A LANDLUBBER'S LOG

of HIS VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN

. California. Landlubber's Log of a Voyage 'round the Horn, Being a Journal K
Morton MacMichael, III, during a voyage from Philadelphia to San Francisco
pe Horn, in the American ship "Pactolus." Illustrated, 12mo., original cloth.
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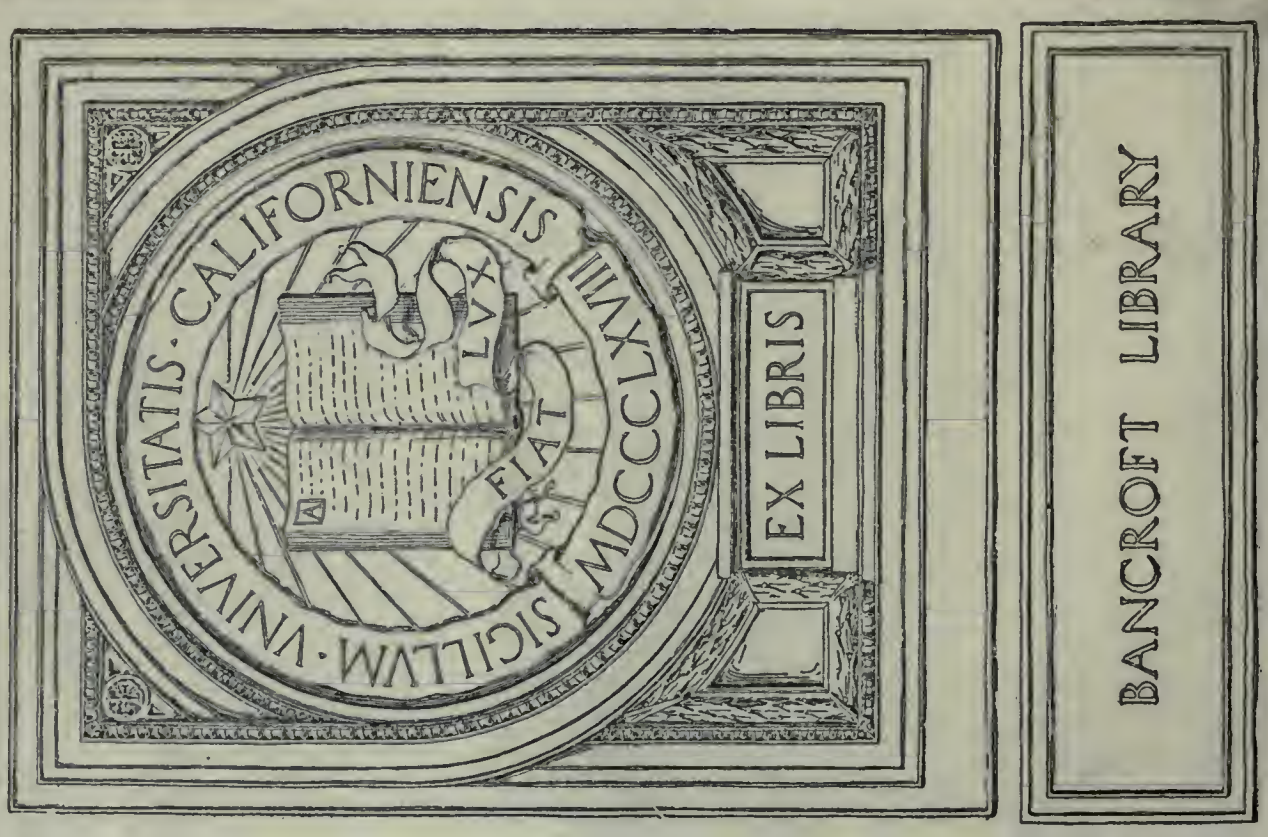


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Pitcairn
PATAGONIA
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Staten Land

A LANDLUBBER'S LOG

OF HIS

VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

BEING

A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A FOUR MONTHS' VOYAGE ON AN AMERICAN MERCHANTMAN,

BOUND FROM

PHILADELPHIA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

BY

MORTON MacMICHAEL 3D.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1883.

INTRODUCTORY.

In launching this little volume upon the current of Christmas-tide literature, the author wishes to explain that it was not written originally with an eye to publication, but simply as a long letter for home consumption only. In that form a small edition was printed for private circulation, but without the proof-sheets having been overhauled and sundry errors corrected. The present edition, if it has no other virtue, is at least ship-shape and correct. The only hope the author has of the book floating after it is launched is derived from the fact that "logs," as a rule, do float, especially when they are of light material, and that this log is certainly the reverse of heavy.

PHILADELPHIA, 1882.

A LANDLUBBER'S LOG

OF

HIS VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

I.

At Sea, July 20.

On the morning of the 7th inst., just as early as the coming dawn made seeing possible, the tugboat that had been lying alongside all night showed signs of life, and the newly-arrived crew were routed from the forecastle, where they had retreated to sleep away the effects of their farewell spree on shore. The silent ship became enlivened with the hoarse shouts of officers and men, and with the rattling of cables hauled in from the dock or being run over to the tug alongside, and ten minutes later left her berth and was heading down the river Delaware. At breakfast-time Philadelphia was far astern, and the anchor had been let go in mid-stream, off the gunpowder-works at Wilmington, Delaware, while from two little sloops alongside we received the final portion of our cargo in the shape of several thousand

kegs and canisters of rifle powder, which elevating article was, with an abandon that was far from reassuring to any one of nervous temperament, stowed away under the after-cabin and beneath our very feet. Ninety tons in all were at last safely battened down beneath the hatches, and the cargo made complete, but dusk was upon us, and we rode at anchor until the following morning. Again an early start, and this time with a fair breeze blowing behind us, to which was spread sail after sail as they were dragged from their locker, sent aloft and bent upon the yards. At half-past four o'clock Cape May and Cape Henlopen were on either beam, and the pilot slid down a rope's end into the little boat awaiting him, and waved us a God-speed. A moment later the ship, now a cloud of canvas, keeled to the pressure of the fair, fresh breeze and swept out upon the billows of the broad Atlantic. It was from this moment of passing from the bay into the ocean that we will compute the length of our voyage, and will consider it ended when we pass the portals of the Golden Gate, the famous entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

In very nearly all the accounts that I have ever read of people sailing away from their homes for foreign lands, the characters thus outward-bound, when leaving port, gaze long and earnestly at the rapidly receding shore, while their hearts swell

and throb with a nameless pain as the memories which cluster about the land they are leaving come rushing through their minds. How much pleasanter it would have been for me could I but have followed their example; then might I have written the regulation remarks about the feeling of sadness that stole over me, as while thinking of family and friends, or of the many happy memories of home, the white-winged ship swiftly left the land. Then could I have described how it grew dimmer with each fleeting moment, until at last naught but a faint, misty, cloudlike streak hung on the distant horizon, and as I gazed again, that f. m. c. s., like unto the f. m. c. s.'s of the book-voyagers, would have faded from my sight, while a single tear would have glistened for a moment on my cheek, and then fallen noiselessly upon the deck. All this *might* I have written had not that saline old nautical deity, Father Neptune, promptly (and with a viciousness which leads me to believe the old gentleman has had a dearth of victims lately) demanded his dues. I had expected an attack, but neither so sudden nor so fierce a one; nor did I anticipate so complete a defeat. In short, fifteen minutes after the ship left the Capes I was hopelessly, helplessly sea-sick. A Japanese proverb says "a sea-voyage is an inch of hell," and for the greater part of six or seven days my opinion on the subject of ocean travel tallied exactly with

that of the slant-eyed philosopher who wrote those words. I took no notice of anything, didn't want to see or eat anything, couldn't have eaten anything if I had wanted to, and was altogether as thoroughly wretched as possible. I have no notes to enter in my log for that week of internal strife; I diligently pursued the *ignis-fatuus*, relief, by all the equally useless methods, for some unknown reason recommended, and carefully compounded and swallowed a dozen or fifteen "remedies for sea-sickness," which disgraced the pages of the captain's "family medicine book," by their presence among respectable and estimable prescriptions. Time, however, accomplished what the delusive medicines and mock reliefs could not, and on the morning of the 15th I turned out to find the sea-sickness gone and my vanished appetite returned. The attack pulled me down in weight, and has left me rather weak, but now that I'm ship-shape again, I'll recover the lost ground rapidly with the help of those capital tonics, fresh air, plain food, plenty of exercise, and early hours.

We have crossed the Gulf Stream and are now in mid-Atlantic, steering south, and we have also worked our way over the first of the three calm belts that must be crossed between the North Atlantic and Cape Horn. It was tedious work, but on the whole we did very well, and were lucky enough not to get really stuck. These exasperat-

ing barriers to quick passages are called the Doldrums by sailors, and the second lies a little north of the Equator, while number three is down at the Tropic of Capricorn. Corresponding calm belts obstruct the navigation of the Pacific on similar parallels of latitude, so that five more of them must be passed over before we reach California. The region of calms we recently were in is known as the Horse Latitudes, and received its name from the fact that before the days of steamers, when the West Indies were supplied with horses from the United States and England, the vessels which carried them would often, when becalmed in those latitudes, run short of water, so that a great part of their living freight had to be thrown overboard in order to save the lives of a few, and in this way thousands of horses were lost. We have also sailed through several of the enormous beds of sea-weed which form the celebrated Sargasso Sea, and the effect was very curious. The weed is very tough, and closely knit into huge patches, which float about, just submerged, and is covered with bunches of little round berries the size of a marrowfat pea. Of course I have to chronicle, too, my first sight of those queer little maritime wanderers, Mother Cary's chickens. Never the traveller yet who didn't mention them, and indeed it is a striking sight, far out on the wind-swept ocean, to see

these tiny birds hovering closely over the surface of the sea, rising as the waves rise, and sinking again as the watery hillock subsides. They appear as tireless as steam-engines, and in their curious wavering flight bear a closer resemblance to bats than to birds. On Thursday a hungry shark mistook the revolving brass fan which is attached to the end of our patent log-line for a fish, and swallowed it. The captain says this is not an infrequent occurrence, although it is not very often that the fans are lost, as the sharks, not finding the article as toothsome as they anticipated, promptly let go. We have several extra fans for just this very reason, and number two is now spinning away astern. At 4 A.M. yesterday morning I was awakened by hearing the mate call down the companion-way to the captain that there was a boat coming alongside. I hurried on some clothes and went on deck, where it was quite dark; but after a minute or so I could make out a long white whale-boat, with seven or eight men in her, pulling for our lee quarter. It was very calm, but we had been hove to and were waiting for them. In a few moments they were alongside, and as we could see no vessels anywhere around us, I had made up my mind that it was a case of shipwrecked mariners afloat in an open boat, and was prepared to see several haggard and starving men drag themselves over the rail, when my ro-

mancing was squelched by hearing a gruff voice sing out from the heaving boat below, "I say there on board the ship, can you let's have some late papers?" Scene, mid-ocean on a pitch-dark morning, a great ship slowly shoving ahead into the darkness; the lookout discovers a row-boat full of men pulling like mad for the ship; ship hove to, and her crew crowding the bulwarks to get a glimpse at the supposed rescued waifs, are at the moment of their greatest suspense for the welfare of the poor creatures, whom Providence has directed the ship should save, requested for some late newspapers. The mysterious strangers were invited on board, and two or three of them scrambled up, one of them an officer, who, as soon as he reached the deck, began bellowing out orders to the men below, and then announced himself as second mate of the brig "D. A. Small," of Provincetown, Massachusetts, three months out on a whaling cruise, and, as he added, "devil a quart of oil." After a short call of fifteen minutes or so the strangers called their boat alongside and bid us good-by, richer by a bundle of New York and Philadelphia papers than when they came. The brig, which we could now see in the breaking daylight, lay some three miles astern, so that our friends had a pretty hard pull for their news, for rowing a heavy whale-boat in mid-ocean is a vastly different description of sport than the same dis-

tance pulled in an ordinary row-boat on a river or lake. Just after sunrise we made out a large ship on the port bow, evidently bound for Europe, so we unloosened the signal halliards, spread out the flags, and soon were near enough for her to see that we had a message for her to carry to port for us. When she was fairly abeam, about two miles to windward, and making a superb picture as the sun shone on her broad white sails, we ran our bunting aloft to the signal-gaff, and gave her our name and nation; then followed "from Philadelphia for San Francisco," "eleven days out," our longitude, and "all well." In return we got, "American ship Queenstown," "Rangoon for the channel," "will report you—wish you a pleasant voyage." Then both ships dipped the American colors three times and the flags were put away. Following the rule that it never rains but it pours, we spoke two other vessels before sunset, one a French bark, belonging to a company that owns ninety-nine vessels, which number it never allows to increase or diminish, and which instead of naming the craft comprising this large fleet, number them instead. The one we spoke carried the figures 43 prominently displayed in black on her mainsail, and the other vessels of the company carry their numbers in the same conspicuous position. She was seventy-two days out from Valparaiso, Chili, and was bound for Falmouth, England.

The third vessel spoken was also a bark, but this time a Britisher, and was making for London on a voyage from Bombay. Like the "Queenstown," both barks promised to report us. I intend to write this log but once a week, and am going to give the weather, and other regular matters of record at sea, a special page, where they can be seen in tabulated form. Sunday will be the day for this log-writing, and after the tables above mentioned, and the incidents of the week are noted down, I shall try and give you some idea of what life on a merchantman is like, and how Jack fares, and what he does on a voyage round the stormy cape.

Table giving daily Latitude, Longitude, Miles sailed, Temperature at noon, and Remarks on the Weather, etc., from July 9 to July 27 inclusive.

July 9.—Lat. 38° 21′ N. Ship's run—134 miles.*
Lon. 72° 18′ W. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Weather fine and cool.

July 10.—Lat. 38° 06′ N. Run—140 miles.
Lon. 69° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Weather fine.

July 11.—Lat. 37° 53′ N. Run—134 miles.
Lon. 65° 45′ W. Temp. at noon, 81°.
Clear and cool all day. Squally during the night.

July 12.—Lat. 37° 29′ N. Run—205 miles.
Lon. 61° 16′ W. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Weather very fine.

July 13.—Lat. 36° 49′ N. Run—226 miles.
Lon. 56° 36′ W. Temp. at noon, 79°.
Weather fine, except occasional short and light squalls during morning. Sea rough.

July 14.—Lat. 36° 31′ N. Run—222 miles.
Lon. 51° 45′ W. Temp. at noon, 79°.
Weather fine.

July 15.—Lat. 35° 36′ N. Run—226 miles.
Lon. 47° 09′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.
Weather fine. Sea running high.

July 16.—Lat. 33° 59′ N. Run—173 miles.
Lon. 44° 21′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.
Fine weather continues. Sea rough.

July 17.—Lat. 32° 34′ N. Run—138 miles.
Lon. 42° 29′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather fine. Light airs.

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* Nautical miles.

July 18.—Lat. 31° 50′ N. Run—52 miles.
Lon. 41° 42′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather fine and warm. Light airs and calms.

July 19.—Lat. 30° 58′ N. Run—56 miles.
Lon. 41° 47′ W. Temp. at noon, 88°.
Weather fine and warm. Light airs all A.M. Got the N.E. trade winds about 3 P.M.

July 20.—Lat. 28° 11′ N. Run—174 miles.
Lon. 41° 24′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Fine weather all day. Squally at night.

July 21.—Lat. 24° 38′ N. Run—224 miles.
Lon. 40° 22′ W. Temp. at noon, 83°.
Same weather as yesterday. Sea very high and rough.

July 22.—Lat. 21° 13′ N. Run—218 miles.
Lon. 39° 37′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Squalls at short intervals during morning, and again late at night.

July 23.—Lat. 19° 01′ N. Run—133 miles.
Lon. 39° 27′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather very fine.

July 24.—Lat. 16° 38′ N. Run—180 miles.
Lon. 37° 40′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather still fine.

July 25.—Lat. 14° 11′ N. Run—160 miles.
Lon. 36° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather fine. Several dry squalls during the day. Wind died away towards evening.

July 26.—Lat. 13° 11′ N. Run—70 miles.
Lon. 35° 59′ W. Temp. at noon, 84°.
Weather beautiful. Light air and calms.

July 27.—Lat. 11° 54′ N. Run—78 miles.
Lon. 35° 36′ W. Temp. at noon, 85°.
Rain-squalls before sunrise. Clear and warm all day. Continued calms. Lost N.E. trade winds to-day.

II.

At Sea, July 27.

The above table brings me up to date as far as our daily records of position, distance sailed, and weather reports are concerned, and a glance at it will show how uniformly fine the weather has been since we left Philadelphia, the few squalls we have experienced coming as a rule at night, and although the sea has been rough on several occasions, the ship has ridden like a cork and the decks been as dry as a bone. I might say, in explanation of the tables, that a nautical day is from meridian to meridian, that is to say, from noon to noon, and when, as under to-day's heading, I say we ran seventy-eight miles, I mean that distance was covered from twelve o'clock yesterday to twelve o'clock to-day.

July 23.—In the evening a flying-fish that struck one of the lower sails fell on deck, and being the first one I have had a close view of, was a curiosity; it measured about nine inches in length, and was shaped like a chub. The next morning I found it nicely broiled on my plate at breakfast, and can recommend the species as both delicate and well flavored. Flying-fish, the mate tells me, are about the only deep-water fish that have scales, nearly all others met at sea, from the dolphins to the whales, wearing a skin. Passed two small

vessels bound north; shortly after dark they passed across the face of the newly arisen moon, and formed for the moment a very pretty silhouette. Later, made out the celebrated constellation of the Southern Cross, on the southern horizon; but it will be some time before we see it in its most beautiful phase, that is, shining with great brilliancy directly above us.

July 25.—During the morning passed through a large fleet of nautilus, those renowned little creatures of the jelly-fish species, that spread their tiny film-like sails in delicate shades of pink and blue, and cruise about over the waves, sometimes alone or in little groups, and again, as I first saw them, in vast numbers. The sunlight playing on the thousands of rising and falling sails made a very pretty picture. We were slopping along at a lazy pace when we overtook the fleet, which was running before a gentle breeze just strong enough to suit the sailing qualities of its tiny craft, and after scoring several misses in my attempts to catch one, I succeeded at last in slipping a bucket directly beneath a beauty and hauled it aboard without disturbing it in the slightest degree. Placing the bucket on deck, I went forward to call the carpenter and show him my prize. As we started aft we saw one of the ship's cats approach the bucket and proceed to investigate the nautilus, doubtless attracted by its fishy odor, and

before we could interfere puss had captured the prize, and was scampering away with it. Another name common to the nautilus is that of Portuguese men-of-war, and this specimen promptly gave evidence of its warlike nature by stinging the cat before she had carried it across the deck, pussy dropping it with a terrified yowl, and vanishing into her sanctum, the galley, as though a dozen dogs were at her heels. During the rest of the day she sat in a corner, uttering plaintive meyows, and alternately rubbing her cheeks on the deck or scraping her swollen tongue with one of her front paws.

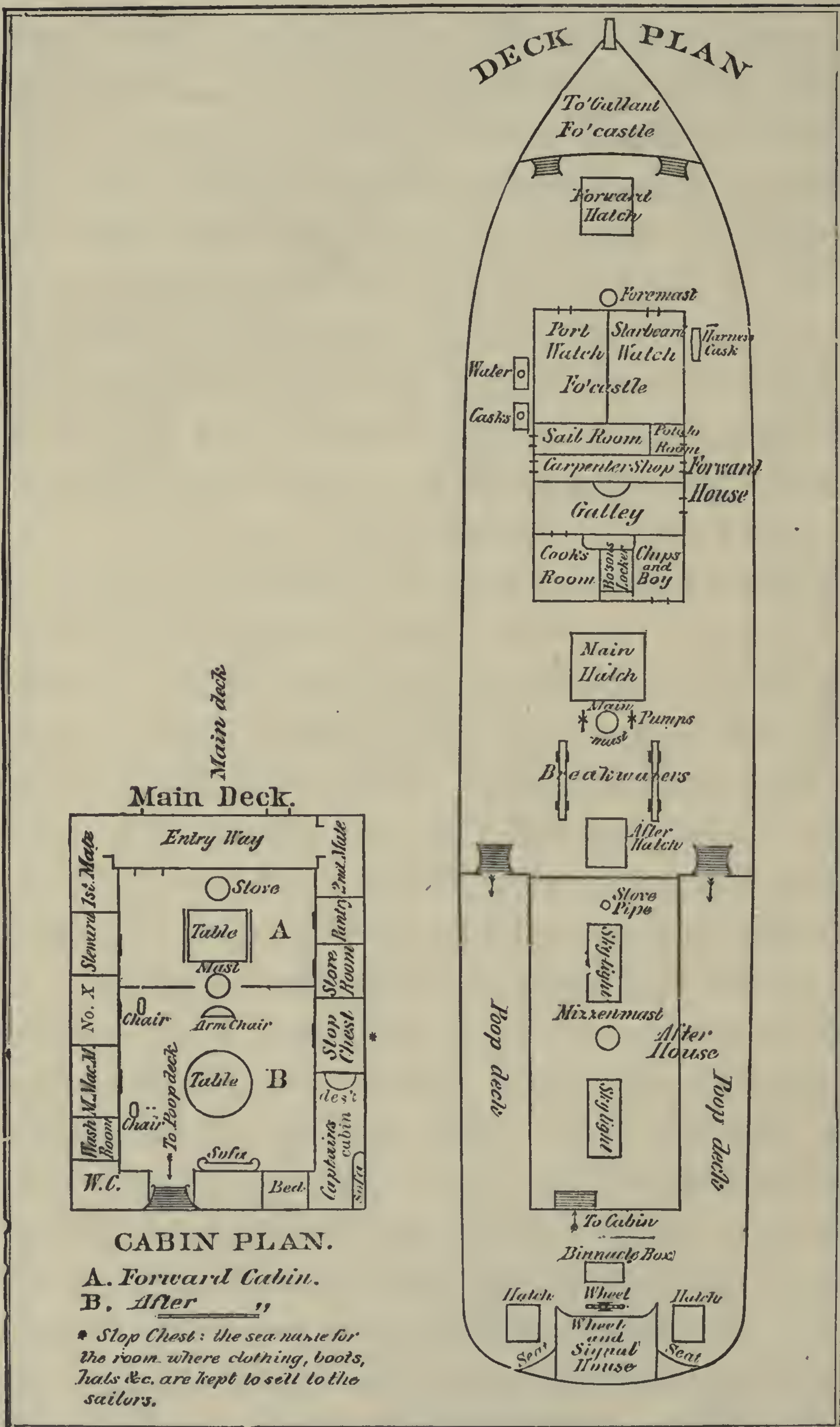
July 26.—The ship becalmed. Took a plunge-bath overboard, with a light line around me,—the captain made such a fuss about sharks, however, that I soon came on deck. This bringing me up to date, I will close the log for this week with an account of the ship herself, and from week to week hereafter tell you of her officers and crew, and how we pass the time.

The "Pactolus" is a Maine-built ship, and was launched in the winter of 1864; she was built by her present owners, a New York firm, whose house-flags flutter at the peaks of some of the finest clippers of our mercantile marine. Her measurements are as follows: length one hundred and ninety-eight feet, beam thirty-eight feet six inches, and she registers twelve hundred and

five tons. She is full ship-rigged, carries very heavy spars, and when under full sail spreads fifteen thousand square feet of canvas. Her model is graceful, her bows as sharp and symmetrical as those of a yacht, and she rides the waves as easily and buoyantly as a duck a country pond. To save myself the trouble of describing her various parts, I offer the accompanying sketches of the arrangement of her deck and cabin, which I hope will give you a good idea of the ship's various departments.

The poop-deck is elevated above the main deck about four or five feet, and the top of the after-house is also used as a deck, and is the favorite lounging-place of the officers and captain in the early evening, the tops of the skylights forming comfortable seats. There is also a hammock swung there from the mizzen-mast to the mizzen shrouds, and the spanker-boom, especially when the sail is set, affords a capital resting-place.

July 30.—The ship surrounded by a large school of porpoises all day. It numbered probably over two hundred fish. They seemed to be divided into families of five, and sometimes six or seven fish each. These would swim about in a perfect line, all abreast, all curving out of water at once, and each tail disappearing at the same instant. The calm water was alive with these files of marine soldiers, whose drilling would reflect honor


DECK PLAN
To'Gallant Fo'castle
Forward Hatch
Foremast
Port Watch
Starboard Watch
Fo'castle
Harness Cask
Water
Casks
Sail Room
Potato Room
Carpenter Shop
Forward House
Galley
Cook's Room
Boson's Locker
Chips and Boy
Main Hatch
Main mast
Pumps
Breakwaters
After Hatch
Stove Pipe
Skylight
Mizzenmast
After House
Skylight
Poop deck
Poop deck
To Cabin
Binnacle Box
Hatch
Wheel
Hatch
Wheel and Signal House
Seat
Seat
Main deck
Main Deck.
Entry Way
1st. Mate
2nd. Mate
Stove
Table
A
Steward
Pantry
Mast
Store Room
No. X
Chair
Arm Chair
Slop Chest
Table
B
W. MacM.
desk
Chair
To Poop deck
Wash Room
Captain's cabin
Sofa
W.C.
Bed
Sofa
CABIN PLAN.
A. Forward Cabin.
B. After ,,
* Slop Chest: the sea name for the room where clothing, boots, hats &c. are kept to sell to the sailors.

ON DECK.

on the State Fencibles themselves. The captain tried to harpoon one during the morning, but they would not approach close enough, as only when the ship has some head-way will they venture to play about the bow. A breeze sprang up about three o'clock, and the second mate lashed himself to the martingale (which is the bar of wood pointing downward from the bowsprit) to try his luck at sticking a porpoise, numbers of which were playing underneath him. After one blank cast he drove the harpoon deep into a regular old warrior, who struggled like a Trojan, but who was finally landed on deck, all hands having given a hand to the rope and singing a sailor's song as they hove him over the rail. He measured nine feet six inches in length. That evening and all day Thursday we regaled ourselves with porpoise steaks, liver, and brains served up in various styles. The first tasted not unlike very coarse juiceless beef, the second had the delicate flavor of black mud, but the brains were really quite palatable. On the appearance of a plate of steaks for Friday's breakfast, the unanimous vote of captain, mate, and passengers consigned about two hundred pounds of still uncooked meat to a watery grave, where it probably served as the dinner of some hungry shark. From inside the jawbone we got nearly a quart of very fine oil, which is highly prized by jewellers on account of its purity.

Table for week ending August 3.

July 28.—Lat. 11° 42′ N. Run—13 miles.
Lon. 45° 42′ W. Temp. at noon, 86°.
Weather fine. Calms and cat's-paws.

July 29.—Lat. 10° 17′ N. Run—109 miles.
Lon. 34° 52′ W. Temp. at noon, 85°.
Weather fine. Light breezes and calms.

July 30 —Lat. 9° 57′ N. Run—46 miles.
Lon. 34° 04′ W. Temp. at noon, 84°.
Weather fine.

July 31.—Lat. 8° 13′ N. Run—136 miles.
Lon. 32° 38′ W. Temp. at noon, 81°.
Squalls all day; very heavy rain during afternoon.

August 1.—Lat. 7° 19′ N. Run—218 miles.
Lon. 28° 57′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather fine. Sea rough and heavy.

August 2.—Lat. 6° 28′ N. Run—139 miles.
Lon. 28° 25′ W. Temp. al noon, 83°.
Weather fine. Got S.E. trade winds during morning. Sea remains rough.

August 3.—Lat. 4° 51′ N. Run—146 miles.
Lon. 28° 34′ W. Temp. at noon, 83°.
Weather fine. Sea still rough.

III.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, August 3.

ANOTHER week of beautiful weather, the first three days being mostly calm. These calms, although great bugbears to the captain, who frets at the delays they cause in the passage, are to me very pleasant. The contrast is indeed great between when, with every stitch of canvas set, we go plunging along before a stiff breeze, reeling off twelve knots the hour, the ocean covered with white-caps as far as the eye can see, and, when not a breath of air stirring, the ship rolls heavily on the long swells that glisten under the sun like metal. In the shadow of the ship the clear blue water makes me yearn to tumble in and take a swim, but the little word "sharks" explains why I curb my desires and remain on deck. Still, a few buckets of salt water poured over me by one of the sailors is enough of a substitute to take the edge off my disappointment.

While thus becalmed we often lose steerage-way altogether, swinging all around the compass. The sails, swung backwards and forwards by the motion of the vessel, slap against the masts at regular intervals with loud reports, and the timbers creak and groan at a great rate. Calms wear out

a ship's sails and rigging much faster than breezes do, on account of the constant chafing they undergo. To avoid this in a measure the parts most exposed are thickly padded with yarn, etc.; this is called "chafing-gear," and is taken off when going into port.

The sunsets on these calm evenings are exquisitely beautiful, especially the afterglow, when soft rays of almost every imaginable color shoot up from the horizon, spreading out like huge fans, the different tints blending together as delicately as the colors in mother-of-pearl, which illegitimate jewel is perhaps the best simile I could find to describe the sky at these times. In fact, since leaving port we have enjoyed a series of sunsets beautiful beyond description. The ocean is the place to see them at their best, and here in the tropics are witnessed the most beautiful ones. Sometimes, when after a blow the clouds are wild and broken, the effects are positively startling; no artist could ever hope to reproduce them, and were they transferred to canvas, people would probably pronounce them strangely unnatural.

I shall devote this week's entry in the log to a description of the officers and crew, starting of course with the captain, or, to give him his sailor name, "the old man." This title, which is always applied in utter disregard of the number of birthdays the skipper may have seen, is in the case of

Captain C——, who commands the "Pactolus," most certainly a misnomer, for he is only thirty years of age. About five feet ten inches in height, with broad shoulders, a strongly-built figure, brown hair and eyes, and a well-tanned face, smoothly shaven with the exception of a small moustache, the captain is as handsome as he is pleasant, and a thorough sailor and navigator both in theory and practice. He is a genial, good-natured fellow, who takes an absorbing interest in his profession and its duties, and seems also to take great pleasure in dispelling the darkness of a landlubber's ignorance with which I am at first naturally befogged. Under his patient guidance the mysteries of the maze of rigging have been made clear, the unknown lingo of technical orders has become sense to my ears, and I have learned to box the compass, heave the log, handle the wheel, and (with considerable assistance as yet) "shoot the sun." Every day when he locates our position on the chart he chats with me about it as though I were as good a navigator as himself, and altogether impresses me with the conviction that it would have been difficult to have found a pleasanter commander. Sprung from a race of hardy New England mariners, and hailing from the coast of Maine, he has from his fifteenth year pursued a sailor's life, and has mounted from the forecastle of a coaster to the quarter-deck of a

clipper. He joined the "Pactolus" as third mate, successively filled the berths of second and first mates, and three years ago, after eight years' service on board, was given command. He loves his ship, which for so many years has been his home, and is, as I said, devoted to his profession, spending a great part of his time each day in working up sights, taking observations, fixing his charts and log-books, and in poring over nautical records and sailing directions. For the government he keeps a most complicated meteorological journal, which involves no small amount of labor, and for which he has been very highly complimented by the authorities at Washington. Proud of his ship, it is his delight to keep her in perfect order, and to sustain her good name for rapid passages, and on this voyage is racing with the clipper-ship "Joseph S. Spinney," a two-thousand-tonner, that sailed from New York for San Francisco five days before we passed to sea. The two captains are old friends and rivals, and for the last three years the two ships have once each twelvemonth started at the same time for California. Twice the "Pactolus" triumphantly scored the best run, but last season the "Spinney" won in a canter after a rattling passage of one hundred and seventeen days. Perhaps, however, the "Pactolus" was not put through her best paces, for Captain C—— was for some reason compelled to

shift his command for the time being, and another skipper took his ship to San Francisco for him. This voyage he is resolved to retrieve last year's defeat, and it will be a bitter pill for him to swallow if the "Spinney" scores the better run. Naturally I back him in his wish for victory. At variance with the habits of most sailors, the captain never smokes, and while at sea never drinks either wines or liquors, but for all that frowns not on those petty vices if practised by his officers or crew.

Mr. B——, the first mate, is the captain's senior by one year, and like him is also a New Englander, being a native of Connecticut. He is stouter than the captain, has a short, reddish beard, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and when rigged out in a pea-jacket, high-top boots, and a big flat-topped Scotch cap, is the picture of a jolly sailor. He, too, is a thorough seaman, and he gives his orders with a snap and vim that sends the sailors about their duties in double-quick time. Like the captain, Mr. B—— is very kind in explaining anything I wish to know about the vessel. He has been in many parts of the world in the course of his life at sea, and has plenty of yarns to spin of his adventures and experiences, some of which are most interesting and amusing, even if they are here and there inlaid with unmistakable "taffy." He is a great smoker and reader, is

well posted on all sorts of topics, and takes much pleasure in the large supply of cheap reprints I have on board with me, having in fact read a great many more of them than I have myself. Mr. B—— is slightly English in his feelings, having married an English lady and lived there at various periods of his life, Liverpool, in fact, being his home. We are great friends, and I spend hours on deck with him on the evenings when it is his early watch.

Our second mate, Mr. D——, is a character, and promises to be a most important element in making my voyage a pleasant one. As to his capabilities I give the verdict of the captain and mate, who declare him to be a capital sailor and second officer, but a failure when it comes to the science of navigation. However, he doesn't have to take a hand in that branch of the ship's routine, and so it don't matter. He daily goes through the process of taking sights, as his superior officers do, but they smile and say his efforts are a delusion and a snare which they are not to be taken in by, although they are too good-natured to let him know that they see through his attempt to be judged a navigator. He claims to be from Maine, but again his superiors doubt him, and style him a "blue nose," by which they mean a native of Nova Scotia. What they form their opinions upon I cannot tell. Mr. D—— is a fine-looking

fellow, of powerful build and dark complexion, and is, I should judge, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. His character may be described as being a combination of Mark Tapley and the Baron Munchausen, for good nature and light-heartedness seem to be his natural state of mind, and his fictions are continuous and colossal. Whatever he does he seems to enjoy doing it: whether it be spinning a yarn, singing a song, playing a fiddle, or damning the crew, he does it with a hearty good-will, and does it with a chuckle and a smile. But his strong point is the facility and readiness with which he can invent and relate stories of such utter improbability that the tales of the aforementioned baron seem by comparison but mild effort at drawing the long-bow. He is always ready to spin these entirely unbelievable yarns, and does so with an earnestness and gusto which are most amusing, and what makes them even more attractive, they are all related as being his own personal experiences. Mr. D—— possesses an old violin, fearful in tone, and with but two strings, on which he spends most of his watches below in sawing into a wheezing accompaniment to the comic ditties that he loves to sing, interspersing them with jokes and sayings of the nature that delight variety theatre patrons and the gods of the gallery. Often he will bring this treasured instrument into the carpenter-shop, and,

seated on a low stool, will amuse himself and an audience consisting of the carpenter, the cook, the steward, and myself with his capital imitations of negro and Dutch performers. These performances delight him greatly, and he often laughs till the tears trickle down his cheeks.

The carpenter is a very important man on board, and is known as "Chips." He is busily engaged from morning till night, and stands no watches. Our *Chips* is a middle-aged, pleasant-faced Yankee, a cousin of the captain, and a very companionable man, in whose shop I spend many a pleasant hour whittling sticks and chatting. Then come those important functionaries, the steward and cook, both genuine almond-eyed Chinamen, who can talk a limited amount of pigeon-English, and are very queer chaps. Of the two the steward is the more accomplished, and is making praiseworthy efforts to improve his limited knowledge of English by diligently studying with a spelling-book and slate. Nearly every evening he devotes an hour to his task, and sometimes I help him along, much to his delight. On board his title is simply "steward," but he says, "Me leal namee b'long Chin Lee; me comee flom Tin Sin (Tsin Tsin); b'long vellie nice place in China."

Thus it is seen that I am very pleasantly fixed as regards the *personnel* of the ship's officers, and

this brings me to the crew, among whom should be placed the last three mentioned personages. The sailors number sixteen, and are, the mate tells me, an average lot. Their nationality is various, England, France, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Italy, and Ireland all contributing one or more specimens of their mariners, and they seem a willing and hardy set of Jacks. Later I will speak of them again. Last comes the ship's boy, at best a thankless berth, and when unpleasant, unpleasant with a vengeance. Our boy is the only American before the mast. He is from Girard College, and like many a boy before him, longed to be a sailor, so, after useless expostulations from his teachers and friends, shipped on board the "Pactolus." He acknowledges already that the life is not what he had pictured it to be, but pluckily takes a cheerful view of it. I fancy he has not been fully tested yet, and that there is plenty of experience in store for him that will try his mettle far more than that he has already gone through. It's a hard school, and no mistake, but he has good-natured superiors, and that counts for everything in the life of a ship's boy, for with tyrants for officers, as is so often the case, the ship's boy has about as utterly miserable an existence as can be imagined.

With the addition of my fellow-passenger, an American gentleman of about thirty years of age,

who is bound for California with the intention of going into business there, we number, all told, twenty-five hands, and next week I will try and give you some idea of our various daily occupations.

Table for week ending August 10

August 4.—Lat. 2° 26′ N. Run—155 miles.
Lon. 29° 37′ W. Temp. at noon, 84°.

Weather beautiful. Sea moderating.

August 5.—Lat. 0° 40′ S. Run—190 miles.
Lon. 30° 48′ W. Temp. at noon, 79°.

Weather fine. Crossed the equator at 7.30 A.M., twenty-seven and one-half days from Capes of Delaware. Heavy dew after sunset.

August 6.—Lat. 2° 35′ S. Run—127 miles.
Lon. 31° 52′ W. Temp. at noon, 79°.

Squally between 1 and 8 A.M. Rest of the day very fine. Sea rough and ugly.

August 7.—Lat. 4° 54′ S. Run—177 miles.
Lon. 33° 37′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.

Fine weather. Rough cross-sea. Ship twisting badly. Passed fifteen miles west of island of Fernando de Noronha at 12.30 A.M.

August 8.—Lat. 6° 45′ S. Run—162 miles.
Lon. 35° 29′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.

Squalls and rain till 12 M. Land in sight about Cape Branco, bearing W.S.W. to W. by N. Distance about eighteen miles after 1 P.M. Weather fine all afternoon and evening.

August 9.—Lat. 7° 44° S. Run—136 miles.
Lon. 34° 39′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.

Weather beautiful at 12 M. Were within six miles of the coast of Brazil. Tacked ship and stood to the eastward at that hour.

August 10.—Lat. 9° 32′ S. Run—145 miles.
Lon. 34° 12′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.

Weather very fine.

IV.

At Sea, Sunday, August 10.

August 7.—During the day, we passed between the Rocas Reef and the island of Fernando de Noronha. The former bearing west, some sixty miles on our starboard, and the island quarter that distance on our port beam.

The Rocas is a circular coral reef, mostly just submerged, and about two miles in diameter, and is the only one of its kind in the west Atlantic. Lying as it does about one hundred and twenty-five miles off the northeastern extremity of the Brazilian coast, directly in the great highway across the equator, it is considered one of, if not the most dangerous spots in that ocean. On its treacherous coral rocks are piled the timbers of many fine ships, which, without warning of any kind, have rushed headlong to their destruction. Fernando de Noronha—the outlines of which were visible from deck—is an island about six and a half miles long by two miles wide, and is by far the largest of a small cluster. The shore is generally very steep and rocky, at one place towering into a rugged peak eight hundred feet high; but there are one or two small bays, where sandy beaches may be found. It is said to be a

beautiful spot, having a great variety of tropical vegetation, is owned by the Brazilian government, and is used as a convict station and place of exile for political offenders. They most certainly have a preferable prison to that of the subjects of the Czar, who are waltzed off to Siberia.

The same day we ran past two barks, probably bound for Rio, and another flying-fish contributed himself to our breakfast bill of fare by flying on board. Of the many thousands we see all around the ship, I wish more would follow his example.

August 8.—Sighted the coast of Brazil, while on an inshore tack, beating past Cape Saint Roque. To me it only seemed a low streak, looking like a fog-bank, but the captain assured me it was land. During that night we continued standing in towards shore.

August 9.—At sunrise the coast bore about twenty miles to the westward. The breeze was very light, and, although every stitch of canvas was set, the ship moved but slowly. It was as beautiful a day as I ever saw. The sky, a delicate turquoise shade, formed a charming contrast to the deep sapphire blue of the ocean, whose surface was scarcely more than rippled by the light airs, and the sun, instead of broiling us alive as it is in the habit of doing people down here, only raised the quicksilver to "eighty." At 10 A.M. the nearest land lay about twelve miles on the star-

board beam, the ship then heading about south. Going aloft with a glass to get a better view, I soon made out a fleet of small sails standing off shore, and heading so as to pass close to us. Half an hour brought them close enough for the captain to pronounce them catamarans, and a few minutes later the entire fleet of perhaps twenty-five or thirty passed within short range, several going so close under the stern that we could have tossed a penny over them. These curious boats, or rather rafts, are made by lashing side by side some four or five large logs with pointed ends, leaving room enough between each log for the free passage of the water. Over these is laid a plank deck, through which is stuck the mast. At the back is lashed a raised seat, on which the helmsman sits or leans to steer, which he does with a long oar. The catamarans were mostly rigged with leg-of-mutton sails, but some few had small spankers, and one high-toned captain sported a jib about the size of a healthy towel. The men who comprised their small crews (some carrying two and others three) were dark-skinned chaps with straight black hair, and are the Indian fishermen of the coast. This was apparent from the nets that we could see hanging on the masts, together with a big bag, which probably held their provisions. The fleet all passed us, heading northeast, in which direction lie the fishing-banks that

supply Pernambuco. By noon we were only six miles off shore. A little to the southward the land receded, showing us the entrance to Pernambuco harbor, and had we been bound there, a few hours would have found us at anchor off the city front. Pernambuco is the third city in importance in Brazil, and has about one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The city proper we could not see, but perched on the summit of one of the high hills that form a range of the town the suburb of Olinda was plainly visible from deck. The houses and churches, which are all white, looked very pretty, imbedded as they were on the green hills. Some little distance from the village stands an old convent in the centre of a cocoanut grove, three trees of which tower far above their fellows, and are seen a long distance off when coming in from sea.

From aloft I could easily make out the line of surf breaking on the beach, and also a low fort which was built a long time ago by the Dutch, the stones in its foundation being brought all the way from Europe. Tacking again at 12.30, we ran direct off shore before a fine land breeze, and by 4 P.M. had sunk the land astern. About two o'clock my attention was attracted by what looked like a patch of breakers, half a mile on the weather bow. The second mate noticed it at the same moment, and pronounced it to be a couple of

whales playing or fighting. So it proved, and soon afterwards many others were seen blowing in the same direction. They gradually drew nearer, and two monsters followed us, playing in our wake, while others were rising all around the ship. The mate and I went up in the mizzen cross-trees, from which elevated seat the entire forms of the big ones astern could be plainly seen. They would come within a hundred feet of the ship, rise and blow, and then sink a few feet below the surface for a minute, and swim on again. After half an hour of this performance the captain loaded his rifle, and just as one spouted let drive. The slug struck "full and by;" the whale stung by the pain threw himself almost out of the water, coming down with a sounding smack, and throwing the spray for many yards. On striking the water he fluked or dived, his tremendous tail giving an extra flourish or so before it disappeared; at the same time his mate vanished. Shortly afterwards I took a shot at one who was blowing about two hundred yards away on the port quarter, and the result was very satisfactory—to the whale.

They were of the sperm variety, and blew a small cloud of what looked at a little distance like white smoke or steam. The two big ones that came so near were at least seventy feet long. This being my first peep at a whale, and such an

exceptionally good one, I must mark the day down as a *red-letter* one.

The voyage from the United States or England to San Francisco is divided by mariners into five parts: first, from, say Philadelphia, to the equator in the Atlantic; second, from the equator to the fiftieth degree of latitude south; third, thence to the fiftieth degree south, in the Pacific; fourth, to the equator; and, fifth, to San Francisco. The first of these stretches we have completed, having crossed the equator on Tuesday morning, about eight o'clock, after a run of four thousand and fifty-five miles in twenty-seven and one-half days, being an average of one hundred and forty-seven and one-half miles a day, or about six and one-eighth knots an hour. For the season the run is a very good one, and the captain is much pleased. According to ancient lore I am now a member of Father Neptune's large family by virtue of having crossed the line. I had always imagined the equator, at sea, to be a place where perpetual calms reigned, and the mercury never sank below 100°. This idea was rather upset by seeing us run over on a cool day, before a stiff breeze, and the sea high enough to keep the spray flying in clouds over our bow. On leaving the "line" astern we also bid farewell for a time to the North Star, and expect again to catch a glimpse of his twinkle about the first week in October.

And now to tell you how we work and play. The captain, in the first place, is lord paramount; he stands no watch, does just as he chooses, and is of course unaccountable to any one on board. His word is law, and he must be obeyed without a question in everything; he has the power to turn his officers off duty, and even to break them and make them do sailors' work and live in the fo'castle, so that to ship with a tyrannical skipper generally insures both officers and men a disagreeable time of it.

Captain C——, however, is anything but a tyrant, although he keeps the ship under strict discipline. He spends his time about as follows: rising very early, he goes on deck and talks over the night's work with the officer on watch. Directly after breakfast he winds all the chronometers and clocks, and takes a sight for longitude. During the morning he overlooks the sail-makers, takes other sights for longitude, writes the official log for the previous night, and at noon takes an observation for latitude. Just as the sun reaches the meridian he orders eight bells to be struck, and then the clocks are regulated for the day. All other hours are struck on the authority of the clock in the binnacle, but at noon the man at the wheel must wait the captain's word. Dinner, at quarter-past twelve o'clock, being over, he marks off the ship's position on the charts and lays out

her course for the following day. In the afternoon he is generally on deck for an hour or two, and the rest of the time reading in his cabin. After supper (5.30 P.M.) we sit out on deck till about nine or half-past nine o'clock, and then turn in, before which the captain always writes up the log for the day and also his private journal. About once a week he goes all over the ship on a tour of inspection.

The first mate, or the mate, as he is always called, *par excellence*, is the prime minister of the vessel's government. He attends to the allotting of all work, sees that it is properly done, and when not on deck leaves his orders to be carried out by the second mate's watch. While below, he reads in the daytime, and only sleeps at night, averaging about five hours' sleep a day from Philadelphia to "Frisco." The mate also keeps the ship-log, and attends to the reception and delivery of the cargo. Like the captain, he takes observations, and keeps a separate set of charts for his own private use.

The second mate's berth is a sort of semi-responsible one,—he is neither officer nor foremastman, but half-way between the two. The crew have a very little respect for his position, and call him "the sailors' waiter," on account of his having to serve them with yarn, twine, marline-spikes, etc., of which he has charge. He is expected by the

captain to preserve his dignity with the men, and at the same time is looked down upon by the mate, and forced to work with the crew, not being exempt from plunging his hands into the tar-pot, or laying aloft to furl or reef the topsails. His stateroom is in the cabin, but he takes his meals with the carpenter at the second table, which is served in the same cabin where the captain, mate, and passengers take their meals, but not until they are finished.

"Chips" is a most necessary person on board, and is hard at work from morning till night mending battens, making blocks, calking seams, etc. As he works all day he is exempt from night duty, and is only called in case all hands are needed, as when we tack ship. Besides his regular carpenter-work he attends to the distribution of fresh water every morning, and to putting out the side-lights each evening at sunset; it is also his duty to test the well morning and evening, to see how much water the ship is making.

The steward and cook will both come in next week, when a masterly essay on "Our Cuisine" will form the chief feature of the entry. The crew are divided into two watches of eight men each, each watch living in a separate fo'castle. The port watch is commanded by the mate, and the starboard by the second mate. Between these two watches the time is divided into alternate stretches of four hours on duty and "below." If,

for instance, the port watch has the deck in the first night-watch, from eight to twelve, at the end of the four hours they go below, and the starboard watch come on duty. They hold the deck till 4 A.M., when the port again turn out, and so it goes from day to day, and week to week, all the way to California, thus making it impossible to get more than three and a half hours' sleep at one time. In order to shift the hours each night the watch from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M. is split into two parts of two hours each, called the first and second dog-watches; by means of these the officer who has the middle watch (or from 12 to 4 A.M.) one night will be below those hours the next. The watches have their meals as follows: at 5 A.M. the watch on deck have hot coffee, and their breakfast at 8 A.M., when they go below. The watch that turn out at that hour (8 A.M.) get theirs at 7.30, dinner at 11.30 and 12, tea at 5 and 6 P.M. It is a popular mistake that sailors lead an idle life at sea. When on duty they are never unemployed for a moment, and are even forbidden to talk together. It is said that "a ship, like a lady's watch, is always in need of repairs," and that just about strikes it. To make these repairs the watch on duty are scattered all over the ship, high and low, fore and aft, with supplies of yarn and wire, fixing battens on and mending chafing-gear. Some are painting the iron-work, and others spinning "spun yarn,"

so that the vessel always looks as busy as a bee-hive. Some of the work they do, such as splicing ropes and plaiting sennit and mats, is very interesting. Each man has his regular "trick" or turn at the wheel in two-hour stretches, also on the lookout at night, which is set at sundown. When pulling on the ropes one man always sings out just before the tug, thus insuring a uniform pull. Each chap has his own peculiar cry or exclamation for such times, and when there are three or four such parties making sail in different parts of the ship the assortment of yells and grunts is very comical. The effect at such a time from inside the cabin would lead any one to suspect that a pitched battle was going on overhead, did they not know the cause of the rumpus. One fellow always yells, "Pull for a breeze now!" no matter whether it is dead calm or the ship making twelve knots. Another's favorite remark is, "Now, *jam* her down!" Another's, "Ahyoualtogethernow-boys!" but the majority use an indiscriminate mass of ohs and ahs, and groans and grunts, which go to make a semi-dismal noise, which at night has a queer effect. Saturday nights the "slop-chest," or store-room, is opened, and the men buy what clothes, boots, tobacco, etc., they may want, paying very high prices, and having the amount charged against their wages at the end of the voyage. (They get on this voyage

fifteen dollars per month.) On Sundays no labor is done, except what is needed to work the ship, and the men sit about smoking, reading, and mending their clothes. Here, in fine-weather regions, the men have a comparatively easy time of it, although the officers order them about like so many dogs, and the hardships of the voyage are still to come.

There are some great names among the crew,—a Byron, a Scott, a Nelson, and the ship's boy boasts the proud title of Washington. He is about seventeen, and is in the mate's watch, where his principal duty consists of small jobs like plaiting short yarns and picking over the potatoes for bad ones. This ends the crew, and brings me to the passengers.

As etiquette rules that age shall always precede beauty, I first describe the way Mr. X——, my fellow-passenger, passes the time. I have not as yet said anything about him in this journal, because I wanted to know him better before jotting down my opinion.

A month, however, has passed since first we met, and has been enough to familiarize me with his habits. Mr. X—— is tall, with light hair and moustache, and is on the whole rather good looking. He is going to California to take up business there, and having lots of time, adopted this way of getting there. It certainly was from no love

of the sea that he made the passage, as he takes no interest whatever in anything about the ship, very seldom goes aloft, and never talks on any subject connected with the vessel. His three great amusements are sleeping, reading the "New York Weekly" (of which paper he has several hundred copies at least), and singing or humming sentimental songs of the "Molly Darling" and "See that my Grave's kept Green" order. He is quite unable to take any joking, and often has little "tiffs" with the captain and mate,—the latter loving to tease him. However, we get along together without a jar, and are always very friendly. To me time passes very quickly, and the days flash past like magic; from morning till night I am climbing about in the rigging, and can travel up and down the mast like smoke. I have pretty well mastered the names of all ropes and spars, and can prattle ship beautifully. The charts are very interesting to me, and I am always about when they are being overhauled and brought up to date. Then I spend an hour or two every day in the carpenter-shop whittling and talking, and have so far done but little reading, really not finding time to spare for it. I can imagine nothing more bracing or health-giving than a voyage like this, and with a party of one's friends it would be perfection. I enjoy every minute of the day, and sleep like a top at night, retiring at the very re-

spectable hour of 9.30 P.M. Often in the evening we have music served up by the captain's handsome eight-tune box; we are also provided with musical instruments, in the shape of the second mate's before-mentioned two-stringed violin, and a mouth-organ run to seed, the property of the captain. My fellow-passenger's rendering of "Silver Threads among the Gold" on the latter instrument is calculated to thrill an anchorite. Two canary-birds also contribute their voices to the musical department, and the cat and kitten often give short evening concerts on the main deck. To swing in the hammock is another of the simple and innocent amusements of the passengers, and on these perfect moonlight evenings here in the tropics it would be delightful to sleep in one on deck were it not for the heavy dew that falls after sunset. I had thought I would greatly miss the newspapers, but I never give them a thought; the feeling that it is of no use wishing for them goes a great way towards making one resigned to doing without.

Table for week ending August 17.

August 11.—Lat. 12° 42′ S. Run—181 miles.
Lon. 33° 48′ W. Temp. at noon, 81°.
Weather beautiful. Sea very smooth.

August 12.—Lat. 14° 38′ S. Run—118 miles.
Lon. 33° 51′ W. Temp. at noon, 84°.
Weather beautiful. Sea smooth. Light airs all day.

August 13.—Lat. 15° 52′ S. Run—79 miles.
Lon. 34° 28′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.
Weather very fine. Sea still smooth. Short calms during the day.

August 14.—Lat. 17° 55′ S. Run—146 miles.
Lon. 35° 52′ W. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Weather beautiful. Sounded on S.E. end of Hotspur Bank at P.M.: thirty-one fathoms, coral and shell bottom.

August 15.—Lat. 20° 19′ S. Run—199 miles.
Lon. 38° 05′ W. Temp. at noon, 74°.
Weather fine. Dry squalls and stiff breezes. Slight shower at 9 A.M. Sea very rough. Ship pitching badly.

August 16.—Lat. 23° 19′ S. Run—203 miles.
Lon. 40° 00′ W. Temp. at noon, 72°.
Squally all night. Thick and misty all day.

August 17.—Lat. 25° 46′ S. Run—181 miles.
Lon. 45° 53′ W. Temp. at noon, 72°.
Weather beautiful. Shower in afternoon.

V.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, August 17.

ANOTHER, and the sixth continuous week of delightful weather. The evenings are, however, not quite so pleasant as heretofore on account of the very heavy dew, that wets everything as though a shower had fallen, but, being very salt, is not likely to give one cold. The week would have been without incident but for one occurrence, which was, however, of enough importance to interest us for several days. This was our overtaking the "Joseph S. Spinney" (the rival ship I mentioned Sunday, August 3), which we consider quite a feather in our good ship's cap.

August 11.—At 7 A.M. a sail was reported ahead, visible from the foretop-gallant yard. By noon it could be seen from the lower topsail yard, and through the glass was made out to be a large ship bound the same way as ourselves. This news set the captain looking over the list of ships bound for San Francisco, and he at length declared it must be either the "Spinney" or the "H. S. Gregory," another large ship that sailed from New York a week or ten days before we passed out of the Capes. So sure was he that he was right that he offered to bet five dollars to one

that it would prove one vessel or the other. I took the odds.

August 12.—At daylight the stranger was in sight from deck, hull down, and all that day we slowly overtook her, spreading everything that would draw, and keeping the men busy from daylight to dark bracing and squaring the yards as the breeze hauled one way or the other. At sunset our rival was about six miles ahead over the lee bow.

August 13.—At sunrise she lay in the same position, only some three miles ahead. At eight bells she hoisted her signals, which, to Captain C——'s great delight, proved her to be the "Spinney." We then ran ours up, to which she replied by saying, "Come alongside." This we took to be a bit of sarcasm; but she was in earnest, and, backing her main yard, came to a stop. As we drew rapidly up she signalled that she would send a boat for our captain to come on board in. Captain hoisted, "Shall I bring passengers?" to which the "Spinney" replied, "Yes;" but Mr. X—— declined to accompany us. By this time we were within half a mile of the "Spinney," and had met the boat, which was towing alongside. It was leaking badly, and one man had to keep bailing while three others pulled,—this was about half-past 10 A.M. After much trouble we got into the gig, and towed along with the ship until we were

abreast of the "Spinney," some five hundred yards to leeward, when we cast off, drifted astern, and pulled for the other ship. From the deck it had looked very smooth, but the contrast between the ship and the little cockle-shell we were in was so great that the long swells seemed like young mountains as we rose to their tops or sank into the trough. From the gig the view of the two ships, both with all sails set, was extremely beautiful. Five minutes or so and the boat reached the "Spinney," bringing up under her lee-quarter. I scrambled on board by way of the channels and shrouds, and the captain climbed up the ladder. We were welcomed by Captain Jordan and his family, which consisted of his wife, three daughters, aged about nineteen, twelve, and five, and his son, seventeen years old. After being introduced all round, I went all over the ship under the guidance of young lady No. 1. She was a beautiful vessel, and being some eight or nine hundred tons larger, made the "Pactolus" seem quite small.

On deck there were a number of chickens strutting about, all blind of one eye, and a cute little pig lay coiled up in a sunny corner fast asleep. The young lady, whose name was Carrie, was very pretty and polite, and sang for me that beautiful vocal gem, "See that my Grave's kept Green," in so sweet and touching a manner that I felt quite sorry that Mr. X—— had not come with us,

that song being one of his star performances. The little girl also favored the company with music, the instrument both used being a small parlor organ. After the concert we discussed "Pinafore" and ate raisins, while the two skippers talked "passage" and compared notes. At three o'clock we sat down to a very nice dinner of clam-chowder, lobster-salad, corn, peas, and potatoes, with rice-pudding and cake for dessert, also several bottles of lager beer, which was prime. Dinner being over, young Jordan took me in charge, and showed me the fo'castle and carpenter-shop, where he had a jig-saw. As a proof of his skill on that tool he made me a paper-cutter, which Miss Carrie decorated with a chromo. But the most wonderful thing about the ship was the assortment of cats they had on board. There were actually twenty-eight live felines of every color and size, from a jet-black Tom as big as a cat can grow to a little white kitten with its eyes still shut, the sole survivor of a recent lot, its brothers and sisters having been tossed overboard. Most of these cats were kept down between decks, and lived on rats, of which there were great numbers. This, in fact, was the reason for keeping so many, and it was an experiment of the captain's, the rodents having heretofore damaged a great deal of cargo. Miss Jordan told me that often at nights the cats made a terrible racket,

which is easily to be believed. At 4.30 P.M. we signalled the "Pactolus" to back her main yard and wait for us, she being then some two miles ahead, and at five o'clock, after bidding all good-by, and wishing them a pleasant voyage, the captain and I went over the side into the gig again. Going back it did not leak, having been taken on board and recalked while we were paying our call. We had some trouble getting on board the "Pactolus," and only did so after getting well wet with the splashing waves. I sent Miss J. several novels in charge of the boatswain; the two ships then each dipped the American flag three times and stood away again. The "Pactolus" being able to sail much nearer the wind than the "Spinney," we soon drew ahead and to windward, sunset seeing the "Spinney" four miles astern over the lee quarter.

August 14.—At sunrise our rival bore N. by W. eight miles, and at sunset N. by W. fifteen miles. At 1 P.M. we sounded on the eastern edge of Hotspur Bank, a large sunken coral reef from twenty-five to seventy fathoms under water, and fourteen by ten miles in extent. Our line ran out thirty-one fathoms, and the lead, which had some soap stuck to its bottom for the purpose, brought up a few bits of coral and shells and a blade or two of sea-grass.

The fishing on this bank is very fine, great

numbers of a species of cod frequenting it, but we were going too rapidly to attempt capturing any.

August 15 and 16.—Shifted our old sails for new and stronger ones,—a ship, queer as it sounds, wearing her best clothes in the worst weather. As they are taken down the old sails are brought on the roof of the after-house and thoroughly overhauled and mended before being put away in the sail-locker, from whence they will be pulled out to be again bent on when we strike the fine weather the other side of Cape Horn. Two sail-makers are generally employed at this job of patching and repairing sails. They are members of the crew, one being chosen from each watch, and while thus employed work all day and sleep all night, instead of turning in and out with their respective watches.

August 17.—This evening a very large flying-fish flew on board, striking the house at the mizzen shrouds. It measured over thirteen inches in length, and its wings had a spread of fifteen inches,—I have put them in a book to press.

Through the influence of various sea stories I have read, my idea of a ship's bill of fare was salt beef, salt pork, onions, and hard bread full of weevils. Like many other of my landlubber notions, this has been dispelled, and none more pleasantly. In the fo'castle, it is true, salt beef and pork are very extensively eaten, but in the

cabin, if one does not like those delicacies he need not touch them, and still not suffer from hunger or want of variety. Our hours for meals are: breakfast, seven bells (7.30 A.M.); dinner, a little after eight bells (12 M.), and tea at three bells (5.30 P.M.). They are served in the forward cabin, the table seating four, and having in its centre a patent swinging-table that prevents what is placed on it from upsetting. The captain and I sit on the starboard side, Mr. X—— and the mate on the port. For breakfast we always have coffee, hot biscuit, and a dish of oatmeal, cornmeal, or cracked hominy, eaten with molasses or honey, and some hot relishes, such as salt fish, ham, corned beef-hash, etc., with boiled potatoes. Each day has its regular dinner. Monday, pea-soup, corned beef, potatoes, dried peas boiled soft. Tuesday and Friday a Yankee *menu*, bean-soup, pork and beans, potatoes, and hot Boston brown bread. Wednesday, clam-chowder, boiled rice, and some canned meat with curry dressing, rice-pudding for dessert. Thursday, beef-soup, canned roast beef, potatoes, and canned peas or beans, plum-duff (which may be pronounced plum tough), served with butter and sugar sauce. Saturday, codfish, potatoes, canned tomatoes. Sunday, various kinds of soups are chosen from, also a weekly change in the selection of meat and potatoes, corn and macaroni, plum-duff for dessert.

Duff is a kind of bread sweetened, stuck full of raisins, and cooked in a mould. It is served hot, and is highly indigestible. I eat the sauce, which the steward makes very well, on bread instead of the duff. On the days that I have put down no dessert we generally have pie, corn-starch sometimes turning up for a change. Tea is my favorite meal; it is made up of tea, toast, baked or fried potatoes, and one of the following relishes: herring, sardines, canned corn-beef, or potted ham; also, some kind of stewed dried fruit, and cake or doughnuts. Our butter is excellent, the only drawback being its softness. The water, although in these regions a trifle warm, is clear and good. Besides what I have mentioned, there is generally a plate of cold salt beef and pork, cut in thin slices, on the table for those who wish it. Once in a while I take a slice of the beef, but don't intend to even nibble the pork. After tea a plate of this meat and some bread is put on the table for the officers of the night-watches should they feel hungry. On ship, as on shore, Saturday is marketing day, and that afternoon the steward comes to the captain for the week's supply of canned goods, coffee, tea, etc. These are kept in a big locker under the poop-deck, and I often creep in with the steward, and together we hatch up little plots concerning the Sunday dinners. The steward does all the baking, and is quite a

dabster at it. His biscuit, bread, cake, and pie-crust are all excellent, and his doughnuts first-class. Everything else is prepared by the cook, who serves things smoking hot and perfectly clean, which is not the way with all ship's cooks. The Celestials are a queer couple, and it is very amusing to hear them chattering together. The cook is a great singer, and warbles away over his work like a bird, only he never changes the tune, which isn't particularly captivating. Both can talk some little English, the steward being the most easily understood. The cook is a little bit of a chap, fifty years old, is minus his cue, and wears his straight black hair banged all around. His parchment-like skin is drawn over his wizened little face as tight as a drum-head, and his black eyes twinkle like diamonds. Sometimes he comes into the carpenter-shop in the evenings and writes all over the bench in Chinese characters, which he tries to explain to us in pigeon-English, always ending up with, "You savvy?" He is very fond of the cats, which, under his patronage, have grown so fat that they can hardly waddle about. They understand Chinese enough to always run when he calls out some unintelligible gibberish, which I suppose means "Come to dinner, pussies." Chin Lee, the steward, is about thirty-five years old, and has thick black hair, which he wears "Melican style;" his skin is of a lighter shade

than the cook's. He has control of the pantry, waits on table, keeps the cabin in order, makes the beds, does the washing for captain and passengers, and takes care of the birds. He is very neat, and keeps the cabins spotlessly clean, seeming to take great pride in doing so. He is never idle, and appears to thoroughly enjoy hard work. As I said before, he is learning to read and write, and is very proud of the fact; still, he has no idea of the sound of a word from its appearance, and only knows what is in the different cans and jars by experience and the pictures on the outside. The other day he came to me with a tin of ground ginger, and said, "G-i-n-g-e-r,—mustard?" I told him no, that didn't spell mustard, and then wrote out the latter word on a slip of paper, by which means he found what he wanted. He and the cook are very handy and ingenious, turning the old tin cans into cups and platters, and this week I saw the latter make a first-rate rolling-pin out of a bit of kindling wood. Sometimes they cook themselves a bowl of rice, and eat it with chop-sticks, chattering all the while in their own hopelessly unintelligible jargon. These two worthies are both married men, the difference being that the steward spends most of his pay for rum, while Mr. Cook, like a dutiful husband, sends most of his wages to Mrs. Cook, who is one of the few Chinese women who live in New York.

In the fo'castle the bill of fare of course differs from that in the cabin. Salt beef and pork, hard bread and soft bread, potatoes, and coffee go to make it up. Tuesday and Friday they also have boiled beans, and Thursday and Sunday a coarse kind of duff, which is eaten with molasses. This latter dish is considered the treat of the week, and the two days on which it is served are known to the sailors as "duff day," and following the same rule, instead of speaking of Tuesday or Friday, they say "bean day." Their food is served in large pans, which one of the watch comes to the galley after, and it is eaten in the fo'castle, where each man has his knife, spoon, and plate, together with a tin cup for water or coffee. These they keep clean themselves. The salt meats are kept in a large barrel, called the harness cask, which is kept on deck at the side of the forward-house, and lashed down. The codfish is stored in a chest lashed in the mizzentop, which, like the main- and foretops, is in the "Pactolus" very large and roomy, and is kept there so as to keep it thoroughly aired. It is the boy's work to open this chest every Friday morning and get out the fish for the next day's use. One of the, to me, strange dishes we have in the cabin is called "tongues and sounds," being the tongues and part of the stomachs of the codfish put up in pickle. It tastes like very strong stewed clams.

One trifling drawback to the pleasures of the table is the generous quantity of diminutive roaches which manage to come to an untimely end in the various dishes during their preparation. At first this feature of our repast was a source of considerable annoyance to me, but after wasting a good deal of time in vain efforts to find all the defunct intruders in my food, I gave up hunting for them, and now only remove them when they appear without being looked for. They swarm in the galley or kitchen, although the cook keeps it scrupulously clean, and the cats are forever catching and devouring them, yet the supply is always at flood-tide, and the captain says such is the case on almost every vessel afloat.

Table for week ending August 24.

August 18.—Lat. 28° 41′ S. Run—255 miles.
Lon. 45° 53′ W. Temp. at noon, 72°.

Stiff breezes. Fine day's work. Clear, but damp and disagreeable.

August 19.—Lat. 30° 35′ S. Run—145 miles.
Lon. 47° 38′ W. Temp. at noon, 69°.

Gloomy and damp. Very rough sea. Brilliant phosphorescent display in the evening.

August 20.—Lat. 33° 42′ S. Run—242 miles.
Lon. 50° 38′ W. Temp. at noon, 63°.

Wet and chilly. Sea much lower. Several violent squalls day and night.

August 21.—Lat. 35° 43′ S. Run—134 miles.
Lon. 52° 21′ W. Temp. at noon, 72°.

Warm and pleasant till 2 P.M. Afternoon colder and damp. Fierce squalls and calms all night, with terrible thunder and lightning.

August 22.—Lat. 37° 15′ S. Run—126 miles.
Lon. 53° 56′ W. Temp. at noon, 52°.

Strong gale from 4 to 8 A.M. Cold rain all day till four o'clock, when it cleared. Magnificent scarlet sunset.

August 23.—Lat. 39° 46′ S. Run—165 miles.
Lon. 54° 56′ W. Temp. at noon, 42°.

Cold and raw. Strong winds. Very rough sea, washing inboard.

August 24.—Lat. 41° 12′ S. Run—126 miles.
Lon. 56° 01′ W. Temp. at noon, 42°.

Quite cold. Clear and foggy by turns. Thunder, lightning, and calms in afternoon.

VI.

At Sea, Sunday, August 24

Exit fine weather,—enter assorted bad. What a contrast to former tables is that for the past week! I suppose the phrase "very fine" I have so constantly used hitherto in reference to the weather must at last be shelved, and the less pleasant ones used in the preceding table reign in its stead for a month to come. Well, we cannot complain. For forty days we have enjoyed an uninterrupted run of beautiful weather, not a single evening of the six weeks being spent in the cabin; in fact, I had almost forgotten that there were such drawbacks to a sea-voyage as storms, and had begun to think the stories of gales, deafening thunder-squalls, and other terrors of wind and weather mere romancing. Since last Monday, however, I've seen enough to convince me of their truthfulness, therefore it is not particularly cheering to hear that I may expect much worse from here all the way round the Cape, but without the thunder and lightning accompaniment, for which thank heaven. The week has been full of incident, as its record will show.

August 18.—While ploughing along through a heavy head sea we passed close to a small schooner of about one hundred or two hundred

tons. This little craft was bound from Havre to the river Platte, and was the "John N. Colby," of Stonington, Connecticut, a real specimen of Yankee grit,—grit it was to come down here in her, for although a fine day, and to us only a good breeze, the schooner was pitching like a cork under shortened sail, and almost every wave splashed over her rail.

August 19.—During breakfast a commotion was heard on deck, and on going out the second mate reported having seen a drifting wreck through a rift in the fog, which was hanging in a thick bank right across our course. I went forward on the jib-boom with a pair of glasses, but could see nothing through the mist. Just as a lookout was starting to go aloft the fog cleared away, and about half a mile ahead, almost in our track, lay the wreck. Altering our course a point we stood for her, and backing the main yard as we came up, stopped within one hundred feet of her. She was the Swedish brig "Oscar II.," of about four hundred tons, and her captain, the *beau ideal* of a weather-beaten old sea-dog, told us in broken English she had been totally dismasted in a pampero off the Rio Grande de Sul, a small river leading to a town of the same name, which is situated on the southern extremity of the Brazilian coast. The pamperos are very violent squalls that come rushing out of the rivers along

these coasts, with little or no warning, and are much dreaded by sailors.

On the brig everything was in disorder, the decks being heaped with tangled rigging and broken spars. All her boats, except a small gig, were stove in and useless. Two low jury-masts, one about twenty feet high the other only ten, on each of which was spread an old sail, had been rigged up, and under this sorry display of canvas the hulk was making for Rio Janeiro, there to refit. We offered the captain new spars, or any other help he might want, but he thanked us and declined, saying that as the wind was fair he hoped to make port in a few days. Wishing him a safe journey, a courtesy he returned, we squared away, and soon the "Oscar II." was out of sight astern. She was then over four hundred miles from Rio, and should she have any but fair winds and weather it will go hard with her. This event made a great stir among the crew, who thronged up into the rigging so as to get a better look. Wednesday was damp and gloomy; we were on soundings, and the sea had lost its blue color, being of a dirty-green shade, caused by the shoal water, and also the effects of the outflowing current from the great river Platte, which at its mouth is over a hundred miles wide. Here the winds surge in and out as from a pair of huge bellows, making the neighborhood most dangerous for vessels of

all kinds. It is the headquarters of the pamperos.

The Rio de la Plata, to give the "Platte" its full and correct name, is the second river of South America, and is translated "River of Silver." During the day we were for the first time surrounded by a number of Cape pigeons, beautiful birds with white bodies, black heads, and mottled wings. They are just the size of an ordinary pigeon (but are not of that species, being so called from their resemblance), and have the most graceful flight of any bird I ever saw, never seeming to flap their wings, but floating up and down on the breeze as they sweep in graceful curves all about the ship, especially in the wake; they often settle in the water, where they look like little ducks. In the evening the phosphorescent display was beautiful beyond description. The sky was as black as the ace of spades, being completely overcast, and a rough cross-sea was breaking on our quarter. As the ship plunged along at the rate of ten knots before a stiff breeze from the northeast, throwing the waves aside from her bows, the foam came floating astern on either side in great patches, which glimmered like pale-green fire. On the weather-quarter, every few minutes a great sea would rise in a cone, hissing and sparkling above the level of the rail, as though to sweep in and swamp us, and then fall back into the trough

broken into a mass of seething foam, and literally blazing with the phosphorescent flame. Far and near the surface of the ocean was glistening, as the waves curled and broke, or meeting together threw the bright spray up against the gloomy background of the sky. In our wake the water, churned to a depth of twenty feet, gleamed in a broad dim line for several hundred yards, and, to add to the beauty of the scene, a school of porpoises played about the ship, looking like meteors as they swiftly scudded about some fathoms beneath the surface. Towards eleven o'clock the sea gradually lost its extra brilliancy, and soon the usual whitish foam sprinkled with bright sparks was all that remained of this wonderful display of submarine fireworks.

August 21.—This morning, unlike the early part of the week, was warm and sultry, the sun coming up clear; at nine o'clock the breeze died away, leaving us becalmed, in which condition we lay until 1.30. I took this opportunity, and managed to get up on the main royal yard, the highest possible perch on board. In descending I slid down the port royal backstay to the topmast cross-trees, then down the top-gallant backstay to the level of the top; here I swung out my legs over the weather cross-jack brace, and pulled it towards me until I could catch it with both hands; by means of this I went hand over hand to the

cross-jack, pulled myself up on it, and went into the mizzen-mast just under the top; from here I reached deck by sliding down the lower mizzen topsail-sheets, thus reaching deck from the mast-head without touching the shrouds, as the rope-ladders are called.

During the forenoon a bottle drifted past us, tightly sealed and covered with barnacles; it had probably been thrown from some vessel a long time back. To my intense disgust it was out of reach, and I saw it disappear astern without having the pleasure of solving the mystery of its contents. We also saw the carcass of a whale, from which the blubber had been cut. Both the captain and the mate said they were distrustful of the calm and sudden rise of temperature, the latter telling me it was a regular "weather-breeder," and it needed but a few hours to prove the truth of his words. About two o'clock the oppressive heat, suddenly, and without warning, gave way to a damp, chilly atmosphere, which was very penetrating and disagreeable, and soon made it too unpleasant to stay on deck in warm-weather togs. This chilliness grew more decided as the afternoon wore on, and towards evening low mutterings of thunder rumbled up from the southwest, where a bank of black clouds, compact and ugly, were gradually heaving up out of the sky-line. The sun went down an angry globe of

crimson flame, and almost before its upper limb had sunk, the damp, murky air had smothered the glory of the after-glow, which, during the short time it lasted, presented a most billious spectacle. At four bells (6 P.M.), the gloom having greatly increased, there came on a cold, drizzling rain, and at the same hour several flashes of chain-lightning zigzagged a warning across the southwestern sky, in the direction of the river's mouth, followed by a low growl of thunder that, distant as it was, seemed to make the ocean tremble. As night came on, it grew blacker than pitch; and an occasional cat's-paw of warm wind came puffing up from the same direction. Aloft the canvas was thoroughly snugged, the running-gear was overhauled and made ship-shape, the decks cleared of all unnecessary stuff, and then in the inky darkness, heavily rolling on the oil-like swells, we awaited, without any very apparent symptoms of pleasure, the opening of the performance to which nature was then giving us the overture. At eight bells it again fell dead calm, and the drizzle stopped for an hour, while the thunder once more began its growling afar off, with the same suppressed power noticed before. The captain saying that we were "in for the devil of a kick up, and no mistake," and that all hands would probably be on deck all night, I made up my mind not to turn in as usual, but to stay with the skip-

per and see the show. Mr. X—— cast his vote the other way, and vanished below. Shortly after nine o'clock the rain commenced sprinkling again, but with no renewal of the gusts, and, going below, I rigged myself out from top to toe in oil-skins and rubber. By ten the drizzle had increased to a pelting torrent of rain, the air was still and very cold, and the lightning resumed operations at short intervals, much closer than before, while the muttering and groaning of the thunder had swelled into very discouraging booms. Then down through the drenching blackness, from each royal mast-head and yard-arm tip, there slowly gleamed out a dim glare of pale-blue fire, which flickered in the most ghostly way, now going out, now reappearing, sometimes as a ball and then as a plume, but always looking spectral and unreal. These phantom visitors, which added considerable weight to the already appalling gloom of the situation, are called, to quote the captain, composants, and were caused by an excess of electricity in the atmosphere.' I recollect having seen a picture of a ship thus decorated, in which they were called St. Elmo's fire.

Towards eleven o'clock the steady down-pour eased off a bit, but a sharp squall from the south-west came breezing along bringing it on again, and then with a rush came the storm. Every moment the thunder and lightning increased in

power, until at last it seemed as if the arch-fiend himself, backed by a legion of lesser Beelzebubs, was overseeing the hideous din. For six hours the storm was terrific; not so much in the matter of wind, for at times it was calm; nor in the sea running, for that was but moderately rough, but in the frightful vividness of the lightning and the terrible crashing of the thunder. The bolts of lightning fairly hissed as they forked around and across the ship in blinding flashes of pink or blue or white flame, dazzling one's eyes so that they ached for hours afterwards. To attempt to describe the thunder would be folly; almost continually for six hours it crashed about us, each tremendous discharge making the ship tremble and quiver to her keelson, and half stunning us as we stood terror-stricken at the fury and power of the storm. Never did I experience such fear, and all hands, from the captain to the cook, acknowledge the same feeling of terror. The storm itself was terrifying enough, but when supplemented with the knowledge that the standing rigging was a net-work of wire ropes and chains, and that under our feet lay an immense mass of gunpowder, our feelings may be better imagined than described. That the ship was not struck seems little less than a miracle, and I think what saved her was the fact of the spars and rigging being so heavily charged with electricity before the storm

broke. During the first half of the storm the wind would at times come rushing up from the southwest, then drop away altogether, and in a few minutes afterwards blow great guns from an entirely different direction; in fact, we had squalls from nearly every point of the compass. It was during the calm spells that came between these squalls, and when the ship swung heavily from side to side, that the storm seemed most terrible. At 3 A.M. it settled into a steady blow from the northwest, which rapidly stiffened into a gale, and the ship was put under reefed topsails, reefed mainsail and foresail; at four o'clock the upper topsails and mainsail were furled, and the foresail reefed, and under this latter and reefed lower topsails we ran until 7 A.M. The crew were completely fagged out: twelve men being aloft nearly two hours trying to furl the mainsail. At six o'clock the wind in a great measure died away; the clouds began to scatter, and the thunder and lightning rapidly drew away, passing out to seaward of us; at seven a cold drizzle set in, which lasted all day. Both the captain and mate, who have spent most of their lives at sea, say they never went through so terrible a night before, and both acknowledged that they thought themselves booked for Davy Jones.

August 22.—We were again surrounded by the Cape pigeons. They are perfectly ravenous, and

will eat anything we throw overboard. Drop a bit of pork fat or bread no larger than a cent, and instantly they will have it. They come right up under the rail in their hurry to grab the morsels. They always have to settle before feeding, and it is very curious to see one or more flying at full speed, spy a bit of food, throw back their wings, and drop beside it. Should it be sinking, they dive after it. When several tackle the same piece they fight and cackle at a great rate. The afternoon being nearly calm I baited a small fish-hook with pork, and scattered some small bits about in the water. The pigeons promptly ate all the loose bits, and then turned their attention to the piece on the hook. A great many picked at it, but for an hour I couldn't hook one. At last, however, one unlucky chap got the barb fastened in his bill, and was hauled on board struggling bravely. Being unfit to eat I let it go again, after shutting it up for a while in the cabin along with our youngest cat. Puss has been almost crazy since the birds came around, sitting up on the rail at the risk of falling overboard, and following them in their flight with her eyes for an hour at a time, and occasionally uttering a dismal "meyow." She also sharpened her claws very often, which led us to think she would tackle a bird with great vigor. But when pussy was brought face to face with our pigeon she weakened. For a while she

only sat and looked at it sitting on the floor, then she went a little closer, when the bird hit her a slap right across the face with its wing. That finished the encounter, for the kitten retired under the sofa, from which retreat she could not be coaxed. Mr. X——, by the way, slept calmly all through last night's uproar, and was astonished when he heard about it. He was likewise very much tickled at having dodged the experience, although, now that it is all over, I'm glad I was on deck. The second mate acknowledged to me to-day that the storm was "no slouch of a rumpus," but proceeded to relate a yarn about another he once witnessed, which, to quote him, "was as far ahead of last night's as last night's was ahead of a bunch of fire-crackers." It has to be a big thing that Mr. D—— can't see and go several better.

August 24.—To-day, for the first time, I saw an albatross. They are very handsome birds, with the same graceful flight as the pigeons, only slower, and are much larger than I had thought, some measuring twelve or fourteen feet across the wings.

Table for week ending August 31.

August 25.—Lat. 40° 43′ S. Run—57 miles.
Lon. 56° 40′ W. Temp. at noon, 49°.

Warmer; mostly calm. Very heavy fog in evening.

August 26.—Lat. 41° 44′ S. Run—146 miles.
Lon. 59° 06′ W. Temp. at noon, 49°.

Fine all A.M. Strong squalls from 2 to 5 P.M., with thunder and lightning. Hail and snow squalls all night. Tremendous sea.

August 27.—Lat. 44° 13′ S. Run—236 miles.
Lon. 62° 45′ W. Temp. at noon, 35°.

Sea still very high. Moderate gale from N. W. Fine moonlight night.

August 28.—Lat. 48° 09′ S. Run—237 miles.
Lon. 64° 52′ W. Temp. at noon, 31°.

Gale from S. W. Hail and rain at intervals.

August 29.—Lat. 50° 14′ S. Run—157 miles.
Lon. 65° 21′ W. Temp. at noon, 30°.

Gale moderating. Very cold.

August 30.—Lat. 52° 59′ S. Run—173 miles.
Lon. 64° 19′ W. Temp. at noon, 33°.

Snow, hail, sleet, and rain. High head sea.

August 31.—Lat. 53° 39′ S. Run—115 miles.
Lon. 64° 07′ W. Temp. at noon, 36°.

Cold and fine. Superb sunset. Full moon. Sighted Staten Land at 11 P.M., twenty-eight miles ahead.

VII.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, August 31.

THE weather down here is like the little girl who—

> "When she was good, was very, very good,
> But when she was bad, she was horrid."

Monday and Tuesday mornings, last evening, and all to-day belong to the first, and the rest of the week to the second half of the couplet. We have been running down along the coast of Patagonia all the week, through the "roaring forties," as these latitudes are called, keeping well in towards the land, but not sighting it, except for a short time Thursday afternoon, when it could just be made out from aloft, about thirty miles on the starboard beam, and having the appearance of a low fog-bank.

August 25.—At daylight we were within a mile of a large skysail yard ship, which had appeared on Sunday, the 24th instant, but I forgot to note it down. She turned out to be the "St. John," one of our owner's ships, and registers something over two thousand tons. She was then seventy-one days out from Liverpool, bound for Callao, Peru. Her very long passage, she signalled, had been caused by an awful dose of "doldrums" north of

the line. What makes the meeting of the two vessels curious is the fact that just about a year ago both ships were down here, our captain having charge of the "St. John," and her present captain having command of the "Pactolus." Captain C—— had a hard time of it in the "St. John," the voyage being a chapter of accidents from start to finish. Besides having his first mate sick in bed for ninety days, his other officers were most inferior and unreliable. The steering-gear broke down in the South Atlantic, and he had to venture around the "Horn" with a patched-up affair. He lost one man by sickness and one by drowning, and to cap the climax, was run into at 1 A.M. one dark morning off Cape Horn by an iron bark. The ship was cut just forward of the fore rigging, the bark's bows crushing in some ten or twelve feet, but not cutting quite down to the water-line. On the bark the damage was a broken jib-boom and bowsprit and loss of the foremast-stays. The captain says only the mild state of the sea prevented both vessels from going down. One of the bark's crew in attempting to scramble on board the "Pactolus," was crushed between the two vessels and cut in half. The ship was one hundred and forty-nine days in reaching 'Frisco. During to-day, which has been mostly calm, we saw a whale, a seal, and several penguins, queer birds about the size of a duck,

that swim under water, only coming to the surface for air. They swim almost as fast as any fish and venture long distances from shore, we being at the time over a hundred miles off the nearest coast. Being unable to fly on account of the diminutive pattern of their wings, which are used as fins when in the water, they waddle about in the most comical manner when on shore, so the mate who has seen them there tells me. In the afternoon the captain shot a pigeon with his rifle, and I shot *at* several.

August 26.—This afternoon we had a repetition, on a much smaller scale, of the terrible experience off the river Platte, with the addition of a very high sea. The seas were tremendous, several whoppers coming inboard. At one time the main deck was full to within a foot of the top of the rail, the men either floating or under water in the lee-scuppers.

August 27.—Our fiftieth day out, and a splendid run we have made so far. I celebrated the occasion by being knocked down by a sea that tumbled in on me as I was standing on the weather side of the poop, just forward of the mizzen-shrouds. I was talking to the second mate, and was paying more attention to one of his unbelievable yarns than to the ocean, when all of a sudden I saw a big wave tower over us, and before I could jump away down it came, laying me out as flat as a Pinafore

joke, and washing me aft some thirty feet, where the captain threw himself into the attitude of a wicket-keeper at cricket and stopped me cleverly. I was wet through, and my boots were filled with salt water; I thought for a moment that I was overboard, and was about as well scared as possible. Mr. D—— was carried in an opposite direction on to the main-deck and brought up under the pumps, from which position it took a couple of sailors to pull him out.

August 28.—We ran past a bark under double-reefed topsails; she was pitching fearfully. All to-day we have been accompanied by a large school of right-whale porpoises. They are striped black and white, and have much quicker movements than the common black species; often we could see them shooting through the crest of a big wave far above the level of the ship's deck.

August 29.—To-day the gale suddenly shifted to the southwest and south, blowing directly in our teeth, and so continued until late in the afternoon, when it sank to a fresh breeze. Mixed up with these blows there has been, as the table shows, a varied assortment of rain, snow, hail, and sleet squalls, which cut the face like needles. The quotations of the thermometer give but little idea of the cold, the fierce wind and cutting rain or spray making it many times worse than the figures would seem. The whole appearance of

the ship is changed. Everything about the decks is strongly battened down, the windows across the weather side of the houses are covered with strong wooden shutters, heavy breakwaters have been lashed amidships to break the force of incoming seas, extra tackle made ready in case of accident is hanging at the foot of the mizzen-mast, and a life-line stretches across the poop-deck, to grab at in case of a wave washing over that part of the vessel. Instead of a cloud of canvas we only carry the heavy lower sails, making the upper part of the masts look bare and forlorn. The decks are often swimming a foot deep with water, and are never dry. The men, who are now prevented from working about or aloft at their usual jobs, are only worked at tending the sails, and between orders stay under the lee of the forward house. They look very odd, being swelled to nearly twice their natural size by their thick clothes, over which they wear oil-skin coats and trowsers, and also rubber "sou'wester" hats. Those that have new suits of oil-skins look like mammoth canary-birds, the color of the garments being a bright yellow. Through all their hardships, and this weather is really very hard on them, they seem as cheerful as possible, and sing their queer, monotonous songs with a vim when pulling on the ropes where all hands or a whole watch is needed. At these times the carpenter is expected to lend

a hand, and when on deck I too catch hold and help pull. The song, or "shantee," as they call it, which is sung when a whole watch or more are hauling, consists in the leader singing a line, then all hands the chorus, which is only one line long, and at the same time giving two long, steady pulls; as the leader chants the next line the men rest, then another chorus and pull, and so on until the yard is hoisted or the sail sheeted home. Of course I too have to wear very different clothes from the cheviot shirt and straw hat costume of warm latitudes. I am now attired in the following: thick Scotch cap, heavy silk muffler, under-shirt and two flannel shirts, vest, jacket, and two pairs of trowsers, two pairs of socks, heavy rubber boots, and over all my big ulster. With all this on it is a good deal like work to go aloft, but up I go every day, rain or shine, generally stopping at the tops, now that my sea-togs are so heavy and cumbersome. The cold weather has the advantages of cooling the drinking-water and making the butter as hard as ice.

The head-sea to-day was awful, and to stand up without holding on to something quite impossible, the ship seeming to stand right up on her stern and bow; yet with all the pitching and rolling she does, so perfect is the model of her hull that the motion is seldom jarring. Luckily

for me, through all these blows my bunk has been to leeward, and my seat at table to windward, so that I have been in no danger of tumbling out of the first, or of getting a plate of soup in my lap while at table. To-day we crossed the fiftieth degree of latitude south of the equator, from which point to fifty degrees south in the Pacific is commonly recognized among sailors as going around Cape Horn.

August 30.—Wore ship this P.M. for the first time, there being too much sea on to tack, and stood in towards land, as we were getting too far to the eastward. The charts are now kept on the cabin-table all the time, and are consulted at short intervals day and night.

August 31.—The week winds up with a day clear, cold, and bracing, a sunset magnificent in the extreme, and a brilliant moonlight evening.

Table for week ending September 7.

September 1.—Lat. 55° 29′ S. Run—153 miles.
Lon. 64° 34′ W. Temp. at noon, 34°.
Clear, cold, and fine. Moonlight. Passed Cape Horn at 11.30 P.M.

September 2.—Lat. 57° 04′ S.* Run—200 miles.
Lon. 68° 15′ W. Temp. at noon, 39°.
Light airs and calms most all day. Sighted Diego Ramirez Islands, twenty-two miles to the N. W., at 4 P.M., from upper foretop-sail yard.

September 3.—Lat. 56° 38′ S. Run—131 miles.
Lon. 71° 51′ W. Temp. at noon, 37°.
Cold and rainy. Heavy S. W. swell.

September 4.—Lat. 55° 11′ S. Run—196 miles.
Lon. 76° 36′ W. Temp. at noon, 38°.
Cold and raw. High swell from S. W. Heavy gale all night, with gigantic sea.

September 5.—Lat. 53° 29′ S. Run—167 miles.
Lon. 77° 25′ W. Temp. at noon, 46°.
Gale all day. Head-sea running "mountains high."

September 6.—Lat. 53° 53′ S. Run—97 miles.
Lon. 79° 29′ W. Temp. at noon, 44°.
Moderate gale. Sea still high. Very little progress.

September 7.—Lat. 53° 04′ S. Run—61 miles.
Lon. 79° 39′ W. Temp. at noon, 46°.
Fine day. Sea lower. Cold, rainy evening.

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* Farthest point south.

VIII.

At Sea, Sunday, September 7.

Around Cape Horn, and off for San Francisco. The weeks and weeks of sailing south have done their work, at last the dreaded Cape, our half-way house, is passed, the Atlantic is far astern; and now, ploughing the waves of the South Pacific, the good ship heads for the north and civilization. Sixty-one days out and around Cape Horn is a fine record, and with ordinary luck we'll make a rapid passage. I hope so, I'm sure, for the captain's sake, and the sake of those at home, who, unacquainted with the many harmless ways we might be detained, would perhaps worry were the voyage long-drawn out. One hundred and twenty days would just suit me, bringing me to 'Frisco November 5. Ten days on shore to see the city and neighborhood, as well as to tackle a few beefsteaks and fresh fruits, and then take the steamer of the 15th for Yokohama. By catching this boat I would be landed in Japan by Christmas-day, which I'm not particularly anxious to pass at sea. But with some seven thousand miles still between us and port, any attempt to figure our arrival down very fine would be foolish. Cape Horn was on its best behavior when

we came around; I had expected a gale that would fairly blow my hair out by the roots. Ever since leaving home I have heard and read stories of the fierce storms that most ships encounter off the Cape.

Vessels are sometimes as much as ninety days beating to the westward, a month is common enough, and very often ships are compelled to put back all the way to "Rio" for repairs. This ship once, when just off the Cape, was headed off by a gale that blew her back for six days, and landed her so far to the eastward that she was over two weeks in again reaching Cape Horn.

The reason of the strength of these constant westerly winds is that for thousands of miles no land intervenes to break their velocity and power as they come sweeping over the whole extent of the Pacific. On this parallel of latitude a ship could steer a straight westerly course right round the world, and no other place on the globe offers the same chance. The great preparation we made for buckling the Cape was more evidence of a rough time coming. All our light and old sails taken down, and strong new ones bent in their place. The hatches double-lashed to the decks, breakwaters rigged amidships, to break the force of any stray seas that should tumble inboard, everything securely battened down, ex-

tra tackles placed where they would be handy in case of anything giving way, and a hundred other little matters which would take too long to write about.

Well, on each side of the Cape we had some rough weather: one gale on the eastern coast of Patagonia, and another on this side, and a week or two of most disagreeable sleet, rain, and snow squalls. But a regular out and out Cape Horn blow didn't show up, although the sample of last Friday, which was the finish of a genuine A No. 1 gale, was enough to show me what the weather clerk could do if he really tried.

It certainly was a pleasant surprise in the face of all our fears to go skipping around the Cape before a stiff *eastly* breeze, with all the kites set, and the moon shining brightly overhead, and still more surprised were we when the next day we found ourselves lying becalmed off the Cape proper, where we had looked for the hardest blow of the voyage. But then there are exceptions to every rule, that of Cape Horn weather included, although such are few and far between.

I left off last Sunday by saying it was a "brilliant moonlight evening;" shortly after I had finished writing and turned in, the second mate called down the companion-way that there was an iceberg ahead. On hearing this the captain

was on deck in about thirty seconds, and Mr. X—— and I followed a minute later; but it was a false alarm. Instead of an iceberg there loomed up, some twenty-five miles to the southward, one of the highest mountains of Staten Land (a large island lying off the eastern coast of Terra del Fuego), its snow-covered top shining in the moonlight having deceived Mr. D——. The body of the island was hidden by clouds, and this one peak alone was visible; ten minutes afterwards it had disappeared.

September 1.—At sunrise this morning the ship was abreast of the island, about ten miles off shore, and as the sun came up clear and brilliant, an enormous black squall that had until then completely shut out a view of the land slowly drifted away. A more beautiful scene than that which then broke upon us I never beheld; the whole extent of Staten Land stood out clear-cut against a black sky beyond; the mountains, which extended from end to end, were covered to their tops with snow, and the rising sun shining on them tinged the most exposed sides and angles with a delicate pink shade, and cast into deep shadow the valleys and great fissures in the sides of the cliffs. In some parts the mountains curved down to the water's edge in great sheets of unbroken whiteness, and in others the dark rugged cliffs rose straight from the waves to the height of a thousand feet.

For an hour we enjoyed the widely beautiful scene, which as the sun rose higher and higher constantly changed its brilliant hues, until at last another tremendous squall slowly shut out the view, and when some hours later it was again clear, the island was almost out of sight. Staten Land or Island (both names being used) is about forty miles long, extending east-northeast and west-southwest, and lying about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Cape Horn. It averages four miles in width. Precipitous hills from two thousand to three thousand feet high form a rugged backbone the entire length of the island, which, by the way, is also known as the Court of Eolus, on account of the constant squalls and storms there, and it is said that every day year in and year out the squalls are as sure to come as the sun is to rise. It is uninhabited, and the harbors are few and wretched; wild celery and various kinds of sea-birds abound (as the geographies say), and the rocks are covered with a peculiar kind of sea-weed which grows to the length of several hundred feet, and is so wide and tough that cups, buckets, and pans can be made of it.

11.30 P.M. we passed the longitude of Cape Horn and at the same time into the Pacific Ocean, after a run of eight thousand four hundred and seventy-six miles in fifty-five and one-third days from Delaware Bay, a daily average of one hun-

dred and fifty-three and one-sixth miles. We were then thirty miles south of the Cape proper, which is a small island and of no account at all in itself, being only about a mile or two square. I stayed on deck until midnight. The sky was covered with patches of swiftly moving clouds, which now and then shut out the bright moonlight as they drifted across her disk. The ship was running very rapidly before a fresh northeast breeze, every rag that would draw set, and really presented a beautiful appearance. The surface of the ocean was a mass of roaring breakers, caused by the strong westerly current running in a contrary direction to the wind, which as they broke into foam looked in the bright moonlight like heaps of snow. Right overhead sparkled the Southern Cross, now seen at its best. It is a very beautiful constellation; from this time it will gradually sink behind us.

September 2.—The ship lay becalmed all the morning, light breezes springing up after dinner. Made out the Diego Ramirez rocks at 4 P.M., from the foretop-gallant yard, twenty-two miles ahead, the ship then heading northwest. These are a cluster of great barren rocks fifty-four miles southwest of Cape Horn, and are the most southerly land of South America. There are three principal rocks and many lesser ones in the group, which extends northwest and southeast

four or five miles. Numberless sea-birds, and some seals, live on them.

The ship "St. John," I mentioned last week had a very narrow escape from being lost on these rocks when on her way home from 'Frisco a year or two ago. She had been running by dead reckoning before a "westerly" for several days, when one pitch-dark night she ran at full speed straight between two of the largest rocks, through a narrow channel a mile long; so close was she to the rocks that the breakers carried away all her starboard rail.

September 5.—During the afternoon and night we had the hardest gale of the voyage so far, and from the tremendous sea running from that direction it was certainly the finishing touch of a regular sou'wester, although the wind had hauled around to the northwest. The sail report taken from the log will show how it came on to blow harder and harder. "Up to 1 P.M. all sail; 1 P.M. furled royals; 2 P.M. furled top-gallant-sails; 2.30 P.M. furled cross-jack and reefed upper topsails and spanker; 3 P.M. furled upper topsails and jib; 3.45 P.M. furled mainsail and reefed foresail. So until 9 A.M. Saturday, when the wind moderated and set upper topsails and mainsail," etc. The ship was pitching right into the head-sea, her bows going under at every dip and flooding the decks with water, so sleep was out of the question,

and to stand up without some support impossible. I climbed out of my bunk in short order to prevent being tossed out, which would not have been at all amusing, as I use the upper one.

September 6.—The ocean presented a magnificent sight, the truly gigantic waves towering above us at one moment and the next lifting the ship high in their crests as though she were a bit of cork. The seas had lengthened out considerably and the ship no longer plunged head on into them, but rose and fell with an easy, pleasant motion. During this blow it was and still is a difficult feat to eat, one's whole time being occupied while at table in watching that the plates don't deposit their contents in one's lap. The swinging castor gave me a gentle rap on the cheek to-day that has left its mark for some time to come.

Being this week in iceberg regions, we have at night doubled the forward lookout, and had an extra man stationed on the poop-deck. The officer on watch also tries the temperature of the water every half-hour as a further precaution against these dangerous objects. None have appeared, however. To-day the sea is much lower, but still very high, and running strong. These long swells, whose tops are about one thousand feet apart, are found here all the year round, and are peculiar to Cape Horn, only building up close together in a regular gale.

September 7.—Like last Sunday, to-day has been a fine one, but unlike last Sunday evening, to-night is chill and rainy, and most disagreeable, except in the cabin. This morning I remarked to the second mate that it was odd we had sighted no ice, and as usual he took the cue and proceeded to spin me a yarn on the subject broached. As a specimen of his efforts you shall have it as best I can remember it.

"Yes," said he, "it is a bit queer, but there's time yet to clap our eyes on ice before we get away from these parts, tho' for my part I don't much care about seein' none. Ice, you see, Mr. Mac, is always a nuscience at sea, and no skipper likes to have it about. I've seen a good bit of it in my time, and about three years ago I was down just about this very place; I had enough of it then to last me for a good while to come. You see I was second mate of the 'British Racer,' an old eighteen-hundred-ton 'lime-juicer,' and we was carryin' coal from Cardiff to 'Frisco (a 'lime-juicer,' I must tell you, is sea-slang for an English vessel, the English law making it compulsory for the captain to serve his crew with a certain amount of lime-juice per man per day, as a preventive against scurvy). Well, sir, we was gettin' along right smartly, and had come 'round the Cape just as nice as we did here the other night, with the kites up and even two or three stuns'ls out, and

the old man, Cap'n Gordon, of Belfast, was just as pleased as pie. One night when it was my middle watch, I was goin' for'ad to see that the lookout wasn't asleep, when just by the fore shrouds I was met with a puff of hot air that had a gassy sort of smell, and quick as a wink I knowed we was a-fire somewhere below. That soft coal is blank for a-breakin' out a-fire, and so I knowed at once what was the row. I bolted for the old man's cabin, and turned him out in no time by sayin' what I found out for'ad, and he didn't lose no time gettin' on deck, runnin' out just as he was, about half dressed. You see, he had a good slice of the ship himself, and I guess the old girl wasn't insured very high. 'Well,' says he, when we'd taken a look at things and saw that the seams was beginnin' to smoke a little, 'here's a go and no mistake! ain't it, Mr. D——?' And I says, 'Yes, cap'n, it is, and a blank bad one, too.' 'I didn't want to load the blank stuff,' says he, gettin' mad all at once, ''cause I knowed its dirty tricks and ways; but it's aboard now and burnin', and now wot's to be done? for,' says he, slow and solemn-like, 'this here ship is booked for the bottom, and that, too, afore many days. Call the mate, Mr. D——, and then all hands.'

"When the men was all amidships, the old man gives out what I'd found, and orders the pumps

to be rigged, and a couple of lines of pipe run down through the deck where it was hottest, which was well for'ad, as I said before. All that night and the next day we pumped and pumped water into her, and then pumped and pumped it out again, but it didn't seem to do any good, as the smoke came out thicker and thicker each hour, till it was plain as the mains'l we couldn't drown the blaze. In the first dog-watch we give over tryin', and the old man says, 'Me lads, this here's a bad job, and it looks tho' the "Racer" was running a pretty straight course for Davy Jones; the port watch'll start in and get the boats ready for leavin' the ship, and the starboard watch'll begin bringin' out some stores.'

"All that night we was hard at it, and by mornin' had the boats well fixed and ready to let fall at a minute's notice. About three bells that evenin' we was takin' our tea, when a fellow in my watch that we called Scopey, 'cause his eyes was reg'lar telescopes for spyin' things, sings out, 'Ice ahead, two p'ints on the port bow!' And sure enough, when the ship rose up again there was a little twinklin' spot right on the sky-line, a-shinin' like a diamond. The old man pops below, and pops up again with his glass, and then takes a good long look at the stranger, t'wards the end of which look I sees a pleased-like expression come over his face. 'Let her go off a p'int,' says he to the man at the wheel,

'and keep her nor' by west, a quarter west.' 'Ay, ay, sir!' says the man, and we began runnin' freer and straight for the ice. Soon after that it come on dark and we took in considerable sail, so as to slack up our speed, and at sun-up next mornin' made the ice about six miles ahead, a reg'lar old giant of a berg, sparklin' in the sun like a million tons of mother-o'-pearl. There was a easy breeze blowin', just where we wanted it, and makin' the ship as easy to handle as a pilot-boat. 'Run for it,' says the old man to Mr. Corker, the mate, 'and let's see what it looks like close on.' Pretty soon we was within half a mile of it, and certainly it was grand, bein', I should judge, about a mile long by nearly as much wide, and heavin' up in some places eleven or twelve hundred feet. 'Back the main yard, Mr. Corker,' says the old man, 'and get away the whale-boat. I think I'll go ashore and do a little prospectin'. Six men here, tumble in, you with 'em, Mr. D——,' and in no time we was off and pullin' for the ice. The old man soon sees a place where landin' was easy, a reg'-lar ice-wharf extendin' back about two hundred yards, and as level as the deck of a ship layin' at anchor, and we pulls alongside of it, makin' fast to a spike drove into the ice. The old man tum-bled out, and, tellin' us to wait, sticks his hands into his pockets and walks off. When he comes back he was all smiles, and sings out, 'Hit her up

now, boys, and we'll soon be as snug as tho' we was safe ashore in Liverpool.' When we gets back to the 'Racer,' and was aboard again, he says, as cheerful as you please, tho' the old girl was a-smokin' away for'ad like a blank volcaner, 'Take in the r'yals and t'gall'nts, Mr. Corker, and s'pose you let go the upper tops'l halliards too. Work her up close to the berg under the courses, and back the main yard just off that flat p'int where I made a landin'.' When we was there he sends two hawsers ashore, and makes 'em fast to a couple of spars planted in the ice, and then warps the old gal up to the ice-wharf as neat and ship-shape as if we was tyin' up to a reg'lar civilized dock, tho' of course the ship scraped a bit on account of the sea. 'Knock away the bulwarks alongside the ice, Mr. Corker,' says the old man, almost laughin' he was so pleased, and we soon had 'em down and the deck about level with the flat part of the berg. Well, sir, we just cleaned that ship out, takin' ashore, as we called it, all the stores and tools and lumber and sails, even to the rag carpet off the cabin floor and the rubber balls what the kittens used to play with about the deck. 'Now, men,' says the old man, when there was nothin' else as could very well be shifted, and we was about used up, 'off with the main hatch, and begin passin' out the cargo. The fire hasn't tackled that part yet, and we can get a fair bit

of it out afore the ship is too hot to work on ;' for, lucky for us, the breeze carried the smoke that was pourin' out for'ad clean away from us, which prevented our bein' choked to death. Now the men took this order as pretty hard lines, and, seein' how they'd been workin', it did look kinda rough. 'Wot's the use o' that?' says one of 'em, speakin' for the crowd. 'We're blank near dead a'ready, and don't see wot you want the coal for, nohow ; we've plenty o' wood to burn.'

"'Wot!' says the old man, gettin' hot, 'is that the way you're goin' to act after me showin' such kindness to ye for three whole months? Here, now, tumble to, and no sulkin'. Why, blank your lazy hides, I'll take a hand meself.' And he off's with his pea-jacket and starts in. That cheered the boys up a bit, and so they went to work with a will, and never stopped till there was near seven hundred tons of coal safe and sound on the ice, and well back from the edge. At last we couldn't work no longer, for the flames broke out and just went for things like a lot of hungry tigers. 'Cast her off!' yells the old man, and the next minit the old gal was driftin' away all ablaze and lookin' splendid. Well, sir, we lived on that berg for a year, lackin' just five days, and, barrin' the cold, was as cheerful and comfortable as you please. We built a nice house, and had plenty to eat and nothing to do, the only duty being to keep a

lookout from one of the high points where we rigged a signal-station, and kept the flags flyin' all the time there was daylight and a big bonfire all night. We found a little polar bear cub, too, and brought her up as a pet; but her temper bein' pretty cross-grained we had to be careful not to tease her, and the cap'n named her Maria Ann, which he said was the name of his wife's mother, who was snappish like the bear and reminded him of her. At the end of six months the berg had melted about half away, and in nine was only about a quarter the size it had been when we boarded it, and all that time we hadn't seen a single sail.

"One day, about noon, I was just goin' up to the signal-staff, when I see the flag run up as had been fixed to signify sail in sight. 'Sail ho!' I sings out, and the men comes runnin' out, sayin', 'Where? where?' Up we all scrambles, and sure enough there was a sail comin' head on right for the berg on the opposite side from Racerville, as we called the camp.

"'It's a steamer under all sail,' says the old man.

"She came on awful slow, and it was a good while before we could signal her; but at last she saw us, and runs up her awnsering pennant.

"'Who are you?' says we.

"'British steamship "Haystack," from Buenos

Ayres for Callao,' says the steamer, and then runs up. 'Do you want to be taken off?'

"'Well, rather,' says we. 'Heave to, and we'll come aboard.' So she runs a little closer and heaves to. The old man and me and six men pulls off to her, and, when we got on deck, the old man says,—

"'Cap'n Morgan, I believe?' Havin' found the other skipper's name in an old register.

"'Yes,' says the other old man. 'What's the matter with you,—wrecked?' For we looked as healthy and ship-shape as you please.

"'Yes,' says our old man; 'I lost my ship, the "British Racer," a year ago next Monday by fire, and have been campin' out ever since.'

"'Well,' says the other, 'you're cool about it, 'an' no mistake.'

"'A year on a iceberg is calkerlated to make a feller coolish,' says our old man, grinnin'. And then lookin' round, says, 'Ain't you steamin'?'

"'No,' says Cap'n Morgan; 'I was blowed out of my way so far down off the Falklands that I used up all my coal, and have been tryin' to get along under canvas ever since. But it's dreadful slow, and I'm agoin' to break up the woodwork and clap on steam again.'

"'Wot's your cargo?' says Cap'n Gordon.

"'Meat,' says Cap'n Morgan. 'Fresh meat in ice-chests; but the ice's 'most gone, and I was

standin' for the berg to get a new supply when I made out your signals. I'm afeared tho' it'll spile afore I can fix it up and make port.'

"'What'll you give a ton for good coal?' says our old man, kinda smilin'.

"'*What?*' says Cap'n Morgan.

"'I says what'll you give for coal?' says ours.

"'What d'you mean?' says Cap'n Morgan, lookin' as tho' he took our old man to be off his nut.

"'Why,' says Cap'n Gordon, 'I've a coal-mine on this island of mine; not much of a one, but I could let you have say seven hundred tons at a fair price; and if you take it all I'll let you have the ice free, throw it in as it were, and not say nothin' about it.'

"At first Cap'n Morgan thought our old man gone cranky, but when he found out we really did have the coal, he says,—

"'Well, you let me have the coal, and I'll take you and your crew to Callao for nothin'.'

"'Oh, no,' says our old man; 'we're comfortable, and in no hurry to move. I'll let you have the coal for five pounds per ton, fifty per cent. off for cash, delivered alongside the berg.'

"'*Five pounds* a ton!' yells the steamer's old man. 'Why, you must think I'm the Duke o' Westminster. I'll give you one.'

"'Say two pounds ten,' says our old man, 'and I'll throw in my mother-in-law, I mean a she polar bear, into the bargain.'

"'Polar bear be blanked!' says Cap'n Morgan. 'I ain't commandin' a zoological garden this v'yage.'

"'Well,' says our old man, 'one pound takes it; and you can bring the "Haystack" up alongside safe enough, for the water's deep snug on.'

"Well, we soon had the coal shifted again, and as I said, just five days less than the year we cast off and stood away for Callao, Maria Ann and all, only the two kittens bein' missin', they havin' been eat by Maria about six months before. I shipped from Callao for Antwerp, and never heard of any of the crew again till just before we started away this time, when I read a piece in the *New York Herald*, tellin' about a seafarin' party as was killed by his mother-in-law during a quarrel about keepin' a white bear chained in the old lady's garden, and from what it said I come to the conclusion it must have been the 'Racer's' old man what was killed, and that the white bear must have been Maria Ann."

Mr. D—— reels these yarns off in the most solemn manner, and I never express the slightest want of faith in them, although I can hardly believe that he actually thinks I take them to be true. Whenever the captain or mate is about, his lips are sealed and his fictions are hushed. In fact, I seem to be the only person, besides Chips, who he makes a confidant in, regarding his remarkable adventures.

Table for week ending September 14.

September 8.—Lat. 52° 28′ S. Run—149 miles.
Lon. 83° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 45°.
Heavy squalls all night. Head-sea. Fog all day.

September 9.—Lat. 51° 47′ S. Run—147 miles.
Lon. 85° 49′ W. Temp. at noon, 40°.
Cold and rainy. Moderate gale. High sea.

September 10.—Lat. 50° 25′ S. Run—139 miles.
Lon. 85° 28′ W. Temp. at noon, 49°.
Beautiful day. High sea.

September 11.—Lat. 47° 34′ S. Run—186 miles.
Lon. 84° 04′ W. Temp. at noon, 52°.
Beautiful day. Light airs and calms.

September 12.—Lat. 46° 42′ S. Run—68 miles.
Lon. 83° 47′ W. Temp. at noon, 52°.
Weather fine. Scored our tenth thousand mile.

September 13.—Lat. 44° 53° S. Run—176 miles.
Lon. 87° 03′ W. Temp. at noon, 45°.
Thick, colder and damp.

September 14.—Lat. 43° 56′ S. Run—121 miles.
Lon. 88° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 46°.
Damp and unpleasant. Wind dead ahead most all the week.

IX.

At Sea, Sunday, September 14.

A poor week's work and one not calculated to help the quick passage we have been counting on. Wind dead ahead and continuous tacking has been the bugbear all through the week and still continues. It is very aggravating after such a good run.

Everything shows that we are approaching fine weather regions again, for which change I'll not be sorry. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were model days; such days that could I pickle a few and get them home, I could dispose of them to invalids or picnic-parties at very high prices; but we're still in rough regions, and are liable to have gales any time until we strike across thirty degrees south.

Saturday and to-day the weather changed for the worse again, and this evening looks threatening and squally to the southwest, the direction rough weather generally comes from down here.

September 8.—In the afternoon we saw a superb fog-bow to the southward; it lasted about fifteen minutes. The fog-horn was kept going all day, being performed on by one of the watch on deck,

who paced the top-gallant forecastle while he sounded the warning.

September 9.—I caught a splendid albatross and also one of the half-breeds that were flying about us, by letting over a strong cod-line baited with pork fat. At least twenty small birds were having a battle over it, when several big ones came swooping down and scattered them away. In a second my prize had swallowed furiously. He was a beauty, with soft white throat, breast, and wings, which, when spread out on his body, measured over eight feet across. I have them as trophies, also his skull and back. The half-breed had brown wings, and measured six feet across. These birds are great company for us; since the 21st of August we have been accompanied by more or less of them every day, rain or shine.

There are several kinds. First, the Cape pigeons I spoke of before; these are very compactly built little fellows, and are the most numerous; they are very tame, and superlatively greedy. To feed they have to first settle in the water, and it is very amusing to throw over a bit of fat or bread and watch them fight over it. The instant one sees it, no matter how fast he is flying, he throws back his wings and half flies, half tumbles, into the water, then scrambles up and grabs it. Generally three or four see it at the same time, and it looks as if they had been shot to see them

come tumbling down, head over heels, in their haste to reach the coveted morsel. If it is too big a piece for one to fly away with or swallow whole, a regular raid is made on the one who has it, twenty or thirty getting around it, all scrambling and pushing to get a bite. They never utter a sound, except at these times, when they give weak little quacks like miniature ducks. They float on the water as lightly as a ball of cotton, and look very pretty. Then there are the regular albatrosses, known by their white heads and pinkish beaks, and the half-breeds, like the one we caught. Also some birds called molly-mokes, about the size of a turkey. These are hideously ugly creatures that are a dirty-black color all over, and have white eyes; they are not as tame as the other birds, and will not bite at our line.

Sometimes there are a few gulls of various kinds, pure white, and gray, but they are scarce, as we are too far off shore to suit their taste. All these birds have the same graceful flight, sweeping swiftly over the waves, rising and falling as the water rises and falls, and making long curves around the ship, often dozens flying in a body. They are always on the lookout for food, and will tackle anything at all; I often fool them by throwing over a few chips of wood. The larger birds cannot bring up as suddenly as the pigeons, but have to circle once or twice before settling

down. The little ones always find and get to the bits of pork first, and, if it be a large piece, are just getting interested in it when down come the big fellows, squawking at a great rate, and promptly take possession, swallowing at one gulp what the pigeons could not fly away with. I saw one bolt a piece that weighed over a pound. When the prize is light enough to carry, the pigeons grab it up and fly away with it to devour it undisturbed, and the big birds are too clumsy to catch them. The albatrosses are especially strong of flight, and are said to have one more bone in their wings than any bird known. It is really marvellous to see them, as they sail as straight as a bullet right into the teeth of a roaring gale without a movement of their outstretched wings, and apparently without an effort of any sort.

The legs of all these birds are very weak, and will not support them when on a hard surface. They use them to run along the tops of the waves for a yard or two when they start in their flight, but cannot rise from the deck of a vessel, so that once get one on board and he cannot escape; and an odd fact is that when brought on board they are always sea-sick, vomiting whatever they may have eaten, and naturally presenting a very ludicrous appearance. They live on the various squids, etc., that are found on the surface of the

water, and only follow the ships for the delicacies of their bill of fare. Of all the things they like, "slush" is their favorite. It is the grease that is used in rubbing down the topmasts and top-gallant-masts, and for various other jobs on board ship. The slush-barrel is kept forward, and I waste about a quart every day feeding them. I am trying, by a daily supply of this, how far north I can lure them.

Besides all these, we once in a while see, but oftener only hear, the penguins, those queer birds that cannot fly, but swim under water. Sometimes they jump from the water just as a porpoise does. To-day I heard several, but could not catch a glimpse of any, as they are very shy. When I mentioned the other day that they ventured a long way from land, we were then one hundred miles off the coast; to-day we are six hundred.

September 10.—In the evening there was a fine display of the Southern Lights, or Aurora Australis, a phenomenon which corresponds with the Aurora Borealis of northern latitudes.

September 11.—The captain, Mr. X——, and I spent the afternoon shooting at the birds. Result,—seven rifle-shots, twenty-four revolver-shots, three horse-pistol shots,= one pigeon. The solitary victim to all this expenditure of powder and shot was hit by the captain with the horse-pistol. As the bird was only some eight feet

away, and the pistol was charged with an ounce of buckshot, he could hardly have missed. I fired the other two shots out of the pistol, and most of the revolver cartridges, but the ship tossed so you couldn't get any aim. The pistol was a prehistoric relic, which kicked like a pair of mules.

September 12.—To-day we scored our tenth thousand mile.

September 14.—This evening, just before sunset, we sighted a bark bound south, probably from the Guano Islands, off the coast of Peru. The voyage has now a different aspect to us all, and I must say I'm glad we are heading towards the north star. It gives the greatest satisfaction to know we are actually steering for port, and although still enthusiastic on the delights of the trip, I am glad it is more than half over; as if we are out very many days more, I'll have to have every rag of clothes let out when I get to 'Frisco. I am getting fat, and am as tough as sole leather. I forgot to say before that we have a sailor who cuts hair quite nicely. Mr. X—— and I have each passed through his hands once.

Table for week ending September 21.

September 15.—Lat. 41° 45′ S. Run—159 miles.
Lon. 87° 07′ W. Temp. at noon, 52°.

Damp and unpleasant. Heavy squalls all day. Sea running high. Thousands of birds

September 16.—Lat. 38° 51′ S. Run—183 miles.
Lon. 86° 43′ W. Temp. at noon, 59°.

Beautiful day. Stiff breeze. Sea very high. Much water coming on board.

September 17.—Lat. 35° 34′ S. Run—203 miles.
Lon. 86° 39′ W. Temp. at noon, 58°.

Weather fine. Light breezes.

September 18.—Lat. 34° 24′ S. Run—88 miles.
Lon. 87° 44′ W. Temp. at noon, 58°.

September 19.—Lat. 32° 46′ S. Run—108 miles.
Lon. 88° 38′ W. Temp. at noon, 61°.

Fine day. Calm all afternoon.

September 20.—Lat. 31° 56′ S. Run—54 miles.
Lon. 88° 56′ W. Temp. at noon, 64°.

Light airs and calms. Weather fine.

September 21.—Lat. 31° 00′ S. Run—58 miles.
Lon. 88° 45′ W. Temp. at noon, 69°.

Light airs and calms. Beautiful sunset. Latter part of week in "calms of Capricorn."

X.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, September 21.

LAST week we had to contend against adverse winds, and most of this week what is worse, no winds at all, at least very little, and light at that. As I write, the ship is scarcely moving, the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond, and the swell has so decreased as to be hardly perceptible. It is very discouraging after such a fine run to be thus stuck. Each day we paddle along in these calms of Capricorn counts against our looked for "clipper" passage, and the captain's face grows longer and longer as the calms continue, and he pictures the "Spinney" far to the westward bowling along, while we are idle; however, perhaps the "Spinney" is as badly off as we are. Monday and Tuesday the wind was fresh and fine, and we were just beginning to chuckle, when presto, change! and it was gone. All along there have been whiffs of air enough to make it pleasant and keep steerageway on the ship; what little we have made has generally been at night, as during the daytime we have hardly averaged a mile an hour. After dark light breezes come fanning over the water, and we take every advantage possible to be had from them. I wish my friends at home could see the

sunsets in these calm regions of the ocean. At all times and in all places they have been beautiful, but nowhere so delicate in coloring as in these parts. The sun generally sets perfectly clear, a brilliant dazzling color, turning the western ocean a deep blood-red, and in parts a rich purple. But it is the after-glow that is so enchanting. Such a perfect blending of colors, such exquisitely delicate tinting, can nowhere else be seen. The light fleecy clouds fantastically grouped and scattered about in curious forms are painted by the dying sun in every conceivable shade, in some places in the most startling contrasts, while in others the colors blend as delicately as in a prism.

Clouds tinted a rich turkey-red or gorgeous orange float along beside others as white as snow or deep black. The background of the sky appears like a huge rainbow, and as it rises from the horizon assumes all the colors of that beautiful object, seemingly fused together, yet each tint distinctly visible, until overhead it deepens into a dark, clear blue, set with countless twinkling stars. Gradually all these colors fade away, until at last only a faint streak is left to show where the sun went down. Each evening the scene is changed, and I look forward with pleasure all day to the time when these splendid natural transformation scenes begin.

This evening the western sky was the picture

of a rocky coast, in which the entrance to a harbor was visible, having on one side a fort, and on the other a light-house. In the middle of this opening a small cloud gave the finishing-touch to the picture by slowly rising from the horizon, looking as if a ship was coming out between the headlands. The moonrises, too, are magnificent, and sometimes rival the sunsets in their wild and startling beauty.

Monday we were accompanied by more birds than on any day at all, but since then they have gradually left us, and to-day only a dozen pigeons and two little "Mother Carey's Chickens," which turned up yesterday, are in sight. These wee little creatures look very funny in comparison to the other birds, even the pigeons looking gigantic in contrast.

September 16.—All the morning the ship was drenching herself with spray, which for an hour fell in showers as far aft as the mainmast, and one extra big splash completely wet a man on the main yard and passed over the stern.

September 17.—Ran past the latitude of Robinson Crusoe's Island, and some three hundred and fifty miles to the westward of it.

September 18.—To-day we had three new species of birds in company, some largish brown fellows twice the size of the pigeons, and wonderful divers; also two kinds of gray, one of which I caught, and have his wings. Our two kittens

almost go crazy whenever I catch a bird, for it means fresh meat to them, and the way they improve the opportunity and tackle the carcass is a caution.

September 19 *and* 20.—Shifted all the strong sails for the old ones used in light-weather regions. It makes a big job, as every sail on the ship has been changed twice except the mizzen-royal and spanker.

September 21.—This morning at sunrise sighted a large English iron ship, bound south; are still in sight of her. She has been drifting about in all directions, not being able to steer as easily as we do. There is no more helpless sight than a big ship totally becalmed. During the week I have started to keep a chart of our daily run. It is on a very small scale, but will show our course and the distance made every day of the voyage.

Last evening, during the first dog-watch, I was on the foretop-gallant yard, and, happening to look aft, saw a flying-fish attempt to pass across the ship, but come to grief by striking the main-sail. Mr. D——, who was on deck, off duty, picked it up, glanced around, and then walked aft and started up the mizzen rigging. I watched him curiously, and was astonished to see him proceed all the way up to the royal yard, work his way out on it to windward, and carefully stick the dead fish into the extreme point of the yard, shov-

ing its head, as I afterwards found by examination, into a large crack. He then descended to the deck. It was evident that I was to benefit by the performance, and as I did not want him to know I had witnessed his little game, I remained hidden behind the mast till he at last went into his room, when I hurried down and reached the after-cabin before he reappeared on deck. After waiting till I saw him come out I followed suit, and as soon as he spied me he spun me the following fib, which, to his great delight, I apparently swallowed whole:

"You should have been here a minuit ago, Mr. Mac; there was a school of what we call sky-scrapers went across the ship, and it isn't more'n once in a dozen voyages you'll see 'em."

"What are sky-scrapers?" I asked, innocently.

"Why, they're a kind of flying-fish that fly fifty times as high as the reg'lar sort, and don't think nothin' of doin' two or three miles at a lick. I was lookin' out to windward, when I saw 'em rise about a thousand yards off the bow, and just as they got to us the whole school was just over the mast-heads, or they'd have been killed by the hundred. They made a whirr like just so many birds, and I guess they must have gone a couple of miles to leeward afore they struck water, for I couldn't distinguish no splash, tho' I ran for the glass and clapped it onto 'em as quick as I could.

How many was there? Well, I should say four or five thousand, and it's queer you didn't notice the whirr they made." Then looking up in a natural way, he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, blank my eyes if one feller didn't run afoul of us, and there the beggar is, a-stickin' head on into the mizzen-royal yard, dead to windward; see him? Here, Mike (to a sailor who was coiling down some halliards), skip aloft there to the weather end of the mizzen-royal, and fetch me that sky-scraper wot's stickin' there. Look lively, now." And the astonished tar after sighting the fish proceeded aloft, coming down again with a grin, which showed that he saw the officer's racket as well as I did.

"You see," said the second mate, as the sailor handed him the fish, "these sky-scrapers looks like the common kind, and it's not till you get to know 'em that you can tell 'em apart, and as they're not fit to eat like the reg'lar sort, I'll chuck this feller overboard." And so saying, overboard it went.

Table for week ending September 28.

September 22.—Lat. 30° 18′ S. Run—43 miles.
Lon. 88° 40′ W. Temp. at noon, 71°.
Weather fine. Calms and light airs.

September 23.—Lat. 29° 30′ S. Run—53 miles.
Lon. 88° 32′ W. Temp. at noon, 65°.
Light showers during forenoon. Squalls all round the horizon.

September 24.—Lat. 27° 30′ S. Run—132 miles.
Lon. 80° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 68°.
Superfine day.

September 25.—Lat. 26° 22′ S. Run—106 miles.
Lon. 90° 30′ W. Temp. at noon, 70°.
Beautiful day. Got S. E. trade winds at 2 P.M.

September 26.—Lat. 24° 43′ S. Run—124 miles.
Lon. 91° 46′ W. Temp. at noon, 70°.
Weather fine.

September 27.—Lat. 22° 38′ S. Run—156 miles.
Lon. 93° 29′ W. Temp. at noon, 71°.
Weather fine.

September 28.—Lat. 20° 58′ S. Run—156 miles.
Lon. 95° 24′ W. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Slightly overcast. Water-spout. Light airs. Moonlight all the week.

Table for week ending October 5.

September 29.—Lat. 20° 07′ S. Run—83 miles.
Lon. 96° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 75°.
Overcast and squally.

September 30.—Lat. 18° 37′ S. Run—116 miles.
Lon. 97° 35′ W. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Fine day. Full moon. Beautiful evening. Not a cloud visible.

October 1.—Lat. 18° 20′ S. Run—109 miles.
Lon. 98° 49′ W. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Beautiful day. Light airs.

October 2.—Lat. 17° 34′ S. Run—86 miles.
Lon. 90° 00′ W. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Weather fine. Light airs and calms all day. Dead calm all night. Bright moon and cloudless sky.

October 3.—Lat. 17° 18′ S. Run—21 miles.
Lon. 99° 01′ W. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Dead calm till 11 A.M., then very light airs. Heavy rain-squall and fresh breeze at 2 P.M.

October 4.—Lat. 15° 20′ S. Run—115 miles.
Lon. 99° 38′ W. Temp. at noon, 74°.
Rain-squalls all day.

October 5.—Lat. 12° 56′ S. Run—180 miles.
Lon. 101° 30′ W. Temp. at noon, 75°.
Very fine day.

XI.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, October 5.

Two most discouraging weeks have elapsed since I made my last entry, and which I greatly fear will prevent our passage getting down into the *teens*, as we had confidently hoped. With an ordinary chance we would have to-day been up to the equator, but the siege of calms and light, baffling winds we have undergone has retarded us wofully, and from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-five days will most likely be our run, with a strong probability in favor of the latter figure being most correct. The daily runs marked down in the table must not be taken as our real progress, as often they are beyond it. They include all the tacks we make, and thus I often put down fifty or sixty miles more than we really proceed towards San Francisco.

The following are the incidents I have noted down for the last two weeks:

September 22.—During the morning one of the sailors reported a boat drifting about to the eastward, and for a time there was quite a sensation on board; but at last the object turned out to be a number of large brown birds sitting on the water, and evidently feeding on something. Saw a great many nautiluses.

September 23.—School of about a dozen right-whales passed within quarter of a mile during the forenoon. This species blow a high straight stream, instead of the short puffs given by the sperm-whales that we saw off Pernambuco, Brazil.

September 25.—Second mate and one of the sailors indulge in a short row; one round fought, resulting in victory for the second mate.

September 26.—Slid down the fore-royal-stay.

September 28.—Saw a water-spout form to the northeast. It began by slowly descending in the shape of an inverted cone, the end swaying from side to side until near the surface, when a body of water leaped up and joined it, and the whole thing drifted off to the northeast. The phenomenon occurred during a calm and at sunset. Flying-fish about again.

October 3.—Spent the afternoon shooting at bottles towing astern. Saw a barkentine bound south from California.

October 5.—Flying-fish for breakfast. They are very numerous, and can be caught at night by hanging a fine net in the bowsprit rigging with a lantern in it, which attracts the fish, and they fly for it, and thus become entangled in the net. Many thus caught are too small to cook. Several "boson" birds about. These birds are the size of a chicken, and are pure white with scarlet beaks. In flying they have a very labored move-

ment, seeming as though they were completely tired out; at night they often perch on the ends of the yard-arms. They fly about as high as the tip of the mast-heads, and never seem to go down to the surface to feed. As they fly they utter the most dismal noise I ever heard a bird let loose. It sounds like a batch of weak puppies learning to bark. The name "boson" is an abbreviation of the word boatswain, and they are so called because they have a long, straight feather the shape of a marline-spike sticking out behind their tails. On shipboard the boatswain is the man who has charge of the small gear, such as marline-spikes, spun-yarn, etc.; hence the bird's name. I have not seen any since Monday afternoon, when we attempted to shoot one and frightened them all away.

After passing thirty degrees south we began to expect the southeast trade winds, which generally blow with great regularity from about that point up to two or three degrees north of the equator. Once in these, a captain need not trouble himself much, for they blow steadily, and with very little variation all the year round, and it is all fair sailing for days and weeks without change. At 2 P.M. on the 26th of September, in twenty-six degrees south, we ran into them, and thought we were fixed at last for a fine run to the northward, but after a day or so of fair to middling breezes the wind failed us, and we

have been progressing through the very heart of the trade-wind region (when we should have been reeling off over two hundred miles a day), with a wretched chance up to yesterday afternoon, when they began to blow in earnest, and as I write the ship is again boiling along at a ten-knot rate, splashing the lower deck with spray, and seeming to enjoy the change as much as any of the officers or men. The captain, whose disappointment at being set back so is very great, is commencing to smile again, and in fact all hands from the boy up feel brighter, for there is nothing that grows so tiresome as a long drawn out spell of calms or baffling winds.

I will here note a few changes that have taken place in my manner of passing time. I read a great deal more than I did at first, and have polished off the entire series of the late Mr. Shakspeare's writings, as well as several of Marryat's, Cooper's, and Lever's novels, and a miscellaneous assortment of history, travels, and science. Having pretty well learned the ship from the end of the jib-boom to the end of the spanker-boom, and from main truck to keelson, I have stopped asking questions and studying the rigging as for the first two months at sea. Neither do I do as much climbing as formerly, the novelty having worn off, but when I do start aloft, I never stop short of the royal yards, the highest possible perch. I remem-

ber the first time I went aloft, I trembled so that I was afraid I should fall, but now the main royal yard feels as comfortable as the deck. Several times I have climbed from the deck to the masthead without touching the regular ladders, and on the 26th of September incurred the displeasure of the captain for the first time, by sliding down the fore-royal-stay in a moment of thoughtless bravado.

The fore-royal-stay is the rope extending from the point of the bowsprit to the peak of the foremast, and after I had started on my dangerous journey I would have given worlds to have been back on the royal yard, but it was go ahead or nothing, and so I at last reached the point of the jib-boom with well-torn clothes and nerves pretty well unstrung. As I said before, I read more than at first, and generally give the whole afternoon to it, and often the evenings too. Mr. X——'s nightly performances on the mouth-organ are, however, rather discouraging to any one's attempt to get interested in a book. He still continues to wade through his tremendous supply of "New York Weeklies," and takes his afternoon nap with clock-like regularity. Although now three months out, he is still in dense ignorance of anything about the ship's rigging, in regard to either its name or use, and I have no doubt he will continue in his indifference to the end of the voyage. In some matters he is painfully green, and the second mate

taking advantage of the fact, "stuffs" him fearfully, much to the delight of the mate, who is also beginning to practise on his credulity. The other day when we were shooting, Mr. X—— attempted to load a shot-gun, and just as he was about to take aim at a pigeon, the captain asked him how much powder he had in the gun, as it was an old one, and should not be loaded too heavily. This led to an explanation on Mr. X——'s part, of the ludicrous fact that he had put the *powder and shot in together*, and then rammed them down *without any wad.* He then said it had been *some time* since he had been gunning!

For the past two weeks the ship has been undergoing her regular annual overhauling, and although not yet finished is already vastly changed, and in a short time she will look like a new ship. Every mast, spar, and boom has been carefully scraped, sand-papered, and oiled, and as most of the sticks are of Oregon pine, a beautifully marked and colored timber, the effect aloft is very handsome. The masts proper (*i.e.*, the first or principal sticks) are scraped with regular cabinet-scrapers as carefully as possible, and then sand-papered, and given several coats of oil, after which they are as smooth as satin. They are in one piece, instead as is generally the case in large ships being made of several separate pieces, in which case they are called made masts. When

thus scraped and oiled they are as delicately colored as a meerschaum pipe, and are truly beautiful bits of timber. As a finishing touch, they will be given a coat of varnish before going into port.

The oil that is used on the yards is mixed with rosin, which gives them a shining look when the sun is out. All the rigging has been straightened up and freshly tarred, and is as black and glistening as jet. The deck has been holystoned and oiled, and now the paint-work all over the vessel is undergoing a hard scrubbing, preparatory to being repainted, which step, with a little extra polishing on the brass-work, will complete the transformation of the old ship into a new one, as far as appearances are concerned. All the ships going into San Francisco go through just this programme, so that at that city you see them at their best, and nowhere, according to the captain, are the efforts of the captains in getting their ships into first-class trim more appreciated. In our case, no more care could be taken in the manner the work is done if it was a gentleman's drawing-room that was being overhauled.

Table for week ending October 12.

October 6.—Lat. 10° 55′ S. Run—160 miles.
Lon. 103° 40′ W. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Very fine day. "Bosons" numerous.

October 7.—Lat. 8° 52′ S. Run—199 miles.
Lon. 106° 21′ W. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Weather beautiful.

October 8.—Lat. 6° 18′ S. Run—211 miles.
Lon. 109° 04′ W. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Day fine. Very hot in sun. Heavy dew.

October 9.—Lat. 4° 03′ S. Run—182 miles.
Lon. 111° 04′ W. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Fine day. Very heavy dew after sunset.

October 10.—Lat. 2° 05′ S. Run—157 miles.
Lon. 113° 02′ W. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Fine day. Dew still very heavy at night.

October 11.—Lat. 0° 26′ S. Run—122 miles.
Lon. 114° 20′ W. Temp. at noon, 75°.
Beautiful day. Crossed the equator at 4.30 P.M. Very light breezes.

October 12.—Lat. 0° 52′ N. Run—97 miles.
Lon. 115° 26′ W. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Overcast. Light airs. Saw north star again.

The ship crossed the line yesterday afternoon. Just ninety-five days from Cape May, on longitude 114° 40′ W., after sailing thirteen thousand five hundred and ninety miles, a daily average of a trifle over one hundred and forty-three miles, or about six knots an hour. The run from 50° S. occupied thirty-one days, which is behind the average by several days. This was caused by an unexpected amount of calms, and the very weak character of the southeast trade winds.

XII.

At Sea, Sunday, October 12.

Over the equator at last, and the fifth, or concluding, stage of the voyage begun. There is something very satisfactory in crossing this imaginary line, and in knowing that the voyage is actually drawing to a close. Not that I'm in any particular hurry to get ashore, or tired of the life at sea; but then you can get too much of even a good thing, and after more than a month longer of this lazy humdrum life I feel certain I should begin to fret. Mr. X—— has been growling on the subject for a week back.

I will have quite enough to keep me just pleasantly busy during the next four weeks in finishing up my journal, letters, and charts. By that time we hope to be safely made fast to a San Francisco wharf. This week I have to record a most painful and tragic event, the first accident of the voyage. I allude to the drowning, on Tuesday, October 7, of one of the sailors, a man much liked on board, and who, poor fellow, was taking his last voyage before settling down with his family and friends in one of the Western States; it has indeed proved to be his last, but in a way he little expected. He was a man I mentioned as being quite a good

barber; he probably did his last job in that line when he cut my hair two weeks ago to-day. While doing so he told me that he had been at sea several years, but was as poor as when he started, and that on reaching 'Frisco he intended leaving the sea to go and work on the farm of a relative in Wisconsin.

October 7.—This has been a most eventful day, and one that will remain impressed on my memory for a long time. When the captain went on deck about six o'clock he caught one of the sailors—a Swede called "Charley," who is as surly a looking fellow as one could imagine—pouring turpentine over the little tomcat, much to the disgust of the poor beast, which was moaning pitifully. The captain came very near striking the man, so incensed was he; but there being several other sailors in sight he didn't care to make an exhibition, so merely ordered the man to wash pussy in soap and water, and to do double duty all day,—that is, not to turn in when his watch did, but work with both watches. At breakfast we were discussing the rascally act, and the mate quietly made up his mind to give Mr. Charley a licking; so after breakfast he went forward, called the culprit into the carpenter-shop, and there proceeded to give him a thorough good thrashing, during which the man bellowed like a two-horse-power calf. The funny side of the

incident was that a poor Dutchman called Hans, who has about as much sense as a piece of putty, on hearing Charlie's yells came running aft, thinking that some one had fallen from aloft, and the second mate, supposing he was going to pitch into the mate, let poor innocent Hans have a rap on the jaw that rather surprised him, and without waiting to see what the matter was, "Dutchy" scuttled back into the fo'castle as fast as he could.

At a quarter-past ten o'clock, as I was sitting in the captain's cabin writing, I heard shouting on the deck, and at first supposed the fight was being renewed. Running out, I saw the entire crew leaning over the weather-rail, shouting and gesticulating, and I of course knew that some one was overboard. As I reached the side the man swept past, holding on to a rope. The ship was running very fast and the sea was quite rough, so that the strain on the man's strength must have been terrible. The captain instantly ordered the helm "hard down," as the man was to windward, and "Chips" and I helped the helmsman to roll the wheel down. By the time the ship came up into the wind, which she did very quickly, the poor fellow's strength was exhausted, and from the starboard quarter he could be seen some ten feet under water towing feet foremost, the rope having become tangled about his legs before he could get loose from it. For some time it was

impossible to get hold of the line he was attached to, as it ran from out on the jib-boom down under the vessel and was fouled there, so that for at least five minutes after the ship was stopped the body hung suspended in the water. At last, after several violent efforts, the line was shaken loose of the keel and the body slowly and carefully hauled alongside, just forward of the main shrouds. The line had by this time slipped down, and was only tangled about one foot. Taking with him a rope's end made into a noose, one of the sailors lowered himself over the side and made it fast to the body, which was then gently hoisted to the rail and laid on the deck. For nearly three hours the captain and men worked to restore the poor fellow to life, adopting the methods given in the book issued by the United States Life-Saving Station, but without success. The dreadful wrenching the body had undergone while towing under the quarter had extinguished every spark of life, even if the water had not. The body was rubbed and chafed to give it warmth, various movements calculated to start respiration were kept up the whole time; hartshorn was applied to the nostrils, and hot-water bottles under the armpits and to the feet. At half-past one, not the slightest signs of returning life being noticed, the attempt was given up and the body was taken forward under the top-gallant fo'castle. It seems that the

man had been painting one of the forward stays, and having finished the job was coming in over the jib-boom, with the line to which he was suspended still fastened around his waist. This line ran from the deck up over the fore-royal yard and down the stay to where the man was working, being there attached to a kind of sling called a "boatswain's chair," in which the man sat while at work.

As he painted the stay he called out when he wished to be lowered farther down, and another sailor on deck eased off some more line, making fast again when the painter gave the signal. The deck end of the line ran out of a coil of rope, and, when the painting was finished, the fastening was taken off, so that it would run out freely as the man came in from the end of the jib-boom. When about half-way in, he slipped and fell overboard, and the line running freely from the coil on deck (which was a very long one), he would have been enabled to drift along astern, and disentangle himself from the "boson's chair," had not a sailor on deck very naturally stopped the running line, and commenced hauling in on it. When all the slack already loose had run out, and before the poor fellow had got loose from the "chair," he was suddenly brought up with a very violent jerk, and probably lost consciousness at that moment. Had he managed to get free be-

fore being thus wrenched, he would in all probability have been saved, for he could swim, and the life-buoys were in readiness to be thrown to him as he came astern. The sea was also in a perfectly safe condition to launch a boat.

During the afternoon the body was dressed and wrapped up in two old blankets that were found in his chest. Over these his hammock was securely sewed, a large bagful of iron being fastened inside at his feet, and the whole thing tightly bound around with tarred rope-yarn. At five o'clock all hands were called to the main deck, the main yard was backed, bringing the ship to a stand-still, and the body, covered with an American ensign, laid out on a large plank, which was placed on the main hatch. All hands standing uncovered, the captain read a chapter from the Bible appropriate to the occasion, and part of the burial service for funerals at sea, and then at a signal the flag was taken off, the body was slowly carried to the port side and launched overboard from the plank, just opposite to where it had been hauled on board in the morning. A minute later the yard was swung around, the sails began to fill away, and soon we were again ploughing along, the beautiful afternoon and bright appearance on the ship seeming in ill keeping with the solemn ceremony that had just been performed.

According to the ship's articles, the man's name

was George Holgerson, a native of Denmark; on board he was called "Frank." He was in the mate's watch, and was a favorite with the other sailors, who seemed very sorry at his death.

Since the "Pactolus" was launched, fifteen years ago, this is but the second man ever lost out of her, the first being a steward, who fell overboard in a gale of wind off Staten Land, the place we passed September 1. That happened some ten years ago.

October 9.—Flying-fish around in countless thousands.

October 10.—The huge schools of flying-fish continue to remain in company, and I never tire watching their sharp flights through the air.

October 11.—Crossed the equator bound north. Schools of bonitas under the bows all the forenoon. These fish are about as big as a large shad, and are exceedingly pretty. They are brightly colored, the tints being blue and pink, but not so brilliant as the dolphins. While sitting on the upper foretop-sail yard during the afternoon, I saw a sperm-whale blow once or twice, and then fluke or dive. This was Mr. X——'s birthday, and the captain burned some blue-lights in the evening in honor of the occasion, making a very pretty effect.

October 12.—This afternoon saw two large turtles lying on the surface of the water fast asleep.

They are numerous about here, being carried out by the current from the Galapagos Islands, a group that belongs to Equador, and lies on the equator in longitude 80° west. These islands are celebrated for the vast numbers of turtles found there. In fact, I believe the name means the Tortoise Archipelago. If it had been calm we should have got a boat over and caught one, for they are very tame; but while we have the slightest breeze the captain won't hear of stopping. This is a great pity, for they were splendid big fellows, and would have made an alderman's mouth water. Also saw a school of albacores, a large fish something like a porpoise, only much quicker in their movements; they go along like an express-train, jumping far out of water every little while. As I am finishing this the mate calls down that the north star is in sight. We are a week behind the time I gave for seeing it again, when we crossed the equator bound south.

Table for week ending October 19.

October 13.—Lat. 2° 43′ N. Run—128 miles.
Lon. 117° 03′ W. Temp. at noon, 76°.

Fine day.

October 14.—Lat. 4° 49′ N. Run—132 miles.
Lon. 118° 12′ W. Temp at noon, 78°.

Fine day. Hot in sun. Very light breezes.

October 15.—Lat. 6° 08′ N. Run—97 miles.
Lon. 118° 23′ W. Temp. at noon, 80°.

Lost S. E. trades in 6° 15′ N., and got into the *doldrums!* Hot!

October 16.—Lat. 7° 22′ N. Run—92 miles.
Lon. 118° 40′ W. Temp. at noon, 84°.

Dead calm. Rain at intervals. Very hot. Ship becalmed in trough of sea all night, rolling badly. One hundredth day at sea.

October 17.—Lat. 7° 34′ N. Run—6 miles.
Lon. 118° 30′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.

Calm. Hot. Very hard rain-squalls towards evening. Dolphins about in large numbers.

October 18.—Lat. 8° 14′ N. Run—48 miles.
Lon. 118° 39′ W. Temp. at noon, 84°.

Calm all day. Very hot. Porpoises about; also sharks; caught one. Torrents of rain in the afternoon, and all night. Several stiff squalls, and sharp lightning during the night (no thunder). Sea very rough and ugly.

October 19.—Lat. 9° 21′ N. Run—80 miles.
Lon. 118° 40′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.

Overcast, with much rain. Sea running high. Very squally towards evening. "Dirty" night.

Doldrums! *doldrums!!* DOLDRUMS!!! and the passage hopelessly spoiled. The ocean currents are very strong down here; for instance, on the 13th we had a lift of eighty-four miles to the westward by the current alone. I have enjoyed the rains very much, skipping about the decks in a bathing-suit.

XIII.

At Sea, October 19.

We have certainly had very poor luck this side of "the Cape," and the past week has been about the worst of the voyage. Several times during the week the ship lost steerage-way, and helplessly rolled about in the trough of the sea.

October 13.—Saw a man-of-war hawk, a large bird looking like an eagle, and having the same flight.

October 15.—My twenty-first birthday.

October 16.—One hundredth day out. Saw five turtles, and a ship bound south from San Francisco. She was too far away to go to her, or we would have lowered a boat and gone after some newspapers.

October 17.—Made six miles by sailing, and drifted ten more. Two turtles and many dolphins. The latter would not bite to-day. Have got the harpoon ready, should a turtle float within range.

October 18.—Porpoises about all day. They are so lazy that they only float about, instead of playing and jumping in their usual way. Several very ugly sharks astern. Caught one on our big hook, which is a foot long. He was the smallest

of the lot, and also the greediest. Measured seven feet nine inches. Had a steak for tea. It tasted like a quinine pill. Very disagreeable night.

Mr. B—— showed me his tattooing the other day. He is a regular walking art-gallery. The designs on his arms are very elaborate,—full-rigged ships, arms of all nations, flags, initials, etc.

On my birthday we had two small bottles of "Roederer" for dinner, to drink to the health of those at home, who would, I was quite sure, be doing the same in honor of the event, and in the evening launched a flaming tar-barrel overboard. The effect was very good as it rose and fell on the waves. During the rains of the week we have filled every spare barrel and cask on board.

Since writing the above, the man sent aloft just before sunset reported a vessel over the starboard bow. On going aloft with a glass I found her to be a full-rigged ship with main skysail yard. A moment later saw another, same size and rig, in the same direction. They are now ten miles ahead. We feel sure one is our old friend and rival, the "Spinney." The night is very dirty-looking, with rough cross-sea and squalls.

Table for week ending October 26.

October 20.—Lat. 10° 17′ N. Run—93 miles.
Lon. 119° 03′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather very fine. Moderate "trades."

October 21.—Lat. 11° 26′ N. Run—118 miles.
Lon. 120° 30′ W. Temp. at noon, 83°.
Beautiful day. Heavy head-sea.

October 22.—Lat. 13° 16′ N. Run—134 miles.
Lon. 121° 56′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Beautiful day. Flying-fish very numerous.

October 23 —Lat. 15° 29′ N. Run—167 miles.
Lon. 123° 19′ W. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather fine. Fresh "trades."

October 24.—Lat. 18° 39′ N. Run—219 miles.
Lon. 125° 10′ W. Temp. at noon, 77°.
Overcast and damp. Very fresh trades. Head-sea from N. W. building up all day. Very rough all night. Much water coming over the rail.

October 25.—Lat. 21° 28′ N. Run—224 miles.
Lon. 127° 35′ W. Temp. at noon, 71°.
Overcast and damp. Breeze fresh and strong. Sea rough all day. Towards evening and all night much increased, and ship pitching directly into it. At 7 P.M. split main top-gallant-sail in a squall.

October 26.—Lat. 23° 39′ N. Run—182 miles.
Lon. 129° 38′ W. Temp. at noon, 70°.
Overcast and gloomy. Sea more moderate. Very damp all day. The early part of the past week was extra fine,—the evenings being moonlight and the sea smooth. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday a great change for the worse. Sailed this week eleven hundred and thirty-seven miles. Daily average one hundred and sixty-one and three-sevenths miles.

XIV.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, October 26.

ELEVEN hundred and thirty-seven miles of briny deep left astern since noon of last Sunday, and at that hour to-day the fort at the entrance to San Francisco harbor bears N. 31° E. eight hundred and forty miles. To make those eight hundred and forty miles will, however, be a slow job, and we are likely to sail twice that far before the coast of California looms up and shows us that the passage is ended. It is well that the voyage is nearly over, for I would have to begin wearing my better clothes very soon, the old ones are literally in rags. Sculling about aloft is very hard on clothes, and wears them out almost as fast as you can mend them. My mending is very artistic and quite picturesque, but would hardly pass current on shore. I have one pair of trowsers of a brown color that are patched with white canvas, and a gray pair with a dark-blue seat and a strip of red about the left knee. I have also had to sew on lots of buttons, and though the work is not very beautifully done, I'll warrant the buttons won't drop off in a hurry. The steward would do this for me if I wanted him to, but I do it to help pass away the time.

October 20.—The two ships that so suddenly

appeared yesterday afternoon were nowhere to be seen to-day, nor have we sighted them since.

October 21.—I spent the entire forenoon on the main royal yard, from which perch you can see about thirty miles each way, or an entire degree,—I mean, of course, when the weather is perfectly clear,—and while there discovered a large English iron ship, bound south. She passed about fifteen miles to the westward of us. Also saw a really monstrous hammer-head shark. The rascal nearly chewed our patent log out of shape.

October 22.—The flying-fish were about all day in vast numbers, but were very small ones. They rise on each side of and in front of the ship, and fly about one hundred and fifty feet before diving down. It looks as though a discharge of grape-shot from a man-of-war had been fired. I happened to remark to the second mate that the fish were very numerous, when he gravely informed me, backing up the assertion with a choice sea oath, that on one occasion he had seen the flying-fish so thick that he had put on a pair of snow-shoes and walked a mile and a half from the ship on their backs, and that the fish suddenly disappearing he came mighty near being drowned before he got back. Also saw several large gulls, and a big bird called a booby roosted all night on one of the upper yards. Made out a ship bound north, twenty-five miles to the westward. Only

could make out her royals and top-gallant-sails; saw her for about two hours; it then grew hazy and we lost her.

October 25.—To-night reminds me of that on which we came into the Pacific,—the wind being the same, and also the sea and clouds scudding over the moon. At seven o'clock on this evening our main top-gallant-sail split into ribbons during a squall.

October 26.—To-day we ran into the latitude of the United States. Our time is about three and a half hours behind that in Philadelphia. There is a large ugly bird flying about called a gonez; they are very numerous a little farther north. The Cape pigeons, greedy as they are, do not begin to be as piggish as these fellows and are no tamer. Saw a large log and a stump floating in the sea. These somewhat dangerous obstacles float down from the lumber ports of California and Oregon. Dolphins about the bows all the morning.

Table for week ending November 2.

October 27.—Lat. 24° 49′ N. Run—108 miles.
Lon. 131° 02′ W. Temp. at noon, 69°.

Damp and gloomy. Light airs. High northerly swell.

October 28.—Lat. 25° 23′ N. Run—46 miles.
Lon. 131° 25′ W. Temp. at noon, 70°.

Fine day. Exquisite moonlight night. Dead calm all day and most all night.

October 29.—Lat. 25° 33′ N. Run—16 miles.
Lon. 131° 28′ W. Temp. at noon, 69°.

Pleasant. Full moon. Dead calm all A.M. Light airs after 1 P.M.

October 30.—Lat. 26° 08′ N. Run—77 miles.
Lon. 130° 22′ W. Temp. at noon, 68°.

Pleasant. Very light breeze all day.

October 31.—Lat. 26° 40′ N. Run—35 miles.
Lon. 130° 34′ W. Temp. at noon, 69°.

Very hazy all day. Dead calm, and no steerage-way until about 9 P.M. Heavy dew. Light breeze all night.

November 1.—Lat. 27° 13′ N. Run—32 miles.
Lon. 130° 21′ W. Temp. at noon, 72°.

Fine. Begins with dead calm. Light breeze at 2 P.M., gradually freshening to moderate.

November 2.—Lat. 29° 06′ N. Run—116 miles.
Lon. 130° 02′ W. Temp. at noon, 70°.

Fine. Breeze steady all day, but failed in evening. Heavy westerly swell. Ship rolling badly all afternoon and night. Sailed by log four hundred and thirty miles, a daily average of only sixty-one and three-sevenths miles. Hard luck. Farallones Rocks twenty-five miles from San Francisco. Bore six hundred and seventeen miles off at noon to-day. A three days' run if we had the breeze. The moonlight was very beautiful this week, the moon being full on Wednesday.

XV.

At Sea, Sunday, November 2.

Surely there is some truth in that celebrated rhyme "The Ancient Mariner," and we should have taken heed from it and not caught the albatross, in the South Pacific. It is, I fear, in punishment for that slaughter we are now suffering this tremendous amount of calms. The week just passed should have been all breezes, according to the charts; but, although the ship did her best, we only had wind enough to paddle along at the rate of sixty-one miles a day.

I suppose this will be our last Sunday at sea. 'Frisco is to-day only a little over six hundred miles off, and surely we'll scramble along over that in a week; for the farther north we proceed the stronger will we find the wind. There is nothing more to be done to the ship. From end to end, alow and aloft, she shines like a new pin, and reflects great credit on the captain and mate for the pains they have taken to get her so. Only let us beat the "Spinney" and the captain will be satisfied, although the great delays we have had on this side of Cape Horn have wofully disappointed him. Had we doubled our run to that point (and we were confident of doing so), last

Wednesday, the 29th, would have found us made fast to a San Francisco wharf. When sailors get impatient at the delays caused by calms, they have various ways of dispelling the charm and releasing the ship. Some believe in sticking a knife in the forward side of the mainmast, some in going aloft and casting a lock of hair away, and others in throwing overboard some article of clothing as an offering to old Æolus, the god of the winds. The latter way is by far the most popular, and during the last week has been liberally practised. Old trowsers, shirts, boots, and hats have been thrown overboard in profusion, but the total value of the lot would not probably exceed twenty-five cents. I joined the sacrificing band, and got rid of an old pair of slippers and a pair of ragged shoes. There is no danger of any one adopting the first method. The captain would pass sentence of death on any fellow who stuck a knife in the mainmast in its present splendid condition.

October 28.—Large log covered with barnacles and surrounded by dolphins floated by us in the afternoon.

October 29.—Spent the afternoon shooting at the gonies with the captain's rifle. N. G. (No gonies and no good.)

October 30.—To-day the drowned sailor's chest and clothes were sold by auction to the crew. The money realized (eight dollars and seventy-

five cents) is handed to the United States shipping commissioner at San Francisco, if the ship or captain has no claims against the amount.

The idea of being so close to 'Frisco, where I'll find a bunch of letters, is delightful, but is tinged with a slight feeling of anxiety, for I have been literally out of the world for four whole months.

Table for week ending November 9.

November 3.—Lat. 30° 26′ N. Run—80 miles.
Lon. 129° 39′ W. Temp. at noon, 72°.

Light airs and pleasant. High swell from northwest. Ship rolling heavily.

November 4.—Lat. 31° 26′ N. Run—65 miles.
Lon. 129° 21′ W. Temp. at noon, 68°.

Calm at first; gentle breezes later on. Clear and cold. Nautiluses very numerous. Gonies ditto, and also very hungry and fierce; caught several and let them go.

November 5.—Lat. 33° 29′ N. Run—137 miles.
Lon. 128° 44′ W. Temp. at noon, 67°.

Gentle to moderate breeze. Sea rough. Heavy rain and squalls all night. Sea increasing rapidly and very rough. Ship diving in.

November 6.—Lat. 34° 39′ N. Run—167 miles.
Lon. 126° 13′ W. Temp. at noon, 61°.

Variable weather. Wind fresh to very strong. Head-sea, rough and ugly. Ship pitching badly. Moderate gale all night.

November 7.—Lat. 35° 37′ N. Run—134 miles.
Lon. 124° 01′ W. Temp. at noon, 58°.

Chilly and raw. Moderate gale all A.M.; then strong breeze till 10 P.M. Sea choppy and rough. Short sail. Heavy squalls and stiff winds all night.

November 8.—Lat. 36° 52′ N. Run—119 miles.
Lon. 123° 10′ W. Temp. at noon, 58°.

A.M., overcast and damp. Breeze more moderate. Sea lower. P.M., heavy gale, with much rain. Tremendous sea from southeast.

November 9.—Lat. } Not taken. Run— } Not taken.
Lon. } Temp. at noon, }

A.M., thick and rainy. Very high rough sea. Decks constantly flooded. Sighted Californian coast at 1 P.M. All O. K. in San Francisco harbor 5 P.M.

XVI.

AT SEA, SUNDAY, November 9.

November 4.—Gonies about in large numbers; hooked about half a dozen and then let them go. Also fished up several nautiluses.

November 6.—Saw a large iron ship, bound south; also a small schooner, bound in. The latter was having a very wet time of it. A duck that had evidently been blown off shore tried to get on board in the afternoon, but failed, as the wind was blowing a gale and carried it away to leeward. Saw a whale blow to windward at 11 A.M.

November 8.—12 M., great many gulls about, showing our proximity to the coast. During the forenoon made anchors ready to let go. Too thick and hazy to see land. Made out land very dimly at 3.30 P.M. Calm from twelve to four. Barometer falling rapidly. At four, wind came out moderate from southeast. From 10 P.M. to 6 A.M., November 9, heavy gale and tremendous sea from southeast; raining in torrents and blacker than pitch. Ship laboring heavily; split foresail during violent squall. During the night were within ten miles of San Francisco bar and six miles of the coast.

November 9.—Began with heavy squalls of rain

and tremendous sea. Ship tossing very badly. Weather cold, raw, and foggy. At 7 A.M. saw light on South Farallone. At 10 A.M. saw a large ship through the fog. A few minutes later fog scaled, and we sighted Farallone Islands four miles to the northwest. Stood in and made out coast at 1 P.M. Saw pilot-boats coming out at 2 P.M. Took pilot out of boat No. 10 (the "Confidence"), and passed Golden Gate at 4.40 P.M., just exactly one hundred and twenty-four days from Cape May. Ran in harbor, and dropped anchor off Telegraph Hill at 5.15 P.M. Were boarded by reporter and harbor police, also by thirty-seven sailor's boarding-house runners. Found that the "Spinney" had been in forty-eight hours, which makes our passage three days the best, and the second best so far of the year. On board all night. Were followed in by the ship we saw in the morning, an Englishman from New South Wales, Australia.

The storm with which our long voyage was brought to a close was oddly enough, while it lasted, the fiercest of the whole voyage, and one of the most violent ever recorded on the coast of California. The barometer sank lower in San Francisco than it had for sixteen years, and the wind played tremendous havoc among the shipping in the harbor. At 1 A.M. on the morning of the 9th I was awakened by the fearful rolling of

the ship, and slipping on my bad-weather toggery, went forward through the cabins, meaning to go on the main deck. On forcing open the door a volume of water rushed in, upsetting me and flooding the forward cabin knee-deep before I could get the door closed. Much astonished at this unexpected bath, I gained the quarter-deck by way of the companion-way, where I found the scene a most terrific one; the ship half hidden in the clouds of flying spray which the wind whisked off the tops of the mountainous waves and drove across the swimming decks, was almost completely denuded of canvas and looked in more distress than I had ever seen her. For a while it looked as if we were destined to the delay of having to run out to sea again, but after fighting on for several hours the gale broke suddenly, and a shift of wind rapidly lowered the sea. Then as the storm cleared away the wind came out fresh and strong from the northwest, a quarter which exactly suited us, and so with every rag set and drawing, from the courses to the royals, we made our final dash in glorious style, passing the Golden Gate just as the setting sun burst through the angry clouds, and bathed its frowning portals in a flood of golden light.

Thus ends the passage of one hundred and twenty-four days. The good ship has done well, and although it is much longer than we expected

to be after our fine run to Cape Horn, still the passage is decidedly a good one. In no single instance has any vessel outsailed us, although we have repeatedly come up with and sunk vessels astern. On the whole voyage we did not sight a steamer. I find on conning over this log that it is decidedly rose-colored,—that is to say, I've taken the best possible look at everything, but have put down very few of the inconveniences of life at sea, and this fact proves that I've enjoyed myself, for otherwise I should have taken advantage of anything which warranted a growl. Here then I stop, letting go anchor in San Francisco harbor. May the "Pactolus" and her officers see many more such voyages as this has been, and may I find the journey "'round the world" as pleasant as that around the "Horn"!

THE END.

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