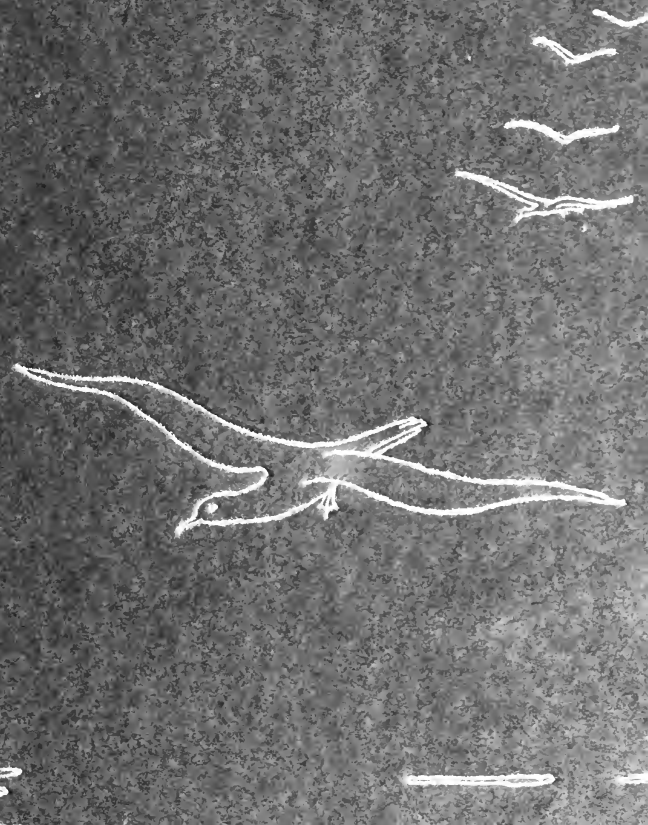
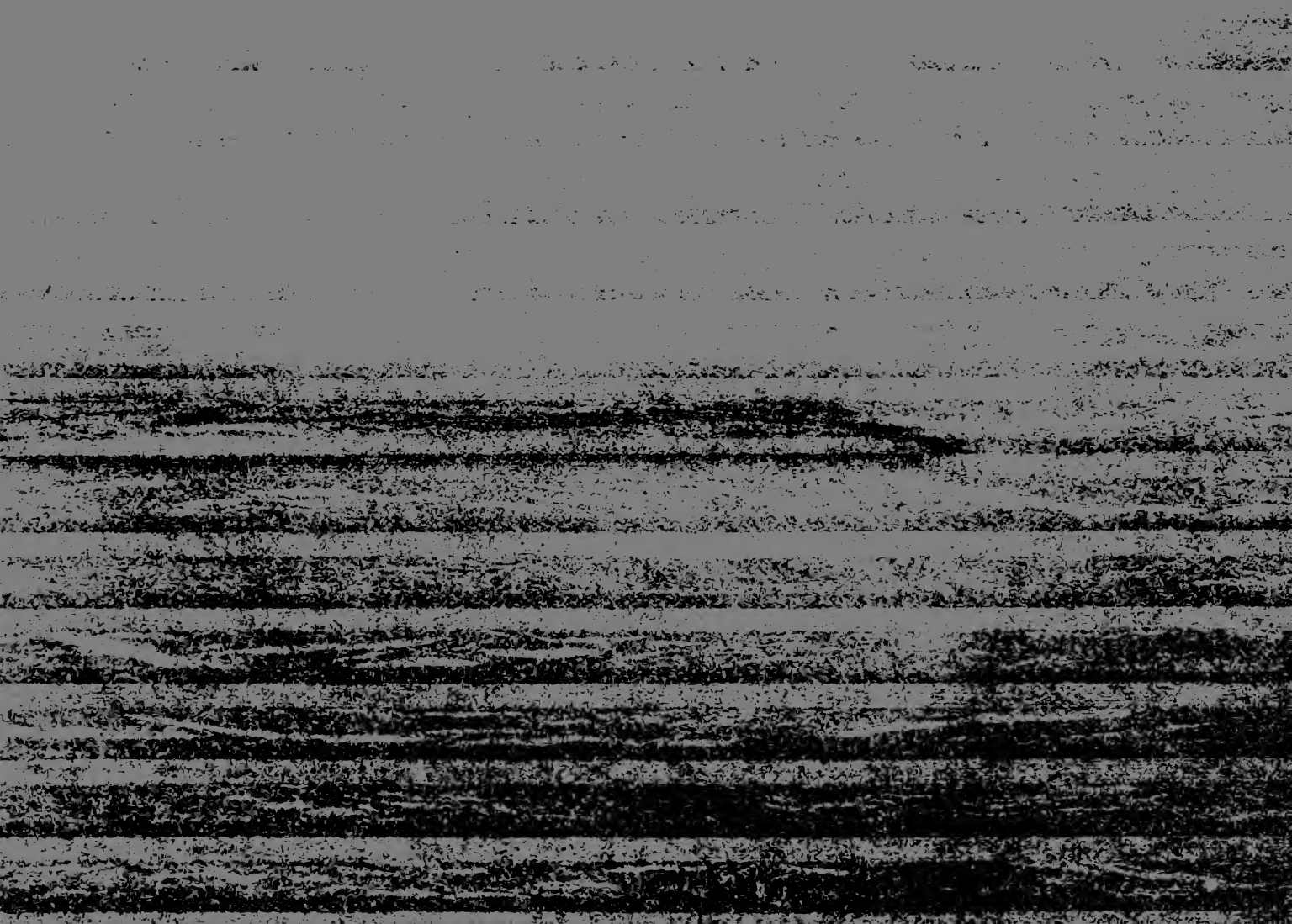
THE SEA-MICROCOSM





A

THE gross proceeds from the sale of the SEA-MICROCOSM (price 10s.) will be given to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a society which provides and maintains lifeboats round the five thousand miles of coast of the British Isles. It gives rewards for all rescues from shipwrecks, it compensates those injured in its service, and gives pensions to the widows and dependent children of lifeboatmen. It has already given rewards for the rescue of over 61,000 lives since it was founded in 1824

The
SEA-MICROCOSM

Edited by

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

F.R.A.S. F.R.G.S.

"You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars"—TRAHERNE

The Microcosm Office
CITY CHAMBERS
LEEDS

Contents

Morning

By WILLIAM KERR

OUT of grey spaces of the cloud-dim west,
Rank upon rank, the charging breakers came
To shout and fall in foam on the shaken strand
While the trumpeting wind cried glory and despair.
The starless night went by, the clamour, the fear.
—Above the mountains stands the steady sun,
Level and golden sleep the happy sands
And every rain-wet pebble takes the light.
The deep that called to the height, the everlasting
Moving world of waters has swayed and returned.
Morning is silent between the sea and the sky.
Children are running to build up again
The unforgotten castles of yesterday,
And inland birds are singing in the fields.

The Poetry of the Sea

By W. J. HALLIDAY

OUR earliest poets, singing their Northumbrian songs, looked at the sea with Viking fortitude and primitive alarm. To them it was a grim, inexorable being. But they could not resist its appeal. "Beowulf," the first great English epic, is full of sea pictures, and so strongly did it touch the poet's imagination that there are eleven different words used for the sea, each expressing some significant aspect, and besides, many secondary words dealing with the tossing of the waves, their fierce onset, their upswelling, and their ceaseless billowing. In the early English lyrics such as "The Seafarer," "Andreas," and "Elene," the sea is painted as a malevolent power, always dark, always troubled, greedy, and insatiable. Storm and tempest are its prevailing mood, and dire distress is the lot of him who would seek to explore the deeps. Cædmon the Yorkshire poet, is more contemplative. The sea is still austere, but not necessarily hostile. But Cædmon was a monk, and wrote, not in the light of experience, but as one who had leisurely watched the rolling of the waves from the cloistered security of the Whitby cliffs.

It is a far cry from Cædmon to the days of Good Queen Bess, but reference will be made at a later stage to those ballads and songs which tradition has assigned to the intervening centuries.

Our maritime supremacy was assured in Elizabeth's day and the exploits of Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, Gilbert, and the other seadogs of the period brought to our land a freedom of movement and thought, a gaiety of outlook, and a joyousness that find their fullest expression in the wonderful outburst of Elizabethan song. But it is a curious fact that our greatest poets of the day failed to take advantage of this source of inspiration. When England was in a lyric, holiday mood, full of the fine frenzy of love-making and of wit, she did not turn to the sea for inspiration. There is a remarkable paucity of poems dealing with the sea in the days of Merrie England. Love, chivalry, patriotism, spring blossoms and ripening fruit, wind and sun and shower, all these have their meed of homage and

devotion, but the sea, whence in a measure sprang so much of this joy of life, is sullenly ignored. Even to Drayton, singing of the Virginian Voyage, the supreme moment is when land is in sight—

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first be given)
O you, the happiest men
Be frolic then.
Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide heaven.

Even the love of discovery, which meant courage to face the perils of the sea, even the thrill of gazing, like stout Cortez, with eagle eye on new-discovered oceans, found no echo in the poet's heart, and it was left to Hakluyt to recount in indifferent prose, the glories of maritime adventure. There is one glorious exception. Shakespeare, probably never out of England, has given us in the "Tempest" a wonderful panorama of a storm at sea and a remarkable eulogy of our seafaring men. But, on the whole, reference to the sea is merely incidental in the poetry of the period. The inheritance, however, was not lost, and later poets have sung of the heroic deeds of this time with fervour and delight.

The Romantic Revival revived poetic interest in the sea, but there is still the Old English insistence on its unconquerable spirit. Byron's stanzas, well known as they are, will repay partial quotation—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; —upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner," takes us in imagination from Torrid seas to Arctic ice, but the main interest is in the mariner himself. Shelley, so fond of the changing aspects of nature, so ethereal in his contemplation of the mysterious forces of the universe, has little to say directly of the sea. It is only the background to emotion, a quite transparent pathetic fallacy. Its moods are therefore various, "Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound" or "The tempest-wingèd chariots of the Ocean." Alas! this frail ethereal spirit, this ineffectual angel, was finally to perish, miserably swallowed up by the unrepentant sea. Wordsworth did not like the sea. He prefers "the tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss" or, if he must have the sea, "a sea that could not cease to smile."

At a later period, Barry Cornwall fearlessly expressed his passion for the sea, and Tennyson, John Masefield, Kipling, Robert Bridges, Miss Fox-Smith, never forgetful of windjammer and square-rigged coaster, have felt the fascination of the sea, and have, perhaps unconsciously, introduced the note of modernity, comfort, and ease. Their sea has represented an escape from the pressure of the land, "where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin and dies," and where, "getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

But if comparatively little has been written in the grand manner about the sea, our literature is rich in sea songs and ballads. Many of our earliest sea ballads have all the freshness of the salt sea foam and the simplicity and naïveté of life afloat. One thinks at once of "Sir Patrick Spens," "Andrew Barton," "Henry Martin," "Admiral Benbow," and a host of others. The earliest sea song of all dates from the fifteenth century. Obscure as passages of it are, some of its expressions are still extant. The first three stanzas will give an indication of the general style.

Men may leve all gamys
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
For many a man hit gramys,
When they begyn to sayle.

For when they have take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
At Brystow, or where that hit bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.

The exploits of the buccaneers who plied their honourably-disreputable trade on the Spanish Main, if they failed to stimulate the imagination of our greatest poets, were sung in a hundred songs and ballads written by meaner hands. Such were the ballads of "Sir Francis Drake," "The Spanish Armada," "Sir Walter Raleigh," "The Earl of Essex," and "The Fight at Malago." All these ballads have the tang of the forecastle about them, and are true to type. They were written by men who knew at first-hand the glamour of the sea, "the good, strong sea," as Conrad calls it, "the salt, bitter sea that could whisper to you and roar at you, and knock your breath out of you."

In the eighteenth century Jack Tar found a staunch champion in Charles Dibdin, whose songs, breathing perhaps a little of the vulgarity of "Roderick Random," are nevertheless faithful songs of the sea. And in true succession follow Gay ("Black-eyed Susan"), Cowper ("The Loss of the 'Royal George'"), Campbell ("Battle of the Baltic"), Cunningham ("A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea"), Henley, and others.

But, besides these, there are the songs that belong to the sailors themselves. Many are traditional folk-songs, and have never been reduced to writing. Others, forebitters and chanties, belong to pre-steam days when sailing was not the sophisticated calling it is to-day. Forebitters, so called because the sailors sang them on the forebitts, a stage consisting of a construction of timber near the foremast, through which passed most of the principal ropes, were songs sung without accompaniment, sentimental

in tone, and often of great length. Chanties were sung as the sailors worked, and so were not found in the Royal Navy, where silence is insisted on. Forebitters and chanties were the staple fare of the forecastle, and even the best of the landmen's songs—Dibdin's "Tom Bowling," for example—only found belated favour afloat. With the passing of the old-time sailor has passed also the tradition of the sea chanty. Sailors may be as musical as ever, but they have to indulge their passion for song in a less romantic way to-day. Our modern writers of sea songs will continue to produce excellent verses, but they will never recapture the spirit of the old forebitter and chanty. They belong to a day that is dead. But if the mode is different, the fascination is the same. Whenever the call, whatever the cause, there will be always those who go down to the sea in ships, careless of the toils, the hardships, and the dangers, allured by the magic

"Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Maisie's Song

(To M. H.-G.)

By GORDON BOTTOMLEY

ALLIVAL, Oreval, Askival,
I have awaited your cloudy heights
By the wide waters that wander
And rise and wander and fall,
Full of the sky's strange lights,
Among the isles that ponder
The ways of Bride still.

I have looked for you, Oreval,
Allival, Oreval, Askival,
Between slow-towering hills
Of water when the blue boat
Plunged between dark waters
Where the Isle of Jewels floats
And the birds of Bride call.

One of your spirit's daughters
Told me your lovely names,
Oreval, Allival, Askival,
And I cannot forget you since.
I have sailed among blue cold flames
About your feet, I have lain 'twixt the wings
Of the Isle of Wings behind you

Yet my feet will never find you,
Allival, Askival, Oreval,
Your heights I cannot know.
The beings who live with you
And take their life from your growth
Know more of the truth
Of the magical Isles and the ways of them;

MAISIE'S SONG

But I too have my days of them,
And across the interval
Of time and the urging seas
I look for the shining heights,
Askival, Oreval, Allival,
Hidden afar to the knees.
And I know I shall not know them
Or have them for mine in peace;
Yet in life and in dream below them
My longing goes up in flights
To Allival . . . . Oreval . . . .
Askival . . . .

WINTER ON THE COAST

water-colour drawing by

GEORGE GRAHAM R.I. R.O.I.

Catalina of the Golden Isle

By DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

NO matter where you go on Majorca, "the golden isle" of the poets of antiquity, you will be enchanted. Soller, in a valley of the sun, Pollenza and its azure mountains and bay, Alcudia and its amber-coloured Roman walls, Palma, with its almost perfect cathedral, each in its different way will delight you; but there is one spot of such simple beauty that, in spite of the lures of other places, will remain for us always as one of the few perfect places on this earth. It is the little port of Andraitx, on the sunset side of the island, the home of Catalina.

As you leave the tiny township of Andraitx, take the road which leads south-west through a few miles of orangeries and almond orchards to the sea. On your left are hills covered with maquis and Aleppo pines, overlooking the port of Andraitx—a cluster of golden houses fringing a bay which is land-locked save for a narrow neck of sea facing the west. Across the west of the bay there is a long breakwater with a tiny, very beautifully constructed lighthouse at its seaward end—one of the smallest and certainly the prettiest lighthouse we have ever seen, looking like a mother-of-pearl toy at sundown.

At a first glimpse the inn of this little port did not look too promising, but, entering it, we found everything clean and deserted. Andraitx had not yet awakened from its afternoon siesta; a few fishermen sat mending nets in the sun, a few sailors lounged near the ships moored alongside the quay.

We mounted the blue-tiled steps of the inn, and found ourselves in a clean but shadowy and bare room. The shutters were drawn against the sun. From there we descended a few steps into a long white dining-room, also shadowy; then Catalina appeared.

She stood and looked at us. She was a slim girl of about thirteen; her coarse dark hair was held back from her cheeks by a blue slide, and she wore ear-rings with some blue stone—perhaps lapis—in them. Her face was oval and thin, her eyes dark and tilted slightly, her nose something like a tired puppy's, and her mouth wide and large. She looked at us anxiously.

We wanted rooms; we wanted tea; we wanted water for washing; we were full of wants.

The rooms appeared a reasonable request. Following Catalina up a tiled staircase, we found ourselves in a quaint suite, a large shadowy sitting-room facing north-east. Later, from its window, we saw the Plough, and Arcturus blazing like an orange beacon on the crest of one of the mountains. This sitting-room led into a second one, and from it, later we saw Jupiter setting. On the walls were pictures of the Mother and Child, and a rush mat sparsely covered the blue-tiled Mallorcan floor. From these sitting-rooms, three bedrooms went off to the north, north-east, and south. We could take our choice. Each room held three beds, so we could not complain that we were cramped for accommodation at Andraitx. The only thing that we lacked were hooks on which to hang our clothes; we had long ago given up the idea of asking for cupboards or chests of drawers in a Balearic Fonda. However, we used the spare beds for our clothes, and put a couple of books in each of the sitting-rooms, and a camera, so as to make them appear homelike, then, in murderous Spanish, we explained to Catalina about tea.

Catalina frowned for several moments, then she suddenly grasped the idea, and informed us that three years ago some English ladies had had tea there. For proof, she showed us a *Times Literary Supplement* which had once been their property. We unpacked, and then whilst we were investigating a door which led from the second sitting-room in a south-westerly direction, Catalina came and told us tea was ready, served in the long whitewashed dining-room. Before she led us down to tea, she showed us through the door, up some steep steps on to the flat roof. From thence we could see below us the little town asleep in the afternoon sun, the violet mountains to the north-east, the lapis bay to the west, and the mother-of-pearl light-tower; and away, delphinium-blue to the horizon, slightly ruffled, the Mediterranean.

Catalina watched us while we had tea, then, after asking us about supper, she disappeared to make the beds.

During supper the far door of the dining-room opened, and Catalina appeared, carrying in her arms a great girl of three years old. She brought the heavy child to me—Margareta—beautiful she was, as beautiful as Catalina was plain. Margereta had big amber-coloured eyes, with jet curly lashes almost half an inch long, sun-kissed skin, not sallow like little Catalina's, and the most adorable pout of a mouth. She promptly tried to sleep by curling herself up on my knee. Catalina looked anxious, then picked her up and disappeared through the doorway. Between each course, which she served very expeditiously, Catalina brought through a little sister or brother and put them to bed—five in all—then she stood by and inquired about our orders for the morrow. At eleven o'clock, she was struggling up the stairs with a tin of hot water.

"Catalina, you should be in bed yourself by now; you are not so much older than Sevilla" (a ten-year-old sister).

Catalina's frown relaxed, and she bade us "Buenas noches."

* * * *

Next morning we heard her about at six o'clock, washing the tiled floors in the two sitting-rooms of our commodious suite. Outside a bird stirred, and before seven we could hear many women's voices singing Mallorcan songs.

By eight o'clock, the little square before the Fonda was full of fishermen, who were sitting on the ground in rows mending the long nets that had been spread out to dry against the next night's fishing. Everyone seemed to be singing, even the prisoned canaries in wicker cages against the house walls; everyone sang save Catalina, and Catalina had no time for singing. Somewhere at the back of the Fonda, Catalina's mother and father worked, but visitors were the sole care of Catalina.

We made a resolution at breakfast that we would somehow or other make Catalina smile; laughter was not in that little serious soul, but surely before our visit to this Mallorcan Paradise ended, we could win a smile from her.

Our Spanish would have made a Spanish grimalkin laugh, but it only made Catalina more anxious to help us. My attempts to sing a lovely Mallorcan folk-song ended in a despairing shrug of her narrow shoulders. Even my essays at the intricate steps of the Toccata, at which I asked her help, only brought forth a small, "I cannot dance, I cannot sing."

Every time we saw lovely Margareta, she made a bee-line for us; every time Sevilla passed she flashed a bright smile through her long, almond-shaped eyes, and Juan, close-cropped Juan, giggled in response to questions, while Pedro and Antonio listened with spellbound grins to our adventures into their language; all of them responded, save only Catalina.

We returned at the end of the day after a long tramp to find Catalina in the backyard, her arms bared to the elbows, taking down the washing from a line which was stretched from the back of the Fonda to a neighbour's doorway.

Margareta saw us, gurgled, made a dash towards us, and held up her exquisite saucy face to be kissed. Sevilla sidled forward; Juan, Pedro, and Antonio smirked; only Catalina waited until we came up, then, with a slight frown between her brows, inquired about our next meal.

At supper time, the same procession began.

"You can't put the children to bed and serve supper, too, Catalina, so give me Margareta; I'll put her to bed."

Margareta beamed at the idea, but Catalina followed us into the high white bedroom where all the children slept. I bade her sit down; for a minute she obeyed, then rose and came towards the bed as I was undressing Margareta too thoroughly. Seeing that I understood that the petticoat was not to come off, she went for Sevilla, but she superintended everything, bade the children say their prayers, then went kitchenwards and brought up our coffee.

* * * *

Next day we had arranged to take a car to a pass in the mountains, leave it and tramp back. The driver was late but that was a small matter.

Catalina stood waiting with the rugs, to see us off, and to take instructions about tea and supper.

We got in.

"Catalina," I said, "jump in!" and before Catalina quite realised what was happening, we had lifted her into the front seat and were away. Hatless, her ear-rings jingling in the little breeze, we careered through the village. Some children waved and, looking back at one of them, she waved, aye, and actually smiled! For a few blessed hours, through no fault of her own conscientious soul, Catalina was free to be a little girl of thirteen.

We passed through other villages. All the children knew Catalina, all the children called out to her, and Catalina, the child, waved back and smiled at them.

She and the car left us high up among the piney heights, overlooking the long mountainous inland of Dragonera, which is crowned with a light-tower; and as we made our way down through the mountains, we thought of the child, her hair blowing in the wind, her ear-rings dancing, her eyes smiling, calling to the children in the villages which she would pass on her way home.

"Dios!" said the neighbours on our return, "if it had been Margareta to go on the car, or Sevilla, or Juan, or Antonio, or Pedro; but Catalina! What could anyone see in Catalina to be taking her for a drive? Well, the English do strange things, but Catalina must not have her head turned, for who else will ever ask *her* to go?"

And when we left—the pity that such perfect days must end—Catalina stood at the Fonda door, waving us away, tears and frowns battling with a new-born smile for mastery on her puckered face.

"Come back again," she called.

And if we do, what will the weeks, the months, the years have done to Catalina? For us she will always remain a little girl of thirteen, a sweet silent thing among the singing fishermen, the singing women, and the singing canaries.

Sea-pieces from the Japanese

By S. MATTHEWMAN

I

AS the wave in the darkness flows
To the shores of Sumi Bay,
In secret my dream-thought goes
To my love at the close of day.

Fujiwara no Toshiyuki.

II

O waves of the sea,
By harsh winds you are driven
Until in the end
On hard rocks you are riven;
But alas, over me
Harsher winds are awaking
And helpless I wend,
On a harder heart breaking.

Minamote no Shigeyuki.

III

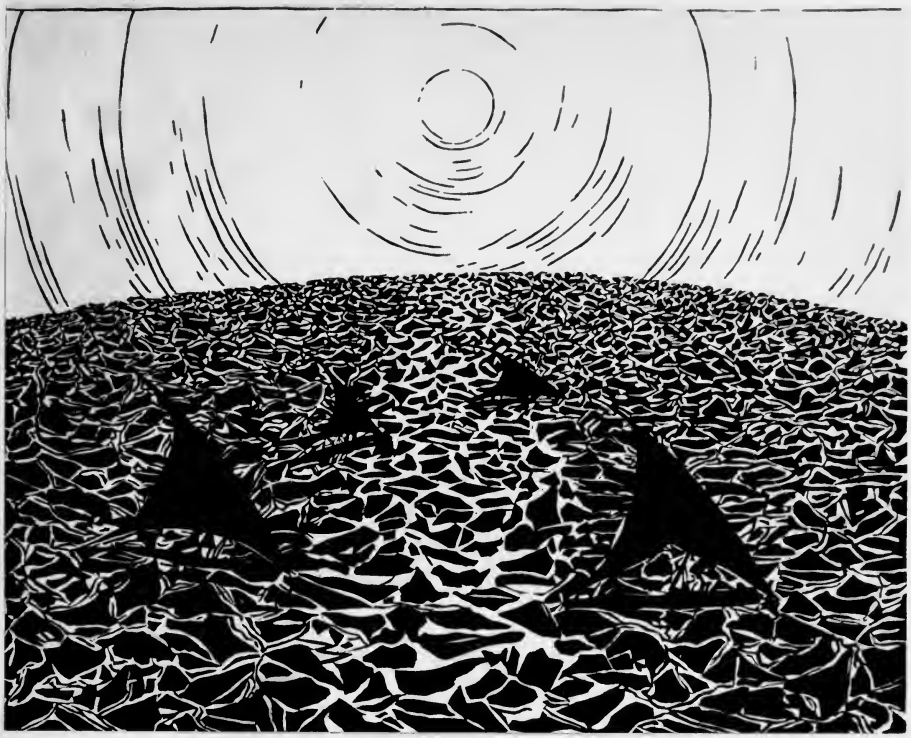
I think of a boat that is lost,
Yet her form once again I see
Ghostly among the islands
In the morning mist, dream-tossed,
In the bay of Akashi.

Kakinomoto Hitomaru.

IV

O cranes above the bay
Of Fukiu,
Why fly you not away
Into the blue
Of that far heaven known only to you?

Fujiwara no Kiyomasa.



THE ATLANTIC

lino cut by

NORA WRIGHT

Gulls in the Town

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

OH! what are you doing
White wings, in the square
Like flecks of salt foam
On the soot-laden air?

Where all the grey houses
Stand glum as can be,
Their eyes on the street
And their backs to the sea.

As you drift in the whirligig
Dance of the snows,
Do their shutters half lift
In a welcome morose?

Do they hear you and wonder,
When your cries sharp and thin
Imperiously voicing
The sea rushes in?

Or bitterly hiss
Through their lips of hard stone:
"Let the gulls mind *their* business
And leave *us* alone!"

The Hills and the Sea

THEIR INFLUENCE ON CAPTAIN COOK

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH M.C.

SINCE the Yorkshire celebrations of the bi-centenary of Captain James Cook, I have walked over the Cleveland Hills from Hutton Lowcross to Great Ayton. One passes through the yard of the farm at which Cook's father was hind, and along the hillside road James himself travelled daily to the little school (now a museum dedicated to his memory) in Ayton village. Ayton is sometimes spoken of as "Canny Yatton unner Roseberry," and those who are familiar with that part of Yorkshire will know that the bridle-path I followed from Hutton to Ayton takes one past the base of Cleveland's landmark—Roseberry. From its summit—sadly seared by mining operations—one may see on a clear day the sea on one hand, the ruins of Guisborough Priory on the other, and the smoke of Tees-side hanging like a pall below.

To one Cleveland bred and born, these hills, and this Roseberry of ours, draw us back like a magnet, time and time again. We know just what we are to see, the picture is more than indelibly imprinted on our minds—it is a loved cameo in our hearts, an ever fresh inspiration to our souls. We are hill-folk, we Clevelanders—or Clifflanders—which is the more accurate rendering of the word. But we are also sea-folk. All our "wicks" and "wykes"—our Runswicks and Ravenswykes—tell of the days of the Vikings. They came, these hardy Vikings, they braved the seas, they married our girls, and the Norse blood "nicked" (as we say in connection with horse-breeding) in perfect unison. The hill-folk and sea-folk produced a type in many respects, in many peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, distinct and obvious to-day, despite the introduction of generations of alien blood. So powerful, so deep, so permanent is the influence of the hills, and that of the sea, that the prepotency of Danish and moorland blood remains active and true, exotics notwithstanding.

Students of psychology are not slow to realise that the everlasting hills, the wide expanses of wind-swept moorland, the wild ravines overhung

with noble, if grim thousand-ton boulders, play no small part in the formation of character, outlook, and mentality of those who live amidst such grandeur. Even the very moorland sheep possess an independence, a hardiness, a resourcefulness, a hatred of confinement within limited bounds, and an intelligence greater than their bigger, fatter, more complacent and tractable kind in the vale. It could hardly be otherwise than that the hill-folk, their flocks and rocks, and the creatures of the wild which live around them, should be marked by a certain grimness and stolidity, that they should be thinkers rather than talkers, tireless in energy, of boundless courage, undaunted by hardships, and with fewer demands on life than the more artificial, superficial, and shallow people of the vale.

"I will lift mine eyes to the hills," sang the Psalmist, and then he added, "from thence cometh my strength."

Byron, speaking more particularly of affection for the hills, told us how those possessing such love—

> *Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,*
> *And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.*

It was under the shadow of the Cleveland Hills, and almost by the side of the road leading to the sea, that Captain James Cook was born. When his parents moved from Marton to the hind's house almost at the foot of Roseberry, they transplanted James into what to a boy with his imagination must have been a veritable fairyland. He had seen Roseberry every day of his life, for it is only a few short miles from Marton, and, on clear days, deceives one—as hills often *do* deceive—into believing one has only to cross a few fields as the crow flies to come into close contact and communion. When he left Marton for Airyholm Farm, Cleveland's mountain became almost his own—an intimate personal possession, to climb at will, and on its peak to build castles, transcendently higher than itself. From that peak he would see away in the distance the blue sea just as an early writer saw it, and be impressed as was that chronicler,* who wrote—

*British Museum MS., Cott Lab. Int. F.VI.

THE HILLS AND THE SEA

> "There you may see a vewe the like whereof I never saw, or thinke that any traveller hath seene any comparalle unto 't, albeit I have shewed yt to divers who have paste through a greate part of the world, both by sea and land. The vale, rivers, greate and small, swellinge hills and mountaynes, pastures and meadowes, cornfields, parte of the Bishopricke of Durham, with the new porte of Tease lately found to be safe, and the sea replenyshed with shippes, and a most pleasant flatt coaste, subjecte to no inundation or hazarde, make the country happy if the people had the grace to make use of their owne happiness."

At the most impressionable age then, such were the influences which came to bear upon James Cook—the everlasting hills on three sides of him, the vast open moorlands stretching as far as the eye could focus, and below him from Roseberry-way, the luring, mysterious, mighty deep—and its unknown, unexplored beyond. Hills and sea did more than awaken romance and poetry in this child of humble parentage, they did more than transform poetry into something concrete and active—they conjointly laid the superstructure of a width of vision, and of an impelling ambition which was to make him a benefactor to succeeding generations of those who go down to the sea in ships.

James Cook did much more than add unknown lands to the map of the world; he stands out as what may be termed "a scientist of the sea." It was his charts, his system of navigation, which made him the really great man he was. The discovery of new lands may be described as more or less incidents in his wonderful career—achievements coming as the first-fruits of his powers and prowess as one who more than any before him had solved the secrets of the deep, and of hitherto unexplored rivers emptying themselves into the ocean. Discovery, and the attendant honour and glory attendant upon it, were the climax—albeit a satisfactory and triumphant climax—rather than the goal at which he aimed in his voyages. If one diagnoses James Cook's mind aright, he was a theorist who sought opportunity to prove his theories, and found them in voyages of discovery. To

him the improvement in navigation, in making new and revising existing maps of known waters, and the improvement of the conditions under which sea-faring men lived aboard ship during their protracted voyages, were all the main objective of his life. One gathers something of this in Cook's own journal. After he had been thirty-four years at sea, and after he had completely circumnavigated the globe in or near the Antartic Circle, he thus commented on his voyage of three years and sixteen days—

"It doth not become me to say how far the principal objects of our voyage have been obtained. Though it hath not abounded with remarkable events, nor been diversified by sudden transitions of fortune, though my relation of it has been more employed in tracing our course by sea than in recording our observations on shore, this, perhaps, is a circumstance from which the curious reader may infer that the purposes for which we were sent into the Southern Hemisphere were diligently and effectually pursued. Had we found out a continent there we might have been better enabled to gratify curiosity; but we hope our not having found it, after all our persevering researches, will leave less room for future speculations about unknown worlds remaining to be explored."

There is a saying in the Northern counties, "Them what's born ti be hung 'll niver be drowned." The burden of this is not that there is any preference, the apothegm rather connoting the pre-destination less cryptically conveyed in another Northern terse bit of philosophy: "What hez ti be *will* be!" Perhaps after all the latter is more in the nature of fatalism than pre-destination. Maybe the two aspects of life—pre-destination and fatalism—are much the same when applied to the mysterious agencies which shape careers, and stand at the wheel of destiny. This is not the place to analyse either thesis, but it may be argued that no matter where Captain Cook had been born, regardless of his inspiring early environment, he would have risen above those surroundings, to achievement as a circumnavigator, surveyor, chart maker, explorer, astronomer, botanist, and close observer of men and manners. Let us concede that this might have been so, that he would have become what he *did* become, and that he would have

discovered that destiny which shaped his ends had he never come under the influence of the everlasting hills, or gazed with boyish eyes and boyish longing from those same hills to the distant azure seas. But I have endeavoured to show the type of man the hills and mountains produce, their inevitable effect upon character, outlook, and attitude towards life in all its varying phases. Surely this inherent influence, quickened and renewed again and again by close contact, played a part in the make-up of Captain James Cook, and added a width of outlook, a tenacity of purpose, a dignity, determination and stolidity to his character, all of which were necessary to the accomplishment and fullness of that which was within him? He himself said in the introduction to his book—

". . . the public will, I hope, consider me as a plain man, zealously exerting himself in the service of his country and determined to give the best account he is able of his proceedings."

Sir Walter Besant, in his Cook monograph, sums up the outstanding characteristics of our Yorkshire hero's life thus—

> "He was hard to endure, true to carry out his mission, perfectly loyal and single-minded, he was fearless, he was hot-tempered and impatient, he was self-reliant, he asked none of his subordinates for help or advice, he was temperate and strong, and of simple tastes, he was born to a hard life, and he never murmured however hard things proved. And, like all men born to be great, when he began to rise, with each step he assumed, as if it belonged to him, the dignity of his new rank. A plain man, those who knew him say, but of good manners."

One can read into all this without affectation the towering hills of the Cliff-land which gave him birth, and the sea beyond which undeniably beckoned to him from afar—beckoned him to discover the Society Islands, to make it known that New Zealand consisted of two islands, and to give New Zealand and Australia to his country, to discover New Caledonia, the Sandwich Islands, to explore the North American Coast, to make the ways plain across the seas and along unknown or little known coasts. For

all this there was no title, but his King granted Cook's family a coat of arms with shield—

> Azure, between two polar stars *Or*, a sphere on the plane of the meridian, showing the Pacific Ocean, his track thereon marked by red lines. And for crest, on a wreath of the colours, is an arm bowed, in the uniform of a Captain of the Royal Navy. In the hand is the Union Jack on a staff proper. The arm is encircled by a wreath of palm and laurel.

The Sea Bridal

By ALBERTA VICKRIDGE

"KEEP troth and tryst," he said, and so he went.
She heard the loud surf grieve along the bay,
"Keep troth," and bowed her head and spoke assent.
"Here, love, we'll tryst, three years hence and a day."
So he to wild ports in a wilder land
Sailed far beyond the sunset's arch of flame,
And in her parents' cot above the strand
She dwelt in patience, but no message came.
And in the first year after he was gone
She saw a younger sister made a bride,
And bore her taunts. "You pine; your cheek is wan;
Your dreams are vain." She smiled for secret pride.
"Keep troth." The loud sea-breakers, noon and night,
Rang in her ears with one unending song.
No message came, yet still her eyes were bright.
"Two summers and a day; it is not long."

Time sped; she saw a second girl espoused—
A wench who, sipping at the thronged church-door
The merry bridewine, mocked, "Your heart has housed
Delusions!" She was silent as before.
"Keep troth . . ." Afar she heard, by night and noon,
The long sea-breakers crying from the bay,
And smiled for pride. "Beneath the appointed moon
We'll tryst, love, come a twelvemonth and a day . . ."

And in the third and ultimate year was wed
Her youngest sister. On the marriage-eve
This gentlest playmate leaned above her bed
And clasped her close, and whispered, "Do not grieve
For fictions: heal your heart and dwell no more

THE SEA BRIDAL

With dreams that blind the brain and eyes with mist,
And let him be forgot." Sobs caught and tore
Her throat, and passed. She said, "I keep his tryst."
But he to dim ports in a dimmer land
Had fared beyond the sunset's arch of flame.
Three years were gone, and, grey across the sand,
The trysting-day, so long awaited, came.

At earliest cockcrow and at windy noon
She listened to the loud surf all that day,
And when the twilight brought the appointed moon
Descended, lonely, to the lonely bay.
Her sisters knew the hour. Above the tide
Three village wives kept watch, and twain had come
To flout a heart too faithful, and deride,
But one for pity and for grief was dumb.
And twain who watched above the haunted cove
Have sworn that no man came, but one has said
That there a lover trysted with his love
And kept a vow. The deep gave up its dead.

He rose, a sea-ghost, from the shivering sea
(Young lovers tell the tale with bated breath),
"Lo, sweetheart, dare you plight your troth with me?
Springs love so deep that it dares mate with death?"
The loud surf moaned along the sorrowing shore,
"Keep troth . . ." He glimmered in her sight, a wraith
Thin as the sea-wrack. Anguish shook and tore
Her breast, and passed. She answered, "I keep faith."
"O, cold," he said, "your bridal, and shall be
For you no gladdening of flesh and bone,
Despair and darkness, doom and agony
Shall be your wedding-guests, and these alone."

THE SEA BRIDAL

She answered, "Ay, I know Love's harsher name,
  The only name that I have called him by;
And yet, though happier brides may mock, I claim
  That few, for love's sake, shall do more than I."
"Be warned, stand back," he said, "for like the sea
  My lips are chill; death strikes where I have kissed.
Then, sweetheart, dare you plight your troth with me?"
  She sobbed, and said, "Beloved, I keep tryst."

All spectral, shimmering like the spark-filled tide
  In face and limb with faint unearthly sheen,
He beckoned, and she saw, but wild and wide
  The ranks of sullen breakers rolled between.
A pace, and round her feet the wave ran cold;
  Another, and it drenched her to the knee.
It smote her breast, it took her in its hold;
  She gave her living body to the sea.
And twain who followed to the breakers' edge
  Have sworn she died, self-slain, in heart's despair,
But one avers that she redeemed love's pledge,
  And found in death a wild sea-bridal there.

SAILS DRYING, MARSEILLES

woodcut by

FRED LAWSON

Our Western Sea

By LADY GREGORY

"THE Star of the Sea, that is the best star. There was a Saint that saw the Blessed Virgin nine hundred years before she was born, and he put up a little chapel and was praying ever after that God would send her. And when she came they called her the Star of the Sea."

That is what I was told by some poor dweller in a village on our lonely Western coast. And that "this is a very blessed place, being as it is between two blessed wells. No thunder falls on it. If there is thunder it is very little and does no injury."

It is a very quiet place. The hills around are stern and grey, rock mountains, rock terraces, the shadow of rock on rock. The rock roses are white, the pale seapinks are covered with salt spray; there is a wonderful stillness. No wild bees hive here, and no birds sing. The white gulls are silent in the air. A heron startled by a stone let fall flaps softly away.

"This is a very holy place," the people say. "There was a Saint living for seven years in a cleft in the mountain beyond; no one in it but himself and a mouse. I don't know in the world what did the dear man get for food through all that time. The well he blessed is there beyond in the west. Many a one I saw go to sleep there that had tender eyes, or even a scum on them, and they would get reprieve."

I was told of an old midwife "that helped all the women in the parish and is helping them yet, and she eighty-six years old. I was often with the women when she used to come in and the first thing she would ask was, 'What way is the tide?' For with a change in the tide there would be a change in the sickness. The tide to be coming in, the sickness would be worse, and in the ebbing it would lessen. And if there was a spring tide in at the full she would be happy, for the woman would have no sickness at all."

I myself went sometimes to see that old midwife and she said to me with other wise words, "The best present anyone can get is a baby without deformity. And you should bring him up well and teach him 'Our Father';

and to bless himself, and to ask the Father to bless him. And before he would go to bed he should be brought to give the hand to the father and mother. And not to let him learn to go pelting stones, for if once he will take up a stone to pelt, you'll never stop him after."

And I was told "Sometimes a light will come on the sea before the boats to guide them to the land. And my own brother told me one day he was out and a storm came on of a sudden, and the sail of the boat was let down as quick and as well as if two men were in it. Some neighbour or friend it must have been that did that for him. Those that go down to the sea after the tide going out, to cut the weed, often hear under the sand the sound of the milk being churned. There's some didn't believe it till they heard it themselves."

An old man living on that coast said to me, "I'll tell you a story, my lady, that is a true story and a story that is as old as myself. It is a story of a man who went beyond the hopes of God.

"This man now was in a hard shift and he had but a heap of potatoes between himself and death. So he took and made divides of the potatoes, sixty-five divides he made, that would give him a meal every day until the new ones would come in. And then he took notice that he came short of one meal in the measurement, and that a person would want to keep a rag for a sore foot. So he said he would eat no meal the first day. And if he didn't, he died in the night.

"That is how he went beyond the hopes of God, that is good for the night till morning. And why wouldn't He be good to give him the last meal if he lived to eat it?"

And I was told "There was a beggar boy used to be here that was very simple like and had no health, and if he would walk as much as a few perches it is likely he would fall on the road. And he dreamed twice that he went to Saint Brigit's blessed well upon the cliffs, and that he found his health there. So he set out to go to the well, and when he came to it he fell in and he was drowned. Very simple he was and innocent and without sin. It is likely it is in Heaven he is at this time."

Beata Solitudo

(For D. U. R.)

By Wilfred Rowland Childe

I LOVE the lonely fields that lean upon
The sea at twilight, when the dusk's winds blow,
When the pale sea-mist creeps up from below
Over small eyebright widowed of the sun,
And folds the cliffs in silence and in peace;
While far, far, far below the lapping sound
Of crystal waves is heard, deep underground
In basalt caves, sunken eternities.
O darkening fields, what is your beauty to me?
You have known loneliness and found it good,
You are clasped close to the warm night's deep breast:
The joy of this serenity pierces through me—
O divine darkness, O sweet solitude,
The bitter song of the sea and the infinite rest! . . .

NELSON

from a miniature in the collection of

H. SUTCLIFFE SMITH ESQ.

Victory Spithead Augt 18th: 1805

I am My beloved and dearest Emm
this moment anchored, and as the
Post will not go out untill 8 oClock
and you not get the letter till 11 or 1
oClock tomorrow I have ordered a Po
office express to tell you of my arri
I hope We shall be out of Quarantin
tomorrow when I shall fly to dear de
Merton, you must my Emma belie
all I would say & fancy what I think
but I suppose this letter will be
cut open Smoaked & perhaps read,
I have not heard from My own Emma si
last April by Abbe Campbell but I trust h
Emma is all which her Nelson wishes
her to be, I have brought home no hono

r my Country, only a most faithful
vant, nor any Riches, that the Admini
tions took care to give to others. But
ave brought home a most faithful
t honourable and beloving heart,
my Emma and my Dear dear
ratia. May Heaven Bless You. the boat
waiting and I must finish. This day two
ars & three months I left You. God send
as happy a meeting as our parting
s sorrowful. Ever for Ever Yours.

Nelson & Bronte

kindest regards to Mrs Cadogan
Charlotte and all our friends
with you

TRANSCRIPTION OF THE LETTER FROM NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON,
REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF
H. SUTCLIFFE SMITH ESQ. OF INGERTHORPE GRANGE

Victory Spithead Aug. 18th 1805

I am my beloved and dearest Emma this moment anchored, and as the post will not go out untill 8 o'clock and you not get the letter till 11 or 12 o'clock tomorrow I have ordered a Post Office express to tell you of my arrival. I hope we shall be out of Quarantine tomorrow, when I shall fly to dear dear Merton. You must my Emma believe all I would say and fancy what I think, but I suppose this letter will be cut open smoaked and perhaps read. I have not heard from My Own Emma since last April by Abbe Campbell but I trust my Emma is all which her Nelson wishes her to be. I have brought home no honors for my country, only a most faithful servant, nor any riches that the administration took care to give to others, but I have brought home a most faithful and honorable and beloving heart to my Emma and My Dear dear Horatia, May Heaven bless you, the boat is waiting and I must finish, This day two years and three months I left you. God send us as happy a meeting as our parting was sorrowful. Ever for ever yours

NELSON & BRONTÉ

Kindest regards to Mrs. Cadogan Charlotte and all our friends with you.

On the Quay

By WILFRID GIBSON

STIFLED all day by suffocating fluff
That filled the humming mill—at sunset free,
She sauntered downward to the windy quay
To clear her breathing of the choking stuff,
And rid her nostrils of the reek of jute,
Her senses of the droning of the mill:
And she rejoiced to hear the eager hoot
Of the incoming whalers; and to fill
Her lungs with briny savors; and to see
The bearded salt-encrusted venturers
Whose hearts had dared the sheer immensity
Of the whales' playground; and whose life, to hers—
Tied to a rattling loom through all her days
In a sick humid smothering atmosphere—
Seemed life indeed, in shattering bright ways
Of wind-sheared shivering waters, tossing clear
To limitless horizons . . . . .
And to-night,
Sparkling, aware and eager-eyed, she saw
The still blue eyes of a young whaler light
As he looked into hers; and sudden awe
Filled her young heart, as though the very sea,
Darkling and dangerous, claimed her for its bride,
And salt tumultuous waters thunderously
Crashed drowning over her, tide after tide.

The Spanish Lady*

(A Comedy in One Act)

By DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

Characters

HARRY MORGAN	–	High Admiral of all English Buccaneers.
A SPANISH LADY.		
JOB BUCKLE –	–	Morgan's Yorkshire Servant.
NOBBLES – –	–	Another Servant.

TIME — About the middle of the Seventeenth Century.

SCENE — *The Admiral's Cabin on board his finest ship—one of a fleet of thirty—anchored somewhere in the Caribbean Sea. The cabin is oak panelled and the ceiling is oak beamed.*
Down right, a finely carved cabinet serves as a sideboard, and against the wall, farther up stage, an old arm-chair.
Up right, a door leading aft to the galley.
Centre back, a doorway revealing a dark passage leading to the Admiral's cabin; other cabin doors are suggested by flashes of amber light when a door opens.
Up left, a porthole through which the moonlight streams. Below this porthole is a large treasure chest; on the wall hang some finely-engraved Spanish pistols.
On the wall down-left, contemporary charts of the Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea.
Right centre, a heavy square table, and at the left side a carved chair. Above the table a richly-worked brass lamp hangs from a chain throwing a golden light in a circle round the table. Rush matting covers the floor.

---

* Application for the right of performing this play should be made to Samuel French, 26 Southampton Street, Strand, London W C 2

Enter Job.

He is a most unwashed-looking scoundrel; matted hair, unshaven face, gold rings in his ears, and he wears a very faded bottle-blue coat. He walks towards the table, pulls a soiled duster from one of his pockets and wipes the table top with it, singing in a low, lugubrious tone:

"If few we have amongst us,
Our hearts are very great;
And each will have more plunder
And each will have more plate."

Enter Nobbles, a red-haired lad, completely under the thumb of Job. His opinions are Job's, and he would not be tolerated a day on a buccaneer ship without Job's protection. He carries two silver candlesticks which he places on the table, then goes to the cabinet, takes out a flint and tinder and, in a leisurely manner, lights the two candles.

JOB (*watching him*) Buccaneering isn't what it used to be.

NOBBLES Theer's some folk 'at allus praises bygone times an' blames t'present days.

JOB Well, I'm not one of 'em. It isn't in my nature to grumble. I've got a disposition 'at takes things as they coom, but I'll tell you straight, Nobbles, if I had a son, I wouldn't put him to buccaneering.

NOBBLES Wouldn't you?

JOB Nay, it's got no future. Whya, when I first joined up, we had at least one good sack a week, and each man got enough loot to keep hissen rum-drunk in Port Royal for a month.

NOBBLES Well, theer's not so much drinking these days; it seems to be going out of fashion, as you might say.

JOB I can remember times when a dozen buccaneers would be lying on this 'ere cabin floor as drunk as lords.

NOBBLES Eh! what a sight.

JOB And no questions asked next day if a few pieces of eight or Spanish doubloons wur missing—but it's against orders to get drunk save on land to-day. Get on with your job, Nobbles.

NOBBLES Aye (*goes to the cabinet, gets out some knives and forks, elegantly shaped, and gives them a rub over with a piece of rough leather.*)

JOB (*sitting on the treasure chest*) There's too many orders and regulations to-day. When I first joined up, t'ony rules a buccaneer had to remember wur, "Stick to your partner, fair shares of all loot 'cording to rank, an' t'devil take t'hindmost, O!" To-day, theer's confabulations, conferences, white flags, committees and sich-like ridiculousnesses. Loot, not words, is my motto!

NOBBLES I suppose it's what t'Admiral Harry Morgan would call improved organisation an' better discipline.

JOB "Better discipline!" Nowt of sort; summat quite different will be t'downfall of all of us.

NOBBLES What do you mean, Job?

JOB (*darkly*) Too much bloody bowing is bad for buccaneering. It's manners what's going to be the ruination of our leaders. Wheer's that blasted altar cloth?

NOBBLES It's in yon cabinet.

JOB (*with disgust*) I've to put a lace tablecloth on for that bit of Spanish haughtiness what we took prisoner two days ago. Lace tablecloth for her! By gow! if I were t'Admiral, I'd learn her; I'd put her in her place!

NOBBLES (*with admiration*) Aye, you would an' all.

JOB (*with disgust*) Lace tablecloth! "What she's been accustomed to," says Admiral Harry Morgan. It's weak-minded, treating women prisoners wi' sich politeness.

NOBBLES They take advantage of it, doänt they?

JOB If this kind of thing goes on, we shall be forbidden to sack convents next.
(*He goes to the cabinet and brings out a beautiful white altar cloth.*)

NOBBLES Where did yon coom from?

JOB (*placing it on the table*) We took this along with all that gowd communion plate when we looted t'church at San Romanio. I got nowt theer save a girt crucifix; it wur a gowd 'un. As you know, Nobbles, I'm a decent God-fearing Puritan. I sold the Papist toy for an old song, or rather for a tot of old rum. You know me well enow, Nobbles, to know I wouldn't keep sich a superstitious gewgaw by me.
(*He goes to the treasure chest near the door, and begins taking out some gold plate.*)

NOBBLES Gosh! t'table will look fit for a banquet wiv all that gowd plate set out.

JOB Aye, our owd pewter pots and pans isn't good enough to entertain her Spanish leddyship. Nay! she's to drink her Opporto out of a gowd cup criss-crossed wi' rubies and sapphires.

NOBBLES Whativer's coom ower t'Admiral?

JOB (*groaning*) Marry! it's a terrible come-down to see him so polite, him, the finest buccaneer in all Caribbean waters.

NOBBLES That it is, but as t'French say, "Cherchez la trouble."

JOB It was her haughtiness that took him all of a sudden. She wur one of two score women prisoners we took at San Romanio. When we got 'em on board, all t'others began flip-flopping about t'decks, screaming and tearing their hair, begging for mercy like so many screeching macaws, and at the far end of the poop there stood her Spanish leddyship looking at 'em, her lile red mouth curled up scornful-like.

NOBBLES She's a cool one.

JOB Then Harry Morgan spots her and looks her straight in the eyes, and he says, very sharp, "As High Admiral of the Buccaneer Fleet, I have the first choice of the women prisoners," and, without so much as glancing at the squawking macaws on the deck, he walks up to her, and he says, very quiet and steady-like, "I claim you."

NOBBLES How did she take it? She'd have summat to say to that!

JOB Not her! She tilted her chin up and looked straight back at him, then she nodded same as if he wur being presented to her at the court of a king.

NOBBLES An' after that no one dare lay a finger on her or her diamond cross and her long diamond ear-rings, worth t'Lord alone knows how many doubloons.

JOB By gow! not after t'Admiral chose her. I watched her as she swept down t'deck, picking her way daintily among t'other weeping females, an' says she, "Where is *my* cabin?"

NOBBLES An' two officers had to turn out so she could have a cabin all to hersen.

JOB Aye, an' she's still rigged out in her fine gown, t'same as when she wur captured returning from t'Governor's ball last night. Afore you could say "knife," she wur asking for hot water an' Castilian soap. Castilian soap!

NOBBLES The impudence of her asking Job Buckle for soap!

JOB Sure enow, Harry Morgan follows her down, shows her yon cabin, then she says, looking like the Queen of Sheba, "To whom shall I give my orders?" An' he yells fur me an' says, "Job, carry out all this lady's instructions."

NOBBLES Well, it's a queer business, an' I've niver seen t'Admiral so soft wiv a woman afore.

JOB What I'm feared of is lest this softness should spread through t'whole Fleet. Next thing they'll be issuing orders telling us not to shoot nuns, then they'll tell us to take no women prisoners. (*with disgust*) Buccaneering's not what it used to be. (*They hear brusque footsteps in the passage.*) Whist!

NOBBLES It's him!

They both suddenly become intensely occupied with the table, and cease talking.

Harry Morgan enters and stands for a moment in the doorway surveying the lamplit and moonlit cabin. He is tall and sturdily built, between forty and fifty years of age, and might get stout as he gets older. His well-cut dark blue coat with its full skirt and large pockets hides this tendency. His hair just clears his shoulders and is beginning to turn grey. He has a square, weathered face, direct shrewd blue eyes, short straight nose, firm mouth, and a grim chin. His manner is genial and he laughs readily, showing his perfect, strong teeth. He does not wear ear-rings, and he has evidently taken some trouble in arranging his cravat and the ruffles at his wrists, as he occasionally looks at them. He has a way of standing with his legs apart, of throwing back his shoulders, and slightly narrowing his eyes when listening to others speaking. A genial self-confident person, he speaks with a very slight Welsh accent when he is stirred.

JOB (*with great deference*) Hope all is to your liking, Sir?

MORGAN (*entering*) Seats look rather uninviting to a lady. Bring up some cushions.

JOB Cushions!

MORGAN Aye! cushions, damn you, and look sharp!

JOB Where will I find cushions, Sir?

NOBBLES (*diffidently*) 'Scuse me, Sir, but we took some cushions t'day we sacked Don Christoval's palace. They wur cushions covered wi' some pictures of half-dressed ladies, goblins I think Don Christoval's steward called 'em. Shall I fetch 'em?

Morgan nods and Nobbles disappears. Morgan then takes a sheet of paper out of his pocket and spreads it on the table, smiling; then he reads aloud:

"Most beautiful lady . . . ."

He looks up and smiles at Job.

JOB (*obsequiously*) Begging your pardon, Sir, but are you making a song about her? In my spare moments, I write a bit of poetry myself, so I'm naturally interested.

MORGAN You do, do you? Well, let's have one of your verses.

JOB This 'ere's my buccaneer's song, begging your pardon, Sir.

Morgan's eyes are on the paper, while Job sings apprehensively.

"If few we have amongst us,
Our hearts are very great.
And each will have more plunder
And each will have more plate.
We . . . ."

MORGAN (*stopping him*) Thank you, I like the tune. (*overlooking the table*) Where's the wine and where's that dish of pineapples from Bermuda I told you to put on the table? Why the hell can't you remember orders?

Job disappears rapidly.

MORGAN (*glances after him amusedly, then he reads aloud*)

"Most beautiful lady, shall ever again
I meet such a foe from bellicose Spain?"

NOBBLES (*re-enters*) Here's them goblin cushions, Sir.

MORGAN (*putting the cushions all in a bunch in one corner*)
". . . such a foe from bellicose Spain."

JOB (*re-enters with a dish of fruit and a flagon of wine. He places them on the table, then overlooks the Admiral's paper*) "Bellicose Spain." That's good, Sir. "Bellicose" is a grand word, if you'll pardon the liberty, Sir.

MORGAN (*reading*) "I am your captive, fair merciless jailor." What have you got to say to that! Come on, out with it!

JOB (*repeating falteringly*) "I am your captive, fair merciless jailor." There's "sailor" and "tailor," both good rhymes, Sir, but 'scuse me, Sir, I wouldn't tell her *you* was *her* captive. It'll give her ideas out of all keeping wi' her rightful position on this ship.

NOBBLES (*echoing*) It will an' all, Sir.

MORGAN (*narrowing his eyes and looking first at one, then at the other*) It will, will it? And what exactly is the lady's position on this ship? Answer me, and don't stand there shivering as if you had the fever! Out with it!

JOB You'll 'scuse me, Sir, but, in my opinion, it might be time she was taught that she's nowt but loot an' that you're High Admiral of all buccaneers in these waters and not——

MORGAN Well, not——?

JOB Well, Sir—not a guitar-playing caballero hanging about her husband's patio.

MORGAN (*ironically*) Well, I'm pleased to have your observations, Job Buckle. Now tell Doña Antonia that dinner will be served shortly, and ask her to do me the honour of joining me, then—both of you go to blazes!

NOBBLES Aye, aye, Sir! (*Exit.*)

JOB (*sullenly*) I'll tell her all right, but last time I spoke to her she fairly insulted me.

MORGAN Insulted you?

JOB Aye, Sir, she asked *me*—me what wur reared in Whitby, t'cleanest, most ship-shape town in t'North Country—to wash my hands afore knocking on her cabin door!

(*Job walks slowly to the door, steps into the passage, and knocks loudly on the next cabin door, then he calls out*) Admiral Morgan says you're to coom out at once.

The door opens and there appears a most beautiful Spanish lady. She walks into the passage, then stands for a moment in the Admiral's cabin doorway. She is tall and lithe and very graceful, and carries her head a little to one side, as if she were listening. Her small oval face is a clear olive, her dark hair is dressed after the manner of Velazquez's ladies. Her eyes are dark and finely lashed, her brows high and arched and delicately pencilled. Her mouth is sensitive but firm, and is naturally as red as a Poinsettia. She is dressed in silver and blue brocade. A large diamond cross hangs below her waist and long diamond ear-rings from her ears. She carries a silver and mother-of-pearl fan, using it with great proficiency.

THE LADY (*in response to Morgan's bow*) Buenas Tardes, Señor. (*She curtsies and a little scornful smile plays round her red lips.*)

Morgan goes to the door and leads her to the chair left of table, R.C. She sits down and arranges her full brocade skirts, then glances at the table and springs to her feet.

THE LADY (*pointing with her fan to the gold plate*) Madre de Dios! What is this? Plate belonging to the Monastery of San Romanio! Surely, as a daughter of Holy Mother Church, you would not offend me by using such sacred objects for sacrilegious purposes. I am greatly shocked at your impiety, Buccaneer!

MORGAN (*stoutly*) I see no reason why these cups and plates should not be put to a useful purpose, and, too, I object to your applying the word "impiety" to myself.

THE LADY (*proudly*) Bah! I forgot that you were a Protestant. I withdraw "impiety" and refer instead to your lamentable lack of courtesy.

MORGAN (*narrowing his eyes*) I object to that, too. Before I ran away to sea, I was reared in a highly-respectable Welsh village, and there learned from my estimable mother the respect due to ladies of your virtue, rank, and beauty.

THE LADY Well, the least I can say is that, under the circumstances, your hospitality is extremely tactless.

MORGAN Tactless?

THE LADY (*angrily; pointing with her fan to the table, then closing it with a sharp click*) This plate was presented to the Jesuits by my husband as a thank-offering for his recovery from a severe attack of ague. The presence of it on your table is, therefore, extremely painful to me, and I suggest that you ask your still unwashed servant to remove it.

MORGAN (*watching her quietly*) Under the circumstances, it shall be removed. (*calling out impatiently*) Job, Job, you spawn of the devil, remove this gold trash and bring back the pewter we took at the sack of the Castle of Careno.

JOB (*removing the plate, mutters under his breath*) There's no pleasing some people.

THE LADY And this cloth! Has this not been stolen from some High Altar? (*turning to Morgan*) It is an unpardonable insult to ask me to dine with you off such a cloth. I am greatly annoyed and would prefer to dine alone.

JOB (*in a low voice*) Let her starve, Sir. That will bring her pride down a bit.

MORGAN (*to Job*) That will do; take the cloth away, damn you! and get on with serving dinner, or supper, or whatever the infernal meal is that the cook decides to send up this evening.
The lady walks daintily up and down the cabin fanning herself quickly.

MORGAN (*faces her, and she stops walking*) We must have this out, Doña Antonia. Do you realise that you are making me—hitherto the most rigid disciplinarian—a laughing stock on my own ship?

THE LADY (*demurely*) Dios Mio! I can see nothing to laugh at in you. In your own profession I gather you are quite an important person. In the somewhat unusual conditions under which you have constrained me to become your guest, perhaps an introduction to my host might not be out of place.

MORGAN (*after a pause*) Like many another lad, the sea called your host, Doña Antonia. I ran away from home in my early teens. Our ship was captured; I was sold as a slave and worked for a while in the Barbadoes. I watched my chance and escaped to Jamaica, and then joined the Buccaneers. After that, fair guest, I planned and led some successful expeditions, and am to-day High Admiral of all the English Buccaneers. Before I die, I shall be Governor of Jamaica. *Sir* Henry Morgan—and one day a certain beautiful lady of Spain will gladly grace my receptions.

THE LADY Bravo! Before your explanation, I had not a very clear estimate of the social distinctions between buccaneer and—buccaneer.

MORGAN (*dryly*) Now, perhaps, you have a better idea of my position on this ship, but you still seem to have an entirely erroneous idea of your own. (*goes to her*) Do you realise what your fate would have been if *I* had not claimed you as *my* prisoner of war?

THE LADY (*suppressing a yawn with her fan*) Uf! (*wearily*) I suppose I should have had to share a cabin with one of those hysterical women of San Romanio.

MORGAN Share a cabin! (*he puts his hand on her shoulder and grips her securely*) By Heavens! You entirely fail to grasp the position of a woman prisoner on board a buccaneer frigate.

THE LADY (*removing his hand from her shoulder*) With the exception of your tactlessness about the dining table, I have, so far, no complaint to make as to my treatment on your ship. Of course, I regret this enforced absence from my husband. He is an oldish man, and at times suffers severely from gout. If he should have an attack whilst I am away, he will miss me greatly. (*rises.*)

MORGAN (*dryly*) Well, he will have to go on missing you. Sit down, Doña Antonia, we might as well settle this matter once and for all. (*goes right and brings chair in front of table, where he sits*) Are you following me? You are my prisoner and there is no earthly reason why I should not treat you according to our rules of war. All's fair in our buccaneering wars or for the matter of that in our buccaneering loves. (*He gazes at her across a corner of the table.*)

THE LADY (*quietly*) All may be fair, but all may not be expedient, Buccaneer. (*looking at him squarely*) There is *one* very good reason why you will not treat me according to your rules of war.

MORGAN Let's hear it then. I am in no mood to be trifled with!

THE LADY Because you are in love with me, Buccaneer, and being in love with me, you desire that I should be in love with you.

MORGAN Confound you! (*goes left but returns to her side*).

THE LADY You fell in love with me the moment you claimed me as your prisoner, and you will not willingly risk spoiling our so far pleasant relations by keeping one of your rules and breaking one of mine.

MORGAN Your rules?

THE LADY Yes, Amigo Mio, *my* rules. This game you must play according to my rules. It is against my rules to capture a woman and keep her by force. Women such as I love only when they are free. Is a buccaneer able to understand that?

MORGAN Are you suggesting that I should let you return to your husband?

THE LADY (*raising her brows*) And why not?

MORGAN (*sarcastically*) My method with husbands of beautiful ladies does not allow me to give them back their wives. (*Sits on the edge of the table close to her*) No! They drop blindfold from a plank's end.

THE LADY Virgin santissima! With me that would be a very false move. I could not possibly consent to have a lover who treated my husband so inconsiderately.

MORGAN (*bending over her*) Am I dreaming, or did you actually use the words "lover" and "husband" in one and the same sentence? (*She nods.*) Then, Madam, you've very improper, nay, immoral ideas on this subject.

THE LADY (*yawning daintily*) Pray excuse me, I'm so hungry.

MORGAN (*intently*) Please attend to what I am saying. There is no disgrace attached to you if you are forced to be mine as my prisoner of war—even an English old maid could make no valid objection to that—but calmly to suggest that you would consent to my becoming your lover, your husband living, and you not on board my ship (*with indignation*), it is against every principle instilled into me in my youth by my excellent mother.

THE LADY Dios te orga! Please to be reasonable. If you hold me here as your prisoner, all the world will point at Don Diego, my husband, and will say, "There goes the man whose wife was—shall we say—detained by Harry Morgan, Admiral of the Buccaneers!" but if you visit his house as his guest——

MORGAN (*amazed*) *His* guest!

THE LADY Yes, *his* guest, but I am always delighted to receive my husband's guests.

MORGAN (*indignantly*) Madam, your ideas on these matters are outrageous! You would actually allow me to visit at your husband's house knowing that I should come in the hope of being your lover?

THE LADY Providing you won my love, Buccaneer. According to my mother's upbringing (may her soul rest in peace) it is preferable to give oneself to a man one loves than to be taken by a man one does not love.

MORGAN The deuce take me! Shall I ever understand women! Well, the seas carry us to strange races—and I suppose yours is one point of view.
(*A knock is heard.*)

THE LADY Entra.
(*Job enters.*)

MORGAN But why the devil should I come a-calling on Don Diego in order to put up with your whims and vagaries, when I have you here to do as I please with?

JOB (*to Morgan*) Here's everything I think, Sir.
(*He sets the dishes on the table.*)

MORGAN (*to Job*) What? Be damned and get out of here!
(*Exit Job in surprised confusion.*)
Anyway, I'll have one kiss from you, something in advance.
(*He leans towards her. She rises and whips a tiny revolver out of her breast and points it at him. Morgan laughs, goes towards her, and, catching her wrist, examines the little pocket revolver, then points it towards the floor.*)

MORGAN (*merrily*) No use bluffing, Beautiful Lady. (*She puts the revolver back in her breast.*) You know, and I know, that you are safe on this frigate only whilst I am in control, and you won't attempt to get rid of me for your own lovely sake.

THE LADY (*smiling sweetly and nodding*) Si, Si, quite true. (*She sits on the other chair at the table*) Shall we begin? I'm very hungry. (*mockingly*) What a pity that you should be so shocked at some of my ideas, but you must remember my upbringing. I was not educated in a virtuous English village. No! After leaving the Convent of Santa Teresa, I was married (*with a little laugh*) and thrown into the manifold temptations of the Royal Court at Madrid.

MORGAN (*watching her*) My dear lady, I make every allowance for you, but—to suggest that I should call and make a fuss of your husband——

THE LADY (*arranging her curls with her jewelled fingers*) Well, I cannot possibly have a lover unless he makes himself agreeable to my husband. According to *my* rules, my husband is my natural protector, and, as such, must receive every consideration.

MORGAN (*raising his voice slightly*) In my country, when a man falls in love with another man's wife, he honestly tries to blow her husband's brains out.

THE LADY (*eating*) A very crude practice, Buccaneer. In my country, a lady would not dream of taking a lover who made himself so objectionable to her husband.

MORGAN (*amazed at her*) 'Struth! (*shaking his head and going up left*) These convent-bred women!

THE LADY (*after drinking*) And speaking of convents, I wish you would desist from placing priests and nuns in front of your attacking armies. It makes matters very awkward for our Spanish Generals. You place them in a dilemma. As good soldiers, they must fire; as good Catholics, they are thereby committing a mortal sin. It makes it very difficult for them.

MORGAN (*earnestly*) I have already given orders that no more nuns are to be shot. (*ironically*) Anything else you would like doing?

THE LADY (*plaintively*) Si, if you seek my favour, tell your cut-throats to abstain from looting churches and from kidnapping helpless old priests for ransom.

MORGAN (*bringing his fist down on the table*) Look you! This fooling must cease. (*pushing table*) You're my prisoner of war, and I want you more than I've wanted anything since I saw my first bird's nest in an Aberglellenan lane, and, what's more, I'm going to have you, Beautiful Lady. (*she rises*) You can kiss me of your own accord, but, whether you choose to or not——

(*He leans towards her, an arm outstretched to draw her towards him.*)

THE LADY (*rising*) Please be careful! My gown! This brocade was imported from Paris. (*She escapes into the middle of the cabin, taking the small pistol from her breast and pointing it at her temple. The curls hang so thickly on one side, so she tries the pistol at the other temple.*) Caramba! I will not outlive the disgrace of being kissed by a man whom I have had no time to wish to kiss.

MORGAN (*walks towards her and quietly takes the pistol from her unresisting hand. Smiling at her*) Your pistol is safer in my keeping, Doña Antonia. These toys sometimes go off by accident.

THE LADY (*sitting on the edge of the treasure chest and fastening the silk ribbons on her shoes*) Keep it if you like, Buccaneer (*with a mischievous smile*). It isn't loaded. My husband gave it to me as a birthday present, but he begged me not to fire it as he said I should more likely hurt myself than anyone else. Yet it's a fascinating thing made by a noted Italian goldsmith-armourer and the green stones in the handle are finely cut emeralds.

MORGAN (*examines the emeralds, then slips the pistol into his pocket. He sighs unconsciously*) What am I to do with you, you beautiful creature?

THE LADY (*readily*) Send me back to my husband with a demand for ransom—a big ransom.

MORGAN (*interested*) Not a bad idea. On this point our ideas seem to agree. What would he pay?

THE LADY You won't get paid. Dios! No. Don Diego might not consider me worth a *big* ransom, but you will demand it and then come and parley with him. He is a very saving man. After some confabulations, you will generously forgo the ransom, and he will be so overjoyed at keeping his coffers intact that you will be welcome at his house at any time, especially if you tell him some of your amusing anecdotes about your early adventures in the Barbadoes. Don Diego loves a good story.

MORGAN And then?

THE LADY Then, then you must help me to rebuild the Convent at San Romanio which you burned; after that you must restore that gold plate to the Monastery of——

MORGAN (*frowning*) God! Would you like me to turn my back on the whole of my fleet? You are making things excessively difficult. Up to now I have always been noted for my rigid discipline. My treatment of you in itself will bring me dangerously near to contempt in the mind of the meanest of my men.

THE LADY (*proudly*) As High Admiral of all the English Buccaneers, you ought to be able to do as you like.

MORGAN Confound you! And *now* I ought to steel myself against you, my adorable prisoner (*holds her by her wrists*).

THE LADY Anyway, if you have not the courage to take a line of your own on your own ship, you can never hope to win my love. I adore courage. It was for his courage entirely (he is not nearly so good-looking as you are) that I married my husband, though he was more than twice my age, and it will be because of his courage that I choose my lover—*if* ever I do choose one.

MORGAN It needs some courage to let you go.

THE LADY (*for the first time dropping her beautiful eyes*) Yes, I know.

MORGAN And if I do let you, what guarantee have I that I shall ever see you again?

THE LADY (*solemnly*) I swear upon this cross given to me as a wedding gift by His Majesty our King, that if ever I take a lover, it shall be no man save you, Harry Morgan. Will you not leave it at that?

MORGAN (*he kisses her hand long and passionately—ruefully*) The devil! And yet—yet I care for you too much to keep you. (*Throwing back his shoulders—goes centre back*) Job! Job!

During the few moments that elapse before Job enters, Morgan watches the lady, who, with her eyes on her cross, is playing nervously with it. Job enters.

Job, tell Captain Pritchard to lower the long boat, and to take an armed escort of six men with him. He is to take this lady ashore and conduct her safely to her home.

JOB Sir!

MORGAN Look sharp! (*Exit Job.*)
(*turning to Dona Antonia*) And so it's goodbye, Beautiful Lady; you are free.

THE LADY (*in a low voice*) No adios, sino hasta la vista, Señor. (*She rises and goes to the table, and, lifting her glass, raises it to him*) To our next meeting, Buccaneer.

MORGAN (*he fills his glass*) My regime hangs by a very slender thread (*he raises his glass to her*). To our next meeting (*drinks*). May you treat your prisoner as well as I have treated mine.
In reply, she gives him a lovely smile.

THE LADY (*softly*) My cloak and mantilla.
(*She goes slowly to her own cabin.*)
Job enters.

JOB (*puzzled—to Morgan*) The Captain is lowering the long boat now, Sir.
(*Morgan stands watching the lady's door, the wineglass still in his hand.*)

JOB (*after a pause—quietly*) Perhaps she's better off our hands, Sir. She doänt carry on as she ought; not like t'other women, no tears, no pleadings, nowt.

MORGAN (*abstractedly*) Eh? No pleadings—No——

JOB She'd upset all discipline, Sir (*a pause*) I doänt believe she even knows what t'word means.

MORGAN (*again abstractedly*) I'm sure she doesn't.
(*The lady appears cloaked and with her mantilla falling about her shoulders.*)

THE LADY I am waiting—Buccaneer!

MORGAN (*looks at her hard, then goes to meet her in the doorway, kisses her hand, and says abruptly*) Come! (*he leads her down the long passage*).

JOB (*goes to door up right, and calls*) Nobbles!
A short pause and Nobbles enters anxiously.

NOBBLES (*in the doorway*) What's up?

JOB T'Admiral! He's let her go!

NOBBLES (*astounded*) What!

JOB (*slowly comes into the lamplight—with gloomy conviction*) All I can say is—buccaneering's not what it used to be!

CURTAIN

"THE GREAT HARRY"

water-colour drawing by

W. L. WYLLIE

Reproduced by courtesy of Dr. R. L. ROBINSON, MINEHEAD, SOMERSET

Lost Atlantis

By DENIS BOTTERILL

THE waves creep across the flat sands
Castled with my memories,
And smooth the rough contours of good and ill alike.

Here the salt water slips into an open wound,
Almost forgotten, and now
Pulsing again with the vivid ache of yesterday.

There rears the ambitious tower I had made
Consecrate to a Lady's beauty;
Now crumbling to the onslaught of the sea.

(She did not need that worldly dedication,
But in pity for the builder
Destroys it with Herself, and beautifully.)

Now there is nothing but a waste of waters
Over this lost Atlantis of my youth.

Sleep on, dead city, for even I
Cannot recall your streets, your people,
Or even the songs of your forgotten laureate.

Speech

By His Excellency Arnold Hodson, C.M.G.

To the children of the Colony of the Falkland Islands and its Dependencies in the Town Hall, Stanley.

Delivered before the performance of his Play, "The Troubles of Santa Claus."

Dear Girls and Boys

If this had been an ordinary party I should have begun my speech by saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen," but I feel sure if I had done this you would have been annoyed, as it seems much too formal.

I will not hide from you the fact that there is Black Magic about, so I know you will be kind and lenient if the sprites and hobgoblins use their powers and make me forget all the nice things I wish to tell you, and I am also frightened of the Magic Tune!

You are all aware that we have asked a very famous person to visit our party this afternoon, namely, Santa Claus, but I cannot tell you how my eyes have been opened since I asked this gentleman to come here. I always thought that he was a kind and placid individual, but I must inform you that this is not the case. I imagine he is getting old, and having so many places to go to at this time of the year it makes him irritable. You have no idea the worry he has caused me. My hair is turning grey. As you know, Governors are not paid overtime like so many other people are. Personally, I think it is a great shame. That is why they are so punctual in closing their offices, but lately I have had to forgo this rule! Nearly every night, long after midnight, I have been telephoning to the Wireless Station in connection with our visitor. Mr. Mercer and Mr. Lanning, I am sure, will soon go on strike, as Santa Claus is quite an impossible person to deal with. I am not going to tell you all the things he has done, but I will just relate a few of them. First of all, a few days ago, we wirelessed down to the South Pole to get into communication with his staff. After trying for two or three nights in succession, we finally received a message from his private secretary to the effect that he was playing a prolonged game of croquet with

the penguins and could not possibly pay any attention to us until the game was finished. They must take a long time over their games down there if it takes three days to finish a game of croquet! Then, when this game came to an end, we were informed he had gone for a picnic with the sea-elephants and no one knew when he would return.

I then got rather annoyed and said if he did not reply at once I would report him to the Superior Court of the Fairies, who would probably punish him very severely for disappointing all the little boys and girls in this Colony.

He then replied, evidently frightened at last, that he would come if proper arrangements were made to receive him. I told him we would do everything in our power to meet his wishes in this respect. He then sent a message, a rather peremptory one, I thought, demanding a salute of 100 cannons, and the services of the Chief Constable, Mr. Sullivan, to be continually night and day at his disposal to protect him from the wizard, Zachariah Fee. He went on to say he must have a plentiful supply of penguin eggs, not the ordinary gentoo or rocky penguin, but King Penguin eggs, which, as you know, are to be found only in the neighbourhood of the South Pole.

With regard to the salute, I told him it was quite impossible for us to fire off 100 cannons, as I myself only had a salute of seventeen, and that I thought he should be content with half this number, namely, eight and a half. We wrangled over this matter for several days until at last he condescended to come if I would give him four and a quarter cannons loaded up to the muzzle to make an extra large bang. I agreed to this, as I believe all our gunners are insured and if the cannons burst, as they probably will, and blow them to pieces, their widows and children will be well provided for.

I could not go on arguing with him about the penguin eggs, so I am afraid I told a tarradiddle and said we would supply them. I will let you into a little secret and tell you what I have done, but you must promise faithfully not to tell anyone. I have got a lot of gentoo penguin eggs and

painted them to look like King Penguin eggs. I only hope he will not discover it!

I really thought everything was settled, but just before coming down here this afternoon, I received a cable to say that the Wizard of the South Pole, that wicked, detestable, and cunning Zachariah Fee, about whom you all know, had escaped from his ice chamber, and that Santa Claus was terrified, and went in fear of his life. I wired imploring the latter to come here quickly. I said we would send out our launch, the "Penguin," fully armed to blow Mr. Zachariah Fee to pieces the moment he appeared on the horizon. Santa Claus thanked me for this and then nearly broke my heart by saying it had been reported to him the Town Hall was warmed by central heating and that it was beneath his dignity to enter any room unless he could descend by a chimney full of smuts. So the position now is very critical as I do not know who will arrive first, Zachariah Fee or Santa Claus, and when the latter does come and sees there is no chimney, he may pass on as he is such a touchy individual, but I am tempting him—he is sure to be hungry after such a long journey—by putting a large, blown, King Penguin egg outside the front door with a stuffed King Penguin beside it. These I have borrowed from the Museum, and I really believe if he is once persuaded to alight, we shall then probably be able to catch and bring him upstairs. I am afraid the Government will have to pay a large bill for all the wireless messages, and also for the hire of the reindeer we are providing him with from South Georgia to draw his chariot, and it will probably mean a supplementary estimate which the Secretary of State may object to—but still we will not grumble at this, will we, if he actually turns up?

When I look around and see so many charming young ladies present, I regret more than I can say that I have forgotten one thing, and that a very important thing, i.e. a large bunch of mistletoe!

You will notice that, although I told you the hour to come, I did not mention anything about the time you should go. I did this with a purpose, as I want you to stop as long as ever you like so that you may thoroughly

enjoy yourselves. You will, however, have to be very nice to the members of the two bands in order that they do not get tired and go off too soon. I use up a lot of wind talking, but they use far more blowing down their long instruments, and you have no idea how lowering and weakening it is!

Now, in conclusion, let me remind you that "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," and my most sincere hope is that your cup of happiness will be so full this evening that it will overflow and make other people happy, too.

Skye—*An Ode*

Imitated from the Latin of Samuel Johnson.

(To M. B.)

By GEOFFREY WOLEDGE

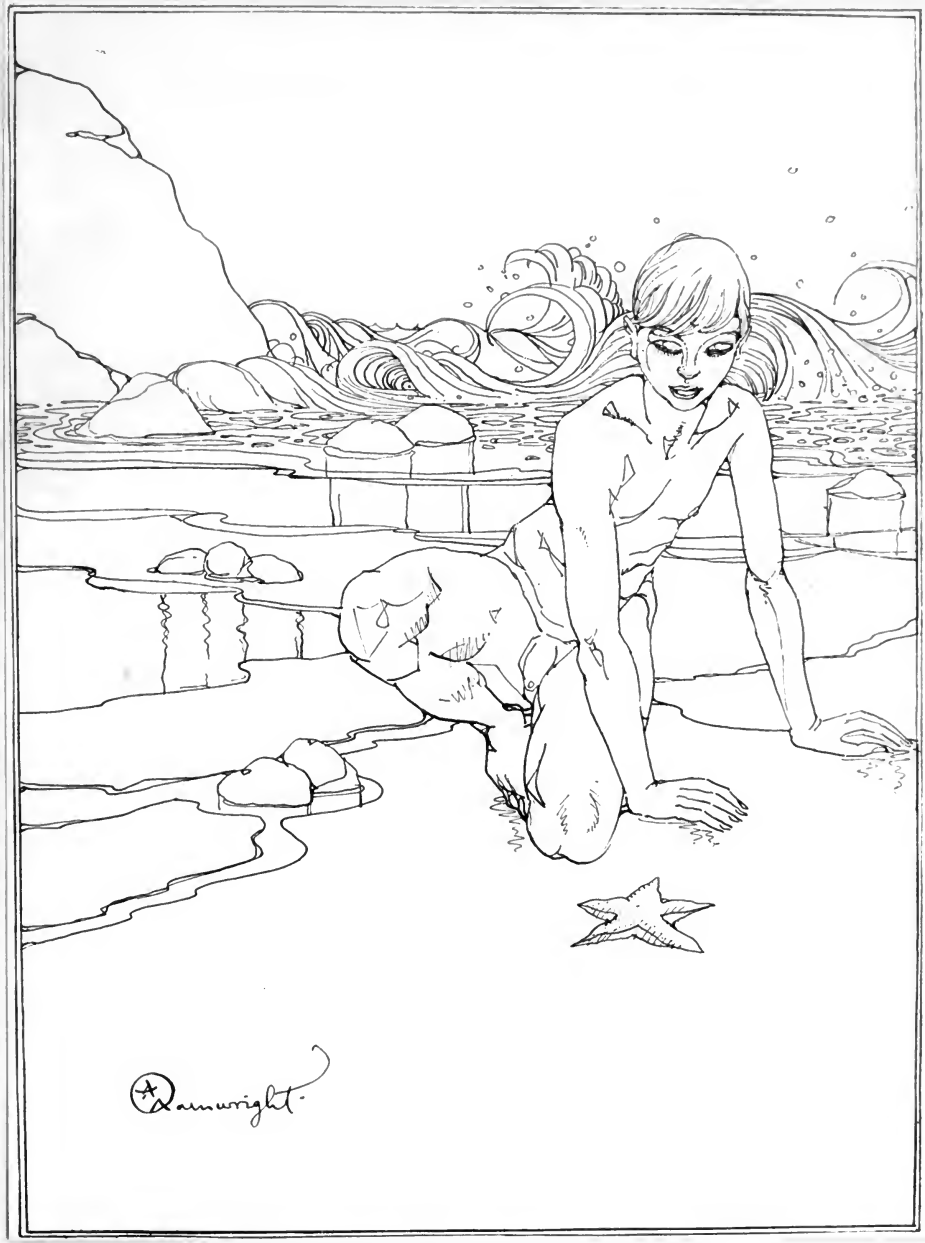
SKYE, in your winding lochs shut from the sea,
With white streams hanging from your black ramparts,
How sweet is your green bay
To sea-drenched mariners.

These misty wrinkled cliffs enclose no care,
But wall the home of peace from the sea's storms;
Nor in the quiet hours
Does grief or anger hide.

But not to wander on the peakèd Coolins,
Where the clouds stoop, nor to the caves to flee,
Nor swing with the blue waves
Can comfort the sick mind.

For human strength is small, nor is it given
To man to still command a quiet mind,
As boast the subtle rest
Of stoics over-bold.

O King supreme, alone thou canst control
The boiling breast, alone at thy command
The tides of passion flow,
And at thy bidding ebb.



THE STARFISH

pen and ink drawing by

ALBERT WAINWRIGHT

On Shipboard

By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

MIDSEA—midnight—
And a half-moon's light
Insisting gently
Through hazes of the lower air;
Uncertainly and faintly
With a pearly glamour everywhere
Sleeking the great black motion
Of the perpetually marching ocean;
Touching with silvery grey
Inquisitive delicacy
The hissing ghost of spray
The prow puts sturdily by
In its bluff onward way;
And hard to say
As in the region of a dream
If on the deck, under the steady sails
That tower into disappearing height,
Shadow it is that falls, or gleam:
Gleam that like dusk of shadow veils,
Or shadow that can blanch like light.

In the Outer Hebrides

A QUEST

By MATTHEW BOTTERILL

OUR guide books and cruising books are singularly silent about the Outer Isles or speak disparagingly of them. One fancies them as flat, uninteresting, windswept bogs, at the mercy of Atlantic gales. Actually, one sees them from Skye as a fascinating mountain chain, its head in the North Atlantic and its tail two degrees nearer the equator.

I was attracted there by the magic of a name—"Hecla." Though but 2,000 ft. high, a mountain with a name so suggestive of Northern solitudes must be worth ascending, and one clear day found me at the summit enjoying the view from that vantage point. Pale-green lagoons alternating with deep-blue ones; the first, sea water on shallow sands, the second, fresh water. The land, of minor importance and only serving to separate the waters, seemed an intrusion, anyway, in the boundless expanse of Atlantic. The western side of the Islands is fringed with tracts of sand gleaming golden in the sunlight.

To the southward the view was partly closed by ranges of hills, and about five miles off, above an intervening ridge, was visible the fissured summit of another mountain still higher than Hecla.

Surely those fissures must be gullies on a cliff face, and if that were so, there I might find the hidden treasure which had brought me to the Isles —but the lower part of the hill was tantalisingly hidden.

A winter passed between that interesting discovery and my attempt, and I gathered information.

The chart calls my treasure mountain Ben More (the Great Hill), a name it shares with dozens of others up North. Our possible lines of approach were—

(1) Cross-country; clearly impossible, for besides three mountain ascents, the country is intersected by lochs and bogs.

(2) By Glen Hellisdale, but there was no road or path to this, and apparently no anchorage at the seaward end.

(3) A possible line of approach from the westward was ruled out as it involved over 25 miles' walk.

(4) By Loch Eynort.

The *Sailing Directory* was pessimistic—"Loch Eynort cannot be said to afford good anchorage, . . the Upper Loch is seldom visited as it entails a 10-foot passage."

If a yacht must be left untended whilst her crew are mountaineering a secure anchorage is essential. Could we but navigate that 10-foot passage, a vast network of inner sea-lochs eats into the very foundations of our treasure mountain. Where there is sea water at low-water time, there "Molly" (my 10-ton yawl) can navigate at high water, and once inside the neck no summer gale could disturb her.

Behold then "Molly," leaving the refuge of Canna on a very misty morning, picking up Ushinish Light (S. Uist) as the mists dissipated, passing the foot of Glen Hellisdale, which afforded a fairy view of our treasure mountain, peeping blackly through wreaths of mist like the head of a wounded warrior swathed in bandages, and, as the wind fails, powering gingerly into L. Eynort. The dangers of the Outer Loch are readily avoided in clear weather. We lay a course which would clear everything handsomely and Lo! not half a mile ahead and directly on the bowsprit, a horrid group of rocks showing their ugly tops where the chart said 16 fathoms. The glasses revealed our "rocks" had fins and the half of a curved tail above water and were, moreover, on the move.

We held our course. One of these three giant fish crossed our bows, much too close for comfort. Another leisurely swam alongside, keeping pace. I could have touched its tail, of which about 18 inches was above water, without letting go the tiller; its head was nearly abreast the mainmast. The monster was over 20 feet long and almost touched "Molly's" sides. We were glad to be quit of such dangerous company. Later I was told on the mainland that it would be a basking shark and quite harmless. It was easier to believe on the mainland. So to a temporary anchorage about 1½ miles

within the loch. It was perfectly secure, save for a gentle roll working round from the south, but in an east wind would be a gyrating hell!

After dinner some of us went out sounding in the punt. It was a beautiful calm evening and nearly low-water time. A boatload of natives had appeared from those mysterious inner waters and were apathetically watching a steam drifter stealing their daily bread, one mile within the Loch instead of three miles out. We found the way. The last of the ebb was running briskly through the 10-foot passage as we went in. In half an hour we returned and found the new flood equally brisk in the narrow. Next morning "Molly" wormed her way through on the early flood. The tide raced us through the narrow. We rounded up to the eastward, avoiding some patches of weed-covered rock. Within was no perceptible tide, and "Molly" drifted through weed long enough to reach the surface, finding perfect anchorage in an almost circular basin. One could winter there in comfort! The bos'n and I were rowed ashore, and we had gone but a few yards when we found ourselves cut off by an arm of the sea too wide to swim, and which would have meant a great walk to circumvent. The punt was still within hail and the bos'n got in to help to find a way through by water. I waited 20 minutes alone. Not exactly alone, for this inner arm swarmed with seals as curious about me as I of them. The punt arrived and put us across. We hoped there would be no more watery obstructions, and struck out for a col which would afford a view into the remote Glen Hellisdale and of our crags—if they existed. The ascent to this col was so laborious one wondered if any reward could be adequate. The col was reached but the lonely glen revealed no crags.

Hecla was not visible from this col and therefore this col could not be the one we had seen from Hecla. We climbed and climbed up the wide ridge and by and by Hecla's summit peered above the opposite ridge; still no cliff—a cow could have strolled into Glen Hellisdale at this point. I began to think that we had been the victims of mirage on Hecla the previous year. The summit cairn of Ben More was but a few yards from us when we came to a precipice—one pace further would have meant a crash

into Hellisdale hundreds of feet below. The treble joy of lunch, a pipe, and the prospect of my quest. The bos'n not being a rock climber could not share the latter, but both of us were astounded at the view. It seemed but a few miles away to the north-westward lay a group of islands—St. Kilda. Impossible to imagine that strip of water as 40 miles of stormy Atlantic. It was calm enough, or seemed so, but even now the Golden Sands carried a ceaseless fret of white lace-edging from the breaking swell.

We were seated vertically over one of the gullies, so I had not dreamed them. Our route had brought us from the south-east. The cliffs trended direct east and downward, so that the last gully, about half a mile away, was very short. I strolled to it and slithered down the scree. Its foot gave on to a terrace traversing the bottom of the cliffs to a spot hundreds of feet below our lunch place. I looked at the second gully—perhaps here lay my treasure? I climbed into it—a pitch higher would perhaps afford a better view? I got up that. I had no pal, no rope, and no nails, and should have now turned back. Instead I was tempted to see what was beyond the next difficulty. It was stiff, but I got over it, and then, realising how much more difficult the descent would prove, saw I was committed to finish the ascent! Boots off and round the neck, handhold, foothold, traverse, pitch after pitch—oh! the joy of it. Tackled with a will it was proving less difficult. The top was but two or three paces off when I made my discovery—my quest was won!

I had found rock climbing in the Outer Hebrides!

Prayer for Little Sailing Boats

By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe

LORD of all the little boats
That go down to the sea,
Protect them all, and too protect
My bonnie boat for me;
When waves run steeply during gales,
Look to their gear, their masts, their sails.

Steer them thro' the sullen fog
From the moaning bell,
When for hours they pitch, becalmed
In the endless swell;
Keep them off the shoaling places,
Guide them thro' the strongest races.

Help them plot a fearless course,
On a heaven-lent chart,
Give them, when their days are done,
Harbourage in Your heart;
Guard well their sailors for the sake
Of Him who sailed a treacherous lake.

"SEA SWALLOW"

(38-ton yawl of Charles and Dorothy Una Ratcliffe)

pen and ink drawing by

JEFFREY LEIGHTON

A Maker of Ships

By W. LEIGHTON

IT was years since he left the Navy, which, when he served, sailed, not steamed. Since then his only thoughts were of ships and the sea. He had occupied himself making and re-rigging models of old timers.

Old age and infirmity had come only too soon, and many earnest prayers had risen to the Great Captain that just one more spell below might be granted. He was now finishing what had been a battered three-decker. Even as it was completed, this, his masterpiece, he felt a touch on the shoulder, and, turning, was confronted by a naval captain of a bygone age.

"Owing to you, my friend," said the captain, "we come from Oblivion to Life. From the shadows we have watched with what loving care you have made us. It was our whispers that reached you when in doubt, and it has surely been love, not gain, that kept those tired fingers working long, long after their spell was done. Our voyages have been your voyages, for you have sailed with us in spirit. May the winds blow fair, and may you make the same Haven that we sail for."

As he listened the old maker of ships heard the fiddle on the capstan, the shanty, and tramp of feet as the anchor came apeak. The old workshop seemed filled with smoke in the midst of which lay his model on a sea of her own. Sails were set, and the farewell salute fired.

Strings of flags broke out, and——

. . . . . .

but the maker of ships was dead.

From Jamaica

Collected *by* FRANK CUNDALL F.S.A.

Small boat keep near shore.

Nebber mek you sail too big for you ship.

Sailor draw rope an' say, "Keep wha' you got."

Fish a deep water no know how fish a riber-side feel.

Riddle me this, riddle me that,
Sheet spread wid money no one can count?
Answer—De stars in de sky.

Riddle me this, riddle me that,
Me fader had a ting in him yard what shine a king kitchen door.
Answer—De moon.

A COTTAGE ON TRISTAN DA CUNHA

photograph by

J. WALKER BARTLET

A Visit to Tristan da Cunha

By J. WALKER BARTLET

TRISTAN DA CUNHA is the most isolated and the farthest flung outpost of the British Empire. It lies midway between South America and South Africa, and was discovered by a Portuguese admiral named Tristan da Cunha in 1506. Possession was formally taken by Great Britain in 1816, when troops from the Transport "Falmouth" were landed. Napoleon Bonaparte had just been imprisoned on the Island of St. Helena, the nearest inhabited land some 1,300 miles to the north, and it was deemed wise at that time to have a detachment of artillery situated at Tristan. Upon the troops being withdrawn some five years later, the British Government granted permission to Corporal William Glass, a native of Kelso, Scotland, and two or three other seamen, who had become attached to their island home, to remain behind. This they did and were later joined by men from whaling vessels. Occasionally mutineers were placed ashore from these ships. Sometimes seamen were landed at their own request, and occasionally a shipwreck would augment the population.

The Island, which rises to a height of nearly 8,000 feet, is volcanic in origin. Its water supply is always plentiful. This water supply culminates in a wonderful stream, the source of which is a crater lake on the summit of the mountain. There it enters the rock and reappears on a plateau at an altitude of some 3,000 feet, where it again enters the mountain side and discharges itself near the settlement through which it plashes to the sea. It has a never-failing supply of about 250 gallons of water per minute. With the necessary machinery, the stream could easily be harnessed to supply all the power necessary on the Island, and electricity would be no longer a dream of the imagination.

Corporal Glass, and another of the seamen, were married men, and until the advent of five coloured women brought from St. Helena by the Captain of a Norwegian whaler, their wives were the only women on the Island. This gallant Captain, anticipating a reward of buried treasure, sailed into Tristan with five coloured ladies from St. Helena. History does not relate

whether the golden doubloons and pieces of eight reported left on the Island by that picturesque pirate Jonathan Lambert were ever located and a share delivered to the enterprising skipper, but it does report that each dusky damsel was wooed and won, and from this small beginning the present population has descended.

Tristan is quite out of the way of passing vessels, and I was fortunate in being on the "Empress of France" when she called there some little time ago. It was a dull February Saturday, and on the morrow the ship was due off the Island. Everyone was aware that unless the Clerk of the Weather proved exceedingly kind no communication could be established, and the ship would have to steam on her way to Cape Town.

It had been very foggy for a couple of days before our arrival, but it cleared up wonderfully when the Island hove in sight, which it did about 6 o'clock the next morning. It was soon apparent that the inhabitants slept with one eye open. They were evidently expecting us, and as soon as we were spotted the men folk set out in their boats to intercept us. Dressed in multi-coloured garb, they bent to their oars with a will and were soon alongside. They came shyly aboard and their first request was that a medical man should be allowed to land. To this the Captain agreed and made arrangements for one of the ship's doctors to give the necessary attention to two minor cases of sickness.

The utter loneliness of the Island and how it affects the people is what strikes one most. They appear very healthy, although the children never play—they don't know how to. The men who arrived on board early were given a good breakfast, after which they were sent to fetch their womenfolk and children. In the meantime, we were introduced to the resident Missionary, the Rev. R. A. C. Pooley (who was attached to the Diocese of Liverpool), and his assistant, Mr. Lindsay. They had both been on the Island for a year. The loneliness of their existence was beginning to tell on them, and they were delighted beyond measure to have someone to talk to about the great outside world. Mr. Lindsay was asked if the Islanders knew that the S.S. "Empress of France" would call at Tristan,

and replying in the negative said that one of the men, Henry Green had a premonition of a surprise call from a ship and had kept a constant vigil. He stated that almost without exception some of the Islanders had a presentiment when a vessel was to put in to Tristan, and that this previous warning seldom failed to materialise. When Green sighted the vessel he awakened the village by a joyful cry of "Sail Ho!" Soon every inhabitant was dressed and on their way to the beach. We were informed that we were the first ship to call for nearly a year, and they were deeply thankful to see us. Almost the entire village must have returned with the boats. The women and children were conducted around the ship, shyly returning the greetings of the passengers and marvelling at the luxury of the liner.

Mr. Lindsay told us that it never freezes and he went on to tell of the pests of the Island, namely, rats, dogs, and flies. The government of the Island, he informed us, was managed by a Home Parliament consisting of the heads of each house, who met when necessity demanded and decided any point that affected the community. He laughingly remarked, "We are all Socialists and we don't have much trouble with our foreign policy." Within the village there is practically no crime, and the only punishment that has been resorted to so far is the reduction of the better type of rations for a given period. The Islanders themselves are of a peaceful and loveable disposition. Like all rock dwellers, their faces are stolid and somewhat wistful, and they take their pleasures gravely, although they have a decided sense of humour in their make-up. The adults laughed very heartily at some of our jokes, but once a joke had been appreciated their faces immediately became immobile again. They meet bad luck and hard times with an almost Oriental fatalism, and say it is the will of God.

The children seldom smile, and even the sight of toys did not bring smiles to their faces. Only 20 per cent. of their elders can read and write. In a general way they look upon education as a right that should be extended to all, but the difficulty has been in procuring the means for this education.

When we went ashore we found the houses were very primitive, reminding one forcibly of the crofts in the Scottish Highlands. They are framed of rude stones and thatched with grass and mosses. In many cases there are small gardens in front enclosed by rough dry-packed stone walls. The early settlers had built such homes and the succeeding generations just "carrying on" have shown little progress. In some ways the Islanders appear to have sleepy minds with a minimum of initiative. Even the dogs appeared to us to be indifferent to the presence of strangers, and when disturbed hardly looked up and I did not hear one bark.

The Scout movement has taken a firm hold and the Tristan troop has thirteen members, a number which will shortly be augmented to seventeen, as there are four Cubs about to qualify as full-fledged Scouts. A great impetus was given to the Scout movement when Scout Marr visited the Island with Shackleton on the "Quest" and presented a troop flag specially sent out by the Chief Scout for the Tristan group.

Food is sometimes a problem, and the stores from the mainland are supplemented by mutton, fish, and potatoes, also eggs from the penguins and mollyhawks, which abound on the adjacent islands of Inaccessible and Nightingale. The Islanders visit the latter place regularly, and last season they collected 37,000 penguin and 14,000 mollyhawk eggs. The former are the despair of the housewives as they will not boil hard, so that hard boiled penguin eggs are unknown to their menus. In September and October the penguins are so numerous that movement on the Island becomes difficult. Every available spot on the tussock-covered Island has its quota of eggs or young.

The flowers grown by the inhabitants about their homes present a really beautiful sight, giving a very good indication of the possibilities in the direction of crop raising. The soil is fair and quite good crops could be produced if the people would show some initiative and industry in that direction. Everything, of course, must be done without outside help and with little advice. They must from within their own ranks supply the initiative, formulate the plans, and assume the direction of their own

enterprises, and when one realises that only seven of the inhabitants have ever left the Island, quick progress is perhaps too much to expect. Corn is unknown on the Island. Their main crop to-day is potatoes which thrive exceedingly well. They have a few cattle, but those we saw were of rather poor quality, while their sheep are reared principally for the wool. They spin their own yarn which they make into quite serviceable clothing.

Tea is a luxury, and when supplies are low it is kept specially for birthday celebrations and holidays. An Islander specially celebrates three birthdays in his life, namely, at the ages of one, twenty-one, and fifty. Birthday greetings are given in the form of a kiss and a slap—a kiss for love and a slap for the hard knocks of life.

Money is unknown to these folk, most of the trading being by barter. No stamps are used on the Island, and mail which is forwarded from Tristan simply bears the impression of a circular rubber stamp marked "Tristan da Cunha." When it is delivered, payment of the ordinary postal charge has to be made before acceptance can be allowed. There is no double charge made which is general with unstamped mail.

The lamps in the houses are fuelled with oil obtained from sea elephants, and Mr. Lindsay informed us that he had shot one only the week prior to the visit of the liner, which measured 14 feet. He had also bagged larger ones of 16 and 19 feet.

Whales which had left the vicinity of the Island for some fifty years are now returning, and sometimes can be seen in shoals from August to October. Fishing is extremely good, mackerel in season, bass, mullet, and snook predominating. Sharks abound, and peculiarly enough whilst the Missionary was describing the blue shark, which is their most common variety, there was an excited hubbub on the deck outside. An enterprising cook had baited a large hook with the customary piece of salt pork and proceeded to angle for sharks. He had not to wait long for a bite and was presently hauling on board a young shark, a wicked and repulsive looking fish. It was soon despatched and cut up, and bone and tooth souvenirs carried off by the exultant angler and his mates.

It was at this time that five shore boat loads, consisting of over 100 men, women, and children, were received on board. It is quite exceptional for women or children to leave the Island. Very few of them had ever boarded a vessel before. The Island boats, wonderfully constructed of wood covered with canvas, and painted in bright colours, which had been helping the more cumbrous ship's boats to land the 19 tons of stores and gifts, were now returning with the wives and families of the Islanders. The children often run about with bare feet and their hair is seldom cut, but when they came to visit us they were dressed in their Sunday finery and they all wore stockings and footwear, although their feet were sometimes bound in rags or skins. They came in for a large share of attention and were soon loaded down with toys and gifts by the passengers.

Everyone was amazed at the comfort which modern ocean travel to-day demands. One fair Islander, accompanied by her little daughter aged three, was being shown around the ship and she was invited to enter the elevator to ascend to the next deck. When the lift began to move the lady was overcome by a spasm of giggling and could not be induced to leave the lift until it had made several journeys up and down. Even the three-year old laughed and it was the first time I had seen a smile on the face of a child. They were all invited to stay for lunch and about 70 Islanders sat down for the first time at tables covered with snow-white linen and gleaming silver.

Meanwhile, a few of us were taken ashore by the Missionary. Huge floating beds of kelp and seaweed grew in the waters around the Island, extending therefrom about one-third of a mile out to sea. The kelp is firmly rooted and is difficult to get through. However, the way was well known to the Islanders and we landed in safety. We saw the interiors of the dwellings with their crude furnishings; saw all the little gardens and potato plots, and gained some idea of their strenuous and, judged by modern standards, rude mode of living. The houses are built on the only flat piece of ground on the Island, under the lea of a huge rock which soars nearly 8,000 feet and descends sheer into the sea. Its summit is generally covered with snow. The Settlement is called Edinburgh and

is situated on the north coast of Tristan in Falmouth Bay. There are 33 families on the Island and the population is 149. Their races are English, Scottish, Irish, American, and Italian. Each family is proud of its race. The family names are Glass, Green, Swain, Rogers, Hagan, Cotton, Riley, and Lavarello.

The little Church of St. Mary's, built by the Islanders themselves, is an eloquent monument to their deep-seated sense of religion, and the Spartan-like interior showed many a sign of the loving care bestowed on the building. They have regular Church services, Matins and Evensong daily. On Sundays they have the usual four services. The weather being very bad at times often prevents elderly people from attending the services, but the younger inhabitants go out in all weathers. They are at present building a school-house, which is half completed and they are very short of wood. There are no large trees on the Island and most of the wood they get drifts into Inaccessible Island from the north. The trip to Inaccessible Island, however, is very dangerous and can only be made on occasion, so the inhabitants go up the mountain twice a week for what wood they can get there, 3,000 feet and sometimes 5,000 feet above sea level. They hope to finish the school in about a month. When finished it will measure 13 feet in length by 11 feet 9 inches in width. The walls in some places are five feet thick at the base, on account of the strength necessary to resist the winds.

We had noticed earlier in the day that the Union Jack was proudly flying in honour of our visit, and it was found that Henry Green was the proud possessor of the tallest flagstaff on the Island. Henry Green is one of the prominent men of Tristan. He is 65 years of age, the father of seven children, most of them married. The Union Jack flying over his house was presented to him by the British Government in recognition of bravery displayed in the saving of seven lives when a sailing ship was wrecked in 1921. The flag was brought to the Island in 1926 by the "Discovery". In September of the same year Green again saved the lives of eleven Tristanites whose canvas boats sank when on a trip to Inaccessible Island.

A VISIT TO TRISTAN DA CUNHA

Inaccessible Island, distant about 20 miles S.W. from the parent Island of Tristan da Cunha, has achieved fame by introducing to natural history a small flightless rail (*Atlantisea Rogersi*), named after its discoverer, the late Rev. R. M. C. Rogers, who preceded the Rev. R. A. C. Pooley, the present Resident Chaplain. This diminutive rail is found on Inaccessible Island and, I believe, nowhere else. Two specimens were procured by Mr. Rogers, which since 1923 have adorned the British Museum. Mr. Lindsay, after great difficulty, procured a nest with two birds and three eggs. He kindly presented Captain Griffiths with one specimen of the bird and one egg. I was also most fortunate in having one egg presented to me. In 1873 a visit was made to Inaccessible Island on the "Challenger" to try to procure a specimen of this bird, and again as late as 1922, Sir Ernest Shackleton, on his way home from the South Atlantic on the "Quest" made a similar attempt, but unfortunately neither of these endeavours were successful, and I believe that these are the only specimens to be found in the world to-day, Mr. Lindsay informed me that he was using his influence to impress upon the Islanders the importance of taking all steps to preserve this rarest of birds.

Rats are very numerous on Tristan. They were unknown in the early days of the Settlement, but, after the wreck of a sailing ship, they suddenly appeared and multiplied both in size and number, and to-day they are the worst pest the Islanders have to contend with. Potatoes (the staple crop), in particular, suffer from their onslaughts. At an organised Island hunt about a month ago, 550 were killed in one afternoon. They reach a size unknown in England, and, I am told, measure from 9 to 12 inches in length. Rat traps are required very badly. The rats at night are just like an army on the move. They abound in the attics of the houses and the noise amongst the cans and stores would make one think they were having a football match.

Wild cats are also numerous on Tristan and do considerable damage to chickens. Fortunately neither of these pests has so far reached

Inaccessible Island. If they did, I am afraid it would spell destruction to *Atlantisea Rogersi*, as the little fellow, being flightless, burrows and makes his home beneath the stone rubble and debris of the Island.

At the time of Mr. Pooley's arrival on the Island, dogs had been destroying the sheep. A meeting of the Home Parliament was called, when it was agreed that no family would be allowed to keep more than one dog. There were over 100 on the Island and they were getting very wild and ferocious, and had destroyed over 100 sheep the previous year. A battue commenced and some 70 dogs were slaughtered, so that they have more sheep now than ever before. They have also four hogs and plenty of poultry, including some 250 geese. They have an abundance of cranberries which in season are very plentiful. Apple trees are also plentiful, although the rats eat a lot of the fruit.

On the way back to the boats, the party made a halt at the stores landed, and Mr. Lindsay was chaffed as to whether the S.S. "Empress of France" had brought sufficient supplies to last until the next ship arrived. He replied that there was a shortage of canvas, which was required for the boats; in fact, he said the last Government mail bag had been requisitioned to repair the hull of a damaged boat. He hoped the Postmaster-General would not prosecute. On our return to the vessel all the spare timber and a bolt of good canvas was added to the already large contribution made by the ship.

Soon after our return, sailing hour had arrived, and there was no recourse but to up anchor and away. The Islanders from their picturesque canvas boats, led by Mr. Pooley and Mr. Lindsay, gave us God-speed and a salvo of cheers, and so we bid them adieu and steamed away, leaving Tristan da Cunha under its heavy pall of clouds. Are they happy, these children of the sea, in their terrible isolation, far removed from outside help and outside advice. They are intelligent but long suffering and pathetically patient. They have few thoughts outside their own habitation—that kelp-bound spot of land in its magic circle of blue ocean. As far as one can judge from

outward appearances the answer would be in the affirmative. Expression was given to this feeling when the Union Government of South Africa, in 1907, offered to place each family on a plot of land. The unanimous answer given by these Islanders at that time was, "We will never leave Tristan."

The Fair Haven

By Wilfred Rowland Childe

THE sea is bitter, whatsoever men
May feign of her—but O maternal Earth,
Faint-pencilled headlands and the shadowy lines
Of sea-towns fuming amid glittering mist
With all their roofs and spars—the sudden sweep
Of welcoming harbours sacrosanct and gray,
The gesture of our Mother beckoning home!
Then up the long steep street the children cry,
The wind-vanes turning in the winds of even
Flash molten silver in the sun's clear eye,
The hunched roofs burn i' the sunset, all the sky
Becomes one calm Assumption where great clouds
Float up and disappear milk-white as pearl
In the pure blueness of that infinite beauty.
Dove-wings, gull-wings, white wings of innocence,
The benison of even over the town,
While one by one the guardian lamps creep out—
O Earth, my mother, nursing happy towns!

THE NORTH COUNTRY PRESS
LEEDS