ship was fast sinking, we had better avail ourselves of the remaining boat and make our escape. Seeing that no hope remained of saving the ship he reluctantly gave orders to each one of us to get into the boat, being the last to leave the vessel himself.

A blanket was now set for a sail, no one having saved any clothing, and cold, wet and fatigued, we steered along the rock-bound coast in search of a safe place to land. It was now pretty well on in the forenoon; but still no signs of assistance from the shore, our ship soon afterwards having sunk. As we still steered along, we at length descried a life-boat pulling towards us, each man having a belt of cork round his waist, and as our small boat was overloaded with seventeen men in such a sea, some gladly leaped on board the lifeboat, while the remainder of us followed as they steered for the shore.

We soon afterwards landed safely at a small town on the coast, where we were met by the priest and Protestant minister of the place, the inhabitants vieing with each other in acts of kindness to the shipwrecked crew. Afterwards each man was forwarded to his native place by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society, whose benevolent operations are

well known on the various coasts of Great Britain. Years have elapsed since then; but I have never forgotten that terrible night and morning, in the month of November, in a shipwreck on the coast of Ireland.

OVERLAND FROM INDIA.

In May, 1867, after my five years' service on the coast of India and up the Persian Gulf, I took passage in the steamer "Yamuna," from Bombay to Suez, thence across the desert and home to Liverpool. On a beautiful day in May we embarked mails and passengers, and were soon under way from the harbour of Bombay. There were but few Arabs or natives on board, but we had a number of Turks and Jews, who were on their way to Aden at the entrance of the Red Sea.

Our captain and his officers, as well as the quartermasters, were Europeans, but the crew Lascars or native sailors of India. Steaming at full speed we were soon at the outer lightship, where our pilot left us. The weather continued beautiful, clear and mild as we steamed rapidly to the westward, our course being west, southerly, all the way to Aden. The nights were so fine that very few of our deck or cabin passengers thought of going below to sleep, but lay down under the double awnings on deck, well sheltered from the night dew which falls heavily in these latitudes.

We had quite a number of saloon or cabin passengers, some of whom had been in the Indian army, and were now returning with their families to their native land, having left the service with well-earned pensions. Among our passengers we had an operatic troupe, which had been sadly taken in by their manager in Bombay, and were now on their way back to Trieste. In these fine evenings we had some splendid pieces of music performed by this company, which sounded well when all was quiet. We had also among our passengers several men who had been employed by the railway companies in Bombay, and were now coming home on sick leave.

Day succeeded day as we steamed rapidly along on our course, without any event worth recording, and in five days from Bombay we sighted the land on the Arabian coast near Aden. The mountains and the whole outline of the coast looked exceedingly barren and sterile. Entering the harbour we were soon anchored, and began to fill up our coal for the remainder of the passage to Suez. Several of our deck passengers left us here, and we were visited by quite a number of Arabs, who had all kinds of curiosities for sale. Among other things they had quite a number of magnificent ostrich feathers, which they sold at a very reasonable price.

There is nothing about Aden that is very attractive to the visitor, and the excessive heat nearly all the year round makes it far from being a desirable place to stay at for any length of time. Aden is, however, quite an important coal depot for steamers going up and coming down the Red Sea on their passage from

or to India. A regiment of European troops is quartered here, forming a garrison for the protection of the place from the depredations of the Arabs; rather a desolate spot for them, one would imagine. But there are steamers to and from India almost constantly touching here for the purpose of coaling, which enlivens the place.

There are also a few good hotels for the accommodation of passengers who choose to land here for the time. Having completed our coaling and discharged a portion of our cargo, our anchor was soon at the bows by the help of a splendid capstan which was worked by steam. Steaming at full speed we left the port of Aden on our way up the Red Sea. It happened very much to the comfort of our passengers that the weather kept very fine, and cooler by far than we expected, for even with double awnings spread fore and aft, the heat during the passage up the Red Sea is generally excessive, and almost suffocating to the passengers who move round the deck gasping for one breath of cool air.

We passed on our way one of the same company's steamers which was disabled, and had to be towed to Aden, thence all the way to Bombay. The water of the Red Sea appeared to me to be much lighter in colour than that of the various oceans I have sailed on, and is of a very light blue. No land was to be seen except occasional high mountains on the Arabian side. We passed a shoal called the Cleopatra shoal, on which an English man-of-war was wrecked. It is nearly in the very centre of the sea, and in the direct way of steamers bound up and down. But there is

now a splendid lighthouse on this desolate spot, and as we passed about dusk in the evening, we saw a tiny skiff pulled by one of the lighthouse keepers, who had been evidently fishing, and was then returning to his lonely abode in the lighthouse.

Soon afterwards we saw the brilliant light established here suddenly shoot forth its rays on the surrounding waste of water, and almost held our breath as we thought for a moment what would have been the terrible result to our steamer with her living freight, of her going full speed on this dangerous reef. We were still enjoying fine weather, and as we proceeded the Red Sea became narrower, and we could easily make out the high land on both sides, mountain above mountain, but withal rugged and barren in the extreme.

Our obliging commander tells us that we should soon see on our right hand Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb, as well as the Wells of Moses. The water was so smooth and the weather so fine that we made rapid progress on our way to Suez. There is nothing very inviting in the appearance of the land now seen so plainly on both sides. At length all our passengers were earnestly looking to one certain point, and we could plainly see, far away in the distance, Sinai rearing its rugged and hoary head above the other mountains, so plainly visible to us. There was also Mount Horeb, plainly distinguished from the others, and what a strange feeling came over us as we gazed with the most profound awe at the places where God Himself gave the Commandments to His servant Moses. But as we gaze it is not with fear, *rather the*

reverse, as we know that we now live under a different dispensation: the love of God instead of the terrors of the law being the incentive to obedience.

As we proceeded, the strait became narrower, and the Wells of Moses were plainly to be seen a short distance from the beach, which is sandy and desert like. The spot, also, where the sea was divided for saving the Israelites, and for the destruction of their enemies, is pointed out, but there is nothing remarkable in its aspect. The strait, however, is not very wide at this particular place, which is known, like many others on this route, by the traditions of the Arabs who have, for all these centuries past, kept a record of these remarkable places in the history of the Old Testament. Still nothing is to be seen of any kind of cultivation; nothing but rocks, mountains, and a wide expanse of sandy deserts.

We now approached the anchorage at Suez, and dropping the anchor had made the passage from Bombay in eleven days. A small steamer came alongside, and with all our passengers, mails, and baggage, we were landed at Suez town, three miles from the "Yamuna," which could not approach nearer. The town of Suez has nothing very remarkable in its appearance, and looks decidedly mean, and far from being cleanly, with its narrow streets, and dingy-looking houses. But there are quite a number of good hotels, French, German, and English. Prominent among these is the Peninsular and Oriental Company's hotel, which is a splendid building, and where first and second class passengers by that line can obtain every comfort and necessary attendance by

the most civil and obliging waiters I have ever seen. Everything is so cleanly and so much like home that any one would imagine he was in a first class hotel in the heart of London. We had to remain here all night, as there was no train crossing the desert for Alexandria till the following morning. Great numbers of French labourers were to be seen there who were at work at the Suez canal, but the population of Suez is somewhat mixed, the French and German seeming to predominate. A few of the Egyptian soldiers were seen strolling about, but they had far from a soldier-like appearance.

On the following morning, our baggage having been taken care of by the Pasha's servants, we took our tickets out for Alexandria; and strange enough the ticket clerk could not speak a word of English; he had to get an interpreter to explain what we wanted in everything. We were soon in the train for Alexandria, and found that our engineers and drivers were all Arabs; nearly all of the English engineers and drivers had struck because his Highness the Viceroy or Pasha did not pay them for extra time. As some accidents had already taken place by the mismanagement of these Arabs, it was not a very comfortable reflection for us to know that we were under their care. But we soon reached Grand Cairo, and as I wished to have a look round I stayed there for the night.

Cairo looks quite a stirring place, and from our English hotel we could plainly see the Pyramids about seven miles distant, and even at this distance they have a strange mysterious look in their solitary grandeur. The whole country round Grand Cairo is

flat and level, and there are many well cultivated fields to be seen here and there, besides whole ranges and groves of date trees.

Surrounded at the door of the hotel as soon as we made our appearance by a whole crowd of donkey boys, shouting and yelling in broken English, "My donkey, sir, good donkey; he name Tom, sir; that fellow donkey no good, sir." At last we got on donkeys and went in to see the sights in Grand Cairo.

There are some very fine buildings in Grand Cairo, the mosques being the most conspicuous; but in the lower parts the houses are mostly built of mud and straw, the streets narrow and tortuous, and not in the best of order. The Bazaar was crowded with Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Armenians, but we strolled at pleasure round the city, no one molesting or daring to molest any stranger. After wandering round with our ragged donkey boy at our heels urging on the animals, at length we resume our way to the hotel. On the whole, the place is well worth seeing by travellers on their way to or from India. Paying off our attendants we hastened to get ready for the train.

Once more on the way to Alexandria. In the train there were several of the Pasha's English engineers, who explained to us as we went on the names of various places. The route across the desert is perfectly flat, but there is plenty of cultivation to be seen and vast fields of the cotton plant. We also crossed the River Nile a number of times on our way. At one particular station I noticed an Arab looking for *Backsheesh*, as it is called, or begging, dressed in a very curious coat of all sorts of colours, no doubt

intended to represent the many-coloured coat of Joseph. All our passengers seemed interested in this Arab, and I am certain he got quite a sum in small change from them. We arrived in Alexandria about midnight, and were soon conveyed in a hack to the "Hotel Francaise," where every comfort was provided for us and at very reasonable rates.

Taking a stroll through Alexandria at night we found the streets well lighted in the European quarter, and some magnificent shops to be seen, as well as splendidly illuminated saloons, where the visitor can hear some good music from the French, operatic as well as comic; in fact everything in Alexandria is decidedly French, with here and there a touch or sprinkling of German. The French were evidently in the ascendant here at this time, and John Bull seemed to be almost entirely ignored in Alexandria. There were, however, quite a number of English officers and engineers on board several of the splendid steam frigates or men-of-war of His Highness the Viceroy, and it is well that there are for the safety of His Highness's splendid ships of war, for the Egyptians are but poor navigators, and I should scarcely care to trust a vessel under their charge far out to sea, in case they should never find their way back. There is a well known story current in Alexandria of a fine steam frigate going on a cruise to Malta, which can easily be reached in from three to five days. She was officered by Egyptians, and after cruising about for a whole fortnight they managed to get back to Alexandria with the startling intelligence that Malta was *Mackfish*, that is to say, that it had

disappeared, gone to the bottom or somewhere else, but it could not be found. In short, they had lost their way, and it took some trouble for them to get back to Alexandria.

Hiring a donkey boy, I took a tour round the city, visited Cleopatra's Needle, an obelisk, with a great many characters in Arabic on its different sides. It looks as fresh as if it had been finished yesterday. There is also Pompey's Pillar a little out of the city, standing in a very prominent position on the top of a hill. My donkey boy invited me to visit the Catacombs, close to Pompey's Pillar, where there are thousands of Egyptian mummies in these subterranean abodes of the dead; but as we had no lantern I thought it most prudent not to avail myself of his invitation, as these donkey boys have a fashion of losing their visitors in the Catacombs, and keeping them here for a considerable time until they get *Backsheesh* to lead them out. Taking a circuit I saw quite a number of forts surrounding and commanding the entrance to the harbour, and I also saw His Highness, the Pasha, pulled from one side of the harbour to the other, in a beautiful barge, the rowers being clad in splendid scarlet uniforms.

Meanwhile the forts on both sides thundered forth salutes of heavy guns in his honour. Alexandria appears to be strongly fortified against the entrance of men-of-war into the harbour; but I imagine that some of our heavy iron-clads would find but little difficulty in blowing up the whole affair. Vast quantities of cotton and grain are shipped from Alexandria to many of the principal ports in Europe,

and there are always a large number of ships and steamers in this harbour.

After a stay of a week, seeing the sights round the city and waiting for the next steamer direct for Liverpool, we embarked in the fine new steamer "Memphis," then on her first voyage, and said to be very fast. Quite a number of our friends who had left Bombay with us were coming on in the same steamer. Having filled up our cargo of cotton and grain, we once more resumed our passage homewards. The weather was fine and the water smooth, as we bade farewell to Alexandria, leaving our Egyptian pilot a few miles outside of the harbour.

The entrance to Alexandria is somewhat dangerous and narrow in certain parts of the channel, and a good pilot is indispensable for either sailing ships or steamers. The weather kept remarkably fine as we steamed rapidly down the Mediterranean for Malta, our next port of call. We had with us several passengers for Malta, but one who had lived for twelve years in Jerusalem, and was going back to some place in Germany with his wife, entirely absorbed my attention. He had been a teacher in Jerusalem, and as he spoke good English he could tell me all about the city, its past and its present. The condition of the Jews in Jerusalem, who were going back there in considerable numbers, is very miserable according to his account. As we proceeded we had fine clear weather with smooth water, and we passed on our way several British iron-clad men-of-war, cruising up and down the Mediterranean, their huge black hulls looming high above the surface of the water, looking to me,

as a sailor, somewhat forbidding, and not at all like the prim, neat *wooden walls of Old England* I had seen in former days, both frigates and sloops of war.

But times are much changed during the last twenty years, both in the army and navy, and those secure iron-clads are indispensable in the defence of our coasts as well as in keeping pace with other maritime powers. Entering the harbour of Malta in three days from Alexandria, we were struck with its beautiful appearance, land-locked on all sides as we went the farther in. Forts were to be seen on almost all sides, which seemed to be very strong, and any one would imagine them almost impregnable. There were also lying at anchor here several heavy iron-clads, among them the "Prince Consort," "Royal Oak," and others.

Taking a boat, for which the small sum of one penny was charged, we were soon ashore in Malta, the streets leading up very steep towards the city proper, and crowded with priests and nuns as they hasten to or from the morning service. There are also very fine buildings in Malta, among others the old church of St John's, where the old knights of Malta are buried, and as we passed we were invited to visit the church by a friend who very kindly acted as our guide. Entering, the Catholic service was being performed by two or three priests, while there were quite a number of worshippers, principally women, devoutly kneeling in the body of the church. There are many splendid paintings hung round, among others a particularly fine one of the Virgin and Child.

Following our guide we descended the steps leading to the vault beneath the church, and were ushered into the vault containing the bodies of the Grand Commanders and Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta. The chamber or vault is but small, and on each sarcophagus or stone coffin there is a full length stone likeness of the deceased knight, dressed in the robes of the order. An inscription in Latin is on the wall over each body, telling the date of its decease and the length of time each had served as head of the order.

But there was not much time to visit here, as our steamer soon finished coaling and we had to hasten on board. Bidding adieu we were soon on board, and our steamer on her way to Gibraltar, our next port of call. As we left Malta we saw the small bay where St Paul is said to have landed. There is also a statue of the great apostle in this quiet little nook or bay, to be plainly seen from the deck of the steamer.

We were still favoured with the finest of weather, and our fast steamer made good time for Gibraltar, and in three days we arrived safely in the bay, where we once more had to coal. As it was night we waited patiently for daylight, as no one is allowed to land here after night. Daylight came, and what a sight met our gaze! The huge rock itself, high above the level of the sea, and standing perfectly isolated from the neighbouring coast of Spain, except by a narrow neck of land called the neutral ground.

Surrounding the base of the rock and close to the sea there is nothing to be seen but fort within fort,

each one bristling with guns of the heaviest calibre, while on the old rock itself can be seen the marks of shot over hundreds of years old, from the time the place belonged to the Moors until its capture by the British from Spain. Landing at the water gate, we pass drawbridges, chains, &c., all under the charge of sergeants, with the guards, and were soon within the city. As we walked up the principal street, which is somewhat steep like those of Malta, we saw some splendid shops as well as public buildings, but as our time was limited we had to hasten on board.

There were several men-of-war in the bay, and we noticed quite a number of their crews ashore on leave. Among the ironclads at anchor here we noticed the splendid wooden frigate "Galatea," commanded by his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, who was then about to proceed to the Brazils, thence to Australia, *via* the Cape. The Prince had gained golden opinions among the good people of Gibraltar as well as among the crew of his own ship, by his affability and manly bearing as an officer. As we proceeded to our steamer, his frigate looked well on the water, with royal yards across, and everything in first-rate order ready for a start. Some of the forts were at target practice with shell, and it was curious to watch with what precision the shell struck or burst with its peculiar sharp sound as it exploded in close proximity to the target.

Our steamer was once more under way for Liverpool, and we left Gibraltar with a feeling of regret at having to leave it so soon, only being about four hours there altogether. Passing rapidly through the

straits, for our steamer made nothing of the strong current constantly setting in from the Atlantic, we were soon steering to the northward for the channel. The weather kept fine, but much colder than in the Mediterranean, and to those who had been a considerable time in India the cold was sensibly felt, extra coats and other clothing having been found necessary.

We were soon in St George's Channel, our steamer scarcely ever making less than eleven miles an hour, which was excellent work. No land was seen till well up towards Holyhead, so exact had our reckoning been kept. Now we took on board our pilot for Liverpool, who took charge, and in about eleven and a half days from Alexandria we anchored in the Mersey off Liverpool. Our whole passage from Bombay had been made in twenty-two days' steaming, and with eight days' detention at Alexandria and other ports, we reached home in thirty days. The weather had been fine all the way, and all our passengers were pleased at having so pleasant a time by the overland route from India.

A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

THERE is a vast difference between salt water voyages and sailing on the lakes of North America, and it was not without some misgivings that I made up my mind to leave the salt water to try my fortune on these lakes. But the idea of purchasing a farm in one of the many fine tracts of farming land which border on these inland seas, overcame any feeling of reluctance which I had to leaving what may be called my native element, and having made up my mind I was soon on my way to these western lakes.

Having a sister residing on the borders of Lake St Clair, and whose repeated invitations that I should visit her had been the means of forming the determination to which I had come, I left the salt water upwards of two years ago, intending to spend the winter with my sister and the summer on the lakes with the view of ultimately settling there as already mentioned.

While fully sensible that lake sailing was different from navigating the ocean, I had scarcely realised fully the fact that my long experience and nautical education would be of little value in this new sphere, a local acquaintance with the different lakes, bays, harbours, &c., being absolutely necessary, while a knowledge of navigation proper is of little importance. Sea captains are therefore for a time at a discount on the lakes, and are obliged to accept inferior positions, yet there are quite a number of salt water men there who, by quiet perseverance and steadiness have come in time to get command of vessels.

My own first trip on the lakes was in the steamer "Meteor," under Captain Wilson, who is well known as one of the most energetic as well as popular commanders on the route from Detroit to all ports of any consequence on Lake Superior. We started from Detroit on the 24th May, 1868, up the river, and the weather as well as the scenery was beautiful as we went on, both on the Canadian and American side of the river. Passing through Lake St Clair we had an opportunity of seeing the magnitude of the work of cutting and dredging the channel for the passage of steamers and vessels bound up or down to Chicago or Lake Superior; there are several lighthouses as well as buoys placed there on the shallow parts of the lake, and in the season of navigation they are of the greatest importance and service in the immense traffic carried on between the upper and lower lakes.

This channel has been cut, and all the expense undertaken by the government of the United States; but it has been found that it is cut through Canadian waters, and as a consequence is claimed as the property of the Canadian government. This seems but a small matter, as the advantages are mutual to both countries, and doubtless a matter which can be amicably settled by deep thinking and sensible statesmen on both sides of the lines. The little jealousies existing between the two countries will in time surely be healed up, and Canada and the United States, if *not one* nation, will at all events live peaceably, having one common bond of blood and religion to keep them united and friendly. As we proceeded, the cultivation and aspect of the country on both sides of the

River St Clair were beautiful, and on the morning after we left Detroit we touched at Sarnia, to receive on board some passengers bound for Lake Superior. Sarnia is a place of much importance, and though not very large it is one of the connecting points between Canada and the United States by rail. We soon were again under way, and *en route* for Lake Superior. There is a good lighthouse on the Canadian shore, which is of great benefit, as we either enter or come back from the upper lakes.

The Americans, however, are by no means behind the Canadians in furnishing lighthouses or lights up to the last moment when there is a chance of navigation, and though it may be against our Canadian friends, I must say that I found on my passage down from the Welland canal, very recently, that there were no lights on Lake Ontario on the Canadian shore, but the American shore was lighted up till the 19th December, the date of our departure from Port Dalhousie. With fine weather we now steamed from Sarnia up Lake Huron, towards Detour river, and for the Sault Ste. Marie canal. In a very short run the "Meteor" entered this river, which runs rapidly, and is rather dangerous to those not acquainted with its rocks and shoals. Our captain, however, was a thorough pilot, and was never much at a loss to find his way, either on the lake or connecting rivers. As we proceeded, our wood began to give out, and we had to stop a few hours at one of the wooding places on the river side.

There is but little cultivation on either side of the Detour, nothing but a waste of bush, with here and

there a clearance, where there are fishermen's houses or groceries for supplying passing steamers and sailing vessels bound to Marquette or any of the ports on Lake Superior. Arrived at the Sault Ste. Marie canal, we again discharged some more cargo and embarked a few passengers for Superior City and other ports. This canal has been so often described that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon its extreme usefulness here as a connection between Lake Superior and the lower lakes. The canal itself is a mile long, with only three locks, and it is kept in the best of order by the Americans, who seem to know its value, for the immense traffic carried on from and to Lake Superior. Sault Ste. Marie is a small town, but has a considerable number of residents, besides there is a garrison here, with quite a number of United States troops.

Our steamer was locked through (as it is called) in about an hour, and on her way up Lake Superior to the various ports on its shores. She made excellent progress, as she is one of the fastest on the route. We touched at the following places :—Ontonagon, Hancock, Duluth, Superior City, and other smaller places, but all of great importance in the shipment of copper ore, which abounds in these regions, and not far from the borders of the lake and its numerous small rivers and tributaries. The whole country on the route is perfectly wild, and scarcely any cultivation is to be seen, save here and there a spot where fishermen cultivate potatoes, which grow here and are of good quality ; nothing else being seen as we proceeded but bush and rocks for hundreds of miles

round its shores. But its resources in the copper and iron regions are unbounded, and I am surely not exaggerating in stating that the region round here could supply half the world at present with the minerals above mentioned. We at length reached Marquette, one of the most thriving of all the ports on Lake Superior. Thousands of tons of iron ore are shipped here by a large fleet of sail-vessels and steamers during the season of navigation for Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland, besides other ports on the lower lakes, and no one would imagine, except by seeing for themselves, the immense traffic carried on here in iron ore, as well as in pigs of iron of various qualities.

The ore is run in from the mines by railroad, nearly right over the vessels' mast-heads, and by shoots well managed run right into the vessels' holds. Thus a large vessel able to carry one thousand tons of ore can be loaded in six or seven hours. The work of devising and constructing a work of such magnitude deserves the highest praise, and is something like the go-aheadativeness of the Americans. Marquette is therefore a place of the greatest value and importance, and is rapidly growing larger by the enterprise of the various mining companies shipping ore from this port. Having taken a quantity of ore on our deck, which was wheeled on board, as we could not take it on board otherwise without injury to our long range of cabins, we now proceeded on our return to the various ports already named.

On our return we had a number of fishermen to land, with boats, &c., at several points on our way.

There are immense quantities of various kinds of fish caught here, which gives a very remunerative employment to quite a large number of men, many of whom come all the way even from Boston to engage in this occupation during the season of navigation. The weather continued fine as we steamed rapidly along, but at some of the ports of call the sun at times came out with excessive heat, especially when there was no wind. The sea rises sometimes in a gale of wind, I am told, not unlike the Atlantic Ocean, and it is dangerous in the extreme to vessels or steamers late in the fall. Having called at Ontonagon to land and take in passengers and freight we next proceeded to Copper Harbour, to take on deck small and large masses of copper, for Detroit and Cleveland.

These masses were of various weights and shapes, as they came from the rich copper mines, by tram-road or rail, some pieces weighing from five or six hundred-weight to five or six tons, and several were over that in weight. We had one immense mass which I was told by some of the miners weighed eleven tons two-hundred weight, and was then the largest ever sent to Detroit. The process of getting these masses on the steamer's deck was by means of rollers placed under them, and guided by handspikes, with plenty of good tackles; captain, mate, and all our strong crew assisting in their shipment, by no means an easy task. The steamer lay, however, close to the dock, and the whole were taken in, to the amount of over one hundred tons, in a remarkably short space of time.

There were quite a large number of saloon and a

few steerage passengers, and we made a very short run to the canal, on our return to Detroit. Passing through the canal we proceeded at a great rate of speed, with the rapid current which runs down the river, and on to Lake Huron. Having reached Detroit we had made the whole trip in eleven and a half days, having called at all the ports on Lake Superior with full cargoes each way, and a large number of passengers. The trip from Cleveland or Detroit to Lake Superior is replete with interest to either the merchant or tourist, with its varied scenery and rich resources, whilst its health-giving and pure air in the summer season, render it a pleasant trip for invalids to undertake.

CANAL NAVIGATION IN CANADA.

LATE in the fall of last year, 1870, I took passage in a vessel from Toledo to Montreal, and had an opportunity of seeing the difficulties experienced in getting steamers and sailing vessels through the canals on the route, both in the Welland and lower canals. If the commission now appointed does their duty by enquiring into the whole system, and suggesting the application of the required improvements, the practical value of the canals to the Dominion as well as to the United States, will be largely increased indeed.

I have no hesitation in saying that the Welland canal is a disgrace to any government in more ways

than one. That this assertion is true, any one who takes the trouble can see for himself during the ensuing season of navigation.

Arrived at Port Colborne our vessel must be *got ready* for the locks, that is to say, although but a small schooner drawing ten feet she is first measured to see if not drawing over that in case of grounding. This is all right and proper, but to any one who knows how much larger vessels are *now built* to what they were thirty or forty years ago, it will appear absurd that the canal is not made deeper to admit of ships of sixteen or even twenty feet draught, passing through the whole of its twenty-seven locks without grounding.

We next had to hoist our small bow-sprit and jib-boom away up pointing to the clouds, in order not to be caught on the lower gates of the locks, which ought to be from forty to fifty feet longer for vessels built in these days of all kinds of improvements and inventions. This would admit of much larger vessels and steamers passing from the upper to the lower lakes. Then, again, the extra labour required to do all this, viz., to point up jib-booms and bowsprits, get boats in and leave nothing but the bare hull of the vessel close to the gates; all gives extra labour, involving both time and expense.

We were now said to be ready for "locking" through. Two teams of horses being attached by a long tow-line, two of the men remained on shore to put ropes on spiles when needed in the various bends of the canal in order to check the vessel from grounding, and assist the helm when it did not steer the

vessel. With yells to the drivers from the mate, and curses to our two men on shore for not being quick enough with the lines, &c., we now started on our weary, toilsome journey of twenty-nine miles, and as it had been raining, the road or tow-path was very muddy the first part of the way, and somewhat bad walking, but nothing to what was to come: a long level was now come to after the first lock was passed, which allowed our two men on the tow-path to come on board for a time, the horses doing most of the work until we reached Allanstown.

Here there was another lock, and we soon managed to get through with some more yelling, shouting, and cursing. Proceeding slowly along in tow of our trusty horses, we next reached the head lock above Thorold, and now began our labours in earnest; there was nothing but mud, up to the knees in some places, for the poor fellows on shore, who wearily plodded along, ready to pass ropes to check the vessel; the travelling both for men and horses being fatiguing in the extreme. Our men on board, too, were almost constantly at work, the mate at some parts going half crazy as he shouted, cursed and yelled when the vessel got hard and fast in the mud, partly by his own stupidity, and partly by the half sleepy, fatigued men on shore, who may have not been quick enough to get a line on a spile through these muddy, disgraceful roads.

These roads, as they remain at present, are a standing disgrace to the Canadian government, for no other civilised government would leave the tow-path and so called heel path to remain in such a state for lack of being repaired, but would use a portion of the

large revenue derived from this particular canal on repairs. As we now had lock after lock to pass through, the labour both to those on board as well as those on shore was fatiguing and harassing in the extreme, as our men had now been constantly on the move for thirty successive hours, and had scarcely time for their meals as they came to some lock where a few minutes respite was given them for that purpose. The vessel had still to go on, the crew having been without sleep for nearly forty hours day and night. However, at length we reached the last lock at Port Dalhousie, but still no respite, as the whole of our vessel had now to be got ready for Lake Ontario, our ropes to be tightened and set up so that we could proceed safely on the trip to Montreal.

Sail was at length made by our wearied, half-sleepy and wholly fatigued crew, and with a fresh breeze we steered for our next port of call, "Kingston," there to lighten our small schooner to nine feet draught so that she could pass through the paltry lower canals leading past the rapids of St Lawrence and on to Montreal. It blew hard in our favour, and in seventeen hours from Port Dalhousie we were anchored at Kingston, but had to wait our turn in order to get Henderson's floating elevator to lighten the vessel to the required draught, as there were several vessels requiring to be lightened before proceeding downward.

Here, again, there is a great deal of needless expense and time lost by being detained in order to lighten, because these lower canals might be dredged, their locks lengthened and many other improvements

made to meet the requirements of the present age and admit of large vessels coming up from the sea to the lakes, thus having direct communication to and from Chicago, the capital of the West, and Liverpool. At length, discharging to the required nine feet, we were taken in tow, along with several other barges and another schooner, by a powerful tug, and taken on our way towards the head of the Cornwall canal; our jib-boom, etc., having again to be raised for passing through the locks.

Arrived at the head of the canal, our tug brought the schooners alongside an old, rotten, broken down wharf, where we managed to make fast for the time; we then prepared to drop into the canal, and as it was blowing fresh, we had no difficulty in making our way downwards. The tow-path on this canal is far superior to that of the other canals, and especially to the Welland. As we reached the different locks, too, the stone buildings and greater quantity of stone used in the construction of the locks contrasted favourably with the old tumble-down wooden shanties and smaller quantities of stone used in the whole length of the Welland Canal.

This canal could be easily deepened, there appear to be so many natural advantages in its favour, and it is so much straighter than the others. Our schooner was now towed across a small lake, well-buoyed, and with plenty of good lighthouses at every needed part of its whole extent. I need not enlarge on our canal navigation towards Montreal, only that the Lachine canal appeared to me the worst of the whole, especially as we approached Montreal, the waste water at many

of the large works rushing in, and in spite of all our mate's cursing, and the energies of our unlucky men on the tow-path, hard and fast on the ground our unfortunate schooner went no less than a dozen times, if not more, before we reached Montreal.

The tow-path here is very bad indeed in wet weather, and the many rushes of waste water render it a most difficult matter for sailing vessels, as well as vessels with steam power, to get along. That there is a very great deal wanted to be done in improving the whole of the canals in Canada, no one can gainsay, and also in having an entirely new system of management. I have passed through Egypt on my way from India, and its many improvements have struck me that there was a master mind ruling in that benighted land. What a pity His Highness the Pasha or Viceroy of Egypt has not the power delegated to him to come over and revise the whole canal system of Canada. I am positive that he would do so better than those now at the head of the canal department here. With these remarks I close this article on canal navigation in the Dominion of Canada.

N.B.—There is a prevalent system in India, and other Eastern countries, of giving "Backsheesh" to well paid native officials for doing their duty. I hope many of the captains who read these anecdotes and have to pass through the canals, have not to do the same thing in order to get their vessels along.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

THIS instrument in the navigation of ships is of the greatest service to the mariner, and no ship or steamer can go to sea without two or three compasses at the least to guide them on the trackless waste of water, the course to steer being easily understood. It has been said that the Chinese understood the use of the compass some hundreds of years before its introduction in the ships of the earlier navigators and discoverers, British, Spanish, or Portuguese.

The needle or magnet is said to point always to the north, and as a matter of course the other points, as east, west, &c., are easily found by the needle pointing north and south. In certain parts of the world, however, the needle does not point to the north, but is drawn considerably to the right or left of true north. This is called the variation of the compass, and must be known accurately by the navigator in order to correct and steer the right course. For instance, in crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the variation of the compass amounts in sailing vessels to $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ points westerly, and the course steered must be corrected accordingly. Say that you wish to make a due east course, you must steer $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ points south of that or to the right hand in order to make a direct course.

Off the Cape of Good Hope in the South Atlantic Ocean, strange enough, the variation of the compass in ships bound to India or Australia is $2\frac{3}{4}$ points easterly, and in order to make a due east course, it

is necessary to steer $2\frac{3}{4}$ to the north or left hand of her course, while again towards the equator or centre of the globe there is hardly any perceptible variation of the compass at all. The way of finding out how much the compass varies in different parts of the world, is by observations of the sun taken with the compass, and the difference between the true and magnetic or compass bearing is the variation which must be applied as a corréction to the course steered.

We have, however, in iron ships or steamers what is called the deviation of the compass to attend to, besides the variation. This is the local attraction caused by the iron, and must be carefully understood before steamers or iron ships attempt to go to sea. As in steamers of the Allan or Cunard line, each steamer before proceeding on her first voyage must be carefully swung, and magnets fixed to the deck, besides small chains placed on each side of the compasses in boxes, in order to counteract the attraction of the iron. Thus the compasses are so nicely balanced with the magnets and iron, that it is rare, indeed, now-a-days that they get out of order on a trans-Atlantic passage. The consequences to either steamer or sailing ship whose compasses are astray would be terrible to contemplate, even if it were but one half point, on dark winter nights approaching the land. These difficulties are now happily obviated by the discoveries of modern science, and their application in correcting the compass at sea.

On a voyage to the East Indies off the Cape of

Good Hope, I commanded an iron ship some years ago, when my compasses took a strange turn in steering to the eastward. I discovered for two days running that the compass by which the man was steering had neither variation nor deviation, but showed due east, and made the course good without any correction, while the standard compass, about thirty feet further forward, differed by nearly four points, showing south-east while the steering compass showed east.

To the navigator these few remarks on the compass need not be too severely criticised, while they may be of some interest to the landsman who has not seen any of these invaluable instruments.

RELICS OF LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

As we lay in Calcutta, waiting for the emigrants already mentioned, I made the acquaintance of several Scotch sergeants of the 93rd Highlanders, who had served under Sir Colin Campbell in the Crimea, and were now about to embark for England in the troop ship "Belgravia," after serving at the relief of Lucknow and Cawnpore, and many a kindly word was said by them of the gallant old hero, who at Balaklava did not think it necessary to form his men into squares to receive cavalry, but in line repelled the attack of the Russian squadrons,—the thin red line tipped with steel so vividly described by Russell of the *Times*, being quite enough to scatter the Russians

after the first volley of Enfields. Three of these sergeants I invited on board my ship and made them heartily welcome, I thought so much of their brave deeds at the relief of Lucknow, and their vows of vengeance when our women and children were so cruelly murdered and thrown into a well at Cawnpore by the ruthless scoundrel, Nana Sahib, who, professing to protect his English friends, shot the few he could get at while endeavouring to escape down the Ganges.

One of the three was named Daniel Sutherland, a stalwart fellow, standing six feet two, and who had, strangely enough, been a tailor by trade in Edinburgh before enlisting in the 93rd; and, after serving twenty-one years, he seemed to me as fresh and ready as before to serve another twenty-one years. His brother sergeants were stout, quiet fellows, whom any one would have imagined had never left the plough in old Scotland, but for their bronzed countenances, telling of the long hot marches under the burning sun of India, as well as the anxious earnest wish to be in time to save their friends and comrades during that terrible mutiny—beleaguered in various parts besides Lucknow and Cawnpore. But our friend Dan was the soul of the three, for in describing some of the scenes it was ludicrous to watch his left eye, which would keep winking, as if under some uncontrollable impulse, when he was telling me some of his stories of the Crimea or of India. A few days after, and before sailing home for their discharge in the "Belgravia," all three came on board with presents for me, picked up at Lucknow and Cawnpore,—a

double-edged dagger, a flint lock pistol of the oldest style, a pair of chain pistol bullets connected by two long links, and a tulwar—a slightly curved sword, as sharp as a razor, and I give my readers its history as told by our honest friend Sergeant Dan Sutherland :

"Captain, you have been so kind to us that we could scarcely leave Calcutta without giving you something to remember us by. At the relief of Lucknow, when charging the rebels attacking us in overwhelming numbers, I saw one fellow advancing at us, brandishing this same tulwar, and I just gave him a prod with the bayonet and down he went. I then threw the tulwar behind me, and as soon as matters were a little quiet I knew where to find it, and here it is."

The pistol bullets put me in mind of some of our ancient men-of-war, who used at many of our naval battles chain shot, but the pistol was a still more ancient-looking affair, made in the most clumsy and inoffensive fashion compared to our modern Colts, Smith & Weston's, &c. As for the double-edged dagger, in close quarters it would be a dangerous weapon, but in the hands of a native of India and in the face of European troops it was about as harmless as an ordinary toothpick.

I now bade them good-by, thanking them for these relics of Lucknow and Cawnpore, being aware that their ship would call at the Cape of Good Hope, while I had to call there on my way to the West Indies. It happened that, though the Belgravia troop ship sailed a week before me from Calcutta with time-expired

men and invalids, I arrived on the day after her in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope. As soon as my gig was lowered I pulled alongside, when the captain wondered how I had made such a quick passage, but that was easily accounted for,—the Belgravia having encountered a hurricane, splitting her sails, and throwing her on her beam-ends, while I had come up on what we call the *tail* of the same, but without sustaining any damage beyond a split topgallant-sail and some other trifling accidents, incidental to making a passage.

My friends of Lucknow and Cawnpore were soon round me, and the irrepressible Dan was there too, telling me, in his broad vernacular, "Man, captain, I kent that was your ship as soon as I saw her." I then obtained leave from the commanding officer of the troops for those brave fellows to come on board and visit the ship once more before sailing for England, and the visit was a pleasing one both to me and to those soldiers, who are a credit to our common Queen and country and the officers who have the honour of commanding them.

Sending the chief officer with them on board the troop ship I bade them good-speed—never to see them again, but with a warm heart to all our brave troops who do, as they did, bring honour and glory to our country and flag.

The relics of Lucknow and Cawnpore are still in the hands of friends in Scotland.

DEMERARA AND YELLOW FEVER.

The name of Demerara is so associated with that scourge of the white race, "yellow fever," that I may be pardoned for the title given to the following article. There are, however, great changes in the climate and its effects since my first voyage there, as master of a little brig, in 1855, and now, viz., by the increased drainages, and by other efforts, sanitary, &c., the colony is made less deadly to Europeans as well as to natives themselves.

The soil is the most productive in the world, yielding as it does the best sugars and other luxuries of life, unsparingly and lavishly, with the least possible trouble and exertion, but it has its drawbacks, and those not of an agreeable nature to contemplate, the most unpleasant being that of yellow fever.

While there in 1855 several of my hands were seized with this malignant disease, and the rules of the port are that after 24 hours no man who is attacked can remain on board ship, but must be sent to the hospital under a penalty of 100 dollars for non-compliance with this portion of the law, and a very wise provision it is, as, were the patient allowed to remain on board after the fever is fairly set in, it is as likely as not that all his shipmates may speedily fall a prey to it, as I have seen on more occasions than one where, from the captain down to the smallest boy, this scourge has swept the whole ship. In the hospital, one of the cleanest in every respect I have ever seen, the patient is well cared for by the most competent nurses, but,

with all the care given, he very often succumbs a few hours after admission, the black vomit being the finishing stroke in this most deadly of all fevers.

It is not much to be wondered at that many sailors have an instinctive dread of going to the hospital, merely because they look upon the ship as their temporary home, and, when taken with this disease, they often say they would prefer dying among their shipmates to going to the hospital to die, and they beg of the captain in piteous accents, "Oh, captain, don't send me to the hospital, let me stay on board among my shipmates, and I will soon get all right;" but what can the master of the ship do? the law is inexorable and must be obeyed. The *sailor must be sent at once*, the captain promising to call, as often as his duties will permit, to see him, or allowing some of the men to come to the hospital when the work of the ship permitted.

In 1861 I was bound to New York, during the Trent affair, from Demerara, when several of my men were taken ill with fever, and, of course, had to be sent to the hospital, but my carpenter, who had been only this first voyage at sea, begged of me to allow him to remain on board and he would submit to any treatment I wished. With some very simple medicine and mild treatment known to many masters of ships, he recovered, and was soon again at work; and, by good fortune as well as good treatment, the others, five in number, also came back from the hospital—but one of them, a young Irishman, sooner than I expected. As I was walking up to the hospital, I met him returning to the ship, after being absent twenty-

four hours there. I wondered to see him walking down to the wharf and not looking very well. I asked him what made him leave the hospital so soon. "Troth, captain dear, there was a man died last night, next bed to me, and I would sooner die where I am sure to be among friends, aboard the ship." Terror seemed in his case to have been partly the cure, as he was soon again at his duty.

The second day after sailing for New York the yellow fever again attacked several of my crew, and very severely in one case, though, fortunately, they all recovered.

In conclusion, during the last ten years, the system of drainage pursued in Demerara has been so very successful that there is little or no yellow fever in all the Colony of British Guiana, and our sailors are not at all afraid now-a-days of shipping to Demerara where yellow fever used to be so rife and deadly in its effects.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE BRAZILS.

As we left Liverpool in February, 1857, in the good old barque "Cherokee," of which I was then the master, loaded with salt for Newfoundland, the weather was exceptionally severe, and before my pilot had well left the ship we were obliged to double-reef the top sails, as we stood out to sea, with a south-west gale blowing, and making our way slowly towards the Calf of Man, threshing at it as sailors say, till, finding I could make nothing of it as the gale increased in getting down St

George's Channel, I determined on bearing up for the North Channel, which separates Scotland from Ireland, and thus make a fair wind of it for the time being, or at least till we gained a good offing on the broad Atlantic. And to any one who has been either sailor or passenger, how pleasantly the change is felt in a sailing-ship, as, after pitching and tumbling about in a head sea, shipping water all over the decks, and making things generally disagreeable, the order is given, "put your helm up, square away the yards and keep her before the wind;" *now* one can hear his neighbour's voice, as the ship, steering well, glides smoothly along on her course northward—the change is both sudden and pleasant. While keeping a good look-out a-head for vessels, we take cross-bearings of lights known to us, and know to a hair's breadth by the chart our distance off the coast, along which we are steering. As we proceed, the barometer falling very low, I am obliged to have the top-sails close-reefed, and thus, scudding before the gale, with fore-sail set, prepared for any sudden shift of wind—the wind often shifting from S.W. to N.W. with terrific violence, calling forth all our energies to keep the ship off the rocks in these narrow Channels, where we have but little sea-room. In this case the wind moderated towards morning, when reefs were shaken out, top-gallant sails set, and we proceeded with smooth water and steady breeze towards the North Channel. Again towards evening, as we steered out of the North Channel to the westward, down it came hard as ever, dead from N.W., blowing a whole gale of wind, and again obliging me to reduce sail, thus

showing how capricious the winds sometimes are in the Channels leading to any of our principal shipping ports.

I had by this time gained a good offing, and was so far satisfied that I had enough sea-room to keep the old "Cherokee" off the rocks, though at this same time one of our largest mail steamers had her decks swept and was obliged to return to Liverpool to repair damages. And weary days and nights we passed as our good old ship was knocked about so much and made so little progress that, a fortnight after sailing from Liverpool, I found that I had only succeeded in reaching long. 12° 20′ W., no great distance off the Irish Land, but in a safe latitude, and thus it was all the way to Newfoundland—setting sail in the morning, and carrying on her bows under water, till night again obliged me to reduce sail as the wind increased with the falling barometer.

But the "Cherokee" was no ordinary ship, and stood all this hammering and knocking about wonderfully, making little or no water, and altogether proving herself faithfully built in every respect, not at all like the ships that Mr Plimsoll makes himself so very eminent about in the present day. The "Cherokee" was, 40 years ago, one of the crack Glasgow and Montreal traders in Allan's employ, and when one compares the ships and steamers of the present day with her, it is marvellous to note the contrast, both in their size and construction.

At length, on the forty-seventh day from Liverpool, one beautiful morning in April, and after passing among numerous icebergs, my eyes were gladdened

by sighting the entrance to the harbour, for, though Cape Spear light was in sight all night, the weather was now so fine that our progress was slow, with light winds and fine weather.

The entrance to St John's, Newfoundland, is very much like that of Sydney, New South Wales, being between two high abrupt precipices, and the channel so narrow, yet safe, that a vessel in smooth water can almost touch the rocks without danger—the water being very deep on both sides. As we approached the entrance, a whole fleet of fishermen's boats came out to give me a helping hand up the harbour. The ship now in charge of the pilot, and the winds light and baffling—my ship's number or name having been answered from Signal Hill on the southern precipice—an artilleryman in charge, in order I suppose to make assurance doubly sure, now hails the ship high over my mast heads with speaking trumpet: "What ship is that?" The "Cherokee," I answer. "Where are you from?" "Liverpool" is the answer. "How many days are you out?" "Forty-seven;"—he then clambers up the rock as if satisfied that he has done his duty, if some one else, making such a long passage, may not have done his.

As we proceed up the harbour it is really wonderful to note the signs of substantial prosperity to be seen in this now well-known harbour of refuge, which can contain with ease the whole British navy—as well as a goodly number of merchant ships and steamers of large and small tonnage—completely land-locked; the only wind causing a slight swell must be an easterly gale, and the only danger on entering being the

Chain Rock, a few yards south of the North Head, and which in daylight is easily seen and avoided. As we proceed up the harbour the stores, wharves, &c., on the starboard hand, show at once the energy and enterprise of our Newfoundland merchants, Scotch, English and Irish, who, engaged in the cod fisheries as well as in the sealing expeditions to the Northward, have made this small but valuable colony a jewel worth wearing in the crown of Great Britain.

As we come to anchor off the wharf of Messrs J. & W. Stewart, my employers and the owners of the "Cherokee," one of the most respectable as well as oldest firms, I am made heartily welcome, though I have made such a long passage. Taking more time to look at the surrounding harbour, I find that we are locked in by high precipitous rocks, not very inviting in appearance as an agricultural country, still when we look at the well-built stone houses, as well as the Scotch, English and Roman Catholic churches and especially the Roman Catholic Cathedral, any one can easily conceive that the Newfoundlanders are decidedly progressive and only need good seasons to develop their resources in the cod, mackerel and seal fisheries; and the immense mineral resources of the country will be a source of safe employment to capitalists for years to come; and without doubt the future railway across the Island will be no chimerical idea, but an accomplished fact, bringing Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion, and London, within seven days and some sixteen or seventeen hours of each other, by the connecting links of steamers from the nearest safe port in Ireland to

Newfoundland, thence by rail across the Island, and again by steamers of the fastest and safest construction between the most western point in Newfoundland and the nearest railway point, or port if you choose, on to Montreal. The timber land as well as the mineral resources are well described by the Government geologists and surveyors, so that on those points we are safe in saying that our Newfoundland friends will at some future day, not very far distant, have their country opened up; and, whether they remain as they are at present, under the British Crown, or become part and parcel of the Dominion, we predict, with safety, a glorious future for the good-hearted people of Newfoundland—as I found them in 1857 and 1858.

The trade between Newfoundland and the Brazils, as well as to Portugal, in dried cod-fish, put up in what are called drums, of 100 lbs. weight, was and is now one of the principal exports, sometimes bringing very high prices in the Brazils to those engaged in the fish trade; and as we discharged our salt, we at once prepared to load fish for the Brazils. Previous to this the good old ship was terribly infested with rats, and I had got all my men on shore in order to have her smoked out, and, to my non-nautical readers, I shall try to describe the process: All the hatches of the ship, as well as the cabin and forecastle scuttles, were closely caulked down, so that no smoke could escape, and, before leaving the only aperture to come on deck, charcoal fires were left under each hatchway, on the top of the ballast, so that as soon as the last entrance to the hold is closed, the hold of the

ship—*always assuming that there is nothing but ballast* —is soon filled with smoke from the charcoal fires, and as the fires became brighter, leaving their deadly fumes filling the ship's hold, the rats rush to the now red fires at each hatchway, and are found in scores next day when it is safe to enter the hold, with ears back on the head as in their vain efforts to escape, —and during our passage to the Brazils many a dead rat was found in the unexplored lockers of my cabins as the steward searched them for sundry tins of preserved meats, &c. Many a laugh we had at the sudden exclamation as he drew forth a dead rat in his hand instead of a bottle of India pale ale, or a box of sardines, or a tin of preserved turtle soup.

But, to return to our voyage to the Brazils, we began to take in our fish for Pernambuco or Bahia, as the market might suit, and proceeding with the loading of the fish, were very soon ready for sea. Each drum must be cleaned free from the slightest stain as we ship them in St John's, and it is a great object with owners as well as masters to make a quick passage and secure a good market for the fish, because in changing our latitude and getting into warm weather, if the ship does not make a quick passage it is very soon seen in the dark stains of the drums as they are landed, and the Brazilians before buying can easily detect the difference between a good drum of fish and a bad one, so that it is a very serious matter to have one's cargo turned out in a bad condition.

With a fresh breeze from N.W., I made all sail from St John's in charge of the pilot, but on getting fairly under weigh our good old pilot, in running

down among the shipping, gave us some trouble as we ran stem on to the brigantine "Fanny Bloomer," and knocked her foremast over the side, while the figurehead of the "Cherokee," *full* with battle-axe in hand, went flying under the bows. After considerable trouble we at length got the ship clear, and, with our bowsprit alongside, we came to anchor with both anchors to hold the ship and repair damages.

It was not very long after this, when the ship was well secured with both anchors down, that my employers' manager was alongside, and, though blowing a whole gale of wind, the water was smooth enough for him to get on board and ask what was the reason of our detention,—that was not hard to see, and was soon explained. Bowsprit alongside, "Cherokee's" figurehead knocked overboard, &c., "all through the fault of the old woman you chose to send on board, called the Pilot." "Yes, but you are the captain, &c., and above the pilot," &c., &c., &c. Well, Mr M'Gregor after all took the thing very good-naturedly, and, as soon as the wind moderated, sent a tug to bring us back to the wharf for repairs, at the same time saying to me, "Would you really have gone to sea in such a gale as last night?" "Why, sir, yes, in forty-eight hours I would have been in fine warm weather."

However, there was no time for argument, but back we had to go, and in a couple of days more we again sailed with a new bowsprit, but minus the one-half of the "Cherokee's" figurehead, which, battle-axe in hand, we never recovered; still my carpenter, who was of an ingenious turn of mind, comforted me by

the assurance that he would soon have the other half of the Cherokee chief in its place, battle axe and all. So that matters went on smoothly enough as we steered to the southward with a fine fair wind, increasing our distance from the cold weather day by day. It would have done my readers' hearts good to have seen how splendidly we got along to the southward, notwithstanding the loss of half of our gallant Cherokee chief, with his painted plumes and battle-axe, but a remedy was being quietly prepared by the carpenter, who, besides the usual duties of the ordinary work of the ship, astonished me one day by saying that he was prepared to fix up the figurehead, so we soon had the half of the Cherokee lost overboard at St John's, looking with the original half, as good as ever, and painted in all his gaudy colours.

But my readers will think I am digressing from the subject, and we shall proceed on our voyage to the Brazils. On the second day after leaving, with the wind at north-west and steering southwards, we soon find ourselves in a mild and tranquil climate, in which many an invalid would be glad to exist to recruit, rather than the harsh, cold, but yet bracing climate we have only left forty-eight hours before, and now as we proceed on our voyage, day after day, and still more mild the weather, we can see the dolphin and bonito making sad havoc among the flying fish,—as they rise, their wings transparent as gauze, above the water, in showers as it were, they are immediately swallowed by their merciless persecutors, the dolphin and bonito; and I have known at night, when our ship was loaded deeply, that flying fish, seeing our

binnacle light, by which the man at the wheel was steering, have actually given the man a black eye as they fell floundering and dying at his feet, to be picked up in the morning along with others, and put in the frying-pan for breakfast.

We soon reach the North-east Trades in the 30th parallel of north latitude, and, if there is any pleasure in a seafaring life, our sailors have their full share now. As the watch is relieved every four hours, and all the duties of a well-regulated ship attended to, we almost long to be still longer on our passage, as at night, for a whole week it may be, not a brace is touched or a studding sail taken in as we go steadily along on our course southwards. As we approach the Equator the Southern Cross makes its appearance. This constellation is formed by four stars, as nearly approaching to a cross as we can conceive, with a fifth, but smaller, star within one of the arms of the cross,—the four stars being in our nautical almanac of the first magnitude, while the fifth is of the second or third magnitude,—at the same time it is as useful as the other stars of the cross in finding our latitude at night, and a more brilliant constellation than that of the Southern Cross we have not in all the heavens above, as day by day we have the altitude increasing while "Ursa Major" is declining to the northward, and the polar star—another friend of ours for latitude at night—is sensibly on the decline at the same time, bearing due north.

On the 21st day, with changeable trade winds, for though called the North-east Trades they vary from East to North-east, we are approaching the vicinity of

San Rocque, and the current setting us to the westward it is necessary to be very cautious in approaching the north coast of Brazil in either a sailing or steamship, as on the Roccas, a dangerous reef, many a good ship has been wrecked, and it is not long since a ship with all hands was lost on this cluster of rocks for want of making due allowance for the strong current setting down on them. Keeping well to windward, I now steer boldly in for the latitude of my port, Pernambuco, and, as we approach the land, trees are seen from the masthead, and in a short time we see the surf breaking on the Recife, that is to say "a reef of coral" extending for some hundreds of miles along the coast of Brazil, at a short distance from the land, leaving a passage for fishermen's boats, &c., inside. I need not tell most of my readers what coral is; but it is said by geologists to be perforations made in the rock by an insect unknown to sailors generally, but I imagine known better to naturalists, at all events I lost a kedge anchor with some hawser attached. As the wind fell light, and I found the ship drifting on to the recife or reef, fortunately a squall made its appearance from the right direction, as I was nearly touching the rocks, and, with renewed vigour, to my men I gave the order to cut away the hawser as the squall filled our sails and carried the good old ship safe and clear off this dangerous reef. With a heartfelt thank God! we stood well out to sea for the night, and in the morning, with a steady breeze, came to anchor in the outer roads of Pernambuco.

The appearance of the land from the ship is most

inviting, and Olinda Point, one of our landmarks, is really a beautiful spot, as we see it, clad with trees and the richest verdure to its very summit,—I would rather call it a gentle acclivity, rising above the low level land at its foot, and no wonder that the first Portuguese navigator, on approaching Pernambuco, said, on reaching the spot, "O, Linda, beautiful spot for a city."

Clewing up our sails and coming to anchor did not take up much time, and, with two drums in my boat as samples, I landed to effect a sale. As we pull in towards the shore there is quite a wide opening in the reef to admit vessels of considerable size into the harbour, and once inside the water is very smooth, with now and then a gentle swell caused by the surf rolling on the reef outside. Landing at the wharf I made my way to our consignees, but, as the brig "Iceni" had come in two hours before, I find that I must proceed to Bahia for a market, as the "Iceni" has supplied the demand in the meantime. I had not much time to look at Pernambuco, but from what I could see, it is a very old-looking place, defended by some very ancient forts facing the sea, and armed with as ancient looking guns. There are plenty of stores and signs of evident prosperity, as the wharves are covered with the merchandise of Liverpool and other English ports, while large quantities of sugar, cotton, and tobacco are passing in cargo boats to the various vessels moored in the harbour and bound to England, the Clyde, and the United States.

I had to bid adieu to the good folks of Pernam-

buco, and make haste on board, to get the ship under weigh for Bahia des Todos Santos, or, in English, the Bay of All Saints. As we pull towards the ship, leaving behind the groves of cocoa-nuts, palms and orange trees, which give Pernambuco its beautifully verdant and richly-varied appearance from the sea, though yellow fever often makes its appearance, and with most deadly results, among the shipping as well as on shore, even though the climate is most mild and genial, being in latitude eight degrees south of the Equator, and within the limits of the south-east trade winds, which are generally very steady all the year round.

We now weighed anchor and made all sail along the coast, steering to the southward for Bahia, and, though the distance is only about 200 miles, it was a full week before arriving there, owing to baffling winds in with the land instead of the usual steady Trades referred to above. We at length anchored in Bahia, which is situated inside of the line of coast on the large Bay of All Saints, and a most excellent harbour it is for ships of any size, securely land-locked, and with good anchorage. The lower town and the upper —which is situated on the top of a steep hill—looks particularly inviting from the ship, but here again before the anchor is well down a boat comes alongside, and its occupant tells me I must be very careful of my crew, as yellow fever is rife among the shipping, some having lost nearly all hands, while the "Ranger," not very far off, has lost six by this terrible epidemic in all its virulence.

Now to look at the beautiful bay and the city of

Bahia, with all its surroundings, who would imagine for a moment that this plague could exist in such a place and in such a healthy, pure atmosphere, to all appearances, with a steady breeze blowing all day long, yet day after day the flag for the hospital boat is seen hoisted from one or other of the ships, to come for some poor victim to this terrible scourge, and it is seldom he ever sees his ship again, but dies in the hospital. Though well attended to by resident surgeon, and nurses who know how to deal with such cases, the fever generally has had too much hold of its victim before he leaves the ship; disheartening enough this to the shipmaster who is, if possible, more exposed than his men, in attending to the ship's business on shore. However, we must face the thing as well as we can, and on landing I find that I have come to an exellent market, as the whole country round is short of bacalhao, or, as it is called, salt cod, and my whole cargo of 2,500 drums is sold at twenty milreis per drum (twenty milreis being equal to £2 sterling), a very high price, seeing that we can put them up in Newfoundland at about 16s sterling per drum. And as we proceed with the discharge of the cargo, I have engaged a very good freight at well-paying rates for Liverpool, consisting of sugar in large boxes, coffee, tobacco in the leaf, in bales, besides some other products of the Brazils.

Cases of yellow fever become frequent, but by calling the doctor immediately, fortunately none have yet gone to the hospital. My steward, a young Englishman, is about the last case, and the doctor immediately orders him to be sent to the hospital, as he

explained to me that it was absolutely necessary—the attack was so severe, with but little hopes of recovery, poor fellow! Sensible enough, as he leaves the ship he begs not to be sent away, but the doctor's orders are imperative for the safety of others of the crew, and in two days more he succumbs to the attack and is buried on the outskirts of La Serena, where the hospital stands.

Now we are anxious enough to leave this beautiful but fever-stricken place, and proceed rapidly with the taking in of our cargo. An English man-of-war, the "Harrier," arrives, with a crew of 270 men, and her commander asks me about the fever, as he is about to grant the men leave on shore for twenty-four hours; however, by great care and precaution, no cases occur on board his ship, and I believe he was very thankful when he once more got out to sea.

My cargo is at length all on board, and, receiving my clearance papers at the Custom House, the ship is soon under weigh for Liverpool, where, after a long and tedious passage, we arrived all well, having made a most successful though anxious voyage to Newfoundland and the Brazils.

In concluding this article I may mention a most peculiar kind of orange which I am told grows nowhere else in the Brazils but in the Province of Bahia: this fruit is sweet and certainly the most luscious I ever tasted, but strange to say, there is not a single seed to be found inside, as with other oranges, or indeed any other kind of fruit I know. I mention this for the information of those of my readers who are interested in such matters, as a curious fact.

A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

DURING the fall of 1859 I was ordered to proceed on a voyage to Trinidad, one of our West India Islands, for a cargo of the new sugar crop, and, as we sailed from the Clyde, our cargo consisted of coals in bulk, as well as coals stored in new sugar hogsheads, which on being emptied in the West Indies, are cleaned out and filled up with sugar. The trade between the Clyde and the West Indies has been and always will be a most flourishing one, owing to the merchandize shipped to Demerara, Trinidad, and other ports from the Clyde, as well as the many sugar works or refineries in the Clyde, where the blackest sugar landed from the Brazils is refined and made as clear as crystal (and some I have landed from the Brazils is as dark as black earth). As we proceed down channel we have a good many head-winds, but at length reach the broad Atlantic with plenty of sea-room, when, as usual in making voyages to warm climates, we unbend our best sails and bend the most worn for fine weather, and as we proceed out channel nothing unusual happens, only a stupid fellow on the look-out, as we are at supper in the cabin, very nearly lets us come in collision with a large ship homeward bound in the darkness, and as we pass her long line of side-ports lighted up, I conclude that she is either a man-of-war or a passenger steamer of the largest size.

These collisions at sea are very serious matters, and may be avoided by ordinary caution and cool

management on the part of the officer in charge of the watch, who may throw all into confusion by lack of presence of mind; and, in digressing, I will give my readers an illustration of a collision at sea, and in broad daylight too: We were bound to Calcutta from the Clyde, and as the captain and myself, as mate, were fitting out, studding sail gear, and many other things necessary for a long voyage, one fine day in August, about 4 p.m., we saw a ship not far off, steering across our bows with a fine fair wind,—now to non-nautical readers it must be understood that steamships and sailing ships with fair winds always have to give way to any other ships struggling against head-winds or at anchor. In this case, we were steering out to sea with the wind barely allowing us to make our course, to the southward. As we hoisted our number, and asked to be reported, instead of crossing our stern, she attempted to cross the bows, having miscalculated her speed and ours at the same time.

"This ship will be into us soon," called out the carpenter, and, sure enough, in she did come towards us, at the rate of 9 knots an hour. "Hard-up the helm," was the order, but our ship did not answer her helm so quickly, and besides we had no right to move our helm, only to lessen, if possible, the crash; on she came, studding sails, low and aloft, running straight into us with a terrible force, down came our foreyard, broke in two our studding sail, boom ditto, main topgallant mast, and other small spars tumbling about our ears, till no one knew where to run in order to escape falling spars, &c. In a few minutes we soon were clear of each other and had a look at our

damages, which consisted of one of our planks started, together with a beam in the 'tween decks, rendering it necessary for us to bear up for Queenstown, for repairs, which, together with our detention, cost the owners of the ship which made the mistake a large sum of money; fortunately, the weather was fine, and we escaped more serious detention by the safe return of the ship to a good harbour.

By the time our damages were repaired a fortnight had elapsed, which, only for this, might have been profitably spent in pursuing our voyage. A lady with two children were our only passengers for Calcutta, and her screams during the collision were quite enough to awaken the echoes of nine glens had we been in Scotland: fortunately no one was hurt, and we were again on our voyage to Calcutta, after a good deal of trouble and expense.

But to return to the voyage to Trinidad: After a fortnight's baffling winds, with occasional heavy gales, we at length reached the North-east Trades, elsewhere described in these anecdotes, and our repairs to the rigging and sails usual on these fine weather voyages to the East and West Indies were pursued with punctual regularity, besides keeping our ship scrupulously clean. The watch in the day-time at 8 a.m., 12 noon, and 4 and 6 p.m. relieve each other at work in a most regular manner. As we proceed to the southward, steering a westerly course at the same time, and keeping in the full strength of the trade winds, the officers as they relieve each other give the course to be steered in a distinct voice; and, also, if the captain has thought fit to change the

course during the watch, the course so changed, and the exact time at which the order was given, the mate notes on the log-slate, to be at noon copied into the log-book, as soon as we have obtained and worked up our observations, and so the time passes, monotonously it is true, at the same time pleasantly, as the weather keeps fine and climate mild enough for any invalid to exist in, if not to gain strength and recruit in health day by day—the only changes being the capture of a porpoise, dolphin, or bonito, and occasionally a shark, if the wind falls light.

But as we proceed, we must keep well to the eastward of our port and have a trustworthy chronometer, as the current sweeping to the westward, at the rate of from three to five knots an hour, is liable to set your ship to leeward of the entrances to Trinidad, and give you two or three weeks' work to get to windward in the North-east Trades, in order to make your port again. This current, called the equatorial current, extends from some few degrees south of the equator to about the same extent north, and includes the latitude of the island of Trinidad. Its velocity may vary occasionally, and depends considerably on the strength and steadiness of the north-east and south-east trade winds, north and south of the equator. In our case, and having a good chronometer which had been well tested on previous voyages in making the land, I sighted the high land of the island on the thirtieth day from the Clyde, and, with a fresh breeze and all sail set, we rapidly approached, and soon could make out the four entrances, named in Spanish the Boccas.

The Boccas are named first the Ape's Passage, farthest to windward, or to the eastward, and a very narrow entrance it is, between the mainland and a small island on its right, but this passage is never attempted to be taken by any ship, the current is so strong and irregular, rushing out like a whirlpool, that a vessel would soon be unmanageable and get dashed to pieces on the many high rocks on both sides, as well as unseen dangers not above water. The second entrance is wider, and more free of dangers, and, though not considered advisable to take, owing to the strong current rushing outwards and chances of the wind falling light, I did take it one moonlight night, and managed to get through all well. The third Bocca is still wider, and is often used by vessels entering, bound to Trinidad, but the fourth, or Grand Bocca, is the safest and most used in coming in from sea to the Gulf of Paria, for though the current is still very strong, rushing out and to the westward, there is plenty of room for a vessel to be handled in, and with a good breeze a ship is soon inside, and it is astonishing how soon a ship can be at two or three miles from the entrance safe inside, and free from any perceptible current.

The Gulf of Paria is of great extent, being quite a wide inland sea, and extending from Trinidad, its northern boundary, for a long distance south to the Spanish main. No storms ever disturb this large extent of water, but the North-east Trades, or regular sea and land breeze, set in during the day, generally falling calm at night. As we stand boldly in, taking

the Grand Bocca, the wind falls light, and varying considerably under the high land to the north of us, but soon we have our north-east wind again and are some miles inside of the Gulf by midnight, safe from these currents so annoying to navigators. Standing onwards we reach in the morning the large village of San Fernando, before tacking to return, as it were, to the Boccas, but in order to reach our port of discharge, called Port d'Espagne, or Port of Spain, situated up in a nook in the north-east part of the Gulf, and about eighteen miles back from San Fernando.

And now as we heave about on the starboard tack, the wind off the land favours us and allows us to hug the land all the way to our port, at a safe distance off. Plantations are seen round and near San Fernando, and ships are seen at intervals anchored on the coast, with droghers alongside taking on shore coals in hogsheads, and bringing off sugar for the Clyde, London, or Liverpool.

The harbour of Port of Spain is at last reached, and our ship brought to an anchor. We have made a fair passage of thirty-one days, and begin in all haste to discharge a part of our cargo for this port. Port d'Espagne is a very well built town, the streets and squares running at right angles and with many beautiful groves of shade trees, where one can sit down in cool shelter from the sun, for the city being situated on flat level land at the foot of some high mountainous land at its back, it is very sultry in the open streets, and the sun very hot indeed. The inhabitants of Port d'Espagne may be divided into three classes—the well-to-do owners of plantations,

stores, &c., who reside here; the native born, half Indian and half Spanish, who speak a patois half Indian and Spanish; and the usual West Indian negro, who works on board ship, in the droghers, and on shore, stowing sugar, and at other labouring work.

There are, besides, Chinese and East Indian Coolies, brought here in large numbers, who work on the various sugar plantations, and are indentured for five years; some of these, as in Demerara, after serving their prescribed time, and having saved some money, set up small stores and often return rich to their native lands. As we have now finished the cargo to be left here, we once more get the ship under weigh to go along the coast, delivering a dozen hogsheads here and a dozen there at the various plantations between Port of Spain and San Fernando, as many of them are short of coals for their various mogass, or sugar-houses, and must be supplied. Chuan, twelve miles off, is the first, where we arrive after dusk, taking in tow our drogher engaged to land cargo and bring off sugar. These droghers are boats, built with flat bottoms, manned by five negroes—one of whom is styled captain—and can go into very shallow water and up all sorts of creeks to the very doors of some of the sugar-houses to load their twelve hogsheads of sugar, or land the same of coals. These flat boats are fitted with a mast and sail, and it is wonderful how well they are managed by the crew, who work day and night till the ship is discharged and loaded, getting as much as ninety cents for each hogshead.

Landing, as soon as the anchor is down, with the captain of the flat, it is very difficult in the darkness to make out the entrance to the creek, as the low thick swampy trees and shrubs entirely close up the way in some places, getting our oars often entangled in the bushes. At length we reach the manager's house, who tells us he has some twelve hogsheads of sugar ready, and on the following day the coals required are landed and sugar left on our deck, to be stowed at some future time. Thus we go on from plantation to plantation, leaving coals and stowing sugar where we can on deck or below, till our outward cargo is all discharged; and although this is somewhat heavy work for sailors and all, the heaving on board hogsheads, lowering them in the hold and stowing them, is still heavier. As the flat with her dusky crew comes off at any time of the night, our crew is at once called to heave on board her cargo, and as our negro captain is always a good singer he comes on deck to assist the crew at the winch, and soon taking the lead he may start with, "Oh, de captain gone ashore to get a mulatto when he come aboard," &c., and the crew strike in with a chorus, awakening the stillness of the night, at some quiet spot on the coast, till the flat is discharged,—the crew can now rest till the flat comes off again, and so on.

The stowing of sugar is very heavy work, and must be carefully done, in order to see how much can be carried, stow-wood placed in certain places, and the bottom and sides or wings of the ship well covered with dunnage to protect the sugar from being damaged, or in some cases washed out altogether, if the

ship strains and leaks in bad weather, and encounters in gales of wind on our homeward passage the tremendous seas I have often witnessed, making every timber in her tremble, and shipping water over all parts of the ship, so that, even with the best care, it tumbles down in volumes through cabin and forecastle, saturating all and sundry, and, consequently, finding its way to the cargo. To return to the stowing of our cargo: We called at San Fernando, a village of considerable size, which boasts of a mayor and has an excellent hospital for sick or infirm seamen. The village is not of very great importance in an architectural point of view, but great quantities of sugar are shipped here, and it is handy to numbers of plantations all round, which obtain their supplies from its various stores.

We now completed the discharge of our outward cargo, and, having taken on board at San Fernando what sugar was ready, we made our way back along each plantation, receiving additional supplies, and at length completed our loading in Port of Spain. After a stay of four weeks, the clearance of the ship was soon obtained at the Custom House, and taking on board a convalescent seaman left at the hospital, once more weighed anchor for home, having on board about 600 hogsheads, 50 tierces, and as many barrels of sugar, and this time no difficulty is experienced in getting out the second Bocca. As with a fair wind we sail from the flourishing island of Trinidad, the current carries us rapidly out the entrance. Crossing the Trades we sight in succession the Islands of Grenada, St Lucia, and pass close to the French Islands of

Guadaloupe and Martinique, with a fresh breeze from east; still further north the Islands of Antigua and Tobago, and as we lose the north-east trades, are fortunate in getting gales of fair wind from the westward till, on the thirtieth day, we arrived all well in the Clyde from a voyage to the Island of Trinidad.

A HEATHEN FESTIVAL IN MADRAS.

THE Churruck Pooja, or swinging festival of Madras, is one of the most cruel as well as absurd of all the festivals given in honour of certain gods in the Heathen Mythology, and can be seen very often on the borders of the surf-lined beach, as well as in the interior of the presidency. On asking a Hindoo its meaning, he will tell you that the devotees who are engaged in its self-inflicted cruelties have been sick or have suffered from some misfortune in their family, or otherwise, and that he prays and vows to his god that, if delivered from sickness or misfortune, he will endure the tortures of the Churruck Pooja or some other self-punishment to appease the wrath of the god in bringing on these disasters; and on the day appointed a long procession of devotees is seen proceeding to the spot selected, surrounded by a crowd of natives of all castes, many of whom are beating tom-toms or squalling most unmusical music on the native pipe. Baskets of flowers, fruit and sweetmeats are freely distributed among the crowd as they arrive.

We now come to a large upright post about 20 feet high, on the top of which is another post nearly

evenly balanced, and about the same length. This post has at one end sundry ropes, which are manned by natives, who can lower the other end to the ground; this end has a short piece of rope to which a silver hook of some strength is attached; the pole above has also a circular motion, and can be moved round with great rapidity when the deluded victim is hooked on. One of the devotees, amid great noise, with much ceremony, and with nothing but a waist cloth, is now securely hooked by the spine of the back at a certain part, and, with a quantity of flowers in each hand, he is soon raised aloft. The whole weight of his body, one would imagine, would break the integument by which he is hooked, but such is not the case. As now the men at the ropes below run rapidly round, the devotee showers his flowers among the crowd below, who applaud in the most vociferous style the bravery of the poor deluded wretch, who is now being rapidly spun round like a top in the air.

This continues for from fifteen to twenty minutes, and any one can conceive the pain he must suffer during this time, but he seems quite proud and but little daunted as at length he is lowered down and unhooked, while another and another takes his place, to go through this painful and absurd ordeal, till the swinging having now lasted over two hours, a procession is again formed, and with the same noisy crowd they return to Madras, where the rest of the day is spent in Nautch dancing, eating fruit and sweetmeats, and singing their strange, unmelodious songs, while the tom-toms and pipes make a more vigorous noise than ever. This goes on till far in the morning, the

dancers and singers being relieved by others. Strange enough, in this hook-swinging festival, the place where the hook is inserted bleeds but very little, but any one can imagine the excruciating pain to the devotee, as his whole weight is suspended in the air in such a way.

I have also seen in the streets of Madras a little fellow, not more than seven years of age, crowned with flowers, walking very unconcernedly along with a piece of stick like the penholder I now write with, sharpened at both ends, sticking through his cheeks, *skewer fashion*, while some grown-up natives danced before him, and sang, beating time with their tom-toms,—men and women making them presents of sweetmeats, &c., as they proceeded. I felt it in my heart to have knocked some of the fellows down, and released the young martyr to ignorance and superstition, but that would have done no good, and possibly a great deal of harm. Such are only a few of the cruel methods the natives of India have of appeasing the anger of the many gods in their foolish mythology.

THE PARSEES OF BOMBAY.

THE Parsees of Bombay were originally from Persia, and were driven out at the time of the conquest of Persia by Mahomet in A.D. 641. Carrying with them their sacred fire, they made their escape to Bombay, where they have remained ever since, very few Parsees being found in any other part of India. This

strange people are peculiarly distinct and separate from any other caste or sect in India, and neither intermix by marriage or otherwise with them or with Europeans. The Island of Bombay may be said to be owned almost entirely by Parsees, many of them being immensely rich; the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy was made a baronet by the Queen for his many charitable endowments, having built the large hospital which goes by his name in Bombay entirely at his own expense; shrewd men of business, besides being highly educated in Arabic, Hindostanee, and English, there are few natives of India, Mussulman or Hindoo, to compare with them in physique or business capacity.

On leaving Persia this remnant, who remained true to their religion, instead of accepting from Mahomet the Koran or sword, have steadily gone on in enlightenment and civilisation, and it is not long since they offered to raise a regiment of volunteers among themselves; the Government, however, did not accept the offer, for certain reasons of their own, we suppose. The men generally are of quite fair complexion, powerfully built, active and full of vivacity in their movements. Their women are also very fair, and many of them decidedly good looking, not concealing their faces with veils, &c., as other women in India do, Mussulman and Hindoo, but walking or driving as openly as any European lady would. The dress of the men is a long flowing white robe girded at the waist, and the sandals usually worn in the East are the only protection for the feet, while the hat, instead of turban, is a most peculiar looking affair.

This Parsee hat is shaped not unlike a sugar loaf, that is to say, cut off the half of the loaf, and beginning at its base, gradually slope it off to the top, and, thus worn, it represents flame going backwards from the head,—they are certainly the queerest-looking head-pieces I have ever seen, and not at all so easy to wear as the turban, being much heavier, and as stiff as a board. The dress of the women is as like that of European ladies as any I have seen. In their food and drink they are also very much like Europeans, not being at all sensitive on those points as touching their religious belief, in fact it is not the first time I have seen a couple of Parsees helping one another home and steering rather wild at times, as Jack would say; they will also show fight while in that happy state, and it is better not to meddle with them, as they are rather fierce, and not altogether harmless. In their temples the sacred fire brought from Persia so many centuries ago is worshipped, and the sun is also venerated as a deity, the argument being that theirs is the purest worship on earth, or at least in India.

Again, the Parsees never bury their dead, but they are conveyed to the Temple of Silence, a huge tower with gratings on its top or summit, outside of Bombay, where the dead are left exposed to the three elements, *as they say*, of earth, air and water, each having its portion as the body decays, and so on for these many centuries, and from generation to generation. I am not aware, nor do I believe that any one of this strange race has ever been converted to Christianity by the missionaries of any denomina-

tion whatsoever. Their marriages take place when children of eight or nine years of age, and are accompanied with great *éclat* and ceremony. Processions and music, together with splendid illuminations, are the order of the night, and many of the guests of high rank, European and native, are invited by the parents to a grand feast. When all is over the children are separated, until they reach the age of from twelve to fifteen years, when, after another ceremony, they live together as man and wife.

When about to leave Bombay for England, in 1867, I was invited to visit a Lodge of Parsee Freemasons, which is said to be one of the strictest in all India, but it happened that a mistake was made about the time of their meeting, so that, unfortunately, I missed the opportunity of meeting them on the Level and Square, having to proceed homewards at once in the steamer. So, concluding this brief article, the Parsees are said to be the most loyal and devoted to the British Crown of any of the whole of the Queen's subjects in India.

THE MAIDAN OF CALCUTTA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THE maidan of Calcutta is a vast grassy plain between Fort William and the city of Calcutta, extending quite a number of miles in each direction towards the Ganges, the city and its suburbs, with fine drives, from and to Calcutta and in other directions. It is here that on many occasions the troops stationed in

Fort William are reviewed, at stated periods, and when about to embark for China or other parts on active service. Chowringhee Road is its boundary on the eastern side which, with its many fine buildings, occupied by the aristocracy of Calcutta, has a most imposing appearance on approaching it from the maidan. Government House is also a very prominent building, covering about an acre of ground, and is seen to great advantage from the maidan as we approach it from Fort William. There are clumps of trees here and there, where many weary travellers, native and European, gladly take shelter when walking in the hot sun to or from Calcutta, for in the south-west monsoon the sun, as it pours down its fierce rays on Calcutta, is something terrible to bear by the unlucky pedestrian.

At the commencement of the mutiny when native servants, hearing of the acts of the rebels at Barracpore, began to grow most insolent and impudent to their European employers, many of the ladies of Calcutta, with their children, were glad to remain all night in their carriages under the friendly guns of Fort William on this maidan, while their husbands and all the white population formed a corps of volunteers of their own, which paraded the streets at night to protect the city from lawlessness and outrage—the troops in the Fort not being sufficient for the purpose—until assistance arrived, and strange enough, Earl Canning, the then Governor General, in spite of the repeated remonstrance of the citizens, refused to disarm his body-guard of Sikh cavalry, consisting of about 150 men, till at length some of the most prominent of the citizens plainly said that if

he did not order them to be disarmed they would take that duty upon themselves, as news was being received day by day of fresh outbreaks by the mutineers in various parts of the interior, and the native servants were telling them to their faces that it would soon be their turn with the sahib logue or white gentleman.

These threats at length had their effect on Lord Canning, who reluctantly had his guard disarmed, though he seemed to have every confidence in their fidelity, and, doubtless by the firm attitude of the European citizens, Calcutta was saved in a great measure from some of the terrible scenes of Lucknow and Cawnpore, even though not by the Sepoys, but by the native population, both Mussulman and Hindoo, who were quite ripe for anything in the shape of plunder and bloodshed, well knowing that the few troops then in Fort William were barely enough to hold it on a sudden emergency and at so critical a time. The maidan continued for some time to be the sleeping place near the Fort of many who were afraid to remain in their houses at night, while many of the merchant ships in the river were crowded with refugees from the shore, glad to escape for a time until assistance arrived, and fortunately an end was coming to this state of anxiety and dread, as troops which were on their way to China came up the river—Lord Elgin having made all haste from Point de Galle, instead of going on with the troops—confidence began to be restored and Calcutta was once more safe; but the maidan gives refuge and sleeping accommodation to these outlaws of Calcutta (many of whom are worthless sailors), the climate being so mild and warm at night,

and it is by no means a safe place at certain parts for any one on foot or sometimes even in a carriage, as they have often robbed and ill-treated gentlemen who happen to be passing at a late hour.

There are also near the maidan on the river side, a little below the fort, a number of miserable dens where the worst kind of liquor is sold, and where these robbers of the maidan often congregate, before proceeding on their midnight excursions. One of the keepers, who went by the name of "Smoky Jack," was not long since executed for a long career of crime, ending with murder in his vile hovel. Calcutta, with its unbearable heat, however, has a great boon on the maidan for a drive or exercise on horseback, in the cool of the morning especially, or when the sun has gone down in the evening. The Eden Gardens, named after the Honourable Ashley Eden, are near the esplanade on the river side, and may be said to be a portion of the maidan ; the beautiful clusters of rare exotics, shrubs, and cool shady groves of trees, together with the well-kept and well-trimmed grass-plots and walks, show that the citizens of Calcutta are fully alive to making the most of the maidan, as a place where they can breathe pure air after a day of stifling heat in the city, even though under the ever-swinging punkah. The Gardens are but a very short distance from the city, and every evening at five the band of either of the regiments stationed in the fort march out to the stand in the Gardens where, taking up their places, they discourse sweet music till seven o'clock, the hour when fashionable Calcutta must hurry home to dress for dinner.

And now between five and seven in the evening, streams of all sorts of conveyances, from the well-appointed two-horse open carriage of the chief justice, with his native grooms and coachman, to the one horse gharrie, crowd the esplanade, conveying their occupants to hear the band play. The rich native baboo with his servants, and a heterogeneous mixture of soldiers, sailors and natives, all throng to this beautiful spot, enjoying the cool of the evening, and walking about or sitting down, when tired, on the garden seats, placed round in profusion through the grounds. This is the only spot round Calcutta where there is real open-air enjoyment,—the gardens of Bishops' College being too far away on the opposite side of the river;—such are a few of the surroundings of the maidan of Calcutta and its gay scenes every evening, when all the city seems to turn out to enjoy two hours' relief from the hot, stifling atmosphere of the city of palaces. The last time I was on the maidan Sir Hugh Rose, now Lord Strathnairn, reviewed the troops then in garrison, both native and European, and ample room there is for almost any modern army to move about in this vast plain—the maidan of Calcutta.

MY LASCAR CREW.

BEFORE leaving Calcutta on a coasting voyage we must ship a crew of Lascars, and, as we proceed to the shipping office for that purpose, are besieged by crowds of Lascars with their Ghad Serang, who is a sort of established shipping office himself. The Ghad Serang

has sailed for a considerable number of years, and gains the confidence of the Shipping Master, as well as the masters of ships seeking crews, by his long experience, though sometimes we are woefully deceived when a Seakunny or quarter-master is shipped who doesn't know the compass, a cabin cook who spoils the good provisons for cabin use, and, worse than all, a Banhdaddie or cook for the crew who half-boils the rice, makes a mess of the salt-fish, and does with his mates (for he generally has two mates) many other disagreeable things to a crew of Lascars; however, after having shipped our crew of Lascars, all of whom are Mahometans, we now proceed on our voyage.

The crew consists of myself, as master of the ship, and my two European mates, while the carpenter is a Chinaman called a *Mystery*, and it is wonderful how my Mystery gets through his work, quietly and patiently making a yard or mast to replace any carried away. I ask him to make me a desk after the ship's work is done: John goes down the hold and picks up a few pieces of mahogany among the stow-wood,—in a few days he shows me the outlines of a magnificent writing-desk intended for one of my sisters, recently married in Calcutta, and at this time on a tea-plantation well up towards the Himalaya Mountains. The patience and assiduity of the Chinese is well exemplified in the brief sketch I give of my Chinese carpenter; and, with reference to his honesty, I believe I could have trusted him with any amount of money. He was ever obliging and civil, and neither I nor my two officers could find fault with him in anything he did.

The Serang of the ship is very much like a boatswain of any other merchant ship, having charge of the working portion of the crew, together with his four mates called Tindals—the first, second, third, and fourth or chattery Tindal—his duties are, when the master or mates give an order, to see it carried out, whether in carrying sail or reducing sail, in squaring yards or in bracing yards up. The orders from myself or mates being given in Hindostanee—the pipes as in a man-of-war being used in every case;—for instance the order is given, "all hands about ship," the pipe or whistle of the Serang is heard shrill and loud over the decks as every Lascar runs to his station; "Gos Bardoo," put your helm hard a-lee; "stringee mora damans," raise tacks and sheets; "ferow burra perwhan," and round comes the main yard slap against the backstays as our active Lascars gather in the slack of the brace, while the cross-jack yard is swung at the same time, and now as her head swings off on the other tack, the order "Tuyar agil," ready forward, is given, and at the words "ferow agil," the foreyard comes round and is braced sharp up, as our gallant ship dashes through the waters, with a stiff breeze, at race-horse speed.

Now there is a yard a little too much in, or a sheet not far enough aft, and the Serang with his Tindals are heard piping here and there over the decks for a couple of minutes until we have every sail properly trimmed to please master and mates, when, within ten minutes as I have often noticed, the order is given, "pipe down," and all hands, if at night, are quietly making ready for another sleep, or, in the day time attending

to the ordinary work of the ship. On many occasions I have had every brace and sheet coiled up in seven minutes from the time of giving the order "About ship." The Tindals are generally selected by the Serang himself, and are supposed to be able to lead the men in any of the ship's duties, while they also select certain men of their own choosing to be fore, main and mizzen topmen, so that, when a Royal or top-gallant sail is taken in, these topmen lay aloft to furl the sail or to loose it when ordered. There being no need for beds in this climate, our Lascars are easily called up, seeing that the deck planks are their resting place.

An awning or tarpaulin is put over a spar at each of the hatchways, where each Tindal with his men are ready at night to come out and work the ship when called, as there are no regular watches as with a European crew.

Again, in this ship of 1100 tons we have a crew of nearly 70 men; whereas, were the crew European, about one-third of the number would be considered sufficient to work the same ship. The reason of this is obvious: Lascars are much cheaper to feed and pay than white sailors, one white sailor being reckoned equal to three Lascars. No beef or pork, bread or flour is used by them, their food being rice and curried salt fish principally with dholl and ghee, or native butter, for cooking purposes. This native fare is light and suitable for a hot climate, though a white crew could not work a ship on such food. It is therefore considered cheaper by many captains and owners both on steam and sailing ships trading on the coast of India to man their vessels with native crews.

The butler or steward is generally a Portuguese native of Goa, and our fiddler and fifer from the same place, this being the only port now in India in possession of Portugal. Such being our working crew, it is an easy matter, when every one is stationed and the ship once under way, to get along well with these crews, as they are very rarely troublesome, being docile and obedient in every respect. But should any of the crew be mutinous or disagreeable, the Serang can at once have him tied up and severely flogged as an example to the rest, though this is only resorted to in extreme cases and only by the orders of the master of the ship, who scarcely ever himself or his mates strike or ill-use, in any case, any of the Lascars, their punishment being inflicted on them by their own countrymen.

As we are about to sail from Calcutta, small-pox has been makimg fearful ravages among the native population as well as taking off many Europeans in the city and suburbs, and on proceeding down the river it makes its appearance among the crew, two of them being attacked with this fearful disease as we anchor at one part of the river, and it gives me considerable anxiety, in order to prevent its spreading among such a large crew, getting them separate from the rest of the crew. I allow no one to attend them except myself or mates, and as we get down the Bay of Bengal, the weather keeping fine fortunately, the disease is kept from spreading and is confined only to these two, one of whom, a lad of fifteen, soon recovers, but the other is completely blind, and does not recover until long after we arrived in Muscat.

The usual routine of duty in a ship manned with Lascars is much the same as with any other crew. The pipe calls all hands to wash decks at five in the morning, when with sand and coir scrubbers every portion of the decks and bulwarks are cleaned fore and aft; our brass work, after decks are washed, is then polished. At 8 o'clock, or when the bell is struck eight, all hands are piped to breakfast, the cooks filling large earthenware dishes with the rice which, placed on deck, are surrounded by as many as eight or ten men who need no knives, forks, or spoons, but their hands dip into the rice and curried fish, busily conveying it to their mouths. In this strange fashion thus squatted on deck they form gipsy-like groups as they keep up a great clatter in Hindostanee.

Breakfast finished, they are now sent all over the ship at various kinds of work, such as splicing and repairing rigging where needed, and doing other necessary work, for ships are always needing to be well looked after, in spars, sails or rigging, at sea, to keep them in order, several men being constantly at work altering, repairing or making sails, so that there is no idle time, as many would suppose, in any well regulated merchant ship while at sea. There is this difference also between Lascars and other crews, that *all hands* are kept at work instead of being divided into watches, viz., the one half being below while the others are at work at sea, and during the night, while the crew are asleep, only the look-outs and helmsmen are relieved every two hours. As long as Lascars are in their own warm climate no better sailors can be got to man a ship, but once ship them for a voyage to

England round the Cape of Good Hope, and coming into cold weather they cannot stand it, and in many cases die in this sudden change from their own mild climate, though many Lascar crews bring ships home when other sailors are not to be got.

Their dress, food and habits are so different from our hardy British tars that it is a pity to ship them at all to cold climates, and, as before remarked, one of our sailors is reckoned to be equal to three Lascars in manning a ship. Being Mahometans their Sunday is on our Friday, though I have never seen them notice it much on board ship, except on special days such as Ramadan, one of their times of fasting, when they eat nothing from sunrise to sunset. However, on our own Sabbath it was my custom to have all hands piped to muster in clean clothes at nine in the morning, when the ship's muster roll was called over, every man answering to his name, they were then dismissed, when, no work being done, the rest of the day was allowed them to pass as quietly as the circumstances permitted. Such are the rules in general on board a ship manned by a crew of Lascars of India.

A GHOORKA REGIMENT ON PARADE.

As I had to pass every day through Fort William on my way to Calcutta on business, I have often stopped the gharrie to witness the regiments in garrison on parade; but, though the English regiment stationed there is worth seeing with their splendid band, yet what interested me most was a regiment of Ghoorkas

who had been faithful to their salt during the mutiny, and had been of great service in pointing out and capturing parties of rebels, in concert with our own troops,—and the Ghoorkas made short work generally with them, as, watching their chance, and with their short sharp swords of peculiar shape, they would with one dexterous stroke slice off the heads of the rebellious Sepoys, seeking hiding-places from our victorious soldiers, as they found themselves losing ground at every attack, during the most severe fighting at Lucknow, Delhi, and other cities held by the rebels.

These Ghoorkas are of very small stature generally, and of those I saw on parade, of the whole regiment few exceeded five feet six in height, while the greater number were much shorter, but with stout, well-knit bodies; they are fairer in complexion than the usual Sepoys of the many hill tribes far up in the interior of India; they are very hardy, and as a rule can stand a greater amount of fatigue than other troops in the Bengal army, which seems to be accounted for by the climate and country from which they come in the hilly parts towards the Himalaya Mountains. Yet their food does not differ from that of the Bengal Sepoys in any great degree, excepting perhaps in using more beef and other animal food, and their being brought up in a more bracing climate makes them hardier than the Bengal Sepoys, brought up in a warmer and more enervating part of India.

As they appear on parade in their light grey uniforms, with puggrees or turbans to match, they form a striking contrast to the red-coated stalwart

fellows of H.M.'s 52nd, marshalled on the parade ground of Fort William at a short distance off; and while they form line and march in quick and slow time, or in close columns of companies march steadily past, or at the double, any one who, like myself, is no soldier can see that they are well up in their drill and a credit to their officer, while their band, with a diminutive drum-major, whirling his staff round his head, strikes up many of the marches so well-known in the army. Several sergeants of the 52nd point out the little drum-major who marches with the band, and laugh heartily as he halts, marches, and countermarches so proudly at each evolution of the regiment. The precision and soldier-like way in which they move is highly creditable, and, as they break off in files to their quarters on the dismissal of the parade, there are more awkward-looking soldiers than a Ghoorka regiment on parade.

AUSTRALIA AND THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

DURING the rage for gold in Australia in 1852-3, I was chief mate of an English ship called the "Magellan," and it was curious to note the many attempts made to desert from the ships in order to get to the diggings, where gold was said to be found in large quantities, and some of our chief mates took it upon themselves to leave their ships without notice, in order to make money independent of the ship. However, some were decidedly brought to grief after marching

some hundreds of miles up country on their way to the El Dorado, by a mounted policeman asking to see their discharge from the ship in Sydney or Melbourne. Not being able to produce that necessary document, the policeman at once marched them back all the way to the above places, where their ships were soon found out and they, rather crest-fallen, were obliged to implement their agreement by having to return in the ship to England.

It was also laughable as well as lamentable to see a landlady wearing a polka jacket, on the front of which each button was a gold sovereign, displaying an amount of ignorance, as well as vanity, which our readers may well conceive brought its own punishment in many cases, as their reckless extravagance soon produced its own fruits; while sailors and all sorts of nondescripts were treating their wives to silk dresses, gold watches, &c., and as soon as the money was done off again to the diggings. Sailors were, however, in most cases the most successful, as being inured to a hard life and able to stand many of the hardships incident to a life at the diggings. Clerks, half-pay army officers, broken-down clergymen, and all our more humble classes of gentlemen could scarcely stand the fatigue, and were in most cases obliged and glad to return to a more civilized life in Sydney and Melbourne, while doctors — especially quacks—could do very well among the rather rough community of diggers requiring their services.

Gold in large quantities was sent down to Sydney and Melbourne under what was called the gold escort, viz. a number of well-armed mounted police, whose

duty was to see it safe to the banks before being shipped to England, and it was rather a precarious duty, for in many cases they were attacked by bush-rangers on their way, and after hard fighting with these outlaws succeeded in getting away, sometimes with the loss of one or two of their number shot dead in the struggle. The mounted police of the Australian colonies, as a rule, are a most intelligent body of men, and are of the greatest service in preserving order as well as, in case of need, being of real good in a military point of view should their services be required in case of war.

Some of the instances of good fortune at the diggings are worth recording, and one which came under my knowledge is worth relating. An old claim had been given up by its owners, who had washed away for some time without any result, till a very green Englishman thought he would try his hand, and after a little perseverance he struck "ile," as the Yankee says, on coming upon a nugget afterwards valued at £500, on seeing which he, in an ecstasy of joy, fainted on the spot, and nothing could induce him to remain any longer, so that the escort had to see him and his fortune safe to Sydney. Meantime, another party bought the hole or claim for a trifle, and extracted nuggets to the value of some thousands of pounds.

In Melbourne ships were left moored in the bay with no one on board: captain, mate, and crew having all gone to the diggings to seek their fortune, while other ships ready for sea could not get hands to take them home except by paying as much as £80

to £90 before heaving the anchor up, and seamen on leaving this country were in the habit of shipping at 1s a month to work the ship out, with the hope of a good amount for the run home. These days, however, are gone by, and the Australian colonies are prosperous enough yet, though nothing like what they were during the gold fever of 1852-3. At the same time, the cultivation of the soil, the breeding of sheep and cattle, and the various industries are being developed in a very remarkable degree, exchanging products even with Canada and many other of the sister colonies. In a few years few of our British colonies will be able to compete with Australia in advanced civilization and material progress.

AN ABANDONED SHIP AT SEA.

THE brig of which I was first master had been in the Demerara trade, and was somewhat old and worn out. On my return from the West Indies I was chartered to proceed to Montreal with a cargo of gas retorts of large calibre, which, on being stowed in the hold, were, in turn, solidly packed with bricks, which soon had the effect of putting our small brig of 250 tons very deep in the water. In a gentle way I tried to remonstrate at the stuff brought down to us on the quay; while at the same time, on the top of our gas retorts and bricks, were being stored heavy hampers of earthenware. This put the brig down as deep, as the saying is, as a sand barge. The mate, a young married man like myself, was quietly remonstrating at the

same time on the folly of overloading a vessel of her class; however, we both knew that were either of us to give up our situations on that account—overloading such an old vessel with a cargo of such a heavy nature—there were dozens who would eagerly take our places.

My owner, guided by the charterers, who were doubtless looking after their own interests for a lump sum, knew but little of ships or how they should be loaded, and was perfectly ignorant of shipping matters in general, having to give all his time to a large business on shore. However, having cleared for sea, and no questions asked by underwriters or their agents as to the dangerous overloading of the vessel, we proceeded to sea on the 1st May, 1855, the safest month to cross the Atlantic of any month in the year. With light winds and fine weather we got as far as Cape Clear, when a smart gale from the south-west began to show us how she leaked while straining with such a heavy cargo; as the pumps were kept constantly at work, while all over the deck the straining caused our deck seams to open, while in the sea-way we were constantly shipping water all over the decks which poured down in streams into the hold as well as among the men's quarters in the forecastle, which were saturated in every part.

This gale did not last long, and on the wind taking off, all hands were set caulking the decks and other places where we discovered the leaks; this for the time kept the hands less at the pumps. So long as we had fine weather, and as we proceeded to the westward, I had every hope in such a favourable

month in getting safely to Montreal; at all events I was bound not to return if it was at all possible to carry her out, and with every prospect of moderate weather to cheer us on our way at this time of the year. About a fortnight after leaving, I was very much pleased with a fine fair wind; carrying all sail and with studding sails set, after giving some orders to the mate, I went to bed about midnight congratulating myself, and hoping that our good easterly wind would stand for some time at least; the barometer standing high and everything looking easterly like.

About seven in the morning, hearing the noise of sails being taken in by the mate, who had the watch, I took a glance at my faithful barometer, which had fallen to a most alarming extent from the evening before, and dressing hastily rushed on deck to call all hands to shorten sail. By the time the watch was called the wind had veered round to the south-west, and was rapidly increasing, while with great alacrity my crew, mates and all, had brought the brig down to a close-reefed main top-sail, and we were now hove-to on the starboard tack shipping a great deal of water, while the sea rose just as rapidly as the wind, and the blinding rain made things in general look somewhat forbidding, especially as the brig, falling into the trough of the sea, rolled and strained, while seas were constantly washing on board over all, as our overloaded brig lay like a log on the sea, not rising to the waves as they dashed on board in rapid succession, drenching us through and through. Cabin and all were constantly full of water.

To my non-nautical readers the course of heaving-to on the starboard tack is generally adopted in sailing ships on the Atlantic in a gale of south-west wind, as, generally speaking, the wind hauls to the right hand, or to the northward, thus enabling the vessel's bows to head the sea, point by point, till the gale moderates, and fine clear weather in general succeeds. However, in this case, the wind veered to the left of south-west, and thus she fell off into the trough of the sea. The pumps were all this time constantly worked as we thus lay hove-to in the middle of those tremendous seas breaking on board. About three hours after heaving the brig to, and when the gale was at its height, snap went the main-chains, close to where I was standing, while the main mast-head, close by the rigging, went over with main topmast, topgallant mast, yards, &c., while the fore-yard broke in two, leaving us somewhat bare overhead for making a passage. Meantime my crew went bravely to work, unshackling here and cutting away there our rigging and *debris*, as the spars thumped heavily under the vessel's bottom, endangering the starting of a plank, and thus sending us to the bottom at once, without any chance of escape in such a sea, even by taking to the old long-boat lying in midships, nearly as shaky as the brig herself.

After a good deal of trouble we at length got the wreck of spars cleared away from the vessel, and all we could now do was to keep constantly at the pumps until the gale moderated, when we could proceed to rig jury masts to enable us to reach our port. Lying as we were, thus disabled and rolling gunwales under,

not a dry spot could be found, or shelter of any kind, either on deck or below. Fortunately for us the weather began to moderate. After some twenty-four hours of this hammering and knocking about, we began to rig jury masts, and my crew, I must say, were decidedly good sailors as well as good riggers, so that in a short time we had topmast, foreyard, and other spars replaced in a most ingenious way by turning to account what spare sails were below, and in fact completely metamorphosing the old brig, so much so, that any looking at us, as we were trying to beat to the westward, would have failed to recognise her.

After beating to leeward in a manner, and losing ground by drifting to the southward for some days, we found ourselves once more in a heavy gale of wind, with pumps going and water gaining on us. We found that we were in danger of foundering at very short notice, so that calling my crew aft I asked their opinion severally, at the same time taking the whole responsibility on myself, without reference to their individual opinions, whether we should remain by the brig or not, under the circumstances already stated. And the reply was characteristic of our thorough British seamen under similar circumstances, "Captain, we will do our best, and stick by the vessel to the last with you. But we are perfectly well aware that if we have any more of those gales, and in our disabled condition, not one of us will live to tell the tale, as the brig is now making so much water we can hardly keep her clear."

On a beautiful Sunday forenoon, with no wind, and as we rolled in the heavy swell, pumping away

but making no head way, the barque "Joanna" hove in sight, bound to Leith, the captain of which, on seeing my ensign hoisted Union down at once hove his ship to, and sending a boat on board we, after due consultation, resolved to abandon the brig to her fate, as she was rapidly settling down. Accordingly, we at once proceeded on board the "Joanna," and luckily for us in good time, as another gale from north-west came on, which soon settled the old brig. We arrived safely in Leith, and my crew were forwarded home by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society. So ends the story of our abandoned ship. It is just a pity Mr Plimsoll did not come to the front in protecting sailors from rotten ships long before he did, as many thousands of lives would have been thereby saved.

A PAMPERO OFF THE RIVER PLATE.

THESE hurricanes, or, as the Spaniards call them, pamperos, are of very frequent occurrence off the River Plate, and it is well if a ship is prepared to receive them on the right tack, and with as small canvas as she can show, to keep her head up to the sea. The pampero, though not of long duration, seldom exceeding nine or ten hours, very soon raises a tremendous sea, while not a cloud is to be seen while it lasts, the sky being as clear, and atmosphere as pure as if in one of our mildest latitudes in the Trades.

The ship I was then on board of had come safely round Cape Horn, deeply loaded with guano, a very heavy and dangerous cargo, more especially in a leaky ship. And as we approached the vicinity of the Plate, our barometer, together with light winds and heavy rains, indicated that we had better snug our ship down in time, as the wind in southern latitudes very often shifts so suddenly from N.W. to S.E. that many a good ship has been dismasted by not attending to the falling of the barometer, as these wind-checks often come very suddenly, taking the ship aback, and while the masts are going over the side, throwing all into confusion.

In our case we were ready for it, and on the right tack for heading the sea as the wind shifted, and we came bows on to the tremendous running sea, while the wind roared like a hurricane, the old ship plunging forecastle under, while our decks were filled sometimes up to the top-gallant bulwarks, fore and aft. Unfortunately we had killed a pig the evening before, and it was reckoned a very bad omen, as we were enjoying our Sunday's dinner, that we had a sea-pie on this particular day, as our wise Jack Tars said it was always sure to be a gale of wind for killing a pig on Saturday, they had seen it so often, &c. However, as we were discussing our dinner, the water streaming down the forecastle at times, snap went the jibboom as she pitched bows under into the head sea, which at once called us from dinner to clear away the wreck, and no easy job, I can assure my readers, as we clung to the bowsprit, unshackling and cutting away as the pampero raged, and we were drenched

under water as she ever and anon pitched us under water while we clung like leeches to our holds on the bowsprit.

At length we succeeded in getting our broken jib-boom taken on board, and in a few hours more, the wind and sea falling, we proceeded on our homeward voyage as if no pampero had troubled us. These pamperos are exceedingly dangerous, and no master of a ship ought to neglect the warnings of the barometer, and premonitory symptoms of the weather as well, for many a good ship has lost her masts, and not a few foundered in these pamperos off the River Plate.

THE SHIP'S BULLY.

As there is, generally speaking, one or more of our sailors who act the part of bullies among the crew, and render themselves disagreeable to their shipmates and all on board, I shall endeavour, though the task is not very pleasant, to describe one who served on board the ship on which I was an apprentice, and how he was served after troubling all hands on board, captain and mates included, during the whole way out on our passage to New Orleans. This young Irish-Scotchman had been grumbling at anything and everything, and having the name of being a scientific fighting man, very few of our crew cared to tackle him, so that in our small barque, of something like 460 tons, he had it all his own way. If a topgallant sail was to be taken in, and any of the gear got foul

aloft, either I or some of the other apprentices were sure to be ordered aloft to clear it, while trash of ordinary seamen, receiving far more pay than we, would remain on deck, as we had to obey this bully's bidding, and our second mate was afraid to open his mouth to stop the fellow's impudence in taking the charge out of his hands.

This went on nearly all the way to our port, New Orleans, where, on discharging ballast, we began to load cotton for Liverpool. Having our regular hours, from 6 A.M. to 6 in the evening, and if it so happened that bales were rolled on board after that hour, in case of rain, the captain very kindly gave the men a small gratuity for their trouble. But this bully of ours refused, point blank, and seating himself on the windlass end, mocked and jeered at the men who, uncomplainingly, did a little extra and necessary work after hours, especially when the captain—a very good man—always paid them extra for their trouble. And thinking over the matter at this long distance of time, some thirty years since, I should have liked to have him one voyage with me, since I have known what it was to command ships. I do not think his bullying would have lasted long. However, his bullying, grumbling, irascible temper was soon to have a check, sooner than he imagined, and this was how it happened:—

I was a lithe, young fellow, about 18 years old, in my third year at sea, and able seaman and all as our bully was, some 26 years of age, too, he could show the apprentices but little of seamanship, still less of activity. I was ordered to remain on board with the

second mate to stow cotton bales as they were rolled up by the crew. We sometimes sat down for a minute, cotton-hook in hand, waiting for another lot of bales to come on board. This did not suit our bully, who could not bear to see me sitting down for a moment, and called out that he thought I could roll bales up the stage as well as he. I turned to the second mate, who said nothing to stop me; and bare-footed, with cotton-hook in hand, left the deck, and walking down the stage told our bully that I could, but that our second mate had told me to remain on board. He answered, that he "wanted none of my cheek." For be it known to my readers it was a great offence in days gone by for us apprentices, who were receiving £25 altogether for four years' hard service, to give a half-and-half able seaman any "cheek," as it was called.

As we reached the bottom of the stage, on level ground, I gave the cotton-hook a pitch from me, and before he could rightly understand me, with a spring I gave him full weight, light though I was, with my fist in the face; off from him, and at him again and again, every time breaking in on his scientific manœuvres, as he threw me to the ground when he got hold of me, and tried to hit me as I rose to my feet. But our friends, the labourers working on the Levee, were bound to give me fair play, and would not allow him to strike a foul blow. This continued for about twenty minutes, when our bully, with both eyes bunged up, nose knocked awry, and face covered with blood, was glad to give in, after which we had peace on board the ship, more especially us boys, for

he well knew he stood in danger of all three of us had he gone on as before, and from the captain downwards, no one pitied the once bully of the ship. He was thus thoroughly tamed. In conclusion, I am not fond of relating such stories, and trust my readers will excuse me for giving it room here. To my young readers I would only remark, never be afraid of a bully, for very often he is a cowardly specimen of humanity, who tries to tyrannize over his fellow-creatures, and there was something stronger than my puny arm at the time, which nerved me to give the bully of the ship such a sound thrashing, viz., the justice of my cause.

A SNAKE STORY WITH A MORAL.

WHILE lying at Bombay as chief officer of one of our British-India steamers, we were making extensive alterations upon our masts and rigging, as it was the intention of the owners that we should proceed round the Cape to England under sail, to have new boilers put in, as well as to have our engines overhauled, they being well worn out by long service on the coast of India and other parts of the world. Our chief engineer had been seven years in the service, and was very much liked by all on board, as civil and obliging, and a man of large experience in his profession. While thus preparing for our voyage round the Cape, a good deal of bad brandy found its way on board among the engineers, which before long began to

show its effects in the altered appearance of Mr M., the chief.

As I was passing along the deck one morning, seeing to the cleaning down of the ship by our Lascars, Mr M. came quietly along, asking if I did not notice the funnel was falling overboard. "No, Mr M.," I answered; "the stays hold on well; I can see nothing wrong with the funnel." Hurrying on about my work, I took no further notice of his strange remark. Meantime he had gone up on the bridge, and sat down on a chair there, looking vacantly on the water. Shortly after, the second engineer came to me and said there must be something wrong with Mr M. "He is up there seeing all sorts of strange things: horses coming on board; boats foundering, and men and women drowning;" evidently showing his mind was seriously affected, though at this time he seemed perfectly sober. On hearing this I immediately went up on the bridge, asking him what was the matter? "There goes another!" he exclaimed. "Another what?" I asked. "Did you not see that boat sinking, and the men and women drowning?" "No," I said. "Mr M., what is the matter? I see no boats sinking this fine day; only cargo boats taking off cargo to the ships. You had better come down to your room, Mr M."

With some gentle persuasion he came quietly down to his room on the main deck, where we could watch him better, as I was afraid that under some sudden impulse he would make a spring overboard. Meantime I thought it prudent to hoist the Doctor's signal to come on board, and see what was wrong. While

this was being done, a new terror seized him, as he discovered that a black silk necktie hanging in his room was a snake; and, calling the second engineer, ordered him to get a pair of callipers from the engine room to put this snake out. Strange enough, he knew each one of us, and spoke sensibly enough to us. As I told him quietly, "Why, Mr M., that is not a snake; that's your black silk necktie." "Oh, you needn't tell me, Mr C.," he answered; "I know what it is, and there's more of them yet." Taking the callipers from the second engineer, he now proceeded with the greatest caution, while the sweat poured from him in his terror, to catch the necktie, as we stood watching him, ready to burst with laughter, though pained enough to witness such a scene, ludicrous though it was. And now, having secured the necktie, he gave it one throw far enough clear of his room to satisfy himself that it could not harm him.

In his empty berth there was a large dry sponge lying, used for bathing, which his poor muddled brain now took for another snake; and it was no use to reason quietly with him as to his mistake. He took a small Malacca cane and began to hit the sponge, which, springing up at every blow, he would rush to the door, in perfect terror, returning again and again to the assault, while we tried to soothe and quiet him. At the same time, I am sorry to say, many of us could not keep from laughing outright. While this serious comedy was at its height, the Captain and the Doctor came on board; and the Captain coming to the room, asked him what was the matter? "They have been putting snakes in my room, sir," he replied.

"Indeed!" says the Captain, "who has been doing that, Mr M.?" "Oh, there's been two or three about it. There was the chief officer, second engineer," &c. Not to lengthen this story too long, the Doctor gave him some sleeping draught, which did not make him sleep; while the Captain—no doubt with a good intention—locked him in one of the cabin state-rooms, where he raved and cried the whole night in a terrible state of terror, so that next morning he was worse than ever; whereas we could easily have looked after him in the third officer's room, where he was getting quieted down the previous night. His eyes were sunk back in his head, and his general appearance was pitiful to see as the Doctor came on board and again prescribed for him, while he was scrawling all sorts of hieroglyphics on a piece of old newspaper, as he thought he was writing up his Engineer's Log.

Finally he came gradually back to his senses, and the owners, in view of his long service, gave him a free passage home. I have seen many a case of suffering through taking too much liquor, but certainly would not like to see such another as that of poor Mr M., our chief engineer. The moral of the story is not hard to explain: Those who take bad brandy will soon find out its evil effects, while those who take none at all will be exempt from seeing all sorts of imaginary snakes.

OUR BOA CONSTRICTOR.

As we finished loading our cargo of various kinds of Indian produce for Sydney, N.S.W., at a place called Madras, on the coast of India, I imagined that our cargo must be complete, but very shortly after being ready for sea a box came on board carefully padlocked, which, as chief officer of the ship, I did not quite understand. However, we soon found out that this was a boa constrictor of the largest size, and as we looked at him coiled up in his box, any one could imagine that if he broke adrift he could play sad havoc with any of our crew. His length was 15 feet, and his girth something thicker than my leg at its thickest part. As a matter of course every attention was paid to the python as we endeavoured to keep him alive during our passage to Sydney, where, on arrival, he would have brought a large price.

On Sundays—once a week—our few passengers would eagerly watch the feeding of our torpid passenger in the box, for most of the time he lay perfectly torpid and harmless. A fowl taken from our hen coop was brought along each Sunday, and on opening the boa's box the screaming of the fowl was enough to waken him from his torpor, as he raised his head and at one dart the fowl was disposed of, as his distended jaws made short work of him. This was his only meal once a week, and lying down again among the blankets he would give us no more trouble. As we proceeded on our voyage to Sydney the weather became cold on reaching Cape Lewin, and

rather stormy, so that it seems the boa from being merely torpid became quite dead, as one day when we brought him his usual fowl he could not raise his head, and we discovered to our utter amazement that, in spite of all our care and warm blankets, he was perfectly gone, and his carcase was given up to the curator of the museum in Sydney to stuff for that institution. My readers can imagine what little chance we could have, as we stood around his box, if the same boa had put forth his energies, when it is well known that in forests in India he can crush to pieces a bullock, and afterwards proceed to swallow the animal while covering the crushed body of his victim with saliva.

SAILORS AND THE CRIMPING SYSTEM.

THERE are many of our discontented sailors on board ship who are ever seeking some pretence to break their articles of agreement in the various parts of our colonial possessions, such as Quebec and Montreal, our Australian and other colonies, as well as in ports of the United States, such as New Orleans, New York, &c. And though I am well aware that there are some most uncompromising, tyrannical masters and mates that poor Jack has to deal with, both in exacting much from him, and in keeping him strictly to his allowances, yet on the whole there are many of his grievances which are more imaginary than real, and on the arrival of the ship at the outward port the

real grumbler must have his discharge, which the captain distinctly refuses—as generally speaking it is not in his power to grant it, unless in cases of sickness, until the return of the ship to her final port of discharge. The crimp, or boarding house runner, is generally a very hardened, dare-devil sort of a fellow, who would rather loaf about on shore than go to sea, and who is too lazy to turn his hand to honest labour.

Jack, our discontented friend, on finding that he cannot be discharged from the ship soon makes the acquaintance of the crimp, who generally comes on board on the ship's arrival; and in the evening, after the ship is safely moored, he goes ashore to be plied with soft words and bad rum, so that he soon finds himself in the power of these harpies, who prey upon him and entice him to desert from his ship, and break his agreement for the sake of higher wages, which the boarding house keeper himself seizes; as our discontented sailor finds on joining another ship that his advance is nearly swallowed up in bad rum, a pound or two of tobacco, and perhaps a week's board in some low, dirty den, where he spends his time in the lowest kinds of revelry, and among men and women of the worst description, who study how to get him in debt and force him at last to ship whether he likes it or not, and just at what he can be sold for at the shipping office; so that our grumbler finds himself entirely at the mercy of the crimps, who bundle him on board any how, and very often in a helpless state of drunkenness, from which he is roused by the mate or second mate, who do not show much mercy in these

cases, as the work of the ship getting away from port must be done, no matter whether our drunken friend likes it or not.

I was bound for Quebec in 1857, and was aware that most of my crew were "runners," that is to say, men who had deserted in Quebec, and were about returning to do the same with me on our arrival there; and as we sailed it was difficult at first to get them out to work the ship. As we beat down channel, however, with a good mate and some determination, we soon understood each other, and got fairly into the St Lawrence, letting my runners understand that the ship must be worked up to Quebec, night and day, and as speedily as possible, when their friends the crimps could take possession of them for all I cared, as labourers could be procured there cheaper than they, and I was so far independent of their services on arrival. Getting as far as the pilot station, where I give up the charge of the ship *pro tem* to our smart Canadian pilot, I take a little more time to myself as we work up the river by tide's works to Quebec, against a head wind. We came to anchor off a place called Kamouraska, where my pilot complained bitterly that since I gave up charge of the ship he could not, especially at night, get them up to work the ship until the tide was half done. I answered him that after this I should be on deck through the night, and see the men at work myself, though my mate did all he could to get them out in good time.

Calling the crimps' victims aft on the quarter-deck, I told them very plainly that the pilot complained of their conduct, and that I myself would see

whether they did their duty or not in working the ship up the river. "And now," I said, in conclusion, "if you do not turn out at the *first call* after this to weigh anchor, I will not allow a man of you to touch the windlass handles. I shall take my boat and go ashore, where I can find willing hands to work the ship up to Quebec, and on arrival there you will find yourselves in the hands of the authorities for mutiny, or at least for conspiring to disobey orders, and I can assure you that your sentence will not be a light one. Work the ship up to Quebec like men. I am sorry to say there are but few good sailors among you; and now go to your duties." This brief address had its effect, and we had no more trouble on that score. The windlass was manned within ten minutes after being called, and sail very soon made as we beat up to Quebec. And now to give a sample of some of my sailors, or rather nondescripts, as some of them were; as the pilot called out, "A hand in the chains" —to cast the hand lead in approaching either shore— I am obliged to see myself who is there, and if his soundings are anything like correct, seeing that the pilot is guided by the soundings in tacking ship. A fellow, who is on the ship's articles as able seaman, comes along and proceeds to handle the line and lead in such a slovenly way that I could at once see he was no leadsman, far less a sailor. Calling to him, I said, "You call yourself an able seaman, and yet know nothing of how to handle the lead. Give it to me and I will show you how to use it; I was learned that when an apprentice boy, and before I was two years at sea." With the usual swing known to our

man-of-war as well as other real sailors, I got a fair up and down cast, and calling out "By the mark, seven," in the usual musical notes, our pilot at once called out, "About ship."

Now in digressing from crimps and sailors, I think it a very great pity that our Government does not think it necessary to make it, to a certain extent at least, compulsory for seamen to prove themselves what they pretend to be, so that masters and mates, who are supposed to know their duties after a very searching examination, would not be annoyed by having such useless fellows calling themselves *sailors* to deal with. A very brief examination, which should be *free*, would be a good test, and give good sailors a chance where we now ship all sorts of incapable men, not knowing who we have to trust to in cases of danger or emergency. Parchment certificates could then be granted on payment of a small sum, signed by the Examiner, who ought to be a respectable old shipmaster, if possible. To return to our passage up: We arrived at night at Quebec, where, on the first night, twelve of my runners ran into the hands of their friends the crimps, and on the following night three more followed their example, which, of course, left me short-handed. I had to report the matter to the water police, as one of my owners, a justice of the peace, insisted on their being arrested. Yes, but the question was, where will you find them now? Though I met some of them in the streets every day, yet the police were generally invisible at the time.

One cold morning in November I was called by the mate, and told that the police boat was alongside.

On dressing, the coxswain of the boat told me he had discovered the boarding house of three of my men, and, telling me to disguise myself as well as I could, I proceeded along with him to the police station, to go thence to the house and identify the men, not a very agreeable duty to me at the time. Still I had to go. After landing at the Water Police Station I was instructed by Mr Cunningham, the coxswain, an old and intelligent police officer of the Quebec Water Police, to remain with one of his men while he, with the boat's crew, surrounded the house where my deserters were said to be. A few minutes afterwards my guide led me to the spot, nearly opposite the police station, where Cunningham invited me to ascend a ricketty old staircase, after which we came to a pile of wood stacked up for winter use. "Come this way, Captain, and see if there are any of your men here." Going behind the pile of wood, I found two of my deserters cowering there. When Cunningham asked if I knew the men, I said "Yes, these are two of my sailors." "Where are your clothes?" asked the coxswain. "We have got no clothes," was the answer, in order to screen the boarding-house keeper, who was liable to a heavy penalty in case their clothes were found in the house. "Well, then, come along with me as you are." Dressing themselves, and while the landlord was threatening, Mr Cunningham very quietly told him that he would take him too, if he did not keep quiet; that the Captain was only doing his duty in identifying his men. We now parted company, while my deserters were taken to jail to wait the ship's departure later on.

These crimping cases are of very rare occurrence now, as in one case of a crimp going on board with two sailors who had left the ship in Quebec river, he returned during the night to induce others to desert, and a young Swede lying in his berth, distinctly refusing to leave his ship, this monster in human form, drawing a revolver, shot the poor fellow dead in his bed and immediately made for the shore with his companions. This roused the attention of the Dominion Government, and a law was at once passed that any person boarding ships for such a purpose should be sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, which has had the effect of putting a stop to the traffic in stealing sailors, in Quebec at least. The brute who shot the poor fellow is said to be even now at large in the United States, where many of our Canadian rogues are sheltered, defying the Canadian Government in spite of our Extradition Treaty. Generally speaking, sailors are very easily led, and crimps are by no means their friends in inducing them to desert from their ships and break their agreements, as our Government, if a man has a real grievance, provides that he shall not be ill-used in any way, and if so he has a sure and certain remedy before a magistrate against master or mate under our Mercantile Marine Act, if his case is at all reasonable, or can be proved by his shipmates.

A MATE'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

DURING the gold fever, Mr Blank took it into his head that he would leave his ship in order to make money faster than by remaining on board, so taking the road to the diggings he left care behind, ship and all, and walking a distance of some hundreds of miles from Melbourne, foot-sore and weary in his eager search for the Turon diggings, he was confronted by an Australian mounted policeman, who demanded the discharge from his last ship, which could not be produced, so that the policeman at once took him in charge; and though Mr Blank was a strong, powerful man, our Australian policeman, in spite of a determined resistance, soon had Mr Blank secured to his stirrup by a pair of hand-cuffs, and after a long and weary march he was delivered up to the agents of the ship, who soon saw him on board, and no doubt he felt at home when once more on board the "Ramilies."

The ship of which I was then mate in Sydney lay alongside of a German ship called the "Peru," and it was wonderful how kind our captain and the captain of the "Peru" were to one another, while a fine-looking young English lass the German had married on his passage to Calcutta, seemed to have an attraction which our captain could not resist, and consequently he was very often on board our German friend and neighbour. In the meantime, our sailors were offered £12 a month to desert and join the

"Peru," while I, as mate at £5 a month, was offered £14 a month, no doubt a great temptation under the circumstances. However, I could not see the force of the matter, as my mate's certificate was at stake, and also as desertion from the ship was a criminal offence.

Meantime, the captain was warned by myself of the intimacy between our German neighbour and our own crew, and it was pleasant to see how cordially our two captains parted as we sailed from Sydney to Ceylon. My readers may well conceive the meanness of our German friend, as while he was on terms apparently of the utmost friendship with our captain, he was at the same time trying to steal our sailors as well as our mates. We parted from him with the loss of an ordinary seaman, by trade a shoemaker, and of very little use to us as a real sailor; so that the gold diggings did not gain by us, and we certainly lost nothing by pursuing our voyage to the end.

THE DIFFICULTIES WITH SHERE ALI, THE PRESENT RULER OF CABUL.

HAVING passed a considerable time in India, I think it will not be out of place to relate some of my experience in Calcutta, where many Afghans made their appearance, selling pomegranates and other fruits only known to the hill tribes of India, where these sturdy Afghans pursue their calling of cultivating crops and breeding many kinds of farm stock in their almost inaccessible mountains. I have nothing

to do with the policy of our present Government. I wish simply to try to give an idea of the men our troops will have to deal with before long. These Afghans are, generally speaking, men of tall stature, say from 5 feet 7 to 6 feet in height, of very fair complexion, and wearing the usual turban and long white flowing robe, which is the usual dress in our Eastern possessions.

On one occasion I had the curiosity to speak to one of these Afghans in Calcutta, and to take hold of him by the arms to feel his sinews, and I can assure my readers that, in comparison with some of our sturdy Scotch Highlanders wearing the kilts, he is not to be despised as an enemy. Though it is well known that our British troops in India can stand a greater amount of fatigue and do a greater amount of work than even the Cabulese, or indeed any of our East India troops, whether on our army list or not, so that though not an enemy to be despised with his 60,000 men, yet, giving my own decided opinion, and knowing as I do the stuff that our Scotch, English, and Irish soldiers are made of, there can be no fear as to the result, viz., in favour of our victorious troops as they capture fort after fort, and afterwards annex Afghanistan to our other Indian possessions, telling Russia in unmistakeable terms that she cannot, for hundreds of years to come at least, encroach on our territory in India.

It will be astonishing, no doubt, to many of my readers to know that a sturdy Scotch, English, or Irishman can stand far more fatigue than those natives of India on their own soil; and I have seen

my native carpenters obliged to give up work when the heat of the sun was almost unbearable in the dock, as my ship was undergoing heavy repairs, while my two mates and myself had to keep moving all the time, to facilitate her repairs and get her ready for sea.

OUR MERCANTILE MARINE EXAMINATION.

To landsmen our examinations may appear to be very simple and very easily got over; however, this is not so, as our Government, very properly, brought in an Act some 30 years ago, whereby a master or mate could prove his abilities in taking the command of ships. This was not made compulsory until about 1851, when the Board of Trade made it imperative that a certain examination should be passed, in order to qualify masters and mates of ships to hold Certificates of Competency. This law came in force in very good time, and up to this date works remarkably well. I remember very well that a great outcry was made against these compulsory examinations; yet when we look back it was decidedly a wise step on the part of our Government, simply because seamen wishing or striving to advance themselves could do so at a very cheap rate by attending Schools of Navigation in Liverpool, London, and other maritime ports. This was largely taken advantage of, and to those aspiring to a higher rank than that of the ordinary man before the mast, these schools were of real

benefit, and I am certain that many a hard-working honest sailor has worked his way up through their influence.

To give my readers something like adequate information as to these examinations, it will be necessary for me to begin with the second mate's examination, and in detail up to the captain's. I shall try to explain to landsmen what is required of officers of ships (assuming that this book is more intended for landsmen than seafaring men like myself). To begin with the second officer's examination—he is expected to have a thorough knowledge of how to work a ship while the captain is below, and to see that, like the mate, the orders of the master are well carried out during his watch as to the course to be steered, the carrying on of sail, &c., and the lights expected to be seen on our coasts, such as to whether the Tuskar is a revolving or fixed light. These, with other questions as to the stowing of cargo, the rigging of ships, as it were, *new off the stocks*, are questions of some importance to our young aspirant for the duties of second mate, who must have served with clear Certificates for four years. Having passed a strict examination in seamanship, we on the following day proceed to examine the second officer as to his knowledge of how to handle the quadrant or sextant, and to find his latitude at noon by the sun's meridian altitude; say given the obs. alt. by the quadrant at noon, to find the true altitude by our tables, and thence find our position North or South of the Equator. This is a very simple matter so far as regards latitude. There are other questions, however,

which require a little mental study, such as the variation of the compass by an amplitude. This can be done by watching at sunrise the bearing of the sun by compass from the ship, when the difference between the true and magnetic bearing in degrees, minutes, and seconds is the variation of the compass to be applied to the course steered.

For instance, in crossing the Atlantic, we will suppose from Quebec to the Clyde, the course *true* should be East, across the Banks, while we know that the needle drawn $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 points North, or to the left hand, must be allowed for, or in steering to the eastward you must give the course, S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; strange enough, too, this variation exists in many parts of the world. For instance, as we approach the Equator, on many parts of the line, there is no variation of the compass, but it increases as we approach either the north or south pole. This is only a small part of the second mate's examination, as he has to be able to find the *true* course and distance from one part of the world, as the *crow flies*, giving the latitude and longitude of any part of the globe to find the course and distance by Mercator's sailing, between A and B, viz., at a very long distance from each other. We now come to what is called a day's work; that is to say, the ship has been struggling against head winds, and the second officer, in passing his examination, must be able to show to the examiners how to correct his course for lee way, variation of the compass, and in iron ships, deviation as well, caused by the local attraction on board iron ships, so that even a second mate's examination is not of the easiest kind.

We now come to an only-mate's examination, which includes the second mate's, where he is expected to be able, in addition to his former examination, to find his longitude from the meridian of Greenwich, east or west, at the same time to have a thorough knowledge of the variation of the compass by azimuth, as well as by amplitude.

These, including answers as follows, as to seamanship:—Your ship is dismasted; how would you proceed to rig jury-masts? &c. Your ship loses her rudder in a gale of wind; how would you replace the rudder with the appliances you have on board? Many such questions are put, and must be answered before the Examiners appointed by the Board of Trade promptly, especially in Seamanship, where those who offer themselves are expected to be thoroughly conversant with the rules of the road, and with signalling in general according to our Mercantile Code of Signals. These and other intricate enough questions are put by experienced Examiners who expect prompt answers, as the candidates are supposed to be well drilled by close application to their studies before going up for examination.

A master, after having served as mate for a year, is closely examined as to his knowledge of seamanship in handling his ship under every circumstance, whether in gales of wind at sea, or on a lee shore on many of our dangerous coasts, where the utmost vigilance is required by shipmasters proceeding out or in channel to their destinations. Again, his examination in the theory of navigation consists of how to find his position at sea by the sun in the day-time or some well-

known stars at night, so that on the whole, if he is at all able to pass such an examination, my readers may well conceive that masters and mates of our merchant ships are a well educated class of men, many of whom have risen from the ranks by close study in their leisure hours at sea, and by real steadiness and close attention to duty. There are, besides what I have mentioned above, other duties required of a master of a ship, viz., his knowledge of charter parties, bottomry bonds, bills of lading, and many other questions of a like nature, so that his owners may not suffer by his incompetency in these matters. I shall take bottomry bonds for instance, as follows, to my readers who are landsmen.

A ship bound for India gets dismasted in a gale of wind, and puts into some port for repairs. Not having any agent, or being unable to communicate with his owners, he is obliged to advertise for money to repair his ship, giving a bond on the ship's bottom, on condition she arrives safely at her destination; while, if the ship is lost, the lender of the money loses whatever he has advanced, so that he incurs a great risk in such a case. Of course a large interest is expected by the firm advancing the money, and the master, as a rule, advertises for tenders, to secure the lowest amount of interest for his owners. The ship, now repaired, proceeds on her voyage, and is again disabled, so that the master is obliged to put in to another port for repairs, when he again obtains an advance on a bottomry bond—*i.e.*, on the ship's bottom as before, again proceeding to sea in good condition, when she reaches her port in safety.

Now, to my readers on shore, one would imagine that the first bond where the ship was repaired would be the first to be paid to the bondholder by the owner, but, on the contrary, the last bond is paid first, on the assumption in maritime law that the last money advanced in bottomry has the best right to be paid first, as enabling the ship to reach her final port of discharge.

Then there is the official Log Book, where all offences have to be entered, sick seamen or deaths on board, signed by the master and mate, and one or more of the crew; which, on reaching home, has to be delivered up to the Shipping Master. These and many other duties of a like nature are expected of the master; while, again, if he inadvertently runs his ship ashore, his certificate, on an enquiry being held, can be suspended for from three months to two years. It will thus be seen by my readers that it is no easy matter to pass such examinations, and when they were first made compulsory, in 1851, I have known more than one experienced shipmaster who sought employment ashore rather than submit to the ordeal when obliged to pass in carrying Government emigrants or Government stores. With these few remarks, I close this article in endeavouring to show what is required by our Government from masters and mates in the mercantile marine.

CEYLON AND MADRAS, WITH THEIR SURF BOATS.

As we approach the anchorage of Colombo, Ceylon, we see numbers of fishing boats darting past us with the utmost speed, while one of their crew, half naked, stands on one of the outriggers attached to the small, narrow canoe, and with a baling dish is constantly dashing water high up over the bark-tanned, square lateen sail, keeping the sail heavy, and increasing the speed of the boat, as the thin sail soon dries and loses much of its weight in driving the canoe through the water, while there is no fear of the boat capsizing with these outriggers attached, about twelve feet from the side of the boat, and with sufficient weight to keep the canoe upright as she dashes through the water, beating in speed, with a fresh breeze, many of our steamers on the coast. These fishermen are seen in hundreds, long distances off the land, to which they return at night, well laden with various kinds of deep-sea fish, caught in seines, and by baited hooks, which easily find a market among the teeming thousands of Colombo and suburbs.

Colombo Roads, where we now anchor, after a passage of 112 days from the Clyde, is entirely an open roadstead, there being no shelter whatever from the south-west monsoon, which blows somewhat heavy at times, rendering it necessary for extra anchors to be taken off, with huge coir-rope cables, to save the ship from breaking adrift and being stranded while a heavy sea gets up, testing the ship's ground tackle to the utmost, as she rolls and plunges at her

anchors, sometimes bows under. In the north-east monsoon, the wind is more off the land, and water much smoother, though a heavy ground swell keeps rolling in on the bar. Hiring one of the canoes with two men, they pull me ashore. The canoe is so narrow that only one person can sit on the seats. Our canoemen—sturdy Cingalese, with long hair, done up with a tortoise-shell comb, so that one would imagine them to be women—seize a short paddle each, and tug lustily, sometimes against wind and sea, while the unwieldy craft, with outriggers too, slowly makes her way through the surf to the landing-place, inside the bar, where large numbers of small vessels are moored, which trade along the island and adjacent parts on the coast of India.

On reaching the inside harbour we are in fine smooth water, and the landing place is easily reached. In company with the Dhubash who is to supply the ship while in port, and assist the master in doing the ship's business, we walk up towards the office, through spacious avenues, shaded by green leafy trees of large size, which are of the greatest utility in keeping off the sun during the heat of the day, which is sometimes most excessive in Ceylon at certain times of the year; and on our way up there are neat white-washed cottages occupied by staff non-commissioned officers who are employed in the various offices of the garrison, as this is the headquarters of the European regiment stationed here, together with that of the Ceylon Rifles, so that altogether the European quarters are decidedly clean, well-shaded, and healthy-looking, as we pass large squares where the troops parade on the well-

kept closely-cut grass. On reaching my agent's office, also in a well-shaded spot, my instructions are to proceed at once discharging our varied cargo after entering at the Custom House, and as we have some heavy machinery on board, it takes some time to arrange for landing pieces of five tons solid iron, where the ship at times rolls very heavily, though the weather is at present very moderate. However, by some perseverance and good purchases, we land the machinery, and afterwards get out the lighter part of our cargo for Colombo.

Taking a drive into the country to see the cinnamon gardens of Colombo with a friend, we stop to look at some of the tame elephants of Ceylon, which are all white and of immense size and strength, and I am not aware that there are larger elephants in any part of our Indian possessions than in Ceylon. One comes up to us with his driver, and making a salaam with his trunk, we give him a small coin which he passes to the driver, and, with another grand salaam, he rejoins his comrades under the shed taking their mid-day meal. These white elephants of Ceylon are the largest I have seen in any part of the world, including Burmah, where I have seen hundreds of them at work in Moulmein and Rangoon. As we drove towards the outskirts of Colombo there was a freshness about the country, with its large groves of cocoanuts and palms, and its well-made beautiful smooth roads, together with well laid out gardens surrounding cool, airy, country houses of the most luxuriant description in build and finish, that made me think that Ceylon is well entitled to be called the Garden of

India. Arrived at the gardens, we were shown through many acres of cinnamon under cultivation, large quantities of which are shipped as light freight with other spices to England. On returning from a three miles' drive along the beach to town, the roar of the long, curling surf as it rises high above the level of the sea and dashes on the long, sandy beach, is heard all the way back, while large groves of cocoa-nut trees are passed, with here and there a beautiful country residence of some of the Colombo merchants is seen in these cool, shady retreats along the shore.

My friend, stopping his horses in one of these groves, asks a native, who is cutting down the nuts from the trees, to open a fresh one for each of us, and the cool, refreshing drink of milk is exceedingly pleasant after our drive. Watching these natives mounting the trees is something novel to me, and I shall try to describe it, as, of course, there are no branches until he reaches the large cluster of foliage and nuts at the top, and some of these trees cannot be less than one hundred feet in height from the ground. Placing his large, sharp knife, like a bill-hook, securely in his belt, he places a small strap round his ankles, which are distant about half the girth of the tree. This strap grips the bark of the tree, and with both arms round the tree he raises his weight upwards, while the strap with his weight on it cannot slip, and in an indescribably short space of time, and with apparent ease, he is soon among the cocoa-nuts, cutting them down in large numbers as he goes from tree to tree all day long, whence they are carted to cocoa-nut oil factories in Colombo, where large

numbers of natives—men and women—are employed in the manufacture of this oil, which is supplied in large quantities to England. Coffee, cocoa-nut oil, and spices, form the staple exportations of this paradise of India—for a more beautiful place than Colombo I have seldom seen in any part of the world.

Having finished the discharge of our cargo for Ceylon, we now bade adieu to Colombo, and weighed anchor for Madras, our final port of discharge. Steering along the south coast of Ceylon we sight the Basses, a very dangerous cluster of rocks, on which more than one vessel has been wrecked; however, there has been for many years a substantial lighthouse placed there, which has done very much to prevent these calamities; the currents there being very strong, and sometimes irregular. As we proceed on our voyage, with fine weather, in a few days land is sighted on the Madras coast at Pondicherry, now about the only settlement the French have of any consequence in India, which has a governor, with a small body of French troops in its garrison. Proceeding cautiously along the land as night comes on, we at length sight Madras light, and standing in come to anchor among the shipping, about two miles from the shore, this being as near as a ship can come with safety, as cyclones are frequent at certain seasons of the year on this coast, rendering it necessary for a ship to slip her cables and stand out to sea until these storms are over.

As no ship's boats attempted to land at the time I speak of, owing to the tremendous surf ever breaking on the long line of beach, I had to land in what

is called a Masulah boat, manned by 13 Madrassees, with a Tindal who stands upon a platform aft, steering with his oar, and giving his orders where to pull as we approach the surf breaking on the shore. And right well do they manage these boats, notwithstanding the outlandish noise they make. Keeping her head towards the beach our active steersman—his comrades, like himself, being nearly all naked—yells, stamps, and gesticulates, as nearer and nearer we come in to the heaviest of the broken water, towering like a small mountain at our stern.

And now, during these critical moments, if by the slightest mistake in steering or the crew lose their presence of mind, by which the boat is whirled broadside on to the surf, there is small chance of saving any of our lives, as the boat, turned bottom up, is rolled over and over like a helpless log of wood by the tremendous surf, killing the occupants, as the best swimmer in the world would stand but a poor chance in such a case, the back surf carrying them out off the steep sandy beach, where, exhausted, they must soon be drowned if not killed. In our case, our steersman watching every chance with eagle eye, we are carried at the right moment stem on to the beach, where our rowers, at once dropping the oars, jump in up sometimes to the neck as the water recedes, and with one hearty pull on both sides of the boat, and shouts of "Yalla, yalla, yalla," we are safely dragged nearly high and dry up the beach before the next roller can reach us. One of my sturdy boatmen takes me on his back and lands me safely on shore with dry feet.

These Masulah boats are very light, made generally of some light wood, such as cottonwood, while instead of being nailed the various planks are sewed and secured by strong lashings of coir yarn, while in shape they are very deep, carrying quite a heavy load of goods, and the bows and stern of the same shape as our life boats, so that no boats could be better adapted for such a service than the Masulah boat, and accidents are of very rare occurrence, though passengers may get an occasional wetting as they land on the beach. Besides there are days at the full and change of the moon, when the surf runs so unusually high that it is dangerous for even them to venture out, and communication with the shore for days is entirely suspended except by signal or catamaran. On one occasion the mail steamer from England arrived, when the surf was signalled from the shore to be dangerous, but in spite of this warning, three passengers anxious to get ashore, and without counting the cost, started for the shore in the evening, and in the morning I was informed that the boat on getting into the surf capsized, when all three were drowned, while one or two of the boatmen were killed as the boat rolled over and over on them, the remainder escaping with great difficulty to the beach.

When communication with the shore is interrupted in bad weather, or through the heavy surf running, the only plan is by flag signal, between the master attendant's office and the ship, or by catamaran. The master attendant, foreseeing bad weather or the approach of a cyclone, signals to the ship to "veer

more chain," or to "prepare to slip and go out to sea," or "slip your cables and proceed to sea," as his barometer, together with many other symptoms known to the natives and his own experience, tells him that a hurricane or cyclone is approaching the coast. The shipmaster who neglects these warnings may have serious reason to regret it afterwards, as the storm slowly but surely comes down on him, and he finds his ship on a very dangerous lee-shore, where many a good ship has gone to pieces, and many valuable lives been lost. But to return to the catamaran man. The captain of a ship who cannot get on board is anxious to send a note on board, and seeks a catamaran man, who, for a couple of rupees, about four shillings, undertakes to deliver the note on board, in spite of the tremendous surf running. Now, this catamaran is nothing more than two pointed pieces of wood lashed securely together, sufficiently heavy to float a single person in ordinary smooth water; kneeling on this after securing his note or letter in his turban, facing the surf with one paddle he sets off on his dangerous mission, when, as the heavy surf comes rolling in, he dives like a fish through the body of the surf as it rolls along in its terrible force, leaving his strange conveyance to its fate till the first roller has passed, when regaining his position on the catamaran, he paddles swiftly out to meet the next roller, when repeating his feat he gets by degrees outside of all the rollers, and paddling along, soon reaches the ship, where, tying his strange gondola to the gangway ladder, he is soon on board, and delivers his note to the mate as dry as when he

received it from the captain, and how he manages to keep it dry has often been a mystery to me.

These brave men, being such powerful swimmers, have been the means of saving many lives by their undaunted courage, as they bravely struggled to carry lines to the ship fast breaking up on the beach, whereby all hands have been saved in most dangerous positions in those cyclones. Since my last voyage to Madras, a long breakwater and landing pier has been constructed far outside of the surf from the beach, and high enough to be perfectly safe from its fury, where cargo boats can discharge from ships, and even ships' boats may now land passengers. This pier and breakwater was finished at a very great outlay and under very great difficulties, with its line of rails conveying cargoes right up to the city, and it is certainly a great boon to the shipping.

Madras is a most inviting looking place from the shipping, with its splendid offices and stores on what is called the First Line Beach, and there are many splendid buildings in the city as well as the surrounding country. Still, in the native parts of Madras as you proceed back to the Second and Third Line Beaches, as they are called, there is a very great amount of dirt, misery, and squalor, which cannot conduce very much to the health of the native community, and it seems to me to be far less attractive than Colombo, Ceylon. Discharging the rest of our cargo here, we secured a very good freight of cotton, sugar, and hides, besides various kinds of seeds, at a very remunerative rate for London, where, without any casualty, I arrived safely in four months.

THE CONCLUDING ANECDOTE, WITH A HINT TO LANDSMEN.

We have sailed to India, East and West, in the foregoing stories, and now, in concluding my anecdotes, I would like to say a few words in favour of our brave English tars. Many a time I have witnessed, when sickness was raging on board, how tender our sailors could be to one another in cases of yellow fever, cholera, and even small-pox, when there was no medical aid or hospital near, but on the wide ocean far from friends and home. His shipmates would assist the stricken one to the best of their power, while the master, with the limited medical comforts at his disposal, did his best in looking after his men, and trying his utmost to raise them from their sick-bed. There are few landsmen who would believe me were I to relate what I have thus witnessed.

One of my crew had been ailing for a considerable time while cholera was raging on board, and to see how carefully he was looked after would touch the heart of any one not accustomed to such scenes, till death took him away. When carefully sewed up in his hammock, he was launched into the deep, where no headstone marks his resting place, nor green shady trees wave over his grave, as in our beautiful cemeteries on shore, but where our great Creator and Redeemer knows where he is to be found at the great day. There are many other instances of our British sailors' kindnesses to each other in my own experience, where self is forgotten, and their rough, open-hearted

generosity made manifest. Those who know how his hard-earned money often goes when he comes on shore, ought to give their sympathy and aid, both in helping our Sailor's Homes and Seaman's Chapels, as well as treating him with some degree of respect when he conducts himself at all decently and orderly.

Let any of my kind readers go on board one of our merchant ships just come off, it may be, a twelve months' voyage, and witness the patched clothes—though clean—the bronzed faces, and the berths where they have slept during those long, weary months, and the hard kind of living they are subject to, while liable to be called up at a moment's notice—and I am sure they will agree with me that, from the captain downwards, the sailor's life on board our merchant ships is by no means an enviable one. Our man-of-war sailors are well cared for by a humane and Christian Government, and I am well aware that where grievances exist on board our merchant ships the Board of Trade willingly try to remedy these grievances, still there is room for much improvement in our mercantile marine; and in concluding these anecdotes, I trust that my readers will not find anything to offend, but much to amuse and interest in these my "Stories of Life on the Ocean."

A GLOSSARY OF NAUTICAL TERMS.

To Weigh Anchor—is to lift it off the ground and bring it up to the vessel's bow.

Wear Ship—is to turn the ship round and go the opposite way to avoid the land in a gale of wind, or at sea to keep as near her course as possible in a heavy gale.

To Loose Top-Sails, Top-Gallant Sails and Royals, is to open out the sails ready to set, when about to sail.

Topsails are the second sails from the vessel's deck.

Top-Gallant-Sails are the third sails from the vessel's deck.

Royals are the fourth sails above the ship's deck; Sky-sails are still higher than Royals, but they are very seldom used in the present day.

Studding Sails or Stun-sails are used in fair winds, and are extended from the vessel's yards by means of what are called booms, or spars of long rounded wood.

Yards are the long spars to which the sails are tied, and those nearest the deck on the respective mast are called the *Fore Yard, Main Yard,* and *Mizen* or *Cross Jack Yard;* next, the Fore Top Sail Yard, Main Top Sail Yard, and Mizen Top Sail Yard; higher, the Fore Top Gallant Yard, Main Top Gallant Yard, and Mizen Top Gallant Yard; and higher still, Fore Royal Yard, Main Royal Yard, and Mizen Royal Yard.

The Masts are named the same way, viz., Fore Mast, Main Mast, and Mizen Mast; Fore Top Mast, Main Top Mast, and Mizen Top Mast; Fore Top Gallant, Royal, &c.

A Ship Under Way is a ship in motion with sail set, or steamer with engines working and going on her voyage.

The Bowsprit is a heavy spar which projects from the Bow of the vessel, and is so secured that it helps to keep the Fore Mast in its place; the Jibboom is another spar still further out, and is connected with the Flying Jibboom, the farthest out of the whole. Sails are attached to these booms by means of stays; these stays reach from the Fore Mast Heads to the boom ends, being strong ropes of either hemp, or now-a-days mostly wire.

To Tack Ship is to bring the ship round and go the opposite way when sail can be carried, very much the same as wearing ship in a gale of wind, with this difference, that more ground is lost in wearing than in tacking, when the wind is adverse.

Square Sails are suspended and set from the yards of the ship; fore and aft sails, as jibs, flying jibs, &c., are set from the ropes or stays already spoken of.

THE SPANKER is a fore and aft sail which is at the after end of the ship, and is extended by a boom and gaff from the Mizen Mast.

THE SERANG is like the Boatswain of a ship, and is the executive officer of the ship under the chief or 2nd mate of a ship when manned by native Lascars of India. It is pronounced *See-rang'*.

A TINDAL is one of the Serang's assistants, there being generally three or four Tindals in large ships.

"KI"—pronounced "*Ky*," *Ko Tope Mariga*. *Tope* is a gun—*Mariga* is the future of the Bengalee word Mar or "*Maro*," to strike, as why will you fire the gun? or make the gun strike.

TO LUFF is to bring the vessel's head closer up to the wind.

HARD-A-PORT THE HELM—is to alter her course, so that the ship will go quickly and considerably to the right.

HARD-A-STARBOARD is to let the ship go quickly and a good distance to the left.

TO STEADY THE HELM is to let the ship go on the same course.

To reef a Topsail is to make it smaller as the wind increases.

TO FURL A SAIL is to tie certain small ropes or cords round it to prevent its blowing away until better weather comes.

THE HELM has the whole control of the ship, and although but a small piece of wood or iron in comparison to the ship, yet it controls her actions in sailing or steaming.

OUR WATCHES at sea are four hours on deck for the mates, and four hours below; each watch with its men being relieved alternately. There are, however, what are called dog-watches, viz., from four to six in the evening, and from six to eight, in order to change the watches, so that the mate and his watch shall not have eight hours on deck every night, but take turns with the second mate.

ON A LEE-SHORE is when the wind blows so hard towards the land that the ship can hardly carry sail in order to clear the land. Then every effort is made to carry sail, as it is the most dangerous position a ship can be in, excepting that of being in a hurricane at sea.

NOTE.—In large ships like the "Fiery Cross" in the frontispiece, there are four top-sail yards, viz.: the upper and lower fore top sail yard, upper and lower main top-sail yard, and upper and lower mizen top-sail yard, thus dividing each topsail in two, as it were, and making them easier to handle in gales of wind, for by lowering the upper top-sails down, and furling them, we have the ship at once under close-reefed top-sails, and they are always or ought to be of the very best canvas, especially near the land in a heavy gale of wind; the upper top-sails can of course be reefed as the gale increases, before being furled.

D. C.

DUNN AND WRIGHT, PRINTERS, GLASGOW.

WORKS PUBLISHED

BY

DUNN & WRIGHT,

GLASGOW.

GLASGOW:
176 BUCHANAN STREET AND 102 STIRLING ROAD.
ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

DUNN & WRIGHT,

176 BUCHANAN STREET, AND 102 STIRLING ROAD,
GLASGOW.

NEW WORKS.

Crown 8vo, with frontispiece, cloth, gilt title, 3/6.

KNOX

AND THE

REFORMATION TIMES IN SCOTLAND.

BY JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

PREFACE BY REV. ROBERT MUIR, HAWICK.

"Knox was the life and soul of the great Reformation in Scotland."—*Preface.*

"Miss Watson tells the tale of Knox's life, and, as befits her subject, offers such reflections upon events as will guide her readers to proper conclusions concerning matters in question."—*Literary World.*

"We recommend it *very specially* to the attention of teachers, and all who are responsible for the education of the young."—*Glasgow S. S. Magazine.*

"The Publishers, in sending forth such wholesome literature, are doing a good work. We cordially recommend this book for a wide circulation."—*U.P. Magazine.*

"Should be read not only by Scotch people, but by English also, who may thus easily become acquainted with one of those great men whose character and influence shape the destiny of a whole nation."—*Literary World.*

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

"The publication of such a book is always opportune: to many it will be especially so at the present time."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"This is a cheap, compact, and most readable summary of what concerns the mass of *Scotch* people, especially to know about *their* Reformer."—*The Family Treasury.*

Foolscap 8vo, 320 pp., cloth, gilt title, 5/-.

GREYCLIFF HALL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By ALICE PRINGLE, Auchterarder.

Foolscap 8vo, 292 pp., Illustrated, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt title, 3/6.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE TOMBSTONES AND MONUMENTS

ERECTED IN

MEMORY OF THE COVENANTERS.

By JAMES GIBSON,

Editor of "Burns' Calendar," "Burns' Birthday Book," etc.

"Every available source of information has been consulted which could throw light upon the names of the Martyrs."—*Preface.*

NEW EDITIONS.

Foolscap 8vo, 534 pp., cloth, gilt title, 3/6.

THE SCOTS WORTHIES.

"This reprint is a very handsome volume, beautiful in type, chaste in binding, and cheap in price."—*Advance.*

Scots Worthies.—"A work which contains biographical sketches of the leading personages who struggled and died for the Covenanted work of Reformation, and which has obtained an almost unrivalled popularity in the rural districts of Scotland."—Hugh Macdonald.—(See "*Rambles Round Glasgow*," page 152.)

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

HUGH MACDONALD'S WORKS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt title, Illustrated, 3/6 each.

RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW,

AND

DAYS AT THE COAST.

WITH INTERESTING MEMOIR.

"Latest and best editions."—*Evening Citizen.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, engraved Portrait, 3/-.

BROWNIE OF BODSBECK,

AND OTHER TALES,

BY THE "ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

LAURENCE ANDERSON, Esq., MOFFAT.

"Hogg gave himself up to the genius of romance, and luxuriated in fairy visions. If, as has been stated, 'The Queen's Wake' is his most popular poem, 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck' is his favourite story."—*L. Anderson, Moffat.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, frontispiece, 3/-.

Rev. ALEX. PEDEN (the Prophet),

AND

Rev. JAMES RENWICK:

THEIR LIFE AND TIMES.

BY

JEAN L. WATSON, Edinburgh.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON SCOTTISH NATIONALITY

By the Rev. JOHN KER, D.D.,

SYDNEY PLACE U.P. CHURCH, GLASGOW.

"The incidents of the long years of persecution, and the characters of the men who respectively inflicted and endured the cruel wrongs of the dark

---

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

period of Scottish history are delineated in a spirited manner, and cannot fail to engage the interest of young readers, to whom we strongly recommend the book. Young men who are forming libraries of their own cannot do better than add this volume to their collection. The essay by the Rev. Dr Ker on Scottish Nationality is a noble introduction to the book. We trust that this volume will have a large circulation."—*Glasgow Young Men's Magazine.*

"In this volume we have beauty, utility, and cheapness combined. The introduction by Dr John Ker is a piece of as fine and just historical writing as we have anywhere seen. We heartily commend this handsome volume."—*Advance.*

"Our readers will be glad to make the acquaintance of this very attractive and interesting volume, containing memoirs of Alexander Peden and James Renwick. Dr Ker's introductory chapter examines into the origin and development of Scottish Nationality, and is highly instructive and suggestive. We strongly recommend the book."—*Glasgow Sabbath School Magazine.*

"I have read this book with much interest and satisfaction. The Preface by Dr Ker is very admirable, and will do much good. I trust it may be widely circulated and carefully pondered."—Rev. JAMES BEGG, D.D., *Edinburgh.*

"We welcome the volume before us. Perhaps two better specimens of our covenanting forefathers could not have been selected."—*League Journal.*

"Very complete and concise, written in a graphic style, and shows thorough appreciation of Peden's character and principles."—*Kelso Chronicle.*

"Much care has been bestowed on the revision of those portions of the writings of Peden and Renwick that are given in this volume."—Rev. JOHN KER, D.D.

"The story is well told by one who is in deepest sympathy with it, but with a scrupulous regard for truth, and for its clearness and feeling it will be read with interest even by those who are familiar with the original sources. . . . . We very earnestly commend this very neat and cheap edition to our readers, and earnestly wish it a very wide circulation among Irish Presbyterians, by whom, as well as by the Scotch, the names of Peden and Renwick, both of whom visited our island in the 'killing times,' are held in veneration." —*Belfast Witness.*

[UNABRIDGED EDITION.]

256 pp., Royal 32mo, Illustrated cover, 2d; cloth, gilt title, portrait and autograph, 6d.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Within a few months about *Ninety Thousand* copies of this Edition were sold. A very suitable book to put into the hands of Sabbath School and other children.

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

THE TWO GUTHRIES:
THEIR LIFE AND TIMES;
OR, SKETCHES OF THE COVENANTS.

BY

JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

"The author's sketch of the Covenants is simply a great literary treat, as interesting as the most fascinating of our Scottish tales, yet breathing throughout the hallowed and ennobling spirit of these heroic, patriotic, and eminently pious men, 'The Scottish Worthies.' We very heartily commend this volume to our readers, especially to the young."—*The People's Journal.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, frontispiece, 3/-.

COTTAGERS OF GLENBURNIE.

BY

MRS ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

AND SELECTIONS FROM

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.
PREFATORY NOTE

BY

JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

"We are gratified to notice a new edition of this original and well-told tale, which has perhaps done more to improve the dwellings and habits of our villagers than all our sanitary inspectors. The sarcastic style in which the Mrs M'Clartys are exposed to ridicule has operated most effectually in diminishing the number of such characters, and thus tended to promote the cleanliness and comfort of Scottish homes. It is one of those books that will hold its place, and its graphic descriptions of village life will always be read with pleasure. A brief but interesting sketch of the 'Life of the Authoress' is given, including the well-known song; 'My Ain Fireside.'"—*League Journal.*

"As a picture of Scottish village life in the last century, the book is

unequalled and inimitable. Infinite amusement, and no little instruction, may be derived from a perusal of this work."—*Kelso Chronicle.*

"This is an interesting story, which conveys lessons that many housewives in our large towns, as well as in rural districts, need."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

"For the long winter nights or summer evenings this is most useful and healthy literature. A large circulation in every parish throughout Scotland would be one means of doing much to entertain and instruct a vast number who have few books. We cordially thank the enterprising publishers for this beautiful and cheap edition."—*The Advance.*

Crown 8vo, *Illustrated cover*, 1/-; *cloth, gilt title*, 2/-; *fine thick paper edition, gilt edges*, 3/-.

THE QUEEN'S WAKE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THE "ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

PREFATORY NOTE

BY

JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

"A nice edition for the pocket."—*Sheriff Veitch.*

"As a lyric poet, James Hogg is second to Robert Burns. His humorous songs have kept the famous meetings at Ambrose's in a roar; his pastoral lyrics, popular in the drawing-room and at the cottar's fireside, have given a poetical beauty to the rural pastimes and loves of our peasantry; his Jacobite lays have excited and kept up a sympathy with the misfortunes of the Royal house of Stuart, whose history has a melancholy interest; and his patriotic songs, if sung on the eve of a battle, would be more effective than ten thousand men."—*L. Anderson, Esq.*

"Most great works have an interesting history. 'The Queen's Wake' has a particularly rich one. It was not only the author's most successful work, but it was his only great work that could have securely established his literary position in the world."—*Moffat Times.*

Crown 8vo, *Illustrated cover*, 1/-; *cloth, gilt title*, 2/-; *fine thick paper edition, gilt edges*, 3/-.

RINGAN GILHAIZE;

OR, THE TIMES OF THE COVENANTERS.

BY JOHN GALT.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

POLLOK'S TALES OF THE COVENANTERS;

COMPRISING

HELEN OF THE GLEN, RALPH GEMMELL, AND THE

PERSECUTED FAMILY.

WITH LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

"An interesting 'Life of the Author' is given in four chapters, headed Childhood, College Days, Divinity Hall Career, and His Death. In these days of light literature a perusal of Pollok's Tales may furnish a pleasant antidote to much that is frivolous and pernicious."—*League Journal.*

"This covenanting story has had a wide popularity."—*L. Anderson, Esq.*

"Pollok's 'Tales of the Covenanters' have long been favourite reading with young people in Scotland. Older people will find them not unworthy of their perusal in their more mature years. Pollok's views of Gospel truths are wonderfully full and correct. Miss Watson's 'Life' tells with much interest the story of the poet's career."—*Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.*

"There is no need to specify the contents and nature of these 'Tales.' The book is so well known and so universally read that nothing further is required than to mention that a *new edition has appeared.* This is a class of literature that the rising generation should know."—*Advance.*

"Thirty or forty years ago there was hardly a more popular book among intelligent boys than a little volume containing 'Helen of the Glen,' 'Ralph Gemmell,' and 'The Persecuted Family.' If any juvenile library does not contain these Tales, this volume should be at once secured. It is sure to furnish beneficial mental food for the young."—*Kelso Chronicle.*

"We welcome the reprint of such works as these. Pollok's 'Tales' and his grand poem ought to be in every house in Scotland. This edition is a marvel of cheapness."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

"Pollok's 'Tales of the Covenanters' were among our earliest Sabbath-school prizes, and their perusal was to us a source of deep and tearful interest."—HUGH MACDONALD.—See "*Rambles Round Glasgow,*" page 174.

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

THE COURSE OF TIME,

By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.,

WITH PREFATORY NOTE

By JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

"This new issue is an evidence of the continued appreciation in which this 'noble poem' is held. A neat edition, tastefully finished. It also contains a 'Prefatory Note' of great interest."—*Advance.*

"We commend the book for Sunday reading."—*Daily Review.*

"We welcome the reprint of such works as these Scottish Classics, which we should like to be read by every succeeding generation of Scotsmen."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

"'The Course of Time' will remain a standing monument to the intellectual power and sanctified genius of one who passed away at the early age of 26 years. The present edition will make a handsome gift-book."—*League Journal.*

"Pollok's 'Course of Time' has taken its place in the literature of our country, and needs no commendation. Miss Watson's Preface is well and gracefully written, and sketches the leading events in the poet's life. This edition is a marvel of cheapness."—*Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.*

"The 'Course of Time' is one of the poems that posterity will not willingly let die, and we cordially welcome this edition of Pollok's immortal poem; it is a handsome volume. Readers of the poem will be all the better for reading Miss Watson's excellent Prefatory Note."—*Kelso Chronicle.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

ANNALS OF THE PARISH,

AND THE

AYRSHIRE LEGATEES.

By JOHN GALT.

WITH LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

JEAN L. WATSON, EDINBURGH.

"Mr Galt, who was a native of Irvine, Ayrshire, chose that district as the scene of the stories which form the present volume. 'The Annals of the

---

Parish' may be considered to be in relation to Scotland what the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is to England. These 'Annals of the Parish' present the simple manners and homely ways of the villagers of a century ago, and their relations to the parish minister, in a most interesting way, and introduces phases of thought and peculiarities of expression which have almost become extinct."—*Daily Review.*

"Miss Watson's 'Life of the Author' is interesting and well told. The volume is carefully got up, and is worthy a place on the drawing-room table."—*Border Advertiser.*

"Well worthy of perusal, and we have no doubt that it will be extensively circulated."—*Free Press.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

THE DISRUPTION:

A TALE OF TRYING TIMES.

By WILLIAM CROSS, Glasgow.

THIRD EDITION. REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

"It will interest many of our readers to learn that this deservedly popular story is now issued in a cheap but tastefully got-up volume. . . . . One admirable quality of the work is, that while it deals so largely with matters clerical, and while many of the incidents are related with genuine Scottish humour, the author throughout shows a respect for the sacredness of religion, and for the tender susceptibilities of Churchmen and Dissenters alike, which cannot fail to raise him in the estimation of our readers. The book is well printed and handsomely bound."—*Renfrewshire Independent.*

"Not only as an entertaining narrative, but as containing many reliable references to the quick-spreading events of the Disruption era, served up in a thorough attractive form. Around the great events of Disruption history, which to the popular mind are as rough and barren of interest as a boulder on a hill side, the author has planted the fresh and attractive blossoms of literary gracefulness, power of description, and knowledge of human nature, so that at each successive step one is tempted to linger and ponder over the great things that were done in those days. We would particularly recommend this book to the youths of the country."—*Daily Mail.*

"A very clear and interesting story. We can remember the eagerness with which it was read when it was originally published. The tale will always be read with pleasure, as a faithful description of the times of the Disruption, and as providing graphic delineations of Scottish character in its many phases. There is in it capital specimens of genuine Scottish humour. Many

---

of the scenes are given with great vividness of expression. The book is handsomely got up, both in binding and letterpress."—*League Journal.*

"Mr Cross manages his story exceedingly well, and shows abundantly that he was intimate with the events he seeks to describe, while his insight into Scottish character and modes of thought, and his very racy humour, give a piquancy and point to his dialogues, and a sense of reality to his descriptions."—*Border Advertiser.*

"The characteristic features of the work is the holding up of truth and genuine morality, and laying bare the hideous form of moral corruption, in a manner that cannot fail in causing the former to be loved and the latter despised. The work is interspersed with very humorous and laughter-stirring incidents. It deserves an extensive circulation, and we have no doubt it will find its way into thousands of Scottish homes. It is a book for all times."—*The Alderman.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

THE STORY OF

A DISPUTED SETTLEMENT

AFTER THE DISRUPTION;

OR,

LOVE, LAW, AND THEOLOGY.

BY

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

*** *Large Type Library Edition, 608 pages, with 14 full-page Illustrations, gilt edges, 5/-; plain, 4/6.*

"Very lively and interesting."—*Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

"A very appropriate study at the present time."—*Earl of Stair.*

"This is substantially a good as it is a clever book. The author's style is always clear and vigorous; sometimes eloquent, never dull. We will not attempt an epitome of the story itself, but content ourselves with recommending its perusal to all who are interested in the working of Ecclesiastical Courts. There is not a dull page in the whole volume."—*Scotsman.*

"Here is an eminently amusing and clever book. To say so is to award high praise. It is wonderfully rich in good materials. Many of the characters are capitally drawn, with clear, bold, vivid touches, presenting a rare lucidness of outline, great force of colour, and graphic precision, which is really remarkable."—*N. B. Daily Mail.*

"Mr Macdonald treats the subject with great cleverness, and with an

---

amount of racy and farcical humour that reminds one of Irish novelists of the type of Lover and Lever."—*Inverness Courier.*

"Mr Macdonald is intimately conversant with the forms of law that ruled in cases of Disputed Settlements, and these he faithfully reproduces throughout the various steps of the process. We have read the story with combined interest and amusement. The general get-up of the book is admirable."—*Border Advertiser.*

Crown 8vo, Illustrated cover, 1/-; cloth, gilt title, 2/-; fine thick paper edition, gilt edges, 3/-.

A STUDENT'S ADVENTURES IN

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

BY

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

"The student who is the hero has been compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to enlist in the French Zouave regiment, in which he has won his way to a captaincy, and had some startling experiences in the Crimean war. These and some other 'Adventures' Mr Macdonald recounts with a dash and spirit which reminds the reader of Lever's earlier novels. There is not a dull page in this volume, which will be found full of interest to all who relish stories of intrigue and adventure."—*Scotsman.*

Foolscap 8vo, cloth, gilt title, 1/6.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt title, Frontispiece, 1/6.

PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID.

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

New and Popular Edition of the Poets.

Foolscap 8vo, 240 or 288 pages, printed on fine toned paper, in new clear type, Illustrated covers, 6d.; handsomely bound, cloth, gilt title, 1/-.

No. 1. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 2. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 3. BURNS'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 4. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 5. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 6. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 7. CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 8. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
" 9. TANNAHILL'S POETICAL WORKS (with MEMOIR and MUSIC).

—o—

BOYS' POPULAR TALES.

Foolscap 8vo, 240 pages, printed on fine paper, in new clear type, Illustrated covers, 6d.; handsomely bound, cloth, gilt title, 1/-.

No. 1. ROBINSON CRUSOE; by DANIEL DEFOE. Complete.
" 2. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS; by DEAN SWIFT. Complete.
" 3. SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Complete.
" 4. TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. 1st Series.
" 5. Do. do. do. 2nd Series.
" 6. WILLIS THE PILOT; or, the Further Adventures of the Swiss Crusoe Family. Complete.
" 7. LIFE AND GARLAND OF ROBIN HOOD.
" 8. LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.
" 9. SANDFORD AND MERTON.
" 10. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Cloth, gilt title, 1/6; *Illustrated cover, boards*, 1/-.

Helen's Babies & Other People's Children.

By Habberton.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, gilt title, 1/6.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY;

Or, THE BREWER'S FORTUNE.

By Mary D. Chellis.

"This Temperance Story, written by a well-known American Author, gives a very good description of American Life. The lesson, that the liquor traffic bequeaths a fatal inheritance to many who may have made wealth by it, is also effectively enforced."—*League Journal.*

Foolscap 8vo, Cloth, with Portrait, 1/6.

ORATIONS, LECTURES, and ESSAYS.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Uniform with the above, 1/6 *each.*

CRABBE'S TALES AND POEMS.

Two Vols.

Crown 8vo, paper cover, with eight full-page Illustrations, 1/-.

DOINGS IN DANBURY.

By the DANBURY-NEWS MAN.

OTHER WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Popular editions. Illustrated covers, Sixpence each.

HELEN'S BABIES.
OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.
HIS GRANDMOTHERS.
THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.
THAT WIFE OF MINE.

These interesting Works have met with immense success, *many thousands* of them having already been sold.

NEW WORKS ALWAYS IN PROGRESS.

DUNN AND WRIGHT, PRINTERS, GLASGOW.