

A. J. Mynington

MIDSHIPMAN'S DIARY;

A

FEW NOTES

EXTRACTED FROM THE

COCKPIT JOURNAL OF A MAN-OF-WAR;

AND DEDICATED TO

SIR JAMES MATHESON, BART., M.P.,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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London:

J. D. POTTER, 31, POULTRY,

AND 11, KING STREET, TOWER HILL.

—
MDCCCLXII.

EURYALUS;
TALES OF THE SEA,

A FEW LEAVES

FROM THE

DIARY OF A MIDSHIPMAN;

WHICH SMALL VOLUME IS DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION)

TO ONE

WHO, UNIVERSALLY BELOVED FOR HIS BOUNTIFUL CHARITY,

MOST JUSTLY ADMIRER FOR HIS ABUNDANT GENEROSITY

AND HIS LIBERAL HOSPITALITY—

IS A FRIEND TO THE POOR, AND A FATHER TO THE FATHERLESS—

SIR JAMES MATHESON, BART., M.P.,

AMONG WHOSE NUMEROUS WELL-WISHERS, NONE MORE SINCERE

THAN THE AUTHOR OF THESE LEAVES.

1860.

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TO
SIR JAMES MATHESON,
BART., M.P.

DEAR SIR JAMES,

IN DEDICATING TO YOU THESE
FEW SCENES OF MY WILD AND YOUTHFUL DAYS, I TRUST
YOU WILL ALLOW ME STILL TO SUBSCRIBE MYSELF

YOUR FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

IN placing before immediate friends the incidents of a Midshipman's life, the author feels that he has much forgiveness to ask for so great an intrusion on patience and leisure hours.

Having, however, two very unselfish motives for so doing, it gives him some encouragement, and even boldness, in launching forth his little volume.

He has only to observe that, should any "nautical terms" here made use of appear inelegant to the reader, they must be kindly passed over—never being intended to offend.

He hopes he may also be excused for occasionally giving way to his feelings (and, perhaps, he may unintentionally get credit for an excess of gallantry). He can assure his readers it is done only to illustrate the sensitive heart a sailor naturally possesses at all times, and not introduced for the sake of being thought romantic. As they happened to him when a boy, so they were then recorded in his Diary, and so they are now transferred here.

TALES OF THE SEA.

Teases from the Diary of a Midshipman.

INTRODUCTION.

It was the most pressing portion of my father's advice to me, on being first "launched on the wide world of waters," to "keep a journal"—if the day of the month only, "to note it," and "never to let it fall into arrears." I have often, very often, heard him say "he would give worlds," anything he possessed, if he had written a diary when young, which would have afforded him many a pleasant hour of a wintry evening to have retraced "bygone scenes," and "fought his old battles o'er again."

"My boy," says he (a few hours before our first parting), "I'll give you a five pound note* if you keep a journal while you're at sea." I have done so, but need I inform my readers that I have not yet the "five pounds"! but I have a far greater reward, the satisfaction of having by my side, while I am endeavouring to place before my readers the passing incidents of ten years in a midshipman's berth (which embrace a voyage

* An inducement to one on £13 a year.

round the world, and in nearly all parts of the world) *Three Volumes*, measuring four and a half inches in thickness, of closely written pages—scenes as they daily occurred; and more, after the noisy bulkheads of a mid's berth and a hammock were forsaken for a gun-room and cabin. I have a still larger volume more closely written, from which I hope to gather some instructive notes, if these "leaves" on finishing my midshipman's career have not been found tedious or unacceptable.

It was a very long time before I could be persuaded to place my notes in print; but as I saw that two objects may be gained (neither of them selfish ones), I was induced to give way. The first is to illustrate to my young readers the many changes, uncertainties, and vicissitudes there are in the life of a sailor; how it is chequered by storm and by calm, by gladness and by sorrow; and how he is watched and cared for in the many hair-breadth escapes he has from death by a merciful and overruling Providence! and how truly it is said that "Those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

The second object is, an inducement to keep a diary. The gratification every one of my young nautical readers must have in keeping a journal for reference years and years afterwards; if written daily it is no trouble, but if allowed to get into arrears then is the trial! a great deal is then left to the imagination, and a great deal lost. I always wrote my diary before "turning in," if only the day of the month, it was netted; if a long yarn,

I had "half an hour's lights;" if my first watch, then I wrote it in pencil on a spare leaf of my watch bill, until my "watch below." I never trusted to memory. "Memory I found a fickle guardian," and the moment something interesting takes place, all gone before is lost.

If every one at sea wrote a diary, or kept a journal, what a store of useful and interesting matter we should collect! Although nothing "but the blue sky" and "green sea" to behold, I know no place or time more fit for imagination and reflective thought, if those thoughts were then committed to paper; and nowhere does man appear so alone with his Maker as on the wide and trackless ocean; and here is the spot for man to contemplate the evidences of design of the great Creator!

If it were possible to describe the pleasure and gratification it affords me during leisure hours to open any page of my "three volumes," and read over bygone scenes and hours, recalling to memory events that could never otherwise be thought of, I am convinced there are many who would the moment these "leaves" are unfolded to them, say, "I'm going to keep a journal," and go forthwith and note down the day of the month as a beginning.

I never seriously thought of pulling "leaves" from my journal (although requested so to do) until long, dreary, wintry evenings in a far north latitude became wearisome; it was then I did think it selfish to keep hidden "scenes and incidents," which, if put in somewhat readable order, may while away an hour, at all events on the water.

With this prelude, therefore, I do not perceive that it is necessary to offer any apology for these "leaves." Truth needs none, and truth I intend to be the type of my book. It is not my intention to make a novel of it. Novels are easily written, easily concocted, and as easily sought after. These "leaves" contain nothing of the imagination, the incidents are noted daily, and truthfully extracted; and now, having cleared the "ways" with these few plain words, I knock away the "dog shores" from under my little volume, and "launch" it on the world, having truth for its guiding star.

On opening my MS. journal to extract the first "leaf," I find the introduction says:—

"Dedicated *solely* to fond and attached parents.

"An imperfect and scattered diary of a midshipman (their dutiful son), during a miserable existence of ten years within the dreary bulkheads of a cockpit."

The object of the writer will be fully gratified should the scenes and events of boyish days herein narrated while away an occasional lone and dreary hour of a wintry night.

"While pots and tiles and chimney tops are flying round,
Thank Providence, Bill, that you and I are sailors!"

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S A M U E L

LEAVES
FROM THE
DIARY OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

~~~~~  
PART I.  
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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SERVICE.

SAM SCOTT—MY BOW—ENTER THE NAVY—FIRST NIGHT ON BOARD
—APPLE-PIE BED—DOCKYARD MATEYS—HOSPITALITY—
STRICT OFFICERS—FIRST REBUKE—SECOND DITTO.—AT SEA.

“Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List ye landsmen all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Tell the dangers of the sea.”

THE first extract from my Journal contains an incident connected with “Sam Scott” the diver, who, it will be recollected, afterwards accidentally suspended himself while endeavouring to imitate (too nearly) the struggles of a dying wretch on the gallows, during the loud and continued applause of the multitude. When they were exhausted they beheld to their horror that he had imitated it too truly, not to life, but death! he was a corpse!

On the afternoon of the eventful day that I had been to admire the “wooden wall of Old England” that was

in a short time to carry me from the land of my birth, Sam Scott was to make a descent from the maintop-gallant yard of a celebrated old Spanish line of battle ship, and he was to fire two pistols and turn a somersault while in the air. Thousands of persons assembled to witness this extraordinary feat; the working-men of Her Majesty's Dockyard obtained either a half-holiday, or were permitted to retire from work earlier than usual; the tide was low, but flowing fast; and the patches of mud held numbers endeavouring to get as near to Sam as possible; many were wet, myself among the number. Sam appeared at the yard-arm; all was intense anxiety, silence, and suspense, for Sam had kept us two hours later than was expected. Close by my side stood some dockyard mateys; some with a plane under their arms, some saws, and some with adzes on their shoulders. One of the latter who had been standing near me (over our boots in water) was considerate enough to look behind, to see his adze did not touch any one. While so doing, Sam leaped: the dockyard matey saw nothing. I never beheld a countenance so blank!

By-the-bye, I forgot to introduce myself to my readers, and this must be done to atone for the boyish scenes and tricks that will occasionally be brought to light, especially during the younger portion of my life.

You can imagine a youth (an Irish youth) just let free from school, thirteen or fourteen years of age, longing to go to sea, and expecting every post to bring the acceptable letter. Sharp, cute, and thoughtful; his outfit already packed in his chest; the gold band, dirk, and brass buttons on top; and in hourly expectation of

being shipped; *rather* inclined to mischief (not unlike every other boy destined for the salt sea); and there is but one thing in his favour—he already keeps a Journal, and Mr. Samuel Scott has the honour of occupying the very *first* leaf. You now see in imagination the author of these leaves.

About the middle of April, many years since, at 9.30 A.M., local mean time exactly, found me on board one of Her Majesty's ships, fitting out for the war in China. At that eventful hour I paced the quarter-deck with no small inward pride. On my walk forward I looked up at the pendant that floated o'er me: on my return aft I unconsciously found myself looking in the glass of the poop windows, which reflected my gold band and buttons. I there stood still and looked at myself, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am at last a sailor?" I could have cried with joy. After being weeks, months, and years, I may say, longing to be on board a "man-of-war," now duly and regularly installed, the very first thing I do is to ask permission "to go on shore."

I find nothing of any very great interest noted, although all was new and exciting to me, until my "first night" on board a ship. This I cannot pass without an attempt at description, although mine will give but a faint outline of the reality of the scene.

I happened to be passing the evening on shore, indeed, as well as all the rest of my messmates who had no watch to keep continually did in the hospitable seaport where we had the good fortune to fit out. Leaving the scenes of gaiety early (eleven o'clock), on *purpose* that I should enjoy the pleasures and prospects of my first

night on board, I hurried down to the boat, and I well recollect, and I say it to my shame, (we could get plenty of boats, but no one to pull them), we took one without oars, and, although the tide was running out strong, we managed to paddle her alongside with the wash-boards, shall I confess it? after we got out, we let her go adrift. Of course, next morning there was a row, but no person knew who did it. We were too wicked to confess; but we were not asked the question directly, or we should have done so. On my way to the starboard gun-room (we were then in a "hulk," and the port gun-room was our mess place), I had to pass the port gun-room, and on the dresser, or buffet, I saw laid out, comfortably snoring, one of our young officers on his back, with a tallow candle burning in his mouth, the wick about three inches from his teeth. This, I was told afterwards, was a "preventive for snoring." I gave it an extra screw to steady it as I passed, and on I went to my hammock. The cockpit was all quietness and slumbers; the sentry was walking faithfully at his post. I disrobed myself, and walked to my hammock, placed one foot on the handle of the amputation-table drawers, my left arm on my hammock, gave a spring, and jumped, and, oh, horror of horrors! I found myself in bed with two muskets, (the bayonets fixed), a frying-pan, a saucepan, gridiron, skewers—in short, all the cook's "present-use-traps," which had been lent (not particularly new or clean) to fit out the mid's mess of H.M.S. ———. This is what is termed an "apple-pie bed," and this was my first night on board a man-of-war.

We were allowed an hour for our ablutions in the

morning; not that we spent all that time in scrubbing ourselves. I well recollect our great delight was to sit in the ports after we had washed, with our basins in hand, ready to capsize on the first unhappy dockyard matey who came alongside. The mornings were rather chilly (April), and I believe many of us washed and used more soap, merely for the pleasure of lathering these quiet and inoffensive men. I do not know why it was, but we had a great "down on them;" we also used to collect potatoes from the steward's dinner stock, and pelt these men most unmercifully. Once I recollect hitting the coxswain on the thumb of the hand he was steering the boat with; he reported the circumstance; there was an investigation; but, as usual, we were *not* found guilty!

I now read, until the day of our final departure, almost every page of my Journal remarking on the hospitality, kindness, and attention of those by whom we were surrounded during the three months we were preparing and fitting for our long cruise. I would wish to mention the names of several who would be at once recognised by my naval friends; but this I cannot do, as it would do away with my original intention of naming none, then, none can be offended.

It was my good fortune, as well as those around me, to have for a Captain one of the strictest and at the same time one of the most just officers in Her Majesty's navy. We all knew how we had to go "straight." (I think there were fifteen youngsters on board.) We well knew that if we turned to the right or to the left from that straight path, we should "put our foot in it,"

and we soon found it more easy and more pleasant to go that direct road, than by an indirect one.

We had one of the kindest and most gentle commanders; in spirit a lion, in heart a lamb; amiable and officer-like, but strict on duty. Our First Lieutenant a pattern of a sailor. My young readers will therefore conclude that our schooling was good, and I do not believe one of those fifteen ever regretted it.

Our ship was ready for sea, and we were taken to a far off anchorage, to make our final arrangements for starting and wean us from the shore; and while here, our good-natured commander allowed us a boat every evening to pull round the harbour, and learn our first duties in "managing boats, under oars and sails."

By this time I was fast learning the "ins and outs," and the "ups and downs" of a ship in all her mystery, and indeed there is a great deal to be learned; moments of thoughtlessness, however, sometimes occur, and in one of these I subjected myself to a severe (as I felt it) rebuke.

During a fine evening some of my young school-fellows had come on board to say 'Adieu,' and in my anxiety and hurry to welcome them, I had forgotten my cap, on coming up our good commander was pacing the quarter-deck, and gathering himself up with a degree of astonishment, placing his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and throwing back his coat, says, "you'll catch cold sir," "Oh no sir!" I replied. "I think you'll take cold," says he. "Oh no sir!" I answered, "I'm accustomed to knock about without a hat." "Then," he remarked, "if you won't take a hint sir, go below and

put your cap on, and never let me see you on the quarter-deck again without one," the hint was to me then, unmistakeable enough.

A few evenings after this, I was again in grief, and convinced me how many things I had yet to learn respecting the etiquette of a vessel of war, and how ignorant I still was. I was comfortably and leisurely leaning with *both* arms on the hammock netting, contemplating my future state, what I should do in this world, and if ever it would be possible for me to be a Captain, when I was suddenly aroused by a voice I well knew, asking "if he (the Captain) should send his steward up with a pillow for me to lean on;" that was quite sufficient, I paced the deck without venturing a reply.

CHAPTER II.

SCENES AT SEA.

MADEIRA—DON FRITTO—OPEN HOUSE—NEARLY LEFT BEHIND—
PUNISHMENT—A MAN OVERBOARD—CROSSING THE LINE.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway,
Our flag the sceptre, all who meet obey ;
Ours the wild life, in tumults still to range,
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.

CORSAIR.

THE day arrived for our sailing, and on a lovely summer morning we beat out against a sea breeze, in company with another vessel of war, our own size, but having left her far behind, a land wind took the place of the sea breeze, and all studdings were set, and we bade adieu to Old England for the first time, many of our hearts sad indeed, until sea sickness compelled us to take refuge in some secluded corner, where all else was forgotten, glad only to find a place to rest our heads.

The trip to Madeira, was one of real pleasure, a fair wind and a smooth sea, and in reality nothing to do, as

the old saying is, but "sit down and let the wind blow you along."

We entered Funchal Roads, Madeira, early on a Sunday morning, and it certainly was sufficient to make any one declare they could be nothing else but a sailor, the scene was most enchanting; we had been transported in a short week from a cold and chilly clime to all the warmth and luxuriance of the tropics.

It is not my intention to enter into a description of this or any other place, where so many more able pens have already traced its beauties, but there are one or two "little" incidents which occurred to me on shore, which I consider would be a lost leaf in my Diary if I allowed them to pass unnoticed.

Several young fellows, including myself, visited the shore, of course the first foreign ground we had seen, and, midshipman like, "jumped over a rivulet" and "threw a stone," which every midshipman does on landing, or used to do—I trust they are more refined now. We had walked over all the town, peeped into the chapels and the convents, looked at the Padres with surprise, and purchased some feather flowers from the nuns through the bars, had taken some country strolls, and drank cheap wine at several huts and vineyards, and were on our return to the ship, when we were met by a fashionably dressed, and far too polite Portuguese, who handed us a card, having on it:—

DON FRITTO,
No. — Rúa de —
Madeira.

and pressed us all to a visit at his dwelling, to which he

conducted us, and to which, being young midshipmen, we said "yea," rather than "nay," that is, much pressing was not necessary. We entered an exceedingly nice house, cool, and surrounded by clusters of grapes, hanging even inside the windows; we thought it uncommonly kind, and more than once said to each other, "well, this is enjoyment, this is worth coming to sea for." We had spread before us deliciously cool melons, grapes of many sorts, varieties of other fruits, and varieties of cooled wines, and to complete, one daughter entered the room, was introduced, and immediately went to the piano; a second entered, went through the same ceremony, and took up her guitar; both commenced charming us: the time passed too quickly, and although we were 'mids.,' we had a little innate modesty, and the same feeling occurred to each more than once, this is so kind, we won't eat or drink much, although the fruit was tempting, and the cool wine more so; our time had passed, and we rose to depart. Each cast a glance at the other, a glance not to be misunderstood, are we to pay for this? and who is to propose the question? a very delicate question indeed. Our host left the room while we were deliberating, but soon again entered, and allayed all our fears and anxieties, by placing before us:—

To Don Frittos, Rua de —, Madeira,
 Fruit and Wines for seven . . . 18 pistreens*
Paul, D. Frittos.

"Adios!" said he, "happy to see you all again soon." Many of my young messmates, should this ever fall

* A pistreen is tenpence.

into their hands, will well recollect the circumstance.

The music, I must add, was gratis.

The next day many of us dined at the most liberal and hospitable table in Madeira, it is well known to whom I allude, by all who visit that lovely Island. I don't forget what surprise I felt at seeing a huge pinnacle of "iced strawberries," brought on the table after dinner; I could not then have thought it possible that such a dish could have been raised in so warm a temperature. But I do not either forget my surprise and astonishment when we went to walk on the house after dinner, to see my ship with all sail set, leaving the land as fast as the light evening breeze would allow her; I snatched up my cap, forget if I said adieu, rushed to a boat, and after pulling some time, picked up my vessel nine miles from the land; in my haste, I forget if I was reprimanded, no doubt I was, but in the excitement forgot it all.

I shall have many more pleasant reminiscences to narrate about Madeira; I have been there three times since, under more favourable circumstances—have not accepted Mr. Frittos' pressing invitations any more, but have always received the same pressing hospitality from those whose names it is unnecessary to mention, but whom all sailors know so well.

It was my duty to witness, for the first time, punishment in the navy: three men had been found guilty of drunkenness, and sentenced to receive three dozen lashes each, with a cat'o-nine tails, on the bare back.

The day is fixed for punishment according to circumstances and convenience. At six bells, 11 A.M., the

boatswain is ordered to pipe "clear up decks" (this is half an hour sooner than usual); the officer of the watch is informed there is to be "punishment;" he directs the mate of the watch to inform the ward-room officers, and the mid. of the watch to inform the gun-room officers. The master-at-arms and corporals are directed to see the prisoners dressed properly and placed under a guard; the carpenters are ordered to rig the gratings, to which the culprits are to be seized up; the boatswain and his mates to see the "cats" and the "seizings" ready. The officers all dress in undress coats and epaulettes, cocked hats, and swords; at seven bells (half-past eleven), the mate of the watch reports the time to the commander, the commander to the Captain, who says, "strike it," and "pipe hands to punishment;" the commander sends for the boatswain, and orders him to "pipe hands to punishment," to which his mates respond, and at the same time the sentry is desired to "strike the bell;" a few minutes previous to this, the marine officer sees the guard on deck, and reports it so.

At the time that the hoarse and gruff voices of the boatswain and his mates call "hands to punishment," all the officers and men in the ship appear on the quarter-deck, the prisoners are brought before the Captain who reads to them (every one with his hat off) the warrant for punishing, which contains every particular of the offence noted and signed by the officers who make the complaint and the witnesses; hats are all put on again and the Captain says "strip," this order obeyed, is followed by "seize him up" which is instantly done by the quarter-masters; when this is finished the man's shirt is

thrown over his back by the master-at-arms, when all hats being again taken off, the Captain reads the Article of war which the prisoner has broken and for which he must be punished; all hats are again placed, the shirt is withdrawn from the back and the boatswain who always gives the first dozen is ordered by the Captain to "do his duty." If the man is to be punished for theft, a 'thief's cat', which is knotted at the end of each tail, is used; if otherwise, plain tails. After the tails are placed out, in order that they may be the same length and no twists in them, the boatswain lifts the cat and inflicts the first lash, when the master-at-arms counts "one" aloud, the surgeon and assistants stand close to the prisoner in order to report to the Captain if the man can bear his punishment; after the first dozen lashes, the Captain says, "boatswain's-mate" who also gives his dozen, and then a third, when the Captain says "cast him off." The others then take their punishment in the same order; after it is all over, the Captain orders the "pipe down;" the prisoners are taken to the sick berth where the doctor administers to their sores, they are then placed under charge of a guard until evening, when they are dismissed.

I have seen some men take their three and four dozen lashes without a murmur, others I have heard cry and scream, and swear in a most awful manner; some put a bullet in their mouths, and after punishment is over it is bruised to atoms: they fancy it alleviates the pain.

The fall of the cat with the heavy arm of the boatswain makes a truly horrible sound on the bare back, which when over is crossed and cut in all ways, and the back

then resembles raw beef, more than the back of a human creature.

I never can forget the deep impression that witnessing the first punishment had upon me, I thought it so outrageous, so inhuman, so cruel, so unnecessary. I have since learned human nature ! and it has convinced me how impossible to command or govern hundreds of men (the ship I was then in had upwards of 700) of all tempers, of all dispositions, from all places, of all callings and characters, brought together indiscriminately into the small space of a ship, without something that they will fear, and if laid aside no officer is safe on board his own vessel ; it may be used as a last resource, but never altogether done away with.

I have not before seen in any book the detail of "punishment" on board a man-of-war, and I have here endeavoured, as well as I can recollect, to illustrate to those who may be ignorant on this point, that there is a regular system to be observed, and forms gone through, before punishment takes place ; and that it is not, as many suppose and believe, inflicted in a moment at the caprice and temper of the Captain or Commanding Officer, but with deliberate care, for the benefit, discipline, and good order of England's glory—her Navy !

"A MAN OVERBOARD!!!"

Of all the exciting appalling cries at sea to which the ear is compelled to listen, that of a man overboard claims the most energetic and immediate action ; none strikes the heart with more sudden awe, and none know but those who have heard that dismal cry what a thrill of excitement it causes ; it has been my sad lot to witness this very often,

and to imagine the voice of Him who watches over all, call on them at a moment when they least expected, "Now is thy soul required of thee."

The first time I witnessed a fatal scene of this description was on a fine day within the tropics; we were "running down the N. E. Trades," between the Cape Verd and Canary Isles, all sail on, the vessel going thro' the water about four or five knots; every one was at their daily occupation and a party scrubbing the ship's side as it was Saturday, when the cry went through the ship a "Man overboard!"

It is fortunate that throughout the service even during a trying scene of this description that all is regularity, order and discipline, instead of every one (700) rushing to the ship's-side and boats to see what they may do. All at this moment go to their stations, where they have been long before appointed, some to shorten and trim sails, some to man the boats, one to the life-buoy, which is at once let go, others to the helm, and some aloft to keep their eye on the man; the ship is now ready for any evolution, and it is now that the nerve and decision of the officer of the watch is required; before an instant had elapsed, the ship was rounded to, sail shortened, two boats lowered, one dashing fellow (who I regret to say is now no more) had jumped off the poop, and another gallant fellow had jumped out of a port, risking their lives to save that of a fellow creature. They were all late! for the unfortunate boy had sunk at once, and was never seen again. Thus in latitude 2° north, and in longitude 16° west, is the grave of a youth who, though only a first-class boy, was married, and left

a wife and two children to mourn their loss ; and thus he was " called " without a moment's warning, to meet his Maker face to face, and give an account of his past life.

After an hour's vain search, the boats were hoisted up, sail made, and the ship again running on her course.

All were now busily employing themselves for crossing the line ; some making wigs, rigging out 'Neptune's carriage', preparing pills and smelling bottles, *sharpening* razors, and the barbers trimming off the " Bond Street locks " of the boys, &c.

The evening before crossing the line, Neptune paid his children a visit at eight o'clock. We, the uninitiated, were called up on deck. The ship was hailed by Neptune, " Ship ahoy ! " to which the officer of the watch replied, and immediately shortened sail and hove to. Other questions were asked by the god of the sea, such as, " Where are you from ? " " How many days out ? " and " Where are you bound ? " to all of which replies were given. He then came on board, surrounded by attendants, and with torches lighted. The instant he put his foot on deck, (all of course endeavouring to get as near as possible,) down came showers of water from the tops, which were full of men with buckets, engine hoses, &c., playing away on us, until every one was drenched, squirting water in our eyes and faces till we could not see where we were, or where to go. This continued about half-an-hour, when Neptune, after informing us that to-morrow he would " pay his respects," left the ship in a blazing tar barrel, which was not lost sight of for some time. The ship then made all sail and resumed her course.

It is not my intention now to occupy pages with a description of "crossing the line," which has so often and so vividly appeared before, but one or two incidents which happened to myself may be noted here.

We were all busily and anxiously looking out next morning with our spy-glasses for the "line."

Neptune arrived at ten. The pendant was hauled down, and the ship handed over to his tender mercies.

It came to my turn. I was brought up by four "police" from the lower deck, where 370 of us had been secured who had not before passed through the ordeal. Before coming on deck, a wet swab, tarry and greasy, not very clean, was placed over my mouth, and around my neck, to prevent my "getting cold." On arriving on deck, I was asked my name, and on opening my mouth to immediate obedience, a tar brush was put into it, not of tar alone, but all manner of indescribable mixtures. I was led to the platform, where I was seated before Neptune, who asked "how I felt?" In attempting to reply, the tar brush was insinuated again. The lather commenced, of the same mixture, grease, tar, &c., put on with something very harsh; the razor, an iron hoop, jagged, was applied; the doctor observed, I was rather faint, and the smelling bottle, (a cork with several sail-needles,) recommended, which revived me. I was asked several questions during the operation, but had now learnt to keep my mouth shut. After I had been shaved, I felt a gentle pressure on my breast, and an elevation of my heels; I was thrown back into a sail full of water, six feet deep, where four "bears" were in attendance, growling, roaring, pawing, and hugging me

about under water, until I could scarcely breathe, indeed several times I took in both air and water, which was anything but pleasant; about this time too, the bears began to get somewhat merry and careless, merry, on the collections they had made from several who were assured a few days previously, that if they came with a "straight arm," that is, with a bottle of rum in it, they were sure to be "eased off" most gently; need I assure my young readers that those did meet with the *greatest attention*, and were heartily well scraped and soused for being "so green." After having passed through my ducking, I was permitted to join those who had the privilege of shaving, and I now beheld Neptune and his wife in all their glory, seated on a carriage, leaning on his trident in solemn dignity. Upwards of 370 passed through their ordeal that day. The ensign was again hoisted before sunset, and Her Majesty's ship once more on her voyage. There are many most amusing occurrences connected with "shaving," but they are all, I have no doubt, well known. All I can vouch for is, that some who were rather "rusty" were served out most unmercifully; others were "eased off." The logs and journals of those who said they "had crossed before," were most minutely examined and enquired into, and I am sure not one escaped; and as I have said before, upwards of 370 were that day shaved on crossing the Equator.

CHAPTER III.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

ROAD TO CAPE TOWN—CHINA NEWS—AWFUL ACCIDENT—FUNERAL
AT SEA—EVENING BAND—GALE OF WIND—MALACCA—SINOULAR
OCCURRENCE.

BETWEEN this and the Cape of Good Hope, where we arrived exactly one month afterwards, nothing worthy of note occurred; and we dropped anchor in Simon's Bay, which appears to us during this season the most desolate, wild, and dreary spot imaginable.

Here every midshipman drives his "tandem." A long sandy road on the water's edge of 25 miles nearly carries you to Cape Town, the capital of the Colony. The greater part of the road being sand on the left, and water on the right, enables the unsteady mid. to guide his "tandem" without fear. I never heard of any fatal accident except the inconvenience of getting horses and trap into the quicksands, which are in almost every gully, and then having to walk back some miles.

This road takes you, after passing the noted half-way-house of "Farmer Peck," through the attractive and Englified villages of Wineberg and Constantia, the latter famous for its delicious wines and grapes, the

former for being the country residence of several wealthy people of Cape Town, who are most kind and attentive to strangers, if they are fortunate enough to know them, or to obtain an introductory letter to their houses.

I shall have reasons to speak of these places, by-and-bye, from experience, having had already five or six visits to the Cape of Good Hope.

Here on our arrival, we had China news informing us of its still unsettled state, and which urged us to hasten our departure so as to enjoy some of the rewards and benefits of the war. The moment the weather, which was a continuous S.E. gale, lulled, we put to sea, and we had not departed many days before "Sail ho!" was descried direct from China, not only confirming our former news, but giving us much more recent.

SAIL HO!

"When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
O they who've felt it, know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet."

So eager were we all to be let loose like the "dogs of war," that most of our spare hours were passed in sharpening and brightening our swords and dirks with holystones and brickdust, and oiling the locks of our pocket-pistols. Alas! there is seldom a pleasure without a sorrow! and we were now unwilling spectators of another awful instance of sudden death, another appeal to one who had not an instant for preparation.

We were all pacing the deck a few days after leaving Cape Town, talking over our young and gay, but thoughtless scenes, while they were yet fresh in our memories; our impressions and our feelings passing from one to the other, the evening fine and not a stir but the flapping of the sails against the masts, waiting for a breeze; when one of our smartest and best sailors fell from the main-top, his head striking on the bits, dashing his brains out; his death was instantaneous; another of the sudden visitations from Him who holds our lives within his grasp. Here was no warning, no preparation, no anticipation of such an event. Does not this teach us a lesson? In an instant—Eternity!

The next evening at sunset, when everything was calm and silent, and all around seemed hushed in stillness, as if prepared for the melancholy moment, the bell tolled, the lifeless remains of our lamented shipmate were brought to the gangway, the funeral service read over his body, and when the words were repeated, "we therefore commit his body to the deep," he was launched into the fathomless waters; a chilling thrill of horror ran thro' every frame, not a trace was to be seen, but a few bubbles, which arose from the seaman's grave. I cannot resist quoting the following lines, they so well describe the awful solemnity of a sailor's funeral.

I.

The moon rode high in the cloudless sky,
The ship o'er the billows rolled,
When silent and slow we bore from below
The corpse of our shipmate Jack.

II.

On the grating placed, in his hammock laced,
The ensign floated o'er him,
We thought of his worth, but no words found birth
To tell the love we bore him.

III.

We weighted him well with shot and shell
That far beneath the wave,
His sleep might be secure and free,
In the deep, deep coral cave!

IV.

Awhile we stood in musing mood,
Then launched him o'er the side,
And we mournfully took a parting look
As he sunk in the dark blue tide.

V.

Some bubbles arose from his place of repose,
And as quickly for ever fled,
We shed but one tear, yet that was sincere,
One sigh for the honored dead.

VI.

Let the sea-bird wail, and the stormy rail,
And the roar of the ocean's wave,
Sung deep and long a funeral song
O'er the seaman's trackless grave.

This melancholy event took place on the anniversary

* These lines are, if I remember right, from Dibdin's Sea Songs.

of the battle of Navarino, and the funeral on that of the battle of Trafalgar.

The sooner these melancholy events are forgotten on board a ship the better; a sailor leading so peculiarly isolated and solitary a life, it is part of a captain's duty to keep their spirits up, and not to allow them to despond. This is generally done I believe, and it is astonishing, tho' through no want of love or respect for the departed, how soon everything is forgotten, and an hour afterwards Jack is passing his joke, as if life were all births and no deaths.

Our good commander, always anxious that our time should pass pleasantly, has allowed us the band every fine evening to have our dances on deck; it passes an hour or two agreeably, it affords us exercise, and temporal enjoyment, and between the Cape and China we have had many a jolly evening, although deprived of almost the only source of enjoyment, the "fair;" as it is said, "none but the brave deserve the fair," I am sure if they could only see us whetting our swords all hours of the day, and preparing for action it would be sufficient to command their smile of approbation.

The *first gale* at sea after a ship's commission puts all to rights, and puts everything in its place; "all settles down," but we would rather dispense with the gale, for besides putting everything in its place, many things are displaced, and we all personally suffer in broken glass and broken crockery, and sometimes broken bones. I shall not forget our first gale, scudding under a reefed fore-sail and a storm-staysail, about 50 or 60 miles north of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, in the South

Seas, all ports barred in, and all hatches battened down, every coming sea threatening to overwhelm us, hammock nettings washed away, sashes stove in, and nothing but a wind-sail giving ventilation to hundreds of unhappy beings, sea-sick between decks. A body had been passed and several casks and portions of wreck, telling how some had suffered. It is in the midst of these scenes that a sailor looks back to home, regrets he ever was so rash as to leave it, would give all he possessed to be landed even on a rock where he would feel steady. 'Tis now that "men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep;" it is now they are convinced of the existence, (if they doubted it before,) of a Being everywhere present; it is now they "fly to Him for refuge." "They stagger too and fro like drunken men and are at their wits' ends." "They call unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivers them out of their distress." "They are carried up to the heavens and down again to the earth, their souls melt within them!" It is now that the mighty hand of Providence may be seen following us, and protecting our frail bark from every threatening wave, until we are brought safely to a "haven where we would be," or left in such tranquility that we forget we were ever in a storm.

The ship is now approaching the Straits of Malacca, and we know it because of the frequent thunder and lightning with heavy rains and squalls for which these Straits are so proverbial; we are visited during these gusts, when off the land, by handsome king-fishers, white and black, (spotted,) grey on the back, and much larger than the common English bird, but similar in

form and habits ; these are welcome visitors after being so long at sea, and it affords us amusement catching them for one of our officers, who prides himself on taxidermy.

We had entered the Straits, the "Piratical Straits," and were compelled to anchor for the night, it being dangerous to move about during such heavy squalls, and during such vivid thunder and lightning, to which all sail had to be shortened frequently, therefore we lay snug for the night, and I forgot to say in company with one of Her Majesty's Ships from China.

During the night rather a strange occurrence took place, which nearly proved fatal to one of our warrant officers: perhaps he had been drinking Her Majesty's health, perhaps not; however, he was walking along the fore-castle, as he thought, and intended to go into the head, when instead of being on the fore-castle, he was on the main-deck, and went out of the bow port, and brought up on the "cat hook," which was overhauled for "catting the anchor," next morning; had he not fortunately hooked on to this, nothing could have saved him, he would have descended quietly into the stream, and no person would ever have been able to have narrated the final act of this deluded warrant officer!

CHAPTER IV.

INDIA AND CHINA.

SINGAPORE—BUGGIES—PALLAWAN PASSAGE—N.E. MONSOON—A
REGULAR MESS—MY FIRST PUNISHMENT—A SHARK—STEAMER
IN DISTRESS—HONG KONG—CHRISTMAS DAY.

Orang Malayu t' ada jadi baik lagi, bagitu bagitu juga sa-lalu.

ARRIVED safely at Singapore, an island only a few miles north of the Equator. The ship had a thorough refit preparatory for the trial we were to have of beating up the China Sea against a fierce N.E. Monsoon.

This delay gave us many opportunities of walking round the place and seeing the customs and manners of the two countries, which makes the island half Indian and half Chinese, with a dash of Malay, and gives one a very good idea of both the former. Many a dollar was here squandered in "Buggies," neat four-wheeled cars, drawn by smart Timor ponies. The midshipmen could not walk: they must ride. Certainly, the sun was oppressively hot.

I could hardly reconcile myself to the fact that we were at war with those people by whom we were then surrounded. The first merchant in Singapore is a China-

man ; and a fine round-faced, laughing, hospitable, and honest fellow he is. He is well known to all sailors who have been here ; if you wish to taste curried prawns and cool claret to perfection take a walk to his country house.

Sailed from Singapore with at first a fresh and favourable wind, but to which we gradually shortened and reefed sails as we approached the limits of the Monsoon. It was an intricate and dangerous passage to attempt, especially the Pallawan passage, so little known. Here the boiling "Rob Roy" shoal, and the "Royal Captain;" there the "Sovereign," with the sea beating and roaring over it in all its fury; but we still felt we had a "Watchful Pilot," our "Guide," who had already brought us out of many dangers into safety.

I have said before we were kept strict and straight at our duties on deck. I must also add we were kept in right and tight order in our mess, the gun-room. We had a senior Mate whose look was sufficient to strike terror into every one of us, and a caterer who would scarcely allow us the fumes of wine, and certainly not even the *look* of spirits, and who made us each assist him in a portion of the work which devolved on him as caterer. Punctually at one-bell (half-past eight) the "fork was stuck in the beam," and we all (youngsters who had not been four years at sea) closed our books and retreated to our hammocks, without even a look of disappointment—we knew what we should catch if we did. After dinner, on any particular occasion (and, I think, Sundays), we were allowed to drink Her Most Gracious Majesty's health, and then privileged, like the

ladies, to retire. Our schooling was perfect, and we profited by it afterwards.

My first punishment was for "whistling on the lower deck." I had been keeping the morning watch (a cold one, too) from four until eight, and had gone to the cockpit to wash and dress myself, to be ready for breakfast at one-bell, to which I was looking forward, hungry and sharp, after four hours' washing decks. While scrubbing my face, &c., I was whistling some quick tune, to assist me in my movements (whistling or humming a tune does often assist, if time is kept to it), and, unfortunately for me, at that moment the commanding officer was going his rounds. He said nothing then, but, on arrival on deck, called the Quartermaster, and desired him to tell me he wanted me on deck. As quick as I could arrange my dress, I was before him on the quarter-deck. "You were whistling below, sir." Well, now I did not know whether I had been whistling, or not, but considered it the safest plan to venture "Yes," not knowing what was in store for me. "Yes, sir!" "Then go on the maintop-gallant-yard, and look out for land, and when you see it, come down and report it to me." We were then two thousand miles from any land. Up I went, and there I gazed patiently and anxiously until four p.m., when, on his coming up from dinner, I suppose in a better humour, I heard him call out, "Maintop-gallant-yard there." "Sir," I replied. "Come down." Down I came, and touched my hat. "Do you see land, sir." "No, sir," I replied. "Then never let me hear you whistling on board a man-of-war again." This was a trial for me; not the punishment,

but because I was naturally very fond of music. The trial of going without anything to eat from four in the morning until four in the evening, after being sharpened up by the morning watch, was also a severe test of patience; and woe be to the unfortunate individual who was found conveying me victuals under such circumstances.

This would have been thought sufficient by some to make me

“Curse the fatal day,
When I from home was led astray,
In this dark hole to dwell.
Had I but at sweet Ireland stayed,
I might have learnt some honest trade,
And shunned the white rapelle!”

But, no; on me the effect was different. I looked on it as a philosopher, and made a most hearty supper.

While working up between the islands and shoals with which this passage is strewn, the jolly-boat was lowered, to sound what appeared to us a shoal; but it turned out to be a baulk of timber, forty feet in length, and surrounded by hungry sharks, two of which followed the ship all day, until a hook was thrown overboard, with a small pig on it, and one of them was caught. On opening it there were found in its stomach a man's shoe (having the heel of the foot still in it), a pig's leg, &c. Some of the shark was broiled for supper, and many partook of it. It is astonishing to see with what avidity and pleasure sailors cut up and tear to pieces a shark. It appears to be their only enemy, and they torture it in every manner possible; cut off its tail and

fins, put broad arrows* all over him, and send him adrift ; it lives for some time in this state, struggling on the surface of the water.

On crossing over to Hong Kong from Luzon, we met one of the Hon. Company's steam vessels in distress, having no provisions, no water, and having burned all her bulkheads, &c., for fuel. We had the pleasure of supplying her with all she required, except coals. She had been three months from Bombay, and had undergone all the vicissitudes and trials of a distressed vessel. They must soon have perished if this relief had not so timely appeared.

Arrived safely at Hong Kong Island, which consists only of a few fishing huts. Our first duty was to keep up a Christmas Day, the first we had passed together ; and it was "kept up," if noise, confusion, eating, and drinking constitute the meaning of keeping up Christmas Day. We visited some of the prize junks which had been taken during the war, and were now in charge of prize crews ; then went on shore, and found the town consisting of pigs, ducks, rats and filth. Next day sailed for Chusan, to meet the Commander-in-chief.

Again we had to go through all the toil of working up against the Monsoon. Sometimes it blew very hard, and would only allow us to carry a close reef main-top-sail on the cap and a main-stay-sail. However, we succeeded, and, after one-and-twenty days, were in company with the Admiral and squadron at Chusan Island.

* The Queen's Mark.

CHAPTER V.

CHINA.

CHUSAN—THE WAR—CHINESE NEW YEAR—VALUE OF A HEAD—
KIDNAPPING—NARROW ESCAPE—INGENIOUS TRAP—FOOTOO—
LETTERS FROM HOME—BATTLE OF CHAPOO—SMALL FEET—RE-
SURRECTIONISTS—ACTION OF WOOSUNG—SHANGHAI—YANG-
TZE-KEANG—SESHAN—PICTURESQUE SCENERY—CORPORAL
WHITE—GOLDEN ISLAND—ROCKET HANGS FIRE—CHIN-
KEANG-FOO—SUN STROKE—PRISONERS—SUICIDE—LOOT—
FALL IN THE RIVER FATAL—BOATS WITH EYES—NEW-KEEN.

Ai á! kòm tò man ngáu.

HAVING arrived at China in safety after being nearly seven months on our voyage, found war was still progressing, from the indecision and cunning of the High Commissioners, on the part of the Chinese; all the ships were ready for immediate action, and we were ready to join them, and should have been very sorry if it had been all over without our gaining any of the laurels, after so long and tedious a voyage.

The description of the "War in China" having appeared in so many forms before the public, by skilful and professed writers, I do not intend trespassing with anything like a repetition, it would occupy more space

and leaves than I am disposed to devote to it, and it would be but telling the same story o'er again ; but there are many interesting and amusing incidents in connection with this war, which I am sure cannot have been described, and one or two of these before I have done with China I must narrate, even at the risk of being thought tedious.

The 11th of February is the Chinese' New Year's day, all shops are closed for nine days, and every one we meet is comfortably drunk with opium and samshoe; fireworks, torches, and lanterns are burning, and Chinamen rolling about all night in the streets, constitute the enjoyment of the New Year. We find that the authorities are kind enough to offer ten thousand dollars for the admiral's head, one thousand for any British officer's, and one hundred for a barbarian's. This is a pleasant notice to greet you on taking your walks on shore, and shows our respective values in their estimation.

During a short stay here of ten days, eight men have been kidnapped, in some instances they have been attracted into houses of ill repute, others into drinking houses, and in one place, a lascar was found with a bamboo thrust down his throat, for convenience in carrying him, with a bag by his side ready to put him into, for conveyance to the city walls; the Chinese behaved with frightful cruelty to some of our men.

One Sunday afternoon, two of my messmates with myself, were taking a walk through the Chinese burying ground, between the north and west gates of Chusan, where we narrowly escaped being shot. There are ridges about two feet high, running through a causeway,

and on one of these we were walking "single file," when we heard the report of a gun close by; we took no notice of it except turning round; presently "ping" came a bullet, and struck the ridge we were walking on, and now all thought it high time to quicken our paces. We were unarmed, very thoughtlessly, and the fire came from behind one of the graves. We had a most narrow escape.

A very ingenious trap was laid for our Interpreter, who had been on shore, and which very nearly proved fatal to him. He was accosted by an old woman, who, weeping bitterly, told him her husband had been dreadfully ill-using her. In the goodness of his heart he said he would inquire into it, and she led him to a house, and showed him into a room, begging him to be seated, and she would bring her "wretched husband" before him. Very few minutes had elapsed, when up blew the room, with the poor old fellow and his orderly; flooring, furniture, everything went to pieces. He was much burned and bruised, as well as his domestic, and they considered themselves very fortunate to escape with their lives. This is an instance of their cunning treachery, and there are many others.

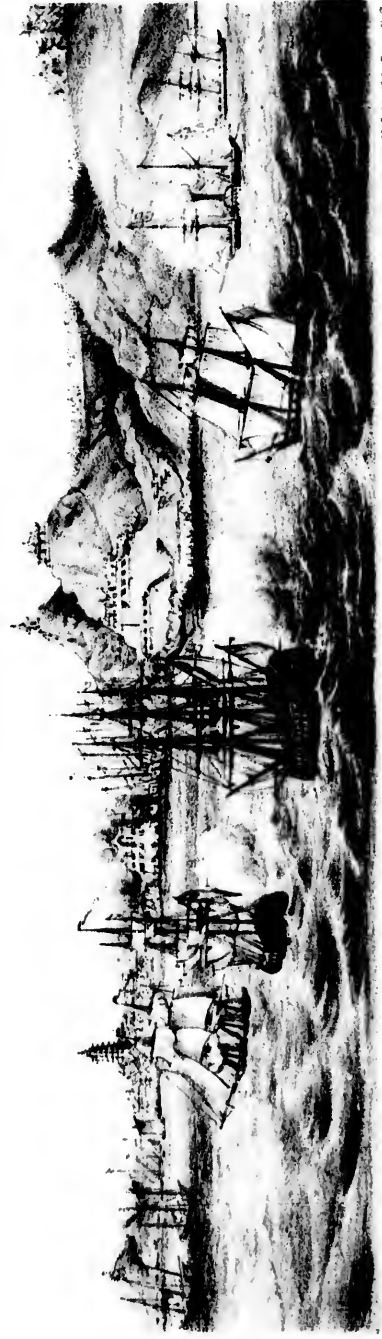
The Island of Pootoo, or "Worshippers," was visited by some of our people, in the "Nemesis" steamer. The devotees voluntarily give themselves up to all manner of privations, tortures, and self-persecutions, for their Joss' sake. One victim was sitting in a recess in the temple, existing on one grain of rice daily. It could not be ascertained how long he had been there, or how long that morsel would support life. One

of the visitors put his finger to the cheek and pressed it, and it was some time before the flesh resumed its form again; I was told it was like touching putty, or dough, apparently lifeless. I never could get an opportunity of going to this strange place, but often wished it.

What a cheering prospect the first letters from home bring over the feelings; relatives, friends, long since left behind, we have not heard anything of. It is now nine months, the mail is announced, and no one can possibly entertain the feeling, but those who have experienced it, what excitement it causes everywhere, and in every one. The mail bag is taken on board the Admiral's ship (every moment appears now an hour), the letters are sorted, and the signal made, "Send for letters." The boats return, and the letters are again sorted; every eye is glancing at letter after letter, as it is passed over; every one with a black edge or seal causes a cold shiver; at last the fortunate get letters, the less fortunate none, and console themselves that "no news is good news;" the unfortunate, a letter with black border—a parent, a relative, a friend, is dead. Nine months have caused sad changes; but oh! to see the blank, disappointed, unhappy faces, almost amounting to grief, in those without letters or news, who had buoyed up all their hopes for a letter; no one knows it, no one can feel it but those only. However, it soon passes over, and good news and jokes are interchanged. "Cheer up, my boy," one says to another; "I'll sell you my letter for a penny when I've read it." Letters from home are read over and over again, and replaced in the pocket each time, until their

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Currier & Ives, 1877, New York, E.C.

BATTLE OF CHAPPOO.

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worn-out state renders it impossible to keep them any longer together.

On the 18th May, the ships were in position before the Forts of Chapoo, and commenced the action at nine in the morning; the guns had been shotted, the boats hoisted out, and the ship cleared for action the night previous. A "Chop" was sent to the inhabitants asking them, "to surrender;" if they would not, to take all women and children out of the town immediately.

This was the first time we were under fire. There was no feeling of dread, but rather revenge, at seeing our men fall around us. In the heat of the engagement with a glass might be seen, wherever the eye traced, Chinese rolling dead over the hills; others rushing frantically into the sea and drowning themselves; while some were actually cutting their own throats, and blowing themselves up with powder.

The result of this battle is well known. The lamented remains of the Colonel of the 55th, who was killed during the action, were committed to the deep next day with military honours.*

A Captain of the 55th also died soon after of his wounds.

The women are remarkable for their small feet; they are compressed during infancy with bandages of linen, which stops the circulation of the blood; by this the toes are pressed under the ball of the foot, and it ceases to grow. Some say this is done to prevent them running away from their husbands; others for beauty; but it is

* In passing round Chapoo next day I picked up the "Queen of Heaven" in the streets.

painful to see a female waddling like a duck through the streets, endeavouring to balance herself by keeping her arms extended. Neither the Tartars, nor those millions living on the water, subject their children to such torture.

The shoes are from two and a half to three inches long, and I was some time doubtful whether these were really worn by the ladies, until an instance occurred which made me no longer doubt it. After the battle of Chapoo we passed through the town, and in one house, a very respectable one, we were induced to go upstairs. On the top step I found a pair of neatly embroidered shoes, two and a half inches long, and quite warm; they had just been kicked off by the frightened wearer, who thought of nothing but her escape when she heard our entry into the house.

On our arrival off Woosung, a few days after the attack on Chapoo, much to our astonishment, nineteen of the men who had been kidnapped at Chusan and other places were sent to us under an escort of two Mandarins and sixteen soldiers. Many of these we had given up for ever, without the most distant hope of again seeing them.

The excitement now begins to get very great; all the small vessels and steamers are chasing and taking junks, firing through their matting sails, in the neighbourhood of the Rugged Islands, where we also very nearly lost one of our small steamers, by striking on an unknown rock.

We find the river crowded with junks, and the forts well manned and armed, to all appearance well prepared

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for us. There are also several steamer junks with four wheels, worked by manual labour, and mounting four guns each; at the head of the river are many war junks.

On the 16th June, the vessels of war were towed before the Forts of Woosung, and at seven the action commenced. Only 200 yards from the shore, the frigate of the senior Captain had the post of honour, and on board her one of the lieutenants peeping over the hammock nettings to see how things were progressing, had his head taken completely off by a round shot. Our guns at so short a distance appeared to do awful execution; all their shot passed over our hull, having their guns trained and secured by sand-bags, for the buoys outside us, to which they imagined we were going to make fast. Our rigging, masts, and sails suffered most; and it was curious to see the sails where they had been hit by a shot on the folds completely perforated when they were let fall. After two hours and fifteen minutes' constant firing the forts were silenced. We had only five men killed and ten wounded.

Shanghai, the great emporium for silks, was also taken without much loss of life on our side.

After a refit and a short delay, the squadron and convoy ascended the Yang-tze-Kiang river, sixty-two sail of vessels, a sight never before witnessed by the astonished Chinese. We passed Harvey Point, where a young mid. of the Conway, some time previous, met an untimely end, having been murdered by the Chinese while he was on a shooting excursion.

Nearly all the vessels, including also the line-of-battle ships, shared the fate of getting on shore on a mud flat.

at a sudden bend of the river, near Soo-choo-foo, with the dirty and troublesome duty of hauling off again. Next day the Forts of Seshan were taken, after a feeble and ineffectual resistance.

We now began to feel the serious effects of indifferent water, and a burning sun of one hundred degrees in the shade.

The scenery of this noble river already assumes a grand and luxuriant aspect. On suddenly opening the city of Chin-keang-foo, which stands at the entrance to the Grand Canal, you pass Silver Island, with Golden Island not far in the distance, both towering with fantastic pagodas of many stories in height among trees and evergreens; shrubs of the most exquisite tint and verdure, the blue and purple mountains in the distance, backed by a cloudless sky of azure blue—blue in reality from the clear and rarified state of the atmosphere; it is as impossible to describe the splendour of the scenery so as to do it justice, as it would be for an artist to paint it; hundreds of vessels' masts showing above the land, and the sea population in the greatest excitement in their junks and sampans at our approach. On anchoring off Chin-keang-foo, we did not allow even a boat to move; bang! whiz! went a shot ahead of them, if they persisted, then into them. The tides here are very strong, and require much tact to manage your vessel.

Our old, but not much esteemed friend, Corporal White, a nick-name given him by the sailors, pays us another visit (our first was at Chapoo), from "Elepoo," and he now comes with the same old story, "'Spose you put no plum in your gun, then Chinaman put no plum,

make great bobbery, and send Chop to Emperor." We had by this time begun to know Mr. Corporal White, and it required much tact to evade his cunning proposals.

At each mouth of the Grand Canal, and at every estuary, creek, and inlet, a vessel of war has been stationed, to prevent the possibility of an enemy's vessel escaping. The Union Jack was planted on the highest story of the Pagoda on Golden Island, by a favourite and gallant officer of the Admiral's ship, amid the shouts and cheers of the squadron.

A capital and funny story is told of this zealous officer. While at Chusan the boats constantly exercised with their guns and rockets. It is a general order, and well understood, that "if a rocket hangs fire all hands are to jump overboard until the rocket explodes." They were not on this occasion firing rockets, but merely exercising, in the course of which, the order, "Rocket hangs fire," was given. This officer and his well-disciplined crew immediately go overboard; and soon after return to the ship, wet through of course. I did not see this, but I heard it told frequently, in a very humorous and amusing manner.

The Chinese being still stubborn, although nearly seventy vessels were at the entrance of their Grand Canal, the near approach to their capital Peking, and within a short distance of their ancient capital Nankin, threatening immediate destruction; it had no effect, and on the 21st July, the city of Chin-keang-foo was taken by assault. A breach in the wall, and a gateway blown in, soon made an entrance for our troops, which was, however, hotly contested by the enemy. In the streets the

Chinese troops were very numerous, and on many occasions were only four or five yards apart from ours, when of course the slaughter was very great. We had about 59 killed and 104 wounded, and many who suffered from the heat of the sun; 39 fell dead on the field from a *coup-de-soleil*. The Chinese actually brought our wounded men down to the boats. The second person who escalated the walls, (the first having been shot dead) was an officer now high in rank in the service, very dashing and much esteemed. He was saved by his brace button, a bullet having struck it, cut it off, causing a very slight wound. One of the boats suffered much, having been cut off in a canal, and surrounded by the enemy, who wounded 3 officers and 14 men; one brave young fellow, who had command of the boat when his two superior officers fell wounded, but who, while I am putting together these leaves, I read has finished his mortal career covered with wounds. The men who were not killed were about to desert, when he stood on the stern sheets, cocked his pistol, and threatened to shoot the first man who left the boat. Their relief soon arrived; he was then quite a little fellow, still wearing the "white patch."

Here also the Major of Marines fell a victim to the excessive heat of the sun. He was brought on board the ship, the temple artery opened, but he died in a few minutes. Golden Island became his grave! Several prisoners have been taken, some of importance, at least their dress and button would say so, and the only way we can secure them is in threes, by their tails, fastened to the breechings of the guns. They will not sacrifice

their tail, it is the greatest disgrace to be without a tail, but if they can manage to slip, which they have done on some occasions, they go overboard, sink, and rise no more. They prefer this end to an uncertain fate.

During the engagement the scenes that were enacted in the streets and houses baffle all description. Whole families threw themselves into wells; in many houses were seen families hanging to the beams with a stool kicked down which had formed a drop; in others were persons—men, women, and children—with the ropes and strings actually round their necks, waiting for a last moment to push the stool from under them on which they were standing. On several occasions women were dragged out of rivers, canals, and gutters by our men, but returned at once when released and completed the suicide they were so determined on committing. This was all done fearing they would fall into our hands, where they fancied a worse fate awaited them. The scene the day after, when I walked round the town, was horrifying. Strict orders were given that no "looting" was to take place, but now and then might be seen a pious mid., with a Chinaman carrying a box before him, his tail twisted round his wrist, and a pistol cocked at his head, walking quietly down to the boat, perhaps carrying his own property from his own house!

Several of our men have of late accidentally fallen overboard, and it is strange, are never seen again; the under set is so strong they are carried beneath and rise no more. Many have been the instances of persons falling overboard, and I have never known one to have been seen to rise again. One day, I well recollect, they were

scrubbing the ship's side, and a boy was going over the gangway with a bucket of sand ; he slipped, fell into the water, I watched with the greatest attention and anxiety to see him rise, but no! he never rose again.

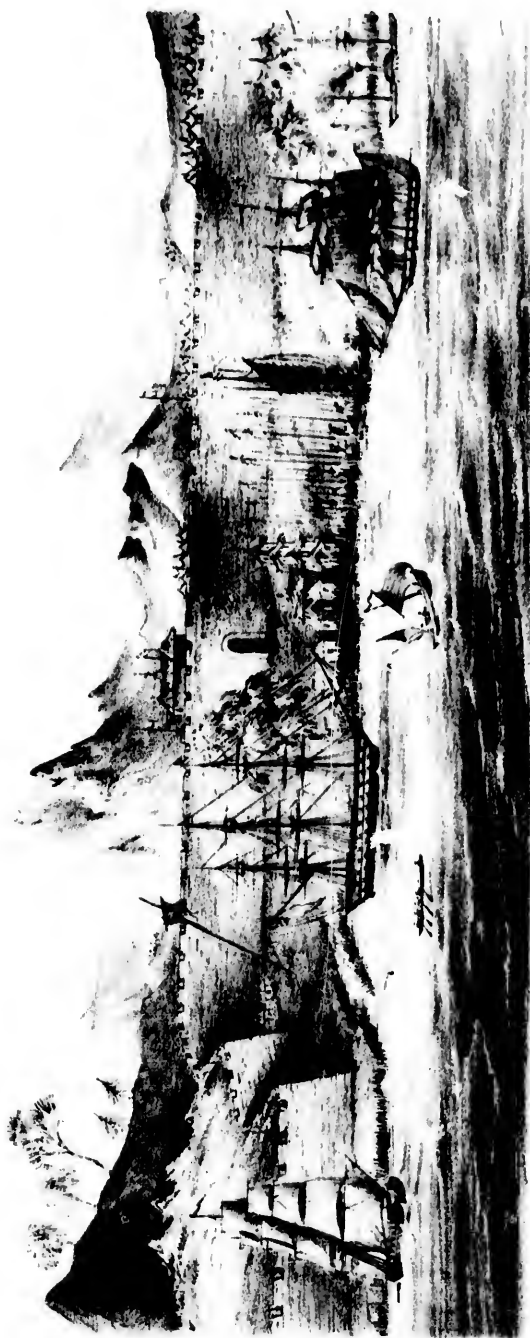
In the bow of every junk of 700 or 800 tons, down to the smallest sampan, are seen very large painted eyes. I was curious enough one day to ask a Chinaman, who could speak English pretty well, what they were for ? He replied without hesitation, "Spose no got eye how can see?" I was silent.

We received a very polite message from New-Keen, General commanding Nankin, to ask our demands ; "that they wished for peace, but he was determined to defend the rights of his Emperor to the last."

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SALES OF NAVIES.

CHAPTER VI.

NANKIN.

INTERCEPTED DESPATCH—PROCLAMATION—CHOLERA—CHING AND CHANG—CHOP FROM NEW—DEATH DAILY—PREPARATION FOR ASSAULT—ELEPOO ARRIVES—TREAT FOR PEACE—HOSTILITIES SUSPENDED—VISIT OF THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS—PRISONERS RELEASED—MY NEW SHIP—ILLNESS—TREATY APPROVED—NUMBER OF SICK—WATER POISONOUS—PORCELAIN TOWER—EMPEROR'S PRESERVES—A MIDSHIPMAN DROWNED—TREATY FOR PEACE RATIFIED—CHOP—PREPARE FOR SEA—DESCEND THE RIVER—CHUSAN.

THE squadron anchor off the ancient capital, Nankin, in 25 fathoms, about one and a half mile off an angle of the outer walls, but not more than twenty yards from the shore. The embrasures and heights are swarming with troops, some on horses, waving their banners in defiance, the brilliant Porcelain Tower topping far above the hills, and sparkling its shining exterior in the sunbeams. One of the boats intercepted a despatch from Te-chú-pu, commanding the Tartar garrison of Nankin, to the Emperor, and its quaintness and originality induce me to present it translated, as follows:—"The troops that escaped from Chin-keang took shelter in Kuang-Kin and Tanyang, nearest district towns S.E. from Chin-keang. The

Lieut.-Gen. Hailing died shortly after the loss of the city, leaving a son and daughter, who were concealed by one of his domestics, named Hwang. The soldiers of the Tsing-chow Brigade aiding in the defence of Chin-keang, also retired to Nankin." He says, "as soon as the barbarian invasion is a little over-past, arrangements shall be made for the refugees to come to Nankin, who are now some at Soo-choo, and some at Chang-chow;" they also say, "that when the rebellious barbarians attacked the city they resisted them with all their strength and courage, and killed many of the foreigners, and that had the reinforcements from other provinces (at that time outside the walls), come up to their aid they would certainly have inflicted a very severe chastisement on them. All the best and fresh troops are with the terror-spreading general, Ye-King, who has his head quarters at Chang-chow, 500 le from Nankin." This, I think, will be perused with interest, and not without a smile: the "dying" of Hailing, the "retiring" of the troops, and the severe lesson we were to be taught if the "aid" had only appeared.

A proclamation was now issued to the inhabitants of Nankin, and an offer made to New, Governor and Chief Magistrate of Keang-Nan and Se, offering to accept the sum of three million dollars as a ransom, and not enter the city. An interview was requested by New, but rejected on our part.

The cholera is beginning to make a sad inroad among our numbers. Several have already fallen victims to it, living only a few hours after the attack. This, with the disorders occasioned by the heat of the sun, bad water,

and a most virulent fever and ague, is sorely felt, and droops the spirits of all.

Again we had a visit from two white-button Mandarins attended by several brass buttons, with Chops, &c., to say that "the venerable Elepoo had arrived from Peking, with authority to treat on our terms." This we mids. christened "humbug," a very comprehensive term it will be allowed. In reply to our proclamation, these two white-button "chaps," whose names were "Ching" and "Chang," were bearers of a "Chop" from New, Governor-General of Nankin, the three provinces, and Secretary-at-War. He said, "The money in the treasury was for the payment of the soldiers, and that he could not think of taking that for the purpose of what we termed a 'ransom.'" Then came a long yarn about "good faith and sincerity, on which he piumed himself;" and then a rignarole story about "peace;" he then offers to pay us "100 dollars for each mile, each ship would withdraw down the river," at the same time bringing presents, baskets of fruit, Imperial tea, silks, &c., I forget where these presents went to.

A notation is now made in my journal to this effect: "It is truly awful that scarcely a page of my diary opens without a black margin, denoting that death, the "King of Terrors," daily seizes on his prey; that one or more during the night or day pass to their long and last homes, a visitation of Divine Providence on those called to obey His summons. If we had time but to reflect, how thankful ought those to be who are spared; and what a lesson to us to "watch and pray," to pray

always that we may be among those on His right when we are called, to have said to them—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world."

The ships had taken up their final positions for the assault of Nankin, the troops were landed, the plan of the attack matured; the walls off which the Flag-ship lay at a distance of 1400 yards were actually measured with a bamboo 33 feet high. Joss Hill was formally taken possession of, which commanded the Tartar portion of the city; and a council of war held on board the Flag-ship.

Elepoo arrives, and is the cause of breaking up a grand dinner-party, but is politely informed "if he does not produce documents to prove his authority before day-light next morning he will be handed over to the tender mercies of the Commander-in-Chief!"

Sunday intervened, but early on Monday, before day-break, "chops" came off, stating that Elepoo and Keying, High Imperial Commissioners, were duly authorized by the Emperor to come to our terms; and the fact was, they really were; the documents were formally perused, taken to the Emperor for approval and we shall soon see "Peace with China!"

Hostilities having been now suspended (and I must say some of us were disappointed, for we fully made up our minds to see the interior of Nankin), the High Imperial Commissioners visited the authorities on board the Flag-ship. Having been one of the favoured few youngsters who were allowed to be eye-witnesses, I must say it was a novel spectacle; every one appeared

in full dress : Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, the Admiral and General, and all Commanding Officers, &c. A small steamer and barges were sent for the Commissioners, and at noon precisely they arrived, and were saluted with a Chinese salute of three guns. Up the accommodation ladder came Elepoo and Keying, the High Imperial Commissioners, New-keen, Governor General of Nankin, the Emperor's uncle, and a numerous train of red, white, and blue-button attachés ; the Tartar General and his train arrived soon afterwards. The venerable Elepoo had from feebleness and age to lean on two of his attendants. They were introduced individually to the heads of each department by the Interpreter. After they got in a good humour in the Admiral's cabin, ward-room and gun-room, for each had a portion to look after and "stuff," they were shown round the ship, but expressed not the least surprise, and hurried by the guns very fast. They were asked if they would like to see one exercised, but they would not hear of such a thing ; "they would not give us the trouble for the world." It was five in the evening before they were all gone. The cherry-brandy in the mids.' berth appeared to open their hearts and brighten their intellects, and with those who were of course only the lacqueys of the train, there was some good fun.

The Chinese prisoners after the visit were all set free, with five dollars in each pocket, and they chin-chinned, bowed heads, and knocked foreheads on the decks for a long time after in grateful acknowledgment. (See 2 Chron. vii. 3).

I was now appointed to another vessel going home,

a smaller one, and as it makes you a "big officer" going to a small ship, I did not much regret leaving old and some very esteemed messmates; and the feeling of joy that I was going to a ship, the first for England, made me forget almost the novel scenes and old friends of my first happy days at sea. Moreover, I must add that my removal to another vessel bound for England was in consequence of my health having much suffered from a long illness. I was the first to take fever after leaving Singapore, from a boyish and thoughtless indulgence in that delicious fruit for which Singapore is so famous, the pine-apple; and for which you only give one dollar and a half for a boat-load. Many ships scrub their decks with them, the acid whitening the planks. They can be eaten to any amount before breakfast, but in the sun during noon-day I have learned a lesson!

The Treaty of Peace arrived, approved and signed, and a Royal salute proclaimed that joyful event from the squadron.

I have now led my young and patient readers to Naukin. I have detained them there for some time, longer indeed than I ought to have done, but I am sure that many of the scenes I have endeavoured to describe never before appeared in print, therefore I may be excused for so doing; and as sickness now is raging to a fearful and fatal amount, and I am among the sufferers, I must take leave of the ancient capital. First I will show the number of sufferers in each vessel, and then before I finally start I will take my young readers to the top of the Porcelain Tower of Nankin.

The signal was made every morning from the Flag-

ship, "numbers of sick;" on the 26th September it was as follows :—

The flag-ship	230.
A steamer	75 and both doctors.
A steam-frigate	114.
A frigate	130.
A corvette	52 and 8 officers.

The remainder of the shipping in proportion. It was time indeed to leave; one ship had to borrow men from another to weigh her anchors. A great deal of sickness was caused by being compelled to drink the water from alongside, which, passing through swamps and decayed vegetable matter, was most injurious. The wells on shore were poisoned, at least we were informed so frequently, and although the truth of it was never practically tested, it would have been a dangerous experiment to have drunk from them; the Chinese were well up to all these cunning devices.

Now for a trip to the "Porcelain Tower." A party was formed of seven from my ship, which was afterwards increased to nine by our having called alongside a far-famed steamer in this expedition; and while there, her gallant Captain had added to our stock a half-dozen basket of champagne. Before day-dawn we started, and had to pull 14 miles up a canal to the right of the city, where in the suburbs we found "The Tower." We had to pass the city walls within ten yards, which were here about 40 feet high; on the ramparts of which were hundreds of astonished troops, wondering at our presumption in approaching so near the celestial paths. This, however, did not interrupt our progress. On the right

bank forming the canal were pretty cottages surrounded by evergreens, interspersed here and there by tall rushes. About seven miles up this canal, the heat of the sun compelled us to "heave to" under the arches of a handsome and substantial stone bridge, leading to one of the city gates; and here we demolished a light tiffin. Three miles further was another bridge, equally good, composed of five arches, and here we first beheld the lofty Porcelain Tower. Here we disembarked and walked up to the city gate, which was immediately closed on our approach, and we returned to our boat. A third bridge was passed about a mile above the last, and here we landed on the suburban side of the canal, and walked about one mile through the streets, which were thronged to suffocation by curious multitudes, trying to get a peep at us. Traffic was going on at a brisk rate, and this was the first time we had seen an uninterrupted town.*

The compound or square was entered, and we soon found the entrance gate. Several steps led to the doors, and the floor of the first story was occupied by huge corpulent josses, 20 to 40 feet in height (from estimation by our own heights, but we had no means of measuring them.) A narrow winding stair led us to the balcony of the ninth story, which took us all the forenoon to ascend. The view from this was charming, and quite exceeded all we could have anticipated; it was

* The gardens and preserves of the late Emperor are on the opposite side of the river to Nankin, enclosed by walls and bastions, 18 miles in extent. We walked to them one fine evening. Wild boars are hunted and speared here.

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PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKING.
South Face

worth coming 22,000 miles, as we all had done, to see this alone.

Before we stirred one inch we sat down, drew forth the "half-dozen basket" our kind and well-known friend had presented to us—cut the strings, and, amid three true hearty cheers, drank Her Most Glorious and Gracious Majesty's health. Long may she live! and may we all be promoted! (you see we did not forget ourselves). We had to drink one more toast—that of our esteemed Captain —, (I was just going to mention his name, but that would not do), the generous donor of the champagne.

We walked round the balcony. The exterior of the tower is entirely porcelain, covered with all manner of curious devices, elephants, lions, tigers, dragons, and figures much like "Punch," and other indescribable antediluvian monsters. From this we had a most extensive view of the city of Nankin, surrounded by three walls; the outer, 32 miles in circumference, the city enclosed in the inner one. The houses are thickly packed, with the exception of one or two of a very superior sort, perhaps Government offices, which have a small garden in the centre; the "joss-houses" very conspicuous. We descended, and having laid out our dinner on marble and porcelain slabs, made a hearty meal, and again drank health to our beloved Queen; we did not appear to care how often it was.

Englishmen, in particular, have all the bump of destruction very prominent; they never visit an ancient building but they must have a piece, a small bit for a relic, and a bit to give away if asked for, and a bit in

case they should lose the other bit; and so it is small bits each, and bits every one. After a place has become visited frequently it is perfectly destroyed. Some even take pickaxes, geological hammers; arm themselves before starting with the full intention of being destructive. This ancient, picturesque, and beautiful building was not exempt: visitors had taken, some an elephant's face or dragon's tail; another, a lion's paw; another, a whole slab of porcelain; until the facings of the upper story had been quite disfigured. The tower had lately undergone a thorough repair, and I forget the almost fabulous sum we were told it cost to do it, something enormous. Of course a complaint was soon made, but too late, and visitors afterwards had to obtain passports before they would be admitted to view this celebrated tower.

We returned very late, very fatigued, but very much pleased with our tour.

There was a strict and positive order in my late ship, that "no person should sleep about the decks, or in the open air." This was little attended to, from the extreme and oppressive heat at night, and the myriads of mosquitoes, which precluded all rest. Many chose rather to undergo the punishment for disobedience of orders, than be suffocated below, and the blood taken from them drop by drop, by these constant and attentive persecutors. All manner of "dodges" were resorted to for a "cool billet," and after the commanding officer had gone his last rounds for the night, every mid., and every one who *could not* stay below, might be seen with his straw mat and pillow rushing for some bearable spot for the night. It was during one of these nights that a

most melancholy accident occurred to a fine and promising young officer. He, like some of the rest, had chosen the main chains for a resting-place; and, during the night, he fell overboard and sank immediately; of course his body was never found. It quite cast a gloom over us all. Another suddenly "called" in the youth of his years to stand before his Maker, and give an account of himself, tried and condemned by his own works; "Those that do well shall inherit everlasting life; those that do wicked, everlasting misery." Another solemn warning to us to prepare.

The Treaty of Peace arrives from Peking, fully and finally ratified; the squadron dress and fire a royal salute; the Lieut-General is invested with the ensignia of a G.C.B., at which all attended; as well as our old friend, Te-chù-pu, the Tartar General. He got rather inquisitive after his lunch, and asked the Admiral how old he was? "Sixty-one," replied the Admiral, "fifty of which I have been a sailor." He said, "What a brave man you must be to continue so long in such misery."

In one of the "chops" accompanying the Treaty was the following quaint and Oriental communication from one of the Commissioners:—

"Good faith is what is held in the highest esteem by "the honourable country (speaking of China); sincerity "is that on which the Governor-General most plumes "himself. In his communications there was not a word "other than right feeling and reason, that might not "stand before the bright light of heaven's sun; or be "brought forth into the presence of gods and spirits!"

The Flag-ship makes the signal to us, "Prepare for

Sea." Never was there a signal so joyfully received, or so quickly answered as that; a thrill of delight ran through every one of us! for our numbers were fast decreasing by sickness and death. We dreaded the former always much more than the enemy. We were glad of the chance of risking our lives in battle, but sickness and death made our spirits droop to think of it; daily staring at us, going one after the other, not knowing who may be the next.

The anchor was weighed! the sick actually leaving their hammocks to assist at the capstan; the fiddler playing the appropriate quick step—

"IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO!"

"Don't you hear the bells are ringing?"

It's time for us to go!

Don't you hear the girls are singing?"

It's time for us to go!"

Chorus, &c.

Old Song.

Many a silent, fervent, and inward prayer was muttered on that day; with individual thanks to Him who had watched over those who had escaped from the perils of so much sickness, the dangers of the sea, and the enemy.

I have now brought my patient followers out of the Yang-tze-Keang, again passing the picturesque Golden and Silver Islands, and arriving safe at Chusan; and I hope I have not incurred censure by detaining them too long, where all things were so attractive, so new, and so interesting to us all.

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CHAPTER VII.

“HOMEWARD BOUND.”

HOMEWARD BOUND—PROSPECTS—HONG KONG—OLD CHAP—CHINESE
ARTISTS—IMITISTS—MACAO—WASH CLOTHES—SINGAPORE—
WARNING—ANGER ROADS—HURRICANE—TABLE MOUNTAIN—
ST. HELENA—NAPOLEON'S TOMB—NARROW ESCAPE—PEG-TOP
TROWERS—BUMP OF DESTRUCTIVENESS—ASCENSION—INVA-
LIDS—HARD-HEARTED GALE—SHORT ALLOWANCE—LAND
OH!—ALL'S WELL!—POTATOES AND MACKEREL—PLYMOUTH—
IMPRESSIONS—CRUISE IN A CAB—PORTSMOUTH—RECEP-
TION—SYCEE SILVER—MY FIRST IMPRESSION—PAY OFF.

“Ask of the sailor youth, when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave? To dream of home.”

AFTER some refit, for we came into Chusan without an anchor, and receiving on board many invalids, some of whom we were but taking to sea for burial, we one morning actually found ourselves running, with a favoured gale, “Homeward bound.” It is impossible to convey the feelings experienced at such a moment as this, to any but those who have already felt them. Although our ship was

22,000 miles from England, running with only a close reefed main-topsail on the cap; battened down "fore and aft;" every sea threatening instant destruction; our thoughts were all towards "home." The happy, pleasing prospects of home! Sometimes, while pacing the deck, we would stand still for an instant and ask ourselves the question—"Is it a reality? Can we really be going home?" There are thoughts and pleasures about home, that rivet us to it, that we can never forget; and although we are delighted to get to sea, yet almost the first wish is to be back again. I shall never forget my impressions at first being homeward bound; I presume they are the same with all; they are most enviable.

We called at Hong-Kong* after a quick passage. I was sent away early in the morning with despatches to the Post-Office, and to West Point; as our Naval Establishment had been erected there since my last visit. I did not know exactly where it was; but on reaching the shore, a respectable-looking, elderly man, in a snug shooting-coat, and a stout walking stick in his hand, was on the pier, leisurely, but attentively, looking at my boat's crew, who were not very strictly attired. I jumped on the pier, and said, "Old chap, will you tell me where the Dockyard is, if you please?" "Oh yes," says he, "over there." "Thank you." A minute afterwards, I met some person I knew, and asked him who that was still standing on the pier. "That," he says, in a low voice, for fear of attracting attention, "That's *the*

* And here we had the gratification to learn that the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted us for the successful termination of the war, and that we were to receive medals.

Admiral!" I said not another word. This "chap," as I had familiarly termed him, was the strictest Admiral in Her Majesty's service; had been taking his morning walk before the sun rose, and was then waiting for his galley to take him on board the Flag-Ship.

We called, also, at the Portuguese settlement of Macao, and I was very sorry that sickness still deprived me of the opportunity of visiting it.

The Chinese are beautiful artists in either likenesses or landscapes, but in the latter have no idea of perspective; they will copy a steel engraving perfectly. Many had their likenesses taken at Hong-Kong; particularly the Commanders-in-Chief, and other notable persons; among whom was a dashing Captain, a tall, fine, good-looking man, but deeply indented with the small-pox. His picture was finished, an admirable likeness! and having called at the painter's one evening, intending to give final directions about it, he found the artist, with a small brush in his hand, having on it a light brown colour, sitting intently over the picture. "Hollo," says the Captain (who thought it had been completed some days), "what are you about now?" "I go," says the inimitable Chinaman, "I go makee dot;" at the same time placing the brush on the cheek to imitate the pits of the small-pox; of course the picture was at once rescued.

These fellows imitate anything; the best and most perfect imitists I suppose in the world; sometimes they are absurdly so; and many of us lost considerably by their imitating *too* nearly. Once my tailor came off, and measured me for a camlet jacket, and directions

given to make it exactly like an old uniform jacket which he took with him for the purpose. In a week the tailor returned the jacket very neatly and very nicely finished; but on looking over it, I found to my horror that he *had* made it exactly like the pattern, and had copied, to a stitch, an old patch that had been put on the elbows some months previously. This, I thought, was carrying the joke further than the picture.

“Wash clothes” is a great event on going into harbour after a long cruise; your kit is nearly exhausted, as may be supposed (that is, a midshipman’s kit), and his last clean shirt is on him, which he has kept on purpose for coming into harbour; and is therefore anxious as to whom he trusts nearly all his “worldly goods,” and when they will be brought to him. No sooner is the anchor dropped, than on board rush men, women, boys, girls, holding out handfuls of certificates for you to read, from officers for whom they have washed¹; and taking care to have on them linen done up to starch and perfection. Cries of “Wash clothes, sir?” “Yes, sir, I wash your clothes;” “I wash for you before, sir;” “I know your face, sir;” “I no put chunam, sir;” “Ah! Sahib know me;” “I mend clothes, sir;” “This your certificate, sir;” “I sew on button, sir;” until you are really compelled to let them exhaust themselves, and then quietly choose one. You then prove their honesty by their papers; some are bad, some are good. Not knowing how to read, they treasure certificates that condemn them at once; some run thus:—

“I hereby certify that Alib Aram Jeejeeboy is not to

*" be trusted; washes badly, and pounds your linen between
" two stones to shreds.*

(Signed)

"J. S.,

"H. M. S.—"

Another :—

*" This is to certify that Rumsetjee Cowusjee is a
" rascal.*

(Signed)

"W. S.,

"H. M. S.—"

Another :—

*" We can confidently recommend Mrs. Cursetjee as a
" good, honest, and punctual washerwoman."*

Signed by all the Officers, H. M. S.—

When you are satisfied, then comes a job to count linen and make out lists. You would rather do anything than that, but you are compelled. Going over all your dirty clothes again, seven, eight, or nine dozen pieces; of a hot scorching day, on a lower deck, only a few miles from the equator; wetting through your only hope, your last clean shirt on your back, with perspiration. You know not what ordeal some of your clothes have to go through before you again see them; perhaps your handsome dress shirts will be worn over and over again by some greasy nigger fellows; your under garments also pay a heavy toll for landing. But a capital story is told of a "dubash" who brought off the washing on one occasion, and on counting them over, the owner, who was a young midshipman, remarked, that a pair of his

stockings, which were always white, were now a brown colour. "Ah, Sahib," said the washer-man, slapping his forehead, "please, Sahib, massa strain him coffee through them." "Confound it," said the young fellow, much annoyed; but the washer-man endeavoured to compromise the matter by saying, "Oh, don't be angry, Sahib, massa only strain him through dirty stocking."

N.B.—Always know where your washer-man lives, so that you may take him by storm, if your ship is ordered suddenly to sea.

We arrived safe at Singapore, and all this was gone through. Our stay was very short, no clothes appeared, and we were setting studding-sails. Fortunately the wind was light, and when eight miles off the anchorage, on board pulled a boat with our clothes, I mean our rags! wet, muddy, and saturated with yellow-ochre. We had a four months' sea voyage before us, and this our kit. "Patience is a virtue."

In most of the Indian ports the washer-men and women have brothers and cousins who are tailors and linen-drapers. After one or two washing your clothes are beaten to pieces between two large stones in a running stream; when they can be no longer worn, you are strongly recommended to the brother or cousin for new linen.

At Anger Point, Straits of Sunda, boats came off and we got a sea stock of fruit and turtle, and also had the honour of a visit from the post-master in his full dress, "langooty and cocked hat." A light and airy dress, well adapted for the climate, except that the paper cocked-hat may collapse in a heavy shower, but the same

shower would be of benefit to the rag. I thought we should all have split on his first coming on deck, it was irresistibly ludicrous. On our passage to the Cape of Good Hope, passed within the influence of a hurricane on the meridian of Mauritius. The sky suddenly became cloudy, the clouds were rent by heavy peals of thunder, accompanied by vivid lightning. The rain fell in torrents; the barometer also fell, and all sail was shortened. It had passed near without our suffering from its effects, beyond this, at night we had a most violent squall; but by the warning were well prepared.

Christmas-day we passed Table Mountain, but being all anxious for home did not delay by going in there. I should, however, like to have gone once through Wine-berg and Constantia for many reasons; but "rolling down to St. Helena" was perhaps the better of the two.

Anchored at St. Helena, on a small spot of ground off St. James's Valley; coming in under double reefs, as by Port-orders vessels are not allowed, or are requested not to carry much sail, on account of the sudden gusts of wind which come down the valleys and ravines.

St. Helena offered great attractions for us—Napoleon's prison, his dwelling, his tomb. As our stay was very short, a small party were off at once. The landing here is difficult, and indeed at times dangerous, from the rolling swell which fetches round the points, brought up by a constant S.E. trade wind. On the landing-place (the only one on the island) a crane is fixed with a rope attached; this is swung out to you, and when you lay hold of it, you swing yourself in as the boat rises with the waves,

and must be well attended by the crew, who keep her from getting under the overhanging rocks.

We were, however, unfortunate, or somebody in the boat was stupid, for on our approaching the rock the wave raised the boat several feet; she then fell; and on rising again her stern got under the rock, her bows rising with the swell, and of course leaving half of her where it was. As a matter of course all were in the water, but those on shore rescued us one by one. It was a narrow escape.

We were not, however, to be foiled in our walk to the tomb; to have returned on board to put on dry clothes would have cost too much time, as the ship was to sail in the evening. A kind friend on shore (a very fat one too, fat people are always kind!) lent me a pair of trousers, immensely large, and tapering down to the feet. I am sure I was mistaken for a Frenchman, and received much attention; they were preferable to wet ones, and off we started all on horse-back.

We were politely shown over the residence of the late Napoleon (now a stable), and also the hollow and much dilapidated sepulchre in which his remains laid. We were presented with a small piece of the pall which covered his coffin, as well as a sprig of the drooping-willow; and permitted as a great favour (for the payment of half a dollar), to drink from the same well that Napoleon did, or perhaps never did.

This is another sad illustration of the destructive curiosity of our countrymen; here iron bars have been removed, and many have their tops broken and carried off as relics.

We returned, and I must add, not much gratified. It is difficult to find the tomb, from weeds and long grass ; but there is no difficulty in finding people ready to receive gratuities for telling you most improbable stories.

We were hospitably regaled at the Consul's on our return, and I had an opportunity of returning with thanks my borrowed habiliments. Called at the sun-burnt Isle of Ascension ; taking on board some unfortunate officers and men who had been invalided from the coast of Africa.

We had hitherto made a good passage, but now were met by a stubborn and hard-hearted N.E. gale, in which we were compelled to lie-to under storm sails; the sea breaking completely over us. Our devoted ship gave one or two heavy lurches, which carried everything away between decks ; mess-tables, bags, including all crockery and glass ; these troubles were completed by our being put on half allowance of water and provisions. In this dilemma we exchanged numbers with the ship that left Nankin fourteen days before us, having on board the despatches announcing "Peace with China." This gale lasted for nineteen days ; to us who had been anticipating our arrival so soon, this was very provoking ; and day after day passed, and we at last thought it would never end. However, like most things it had an ending, and on the twentieth day, at eight in the morning, the long-looked-for land appeared. A pilot boarded us ; it did one's heart good to see a fresh and healthy face once more : we did not require his services, but I put in his hand half-a-crown, and a letter containing the only words—"and safe and well," to drop in the first post-office he met. The next boat which

boarded us was full of "potatoes and mackerel." To us who had been nineteen days on half allowance of provisions, and now sharpened up by a cold easterly wind, I need not say what was done with this acceptable relief; frying, boiling; boiling, frying, the whole day; the hissing of the frying-pan never ceased. A heavy gale again coming on from the eastward compelled us to bear up for Plymouth, where we anchored in safety. Our feelings of joy at this moment can neither be imagined, nor well described. On looking round, and convincing ourselves of the reality, all exclaimed—"Thank God, here we are once more."

We would indeed have been ungrateful, unthankful mortals, if we did not feel our real position, after being carried upwards of forty-four thousand miles over the sea; through all climates, through sickness, and through war; through storm and tempest; and now brought back to "the haven where we would be" in safety, by an ever-guiding and overruling Providence. Myself in particular, who had had three relapses of fever, during the last of which so far gone was I that my doctor asked me if "I was prepared." Who had been rescued from drowning on more than one occasion; who had escaped the enemy both by treachery and war; now found myself safely returned to my native land after an absence of years, to offer up heartfelt and fervent thanks to Him who alone could have brought me out of all these dangers.

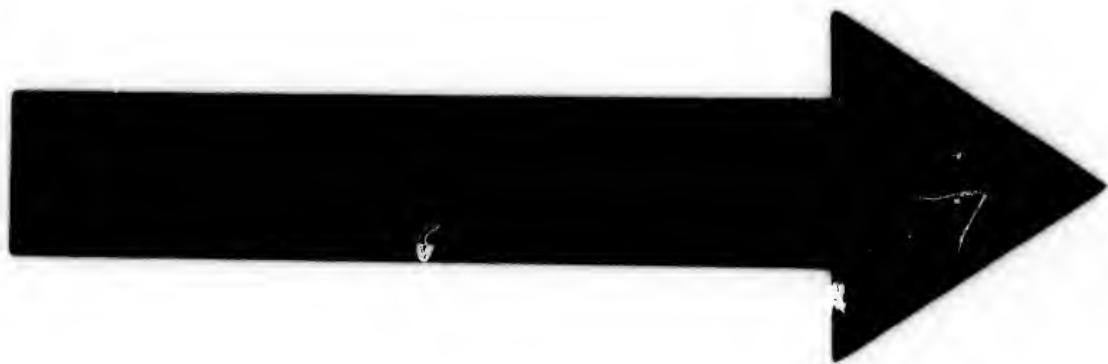
On landing I gave a cabby (No 377) double fare to drive doubly fast, and in less than an hour after the ship was anchored, I was quite unexpected among all those near and dear to me.

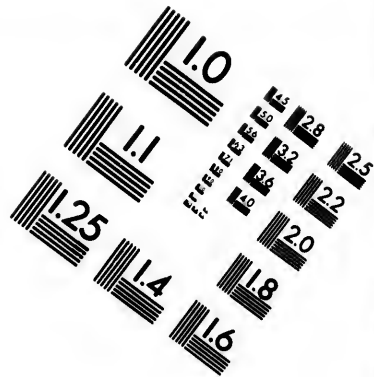
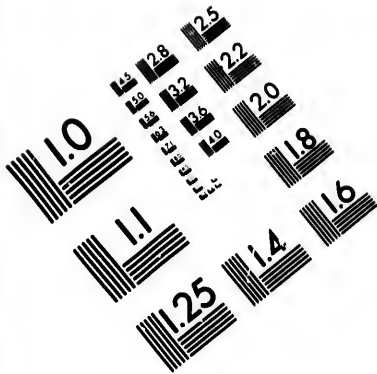
The gale, which continued for two days, enabled me to make many flying visits; and so unexpected was my arrival, that it was some time before I could make myself believed. The first abatement of the storm we were off to Portsmouth; and, having one instalment of the Sycee silver, amounting to one million of dollars, part indemnity for the Chinese war, we had to go into the harbour to discharge it.

I never can forget the lovely spring morning that shone on us as we were towed quickly by the Victoria pier at Portsmouth. Crowds had assembled to welcome our arrival; the bands played, "See the conquering hero comes;" "Where have you been roaming?" and "After very many roving years." This, together with the cambric handkerchiefs waved by the ladies in acknowledgment of their approval, made one not regret going so far and through so much for even the momentary satisfaction of being considered a "hero."

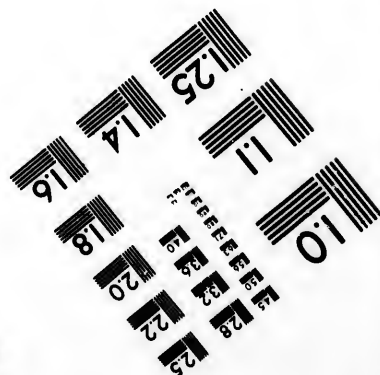
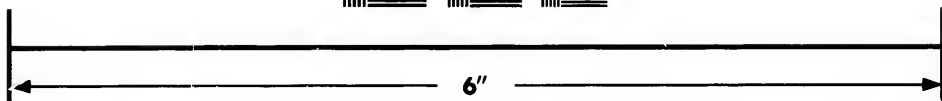
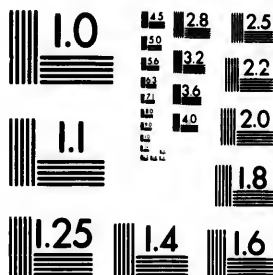
We were lashed alongside the dock-yard, and commenced hoisting out the silver (one million dollars in Sycee). Of course this attracted many, who came to see it as well as the shot-holes in the ship's side and rigging, and the Chinese trophies collected on the field of battle.

Now, I am not going to be romantic; nor am I going to deviate from my first intention of writing simply and plainly. I cannot omit remarking that, during the busy occupation of getting out our treasure, my eyes accidentally rested on a face, a form, a figure that I cannot easily forget. I felt myself then and there a prisoner! It was my first impression! But I





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was still a boy, and had not even mounted the "white patch."

* * * *

That evening was the most agreeable I had ever yet spent. It passed provokingly fast; the hour for our parting arrived. I said adieu with a bursting heart, and promised faithfully to return the instant duty would release me. The ship was ordered to the eastward to be paid off, and in the short space of three days and a half the pendant was hauled down.

Next day I was appointed to another ship.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ON SHORE.

THE LAST CHAPTER—A NEW SHIP—COMPASS IN ERROR—PLEASING
REMINISCENCES — OUTSIDE COACH — EXETER — AT HOME —
AGAIN AFLOAT — THE DOWNS — FITTING OUT — SLIPPED
MY MOORINGS — SOUTH-SEA ROOMS — THE PARTING — MOSS
ROSES — DECLINING HEALTH — HOSPITAL — DOINGS THEREIN —
ADVICE — PRIMROSE BOOTS — READY FOR SERVICE — APPLY FOR A
SHIP? — BRUNSWICK — AGAIN AT PORTSMOUTH — THE REMEDY.

THE latter part of the past chapter cost me many an hour's reflection. I could not, for the life of me, imagine why so young and so fascinating a girl should have ventured a smile on me. I am sure my outward appearance was not the most attractive; all our clothes had been hove to the winds to make room in our chests for Chinese dresses and curiosities. The remaining part of our clothing has been accounted for at Singapore. We frequently used to boast of our slack and disreputable rig, and we used to glory in it, for we knew that we were again near our tailors. We all looked withered, sickly, and dispirited, after our trying cruise; we had not yet our medals on our breasts; and this circumstance was, therefore, to me most unaccountable. And what was still

more marvellous, after all my prize-money had been spent in another fit-out, of the most approved and stylish fashion, and another ship obtained for me, I set out at once, with the intention of a dutiful and affectionate son, to visit "home." But, after travelling many hours, I found myself actually within a few yards of the self-same spot where we had discharged our treasure a few days since, and the poor young sailor was again more deeply and irretrievably in love than ever!

Two days was the utmost I allowed myself; but these two, short as they were, have afforded me many of my most pleasing reminiscences, and I often look back to them with the pride and pleasure of a young sailor, and the sincerest hopes that these recollections may soon again be renewed.

I had to travel the remainder of my journey on the outside of a "coach," in company with many other sailors who had been paid off from their vessels, and were about to squander their time, prize-money, and pay, like myself. The jokes and fun we had on that coach amused many land lubbers around us, who had not been accustomed to the society of sailors. "How many knots do you think she's going Bill?" "Seventeen off the reel." "Just hove the log." "Jack, give us a pull at your pistol; mine has got the watch below." "Jack, I looks toward you." "Bill" replies the other, "I has your eye." "I expect we shall have to reef topsails and spread the rain-awning before we sight this here land." On our arrival at Exeter hot coffee was ordered for eight, but the people took care not to bring it to us until we were about to "shove off," as Jack said; however, Jack was

not to be done; he unshipped the coach lanthorn, wiped it out, carefully poured the coffee, scorching hot, into it; the coach "shoved off," and the boiling coffee was drunk leisurely as we went along the road. The same evening myself and bag arrived safely at home in the west of England; and, before turning in, I hove the window up, and looked around. Ah! thought I, with an inward satisfaction to myself, no middle watch to keep to-night—no topsails to reef! Pipe down; the ship is well moored, head and stern.

I must pass over a short interval at home—very short, for I was no sooner on shore than I was anxious to be afloat again; and one fine morning found me a passenger in an Irish steamer, with 350 pigs, countrymen of mine, on my way to join my new ship to the eastward.

In the identical spot where we are informed by undoubted authority that Black-eyed Susan paid the fleet a visit when in search of her "beloved William"—in the Downs—we were compelled to anchor in a dense fog, which lasted twenty seven hours; and I paced the deck humming to myself these lines of that well known song:

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear—
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee!"

Next day I joined my ship.

All the troubles and inconveniences of "fitting out" at an eastern port were over; the ship inspected, highly approved, and we again sailed, but were ignorant of our final destination. It was not very difficult to get under

weigh from the "last place created." I slipped my moorings easily; although I fear, and at the same time I must confess, that in a few more days I should have had a "foul anchor," and it would perhaps have been difficult to "clear hawse." Parting, however, was not so heart-rending. On arrival at the first port, I was sent to answer a signal from the guard-ship, and I found myself again not one hundred miles from the very spot where not only had the treasure been first landed, but discovered. After "duty" of course thoughts of pleasure revived, and I was once more in the presence of the first one who—

* * * *

"South-Sea" rooms and their attractions are well known to every midshipman as being the rendezvous, once a week, of the most agreeable Tertulias. It was my good luck to arrive here on a Thursday, and I enjoyed the most pleasant evening imaginable. All the *élite* and fashionable of Portsmouth were present; and with the happy mixture of blue coats and red jackets to enliven the scene, I do not know where can be found more select and attractable rooms. I was too much absorbed to see anything that was going on around me, but I can never forget—nothing can ever erase from my memory—the evening of the 18th of May. Fair ringlets (I always had a weakness for ringlets), and a still fairer face, had made sad havoc in my heart. She was the most evanescent of beings; her winning eyes, her flowing hair, the beautiful transparency of her face! she looked "as if she had been made out of a rainbow, all beauty and peace."

The struggle of parting was soon over, but not forgotten, and in a few hours afterwards we were in the

west of England. A signal having been made for a mid., I was sent; and for the first time I learned that we were destined for the coast of Africa or West Indies.

While on board the guard-ship I heard a witty reply given by a boat's crew alongside, to the mid. or mate of the watch. He hailed one of the many boats which had arrived to copy orders, and said, "Are you the So-and-so's boat?" "No sir," says the bowman, "we're Roses!" "Aye sir," says the coxswain, lifting up a huge beard—"Aye sir, Moss-Roses." This was one of the gigs of the "Rose" in which the crew cultivated profuse beards, and christening themselves "Moss-Roses." Of course we all smiled.

My health was not yet re-established from the severe shock I had in China, and I often felt the effects of that cruise; and, fearing the additional bad effects of an African or West Indian clime, I am sent to the hospital; where, after six weeks, I was pronounced by a medical board ready for "any service."

The sound of an "hospital" is not very cheering, but during these six weeks I found it, next to one's own home, the most comfortable. You have almost every thing you wish for, plenty of plain but nourishing diet, a comfortable sleeping place in a large clean and airy ward, plenty of exercise, kind nurse attendants, luxuries if in need of them; but the "small" beer—*wholesome*, but "*very small*"—you must shut your teeth and strain the beer, leaving the hops outside; a pleasant prospect around on every side, if you are possessed of a good telescope, and frequently inside also; many coming in to walk during the day.

Leave twice a week ; do not exceed it ; and do not pick the flowers.

I must plead guilty to having twice (in a good cause, however) robbed the gardens. The " Riot Act " was read in our ward, but I was never found out, for I was wise enough to choose a time when all was stillness (10 P.M.) to cull my *bouquet*—when no one would have fancied invalids so mad as to be out in the night air. It may of course be readily concluded that these flowers were not for myself, or I would not perhaps have run such a risk ; but we were surrounded by kind and attentive friends, friends sympathising with you in your illness, and often sending presents (which, I must add, are prohibited, except they are "innocent and harmless"). We were surrounded, I say, by kind and affectionate inquiries (the west of England is proverbial for attention, hospitality, and kindness) ; and it will hardly be thought that these attentions made no impressions ; hence robbing the flower-gardens.

It is often remarked, that a sailor has in every port a home, in every home a wife. Sailors are undoubtedly a most susceptible race ; but the fact is this, they are frequently at sea weeks, months, and sometimes years ; the first port they enter, the first pretty face they see, they are gone. Their hearts then are so susceptible from being unattacked, and from long absence, that very little makes an impression, and, as I have said before, the first smile "they are gone." It is, however, going a little beyond the real case to say "in every port a wife." This term has no doubt been used to rhyme with the line before or after ; "sweetheart" would perhaps be giving him credit for all he deserves.

Well, these attentions from without did, I must confess, (for I am very candid), produce impressions within, although we had not been at sea *many years*; codes of signals were interchanged by very simple means, and very easily understood, and many a pleasant and agreeable walk and talk around the grounds the signals obtained for us.

* * * * *

I would strongly recommend, therefore, my young friends, not to allow the term "hospital" to deter you from going there if necessary. You will find all I have said; you will, next to your own home, find it the most comfortable and consoling in sickness and in sorrow. You will not, perhaps, be surrounded by those to whom I am much indebted, and for whom I have great esteem; others may have taken their places.

Many of our wet days were passed in playing the most delectable and intellectual game, "pitch and toss," for "rhubarb tarts" and cream—they were allowed, being wholesome diet; and I must not forget the few days we had "hay-making" within the walls. Of course only the sick and those belonging to the hospital were permitted to partake of this healthy and innocent enjoyment.

There was also a "little scene" with the "primrose boots," which I dare not say anything of, beyond merely showing that my memory is still fresh. A Dollond detected for me that it required two servant girls to haul these boots off after being wet through. What a tell-tale a spy-glass is, to be sure! how unconscious your victims are that they are in the "field!" I would recommend all young persons who inhabit front rooms to keep their

curtains down. Curiosity is ever on the wing, and idleness leads to it.

I have been long enough now at the hospital; I begin to feel the good effects of my native climate, and as I am pronounced by the faculty "ready for sea," I must be afloat again, particularly as "loss of time" is severely felt by a young officer. Every minute is of the utmost importance and consequence, and not a day should be lost.

I applied for a ship, and whilst waiting a reply I felt that I must take a trip to —— where does my reader suppose? The spot where the treasure was landed, he will immediately conclude. The old "Brunswick" steamer had the honour of conveying me. I can scarcely believe that I am again *en route* for a place I had only a few days since bade adieu to for ever! The bare idea is delight itself. At Torquay we picked up a very interesting family—"five girls out of six squinted," or had a "cast," as it is termed by some more charitably disposed. You could not tell for the life of you whether they were looking at you or not, or whether all were looking, or whether none at all were looking. I am not saying this from any unkind motive, or from one of mimicry; but really it attracted attention. A sailor who had been twenty years at sea needs no apprehension of an impression in this instance. Perfectly safe, I think!

The time appeared without an end. However, it came at last; and I could scarcely believe that the very hand I had pressed only a short time before, and said farewell to *for ever*, was at this moment leaning on my arm.

My heart was gradually, yet imperceptibly, lessening;

altogether going. I could not control it; it was impossible to help it; no remedy that I could think of was an antidote. However, next morning at breakfast I received a partial cure, and the following was the prescription, for any who may be suffering in a like manner :

“Admiralty, 20th July.

“ SIR,

“ My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having appointed you to H.M.’s ship, the ‘Blaze-away,’ in China, it is their Lordships’ direction that you repair IMMEDIATELY to join the ‘Fuzee’ for a passage.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your humble Servant,” &c.

I gazed on the word IMMEDIATELY, with three rough and unmistakeable dashes made under it. A cold chill came over me. “Go immediately to the ‘Fuzee’ to join the ‘Blaze-away’ in China, a place I had nearly died in only a short time since,” thought I. Can it be true? Oh, yes, *too true*. I ASKED for it the day before yesterday, and it was now granted. My portmanteau was packed, and I took an affectionate farewell; and I could only console myself by the idea, that “the pangs of parting were soon to be healed by the prospect of returning.”

CHAPTER IX.

OUTWARD BOUND.

OUTWARD BOUND—SLASHING FRIGATE—PARTING—COVE—PIC-NIC
—NEARLY LEFT BEHIND—AGREEABLE PASSENGERS—A FAVO-
RITE—MADEIRA—MY HORSE BOLTS—PLACES VISITED—THE
CIRCUS—A TEA PARTY—CONCERT—THE PARTING VISIT—
THE JOLLY BOAT—THE LINE—WHO MANGLED THE MARINE—
MIDSHIPMAN'S PLEASURE—RIO JANEIRO—BOMBARDMENT—
PLACES OF RESORT—THE PIOUS MID—YOUR WASHERWO-
MAN'S ADDRESS—FAREWELL RIO—THE WAGER—TRISTAN
D'ACUNHA.

“She walked the waters like a thing of life,
Daring the elements as if to strife!”

I WAS now on board a “slashing frigate,” commanded by a gallant and kind-hearted captain, good officers, and a smart crew. I had now been about two years a sailor, and I was proud of saying, “I belong to that smart frigate in the Sound.” I began to look aloft with the air and consequence of an experienced “salt,” and I really was proud of my profession. I would not have changed it for any other—a sailor's life was the life for me. Parting has always been to me very painful, and I this time avoided it by endeavouring to attribute the accident to the vessel being ordered to sea immediately.

Cork—"Cove of Cork"—was our destination first. "Cove" was my native place, the eye of Erin's green isle, and I gazed on it with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow. It gave me enough to do, in the short space of time allotted, to see all my friends—at least, relations, friends I had not many—and although but two days to remain here, a pic-nic was immediately formed for the second day. The Cove girls can get up a pic-nic as quick and complete as any people I know; and we were all on the Carigoline river early next forenoon. I was quite at home; the cloth was spread, the substantial laid out, and a pigeon-pie placed before me. I put my knife into it, cut out a V, and looking up to ask who would partake of any, to my horror I saw my "crack frigate" with the blue-peter flying and sails already loosed, accompanied by a gun, which thundered its echoes around us. Did I say good-bye? I forget. I rushed down to a boat, made them pull their strongest, and while the ship was in "stays," making the very *last* tack, I jumped on board. "Adieu, old Ireland!" said I, "you nearly had *me* for a short time."

"Adieu! adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that set upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native land—good night!"

We were again fairly at sea, with the pleasure of having the Governor of Hong-kong and his family

passengers to that place. It is always agreeable to have persons of note on board, for it not only gives an opportunity of talking *to* them, but talking *of* them ; and it is particularly pleasant for the midshipmen, for they get a good breakfast every morning-watch they keep, and a champagne dinner once or twice a-week.

I was fortunate in being a special favourite, not from any merit of my own, but from the simple reason that I was last from Hong-kong, and knew all about it ; and the all I did know was the position of the few fishing huts, the post office, and the place the Admiral, or "old chap," was kind enough to show me, "West Point," when I met him on the pier of a cold morning.*

This was somewhat later in the season than we made our passage two years since, but equally fine ; and a short and pleasant run brought us to that lovely isle, Madeira.

I began now to know Madeira a little better, and since my last visit, my pay had increased from £16 a-year to £31—a considerable addition. I was, therefore, able to ride instead of walk ; and all the mids. on this occasion, were mounted. Mine was a large cream-coloured, powerful American circus-horse, that had finished his work in that amusing line, and was now earning a dollar a-day by carrying about midshipmen. I was no sooner on his back than he bolted, fortunately up a hill ; a poor old woman was kicked over (I never

* This admiral was afterwards my final passing officer at Portsmouth.

heard afterwards if she was killed). The horse was unmanageable; I was unprepared for such an event, but held on, and he soon became exhausted. These horses are very often taught these tricks. They throw their riders, return to their stables, and are then re-let, at the same price, by their owners. The chaps who are hired to attend these horses are great rascals, and impose on a stranger in every possible manner. With the smaller island horses they hold on to the tails all day, and never leave you, and are helped up and down the hills in this manner, and are constantly imploring and annoying you for a small piece of money to buy wine.

Nos Senora de Monté and the Paseñora Gardens were visited by us all. The former, like all Spanish and Portuguese chapels, full of mimicry, mummery, and hypocrisy. The latter gardens are very tastefully and prettily laid out, having a large circular fish-pond in its centre. As I was on a circus-horse it occurred to me that he might do a little "circus," and round this pond I started. When about half way a forked branch of a tree took me by the neck off my long-legged animal. He passed on, and down I came, flat, every part of me striking at the same time, from my heels to the back of my head. I was a little stunned, my clothes (a mid. always goes ashore at Madeira in his best clothes), particularly about the elbows, were rather abused, and altogether smeared with a red mud of which the banks are composed. I rose, and congratulating myself 'twas nothing worse, shook myself, and mounted my faithful charger, now

by my side. The evening was finished at our former hospitable acquaintances.

Next evening, after visiting some of the best vineyards, I was invited to a ladies' tea-party, and, by some unaccountable means, I found myself the only male, in the presence of nine ladies. I was asked to be kind enough to "cut bread and butter." I could not refuse. I had never committed myself so far before, except in a mid.'s berth cutting off the best crust, or "coasting," as we knowingly term it. The evening was very warm, the loaf quite new, the butter in ice, myself in a fever; and I commenced, and a pretty delicate cut I made of it. I thought I should have melted; all eyes were on me, and they were all strangers except one. This one had no doubt taken me for her protector on her return home. The bread and butter was finished (that is the cutting of it), and by attempting to apologize I of course made it ten times worse. But they all unanimously and kindly assured me that it was "just the thing," as "they had all come from the country and were rather hungry."

We all went to the concert in the evening and Rubeno highly delighted and astonished us by his wonderful performance on the violin. His imitations of a canary, a cat, and a donkey—three animals very unlike each other—were inimitable!

We again leave Madeira—not without some regret! but before starting we were favoured by a visit from several ladies. The midshipmen's berth, which is always very small in a frigate, was of course peeped into. The sun, fortunately for us, was at that moment shining

through the scuttles, oh! said they, "what a nice snug place you have got, when the sun shines on you." This last was happily added, for I do not recollect the whole time I was in the ship a similar occurrence taking place, therefore their impressions of our "comfort" was unfortunate for us; we got no sympathy. The ladies departed, and so did we; and had soon again nothing but sky and water to gaze upon.

The jolly-boat, which was hoisted up astern, was covered over, having a small scuttle with a padlock on it to protect vegetables, fruit, &c., from longing eyes. This was the "fruit garden," and a good sea-stock was laid in there, but it always disappeared quicker than could be accounted for; it was impossible to keep the longing eyes of a hungry middle-watch midshipman from them, and he found an ingenious contrivance for extracting the ripest bananas, the choicest orange, and the best grapes, without opening the lock or destroying the cover! We were all guilty; it was too tempting, we could not resist; a midshipman is an animal that requires feeding with something hourly; the fresh air he inhales incites the digestive powers, and they must be satisfied. We were nearly found out many times, but always escaped by some good management. One night in particular a number of fine Spanish onions were gone, and the peculiar odour they left after them nearly condemned us.

We crossed the line again, but on this occasion having important passengers on board the arrangements were, that the men may shave among themselves, but the officers and passengers must not be interfered

with. At this the men got the sulks, and would not shave at all; Neptune neither visited nor acknowledged us on arriving in his dominion. Instead of shaving, however, directly after breakfast the boatswain piped "hands shift sails." The day was spent in shifting sails, up and down top-gallant yards &c., and a hot day's work it was; instead of the water running into them, it was running freely off them; this cured the sulks!

I had a very large sea chest, far beyond the regulation size (every mid. must have a chest according to size and pattern for uniformity and convenience in stowage), and many a time mine was threatened to be "docked," but always fortunately escaped. Midshipmen are generally allowed a marine on board a ship to attend on them as a domestic to polish boots, brush clothes, fetch water, &c. Hammocks are scrubbed once a week or fortnight, according to circumstances, and when dried, are, previous to being inspected, folded up and pressed. Those servants who boast of masters generally place their hammocks under the chests for pressure. My marine was always envied at having a huge chest, but one evening after the hammocks had been "piped" down, and we were all sitting at supper (quietly of course), we heard a smothered groan in the steerage. All rushed to the rescue, and beheld my immense chest turned over, and leaving nothing to be seen under it but the fingers of two hands and some human hair. We rescued my marine! He had lifted up my "waggon" to put his hammock under, the ship gave a roll, and mangled him and his hammock

at the same time. From that moment my chest was christened the "mangle," and it was a standing joke against me, "Who mangled the marine?" All inside was of course broken, bason, tumbler, scent-bottles, &c., and it made me unamiable for some time afterwards.

"Midshipman's pleasure" consists in putting his chest to rights, or more correctly speaking, "putting it all wrong;" if he has an hour to spare, and is fortunate enough to get a small bit of candle to stick in the corner of the lid, to enable him to reach and to see the bottom, then he makes up his mind for a little "mid.'s pleasure." The tills are taken out and the chest emptied piece by piece. The great object is to ascertain correctly how many clean shirts, trowsers, stockings, &c., remain for the rest of the voyage, and this becomes a source of anxiety when the voyage is prolonged by unavoidable causes. The chest is emptied and dusted out, the things returned in order, the shirts by themselves, the handkerchiefs here, the waistcoats there, the cloth clothes in that corner, the boots and blacking in this, the bason and soap and night watch-coats on top of all. By this time the domestic marine arrives: "Hollo, sir, what's up now?" "You might have sent for me, sir, before you capsized your chest." Servants do not like to see the chest overhauled without their knowledge; the next time he comes to the chest he knows not where a single thing is. Perhaps his master will five minutes before send for him, "hurrah, Cheeks, I'm going to dine with the Captain, get me out a clean shirt, clean handkerchief, waistcoat, stockings, trowsers, and I'll put

on a clean flannel to-day as to-morrow will be Saturday, and get me some water to wash, and my boots clean, they're a little wet, but never mind." All this in five minutes; the chest has to be completely routed out to find these things. It is truly said of a midshipman's chest, that "all is on top and nothing at hand." After this hour or two hours' "pleasure" he rushes into the berth and announces his good fortune. "Hurrah my boys, seven clean shirts, besides this one on, and five pair of trowsers." "Oh! lend us one, old fellow, as I have but two, and you shall have one of my best ones when we get into port." "Don't you wish you may get it, old fellow!" "Lend," as the black fellow says, "bery much like gib."

Arrived at the spacious harbour of Rio Janeiro, which we find crowded with vessels of war, of all nations, consequent on the eventful circumstance of the arrival and marriage of a Neapolitan princess with the Emperor; a large Neapolitan squadron being present. Scarcely a day passed without a salute of some sort. First we had to salute the Brazilian flag; then the American Commodore; and at noon fired a royal salute to commemorate the birth-day of the King of Denmark. At eight next morning, being the birth-day of the Princess Januarias, fired a royal salute, and at noon another royal salute to celebrate the Emperor's accession to the throne. The next day the British Minister was saluted; at noon a royal salute to commemorate the coronation day of the Princess Januarias; next the Emperor afloat, and a royal salute was fired, and this bombardment finished

with all vessels topping their yards, hoisting colours half-mast, and firing minute guns the whole day, for Don Pedro, who died nineteen years since. This firing daily from twenty-four vessels of war will give some idea of the noise and uproar caused in the calm and tranquil harbour of Rio de Janeiro!

The Spanish Opera and the French Theatre were open; the streets were illuminated and decorated with fireworks and triumphal arches. Each of these were visited by us, but were very tame indeed. We had stalls, and the most agreeable part was standing up between the acts and gazing around the dress circles, where many pretty, yet delicate looking faces appeared. "Soap Street," the Regent Street of Rio, has the most attractions. This is the evening promenade; and it is most enlivening to pass up and down, and admire the many excellent shops, with their numerous fair occupants, making the most exquisite feather flowers. It is in one of these a purse will soon get light, but the artificial flowers are the most beautiful in the world.

One of our pious midshipmen, not gifted with the most steady or thoughtful disposition, having had to spend an evening on board another vessel, from which he could not obtain a boat to return, rashly swam from the vessel, came up the chain cable dressed in boy's clothes, and astonished us all in the berth by narrating his mad exploit. (Rio harbour swarms with sharks.) This is the same quiet midshipman who was one day dared by a soldier to jump off the poop of a line of battle ship, the ship going eight knots at

the time. He took a chair in his hand, on which the soldier had been sitting, and over he went. The ship had to be hove to, and a boat lowered for him. Having left the service, or the service left him, I forget which, he is now a Reverend Divine of the Church of England.

I think I have before said, "get the address and whereabouts of your washerwoman." It was ten at night, and we were to sail at daylight next morning, and no clothes appeared. Three or four of us obtained leave and went, determined to redeem our valuable kits. Unfortunately this time Mrs. Baker lived in a barracks, and we had to storm the sentries; with our horses and guides we dashed past every body, sentries, muskets, and bayonets, not heeding the challenge. Brazilian sentries are not prepared for immediate or unexpected action; they have to think a good deal! But now all the barracks were disturbed, not before we had rescued our clothes and escaped; after they had rubbed their eyes, and lit their cigarettes, we were gone. But I am sure if they had caught us, we should have had no mercy shown for our rashness!

We passed out of Rio Harbour, all the vessels dipping their ensigns to say "good bye." At that hour the Corco-vado, several thousand feet high, and the Sugar-loaf, stood out in purple tints and imposing grandeur. The forts hailed us; not that they expect, or ever get an answer, for they mutter something most unintelligible. The land breeze took us out early in the morning, and between ten and eleven the sea breeze met us.

Mids., when they have nothing to do (which for-

unately for them is not often), are always meditating some tricks or some mischief. The quieter a mid. appears, the more deep is to be the design; and when he is apparently thinking quietly to himself—then look out! We had on this occasion nothing to do; we had a spare half hour, and we bet one of our messmates that he would not drink a tumbler of beer with a tea-spoon. He accepted and commenced, and won after a severe struggle. He assured us he would not do the same again for any consideration; it was the most nauseous dose that can be imagined; it, however, amused us for an hour, and we were satisfied.

The solitary, but interesting island of Tristan D'Acunha was passed about twenty miles distant, its summit, which is 800 feet high, covered in clouds. Here we caught a cape pigeon, having a piece of canvas round his neck, but the inscription had washed off; he had no doubt been taken by some other vessel, and was so well treated that he came again to us. Many of these pretty birds were caught, as well as an albatross, but set at liberty again when they had received Her Majesty's mark.

Tristan D'Acunha is a vast barren rock in the South Atlantic, of which very little appears to be known. After it had been determined by the British Government that St. Helena should be the future abode of Napoleon, it was deemed advisable to occupy it, where, in case of any attempt to rescue the imperial prisoner, he might be placed in still greater security. A company of artillerymen was sent out to this desolate isle, distant at least 1,500 miles

from the nearest continental shore. It was a place hitherto visited only by ships which had been driven out of their course, for the purpose of obtaining a fresh supply of water, or to repair any damage produced by stress of weather. When Buonaparte died, Tristan D'Acunha was evacuated by the company, who were glad enough to return to their native country, after a sojourn of some years upon this inhospitable shore. They were recalled by order of the British Government, who had no longer any motive for continuing the expense of a garrison in a remote region, where the active services of troops would, in all probability, never be required. Having demolished the garrison, they took their departure, after a day of general festivity. There was, however, one among them named "Glass," who requested that he might be permitted to remain with his wife, to take their chance on this solitary spot. It was looked upon as a mad freak, but no objection being made, his comrades left him in charge of an uninhabited island, with only his wife to relieve his solitude, and enliven the dull monotony of a life that promised no future enjoyment. Nevertheless, he was content to brave all chances that might befall him, and when he showed that his request was sincere, it was at once acceded to, amid the banTERS of his comrades, who called him the "ragged king," but heartily bade him God speed. Glass was consequently left with a stock of provisions, a small crop of wheat, biscuits, fishing-tackle, &c.; he had a number of goats, sheep, and other necessaries. It fortunately happened, that he and his wife had always lived contentedly together.

It was toward the domain of "Governor Glass" that a boat lately and so unhappily swamped had been steering; which threw a gloom over the little community. A vessel was wrecked near this spot; a few had been saved; among them, one who would not be comforted, he had lost his dearest friend—his brother. For hours he did not utter a word; he clung to the body of his deceased relative; the bodies of the drowned were cast into one grave; the bereaved brother was not to be consoled. At night he stealthily quitted his couch and pursued his way to the sad spot where the remains of his brother lay. A discovery was now made; this person turned out to be a woman; she unconsciously betrayed her sex during her paroxysms of fever; underneath her jacket she wore a loose pair of stays, and within these carefully sewn was a marriage certificate, by which it was seen the supposed brothers were man and wife. The youth met his beloved on a Sunday eve (near London), bore her to the house of a female friend; next morning, by pawning his watch, a license was obtained, they were married, the young couple were deserted by their friends, they engaged in the vessel that had been wrecked, and the late happy wife had already become a bereaved widow.

On a future occasion I shall have much to say and many novel events to narrate concerning this very interesting spot, if, as I have before said, my leaves do not get too bulky during my midshipman's career.

CHAPTER X.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

SIMON'S BAY—THE BALL—THE PEA-GREEN CART—WET THROUGH
—CAPE TOWN—AFFECTIONATE EMBRACE—WINEBERG—SAIL
—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE—SUNDA—ALCESTE ROCK—A BOAT
ON THE OCEAN—THE DREAM—THE GALLOWS—N.E. MONSOON
—NARROW ESCAPE—MAN OVERBOARD—HONG-KONG—THE
BOAT ON THE OCEAN IS SAVED.

At the Cape of Good Hope there is a peculiar flat-topped mount, called "Table Mountain." When this is capped with mist the cloth is said "to be spread," and this is a sure indication of a coming gale.

Again we found ourselves at anchor in Simon's Bay, the marks being "Noah's Ark and Cape Hanglip in one." The anchor was scarcely seated in the mud, when the following invitation was received to a farewell ball given by the Governor, before his departure from the Cape.

"Government House, Cape Town.

"His Excellency the Governor and Lady —, request the pleasure of the company of the young gentlemen of the Mid.'s berth of H.M.S. — to a ball at 9.30 p.m.

"The aide-de-camp awaits an answer."

Invitations had been issued a fortnight previous, and

the ball was to take place this evening. We had twenty-five miles to go ; it was already six p.m., and no time was to be lost.

This is why a sailor enjoys the sea so much, the contrast is so great ; four or five weeks baffling and buffeting the storms, tossed here, tossed there, nowhere at ease, then, the moment he arrives in port made everything of, asked here, invited there, and sometimes literally spoiled. Last night we could scarcely stand on the deck, the winds blew and the waves were mountains high (all sailors know the awful sea off Cape L'Agulhas) ; so strong was the former that the fore-topsail was blown to atoms, the sea so high that the ship nearly rolled her masts over the side, and we were in momentary fear of the guns breaking loose. To-night we were to be in a ball-room, surrounded by welcomes and happy smiles !

I have said before, "no time was to be lost." On our arrival on shore, to our mortification, found all conveyances already gone. Nothing in the shape of a horse, donkey, or vehicle could be had for love or money ; there *were* none, and it was impossible to walk twenty-five miles over quicksands and through rivers.

We were not to be done. At half past six an idea occurred, ideas are ever ready with a mid. when in distress.—

In the small, neat, but scattered town of Simon's Bay, there lived a "baker," who had of course a baker's cart, this was then *the* idea, and to the baker's shop we went, with our carpet bags on our shoulders, containing our pumps and kid gloves. After a great deal of persuasion, a great loss of time, and a handsome reward, we were

promised the pony and "pea-green cart" which must be back again by daylight (fifty miles) to carry round the daily bread. We did not care much what it had to do *next* day, but as quick as possible we got into it, placed the backboard across for a seat, and the proprietor of the vehicle took the reins, over a rough, sandy beach, every now and then rolling over a boulder, and of a dark night it may be concluded the ride was not a steady or comfortable one, and we prayed for the finish. It did finish, and without an accident; and the unhappy owner returned to take out his morning's bread, after leaving us at the hotel.

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"—

and thus concluded that we had but to "spin this yarn" of our perseverance, and we should not want a partner that evening.

After rigging ourselves in our new uniforms, we set out for Government House (it was then eleven at night), but had not gone ten minutes before we were washed down by rain. There was no retreat, all houses shut, and we had to wade through it. On arriving at our destination, before being presented, we dried ourselves before a large fire in the waiting-room.

"Misfortunes they never come single 'tis true."

We could hardly have supposed it possible, on entering the ball-room, that Cape Town contained so many so pretty and so fascinating a number as were here

collected to say adieu to one of the most popular, beloved, and esteemed of governors.

Although midnight, we were not a bit late, and were soon sweeping round the room with the rest. It was the first time we had met any Dutch people, and the ladies were the most animated "lumps of life," plump little creatures, we had ever seen; all smiles and habit-shirts. There was much spirit among the dancers, and all was life itself. The supper was splendid, and the champagne went flying about in all directions, a miniature cannonade. All attempt at conversation was useless from the cries of "John, more champagne," and the popping of corks.

The belle of the room was a lovely girl, daughter of a colonel, whose name I forget; she was dressed in lace over white satin; her hair was black, with black piercing eyes, a face of perfect form and whiteness, and a most symmetrical figure. Many an eye was fixed on her that evening. In one of the quadrilles I was vis-à-vis to a very young and pretty Dutch girl, and asked my partner who that was; she replied, "Mrs. —, she has been a bride some months." At twelve and thirteen they sometimes marry here! It is considered a passable age. She appeared to me to be almost too young for a ball-room.

It is unnecessary to say we enjoyed ourselves, when I state that it was not until five o'clock, until the daylight had fairly driven us out of the ball-room, that we made our salaam.

We saw all that was to be seen of Cape Town, namely, the library, the promenade, and the clouds of

red dust, and it was then found almost as difficult to return as to get up here, all traps having been hired; at an exorbitant fare, however, we got a horse and gig.

The trip down was going on very quietly, for we were both very sleepy and tired, indeed, the horse had it much his own way, when suddenly I found myself with my arms round the horse's neck, in the most affectionate manner, and the horse on his knees, having brought up against a boulder in the sand, and nearly smashed the gig. A severe cut on my right leg, a tolerable good shake, and no further injury—we were off again.

Again passed through that lovely spot, Wineberg; it brings to your recollection at once scenes of home, of bygone days. In the approach to it the trees meet overhead, and form an avenue often to be seen in England. You cannot help fancying that you have been suddenly brought back to your native home once more, until the white sands, and the arid, barren, sea-worn coast, again undeceive you. Were I at all inclined to be romantic, I might fill a "leaf or two" with the attractions that this place affords a visitor; but as my young readers know that it is far from my original intention to be so, I must leave to them the privilege of imagination and fiction, for they may know that even in the events of our "last ball" there was ample material for a novel, if I was so inclined, and many a novel has been filled having a less foundation.

The Cape was sailed from, and fresh westerly gales, after we cleared the L'Agulhas bank, wafted us along at a merry rate, studding-sail,—booms, small sails, and sometimes large sails, carrying away and splitting, until

one evening late, when rolling along before a brisk gale, the ship and all on board were nearly lost.

About nine o'clock, the night dark, dreary and stormy, and a heavy sea rolling after us, the hands were suddenly turned up, land was close under the bows, it was St. Paul's Island, all sail was at once shortened and the helm put down, and the swell off the land was such, when our broadside got into it, that I thought the noble frigate, with all her valuable freight, would have rolled over on her beam ends. We had not time to trim the yards and sails, every one expecting the ship to strike; fortunately she drew off it, and sail was again made!

We supposed ourselves to be about twenty-five miles off, but the current and set of the westerly gales had sent us ahead of our reckoning. If we had struck not one could have hoped to be saved, as the sea was lashing furiously against a steep and craggy coast, and the ship must have gone to pieces in an instant. Here then let us pause for a moment. This is, I think, the first instance of an escape from shipwreck; a storm, sickness, the enemy, and from drowning, have I been rescued by a merciful and ever-guiding Providence. Now I cannot help seeing the same finger of mercy guiding us from shipwreck, pointing out to us our danger, dragging us from a yawning and watery grave, and placing us in safety. Surely the Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Ought not this example to induce us to fly to Him for refuge, for He says unto us, "If ye come unto me I will in no wise cast you out."

We entered the straits of Sunda, after making the fastest passage from the Cape to Java Head on record.

On passing Anger, where we obtained a supply of turtle, toggery, and fruit, vivid recollections of the Postmaster-General's visit came before me; we did not see him again, fortunately for the feelings of our aristocratic passengers.

Going through Macclesfield Straits, passed the "Alceste Rock," where the frigate of that name became a wreck. On her return from the embassy to China with Lord Amherst she struck and was soon in pieces; part of the crew went to Batavia in the boats, and the Dutch Government sent and released the remainder.

Heavy squalls of wind and rain, with vivid thunder and lightning, will always be found in these straits.

When passing the "Rob Roy" shoal, off Borneo, I was one fine evening leaning on the hammock-netting contemplating, "building castles in the air," when I saw what appeared to me a boat, with four hands, and a fifth standing up waving his hat. I was so sure of it that I at once reported the circumstance to the officer of the watch, and he to the Captain. The helm was put up and a course steered for it, but at the same time all argued against me, and thought it could be nothing else than one of the many logs of wood we had been passing all day, with birds on it; however, to clear consciences, it was run for, but the night closing in fast, all still fancying it a *log of timber*, again hauled to the wind; I was positive my eyes did not deceive me.

That night I dreamt of the selfsame raft; I fancied we bore up for it, and came alongside a long, low, Spanish galliot. The first object that attracted my attention was a lovely Spanish female sitting on the

taffrail, stowing away some things in the lockers near which she sat, as if to conceal them. We came alongside, chains to chains, and went on board, but as I was stepping from one ship to the other, a small poodle dog snapped at me, missed, and fell into the sea; we inspected the ship throughout and then returned, hoisted the jib, and bore away. I could describe every particle of dress this Spanish girl had on, and every minute particular of the vessel, it made such an impression on me; but it would occupy space unnecessarily. I think there was also a female companion with the Spanish girl.

On our passage across from Luzon to Hong-Kong in the monsoon, I was nearly getting into trouble for doing really what I did not do, and thus it may be seen that poor, harmless, innocent midshipmen, may sometimes get credit and get punished for an act which, if the truth were known, never occurred to them. The first lieutenant, or commander of a large ship, goes the rounds every night at nine o'clock, to see that everything is secure, and particularly "all lights out;" following him are generally a large train of attendants; the mate of the deck, the petty officer of the deck, the marine officer, master at arms, corporal, serjeants, and many others, which there is no occasion to mention, and every deck and store-room, magazine, and tiers, all inspected minutely. When all over, it is reported to the Captain, "Fire and lights out, Sir, and all's correct."

Well now, it is not pleasant when an officer is zealously performing an onerous, and indeed laborious, duty of this sort, and accompanied by so many beholders, to be suddenly and unexpectedly "hung" in the steer-

age on his passage along the decks; the moment he brought up, of course all his retinuc brought up against him, and pushed him further into this very awkward position.

On this unlucky night I had turned in, I think, for the purpose of seeing Hong-Kong early in the morning, and many others had also turned in preparatory for their night watches, but not at this moment asleep. I had left the noose of my hammock-lashing hanging down (the running noose which goes over the end); into this the first luff had placed his head accidentally, and the motion of the ship rolling, combined with the motion of the body in progression, tightened the noose, and left the officer hanging. It caused an immense sensation, and we in our hammocks endeavoured to suppress a burst of laughter, but it was no use, we relieved ourselves. Now it was difficult, under these circumstances, to persuade my chief officer that this was unintentional, and that I knew nothing whatever of it, and for the whole of the next day I was in bodily fear of being reported to the Captain; but no doubt he concluded what really was the case.

The N.E. monsoon came on with all its fury off Cape Bolina of Luzon; we were rather unprepared, and many ropes parted before it. I was on the poop at the time of its freshening, having an hour's chat with our lady passenger about the pleasures of Hong-Kong, its picturesque but unhealthy valleys, our unfortunate selection of it for a depôt, and the mild and unassuming appearance of it to me in 1841; for, as I have before said, I often was asked to "come and talk about Hong

Kong." This evening we were sitting on the same cot on the poop, looking at the crested waves as they came towards us, and inhaling the first of the monsoon, which was refreshing after the calm and toilsome hours, which were slowly passed while coming up the coast near Mañilla. The moment the breeze swelled our sails and tautened the ropes, I heard a crash overhead; on getting up suddenly the cot topped over with the opposite weight, and threw the lady over on the lee side of the skylight; the peak hauliards had carried away, and the peak *fell between us*; the cot overturning saved the lady's life! She did not, perhaps, feel her real danger, but if we had both sat still, nothing could have saved either of us. Soon after a man fell overboard, but swimming well, and the life-buoy and boats down in an instant, he was rescued from a watery grave.

We anchored at Hong-Kong, and had not been long here when the "Cornwall" transport arrived, having on board *the* boat and unfortunate crew that we saw near the Pallawan Passage, at least that *I saw*, but no one else would see. The unfortunate men said they belonged to a New Zealand ship (for they were all New Zealanders), and were wrecked on some unknown shoals. They acknowledged "having seen a vessel which ran towards them, but coming on dark ran away again." What must have been their feelings? It will be seen, that at the time I observed this boat, it made such an impression on me, that the same night I had it before me in my dreams.

CHAPTER XI.

CHINA DURING PEACE.

THE FLAG-SHIP—AN OLD FRIEND—FLOGGING ROUND THE FLEET—
HONG-KONG IMPROVED—A MIDSHIPMAN'S PIC-NIC—FEARFUL
ACCIDENTS—THE BOGUE FORTS—PILOT SQUEEZED—CANTON—
CHIN CHIN JOSS—FLOWER BOATS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—
THE JUNKS—A CUMSHAW—WHAMPOA—LONG JIMMY—BROKE
MY LEAVE—ORDERED TO INDIA—MACAO—A SALUTE IN THE
SMOKE—OLD SHIP.

AGAIN we were at Hong-Kong, close off the pier, where I had seen my kind old guide in a shooting jacket and big stick; I never landed there without thinking of it, and him.

I was immediately sent to the flag-ship, to wait a passage to my old vessel the "Blazeaway." Here I had again the happiness to meet an old and much-esteemed messmate; time, however, had parted us, he was in the ward-room, and I in the gun-room, but this did not part friendship on his side; he is now at the top of the tree, one of the most distinguished and gallant officers in the British navy, and the brightest ornament to his profession.

"FLOGGING ROUND THE FLEET."

This was the first time I had witnessed this mode of punishment—I hope it may be the last.

Two men had been tried by a court martial for desertion, found guilty, and sentenced to be flogged round the fleet, receiving 100 lashes each. One was the son of a rich merchant of Liverpool, a youth seventeen years of age; the other also a young, good-looking fellow. In the launch of the vessel to which the men belonged a triangle was rigged of three capstan bars, to which was seized a grating, and to which was seized the sufferer. The boats of the squadron attended, all officers and crews in proper dress, alongside of their own (the prisoners') ship; after the hands being turned up to punishment, the warrant read, and the article of war repeated, "Any one in or belonging to the fleet, who shall desert, or entice others to do so, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a court martial shall impose."

Each offender received twenty lashes by the boatswain's mates of his own ship; the launch was next towed to the Flag-ship, followed by all the boats, having a guard of marines in each, the hands turned up, the warrant and articles of war again read, and twenty lashes administered to each culprit; then towed to the next senior officer's ship, the same ceremony gone through, and so on to the other ships, until 100 lashes each had been inflicted. The launch, with the unfortunate fellows, towed to their own ship, and all boats returned to their respective vessels, ended a scene to me very revolting. Fortunately, it is not of frequent occur-

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rence; our service is so improving, that there will be no necessity for this. Again, this was a mitigation of the punishment, which was, by the articles of war, "*death.*"

Hong-Kong had most astonishingly improved in appearance since my last visit, with many substantial additions. We had now a theatre, hotels, a site for a church, a governor, and one or two streets forming—Queen Street, Cat Street, &c. Still there was "Happy Valley," the untimely grave of many an unfortunate. The place was still sickly, and many deaths, notwithstanding every precaution; the town, during the S.E. monsoon of six months, was in a perpetual calm, the miasma and malaria arising and taken up by the intolerable heat of the sun during the day, fell again as dew during the night; every one was spiritless and desponding.

A grand pic-nic was given to-day, to which I, as a stranger, was invited. It was an ebullition of good feeling from the midshipman to the Admiral, Captain, and ward-room officers, of the ship I now belonged to.

All went in Chinese boats, but on shoving off from the ship, a wild and careless midshipman fired a pistol by accident, and blew away all the lower jaw and collar bone of an intelligent little Chinese boy who was attending on us (as he spoke English). He was hoisted in and his wounds dressed; he was terribly disfigured. Away we went to Cowloon, the mainland of China, over rocks and hills, firing our guns at stray pigs, cocks, dogs, and poultry. A pig was shot by one of our young fellows, for which he had to pay five dollars. Arrived at a clean

joss-house, where our dinner was spread, and while drinking our after-dinner wine, off went *my* gun, which somebody was looking at, and two more Chinese suffered. The shot being small, and some distance off, and their skulls rather thick, they were not killed, and they were led howling to their homes: how they got on we never afterwards learned. We did not return till nine p.m.; some more wild and wicked than the rest, did not then consider the day finished, went on shore, and concocted a bowl of punch, which made us ready for anything. Every Chinaman carries a neat and light paper lanthorn; we thought we could carry them instead, and therefore relieved every one met with, until we could not carry any more, when we went down to our boat, decorated her with all the fanciful and gaudy lanthorns imaginable, and returned then to our ship, quite satisfied with our day's adventures, as well as mis-adventures.

While waiting here to rejoin my ship, I thought it a good opportunity for seeing Canton and the river, and for which I obtained leave of absence.

The vessel that I was to proceed in (having very kindly had a passage granted me), unfortunately not only got on shore, but carried away one of her spars, which detained us some time, firing minute guns of distress, and preparing a new spar.

The celebrated Bogue Forts and "Bocca Tigris" were passed. If these forts were armed and manned by the English, no vessels could possibly pass them. They are built on huge masses of rock, of three tiers, and each tier pierced for seventy-nine guns.

A pilot was obtained here, a well-known one, who is bribed for a few dollars; but these are closely watched by the "fast boats," who, when the pilot is discharged with his dollars, is at once "squeezed." We had to disguise our chap with an old Chesterfield hat and Taglioni coat, and he was not known; we also kept the fast boats at a respectful distance with blank cartridge. The pilot conducted us safely to Whampoa, where we anchored, and got him clear during the dusk of evening, his fifty dollars safe in his pocket.

We were off at once for Canton in a hired junk, making some short cuts, which obliged us to warp the boat occasionally over the falls; at each of these "Falls" there is a small joss-house, in which sits a joss with a small oil-lamp burning, and on passing he is "chin-chin'd," and given a pice.* The difficulty of getting over the fall is overcome by frequently dropping pice before joss, when "joss" deigns to behold you, and you pass on safely. Most absurd superstition! We had now arrived at such scenery as I have described at Chin-keang-foo; golden and silver islands. The forts appeared well finished, no doubt the work of foreign engineers, complete, and well situated. The "flower-boats" exceeded in gaudiness and size the Lord Mayor's barge, and were superbly fitted up; inside was a grand saloon, hung all over with lamps, and flowers, and looking-glasses; filled with elegant sofas and curtains; outside, a balcony framed in with rails as if of gold.

Next in beauty are the Mandarin boats, fleet in the

* Pice, value about one-eighth of a penny.

extreme. Then the ships, or junks in ordinary, of an immense size, 800 or 900 tons, some more; huge and ill-shaped, with the eye in the bows, and manned by Cochin Chinese.

I cannot, however, continue a description of the river, which no doubt has been done before, and by abler pens; the magnificence of the scenery can only be judged from the rice-paper paintings, which can be purchased in a folio at one and a half dollars each; these give an idea of the country, the city, the river, and the millions living on it.

A few purchases made in Hog Lane, Old and New China Streets, and an attempt to see the inside of the city, which was prevented by closing the gates, finished that day. The next was Sunday, of which there is none in China; prayers are read once a year, after which they all get very drunk!

After you purchase an article of curiosity in a China shop, you always ask for a "cumshaw" (present), and you often get one of more value really than the actual article purchased.

The remainder of my stay off Whampoa was agreeably spent in visiting the town and pagoda of Whampoa, the forts in Blenheim Reach, Dane's Island (our burial-ground), and other objects of interest; not forgetting, however, "Long Jimmy" and his brother, two of the best, most hospitable, and good-hearted Chinese on the banks of the river. Their beefsteaks and onions, potatoes and champagne, after a long walk or a day's snipe-shooting, are well known to *all* who have anchored off Whampoa.

We were but fourteen hours from Whampoa to Hong-Kong, when on going on board my ship to report myself, it occurred to me that I had asked for *three* days' leave and took *twenty-one*. However, my good-natured commander said, "He was glad to see me back, and hoped I enjoyed myself;" to which, of course, I replied in the affirmative, and walked off. The delay was an accident.

One of the squadron was now ordered to India, and on board her I had to proceed to join my ship, which I had been so many months in chase of; and as the log-book says, we "weighed and made sail," anchoring at Macao next day. I had been here before, but had not an opportunity of seeing it, and now found it a miserable, dirty hole, half Portuguese half Chinese; not a building worthy of a name, a few small shops, the landing-place crowded with Tanka-boats, and the streets and houses a scene of immorality, mud, and filth. Sailed, and in passing the outer roads saluted a French commodore, setting all studding-sails in the smoke which followed after us, in a light and favourable breeze. After an eight days' passage, under sky-sails, and royal studding-sails, anchored only for a few moments at Singapore for the mails, &c., when we again started.

Penang, the garden of India, the most lovely island imaginable, in the straits of Malacca, was reached, and here I found my old ship to which I had been appointed *immediately*, and now joined her after a seven months' chase!

CHAPTER XII.

PENANG.

PENANG—WELCOME—A SHIP'S BALL—BATH IN A SAIL—FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT—AWKWARD MISTAKE—THE DANCE—SYMMETRICAL FIGURES—CONSTANT FEEDING—THE BAGGAGE—DIFFICULT ACTING—RESIDENTS' BALL—AFFECTING POSITION—DEPARTURE—A DEAD CALM—FAREWELL—LEAP YEAR—VERY FAR GONE—AMHERST—KEDGEREE—THE CITY OF PALACES—EVENING AND MORNING—THE BLACK HOLE—GOOD FEELING.

I TRUST that a leaf or two devoted to a mere passing remark, and acknowledgment of the hospitality and attentions of the residents of this little-known island, of the many happy and pleasant days spent here, of the most agreeable fortnight ever passed by naval officers, will not be considered either tedious or uninteresting to the patient reader. I fear I have long before this, and on many occasions tested his patience, but I consider it would be both ungrateful and unfriendly to pass unnoticed an island whose happy residents had afforded us so generous a welcome, and so delightful a sojourn.

During the few days we were here, it was a constant source of daily pic-nics and evening parties, each

person endeavouring to out-do the other in giving us the most hearty welcome, and on some occasions our days had to be divided, in order that our pic-nic or dinner-party should be with one, on the express condition that our evening was to be with another; and, indeed, our most difficult task was to accept all without offending any; we must go to all, or we must not go to any.

The very evening I joined the old "Blaze-away," every one on board was preparing the ship for a return ball. Few on shore know how a vessel, with only her own means, can be transformed into a "ball, supper, and ante-rooms," with a little ingenuity, manœuvring and patience. On this occasion, the mids. gave the ball; the gun-room was the supper-room, and the quarter-deck the ball-room, the officers' cabin fitted up for the ladies' bonnets and shawls. The ball-room was closed in with curtains, and flags of all nations inside them, the rain-awning sloped overhead, and a chandelier hung from the centre with one hundred bayonets, each having a candle in it, ropes coiled up, guns cleared away, ottomans and sofas sprinkled around. Our band was always a good one, although we had some losses from sickness in China; the master of the band had also been lost from a most melancholy accident, and excuse my digressing by an allusion to it here, in the midst of a ball.

In a tropical climate, all hands after supper are permitted to bathe overboard; for this purpose the lower studding-sail is spread in the sea from booms, yards, &c., and makes a sort of basin or bath; in this, all those who cannot swim plunge and splash

about, and where sharks (a sailor's only enemy), are suspected to be, the word is passed previous to going overboard, "no person outside the sail." This is strictly attended to, and as the boatswain pipes "hands to bathe" you see chaps going overboard from all parts of the ship; jib-boom, yard-arms, hammock-nettings, out of ports, and where there are 600 or 700 to bathe, this is an amusing sight. The mids. and other officers are allowed the sail a quarter of an hour before the men. On this unfortunate occasion, however, the master of the band went outside the sail, although ordered not to do so. He paid the penalty for his rashness, a scream was heard—a violent struggle seen—he disappeared! and nothing but a small curl of blood came to the surface; he had been seized by a shark,—gone for ever! His body was never recovered—demolished at once, no doubt, by voracious sharks, which swarm the bay of Mañilla.

Our friends arrived an hour before we expected them; they could not resist the temptation of coming early, and this was attended by a little mishap that it would be impossible to forget. The mid. of the watch, a young gallant ladies'-man, and ever ready to be attentive, fancied this hour could be wiled away by showing them round the ship while it was yet daylight. He collected a party and took them round, forgetting that we were all at that moment dressing in the cock-pit for the evening. He was polite enough to allow them to go down the ladder first, and their astonishment and our surprise at this moment cannot be described! We rushed as

we were into wings, into cabins, and behind posts ; our visitors of course saw the mistake, and turned their heads. Many know what a queer scene a cock-pit presents, when brilliantly illuminated, and about twenty or thirty mids. are scrubbing and dressing themselves ; if a picture of it could but be drawn, I think it would cause many a hearty smile. 'Twas soon over, and we hoped we should not be recognised during the evening, for midshipmen do boast of a little bashfulness sometimes !

A quadrille commenced the evening as an introduction, and it was not until three in the morning that a Spanish country dance concluded. I think the manner in which an evening has been passed may generally be concluded by the hour at which it breaks up ; from six until three, nine hours, was not a short evening. I observed the ladies did not waltz ! Now at the same time that I am about to pay a compliment, I sincerely hope I shall not offend ; I would not do so for the world. The ladies of Prince of Wales island (as it is sometimes called) that is, those who are not altogether English, half Indian, half other countries, have figures perfect. Even in the lower orders among the Indians, with only a long calico wrapper wound round them, their figures may be seen without an irregularity, all symmetry and proportion ; from the perfectness therefore of the figure, it is unnecessary to distort the bodies by artificial means, as, I am sorry to add, many of my country-women do. As midshipmen are sometimes apt accidentally, in their eagerness to save from a

fall or concussion, to pinch or squeeze their partners, I presume this to be the reason of their not waltzing. This is an assumption of my own, and if wrong, I shall be glad to find it out; some waltzed, and very gracefully too. I trust I shall be excused this little bit of criticism on ladies' dress (which I should know nothing about), but I do so fearing a more illiberal remark may be made on this subject.

I sat next to an old and respected nutmeg-merchant at supper. He noticed my demolishing (after the ladies retired) a leg and wing of a goose, and many slices of ham. "My gracious," says he, "how you boys do live." "Yes," I assured him, "we required feeding very often, hourly on occasions."

We had a belle, as in most cases of a large party, but she was entirely monopolized by one of our mids. We really thought it was a case! she was an exceedingly pretty, yet delicato girl, dressed all in pink, fair, graceful, a little pensive, and she well deserved the laurel she had won.

The next evening we found our "pumps" again doing their duty to the enlivening music of a piano and fiddle—a "regular turn-out," to which ten of the favourites had been invited. Some person fortunately found out at one o'clock that it was Sunday morning.

I must here remark that the residents are in three societies, upper, lower, and middle circles; first, second, and third class; the ones, are soldiers and tip-top people, and sailors, if we were ambitious; second circle, merchants, medical men, farmers, &c. We had therefore occasionally a difficult part to act; if we went

to No. 1 party, we offended No. 2; if we went to No. 2 house, dignity was offended; and we therefore did our very best to please all, and offend none. But I have seen the feeling carried so far, that at a public ball, my amiable partner No. 1, would not dance *vis-à-vis* to No. 2.

“THE RESIDENTS' BALL TO THE NAVY.”

This was an elegant turn-out, given in the banquetting-room, to the Admiral, and Lord S—— on their return from the war in China, the bands playing, “See the conquering heroes come,” as they entered the ball-room. This compliment I had before paid to me it will be recollected from the Portsmouth jetty, near the sacred spot where the “treasure” was first landed. I was going to say, in the midst of all our enjoyment, I had nearly forgotten this occasion, but the old tune brought it vividly to my recollection. I am not going to occupy space and time, or weary patience, in endeavouring to describe the most agreeable of evenings, but one little event which occurred to me (as usual), cannot be passed over, as it is a midshipman's adventure.

We were dancing a spirited finale, a Spanish country-dance. My partner was an exceedingly agreeable, chatty, animated, good-humoured Dutch girl, consequently rather stout (most good-tempered people are stout); it was a “tearing” dance, and as it was the last, we were all endeavouring to out-do the musicians. We had just completed “hands across,” and I had placed my arm round my partner's waist to commence “down the middle,” when lo! and behold to my horror,

and to the delight, I believe, and amusement of every one else, my partner fainted in my arms! I never was in such a state of perplexity in my life; I had been under the fire of cannon, in storm and tempest, near to shipwreck, near to drowning: I would have preferred either, or all to this. My presence of mind however did not forsake me now; I had already one arm supporting her waist, the other I passed carefully around her, and carried her (no small weight) to the ladies' room, where one glass and a half of champagne-punch quite revived her. We were "down the middle" and "up again" before many minutes, and this ended one of the pleasantest evenings (and indeed mornings, for it was now daylight), that we had ever passed. We "turned in" that morning at six, and we were "turned out" at half-past six—a healthy night's rest!

On the very evening destined for our departure from this delightful place (of course all leave was stopped, as we were to be off at daylight), we received a pressing message to say that Mrs. H— &c. were waiting for us on the pier in their palanquins; for "all to come and have a farewell dance." Some were persuaded to go; others could not. The thoughts of going so soon made our spirits rather desponding. In addition to our former acquaintances, we had the pleasure of meeting several from two very amiable boarding-schools, a little distance in the country; indeed, we found that we were only beginning to know all. This, however, is quite a "sailor's life," and one he must reconcile himself to. You visit a place, you make the most agreeable associates, and the most

attached friends; your hearts are just on the eve of being revealed to each other, when you are ordered to sea, and you part for ever.

At daylight the ship was unmoored and sail made, but it was a dead calm, even the vessel herself was unwilling to leave these friendly shores. The calm continued all day, and in the cool of the evening a boat filled with our friends came off to say adieu once more. Unfortunately the accommodation ladder was unshipped, and they would not be "hoisted in," so it occupied about one hour to bid a final, a last farewell!

"The less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cried, and waved her lily hand."

Day-dawn we were off! and sighed farewell to this speck on the ocean; indeed, we could not help thinking that our happiest days had fled by; this day with us was one of gloom and melancholy. Night closed over Penang, and veiled from our view the island where we had passed so many happy hours, perhaps never to see again.

The day after leaving the "garden of India" was the 29th of February, "leap year." Some began to reflect and think perhaps it was fortunate they had left. I must say if I may be permitted to judge, and midshipmen are pretty penetrating, in such matters they can see as far as most people, that some of our messmates were very far gone. I might here give many amusing illustrations to corroborate these views of mine, but perhaps they would be found too touching, and instead of making friends, or amusing the careless gleaner, they might make enemies.

We called at Amherst, the seaport of Moulmein, where our teak timber comes from, on the Rangoon river; and anchored after a long and tedious voyage at Kedgerree, situated on the banks of the rapid and muddy Hooghly.

A government steamer was immediately sent for the Admiral and his retinue, and I was fortunate enough to be able to get away by her, and visit Calcutta, "the city of palaces." It was the Governor-General's particular and pressing request that half the officers should come to town and occupy a wing of his palace, for half the period the ship was to remain in port; after that time, the remaining half were to relieve those. It was a "city of palaces," in the widest sense of the term; a second cousin of mine was accidentally turned up, and he made me take up my quarters with him. The city surpassed all I had ever read or heard of it; you were scarcely allowed to put your feet to the ground, you were gently handed from your boat to a palanquin fitted up in the most luxurious and gaudy style, carried by four bearers, your "servant" by your side fanning you, and doing all shopping and other laborious work for you. The evening passed on the esplanade, where all meet in the cool of twilight, on the banks of the Ganges, to inhale the refreshing sea-breeze. That night I luxuriated in a feather-bed and mosquito curtains. Early in the morning my servant came with a cup of coffee (your domestic always follows you wherever you go, stands at the back of your chair at dinner &c., and never leaves you; sleeps on the doormat at night like a faithful dog.) "Coffee, Sahib," says

he, followed by a black fellow to shave, another to cut the hair and pare the nails, and another to shampoo me. Now I had not a morsel of beard on my chin, and never had shaved, but I could not resist allowing the fellow the satisfaction of lathering and scraping, at which he appeared delighted, as the razor met with no resistance. Then a bath, then a cup of tea, and until the sun began to peep above the houses, amused ourselves firing from the house-top at jackdaws, vultures, and ravens (the scavengers of Calcutta, for which you are fined fifteen dollars if seen destroying them), and delighted at seeing them fall into a neighbour's verandah, or among his grapes, with rather a heavy crash.

I was taken to a number of interesting places, the Mint, Museum, Fort William, and the Bazaars. During the drive, my friend suddenly pulled up at the corner of Tank Square, and looking round at me, asked "if I knew where I was?" "This," says he, "is the exact spot where once stood the famous, or rather infamous Black Hole of Calcutta." I shuddered, and well recollected having read that horrible story, where so many unfortunates were smothered. It is in the middle of the road, but not a vestige remains by which it may be recognised!

Here, as indeed at all other places we had touched at, every one appeared determined to show us that the successful manner in which the war in China had been concluded was not forgotten, and the public acknowledgments, as well as private attentions, fully convinced us of these facts. The Governor-General gave us

a superb ball; the residents gave another at Barracpore; the soldiers also came forward, and the private entertainments would rob me of all my "leaves" in enumerating them. The good feeling towards us all was universal, and will never be forgotten.

After a stay of three weeks we left Calcutta and Kedgerie, and found ourselves once more rolling in the heavy swell of the Indian Ocean.

CHAPTER XIII.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.—SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—OUT LIGHTS
—MADRAS ROADS—COMMODORE COCKLE—CATAMARANS—A
CARD—THE CLUB—A COUSIN—CROSS THE SURF—ESCAPE—
THE BALL—SINGING FISH—COCKROACHES—THE RACE—
TRINCOMALEE—SOBER ISLAND—DUNGAREE GREEN—“FALL
ON MY LEGS”—THE CHALLENGE—DOGS SHOT—THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING—“THE PLAGUE DEPARTS.”

“ ’Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea ;
No duty called the jovial tars,
The helm was lashed a-lee.
The ample can adorned the board
Prepared to see it out,
Each gave the girl that he adored,
And pushed the grog about.”

THIS is a night seldom or ever forgotten at sea ; a bowl of punch is brewed. I have the following recipe from an old messmate, well able to give an opinion on punch ; ingredients as follows :—two port, one brandy, half pint cherry-brandy, four wine-glasses lime-juice or lemons, nutmegs, sugar, cloves to taste, ALL water spoils, screeching hot in small tumblers. I can assure my readers that after a *few* “small tumblers” of this insinuating and exciting beverage, all secrets are revealed. The glasses

are filled by order of the president, and the toast, "sweethearts and wives," drank with loud and enthusiastic applause. This is an evening at sea, handed down from time immemorial; Jack says, "Before Adam was an oakum boy in Chatham Dockyard." When all meet to drink to the health of those nearest and dearest to them, they come together with one universal feeling to bring before them, in spirit, those with whom their lives appear to be linked together, and with whom their happiest days have been spent. The evening is commenced by the "toast;" a song then from the first, after which the initials ONLY of his object and her health is drunk by all; the next in turn, and so on. *Woe* to the one who cannot sing, the sooner he learns the better; he has to pay for the "punch," and it is astonishing how soon he learns. One may, if he pleases, give a sentiment, or an anecdote, but it must relate to *the* "one," whose health every one in duty bound has to drink. This soon passes away an evening, until 9.30, when the master-at-arms arrives. "Three bells, gentlemen, out lights." "Oh, if you please, master-at-arms," says the president, "ask for half-an-hour's lights." The master-at-arms does as he is ordered. "Half-an-hour's lights granted, Sir." Then songs *ad libitum*, as long as the punch lasts; perhaps "another brew." We have found out a "birthday" by some extraordinary means. As I have before said, a few tumblers of "this," the heart melts, all is told in confidence, in strictest confidence! and, "honour among thieves," it never goes beyond that evening. We are now getting noisy; choruses by all hands have commenced; a rap at the door, "Please,

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gentlemen, the first lieutenant's compliments, if there is so much noise the lights must be put out." "Oh, all right, master-at-arms, all right!" Singing commences again; another message; no use. Four bells! rap at the door, "Four bells, gentlemen." "Oh, let us finish this song, master-at-arms; shut the door." The song finishes; "Past four bells, gentlemen." "All right, all right, what sort of a night is it?" Another glass; "She was a lovely girl, she looked to me you know like wax." "Nearly five bells, sirs." "Fair hair, ringlets, in the second circle, her mother—" "Come, gentlemen, out lights, I must report it to the officer of the watch, Sir." Five bells strikes, we all decamp. "Lights out some time, master-at-arms."

Ditto, repeated every Saturday night, blow high, or blow low!

Arrive and anchor in Madras Roads, after a very tedious, sultry, and disagreeable passage.

We are visited by Commodore Cockle, the commander-in-chief of the catamarans in the roadstead. The catamarans are plain double or single logs of wood, on which the natives paddle through the surf, being only sufficient to keep them afloat. They are sometimes washed off them, and have frequently to pass right through the wave; and it is wonderful how dry and clean they will bring off a letter or a parcel to you. They have a piece of water-tight oilskin, in which it is carefully wrapped, and tied round the head.

The Commodore is a "funny old fish;" he holds a parchment commission from some old admiral (I think), for saving a life, or boat's crew, but I am not certain

which. Before crossing the surf, he has nothing on but a paper hat and langooty, a facsimile of our old friend the Postmaster-General at Anger. When outside the surf he commences dressing, puts on a secretary's undress uniform coat, with epaulettes, cocked hat, &c. &c., NO trowsers, and he comes up the side as dry (except his legs, which must in a catamaran dangle overboard) as if he was in an admiral's barge, and makes his respectful salaam! He supplies all ships with oysters and "cockles"—hence his name.

A card arrives—

"The Society of Madras request the honour of the mid.s' mess to a ball at the Banqueting Room, on Friday next."

Also—

"The soldiers request our company at dinner, and to consider ourselves honorary members of their mess and club."

Here, again, it was evident we were to be regaled by a similar attention which has followed us round India.

I am lucky enough here to find another cousin; they are remarkably convenient relatives, when the lightness of your purse will not permit of your going to an hotel.

To-day found me crossing the surf, the "Great Madras Surf;" the danger-flag had only just been hauled down. This is displayed on shore when the surf is considered dangerous for boats to cross. None but Masoulah boats can cross; these are built of light material (bark), sewn together with strips of the same, pulled by ten or twelve natives, and an accident seldom occurs. The commander of a vessel of war attempted

the surf, in his gig, some years since, was capsized, and all perished !

At first the prospect when you near the rollers is not pleasant; the stem, or bow of the boat, is kept exactly on the crest of the wave; you are over the first (there are generally three great rollers), you are now in a valley beneath two rollers; there is nothing to be seen but a dark green curtain of sea on either side, under the crest of the waves far above you; you rise on the second wave, there is now the danger of the boat coming broadside on, if she does, nothing will save you; you will be hurled over like a cork. The two after oars are quickly laid in, and the pullers fall on their knees by you to extort money I am sure. They slap their foreheads and offer up a prayer (I suppose), the others pull lustily and make a fearful noise, the boat is pointed to the third roller, rises on it majestically, and you are thrown, boat and all, high and dry on the sands; all jump out and haul her away from the effect of the next roller. The sea is alive with sharks between the rollers; you can see their dorsal fin ploughing the wave, and looking out eagerly for you if you should capsize.

Really the first time I was somewhat timid; I could not understand their praying beside me: but after I had crossed it fourteen times, it was to me similar to landing on the breakwater at Plymouth.

On one occasion of crossing the surf, the boat turned completely round between the rollers, making her stern her bows, for which they are adapted. And on another going off, the crew were all drunk, and nothing but the still-watching hand of Providence could have rescued

us. It is no use swimming on these occasions, the moment you are out of the boat you are into a shark's jaws, always hungry and ready for you.

This was our evening for the ball; there was no room in my cousin's carriage, but I was driven to the Banqueting Room in the handsomest "turn-out" and pair of greys in Madras! Here I met relatives of two very, very old and esteemed messmates of mine (about two years since), and the evening was numbered among our best. I chose to remain long after all my friends had left, and then I found myself without a conveyance, and it was too far to walk. I was soon "picked up" by a worthy friend, "who assisting a known friend in view, to the utmost in his power," took me to his home, gave me a bed and breakfast, and drove me to "Nan cum Baucum," my temporary abode, next day.

It was the Nabob's birthday! he was saluted with a royal salute; and glories in having 100 wives!

For the first time in my life I heard a "singing fish;" they adhere to the outside of the ship, and the noise exactly resembles a rush of water through a small aperture. I did not see it, therefore cannot describe it; nor could I find out any one who had seen one.

We sailed from, or rather were blown out of the roads, by a violent squall with rain, thunder and lightning; all sail had to be shortened, the ports barred in, and the ship allowed to blow before the squall.

All vessels in India suffer from those detestable vermin, cockroaches; it is impossible to keep them away; they not only come on board in your provisions, but "fly" off to the ship. The second class boys have each to produce twelve every morning, when they are "mustered" to

see they are clean. They get a "fanam" for each one short of the dozen; and they may be seen at night vigorously poking out the corners and crevices to obtain their number. A rat will count as twelve, and a mouse as six, for these industrious small boys.

Frequently have I been "attacked" when sleeping on deck in the cool air by these desperadoes, regularly attacked, aye, and beaten below too, and had to return when I thought all was quiet to rescue my straw mat and pillow on which I had been trying to sleep. At night, when you are unconscious, they trim your nails; they are very fond of nails, parchment, book-covers, &c., and books are completely disfigured by them. We have but one punishment that I know of. When unoccupied, or a tedious hour happens before dinner, two fine cockroaches are obtained; those about one inch and three quarters long, having white necklaces, and barbed feet, are preferred; you back yours against your opponents, to run the length of the mess table in the shortest space of time. Two small slices of wax candle with wicks are obtained, they are securely fixed by melted drops of the same material on the backs of the racers. You select your umpire, "prepare to start," you light your tapers, the word "off" is given, away go your animals, slowly at first (the battens prevent them running off the sides of the table), they now begin to feel "warm"—move quicker—now they are at the top of their speed—burning—they kick, plunge, as the wax begins to dissolve around them—roasted. After a few convulsive struggles, death follows, and they turn up; this is the last evolution. The one which has gained the greatest distance is declared the winner. Midship-

man's folly; "steward, a bottle of wine, put it down to me;" "boy, here are two cockroaches for to-morrow morning." I must add, however, for credit sake, that it is only when driven to desperation by *ennui* that these cruel amusements are had recourse to.

Trincomalee Harbour, Ceylon, is a snug and complete port for a vessel's refit, having a dock-yard, with all conveniences, anchor wharf, gun wharf, &c. There is also an island called "Sober Island," from the fact that men can be allowed any amount of liberty without the possibility of getting drunk, and it is also a good bathing-place, being free from sharks.

The very first evening our men had liberty there many came off drunk. Four were flogged; "they kicked bottles of rum out of the bushes, they said."

By the vivid flashes of lightning which almost every evening prevailed, I took a tour round "Dungaree Green," the aristocratic nucleus of the residents of Trincomalee. Nothing was to be seen but cocoa-nut trees, black fellows, long grass, and lightning! But as the evening grew late I "fell on my legs," and was taken where a most agreeable evening was passed, but had nearly lost us the number of our mess, for early in the morning we were challenged by the sentry while scaling the garrison walls to obtain a bathe in the sea. On the two or three occasions of my again visiting the house (for there were attractions there), it always so happened that no sooner had I sat down to a game of chess, with one not much unlike the object of my early impressions, on the treasure wharf, "fair hair and ringlets," than instantly down came rain, thunder, and lightning, utterly

preventing my escape ! nor would my kind and thoughtful friends think of allowing me to depart on so fearful a night to go upon the water—" 'Twas out of the question." I had therefore the extreme happiness of passing a long evening with one who was fast making an inroad on my still young and susceptible heart.

Trincomalee being of so small extent, and the number of midshipmen very large, our fame soon spread abroad ; and we latterly (for we had been here six weeks) became the terror of the peaceful inhabitants. Some lost their favourite dogs, which were shot during midnight ; others had their peace of mind destroyed by anonymous visits and letters to their young and innocent families ; and altogether we were looked upon as the scourge and dread of the community, from the fact of our having no rational enjoyment. It was impossible to go out during the day from the unbearable heat of the sun, and therefore our wanderings were confined to twilight, or perhaps later.

We were afterwards informed that no sooner had the "terror of the peaceable inhabitants" departed, so great was the joy that one more thankful and more pious than the rest invited his friends to surround him ; while he congratulated them in a short, spirited, but pointed harangue, having for his text. "The plague has gone out of Egypt." This we were told as a fact !

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMeward BOUND.

HOMeward BOUND—FEELINGS—LEG OF MUTTON—VAIN HOPE—
LEE SHORE—SAFETY—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—NEWS—
VISITORS—MIDSHIPMAN'S LARKS—ROLLING DOWN TO ST.
HELENA—A MELANCHOLY TALE—LADDER HILL—A SACRI-
FICE—ASCENSION—"FIVE BELLS, SIR"—ENGLISH CHANNEL—
SPITHEAD—THE MEETING—THOSE EVENING BELLS—SUDDEN
DEPARTURE—NEARLY DROWNED—PAID OFF—SAFELY MOORED
—CONCLUSION.

"'Tis sweet to know
There is an eye will mark our coming."

AGAIN we had that pleasing and never-to-be-forgotten prospect before us, we were rolling our hammock-nettings in the ever-undulating swell of the Indian Ocean. We are all getting mad with joy at the bare idea of again so soon seeing Old England; it puts a new life into us, the very thoughts of it, and some of us in our elated moments do strange things. Our dinners are what may be termed "banyan," and very often "low diet," but the prospects of the bum-boats with "legs of mutton and trimmings" repay us for this. On one occasion there was a leg of mutton for dinner, a rare occasion, and one of our messmates was late at

table. On his arrival, nothing but the bone was left; he requested the bone, but the person carving the joint refused, as it was already "well polished;" however, the hungry boy insisted on having it, and "declared he would eat it." This led to an amusing feud, when the carver of the joint made a somewhat rash and extravagant bet that "he would not eat it," which bet was accepted. The hungry boy took the huge bone in his hand, flourished it in delight, repaired to the sick-bay, where he obtained a pestle and mortar, broke the bone in small pieces, pounded it up into a pulp, and actually demolished every morsel, winning his wager. It had no bad effect! but I forget if he ever obtained his well-earned bet.

We had now been some time at sea, it seemed to us longer than usual, I suppose as we were anxious, anxious for home, and anxious for our arrival at the Cape as a half-way house. We were running with all sail, studding-sails aloft and aloft, every stitch the vessel could cram on her, within a few miles of the land, and had hoped to be at anchor that self-same evening. "Nothing could prevent it," we thought. Alas! how vain is hope, suddenly down came a "north-wester" in all its fury, and all sail was reduced to a storm main stay-sail. The sea rose in mountains, as it always does on the L'Agulha's Bank, and the ship rolled and strained in an awful manner; we were in dangerous proximity to the land, runners were got over the mast-heads for getting top-masts and lower-yards on deck, and all preparations made for the worst events. We were on a lee-shore. The weather got thick and hazy, and

that night was passed in most intense anxiety, our only consolation and hope in our distress was, that while we were "rocking to and fro, and staggering like drunken men at our wits' ends," "He who walks on the waters, and rides upon the storm," was guiding our helpless bark. It moderated towards noon, the sky broke and the sea abated; and the next day we anchored in safety.

This, and many amusing incidents connected with this portion of the passage, which, however unwilling, I may be to pass without a remark, I cannot risk the chance of being considered personal. Indeed, scarcely a day or evening passed without what I would term a "midshipman's event;" and although they remain fresh in my memory, and in my original "leaves," I cannot now commit them to paper. Those alone of the big gun, the court martial, rose cottage, the economical dinner, would fill a volume of themselves if properly and carefully brought forth; and I must regret not feeling at liberty or safe in producing them.

The only news we heard on our arrival was, that the Captain of the *Slasher* had died—Dan O'Connell was a prisoner—and that Mrs K—sends off her card to say, "she does up linen in the English style on most moderate terms." On going on shore, I was rejoiced to find "all alive," though not all happy. Those at the "Crown Inn" (country people of mine) progressing. The "small tea-party house" near the turnpike well, but a mishap in the family. Those at "the wax-candle shop," thriving; and poor Margaret the chamber-maid at the hotel in "Chokey."

We had now the pleasure of showing a few of our

friends (on former occasions) round the ship on their arrival from Wineberg, chatting and recalling former events in our younger days.

It is a great amusement to a wicked midshipman to show round a party of people who know nothing of a vessel, in fact, who perhaps never were before on board a ship of war. With them it is really no use calling the various and many articles by their nautical terms, they would not understand you; and it is your duty to simplify them as much as possible. For instance, what would it avail, if they asked you "how you let the anchor go," or "how you fastened it?" If you talked to them of the "shank painter" and cat head stopper, they would imagine you to be talking of a lean long-legged artist, or giving chase to the cat, and calling out "stop her." Or, how much would they be enlightened by your telling them how the ship was tacked; if you mentioned stays, braces, and buntlines, they would immediately imagine themselves in a milliner's shop. Therefore it is always better to simplify these terms as much as possible; and in doing so, the happy mid. takes to himself the credit of making the visitor believe all, and swallow all he is cramming them with. Yet many a laugh and joke have I had while going the rounds, and many an amusing scene enjoyed. Strange stories we have told of the wings, the cable tiers, the a'nputa-tion table; all credited by the kind, smiling, and amiable disposition of the visitor.

We are again "rolling down to St. Helena;" and while so doing I must repeat a painfully melancholy, yet romantic story, told me after I had recollected that

I had been staring fixedly and intently on one of the most exquisite figures in South Africa. "Come, my dear fellow, what's the matter with you, why do you look so thoughtful?" says an old and worthy messmate of mine, who happened to pass by, placing his hand on my shoulder just after I had lost sight of her. "Oh!" said I, "that lovely figure! Did you not notice her, as she passed quietly along a minute or two since, dressed in deep mourning, her eyes cast down to the ground, her pace slow and trembling, as if suffering from mental anguish; her form true and faultless, which would attract a far less admirer than myself; the beauty of a face"—I stopped myself, and said, "Do you know her?" "Oh! perfectly well," says my "old ship;" "if you will stroll with me along the road I'll tell you all about her." I eagerly seized the chance, and placing my arm within his, exclaimed, "Allons done mon ami." He commenced:—"The steam vessel *Heartless*, which was at that time attached to the squadron under a Rear-Admiral's orders, and noted for being such a successful slave-catcher (having one or two constantly in tow), was lying at anchor in the bay, prepared for a long voyage to the sickly Zambezi river. One of her unfortunate officers, whose name I cannot at present recollect, was a constant guest at the gallant Admiral's house, and could not resist admiring a frequent visitor to the Commander-in-Chief's daughters, who with her were alike conspicuous for their beauty, their elegance, as well as for their accomplishments. In short, he found himself in that vortex—Love, to which we are all more or less weak. He solicited her hand (for her heart had long been his),

which she after short deliberation gave. They were engaged, for they were strongly attached, thinking every moment nought in which they did not enjoy each other's society, and breathe each other's sighs. A house was procured and furnished, which was to contain the happy couple; dresses for the occasion were ordered and fitted; the bride cake, which was to come from a distance of twenty-five miles, was on the road; and every thing prepared for the apparently happy wedding, when the steamer was ordered to intercept a slaver that had been seen in that neighbourhood.

"In the mean while his fair object leaves all, and retires to her new house to prepare it for him, on whom all her thoughts were bent, and the forthcoming eventful time.

"Three weeks elapse, and the steamer returns; and she, who had buoyed her hopes to the very highest pitch, of being that very week wedded to one whom she adored, now beheld him fallen a victim to the fever, which had made rapid and dreadful havoc on his constitution, and in fact scarcely allowed him to be recognised. But the features were too deeply engraven on her memory to forget them; she swooned, or fainted. He was hoisted out of the vessel in his cot, and sent to the hospital, where she again attended with her usual affection to his wants.

"But the 'king of terrors' had marked him for his prey; and in a few hours he, who was to have been married on that very day, was no more.

"Many, many, were the tears (I was told) she shed over his lifeless remains (which she daily visited), after

they were consigned to their resting-place. He, in the goodness of his heart, and in his last words, left her all he possessed.

"This was some months before my arrival there; and now she was about to bestow her hand on an old messmate of mine, whom she had met in the room in which her late intended breathed his last."

* * * * *

After he had concluded his painful narrative, I could hardly prevent a tear falling, but which I endeavoured to hide. The only sight I had obtained of her, for an instant, had already made me sympathize with her sad bereavement.

At St. Helena our stay was very limited. And for the short time allotted to us for a ramble, I took another direction to that on a former occasion, not forgetting the poor impression that "the tomb," and all connected with it, made on me. I visited the Forts and Ladder Hill of 680 steps, which, after once ascending and descending, you are ready to return fagged on board. I was more fortunate in landing than on a former visit.

We sailed on a *Friday*, that unfortunate day. Sailors are very superstitious in this respect; the majority of them will never sail on a *Friday*—will do nothing on a *Friday*. To counteract this, something must now be done. We must make a sacrifice. We had brought a lady from the East Indies, who was left at one of the ports passed by. She had brought a cat with her; but we concluded, after duly considering the matter, there was not that love for the creature usually evinced between a mistress and her pet, as it was forgotten

on board. This tabby caused us (mids.) many a sleepless night, by bewailing the loss of its kind mistress. Now was our time for revenge. The tabby was sought for and found; placed struggling into a boat, after much scratching and mowrowing; and in this manner silently, and in the dead of night, committed to the waters. We never could find who committed the last act.

At Ascension we have the usual unfortunate cargo of sick and invalids—they are very numerous. The coast is particularly unhealthy this season, and our decks are crammed with unhappy fellows, in the last stages of sickness and fever, hoping that their native climate will again restore them. One dies shortly after we sail, and his remains are consigned to a watery grave.

At five bells (half-past six) every morning, the young gentlemen's hammocks are piped up; the steerage or cockpit hammocks, as they are called. Each mid. has a "hammock man," whom he pays five shillings a month for scrubbing and keeping his hammock, &c., in order. The one who is last up, or who delays the stowing of the hammocks, is punished. Some midshipmen *can* sleep more, and are happier in their consciences than others; these require more "rousing" and more persuading. Five bells strikes! "up all steerage hammocks," cries the boatswain and his mates. Down they all rush—give you a shake, "five bells, sir;" you pretend not to hear it. "Come, sir, five bells;" you go on the other tack, and haul the blanket over your head. Another violent shake—"five bells, sir, the hammocks are piped up this some time;" you turn round and growl, "what sort of a morning is it, Jinks?"

"Oh! fine morning, sir" (pouring rain perhaps). "Come, sir, show a leg." "Do you see my traps there ready for washing, Jinks?" "Yes, sir, all ready" (never looking at all.) "Come, sir, out or down." "How is it my bed is all on one side, Jinks? you see I'm all over to port." "I'm sure I don't know, sir, I slung it fair enough on Saturday night." Master at arms and corporals arrive. "Come, sir, come. Hammocks are piped up this half hour. They're waiting to stow yours. I must report it to the commander." "Oh! all right, do you see my hammock man there?" "Yes, sir, he says here I am this half hour and it's no use." Perhaps you are now over some one's chest who wants to wash, he comes and rattles at your hammock, knocking your head against the beams, and throwing all your clothes out on the deck. Still you are loathe to leave your "two yards of canvas;" and after a stretch, and a yawn, and an "oh dear!" out you come. This is an every morning occurrence with some, who, perhaps, have had the middle watch, or who have had their rest disturbed by unfair means.

A S.W. gale brought us into the English Channel, where we sighted the land of "strawberries and cream;" but a S.E. gale then met us, and for some days kept us in the Channel under storm stay sails in a heavy sea. We were not many miles now from all those near and dear to us, but a hard-hearted gale made every moment appear to us an age. At last the gale abates,—takes compassion on us,—and allows us to make sail; and we plough our way proudly and majestically into Spithead, with our hearts alive with joy, gratitude,

and thankfulness, that we had again been saved from storm and tempest, and from the perils and dangers of the sea.

The spire of St. Thomas' Church pointed out again the spot which I was longing to behold. I obtained leave the moment the ship was secured. I rushed on shore in the quickest waterman's wherry-boat alongside. And it was not many minutes before I was again clasping in my embrace the loveliest creature on earth.

"So you have arrived at last! What an age it appears since you last said to me, 'adieu for ever!' Do you remember those words, Charles dear?" "Yes, Emile, I have arrived, and moreover I am safe; and it is to an ever present and ever bountiful Providence that both you and I owe our safety at this moment. I in particular have much to be thankful for. I have been more than once saved from storm, from fire and sword, shipwreck and the enemy. I do recollect saying 'for ever,' and it would have been so, if I had not been guided by Him who is always watching us, but we are not grateful enough to acknowledge it. You, my charming Emile, are looking more young and more beautiful, if possible, than ever." "Yes, my sailor boy, it is the prospect of seeing you that makes me appear young; it recalls to me my younger days, and the first moment when I saw *you*. But your latter remark flatters me, my Charles." "Not so, my dear Emile, I do not flatter, 'tis true; but listen, don't you hear the bells of our old church chiming? They remind me of the sweet song you sang the last time we parted; perhaps you will not think me tiresome in asking

you to repeat it. Emile smiled assent; and I led her to the piano. She commenced that simple, yet beautiful song of Moore's, "Those Evening Bells."

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and hope, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

"Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells."

"And so 'twill be when I am gone." "When I am gone!" "By the bye," said I, interrupting Emile, "have I not told you, dearest Emile, that I have only come to ask how you are, and to say 'good bye,' and to be off again?" Emile hung down her head, and those soft, silky ringlets, were hiding a tear. "Cheer up, my Emile," said I. "You know it is quite a sailor's life—here to-day, and gone to-morrow. You must reconcile yourself to these short and sudden visits in a sailor's wanderings." Emile could not speak,—her heart had burst,—and her eyes overflowed with tears. I led her back to the sofa,—pressed her hand to my lips.—And I was sitting in a boat, going off to my ship, before many seconds had passed away. That evening was nearly my last. The night was very dark indeed, much in unison with my feelings at the moment; and we could scarcely see a cable's length a-head. A man and his young son were pulling,

and had arrived as far as Spithead, and I was looking about for my ship, when the Havre Steam Packet came in through the Needles at full speed; and she was close upon us. Nothing could be seen or heard but her paddle-box lights, and the loud splashing of her wheels. The more we pulled away, the more we appeared to be getting under her stem. We imagined she was going up the harbour. All stood up in the boat—she was close on us. We screamed, but our cries were lost in the noise of the paddle wheels, and the steam blowing off. I had my bag in my hand, and was just on the point of jumping overboard, when, by a providential turn, she kept away, and went to sea on her voyage.

At dawn of day we sailed, and a slashing wind soon brought us in sight of the "Sweet land of the West," where we anchored; but not before we had a deluge of rain, natural to the West of England, and a smart S.W. gale. The ship was soon paid off; and we were once more at liberty, free as the lark.

I am now safely moored on shore. I am not going to tire the patience of my young readers, who have so kindly followed on the voyages to India and China, by taking them to sea again for a short time. I have given positive orders to the servant "to call me if it blows hard," which she does. I put my hand out of the window, but I don't *see it*. "All right to-night," think I myself. "No reefing top-sails," although the wind is howling about your house. No beef boat at half-past four in the morning. I press my nose into my pillow, and haul the sheets, as Jack says, "flat aft again."

I am now about to pass my examination for a midshipman; and, therefore, I shall find employment sufficient for a few days. And this is fortunate, for I should not like to press immediately on my young readers, what may appear to some of them "tedious yarns." The few incidents which I have narrated must be considered as appertaining only to a MID. in his young, and, I may say, thoughtless days; next will follow his boyhood,—then his youth; in each of which I hope a perceptibly progressive improvement will be noticed. Each little incident, however, is narrated exactly as it happened; "true" without embellishment, without imagination, without fiction. If any should, however, incur the censure of the reader for inelegance, or impropriety, they will always have the satisfaction of knowing, that "fact" is their motto and basis; and that they only wanted a little colouring, or a little refining, to make them acceptable. This the mid. of "two years' standing" does not pretend to do.

I must here call to mind the fact, and I have no doubt it has been noticed before, that among the very many anecdotes and tricks to which midshipmen are naturally prone from their lightness of heart and flighty disposition, none are malicious, or bad, or done with an evil motive; all for mere fun, fancy, and pastime. And, therefore, I think we may hope for forgiveness from those who no doubt consider some of these tricks, that I have related, "shocking"!!!

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"JACK ON SHORE."

TRICKS ON SHORE—THE OMNIBUS—AN INTERESTING VOYAGE—
FITTING OUT—OFFICERS—TERROR AND EREBUS—SAD ACCI-
DENT—A LONG ADIEU.

"Lor' how I pity
Unhappy folk on shore, sirs," &c.

Old Song.

It may not be generally known, and may be better to confess before it is so, that a midshipman is quite as alive to "tricks" on shore, as he is at sea; and domestic girls suffer sometimes. The sheets, or tablecloths, are *reefed* when hung out to dry (that is, made up in hard balls which no one can open); the clothes lines are "sheepshanked," or tied in true lover's knots; and the cat frequently suffers. But one good natured trick makes amends for one dozen of these mischievous ones. And I recollect on one occasion after I had come on shore with a little

prize-money in my pocket,—for you must know that it is an old and true saying, “a sailor and his money soon part,”—I had to take a trip in an omnibus (the Green Atlas, if I recollect right) from the Elephant and Castle, in London, to Charing Cross, fare threepence. Now I did not know much of London, as it may be very soon seen. The Buss was “full inside,” and a mighty agreeable collection of passengers they appeared to be, all chatting, and so polite. Would insist on your taking the upper and most comfortable seat away from the door, out of the draft, every one moving to the doorway when a new arrival appeared. Well, we started full (but lost two on the passage), ten remaining for Charing Cross, our destination. As I was the first in, and sat near the door to be attentive in handing ladies in, I was of course the first out. I counted heads, and found ten; ten times three, thought I to myself, thirty; thirty pence are two and sixpence. I'll pay for all hands. The Buss stopped, “Charing Cross, sir.” “Cross, Ma'am,” touching the rim of his hat so polite. Before I alighted, I announced to them inside my intention of paying for “all hands.” They said nothing, looked at me, and looked at each other, as much as to say, “Poor fellow, he's a little gone.” Again I assured them of my determination to pay for all, placing “half-a-crown” in the conductor's hand, and telling them that if they paid again, they would be paying twice over. Well, they looked harder still at me; never said “I'm obliged to you.” So I was walking away, when the polite conductor placed his

finger gently upon my arm, put the half-crown between his teeth with a knowing twitch of the eye, bit it to see if it was good. Thank you, sir, says he, touching his hat smartly, and off I walked.

On another occasion, I was attracted by a very new and pretty waltz (I was always fond of music), that was playing by a very enlivening band in an enclosed place. My curiosity and love for music induced me to enter. It was then a little past "quarter day;" and I had a few shillings, which were fast burning a hole in my pocket. I entered the enclosure, beautifully decorated (not myself, but the enclosure) with flags and evergreens, around which were numerous stalls, presided over by the "Fairest of the Fair;" and that was the name of "the waltz" that attracted me. It was a fancy bazaar in aid of some charitable institute. I paid my shilling, like every one else I suppose, and walked in. I was at once assailed by an irresistible appeal from several smiling faces. "Oh, do put in for this, sir; we only want one more member for this wax doll; see it will open and shut its eyes." "How wonderful," said I; "they must have taken me for a 'happy' man." "What am I to do with the wax doll," I asked, "if I should win it?" "Oh, we'll send it for you, sir." "Oh, I am sure you will raffle for this watch guard." "How much?" said I. "Half-a-crown." "Here's a beautiful chair, worked by the prettiest girl in the town; you cannot refuse to put in for that." "That is yourself, of course," said I, taking a ten shilling ticket. And, she added, "here are a pair of baby's shoes for

the second prize." "Oh! charming," thought I. "What name, sir?" "Oh, anything you like, ma'mselle. Please yourself, and I cannot but be pleased." I had now reached the top of the apartment, and £3 17s. 6d. had been devoted to tickets. I had one shilling left; and announced the fact to those around me in a touching and affecting speech, which they did not believe one word of. I reached the end of the building where I at first entered, and pulling out my last shilling, handed it to the young ladies, with a hope that they would now allow me to pay my way out. I never hear that waltz, but I think of my £3 17s. 6d., and the black eyes and ringlets by which I was imperceptibly drawn in.

I must now inform my young readers—that I am a midshipman of four years standing—that I have mounted a clean white patch—that I intend to keep it clean and untarnished from any of the boyish "tricks" confessed in my former "leaves." I have to thank you, however, for perusing them; and for following me so perseveringly and so patiently through storm and calm, through tempest and war—during two long, tedious, and uninteresting voyages, over a period of four years—to China, the East Indies, and elsewhere.

I suppose you will now expect something more than mere "tricks." Well, I must confess I do feel a little above those now; although I can still join in what is termed a "sky-lark" with all my heart.

I am now going to promise you (as a reward for patience) an outline, or a mere cursory view of one of

the most delightful, interesting, profitable and successful, yet protracted voyages round the world, ever I believe performed by one of Her Majesty's ships. Delightful, because led and commanded by a good-natured Irish heart. Interesting, because it extended over the "world of waters;" from the Arctic Sea to the South Seas, from the East Indies and China, to Africa, America, and Siberia. Profitable and successful for numerous reasons, particularly for enlightening the world to many places before unknown. Protracted, from unforeseen events, and from zeal and determination to conclude it effectually and creditably.

To give, in detail, all events connected with this pleasing cruise would fill volumes, and, perhaps, tire the reader before he waded through half of them. My intention is, however, to pass over political and historical events, and profound reading; and to lay before the young reader all that I think likely to amuse and instruct, as briefly as I am able. And in doing so, I shall be compelled to pass over many occurrences, for if I entered into all, my leaves, which were only intended as a "pocket-book," would swell into a mass scarcely portable. I shall, therefore, confine myself almost exclusively to my own midshipman's ideas.

The ship had completed her fitting at one of the worst of seaport towns. All the trouble, inconvenience, and bother of preparing for sea, from a mere hulk to an effective vessel of war, was over. And although it occupied months, we congratulated ourselves on the ship being in every respect perfect; perhaps not perfectly symmetrical in her lines outwardly, but

inwardly comfortable and happy in ourselves, we had one of the best, gallant, and most good-natured of captains, our first lieutenant a type of a sailor; the other officers specially chosen for their amiability of disposition, and their philosophy of temper to meet many of the trying scenes which we had to encounter; therefore it all depended on ourselves whether we were to be a "happy ship" or not.

The only object of particular notice when fitting out, was our being the last vessel of war to wave our caps to the ill-fated *Terror* and *Erebus*, Franklin's expedition. I had many true, warm-hearted and brave messmates amongst them, and I can answer for myself, on that day wishing health and God speed with all my heart. It was the same day that we were inspected by the Port Admiral, and manning yards answered the double purpose, of respect to one, success to the other.

The day of our final sailing from the west of England was rendered melancholy by a sad accident: several of the men's wives and families had been on board to take a last farewell, and when on their return from final parting (and they in reality said "adieu for ever"), the boat was caught in a squall, four women and two children met a watery grave; the crew were saved by clinging to the boat; thus our departure had a sad gloom cast over it. However, off we started, and this accident, added to the fact that we were leaving all near and dear to us for many years, made us both desponding and gloomy; many a tear was shed, and many a heart sank within, as the white cliffs of old England faded from our view.

“While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from our sight.”

“Adieu then to old England, and farewell to all those who think of us,” said we, turning our backs on the land we might never see again. It was my first watch, every moment appeared an hour, the night closed slowly and drearily over us, and the land had entirely disappeared; I leaned on the nettings and gazed on the spot where land was last seen, hoping to get one more glimpse of it; but no, it had gone! Then we exclaimed, “There! that spot contains all we own near and dear to us, and we are to part for years, perhaps for ever.” With these feelings we endeavoured to obtain rest; our thoughts first wandered towards home, then on the next sea that was about to strike us, for a gale from S.W. had now raised the waves to a considerable height—we were in a storm.

CHAPTER II.

OUTWARD BOUND.

OUTWARD BOUND—LAST GLIMPSE—PORTO SANTO—TENERIFFE—
BRITISH COLOURS—AN ADVENTURE—A PIRATE—IN DISTRESS
—EQUATOR—FERNANDO NORONHA—RIO—MAN OVERBOARD
—FALKLAND ISLES—BOAT CAPSIZED—ROUNDING THE HORN—
EIGHT GALES—ICEBERG—AN AWFUL GALE—TWO THIRDS
ALLOWANCE—VALPARAISO—AN EXECUTION—SPANISH WAKE—
EARTHQUAKE—PAPUDO—SAN LORENZO—CALLAO—TRIP TO
LIMA—LIMA—BALL OF GOLD—BULL FIGHT—PAYTA—SANTA
CLARA.

“As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.”

TOM MOORE.

ON passing “Porto Santo,” it was decided we were not to go to “Madcira.” With what effect that decision struck me may be concluded, for I had looked forward to meeting old friends, particularly those at whose house I had performed so well on the “bread and butter”; and it also would have afforded me an opportunity of enquiring after the poor old woman

who had suffered by the bolting of a y American steed. I consoled myself, however, with making a sketch of Porto Santo and those dismal "Desertas."

I was almost glad, on dropping anchor at Teneriffe, that we had passed Madeira, for it afforded me an opportunity of seeing a spot not before visited and which I may not see again; and as there are many interesting events connected with it and the immortal Nelson, I must devote a leaf to it.

The town itself is miserable enough, most Spanish towns are; the ancient forts are curious, and the bum boats supply you abundantly with fruit, bread, and pets.

The first spot lauded on was the memorable fort where Nelson met a partial defeat and lost his arm. On reaching the church on which stands "Nelson's Tower," in sexagonal form. We could not help being struck with the peculiarly fascinating figures and the piercing eyes of the Spanish ladies, which made it quite dangerous to encounter them. In Nelson's Church the figure of the Virgin Mary appeared life itself; it was impossible to gaze on the melancholy face and form without feeling a gloomy chill at the countenance of utter despair, it was a perfect representation. We passed the glass case containing the lost British colours, placed in the most conspicuous part of the building; and in doing so I longed to be one of a few who may have a chance of cutting them out and rescuing them, which might be accomplished in a "jolly boat." Here one of our young mid. had a misadventure with a "lance corporal,"

and finished off with No. 52 watch-house. The correct version of the story we could never properly ascertain, therefore I must not imagine it; he however escaped with nothing more than stiff joints and a headache, but for which release he was indebted in some manner to an individual about to be hanged that very day, but which was postponed, as a hangman could not be found; a Spaniard, however, volunteered to "stick him" publicly for a dollar. The unfortunate wretch had been in prison seventeen years, and had been condemned to death as a pirate.

A day or two after leaving Teneriffe we had the pleasure to relieve from starvation a small Spanish schooner with thirty-five men, they had been blown off the land, and knew not their whereabouts; they were without food, and but two pints of water remaining. If we had not met them they must have fallen a sacrifice to hunger and thirst. Biscuit and water was sent sufficient to carry them to Teneriffe.

Again the line was crossed, and again Neptune, the god of the sea, visited us. On this occasion, his wife looked charming, dressed in some female attire brought from the seaport where we fitted out, by one of our "mild tars"; the carriage drawn by six horses (second-class boys), and the footman the "black cook," really all went off amusingly, and amazingly well.

The sea was so transparent that a dinner plate was seen at the depth of seventy-eight feet from the surface.

"Fernando Noronha" was seen, the peak of which is very peculiar, with its northern face beyond the perpendicular; the fort was plainly visible, which is guarded

by Brazilian troops. This is the place of banishment for Brazilian convicts, the vilest wretches in the world.

Rio was reached in safety, but the harbour appeared deserted in comparison to my last visit. An evening promenade in Soap Street was all we had to amuse us during our stay here, indeed we were too busy to attend to anything, preparing for sea occupied all our attentions; but one day I recollect being sent on what afterwards turned out an unpleasant duty, and it had to be performed in the "rickety skiff." The armourer and blacksmith having some work to perform on shore, did as most sailors do at Rio, go and get very drunk; I found them after much trouble, buried in mud behind a pothouse, and with great difficulty, not unattended by danger, got them into the skiff. "Well," says the armourer to his chum, "well dusty (hic), didn't I say (hic) (hic) that I'd stick to you like a brick (hic) now, aye? and haven't I done it, (hic)" (exhausted). I could hardly repress a smile, the only excuse they had was "their inclination led them astray;" they were, as a matter of course, "led into irons."

We had scarcely got clear of the harbour of Rio when the cry of "a man overboard" was heard; as quick as thought the ship was rounded to, life-buoy let go, sail shortened, a boat lowered; the man had scarcely time to get wet, he was saved.

We anchored in Port William, Falkland Isles, after a tedious and stormy passage; long before we saw land large patches of kelp-weed and flocks of penguins were passed through, and it frequently appeared to

us as if we were running on shore ; some of the patches were very extensive, the branches as large as a five-inch hawser, and the leaves of this marine plant (*laminaria*) spread on the surface. I was in a vessel once which was moored in eleven fathoms by bringing several parts of this weed through the hawse pipes, and securing them to the windlass.

Only a small coasting schooner lay in the bay, and it was but yesterday she lost four hands while coming off to this vessel in a squall. The settlement is misery itself, shooting is indeed the only pastime, and there are abundance of rabbits, geese, ducks, teal, and snipe in all parts of the island ; we frequently went out, and had to return early with all we could carry.

ROUNDING THE HORN.

Everything was now prepared to round the much-dreaded Horn, and during a season anything but tempting ; all booms and small sails got down, stump top-gallant masts rigged, ports caulked in, boats and everything secured for a boisterous passage which we anticipated.

Our anticipations unfortunately proved too correct, we were for one month in bad weather, and eight successive gales as quick as they could follow each other, only having an interval of "lull" between, merely to gain renewed effort ; to describe one of these gales, therefore, will be to describe all, except that we had to go through all ; the reader will but have the trouble of reading one.

We had passed an immense iceberg calculated to be about two miles in length, and were compelled to "wear ship" to avoid it, and it made the atmosphere and water around it bitter cold; it was a grand sight when the sun shone on it at intervals, and we could tell for several hours before seeing it that we were in the vicinity of one, the air and water having partaken of its coldness.

The gale commenced, and all sail shortened to storm stay-sails; it was my middle watch, "all hands" were "turned up," a sea struck the ship on the quarter, and threw the man at the helm over the wheel; his arm was broken, but it was a miracle he was not killed. The next sea stove in a main deck port, floating every deck and cabin before a new one could be shipped; the sea now rose as high as the necklace on the main-mast. The wind was still increasing, the barometer had fallen to $28^{\circ} 69'$, thermometer at freezing point, forming icicles on the rigging, and rendering it slippery, harsh, and painful to handle; the quarter-boat was lifted by a sea, the ship was battered down fore and aft, the wind whistled through the rigging, and made the ship tremble again, the oldest sailors say "they never saw it blow so hard." There was a pinkish hue all over the sky, and the sea was a milk white foam, which lent to the scene a very awful appearance; another sea washed away the weather gangway, every moment we expected our storm sails would blow to atoms, but they were new and held on well; every sea was now breaking over us, and threatening our destruction, the decks were all afloat,

and several sick men were washed out of their hammocks. The heaviest sea struck us at midnight, staving in the fore-castle nettings, starting the fore-channels, springing the fore-mast, and striking the officer of the watch, who was some time insensible. We could now do no more! The ship and all in her were at the mercy of the gale, our trust was in Him "Who walks upon the waters and rides upon the storm," and who has but to say to the winds and the waves "Peace be unto you, and instantly there will be a calm." It soon moderated, it could not get worse; and as we were about to prepare to make sail, that cry, which strikes the heart with horror and dismay, ran through the ship—

A MAN OVERBOARD.

"Now the dreadful thunder rolling,
 Peal on peal, contending flash;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark!—what means that dreadful cry?"

"A man overboard!" The life buoy was let go (though very imprudently before the man has passed astern), and a boat lowered; and it will not be believed, except by those who witnessed it, that one sea washed the man out of the ship at the fore-chains, the next washed him into the ship at the main-chains! The boat was saved with much difficulty. Preparations for leaving the gale now commenced, and jokes began to be passed.

One day while on the forecastle I overheard a strange and "long-winded yarn" by one of our oldest tars, who was considered a character. "Those," he says, "those were nothing to the waves we had when I was coming round here in the old *Temerarie*, we had a sneezer once that laid her on her extremities, and blew the buttons off my pee jacket; one moment I was on the lower deck enjoying my du-deen, when all at once I was taken off my legs, and in less than a minute I was sitting on the nether edge of a cloud." "And how did you come down, Jerry?" "Why, I waited for a rainbow, and got upon it, greased it well, and slid down." "But was it long enough, Jerry?" "No; so I held fast for a shower, and then came down with the stream." This was a yarn, but one day the same old salt made a very witty remark, I was within hearing; a sea broke over the forecastle where he was at work and washed him down, which made him growl a little. "Never mind," says one of his condoling messmates, "never mind, old Jerry, *Britannia* rules the waves." "Hang it," says he, "I wish she'd rule them straight."

A commodore at Rio told us "there was nothing certain but one thing in this world," that was "a gale of wind rounding the Horn;" we found that saying fully verified.

Just after escaping the troubles of the last gale, we found it necessary to go on two thirds allowance of provisions, and barely sufficient fuel to cook that small quantity; this was hard indeed, constant work in a cold latitude made us all very hungry.

We arrive at Valparaiso, at the foot of Mount Aconcagua, the giant of the Andes, twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea, after many perils by water, calling on our passage at Valdivia and Concepcion Bays; the former famous for Fort St. Carlos and neat gardens, the latter for being swarmed with "quebranté huesos" (bone breakers), a black sea-bird which lay in myriads in the harbour, and appear at first sight like shoals.

The first unpleasant sight I was compelled to see at Valparaiso was an execution (a Spanish one), while walking through the Almendral, where thousands of persons had assembled to witness it—more women than men. The culprit, a fine stout Spaniard, was led out on the Plaza, seated on a wooden stool fixed to the ground by a stake, and to this he was secured; four soldiers came forward and fired, but only one shot appeared to take effect, and produced but a slight quiver in the prisoner; five more then pointed their bayonets to the spots they intended to fire at; on firing, one passed through his temple, another through his heart; his head dropped, and the rascal who confessed to seven murders was a lifeless corpse. His body was dragged through the town by two mules decorated with flowers and evergreens, and after every one had an opportunity of seeing the body, the head was carried to the spot of the last murder, where it is to be placed on a pole for public gaze. Not a single authority appeared to be present at the execution, not even an officer to command the guard, who were a dusty, reckless set of fellows, in much spirits. These

executions do not appear to have the effect of example, for the very same night a man was murdered while playing Monté, at that horrid part of Valparaiso called "Almandral."

"Travellers" they say "see strange things," and so they do. We were taking a stroll around the town, on a very beautiful evening, and the sounds of music attracted our attention; there was a Spanish wake in the house, as extraordinary a scene as I ever witnessed; an Irish wake, which is absurd enough, has no chance near it; we came to the door and were welcomed, and hot liquors passed round.

The child (which was of course dead) was laid out on a table in the centre of the room, decorated in a profuse manner with flowers, papers, and paints; polkas, Spanish dances, and Zamba Cuecas were danced with much apparent joy round the corpse, and to conclude the scene, each person present was compelled, according to custom, to take the child by the heels and swing it three times round their head; now whether this was a mad freak incited by drink I cannot say, for I never had a chance of attending another "wake," but I much regretted not knowing the language sufficiently to hear what their several speeches alluded to.

Two shocks of earthquake were felt here. It will be recollected that in 1832 the town was destroyed by an earthquake, and every three years slight shocks recur; the houses are built purposely low, and of light material, to avoid the consequences.

Papudo Bay next finds us at anchor in its waters, the long and continued line of surf reminds me much

(on a small scale) of the Madras rollers; a few small houses, about 100 inhabitants, who are very hospitable, and are delighted to see a man-of-war in their bay.

The morning was calm and beautiful, not an air of wind disturbed the peaceful bay of Papudo; sail was made, and "we hove in short" to tempt "rude Boreas" to waft us to Callao. When the sea breeze set in we started; and our young friends, who have been so persevering in their attempts the last two evenings to teach us the steps of the Zamba Cucca and Réféliosa, were soon lost in the haze.

On my first walk round Callao, the seaport of Lima, it presented to me one or two dusty and sunburnt irregular streets; with mad dogs, bare chicken, animals between a monkey and cat (the natives call them "pig-dogs," the most repulsive animals imaginable), howling and chuckling about the gutters. I hope on a future visit to have reasons for giving a more pleasing account of this place.

We passed San Lorenzo, and anchored in Callao Roads. This extraordinary rock, covered at times with sea lions, and where many a hunt is enjoyed, thus came to light. In 1746 a dreadful earthquake overwhelmed the cities of Lima and Callao, and they disappeared in six fathoms of water; "breakers" now exist where Callao was, and Lorenzo takes its name from a man who happened to be out fishing at the time, and suddenly found himself (with his son and daughter), on the top of this island rock, uplifted at the same instant that Lima and Callao disappeared; it is 6 miles long, and 400 feet in height. Ancestors of the Lorenzos

are chaired and carried round the city in procession, decorated with flowers, &c., on each anniversary of that melancholy yet eventful day of their extraordinary preservation. Callao, from my flattering account, did not hold out much inducement for another visit, and it was therefore proposed to go to "Lima."

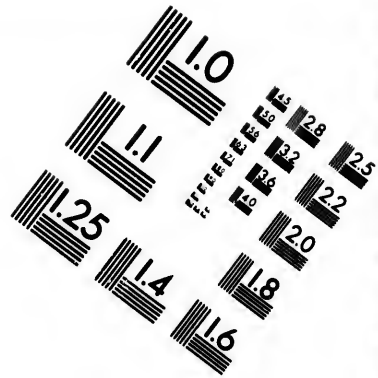
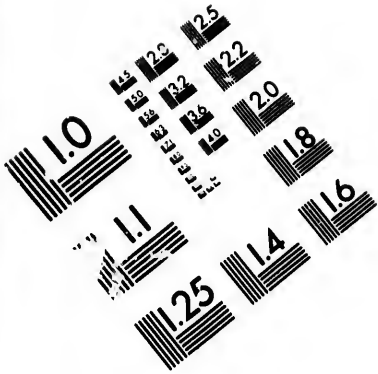
The "omnibus" (I hope to be forgiven for calling it by that name) was to start at 2 P.M.; we dressed in clothes which most resembled "dust," pepper and salt coat, white hat, and veil, &c., and got into a "cart" (they call it "bus") drawn by six mules; "smack" went a powerful whip, and off we went. The ladies lit their cigarettos, the gentlemen shortly after asking the ladies for a light, when they took their cigars to smoke, and presented their new ones in return; it was preferable being smothered with tobacco smoke, even bad, than dust, which now gathered around us in clouds (the trip from Suez to Cairo by van is far preferable, were it not so long). We came to the remains of Bonavista, a town which was some time since entirely destroyed by an earthquake; the roads about here are very bad, and the dust in such quantities, that the nostrils of all the mules are cut, some three or four inches, to allow them to respire. The "half-way-house" stopped us; you might as well think of passing "Farmer Peck," at Cape of Good Hope, as passing this house, where the best Pisco in the world is to be had; I think it tastes better because you are parched and choked by sun, dust, and stale cigar smoke.

Crossed the "grove of the banditti," and really one's blood chills at the tales of horror told of robberies and murders, of frequent occurrence here.

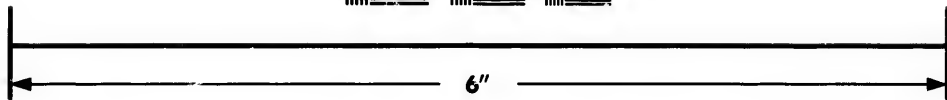
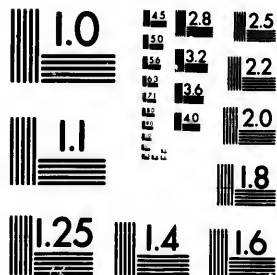
We were now approaching the capital of South America, and the change of scene improved; trees, a sort of willow, watered by a rivulet from the Rimac, formed an avenue to the city gates; and here it appears strange, to one not accustomed to it, seeing the women riding across the mules—they say they have a very good reason for doing so.

Horses were now put into the 'bus for the city part of the voyage, and we entered the gates, but I was much disappointed at the miserable appearance of the houses; the cathedrals are fine, but all filagree work, chalk and paint, and tinselled paper, the shops are neat, and some good; but the most hazardous of all scenes is to risk a bewitching glance from that one eye, which from the careful and graceful folds of the mantilla is allowed to escape and pierce your very heart; and oh, my young reader, or perchance friend, let me advise you never even to hazard such a glance; I have often thought if but one eye can do so much mischief, what would both do if allowed their liberty, perhaps it is on this account that one is kept a prisoner. If I were to commence a description of the figures of these fascinating brunettes, I am sure that I should fail in doing them credit, so will leave it to a more skilful pen. There is a portion of the city called the "Almada," that reminds me very much of the Dyke at Cork; it is a promenade for the evening, and there may be seen the mantilla to perfection. There are sixty-five churches in Lima, and it is beautiful of a Sunday, early and late, to see these attractive creatures going and coming from their devotions; they give their mantilla a flourish





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as they come out of the doorway, as much as to say, "Ah! did you see."

The "Ball of Gold," and the French, are the two principal hotels, and if I have called those at Valparaiso "land-sharks" for their exorbitance, I can only compromise the matter by calling these "robbers"; you are stunned night and day, Sunday particularly, by fellows bawling at the top of their voices, at almost every doorway, "quatre-mille-pésos," which means that a lottery is in progress where you may win your 100 or even 1000 dollars, or more if you please; or perhaps lose it.

All Lima assembled to-day to witness a bull fight, it was the tamest affair imaginable, although fourteen bulls and one horse were killed; the unfortunate animals were led one by one into the arena perfectly quiet and harmless, until goaded to madness by darts and fireworks, when the animal makes a rush at the Matador, who lanced him, and down fell the beast, when the cries and applause of the señioritas were deafening, shouting "viva el matador," and throwing dollars and other monies into the ring. Should the animal however evade the lance, and at all appear to have the advantage, he is immediately hamstringed by some barbarous and cruel fellow, and is thus put an end to, fighting on his stumps; thus fourteen were destroyed. "Bull-baiting," which may be seen in Ireland, is far better sport, and more fair play for the beast. As we passed through the city gates on our return, we bade adieu to Lima, hoping soon to see it again.

Off the town of Payta, the seaport of Pura, and the first city built by the famous Pizarro, we next anchored. This place has every appearance of an arid, barren, sun-burnt spot, and there is not a drop of fresh water within three leagues of the town. There is some difficulty in landing, as the rollers set in all around the bay, and we had to wait twenty minutes before we could place the boat alongside the mole. The church was first visited; and the greatest object of curiosity seemed to be "the Saint," saved from the convent which was burnt to the ground by Lord Anson. The bloody marks are still on the throat, where it is told you "she attempted to cut her head off, rather than die by fire." This was the only relic saved from the burning mass, and is much revered. On lifting what I thought to be the Spanish colours off the altar, but which was afterwards found to be the Padre's dressing-gown, or preaching-gown, out fell, unfortunately, *a bottle of pisco*, for which I had to pay two reals. Our guide told us, *in confidence*, this was for the Padre, for which I expressed real sorrow!

Payta consists of five streets, running parallel to each other, and tapering off into a "main top"—which, in this country, is a pot and dancing-house for tars on liberty (at Valparaiso, there are a fore, main, and mizen top)—very few shops, the principal one carried on by a man from "Galway"; there is an apology for an hotel, and a worn-out billiard table. These are all the attractions of Payta.

The island of Santa Clara, or Amortajada (the shrouded corpse), is seen near the Guayaquil river, which latter we would ascend, but the rain and heat are intolerable, so we go across to the Galapagos.

CHAPTER III.

THE GALAPAGOS.

GALAPAGOS—POST-OFFICE BAY—QUITO—DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT—
THE GRAVE—GALLO ISLAND—PANAMA BAY—LETTERS—
PANAMA—PRISON—TABOGA—LONG VOYAGE—VANCOUVER
ISLAND—NATIVES—FLATTERY JACK—SALMON—VICTORIA—
FLAT-HEADS—MURDER OF FLATTERY JACK—SQUIRREL HUNT—
RESCUE FROM STARVATION—ANOTHER—A SCHOOLFELLOW—
BURIAL GROUND—PORT DISCOVERY—REVENGE—A GAME—A
TENDER MESSAGE—SCALPING—CRUISE OF THE CUTTER.

POST-OFFICE BAY, Charles Island, where we are now at anchor, is so called from the fact of the buccaneers under Dampier, &c., having always placed their letters under a large stone in one part of this bay for transmission. The bay abounds in fish, seal, turtle, and sharks; in one haul of the seine, there were landed three to four tons of fish, loading the pinnace and whale-boat, half of which had afterwards to be thrown overboard.

James' Island was found the best in the group for shelter. Terrapin (land turtle) abound on the islands, and make excellent soup. The inhabitants have dwindled from four hundred in number to forty, since the revolution at Guayaquil; and only one Eng-

lish resident is to be found here, who has married the Governor's sister, and commands a small trading schooner.

After traversing the Equator for several days, among the Galapagos, which islands are directly on it, we crossed over to the mainland, and had an opportunity of seeing (at a distance) Quito, which city is famous for standing higher above the level of the sea than any in the world. I think it is 9,000 feet.

It seldom or ever happens that, throughout a long and arduous cruise in unknown places, and along unexplored shores, that it will conclude without some misfortune to damp and depress the spirits of all those connected with it, and throw a gloom and melancholy around which time and change of scene can alone efface; and now it was our sad lot to experience this.

All the boats had been away in this new, interesting, and inviting country, taking many of the officers, here shooting, there fishing, some collecting specimens of geology, botany, and conchology, others reaping richer productions. The day had been fine, but it was now threatening; clouds and lightning were to be seen seaward, and a surf had already risen on the beach.

Towards evening, all had assembled on the shores, to return to the ship, and there was difficulty in rushing into the boats without getting wet; during this, the report of a gun was heard, a rush to one boat followed, all pulled hastily on board, and our feelings may be a little imagined when our most amiable, most beloved, admired, and accomplished shipmate was handed up the side a lifeless corpse! He was laid out on a grating, his

body still warm, and the union jack thrown gently over him!

He was already in the boat, on the point of shoving off; the fowling-pieces were laid below; when some one, rushing through the surf to avoid getting wet, and jumping into the boat, placed his foot on the lock of the gun, and it exploded.

The ball passing through his temple, he fell over the side without a groan! Death was instantaneous. His brains were literally strewn about the boat, and over those few in her; the sea was turned red with his blood. Many near him escaped by a miracle.

This sudden and deplorable accident struck us all with horror. Thus died a most amiable and beloved messmate, a kind and willing shipmate, a young and intelligent man, who was an ornament to his profession! Such is life!

How little did he or any of us imagine that "that day his soul would be required of him;" and what a lesson it was to us to "watch," "for we know not at what hour the king of terrors cometh."

That was a mournful and dismal night. It was my middle watch; the rain poured down in torrents, the thunder pealed forth its deafening sounds, the lightning flashed its vivid and terrifying streaks all around, lighting up the heavens at short intervals, and displaying to us a scene at once terrible, awful, and truly melancholy!

His remains were carried next day to their final place of rest, an isolated spot, where we paid the last token of respect to his departed soul; leaving nothing to mark the spot but a small sheet of copper nailed on a board,

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Illustration by J. C. Lane for the story

THE LAST REPOSE

bearing an inscription both short, touching, and simple. We offered up a short prayer for the departed soul that had not one instant's warning to meet its Maker!

It did not require much consideration to depart from a place that had so suddenly robbed us of a talented and much esteemed friend. Passing some small and unimportant villages we were off Gallo Island, where Pizarro (the Great) first retreated (in America), after an unsuccessful attempt against "Quito." Landing at first in "Técames" Bay, which we have just left, he remained here some time with his troops; but his associate returned to Panama, in hopes of sending a reinforcement to enable them to take possession of the opulent territories, whose existence seemed to be no longer doubtful. He soon after despatched a vessel to bring home Pizarro and his companions from this island, which is infamous for being the most unhealthy in America.

Anchored in Panama Bay, having gone through many tedious and dreary days, while coming through Choco Bay in light adverse winds, strong adverse currents, heavy rains, thunder and lightning, passing some small and dirty Spanish-Indian towns on the sea coast, with long names, such as Buenaventura, Esmeralda, Escondido, &c., &c. The contrast was great in steering through the Pearl Islands in the Bay of Panama; thickly wooded with lofty, dark green trees, having bold faces of massive purple rock, the sea dashing against them from the broad Pacific, lead you into a scene both charming and enchanting.

We had now "letters from home," the first for nine long months; and oh, what changes take place in so short

a time. Many had wished they had never received them. In our own small community, one loses a father; two their mothers; one his wife and child; two others their wives; some their sisters! Others have been robbed of their brightest hopes; others rejected. Some old messmates promoted, and many dismissed the service. We were all prepared to condole with each other, but passed that evening in solitude and misery: many consoled themselves that "no news was good news."

The once famous City of Panama is almost in ruins! As there is a day to spare, we travel over it, though hardly able to, from the extreme heat of the sun and the attentive mosquitoes. It being the season of Lent, which is very strictly observed, every one is "quiet." We met the captain of the port, who had just succeeded to the vacancy caused by a rascal murdering the two sisters of his "Compromiso," and now lies in prison condemned to be shot.

The prison, over which is the military hospital, has about thirty prisoners; one, who calls himself a "Britisher," commanded a small trading vessel, and is condemned for life, for taking away from Panama (innocently, he says) two men who were sentenced to death. Another prisoner to be shot for stabbing his steward. Many were busy making very neat straw hats and other ornaments. The cathedral, the only one of *ten* remaining, is a fine building, still hanging together, but will soon fall; the other nine are converted into stables, barracks, a college, &c., and show how this once famed city has declined, both in wealth and population.

On the ramparts were six brass guns, an iron one, and

a mortar, remaining to defend the town, which was at one period strongly fortified—that day has fled! The streets are filthy—the poor, lame, and diseased innumerable, and flock round you every time you stop, to solicit “Un real, por el amor de Dios.”

After completing provisions and water at the pretty little island of “Taboga,” of which I shall have much to relate by-and-bye, we sailed on a long sea voyage up the coast of North America, towards the Straits of Juan de Fuca, where the celebrated Spanish pilot of that name imagined he had discovered a passage through the continent.*

The voyage occupied seventy days, during which time we did not even see land; four of our crew died from the many privations and hardships encountered on that long voyage. The monotony, the dreariness, the scarceness of fresh water, with bad provisions, along the burning shores of Western America, were severely felt, and we only found ourselves reviving when the fresh and chilling breezes met us off Vancouver Island.

Several pieces of broken timber, rugged trees, drift wood, and kelp-weed, told us we were fast approaching the land; and the joy of all at seeing it was beyond

* Cook, who passed here some years after its discovery, disbelieved in the existence of these straits. To use his own words, he says, “In this lat., 48° N., geographers have placed the pretended Strait of San Juan de Fuca, but nothing of that kind presented itself to our view, nor is it probable that any such thing ever existed.” This, I think, is the only instance of that celebrated circumnavigator being in error.

description. The sea abounded in whales, lashing and spouting in every direction. Shoals of porpoises, followed by birds, are close after our wake, and the land appears covered with a dense forest of pine-trees. The moment the wind fell light, we were visited by a handsome canoe, having eight natives, with a chief, bringing fish, bear-skins, squid, &c., all of which they readily bartered for knives, tobacco, and paint, &c. I quite gained the friendship of the chief by daubing his face all over with colours of red, white, and black, giving him (to us) a most hideous appearance; but when shown his face in a looking-glass, he was delighted, frantic with joy. They all wished to be painted the same way. His arms and body were covered with "friendly marks," which are lumps of flesh bitten out or cut with sharp shells* by his *friends*; there were seven or eight such marks on him. We very much feared they would be performing their friendly actions on us, so we prepared to repel them. We found they were very loose and filthy in their manner—no pride at all about them—and wear a plain rug thrown over their shoulders, which is cast off altogether at intervals. They existed, while alongside, on long strips of squid, which they "bolted," after chewing a short time, without a wink or struggle. Later in the day, a smaller canoe came off with dried salmon and berries, rather sour and unpalatable.

After getting fairly inside the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and anchoring among a fleet of thirty-eight canoes,

* Kings, xviii. 28.

each having two, three, or four salmon on board, we were visited by a personage calling himself "Flattery Jack," who had been spoken of by former voyagers. He said, "Man' war ship cloosh" (good); "No cock-shittle man war," that is, they would not break or harm us. This "Flattery Jack" drew a smile from everyone, from some roars! He had on his body a long red Yankee coat, a *very* taut pair of trousers, a black satin waistcoat strained in by one well-fingered button and hole, and covering all (and most objectionable things too) was a very much abused "four-and-nine" hat. He gave us a little information about a frigate and steamer in Puget Sound, and while doing so, unfortunately for him, *the* "Flattery Jack" arrived, with his *retinue*.

This "Jack" was a merry, good-humoured, round-faced little fellow, full of fun, and spoke very good English; his rig was "made to order," but the trousers were a little short, and the hat had seen its best days. The first Jack brought his squaw with him, the first female we had seen; they are fairer than the men, but equally careless of person, and loose in dress and manner.* A native here purchases his squaw (or wife) for a blanket or a shirt, and is allowed to have as many as he pleases; and they lend them one to another in the most friendly and accommodating manner.

The canoes with the salmon, &c., came alongside, after cheering and shouting while the anchor and cable was let go, and the sails furling. For an old pocket-

* It would be impossible to tell the original colour of these people, as they are always smeared with oil and dirt, but I should assume it to be that of a dirty copper kettle.

handkerchief, an old knife, or a few brass buttons, you could get a salmon "all alive," weighing on an average twenty-six pounds. A salmon that you would pay £1 for in London, you can get here for a few strips of tobacco or an old razor that would never cut again. Nothing now but salmon boiled, salmon fried, salmon soured, is heard and eaten all day long. If we starved during our long and tiresome sea cruise, we are now certainly making up for it. We passed up to Victoria, the Hudson Bay settlement on Vancouver Island, and lay in a calm and peaceful bay, surrounded by a dense forest, with shrubs and evergreens down to the water's edge, at the feet of the lofty mounts Baker and Olympus, perpetually covered with snow.

Here we had visits from whole families; and these tribes are called "Flat-heads," from the fact of their heads being squeezed into a conical form when young, in the following manner:—When the child is four or five weeks old a case is made of the bark of a tree in the shape intended, or most preferred, for the head; in this it is placed; the child is then put into a cradle made of wood, exactly resembling a butcher-boy's tray, and laced down with strips of bark to prevent its moving or shuffling off this "night-cap"; on the head are then placed weights, bags of sand, on the parts which require compression most, to bring it into the required and approved form. This operation is kept up for years, and then the head assumes the enviable form of a "Life Guardsman's hat." It is curious to see the mothers, when the children cry, jig them about in these trays. In many, this compression produces squint, which is con-

sidered *beautiful*! And many children are made idiots from the distortion and compression of the brain. When I first saw the Chinese children undergoing the painful and tormenting "operation for small feet,"* and the Javanese infant, having all hands clapped on its nose to flatten it, immediately when born, I thought it cruel, but this far exceeded anything I have witnessed. The children never look healthy; and tears are constantly running from their eyes, which are painfully tender.

There is an old saying, of a "dog's tail curling so tight that he cannot put his hind legs to the ground;" and of a young lady screwing her hair so tight in papers, that she could not shut her eyes to sleep; but I can really say, that I have *seen* these children's heads so tightly compressed, that a squint is thereby produced.

One morning we heard, to our surprise, that our good-tempered "Jack Flattery" was no more! He had been basely murdered for the sake of a blanket, on his passage across the straits, after bartering his other skins. He was attacked and stabbed in the back, in presence of all his family and several wives. The natives are permitted to kill one another for any individual crime (by their chiefs); but, should the person miss his aim, and the other escape, the former tribe rush on him and murder him on the spot; on the contrary, should he kill him, he is considered a great warrior. Such is the state of barbarism around us.

* The smaller the feet of the Chinese, the flatter the nose of the Javanese, and the more conical the head of the Cowitchins, the more attractive and beautiful the possessor. Truly, "travelers see strange things!"

Squirrel-hunting, puffin-shooting, as well as snipe and duck, &c., were our principal amusements; and in passing through the wood of Vancouver and the smaller islands, we could not but be struck at the lofty and magnificent cedar, pine, oak, and cypress trees, and the blossoms of the yellow laburnum scenting the air; every slope and undulation was a lawn and natural garden, studded with the wild plum, gooseberry, currant, strawberry, and wild onion. Long grass and clover intermingled the soil, rich in the extreme, and would grow anything and everything.

On one of these occasions, when we had been shooting, and venturing farther than perhaps it was prudent to do, I was one day overcome with exhaustion, and had nearly been compelled to give up. But before I narrate this adventure, it will be proper to describe one that preceded, and from which there was very little hope of a return.

One of the young officers had been out alone, and his not returning caused great anxiety; for we already knew that the tribes were treacherous, particularly the Sokes, Tselallums, and Cowitchins. All, of course, set out in search. Boats were sent along the coast, firing great guns, which was also continued on board the vessel. All day passed, and our search was vain; but we did not yet despair. Another twenty-four hours was also passed unsuccessfully, and now serious hopes were entertained for his safety. A party of Indians were sent out, and about nine at night they found him, in a weak and helpless state, under a tree, on the top of a snowy mount. The Indians had given up their search about

eight in the evening ; but the chief or leading man said " he would go a little further," and, after proceeding for a few minutes, he found him. On coming on board, it appeared to us as if he had risen from the dead. He said he had lost his way, and for the first night and day took refuge in a tree, where many wild animals came and " yelled " at him. Not being able to support himself any longer, and the beasts having departed, he came down and laid on the fern quite exhausted, and gave up all his hopes, until seen by the Indians, who deserve much praise for their instinct and perseverance. The last eighteen hours he lived on a bird that he had shot, eating it raw, but could obtain no water. Another hour, and he must have perished ; certainly that night, if not found. My misadventure was nearly the same—hardly so serious. I had got into a swamp among rushes, duck shooting, and in my anxiety had got too far, without thinking how I was to return. The mud and water was above my knees, which rendered it tiresome to walk, and the rushes far above my head. When I began to get tired, I then thought of returning, but on looking round I could see no opening—nothing but sky over my head, nothing to guide me ! After wandering about for some time in search of an opening, I became quite exhausted. The evening was fast closing in. My lips were parched with thirst. I was compelled to keep my feet going in new places, to avoid sinking so far that I could not recover myself. I could see no place of retreat. I was on the point of laying my shot-belt and gun on one side and giving up all, when I made one more effort, and struggled to a more firm footing, where I rested, and

from thence escaped. Oh! I shall never forget the feeling of that moment, when spiritless, and all hope seemed gone, and I was fast sinking. When I looked up, and saw nothing but the blue sky overhead, and the rushes obstructing everything like a guide, the dreadful thought of starvation flashed across me; in an instant all I ever knew, all who were near and dear to me, were before me; every passage and every circumstance in my life fled before me like a dream. The feelings are almost indescribable. None can know them but those who have experienced them!

To-day I was agreeably astonished at receiving a note from a very old and much-esteemed schoolfellow, who was then about seventy miles distant from me. He says, "I send this scratch in the boat that takes you unfortunate fellows your 'grub' (sheep and potatoes). I intended at first coming down, but having been so long in harbour, am afraid to undertake so long and dangerous a sea voyage. Moreover, having recently escaped the perils by land and sea of a two months' cruise through the Oregon, I do not like tempting a merciful Providence too much." He says, "I have turned into a complete savage, and have not an idea above a blanket." He also adds, "You should have been at 'our races' yesterday; everything complete, even to the Punch and Judy show;" and he ends with saying, "Give my love to that sweet girl at Victoria." and then a P.S., in which, in a truly Irish way, he says, "I have a picture of your ship in a gale of wind, and it is the principal ornament in my cabin. I've just got room for another in a corresponding first chop rosewood frame. Another would look so well!"

There is a small island at the entrance of Victoria Harbour, on which all the surrounding tribes bury their dead in this manner:—When a man dies, he is taken to this island, with his canoe and all belonging to him. The canoe is hauled up on the island, the body laid in it, and all his goods and chattels, such as his musket, salmon spear, bow and arrows, fishing lines, pots, kettles, and even the square wooden bowl he drank out of, are laid by his side, covered over with mats, pieces of timber, and large stones. Several canoes, with their late owners, were mouldering away on this island. Several we saw, also, on the forked branches of trees, at almost every bend of the river.*

A deformity is never seen, the parents destroy them the moment of birth, but we frequently meet natives with several joints of their fingers gone; on inquiring, it was ascertained that it is customary to express grief for the death of a relative by some corporeal suffering, and that the usual mode was to lose two or more joints of each finger!

We had now passed round the straits, having anchored in those beautiful harbours, Port Discovery, Dungeness, and Port Townshend, either capable of holding the British fleet, with some of less capabilities on Vancouver Island, Esquimault, Port Albert, Victoria, San Juan, Becher Bay, Soke Inlet, and now anchor where first we stayed on entering the straits. Many canoes again

* The natives consider it an ill omen ever to mention the names of those departed, and never do so; they will never touch anything belonging to the dead, and they fancy the spirit departs into animals, such as deer, bears, &c.

come alongside, and we find Flattery Jack, or King George's tribe (who was murdered), preparing to go to war with the "Tscallums," to avenge the death of their chief. They say "they intend stealing on them during the night, first shooting them and then cutting their heads off." . . . They must use some strange stratagem to effect this, as the Tscallums exceed them far in numbers. In a bay, near this anchorage, the seine was hauled, and as one of the men observed, it was a "miraculous draft." Turbot, cod, and soles in abundance; it was not the scason for herrings, nor place for salmon.

There was but one game that I saw the natives amuse themselves with, but they are very fond of gambling. As I was passing in a great hurry at the moment, I cannot tell the process, but it is with seven pieces of stick and two deer's teeth. I was told it was their only game of amusement or pastime; they play at "pitch and toss" also, for blankets, furs, and even their wives, merely at the chance of turning up one side or the other—head or tail.

* * * * *

We were about to leave the straits, but I had one more duty to perform for an old schoolfellow; and it will be remembered, that he particularly requested in his note that I would, the first opportunity, "give his love to that sweet creature at Victoria." Now, this was a very pleasing duty, I had no doubt, but at the same time one that I was not prepared for, nor did I know to whom I was to deliver so affecting and tender a message.

However, do it I must, as I had promised. We were at anchor off the very place. I devoted a forenoon to this duty. I dressed in my best (which was not at any time very attractive), and I polished up my hair, teeth, and boots, with a little more than usual care, for, it must be added, I intended to put in *one* word for my school-fellow, and *two* for myself, when—withering under the gaze of this lovely object—I set out with the very best possible intentions, not knowing, however, the exact residence. I went to the rendezvous, where I knew I should meet some person who spoke English. I was right. I commenced gently, to prevent suspicion, remarking on the weather first, which mostly all people do on meeting, then the briskness of trade (of which I knew very little), and finally, coming to the point, asking if he knew where the object of my search resided? He quickly answered in the affirmative, and at the same time pointed to the house. How I should know her? was my next question, how she “rigged,” and her style? (so that I may recognise her if I passed her) with many other very inquisitive and impertinent inquiries. A final query finished the conversation, and nearly *finished* me, for, to my utter amazement, he said, “*She is my sister.*” I thought I would have shrunk into my boots; my feelings may be imagined, but impossible to describe. I hurried from the scene, declaring, within myself, never again to enter that stockade. Constant visions of the *big brother* were before me. Rifles, bullets, scalps, all passed within my imagined gaze, and it was some time before I was able to shake off the surprise that I at that moment felt.

I broke my word! A few days afterwards found me in the presence of her for whom I had so nearly suffered (in mind if not in body). All those, however, were more than repaid by one glance from the light blue eyes of Mary, who dresses also in light blue, dances the polka, is not at all vain, and far from being proud, as I on one occasion found her very dexterously passing a warm flat-iron over a neat and well-bleached chemisette. A few pleasant evenings were passed at that house, and I must acknowledge forgetting all about my schoolfellow's kind and tender message!

Before finally saying adieu to the straits, in which we have passed a most glorious three months, I must conclude with an incident that occurred which must have astonished the numbers of natives who had come alongside to say good-bye before our final departure. We were all assembled in the gangways, ports, nettings, and chains, during the dinner-hour, which was generally appropriated for bartering. Sail made, and ready to start the moment a breeze sprung up, we were chatting, joking, and exchanging goods with the natives. Two of ours, who were in the gangway port, attracted most attention, as their goods were "in the market" (beads and fish-hooks). During their eagerness to obtain an article they had purchased, one slipped his foot, and accidentally passing his arm across the other's head, to save himself, knocked his cap off into the canoe—*his wig was in it!* Such a roar, such a scream, never was heard; they all concluded he was "scalped"; and it was some time before they were composed, and settled alongside again, when they saw the "scalp" replaced. They

understand "scalping," and it is practised at no great distance from them ; but never having seen a wig, concluded we were as expert as themselves ; it caused much amusement and astonishment. This was our *finalé*; and having sailed for San Francisco, arrived safe, passing over the bar with a slashing breeze, without dipping our "quarter-boats in the water," as we were led to suppose we should do. Two vessels of war were lying here, Russian and American.

"THE CRUISE OF THE CUTTER."

During the period that the ship remained in the straits of Juan de Fuca, a boat expedition started for the Oregon coast, and as many interesting occurrences took place during this cruise, I must devote a leaf or two to them.

The day the boats started was beautiful—beautiful almost beyond description ; no fog clouded the atmosphere ; no winds agitated this lovely branch of the Pacific ; the sun peeped occasionally between small patches of cloud, lending a shade here and there, both to the waters and to the rich foliage, quite charming.

The ship lay still and motionless ; a more than usual number of canoes visited from various parts ; in one, the largest, measuring forty-nine feet seven inches, could be seen a "Taihe" (chief) of Neah bartering a quantity of shells for a Callum female, who was no doubt to become *one* of his wives (he had already two with him) ; in another, a mother, carefully wandering over her children's heads, pulling many very objectionable things out of them, an amusement they delight in when they

have nothing else to occupy their time. While calmly gazing on such unintellectual scenes, the shrill pipe and hoarse cry of the boatswain was suddenly heard,

“Away all boats’ crews.”

I was walking the deck in the zealous performance of my forenoon watch, when the captain came up, to whom I lifted my cap: “Young fellow,” he said, “get ready to go away; I intend giving *you* a bit of a twist this time.”

At eleven A.M., precisely, *five* boats started, having previously ascertained that provisions and corresponding liquids were in abundance for twice that period, consisting of salmon, potatoes, and mutton, &c.

We were off! but could not for some time imagine where the two fine legs of mutton, which were hanging in our mizen rigging, had come from, until one more shrewd than the rest informed us that it was our poor “old pet, Tom,” who had been mercilessly slain! “Tom” had got so fat that he “had to be killed to save his life.”

“Tom” had been with us since leaving England; he had become quite a pet (sailors always have some pet or other on board ship), and followed the men about the deck like a dog. “Tom” had been taught to smoke a pipe, to drink grog, to chew tobacco, to eat shavings and old quids of tobacco (an economical sheep), and many a dull hour during an evening did Tom pass away for his shipmates. He had now grown so fat that he could with difficulty breathe; the butcher’s knife put an

end to "Tom," and his sorrowing shipmates had to deplore the loss of their amusing pet.

In the hurry and excitement we had scarcely dreamed of its being Sunday, until, suddenly rounding an island, a native in one of the fishing canoes was heard singing, "Hias makooke saouche" (plenty salmon, buy), when one of our witty marines observed, that it resembled the ninety-eighth Psalm; the truth of its being Sunday only then flashed across us.

At noon, with a fair wind, the boats were passing along the Oregon coast, thickly covered with wood, at the foot of the rocky mountains, which were perpetually capped with snow; the wind, however, soon failed, and the paddles (which had long since superseded oars) were set to work. With these the men could sing and keep time to their old tune,

"I've got a sixpence, a jolly, jolly, sixpence."

It was very late before the boats reached the first place of rendezvous, and here we bivouacked for the night, in a small stony bay, the water very shallow. The rain awnings were spread, and the coppers lighted; and as the vivid sparks arose, they reminded me of those true, yet spiritless lines,

"As the sparks fly upwards to the sky,
So man is born to misery!"

From the shallow and rocky state of the bay the boats could not land, and they were anchored off for the night in deep water.

Morning dawned, and, if possible, more beautiful than yesterday, which enabled us to beach the boats, and take a refreshing plunge in the cool waters of the straits. An early breakfast was finished, and dinner already under weigh, although only eight o'clock. The cook of the party was far above his elbows in flour and water, and was relating rather an improbable "yarn," of his having "seen weovils fly out from the inside of a pudding after it had been a whole forenoon boiling in the coppers." "Yes," he says, "my word, when I broke the 'duff,' out flew the weovils."

About noon the "Callum" canoes began to surround us, and when we reminded them of their murdering King George (Flattery Jack) for the sake of a blanket, they crossed themselves, and pointing to the sun, exclaimed, "Euklea," looking, at the same time, remarkably innocent, wishing to lead us to suppose they would not have done it for worlds.

The morning following had scarcely dawned before the wild caw of the crow and the gurgling notes of the raven announced it was time to rise; a very short interval elapsed before all hands were at work, some preparing breakfast, others gathering fire-wood and water for the coming day, while a few were performing their ablutions at some icy stream which trickled from the lofty Olympus, filtered by the crowded pines, through which it rushes before reaching the sea.

During this day's progress we were overtaken by a dense fog, such a fog as comes tumbling on you like a wall, completely burying you in a mass of vapour. We

endeavoured to reach an anchorage, but were compelled at last to drop anchor in a miserably shallow bay, affording no shelter, the rocks numerous, and the swell setting in obliged us to anchor some distance from the shore, and thus had we to pass a night of misery and anxiety. Rest I cannot call it, for, every moment expecting to feel our boats bump on the rocks, which everywhere surrounded us, a good look out had to be kept for these, as well as to avoid a surprise from the native Callums, who we had now known to be treacherous. Rain poured on us, but as the day broke, we perceived our ship in the offing, which had already made out our flotilla, but received orders to "proceed."

This night, however, we were fortunate in having a small vessel to sleep on board, and really enjoyed a night's slumber on a "soft plank," a luxury we had not for four nights; our dreams were but once disturbed, by one of our own party (an Irish boy, of course), who, sleeping in the same apartment, and frequently in the habit of walking during the hours he should have been snoring in his two yards of canvas, he has been seen more than once performing most extraordinary and really melancholy antics across the spirit-room hatch, rolling himself up in his blanket, and cruising to some out-of-the-way place, with other strange performances. At this time, during a moment of somnambulism, he swept the table of *all* on it, among which was a large jug of water, placed there expressly, by the thoughtfulness of the steward, for "cooling coppers." This capsized all over us, drenching some, frightening others, who, at least,

thought the vessel was going down in deep water. Miss Romer (the actress) was absent, or the scene would have been complete.

After seven hours of refreshing sleep (barring the cold water), we were off again on our interesting cruise. The first part of the day was screened by a dense fog, which compelled us to put into a small sandy bay, and there amuse ourselves until it cleared.

Before noon, an hour was passed most loyally in dressing our small fleet in all their gay colours, in honour of the Royal Consort, Prince Albert's birthday; and our little flotilla, surrounded by a dense fog in a snug bay, formed a scene quite novel and pleasing; added to which were the blazing coppers, and the jolly tars busily preparing their noon-day meal of mountains of salmon, loads of spuds, and heaps of "duff."

After this, at noon-day, innocently yet loyally celebrating the nativity of his Royal Highness, we all rambled into the dense forest, which was thickly studded with trees and jungle, down to the water's edge.

The sun partly dissipated the fog, and again our boats started for false Dungeness, and did not arrive there till very late.

This evening terminated our week's exploring; all were sorry it was about to conclude, for we had wished it to continue another week, aye, a month. We were kept in constant good humour by the number of meals we had daily (from five to seven); no sooner had one finished than it was time to commence the next. We were no slaves to time, for when hungry, we fed; when thirsty, drank; when tired, turned in; and when re-

freshed, rose. What more could be desired? The trip was finished next day by crossing the straits to Victoria.

Provisions were had in abundance from the natives—salmon, potatoes, and blackberries; and after all the buttons had been bartered from our jackets, and our shirts and pocket handkerchiefs were getting scarce, then we learned to polish Brazilian dumps with brick-dust, and by christening them "Pillison dollars,"* obtained from the natives sufficient provisions for one dollar to last the boat's crew a week!

* Pillison was the chief Hudson Bay trader; everything bearing his name was good.

CHAPTER IV.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO — MORMONS — WATERING-PLACE — A DESERTER —
AMUSING BALL — BARBAROUS MURDER — MONTERREY — CEDROS
ISLAND — SAN DIEGO — GRAVES — AN OLD FRIEND — MAGDALENA
BAY.

THE TOWN, consisting of about thirty houses, including tents, enclosed in stockades, lay on a level plain of a dark brown sandy appearance, at the foot of a gentle slope, inhabited by Americans and Mormons. The latter are a sect whose religion and customs are somewhat strange and remarkable. They are at liberty to have two spiritual wives and one temporal, and, if the "spirit should so lead," a man may take another's wife unto himself. All dreams, by either sex, are to be realised, upon pain of dismissal should they fail to do so.

Here we first learned that Mexico had surrendered to American forces, after killing 5,000 Spaniards; that war had been declared some time; and that the place we were now at acknowledged the "stars and stripes," making all the Spanish community prisoners.

Anchored the ship in three athens, muddy ground.

and I mention this to show what a transition took place some short period afterwards.

Afterwards went across to Sausalito, to complete with water, and while doing so our guns were not idle ; quail, deer, rabbits, and partridges, all fell before them. The plumage of the Californian crested quail is exquisite.

In this retired and secluded watering-place lives a farmer, who can boast of having a daughter the most beautiful girl in San Francisco Bay. Her mother Spanish, her father English. She was engaged to be married to a Mexican merchant, but unfortunately he had been killed in the late affray with the Americans, and she was now mourning, her hair brought close over the forehead. In the same dwelling lived a man, enjoying all the privileges and clime of a Spaniard, who had actually been a deserter from a vessel of war, in which one of the officers had been his shipmate some few years since, and who recognised him immediately, but permitted him still to enjoy his Spanish retreat.

We were on the eve of starting, when the captains of a few whale ships in the port informed us that it was their intention "to give the Britishers a ball" on board the largest whaler, in return for many services we had rendered them. Not to have accepted it would have been rude—poor pride ; and having assented, we received formal invitations ; and as this was one of the most original and amusing entertainments I ever beheld, an attempt at a description of it must find a place here.

The invitations were issued and delivered to the "Britishers" by a rather weather-beaten third or fourth mate, who was a little confused on delivery (and could

not have known what they contained). The epistle (which was very precisely written on half a sheet of letter paper, when folded, had the corner turned down and the wafer stamped with a *button*) ran thus :—

“The committee of management of the U. S. whale ships request the company of the steerage officers to an entertainment, at nine P.M. this evening.”

At noon, in honour of the occasion, the “senior whale ship” displayed colours of all nations at her masthead, and fired reduced charges from two small rusty-looking guns. At this moment the aforesaid third or fourth mate issued from his vessel, with the despatches carefully wrapped in a sheet of brown paper, and conveyed in a two-oared boat, painted a light pea-green, borrowed from the shore for this express purpose.

In the evening we all assembled at rather a fashionable hour, ten p.m., and were agreeably surprised to find so many American, Spanish, and Sandwich Island females, thinly clad in white and other coloured muslins, dancing away with Spanish and Russian officers at a great rate. The first dance was a quadrille (I hope I shall be excused for entering into detail, but really all was so truly original, it would be a pity to pass it over—it would be a good thing lost). The master of the ceremonies (of course) the chief officer of the ship. The fun commenced !

I made a few acquaintances, stood on no ceremony, and did not wait for an introduction. A delicate, pale-faced American youth came up to me, and says, “I’m Montessor! my governor is chief here. I guess you’ll like to see our ship. Calculate you’ll find her a flamer,

and no flies. She can go twelve and six on a bowline, and before the wind, she is——.* Come on board to-morrow—ask for Montessor; I'm always in the cabin when the governor's ashore." The moment I could get him to stop, I assured him it would afford me much pleasure to see so fine a specimen of American architecture! The master of the ceremonies (whose name I forget) was very attentive, and repeatedly asked if I wished a partner, to which I always assented. "Come with me," he says; and, taking me face to face to a very pretty American, says to her, "Here, dance with this chap. This girl will dance with you," turning to me. I asked if I might hope to have the felicity, &c. After hesitating some time, my fair charge drawled out, "What?" I repeated, if she would dance with me it would make me the happiest of beings. She then appeared to catch the word "dance," and immediately replied, "Yes, sir." I led my bashful fair one to the quadrille, and demanded of a young curly-headed fellow, with a very pretty girl for a partner, if he had a *vis-à-vis*. "Yes, sir," says he, "here she is," taking up his partner's hand. I smiled; I could not help it; and my charge did the same. I fancied it all very strange. All my flowery language was thrown entirely away, and I now began to talk "*plain*." The quadrille formed. On my right was a tall, thin messmate of mine, enjoying the company of an exceedingly fat American-Indian female, who was gaudily dressed in a glazed furniture cotton, and a bright orange kerchief around her nut-brown neck. Her *slippers* were far gone (at the heels), and at every step went flip-flop. I must not be personal with my worthy and philo-

* It would be impossible to mention this expression.

sophic messmate; but he and his partner were the happy gaze of the room, and caused many a smile.

Dancing commenced; music by three fiddlers and a nigger performer on the tambourine. No regard was paid to figures, and very little to steps. Away we went, every one as they thought best; some *ballancer*, others *chains-des-dames*, until the *finalé*, when the wearer of the white rosette called aloud for "order," when we instantly obeyed, and were in our places alongside our fair partners. The tune was "Yankee Doodle," but he exclaimed, "Give us something *lively*—'Life let us cherish.'" "Now, sirs," says he, "do what I tell you." "Now, ladies, stand still." "Gents, go round hand in hand." "Chasé cross-trees." "Go where you like." "Lead ladies to their seats." "Kiss hands." Thus ended the most amusing, the most noisy quadrille, I ever figured in. The latter, "kiss hands," was the most pleasant figure for some; but others less fortunate shammed bashful, and "couldn't do such a thing for the world."

Mrs. Pele was above all others a character; she was a stout, fair-faced American (truly Yankee), wearing a curious sort of a righthcap, and two false grey curls dangling at each side of her face. "Sire," says she to one of ours, as he was gazing round the room, as she thought, for a partner, "Sire, 'ave you seen *my* gals?" "Lucy," she continued, "here's Jippers." The introductor was over; Jippers led Lucy to a *cotillon*.

I succeeded, after a great deal of persuasion, to gain Mrs. P.'s hand at a quadrille, during which she gave a long account of her "domestic happiness," taking care

to frequently introduce the amiability and virtues of "her gals," and to whom she played the piano *hours* before breakfast.

Smily and his wife were a couple I cannot pass over. She was dressed like a doll, and figured the *Zamba Cueca* to perfection. He an Englishman, a *prisoner* on parole, for taking part in the Mexican affair. Every five minutes or oftener he would exclaim, at the very top of his voice, "O my leg!" and, limping as if some one had stepped on a favourite corn, out he'd go, and take a "modest quencher."

Supper was announced. The table (or whatever it was) was laid between the fore and main masts, covered with a lower studdingsail for a table-cloth, and which contrasted well with the loads of pork and molasses, gin and coffee, under which it groaned. The ladies were seated. Mrs. P. looking out sharp for "her gals," divided here and there by a "gent." It fell as usual to my unfortunate lot to have a "Spanish partner," to whom I could say nothing; but I requested an apparently respectable-looking chap (who was sharing more, perhaps, than an equal portion of my fair partner's glances) to ask her in Spanish if I could assist her to anything on the table. "Oh," says he, "she'll look out for herself, and when she has eaten enough she'll stop." The ladies retired, and the gents fed.

I was fortunate in getting alongside my early pale-faced acquaintance, who amused me with some very original yarns, and the laughing produced assisted much the digestive organs in the attack on the pork and gin. He says, after we had touched glasses and nobbed, "You

must know I am the most drunkenest fellow in the 'Ohio,' but I never gets found out like the other chaps, and I'll tell you how I do it; when I comes up the side I shakes myself and locks around, and I don't go up to the commanding officer and report myself, but I waits till *he comes to me*. I shakes myself again; and when he turns his back to go aft, I says, 'Come on board, sir,' and am down the ladder like slick."

The "gents" fed off huge joints of pork, smeared with molasses, and washed down with gin or coffee. The dancing again became exciting, and the people excited—and Spanish dances were intercepted by jigs and romps, by the gents only!

There were *some* pretty faces present, but one (as is always the case) which attracted most attention. "Mary" was *the* belle; that simple and yet sweetest of names, "Mary." Her face was pale, and innocence could be traced in every expression of her countenance; but she could give a glance with her "light blue eyes" that ran through you in an instant. She was dressed in a "clear muslin" (I think the girls call it), and there were no artificial means used to render the figure perfect. Her foot, which was neat and small, was encased in a primrose sandal, which did almost as much credit to the maker as the wearer. On a head of glossy chestnut hair, was entwined a wreath of snowdrops, which, during one part of the dance (I think, "go where you please") was disarranged, and it fell to my lot to adjust it to "my own taste," which she flattered me by saying "coincided exactly with hers."

My next partner was an interesting young girl—a

mother!—who nursed a fat, noisy, drivelling boy; and having prevailed on her to allow one of my good-tempered and careful messmates to hold the young thing while she danced, off we went, but at the fourth figure the wretch screamed (my impatient friend must have pinched it), and I lost my partner. Our conversation was exceedingly interesting—principally on “teething;” and when I told her I did not pity her, as I had five, “Well,” says she, “I do pity your missis, for I have but three.” “All boys,” says I; “what a happy dispensation!”

After this dance the ladies retired to the captain's cabin, to partake of negus and cake; the remainder had a song, “Sweet Home,” “River Ohio,” &c.; but the girls remaining too long, we began to get impatient, when one, more gallant than the rest, rushed below, and asked “Where the ladies were?” “They're a feedin', sire,” says Mrs. P.; “and when they've a-done grubbin' they'll come up.” They soon again appeared, one after another, as they came into the world, and the dancing became more and more enlivening. Waltzing was *now* carried on in style. Around the fiddlers, who were seated on the carpenter's tool-chest, at the foot of the post supporting the awning, the couples glided along swiftly and gracefully, until down came heavily the “fat Spanish female.” Not a turn was taken after this. No one went to the rescue. All were convulsed, until exhausted, when some exclaimed, “No bones broken,” and off they went again.

Daylight now peeped in on our enjoyments, and, after a *finale*, it was broad daylight.

I retired to the supper-room, where I found my

pale friend, quite illustrating all he had told me, stretched out on the middle of the supper table, crying out, "Rise tacks and sheets!" He fancied he was putting the ship about.—"Let go the to' gallant bowlines—hic—all right!" I saw no more of him. We had not sailed many days from here before we heard that this unfortunate young officer had been barbarously murdered by his boat's crew, and the body thrown overboard, on their passage up the Sacramento River, where the crew deserted.

Boats were constantly on the move, taking the wearied parties on shore; not a ripple was on the water; and at the exact hour of eight I landed the last boat-load safely, singing, "We won't go home till morning!" and having refused a pressing invitation from a Yankee, "half seas over," "to partake of a quencher to confirm our amalgamation, and strengthen the unity of friendship that existed," I had only time to perform a hurried toilet and keep the forenoon watch!

On this "entertainment" no remark is necessary. It was given with the most friendly and hospitable intentions, and the very fact of our not separating until eight in the morning is a convincing proof of our having enjoyed ourselves much!

"Monterrey" was a spot we had looked forward to visiting from before leaving England. We had constant visions of those evanescent beings, who come off in white satin garments to welcome you to their shores from that "lovely of loving places." On your arrival on shore you were led to their homes to partake of coffee, sweetened only by a glance. When they untied your mocassins, and laid warm water at your

feet, such were our dreams—alas! they were only dreams, not to be realized, for we found we had been drifted some miles to the southward of the port, and it would have cost too much time to return. We could, however, see an American frigate whose happy crew were enjoying no doubt these dreams of ours.

We arrived and anchored at Cedros Island, the most desolate, barren block of volcanic eruption imaginable, passing the small and unimportant towns of San Diego and St. Quintin. At the former the Mexicans had risen on the Americans, shot a captain, and cut the throats of forty others. At the latter we had much amusement, fishing, shooting, &c. A cod fish was caught 194lbs weight; and hares, quail, and duck, fell before the sportsmen.

At this sunburnt rock two graves were found, in very secluded spots, one of John Sinclair Brown, aged twenty-six, who was drowned from the ship "Harriet," of Liverpool, on the —, 1819. The other of Justin Finch, aged twenty, who departed this life on board the ship "Shakespeare," of London, 1819. "They rest in peace."

These head-stones were brought on board and re-painted. In the evening we were surprised and delighted to see our old friend who gave us the "entertainment" at San Francisco coming into the anchorage. We sent all boats to tow him as the wind fell light, and then had a jovial dinner together, when we talked over all our pleasant evenings again and again!

CHAPTER V.

MAZATLAN.

MAZATLAN—THE BAY—ALL IN ARMS—A LIEUTENANT LOST—TOWN
—TEDDY O'ROOKE—SAN BLAS—MOSQUITOES AND SAND-FLIES—
CAPTAIN TAKEN PRISONER—BULLETIN—NARROW ESCAPE—
GLOOMY DEATH—ACAULCO—FORT SAN CARLOS—CURIOUS
VISITORS—SHARK'S VICTIM—CHRISTMAS DINNER—THE BURNING
ISALCOS—EARTHQUAKE—THE NEW YEAR—PANAMA AND
TABOGA—NIGHT ON SHORE—A LOVELY CHILENO—PEARL
ISLAND—TIGER SHARK—SPANISH BALL—THE ADMIRAL—
GRAND FUNCION—PAYTA—THE MAN OF GALWAY—CALLAO.

MAZATLAN was our next point of destination, and where we anchored in safety, calling, however, at Magdalena Bay, where hare shooting occupied our attention, some having bagged six during a day's sport. Mazatlan is as picturesque a bay as nature ever formed, islands covered with low green shrubs, purple masses of smooth rock bursting forth, having large snow white rocks between, the long ground-swell from the Gulf of California dashing its foam far above their tops; the town at the head of the bay, composed of neat whitewashed buildings, relieved by groves of cocoa-nut trees, with ripe brown nuts under their shade.

The people are all in arms expecting the Americans, and no person retires to his bed without his gun or

pistol under his pillow. Not ten days since they had a skirmish with a corvette's boats, which they completely repelled and drove off; and, from what I can see of the streets, there will be desperate fighting if they come to close quarters.

We are at anchor close to the spot where, only, a few days since, a lieutenant of an English frigate was drowned in the rollers, deeply and deservedly regretted.

The town is pretty, and rather extensive, superior in every way to Panama, Callao, &c. But thousands of residents had already departed consequent on the war, and it was therefore a little dull. The shops, mostly Parisian and German, are on an elegant scale, and made one fancy when he saw "Mons. Beville, Tailor, from Paris," that he was in New Bond-street. Everything was to be had here, as Jack says, from a "cambric needle to a bower anchor." Beds were scarce; and a good skittle-alley where, for exercise and to avoid the heat of the sun, many an hour was spent.

On sailing from Mazatlan we passed close under the stern of an old friend, where we backed our main top-sail, while the band played "Teddy O'Rooke's the boy, sirs," from as happy a ship as flies the pendant of her Majesty! We filled, and waved adieu!

At San Blas water was completed, and any unfortunate mid, who has had the ill-luck to be in charge of a watering party there, will never forget it. The heat is intolerable, or the rain pours. During the day the almost invisible sand flies prey on you, and in the morning and evening the mosquitoes; when one goes the other comes. "Watch and watch;" you cannot go into the water to avoid them,

for in the fresh lagoon are alligators, and in the salt-water sharks, both alike hungry. In vain do you rub your face, hands, and feet all over with lime juice, every trip you make; in vain do you take your neckerchief and tie it over your face, cutting two small holes to see through; it is all to no purpose, they will penetrate anything. Your boots, your blanket-frock, where the mosquito cannot insert its proboscis from its size, the sand-fly will find out. You rub, you scratch, you irritate, you make sore every part of your body, although you have declared a thousand times you will not touch a bite, but let them "bite on." You cannot resist. I have on many occasions not known my own boat's crew, they have been so disfigured, and many temporarily blind; on one occasion I did not know my watchmate. It is really pitiable in some, and no severer test can a person's philosophy of temper be put to than to send him a "few trips" in the watering boat. The most amiable, the most patient, the most enduring, will give way under it. The newest comer has the most attention paid him, they follow you off to the ship in myriads each trip, and heartily do you pray when water is completed.

It will be seen, when perusing my journal, that the whole coast of Mexico was in a state of terror of the Americans, who they expected hourly at each and every port to bombard them. This sometimes caused a question and delay on our part, for it was difficult for the Mexicans to tell English from Americans, and on one of these occasions we were nearly suffering a severe loss.

In a small bay near Acapulco we had occasion to anchor, and where not a living creature appeared to be

located—no house, or anything that would indicate a native's residence. Three or four boats landed with men and officers, on various duties, but no sooner had they entered the bush than four or five hundred Mexican soldiers, with loaded muskets and bayonets fixed, rushed out and took them prisoners, marching them to a shed inland, and hauling the boats up dry on the beach. They were mistaken for Americans, and all means failed to persuade the Governor that we *were* really English. This was a most unpleasant predicament to be placed in, and a despatch was at once sent away to the Governor of Acapulco, who is the senior officer; this, however, would cause some delay. We were allowed to communicate with the "prisoners" from the ship once a day, and it was curious to see the bulletin daily brought on board:

1st day. The Governor is reported "very drunk," and it is not known what he may do during his fits of distraction.

2nd day. Governor a little more sober; his family arrive from Sacatago, and express a *wish to see the ship*.

P.M. The Governor says, "that if a favourable answer does not come soon from Acapulco, he will be compelled to shoot them all." "How can I release you?" says he; "if I do, my troops here will say you *are Americans*. I shall be marched off to Acapulco, imprisoned, and shot.

3rd day. Things getting very serious. All the prisoners were marched to-day to a spot where a pit was dug (intended as a general grave), and overhanging it the branch of a tree, where the Commandant told them all they were to be hung, and then buried beneath.

4th day. The men all came aft to-day to request to be allowed to "cut out," and rescue their captain and officers; this was, however, impossible, because it was declared by the Commandant, "that at the first sign of an attempt to land, or a boat leaving the ship at night, all on shore would be sacrificed;" and he meant it too.

5th day. Late in the evening 180 more troops, "*The Regulars*," arrive as a reinforcement.

6th day. An order from the Governor of Acapulco arrives ordering "the immediate release of all the English prisoners," a severe reprimand to the Commandant, his immediate recall to Acapulco, and the sergeant who saved all their lives to be acting Governor; for I forgot to mention, on our first landing, the Mexicans presented their arms, and were going to fire *at once* on us, but the sergeant instantly stopped them; he was now rewarded.

They were all a little disappointed at seeing us embark, for preparations had been made that we should be hung on the morrow. Some went so far as to touch the Captain's jacket, and say in Spanish, "This is mine to-morrow;" another bespoke his cap, and all had pitched on some part of the uniform as relics. A Mexican officer appeared sorely disappointed; he had travelled three successive days to see them shot. Ladies had also come a long distance from the interior to witness the pleasant ceremony of hanging or shooting a jovial Irish captain and his amiable followers. They all came off very dirty and very fatigued, having been one week under a shed.

Again death, gloomy death, visits our expedition, and

we chose one of our most amiable young cadets of disease of the lungs, brought on by sleeping in the open air at night. He was buried in an untrodden corner of this bay, 'neath the shade of a bread-fruit tree. How true it is, that "man hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery: he cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, as a tale that is told."

We then sail for *Acapulco*; this was the great rendezvous of the buccaneers in days gone by, and many a richly-laden galleon had cast anchor where we now are—a snug land-locked bay, with Fort St. Carlos frowning over us on our right, the watering-place on the left, and the once rich and famous town at the head of the bay. The Governor made "thousands of apologies" for his brother officer, who "he intended to place in Fort San Carlos, and eventually making an example of him by shooting or hanging."

Several visitors of note came on board, as it was a rare occasion to see an English ship of war at anchor here; many came more for the curiosity of seeing those men who were to be shot (for our fame had gone abroad) than to see the vessel. We had "cavalry officers" and army officers in "plain clothes"; short green camlet jackets, tall white hats, taut trowsers, no stockings, and Jemima boots, completed the costume of an "army officer"—in mufty!

At midnight we were all roused up by screams and shrieks a short distance from where we lay, and were just in time to hear, "Oh! Oh! my God!" "Lord save my soul!" A boat was at once lowered and sent to the spot; nothing could be seen! An incorrigible character,

who had been a prisoner some time on board, lowered himself down from one of the ports near where he was secured and endeavoured to swim on shore, but was taken by a shark, and disappeared directly after we had heard his last words. All next day his body was dragged for, but could not be found. The bay is alive with sharks, and it is to be presumed he was soon torn to pieces. What an awful manner for a being to be ushered, in the midst of sin, to the presence of his Maker!

A Christmas dinner had been prepared—a substantial one—and, as it was our first favourable one together, we intended to do justice to it. It was a lovely morning. We were enchanted with the pleasing scene presented by the burning Isalcos mountains, each one forming a perfect cone of itself, many in active volcanic eruption, and standing 10,500 feet above us! The horizon becomes hazy, the barometer falls, a gale comes on, fore-sail, fore and main topsails are split, and all have to be shifted; the sea rose, the boats were hoisted “in-board,” and we lay to in almost a hurricane under storm staysails, and in this dilemma we eat our Christmas dinner—a turkey flying here, a round of beef there, marmalade tarts in the scuppers, a bottle of champagne pitched into your neighbour’s lap, and thus, “happy-go-lucky,” we went through the form of the day, crossing the Gulf of “Tehuantepec.”

Bodegas, a small town at the foot of the burning Isalcos, was passed; and here we distinctly felt three shocks of earthquake. It shook the ship, and all imagined she had run on shore. Sounded, and found 38 fathoms.

On new year's day we were off San Salvador, which city is situated on a ridge between two burning mountains. Near this spot we saw the old year out and new year in, with much noise and merriment.

Realejo, Cardon, and other smaller towns, were in their turns passed, famous only for sugar and distilleries, and again the ship anchored in Panama Bay. Ran over to Taboga for water, visited our friends, embraced Donna Anna, found my little washing girls had the fever, and Lady Mulgrave as fat as ever. All these are characters, but would occupy volumes to bring them forth; what am I to do? prudence says, be quiet!

I imagined that a night on shore at Panama would be a change, a variety, after six hundred nights on board; however to any one who has slept, or tried to sleep, in a Spanish town, I wish them joy. I could not do so. I endeavoured in vain to close my eyes; musicians kept me uneasy until one or two o'clock in the morning, the cock then commenced crowing, which was at once taken up by dogs barking and howling (the howl of a Spanish half-starved dog is not pleasant), then by donkeys braying, and finally at daylight by the unmusical drums and fifes of the soldiers next house to us, which continued until eight o'clock, when I arose; and just as I had commenced a polka round the room with black Chinch, a message came to say "the ship was off!"

There is not much harmony to a musical ear in the combined efforts of a donkey's bray, a soldier's tattoo, a howling dog, and the chuckling of a quantity of cocks and hens. One at a time would be preferred, if it *must* be so; but all together! Oh! and to which only

the mosquitoes could keep time, which they did! The hotel I was staying at (indeed, the only one in Panama) has a table d'hôte, at which all meet; and the loud bell sounded for breakfast at nine a.m. I was repaid for all my nights' sufferings by only sitting at the table with one of the most lovely Chilénos that imagination can picture or the idea fancy; a family on their way to St. Jago-de-Chili, their native place, having been on a tour in England and Paris three-and-a-half years, were now returning; General B., his wife, and three daughters, the eldest married, the youngest, a lovely Chiléno, black eyes and hair, and a musical Castilian voice. All I knew is, that I paid six reals for a breakfast, which I scarcely looked at! and I do not think I was the only one!

A cruise round the Pearl Islands occupied us some time. All were visited, in number I think, 125. There is but one town, if it deserves the name, of any importance, St. Miguel, on the island of that name. In many places, the people fled on our approach, fancying we were the "Flores expedition," of whom they had heard, and whom they were daily expecting. Here we saw the pearl divers obtaining the oysters, remaining under water 72 to 75 seconds, when they came up with their baskets full. Here also are the largest sharks in the world. The "tiger shark,"—I shall not attempt to estimate its size, for I would not be credited, even were I within bounds. Here also may be seen the much-dreaded "Tintéro," or devil fish. It lays on the white sands in shallow waters with its graspers spread, and when it sees its prey above it, rises, clasps it in its fins, and descends

It is a horrible-looking fish, more dreaded by the natives than the shark.

On our return to the pretty village of Taboga, we find it burned to the ground—an accident. A few days were enlivened here by the presence of the Admiral and his amiable family; the consequence is, some pleasant parties, pic-nics and déjeunés. At a Spanish party, or ball, you must not expect the company to be very select; you must not be surprised or horrified if you meet the young lady who sold you your kid gloves, or your tailor's family, or the chap that waited on you at your last table d'hôte dinner, or the young fellow who marked your game of billiards. These you must expect—any may be your vis-à-vis in a quadrille or country dance.

Afterwards I witnessed a "grand funcion,"—a new bishop elected in lieu of the one who died the day of our arrival. The Cathedral was crowded with the élite of Panama, beautifully and gaudily attired. The ceremony of kissing hands I thought most absurd; the majority kissed a diamond ring which his lordship wore, and which had been handed down from his Holiness the *Pope*. *Their sins were forgiven for a period of FORTY DAYS*, after kissing the ring, and the ceremony ended; his train-bearers handed him carefully out into the dirty streets of Panama. A "convenient" religion thought I. After many pleasant evenings in Panama at the Admiral's, the Governor's, Consul's, &c., we sailed for Callao, touching at Payta, and passing close to the melancholy spot where we lost our amiable friend. All those sad feelings on that occasion were again revived, and we could not pass it without a sigh.

At Payta, we found our "Galway man" had been raised to the high position of a consular agent, and had now the Union Jack floating proudly over his premises. We had a queer dance there that evening.

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CHAPTER VI.

LIMA.

LIMA—OUR CASTILIAN—JIB-BOOM STREET—A DONKEY PIC-NIC—
MISS CHAMBERS—LOVELY EMILY—FINISH—KEEL-HAULING—
RESORT—SERENADE—THE EMBARGO—ADIEU TO CALLAO.

ARRIVING at Callao, on her Majesty's Coronation-day, we were able to partake in the loyalty displayed on that occasion. Coming down the coast from Payta, several small towns were seen ; Huanchaco, Truxillo, and Santa being among those most worthy of note, all surrounded by extensive ranchas and numerous cattle. By-the-bye, while it occurs to me, I may as well state that, as we are now on a Spanish coast, I shall have occasion to make use of many Spanish terms, so as still to retain the sentiment they contain ; therefore, as they are from recollection *only*, many may be found misspelt and wrongly accentuated, therefore I must ask indulgence on this point, as I had not time when writing to fly to a dictionary on every occasion. One thing I am convinced of, that a Castilian word, or term, will lose none of its "sweet sentiment" by being either wrongly spelt or by the omission of a letter.

On my last visit to this place, it will be recollected that I was *not* favourably impressed with my first stroll.

on shore; besides the mad dogs, naked chicken, and monkey cats, which everywhere surrounded me then, we had now the addition of donkeys, and these latter were turned to a first-rate account. Our first evening here was passed in a most delightful and amusing manner. There were many "mids" now in harbour, and all had returned from a long sea cruise; they had, therefore, some money, which was already "burning holes in their pockets." All who could be spared from duty assembled on shore, and with two "double-barrelled organs" and a guitar (although on a rough ground), we passed a very tolerable evening with many whom we had invited from highways and byeways—Fandangos, Refélliosas, and Zamba Cuecas—until a very late hour. Our refreshments were "fisgig and sherry." On returning to the boat at the mole rather late, we presented the faithful sentry, who was "walking his post," with a new broom, which some of the party found we had *accidentally* brought away from a billiard-room in which we had had our dancing party.

Seventy of the donkeys I have just alluded to were, to-day, collected by the residents of Callao, and a picnic given to the officers of the squadron. At noon, we were all mounted, our rendezvous at an Irishman's house, and made a grand start. When we had overcome the excitement of mounting, and settling and adjusting riding habits, &c., and fairly on the road, we looked back on the scene; it was perfectly ludicrous, and no person, under the most painful circumstances, could have resisted a downright laugh. People, of all sorts and sizes, on donkeys of much the same pattern, smothered in dust,

bringing a cloud after their cavalcade ; donkeys breaking down with their loads, ladies rolling off in the dust, sailors riding, some "stern foremost," others dragging their animals by the bridles, more coaxing them with *pins*, was now the scene along the whole road.

Before starting, three of the very small and good-looking cadets were dressed in ladies' riding habits, hats, bonnets and veils, and but one or two of the party knew of this circumstance ; they looked well, and by acting their part admirably, deceived even their own mess-mates. As each new comer arrived, he was introduced formally to Miss Carpenter, Miss Delaney, and Miss Chambers, who made graceful acknowledgments ; even one of very high rank was taken in, bowed, and raised his cocked hat to the young strangers. A remarkable scene occurred on the road,—these young trio in ladies' attire made themselves so very agreeable (moreover being strangers, and keeping their faces protected from the sun by having down their thick veils), that they received more than their proper share of attentions, and all were vieing with each other who should be the favoured ones. Miss Chambers slipped off her donkey ! all rushed of course, particularly a young doctor ! "She needed no assistance," but some would persist in lifting her on again. Several attempts were made, one on this side, one at the other, to catch her ; 'twas of no use. We had by this time all assembled about her in roars of laughter ; to have lifted her habit, for the purpose of placing her foot on a gentleman's hand, would have revealed the secret. "Stand on one side," says she, for-

getting her sex, gathered up her habit, and jumped on the donkey on "all fours," and settled herself. We thought this very queer.

On arriving at the ground all the donkeys were secured, the cloth and lunch laid out, and the several couples—boys and girls—strolled; Miss Carpenter had her beau, Miss D. and C. their's; the former "pair" really attracted attention, they were, what Jack would call, "quite spooney." However, it was rude to watch them, and they were allowed to "gain an offing," when a circumstance occurred, in which Miss C. throwing up her veil, and dashing her hat off, said to her most particular friend and messmate, "Is it possible you don't know me?" All the story was then told where she had dressed, whose clothing they had on, and so forth, which afforded much amusement to all. We dined and danced, danced and dined, on a very liberal scale,—mountains of catables and rivers of drinkables; when we completed the afternoon with donkey racing, piping, chase the goose, and some songs.

The lovely Emily Mc Pherson was of our party! her melancholy dejected countenance could not be looked on without sympathy and even pain; to see her was to admire her, to admire was to feel yourself irretrievably in love with her. The cause of her despair is a short story. She came out from England not a long time since to meet an only brother, who had advanced so far in business, as to write for her to come and keep his house for him. At considerable expense and a dreary sea voyage overcome, she arrived, and found him dead! Her grief for some days was excessive, and even danger

apprehended ; this caused a pale innocence to take possession of her cheek, which contrasted well with the deep mourning she had on. This was the first time I had seen her, and a more lovely expression of countenance I have seldom witnessed. I *would* not be introduced to her, an indescribable dread came over me, that seemed to say, once to know Emily was never to leave her ; and once to speak to her, was that instant to be a prisoner for ever. She danced gracefully, rode stylishly, and talked of sweet romances !

It was a dark night when we came into town, fatigued and smothered in dust ; after about an hour's rest we had a bath in one house, dressed in another, had our shoes polished in a third ; and finished the evening lounging and chatting, drinking innumerable small refreshing cups of tea, and sweet cakes, while gazing in the faces of all our pic-nic party, among whom was again the lovely, innocent and attractive Emily. The lovely Emily was shortly afterwards united to one of the noblest Lieutenants in H. M.'s navy, after only a few days' courtship.

 KEEL HAULING.

It may be often heard said, that our punishments in the navy, such as flogging, &c., "are very severe." It is not so, it is trifling when compared with other services, French, American, Russian, &c. To-day we witnessed the process of keel-hauling, which was inflicted on two men belonging to a French brig of war. The men were "spread eagled," that is stretched out, and a thirty-two pound shot tied to their legs. The hands are

turned up and the warrants read, the sufferer is triced up to the main-yard arm by "all hands;" let fall, and kept under water fifty seconds (I think) by a watch, he is then run up again, let fall, and so forth three times. Two days after one victim died! Compare this with our flogging, and which is worse? One is the natural consequence of crime, the other barbarous and inhuman.

There is a street in Callao laying at right angles to the shore, which is named "Jib-boom Street;" this was the scene of many a noisy evening of dancing and singing, as well as a "few rows." At Carmasita's house in particular, two harps, two organs and a guitar, always met us; and the matting was danced off the room, and the soles off our shoes, and we frequently remained until past twelve, when the faithful pilot "Ignacio" steered us in the guard boat to our respective ships, passing the three admirals, English, French and Peruvian, whom we never neglected to serenade. Young gentlemen under the age of sixteen were strictly prohibited from going to those evening dances in "Jib-boom Street," and three having outstepped the law, suffered by being sent from a truly *happy* to a very *unhappy* ship, with a notice of only ten minutes to prepare their kits, the vessel under weigh bound on a long sea voyage!

Having bid adieu to Callao, I fear "for ever," started for Payta, arriving in four days, which occupied us twenty-four in coming to Callao. We had only time to give a dinner to the new Consul, "the man for Galway," when we sailed for the Gulf of Guayaquil, and anchored off the city, where dwelt the "Fairest of the Fair."

CHAPTER VII.

GUAYAQUIL.

GUAYAQUIL—FAIREST OF THE FAIR — BAÑOS—BASIL HALL—
GRAND DIVERCION—THE VISIT—SCENTS AND FRAGRANT BEADS
— PUNA — THE GRAVE — PANAMA — RAINY SEASON — W—'S
WEDDING PREVENTED—CUPICA BAY—SALANO—ESCAPE—SAN
JUAN — SUFFER FROM SICKNESS — LETTERS — MY FIRST
MOURNING.

WE were a little surprised in the morning early, to find the banks of the river crowded with persons, boys and girls, ladies and old men, taking their baños, a recreation they are very fond of; they sit up to their waists in water, and pour it from calabashes over their heads for hours together, until the heat of the sun compels them to retire, and you see no person then until evening. Spanish hammocks are seldom seen now, except an occasional one in a verandah. The "Fairest of the Fair" took umbrage at the remark of Basil Hall, who said, without an intention of offending, "When he entered the drawing-rooms it was with difficulty he threaded his way through the many hammocks which were flitting about with fair occupants," it made him

"quite giddy," and "he almost required a pilot." They considered this a reflection on their innocent habits and customs, and now not a hammock is to be seen in any of their "quartas." I trust they will not consider *my* remark on their healthy pastime as reflecting any discredit.

The governor paid us an official visit, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, and in the evening there was a grand "diversion" and procession, the militia were called out and exercised, (they were now in bodily fear of "Flores' expedition") after which a bullock was roasted, and served out with plenty of agnadianté. The procession was grand, attended by the civil and military bands, the "saints" of the several chapels elevated and carried by men, the "Virgin Mary" escorted by all the virgins, who wore long black ribbons, carrying long lighted tallow candles, which from the heat of the sun were weeping much quicker in the hands than at the wick. The crowds who assembled at the windows and on the balconies, were gaudily and beautifully dressed, and full of smiles.

We visited one of the most ancient, wealthy, and most agreeable of the residents, where we were provided, as Basil Hall describes, with glasses of fresco, delicious scents, and fragrant beads, the latter the produce of the fire fly on the bean of the laburnum (I think). The three señoritas entered one by one after they had completed their toilet, sang and played the piano and guitar for us. The eldest sang the "Somnambula" to perfection, the others duettos. The amiable mother took the trouble to tell us more than once the names of her

daughters, who were certainly good specimens of the "fairest of the fair;" the youngest, I thought, the fairest and most beautiful picture of a Spanish girl I had ever seen; to escape from the piercing rays of those eyes, "como estrellas," one does indeed deserve credit.

I must never pass over the extreme hospitality we all received from the British Consul at Puna. A more worthy, kind and generous old English gentleman, it would be difficult to find; his was always bachelor's hall and open house.

Puna is the country residence of our friend, an island at the entrance of the Guayaquil river, out of which we quietly and "slyly" kedged very early in the morning, on our way again to Panama, calling at S'Elena, Salango, Manta, and Sua; this latter is close to the spot where the melancholy and never-to-be-forgotten accident occurred two years since. We visited our departed friend's grave; it was unchanged! a tree or two were gradually increasing in size, drooping and weeping over it. And on Sunday, in a deluge of rain, we anchored at Panama. It was the day of Panamanian *independence*, and a salute of twenty-eight guns was fired from those pieces of ordnance I have before minutely described!

The town was dull, dull in every sense of the term. It was the rainy season, thunder, lightning and rain without ceasing, and the sickly season had carried off many—the mourners still weeping!

In my first walk on shore I met *my* friend Mr. Webster. After introducing himself he said, "he had seen much of the world—his head was broken, his jaw dislocated, ribs sticking out, right thigh broken, hands lacerated,

eye gouged ; on his thumbs were still the marks where he had been strung up to confess to a church robbery, his ankles wounded, having had seventy pounds of iron on them to prevent his hauling himself up." All these *I saw*, and it would have made it shorter, if I had at once said, he *was literally mangled*. He was anxious to barter a collection of very beautiful shells for some drawings of mine, hence our acquaintance ! "The pictures," he told me, "were to adorn his house, as he was about to be married to a *very pretty* Spanish girl, with plenty of money and property, whose brother was to purchase him a vessel which he was to command. There was only *one* impediment to his marriage, that was, he could get no person to certify that he had not been previously married in Europe. This was easily overcome ; three midshipmen arranged it ! and "certified that James Webster, son of James and Margaret his wife, was not to the best of their belief previously married." This was after dinner ! we reflected (midshipmen, however, seldom do so), and on second thoughts, fearing that the Bishop of Panama might call on one of us to "give Webster away," the certificate was cancelled after due deliberation, and poor weather-beaten Webster left to pine. He was a native of Carrickfergus, in Ireland.

I may say the rains *washed* us away from Panama. We had already lost some of our best sailors, and many were now suffering, so we thought "prudence the best part of valour," and sailed. This gave us an opportunity of seeing "Cupica Bay," into which it was contemplated to cut the canal through the Isthmus of Darien, from the Atrato River—a grand scheme, if ever attempted. I

ventured up the river in a canoe, about a mile, and saw that the highest part of land to be cut would be about 300 feet in elevation.

Off the Salano River, another distressing accident had nearly deprived us of one more shipmate.

I had just sat down to dinner, when I heard the "boats suddenly called away," and I was ordered to go in one, to rescue one of our smaller boats, which had capsized in the surf. Fortunately, no one was drowned, but everything lost, and the crew had a very narrow escape.

Chirambera is at one of the mouths of the "San Juan," which very nearly divides America. The distance to the head of the river, on which stands the city of Novété, is not known, but it takes a canoe seven days to pole up, and a steamer would do it in twenty hours. From the head of this to the "Atrato," on the other side, is a quarter of a league, and can be passed in an hour, running into the Gulf of Darien. There is plenty of water—eight to twelve fathoms—but the navigation is very intricate. The woods abound in wild boar, the sloth, black monkey, and opossum—the latter having a paw much resembling the human hand—many turkeys (wild), and the river is alive with fish. The rains are incessant; on an average, only thirty days during the year are without them. The "San Juan" has six mouths. A village stands at the entrance, having a spirit distillery; the inhabitants are Spanish and Indians, and from the Padron of the village I obtained most of this information.

Our "happy," but, I am sorry to add, "sickly" ship, was now well nigh losing our beloved and much respected chief; and this caused our return in haste to Panama. He

remained ill for many days, and was very nearly despaired of, when, to the astonishment and wonder of all, we received orders to proceed to the "North Pole," by Behring's Strait; to the chilling and refreshing idea alone, I believe, we were indebted for the recovery of our worthy captain. We were all, of course, in high spirits at so unexpected and welcome a change. As for myself, I was delighted; nothing could be more charming and novel than a cruise to the Arctic regions, and in so humane a cause. I was rejoicing within myself at this, when a letter was handed to me with a deep black margin! A chill ran through me. I thought I should have fallen on the deck. I had lost a beloved sister! All I could say was, "God's will be done!" It was my first mourning; and, being naturally of a vivacious spirit, I felt this now the keener. I was compelled to live on shore for some days, to endeavour to pass away the grief which this sorrowful intelligence caused me.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARE FOR THE NORTH—A TERTULIA—RAPHELIA—SAD THOUGHTS
— SANDWICH ISLES — SIGNS OF LAND — PETROFVLOVSKOI —
WATERY GRAVE — SALMON — TOMBS OF LOST NAVIGATORS —
THE TOWN — A SOIREE DANSANTE — VISITORS' REMARKS — THE
CHARLES, A MISTAKE — BEHRING'S ISLE — NATIVES' VISIT —
NORTON SOUND — BEHRING STRAIT — ESCAPE FROM WRECK —
GRAND METEOR — KOTZEHUE SOUND — BLOSSOM'S MARK — A POST
— THE SEARCH — BAIDARS AND KYAKS — NEWS — THE STUDS —
HUGE BONES — COLD — SIBERIA — FUNERAL AT SEA.

"Far as the eye can reach, and all around,
Is one vast icy solitude profound!"

ALL was now excitement, bustle, and preparation for a most interesting cruise, in a humane cause; and it was a strange coincidence that we, who had been the very last to wave our caps, and wish "God speed," should now be chosen to aid in searching for the lost Franklin and his brave associates. We entered on this service with all our hearts and all our endeavours. Warm clothing was preparing, extra provisions stowing away, benevolent

boots and soups arriving, presents for natives collecting ; and all these tended much to revive my drooping spirits, which had undergone so severe a test.

Such was the anxiety prevailing, and such the necessity for immediate action, that a large and powerful steamer was sent to tow us through the calms into the trade winds, as there is always a difficulty in getting away from this part of the American coast.

Water and fresh provisions had to be completed at the pretty little island of Taboga, not many miles from Panama, and our last evening being passed here (which may, perhaps, be *the* very last), we gave the inhabitants, who had often shown much kindness to us, a parting "Tertulia" (on shore). The white rosette was handed to my charge, and I, therefore, had a busy as well as a responsible day ; and not the least anxious part was the brew, on an extensive scale, of the "Connemara lemonade." We were in number about forty-five (for numbers are limited in Taboga), besides numerous gazers from doorways and gallery. The band—three fiddlers, a drum, and triangle ; it was astonishing to see how well the girls managed dances, some of which they had never seen before. *One* exception, indeed, who was perfect, and at the same time *the belle*.

Raphélie was a visitor on the island ; she was beautiful ! she was attractive ! Her mother, whom we had before seen, was blind, and the cause was both strange and melancholy.

Her husband had been shot a short time since, for taking an active part in the disturbance at Ecuador, she being an eye-witness. The moment his body fell, she

rushed to the spot, and covered it with a sheet which she had prepared, to hide the corpse from a curious and gazing multitude, who had assembled to witness this horrible scene. From this circumstance, her eyes weakened, and she eventually lost her sight. Raphélia was the only child, and she was now sent to Taboga, under the care of Donna Anna, to prevent a marriage which was about to take place with one not considered by her mother suitable. She had money and beauty, and to this island she was sent to be saved.

She was dressed very tastefully, but some one accidentally stepped on her flounce, and the skirt came down. The dress was removed, and she appeared in a mere morning costume. At two o'clock next morning, we conducted them all to their homes, the band playing "Rule, Britannia," through the quiet streets of Taboga—of course, all assisting at the chorus—and took an affecting farewell.

All the boats had been hoisted up, for an early start, and small canoes brought us to our ship, one by one—not, however, before some had already fallen into gutters, others in love, and not a few into sleep on the beach, from which it was difficult to rouse them.

Daylight we were off, and sad thoughts soon filled the vacancies of pleasure!

Our ship, very deep in the water, was towed along at a brisk and pleasant rate, through almost a calm, and the *nine* hearty cheers we received on parting almost made us fancy success was certain. We were now alone—alone on the trackless and dreary ocean, with nothing but the sky and water to gaze on for many, many days—

and having to pass through the belt of rains ; an idea of the quantity fallen may be roughly formed, when there was collected in one day "eleven tons."

After passing the Sandwich Isles, where the immortal Cook was killed by the natives, in Karakoa Bay, the tropics were cleared, in which we had been one year and nine months. The time hung on us now very heavily, and we often were compelled to have recourse to the innocent games of "jump-back," and marbles made of pitch.

Three months had now elapsed on our voyage, and we longed to see land once more. Fogs, puffins, lummies, gulls, driftwood, and weed now told us land was not far off, and, true enough, next morning opened to our view a scene which none can ever forget. To say it was "grand," would be giving but a very distant idea of its splendour and magnificence. We found ourselves beneath the mountains of Koriatskoi and Villeuchinskoi, perpetually covered with snow, at the entrance of the Bay of Awatska, on the peninsula of Kamstchatka. The same evening, the anchor was dropped at the entrance of the bay, after being ninety days at sea. We could hardly reconcile ourselves to the fact, that we were in a part of the world so many thousands of miles from England, in a place so unknown, and so seldom frequented ; *Petropavlovskoi*. On the port hand going in, was passed the spot where the packet from Otchosk had lately been wrecked, and fourteen passengers met a watery grave. The whale-boat, also, that went to their assistance was lost, and six hands also perished. Twenty souls from so small a village as *Petropavlovskoi* was severely felt. After anchoring off

the cemetery, a boat came off with salmon, and *forty* were purchased for one dollar. Reader, imagine—*three* months on salt provisions and rain water; our benevolent soups a failure; our preserved meats Goldner's!—what an agreeable welcome this was!

My first pleasure on going on shore was to visit the tombs of former navigators—Clerk (Cook's captain), Behring, and Pérouse. To the latter's memory the Russians have erected a handsome monument, between the hills on the left of the bay, with an appropriate inscription. It is neatly railed in, and surrounded with sweet-briar and wild roses. Another, equally handsome, was erected to Behring. It stands in the Governor's garden, fronting the gate; long tussic grass surrounds it, and by its side is a small waterfall. There is a long inscription (in Russian) on this. Nothing remains of Clerk's, but a notch or two cut in a tree where the body was laid, the inscription having been removed to the church when the gardens were under repair. Of the two former I made sketches, and could not help feeling with deep emotion that I was tracing the outlines of such great and worthy explorers, who had lost their lives in pursuit of knowledge for their country.

The town is small, but pretty. The houses, which consist of a Chapel, the Governor's, an engine-room, guard-house (fronting which is a battery of small brass guns), and store-houses, are built of logwood. For three months in the year, the weather is fine; the remaining nine, the snow is above the windows of the houses, and the bay entirely frozen over. We were told that last winter the dogs and sleighs went over the trees in the

gardens, which are as high as the houses. The snow takes about three months to accumulate. It thaws a little, then freezes over, and then is the time for the sleighs.

The people were delighted at having an English man-of-war in their anchorage—something very new to them—and they commenced to show us every manner of attention. Visits were interchanged, and dinner-parties enjoyed, and a "soirée dansante" given at the Governor's hospitable dwelling, to which latter all went, and found all the ladies (about fifteen) in one room, the gentlemen in another; the ladies, headed by Madame, looking beautiful. I cannot say they were *all* lovely, but they had most pleasing expressions, and some really pretty. The little "Green Parrots" (as we called them) danced with ease, grace, and elegance. The elder of the two was an adopted child, whose father (a Russian officer) and mother both died here, and the little girl was taken under Madame's care, who did her benefactress much credit. The evening commenced with a quick march, each gentleman taking a lady round both rooms, seating her, then taking another, till all were exhausted; this was the introduction. Russian country dances and waltzes—the former, a little of everything—were the only ones. A tragic scene was performed in the garden by twenty native Kamstchadales, who sang and acted some bandit affair remarkably well. We imagined the Russians were rather distant to the ladies, but put a charitable construction on the circumstance, and concluded it must have been "making-room for us." A remark made by a French navigator in his narrative hurt much

the feelings of the ladies. He said "that the females in dancing imitated bear hunts, which when over, they laid down on the ground and perspired so profusely that the smell between oil and fish was anything but agreeable to the nasal organs."

All I can add to this now is, that if such *was* the case, there is a most wonderful improvement, and they are all following the example of their worthy, handsome, and amiable governess. Another remark was made by the doctor of a whaling ship, which was published in a small pamphlet, and gave great offence when read, that "many of the people (females) bathed in the pond near the town, adjoining the promenade." This, I was assured by many, was not the truth, and entire fabrication!

After many pleasant evenings, we were compelled to say adieu!—the season was fast drawing to a close, and we must depart. At the entrance of the bay our ship was boarded by the master of a whale-ship, who complimented us by saying he thought us the "whale ship *Charles*," and was quite surprised on coming on deck; and he also "calculated we should find it tarnation cold," and, if we ventured into Behring's Straits, should not come out again this season." None were much astonished at being mistaken for a *whaler*, for the vessel was very deep, with grass on the copper, and our small summer spars on deck, and storm sails bent; but the prospect of not coming out of the ice again was not agreeable to us who had been burning within the tropics for three years, and unprepared for severities, now began to feel the cold *intensely*. Passed Behring's Island, where the great explorer of that name had been cast away, and whose tomb

we had lately seen. With the exception of a gale of wind off this island, which washed away our hammock nettings, made the ship leak throughout, even into the mid.'s berth and provision rooms, nothing particular occurred until off Cape Tchoukotskoi, when we were visited by the Tchutchis, who came off in five baidars, a new one containing four women, the others manned by from seven to thirteen natives ; and they came alongside without any hesitation or fear. Their baidars were a framework of light wood covered over with a walrus skin laced quite tight, and were both transparent and watertight. Bartering commenced immediately—walrus teeth, dresses, and ornaments, for tobacco. The men had all the crowns of their heads shaved, leaving a circle of hair around. We could not understand one word of their language, and therefore could get no information about the object of our mission. They were very merry and very fair barterers, were bold and inclined to skylark ; but the women were very timid, and apparently modest, and when they saw me endeavour to sketch their faces, turned their heads away (and I was going to say *blushed*). They were dressed in skins made from the intestines of the seal, and trimmed with bird's feathers, red and black ; their hair was plaited in two plaits, and they were fine, healthy, fresh-looking girls, and wore breeches and boots the same as the men. A fog coming on made them depart quicker than they pleased.

Arrived off the Russian settlement of Fort St. Michael, in Norton Sound, which we found in command of a sergeant. Here we came to obtain interpreters and dogs. Of the former we could only get a Russian, who spoke

some Spanish. His wife wished to accompany him (naturally enough), and the parting scene on the beach was very affecting ; such rubbing of noses and cheeks, we thought it would never cease !

Passed through the Straits of Behring, the smallest space between Asia and America, not more than forty-five miles ! And here, on the Diomedé Isles, our ship was nearly lost, and Ratmanoff had well nigh been inhabited. In a dense fog, on a Sunday, the land was seen towering above the *mastheads*, and the surf roaring against the cliffs, not a cable's length from the ship. She was quickly put about, and out of danger ; but had it been during the night nothing could have saved her, for no one would have thought of looking for land "up in the sky."

A short time after, the grandest meteor that I suppose the firmament ever produced shot from N.E. through the planet Venus ; it lit up the whole heavens for an instant, burst like a rocket emitting Roman candles, and left a train of light in its track. A grander thing cannot be imagined ; you can only see it to form an idea of it ; to describe it is impossible.

Arriving, after a four months' voyage, at Chamisso Island, Kotzebue Sound, the marks left there by the *Blossom* twenty-four years since were plainly visible. A few natives were seen, but after a short interview, in which the interpreter could not make them understand him, they decamped, having still, no doubt, an impression of the last visit of the *Blossom*, when a native was killed in an affray with one of her boat's crews.

A post was fixed on the highest part of the island,

bearing an inscription for the guidance of any coming after us. Many carved their names on this post. Mine was on a Spanish real, and others on copper coins, driven between the splits of the wood at the head of the mark ; and a bottle was buried ten feet magnetic north. We knew all these would be interesting introductions to any who might first examine it after our departure.

Our search was now commenced in right earnest. The whole of the American coast was traced, boats sent into every inlet and creek, and every native communicated with, to endeavour to gain some information of our missing countrymen. Summer was now on the wane. Snow commenced falling. The natives had left their tents for their "yourts," or winter quarters under ground. Winter was fast approaching, and not much time was left. In one of these inlets, "Spafarief," I was sent to find, if possible, some natives ; after tracing the inlet for some miles, seven baidars were espied with natives, who, on seeing us, stood up in their boats, stretched out their arms, gave a "hee," and rubbed their bellies, in token of friendship and welcome. They had been seal-fishing ; but when they saw us approaching the village, followed and accompanied us, racing, throwing their spears and arrows, picking up the birds shot by us, as the boats progressed ; their spears were shod with flints, and they threw them with dexterity and precision, and made their "kyaks" (which are a light framework with a seal-skin stretched tight over, having only a hole large enough for a man to sit in) fly again through the water.

Our Russian interpreter was here informed by an old man, that he had heard from a person who had just

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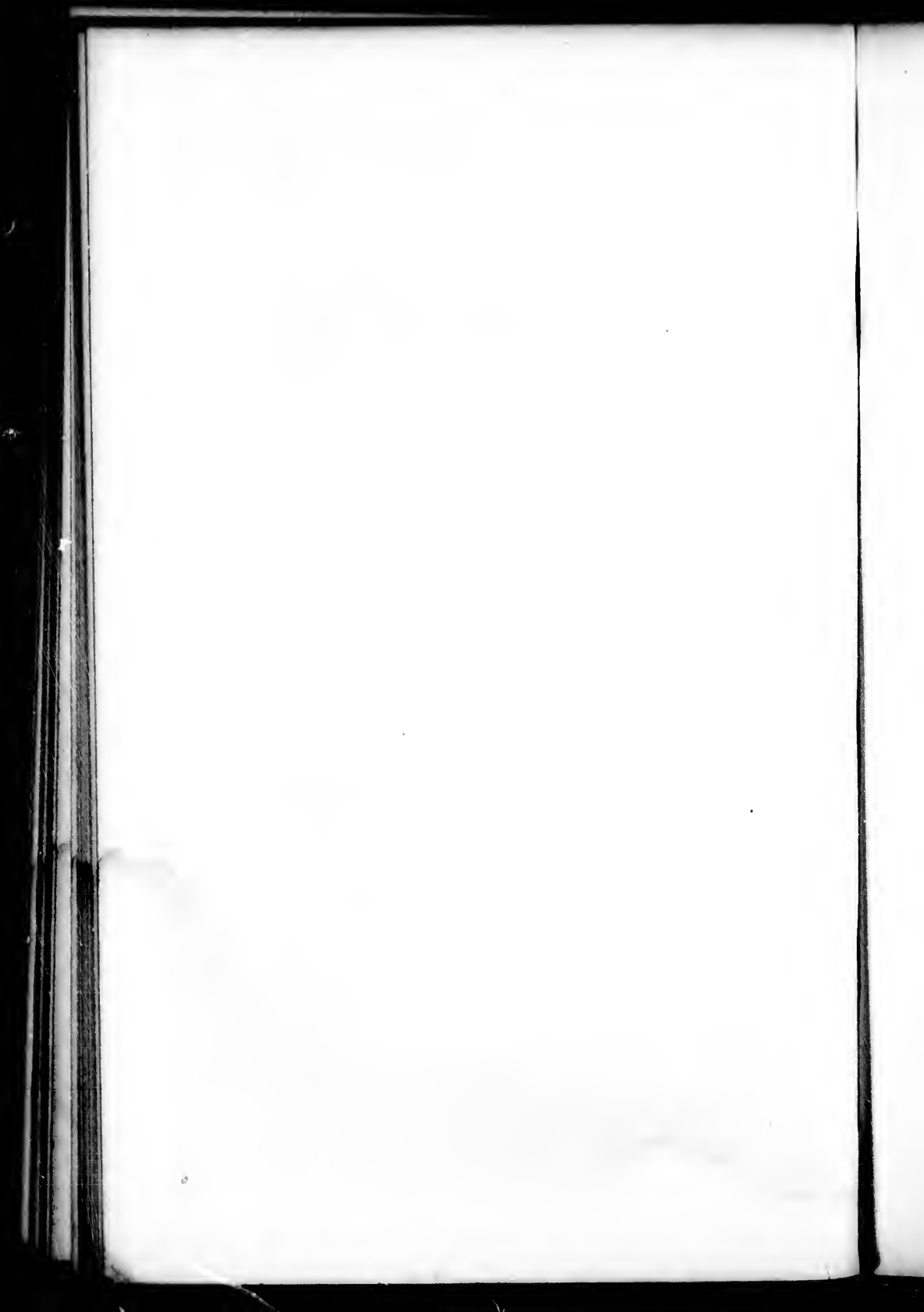
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ed by Halmsted & Watson

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, BY W. J. VAN DER WAERDEN



arrived from the head of the Buckland river, that "he had *seen* a party of men dressed like sailors, with an officer, having a gold band on his cap and brass buttons. They had come from a main body, who were further inland, and had bought up all the venison; they could not speak, nor make themselves understood to any of the natives; the spot where they are is ten days' journey from this overland, but a boat could reach it in a very short time."

It was difficult to know what conclusion to come to about this strange story, so "waited awhile."

Nearly all the natives seen had sore eyes, and wore wooden spectacles with a slit in them, to protect the eyes from sand and snow; they also had the cheek or lip ornaments of jet black, in the shape of a stud, worn on each side of the lower lip, and really looked horrible, especially when the incisions had been newly made.

Returned on board immediately to report our story.

Boats were immediately sent away to gather more information, and to confirm our former report. They could not find a single native, but they were fortunate in collecting on the Escholtz Cliffs many fossil remains of the mastadon and Siberian ox—tusks, teeth, parts of skull, some with the hair on; one tusk alone weighed 243 lbs. These animals are long since extinct, and, as they were of Siberia, are supposed to have come to the American coast in ice-drifts many years since.

The cold was now getting very severe. As the water was poured on the decks to wash them it froze. We were all getting benumbed and paralyzed with its intensity. After being three and a half years in the tropics,

and suddenly transported, *unprepared*, to within the Arctic circle, we felt the change most severely, and now concluded that it was high time to retrace our steps.

After many arrangements had been concluded we made a final start, and were literally blown out of the straits in a snow storm, passing close to, but without seeing, the rock on which we wore so nearly leaving our ribs. East Cape and the mountains of Siberia were very grand; the former covered with a deep red sorrel; the latter with snow. The deep fissures and caves in East Cape, hollowed out by Arctic gales for years past, made it appear very imposing.

On our passage to Petropavlovskoi, we had a grand view of all the lofty mountains, perpetually covered with snow, forming the south coast of Siberia, and it is, indeed, a scene of extreme grandeur; the evening before anchoring, we had again to perform the sad ceremony of committing to the deep one of our shipmates. He was a great loss to us all. Many a dull, cold, and dreary evening he assisted to pass away. He had many good qualities, with one only sin, which brought him to an early grave. He had lived "a rough life and a merry one." He had now gone to rest—where all must soon follow—as "life is but a span."

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CHAPTER II.

PETROPAVLOVSKOI.

A FUNERAL—OUR THEATRICALS—THE DANCE—SAN BLAS—OUR MIS-
FORTUNE—IMPUDENT INTRUSION—SCURVY—SANDWICH ISLES—
TABOO OFF.

“ It seems as if these regions by the will
Of Heaven transfixed, all at once stood still ;
And the proud waves, beneath the fatal blow,
Had spread into a field of lifeless snow ! ”

ANCHORED again in safety off the town of Petropav-
lovskoi, at the foot of the snow-capped summits of
Awatska and Villinchinskoi, which were now found
burning and smoking, melting the snow on their sum-
mits, and lending to the scene at night an appearance of
awe and grandeur.

The first object that attracted my attention on shore
was a child's funeral. The child was placed in a *cigar*
box, garnished with coloured papers, the mother carrying
the box, the little brother leading with the lid, the father
bringing up the rear, and going along the road at a very
brisk pace. These three alone comprised the funeral.
Next day the mother died. She had many following
her remains, among whom were three priests ; the face

of the corpse was left uncovered in the coffin, so that her friends might see her. *All* the town followed her to the cemetery.

It was now our turn to show the Kamstchadales how much we appreciated their united efforts on a former occasion to make our visit agreeable. From the Lieut.-Governor the largest room in the town was obtained, and furniture, including three fiddles; for it was feared that the motion of the vessel would spoil the evening's amusement for the ladies. It was our intention to first perform theatricals, and then make the stage into a ball-room, dancing in character. The room was adorned with flags, lanthorns, &c., and sixty names were enrolled on our invitation list. I had endeavoured throughout the day, which was a stirring one for me, to learn a few Kamstchadale words, which might be of use during the evening's amusements; but when I found out that "pocorum-blodherue" was "thank you," and "devil" was "nine," I gave up all idea of studying the language.

Long before the appointed hour our friends commenced dropping in; but at seven precisely, the governor and suite arrived, and were seated in the dress box. The national anthem was played, which happily was the same for both nations. The bell rang—prepare! rang again. The curtain rose; and there were we, in all shapes, sizes, and dresses, the gaze of a foreign public audience.

The play, selected from Fielding's most attractive, was commenced. The three first rows of chairs were occupied by the ladies, the gentlemen behind; and the

windows of the house, which were low, and purposely left open, were thronged with persons who had never witnessed such a thing before, and most probably never would again. The audience, although not knowing one word we said, evidently understood the plot, and a continued smile was on their pretty faces. Scene after scene pleased them more and more, and their compliment afterwards was very good; they said, "There was no occasion to know the language, for they could tell by the action what was going on." A Spanish fandango finished the piece, when the Doctor made a concluding speech in French (which many understood), and, 'mid loud cheers and applause, the curtain dropped. The ladies were handed into the tea-room, and in five minutes our theatre was a ball-room.

The quadrille formed, our worthy and smiling chief leading off with the Governess, when all others followed. The arrival of the packet from Otchosk added two belles to the party; and also were present the three priests and their *wives*, one of whom was an immense woman. The Governor, seeing I could waltz a little, says, "Danse avec la grande dame?" "O yes," says I, "avec beaucoup de plaisir." So myself and Grande Dame had about fifteen round turns. It resembled much walking round with the capstan!

Supper was announced! They could not imagine where such a spread was obtained. And it surprised the gentlemen to see us sit down the ladies *first*, and provide for them; here they are kept at a distance. This occasion convinced them (if such was necessary) how high, in *our* estimation, were those dear objects of

man's happiest existence. I must be vain enough to say that I think the ladies gave us credit for it too.

I was nearly passing over two of my young and amiable friends, and I would never have forgiven myself for so doing. Clarissa and Helena, if they were not the belles, they were the most graceful and lady-like; it was the latter who kindly put my hair in curl-papers before the theatricals (as I had to perform a *lady's* part, and required "ringlets"); and it was her affectionate and kind mamma who made the "bohea," but unfortunately forgot the milk. The gentlemen were left to their suppers, and those who preferred a dance, like myself, commenced again, and were compelled to keep the dances going in quick succession, for, in the intervals, none could talk Russian to their partners, nor they English to us. And, indeed, some often thought it were *better* we did not, for many a heart may have been found wanting a small portion, and many a promise made in haste that could never be fulfilled. We smiled, and they smiled in return, which was sufficient to convey the feeling of a perfect state of happiness on both sides. At three, A.M., after some quick dances, reels, jigs, &c., all parted—not before, however, they had drunk our healths in a bumper of champagne, with an earnest wish for our safe return to their harbour next season!

The happy ship was soon off again on another long sea voyage, with a westerly gale after her; nothing occurred on the passage but a heavy N.W. gale, which stove our quarter boat, and kept us rolling to such an extent that neither tea nor cocoa could be boiled for some days. We also saw the barren rock of Guadaloupe, and

again arrived at Mazatlan, and found it decidedly improved since last visit, merchants returning, and people living a little more at ease. A Chinese hotel had been commenced; Smithe was still himself, his pins and ginger-beer good, and in constant practice. Warm baths had been erected; and at almost every other house during the evenings the guitar or piano were heard inviting you to a "tertulia."

The gold diggings had now been discovered close where we anchored at San Francisco,* and several thousands were going there through California. Ships were losing their crews in great numbers, and it was with difficulty we could keep ours together. This hastened our departure, and we sailed, touching at San Blas, but only remaining sufficient time to allow our old and attentive friends the mosquitoes and sand-flies to gather on us and then take them to sea. They were always on the lookout. "When you kill one, twenty will attend the funeral."

Passing along our old ground, over which we had so often travelled, we arrived at Cape Blanco, and here all thought we were never going to leave it. Calms, light airs, and adverse currents, made us almost stationary; until one Sunday, when we thought we were going to get a squall, all hands were sent aloft to furl the small sails, and, when in the act of rolling up, found it was an immense school of porpoises coming along the water. One impudent fellow on the yard says, "Let us pray."

* Where the ship anchored in three fathoms, piers were now built, and houses, stores, &c., run out on them. San Francisco is now a city.

May we never be frightened by a shoal of porpoises again." Another, worse, and anxious to quote the Scripture, observed: "The Scripture moveth us in sundry places." "That's not correct," replies Jack, alongside him; "for last Sunday at the same hour we had divine service here, and we have not moved from the spot since. I see the same peak and the same bluff."

Again drop anchor in Panama Bay! Always very unfortunate! We go to one place, and find they are at war, and all gone into the country; to another, and find them all bound to the diggings; to a third, and our bills are at a fearful discount; to a fourth, it is "Lent;" and now come here, cholera is raging! No communication with the shore; no fresh meat; no vegetables! Again we had to anticipate the news of twelve months. Our last letters were so full of woe, that we now almost dreaded the arrival of the mail. It will be recollected what fatal news, after several months' absence, was brought to us all; and we now dreaded a repetition.

Shifting over to Taboga (the isle where all had passed their last evening before sailing for the north), away from cholera and California gold-seekers. Here we found that the man who had kept a small aguadienté shop on our last visit, had just been arrested and carried off to Panama prison, recognised as one of the boat's crew who had murdered our friends at San Francisco, my young friend the pale youth, Montessor, and other officers, and then threw them overboard! He had married, and set up a small dram shop at the quiet little isle of Taboga. He now awaits his trial for murder and piracy.

Our visit was very short, merely for water, and sailed again on our tour to the Coast of Chiriqui, in Central America. Here, again, we came in for the season of the northers, which blew with much violence for five successive days; then a lull; and then another blow; and so on.

The town of Pedrigal, at the Port of David, was visited. It is some distance in the interior, and our arrival very much surprised them all, for the ship had come from Panama, where the cholera was raging, and should have been in quarantine. (A vessel was at that moment at the mouth of the river with the Lord Bishop and many ladies on board, doing *pratique*). When the Governor heard of our impudent intrusion (without leave), he was going to imprison us, then to assemble the militia and *eject* us by force. And this latter we were preparing to repel with sticks and shillelaghs, when it was peaceably and amicably arranged by one of the party handing in a certificate (properly certified before a magistrate) that we had not communicated with Panama *last*. This was given to the Governor and grand politico, who were satisfied! (What will the *Bishop say*, forty miles off, we thought to ourselves.)

Pedrigal is a pretty town, having a charming, healthy, climate, a temperature of forty-five degrees, surrounded by ranchas (farms), and cattle innumerable. The people are very hospitable, and had already commenced making parties for us; but our time was *very* short, and could only thank them for their good intentions, and then returned through the same intricate and tortuous passage. All mangrove trees; nothing what-

ever for a guide. Our pilot had already jumped overboard when the boat grounded, not knowing the navigation of the river, and fearing being shot. Here we were for once fortunate, and obtained plenty of fresh meat, of which all were greatly in want. The scurvy had already appeared, and the effect on some was such, that on pressing the finger into the flesh of the arms or legs, the flesh would not return to its proper form, but leave an indentation. One man in particular used to amuse himself writing, or rather pressing his name on his arm, and seeing how long it would take to return to its natural form.

The prospect of the Sandwich Isles now gladdened our hearts, and revived our spirits, and adieu is said to this part of the coast of America, with a *real* hope of not again seeing it for some time. Already we were beginning to feel the effects of Western America; the sudden change to the Arctic regions, and the lengthened cruise, all combined, were fast telling on our constitutions: but we dare not murmur; our search must be continued, and for any of us to leave it, would be to desert a cause in which the whole world were, at that moment, anxiously looking. On leaving this coast, our devoted ship was *twenty days* in a calm. Nearly three weeks all panting for breath, under a burning sun; and unless shoals of porpoises, albicore, dolphin, and other fishes had not afforded daily some little amusement in catching them, I don't know what we should have done. The excitement of harpooning these passed away many an hour.

The moment of our arrival in the heavy rains the ship

leaked throughout; there was not a dry spot in her; her decks shrunk from the parching suns, and now the rains poured through, and our prayers were constantly for the E.N.E. trades.

The lofty peak of Owhyhee, the island on which the illustrious navigator, Cook, lost his life, cheered us up, and soon passed Mowee, where cascades falling from high precipices, made it even refreshing to behold. Soon we anchored off the town of Honolulu, on the Island of Woahoa, and in an instant were surrounded by Kanakas imploring "wash clothes;" "I first man speak a you sar;" "that man not mend hole sar;" in fact, a repetition of the Singapore linen-bleachers and linen-destroyers!

The harbour is formed by coral on either side, having but a narrow passage through. The ships are towed up to this, and then by lines on shore are warped by numbers of Kanakas to the inner anchorage.

Our visit here was very short, but, nevertheless, made the very most of, and had an opportunity of seeing the "taboo" taken off for a short time, and every girl who is mistress of a dollar borrows or hires a horse, and away they all ride astride for miles in the country, decorated with flowers, and dressed in all gaudy colours. We all get horses as well, and enjoy the ride also, in clouds of dust. First going to Wiatitti, much celebrated for its syllabub, and then to the Paré, which is a deep gorge between two hills, having a beautiful waterfall. It was surprising to see how madly the females rode through the country, without guardians; they love to be on horseback, and their first earnings are always

devoted to the purchase of a horse (which are here cheap), and it becomes the first piece of household furniture. In the evening the "taboo" again commences, when all is as quiet as death, not even a sound is heard!

A "lewhow" was given by a celebrated doctor, but unfortunately all were under sailing orders and could not attend. We have heard they are delightful parties.

Again, orders are received for a *second* voyage north on a similar errand to our last year's cruise; bidding farewell to the residents of Honolulu, leaving the best impressions on us for their open-hearted, generous, and kind attentions. This second voyage commenced with a repetition of our many deaths, and the service has to mourn the loss of a young and promising officer, who met an early death from fever, caused by exposure to a tropical sun. He was but sixteen years of age, and a special favourite. How truly he may be said to have "faded away like grass," which "in the morning is green and groweth up, but in the evening is cut down, dried up, and withered!"

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CHAPTER III.

SECOND VOYAGE NORTH.

KAMSTCHATKA—THE SALUTE—SHIP ON A ROCK—EXTRAORDINARY
LATITUDE—THE BARRIER—MAKENZIE RIVER—A DISCOVERY—
BUCKLAND RIVER—HUGE BONES—A VILLAGE—DANCE—A BIRTH
—THE AURORA—SNARES—NATIVE DRAWINGS—FOSSILS—THE
END—FEARFUL ACCIDENT—CUT THE CHAIN—BATTENED DOWN
—UNTIMELY END.

THE strong N.E. trade soon took us clear of the Sandwich Isles, and all looked forward to a return there with much pleasure. A long monotonous voyage was again passed through, with scarcely anything to amuse but patching together warm clothing, for another search in the ice. The approach to land was again indicated by logs of drift wood, lummies, dovekies, and a land bird or two, and the morning following the peninsula of Kamstchatka was seen in all its splendour, covered with snow. A fresh breeze came off the land, bringing numbers of birds to visit us. In the evening it increased to a gale, but before morning was again a calm; and soon after found ourselves working up the Bay of Awatska; anchoring off the cemetery, near the pretty little town of Petropavlovskoi. Here lay a Thames Yacht Club schooner, on her way to assist in relieving the Polar Expedition, and as she is now about to

accompany us, I will leave her interesting and strange history for another period, and repair to the shore to see all our young and old friends.

They are all alive! Jolly as "sand boys," and as good humoured as ever, but much disappointed at finding our ship was to be off so soon again. They instantly made us delicious cups of tea, from large brass urns, which are constantly hissing and boiling in the centre of the room, with a red hot iron heater inside. We had only now, on our third visit, found out the Kamstchadale "salute," and were soon apt scholars at it. The gentleman offers his right cheek to the lady, then his left, then both lips meet—the salute is complete. In tip-top society the gentleman kisses the lady's hand, and then offers his right cheek. At this salute, *first*, being Irish, I was a little awkward, but it soon grew on me, and I think I performed it as gracefully and as gallantly as my friends, after a little practice.

Our stay here was indeed short—How do you do? Good-bye! in the same breath—but an accident occurred, while working out of the bay, which had well-nigh made us residents for a short period at Petropavlovskoi.

The ship struck on a rock. Anchors were laid out, but the cables parted; boats hoisted out; fresh water pumped out; and everything done to start her: but she was immovable! Imagine, then, the feelings of a captain under such circumstances; on such a mission, and to have his ship lost! The vessel now bumped heavily; the false keel and forefoot came up alongside; every moment all expected a hole in the ship's bottom. Two hours of anxiety were thus passed; and such a two hours

of suspense never can be forgotten. The slightest swell setting in, we knew the ship must go to pieces that instant. The tide commenced flowing; the hawsers were again manned; "Heave, ye devils!" roared our poor captain; and, with tears starting in his eyes for joy, he *screeched*, "She's off!" We were once more in deep water.

This circumstance compelled us that night to remain at anchor, fearing the vessel had sprung a leak. Next day we were off; and, passing through Behring's Strait, we had plenty of company—whale ships of every nation and in every situation, "trying out," "cutting in," "harpooning," &c.—and Ratmanoff and Kruzenstern Islands were passed under more favourable circumstances than on our last cruise, when we so nearly ran on the former in a dense fog.

At Chamisso Island once more the ship arrived, and we were overjoyed at finding one portion of our lost friends—not, I am sorry to say, a part of the lost "Polar expedition," but our co-operator in the anxious and arduous search in the Arctic Sea. It was with much pleasure we filled our consort with provisions and everything she stood in need of.

Our old friends from Spafarief Inlet came to see us, and to barter their skins and curios for knives and tobacco. They were very friendly, but had no news *this* time; and now we were a little *cautious*, as their last report was a complete hoax to gain a reward. After minutely examining them, no strangers had been seen this season.

Both ships started for Icy Cape as soon as possible,

our friend and consort leading, under a tremendous press of sail, bruising the waters, ploughing the waves up under her bows, and catching them on her fore-castle like a "cup and ball." And here, joined by our Thames Yacht Club schooner, all made a fresh start north, and said within ourselves, "May God preserve us!"

All the boats now departed to search every nook and inlet along the shores, to endeavour and trace something of the lost expedition.

At midnight, all assembled on deck to witness the sun. Semi-diameter above the horizon, it appeared like a "golden ball." Very few have an opportunity of seeing such a sight, and none can imagine the splendour except those who have. We may safely and truly say, the "sun never set." We had now reached the farthest north latitude of any vessel hitherto (Cook, &c.), and next night at midnight obtained the singular fact of a latitude by the meridian altitude of the sun under the Pole, giving the latitude 72° 16' North. Thus:—

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BOAT PURCHASING AND TRADING

This was so extraordinary and so rare an occurrence, that I quote it in full :—

“ The Arctic sun rose broad above the wave ;
The breeze now sank, now whispered from his cave ;
As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
Now swell'd, now flutter'd, o'er his ocean strings.”

The whole week was beautifully fine, and we did not progress much, but were visited frequently by baidars of natives, “ who *embraced* and *rubbed noses*”—not an agreeable process, by any means. They were very friendly, both males and females. The latter were not bad-looking at all, but required to be well scraped and scrubbed before looking passably clean or pleasing. They had no news whatever for us.

Arrived off the barrier ; and here the scene was lovely in the extreme, sailing through large masses of ice, disturbing walruses and seals ; eider ducks forming in long and curious lines in the air—the walruses grunting and gambolling among the detached pieces of ice, while the males were fighting and slashing the water, extremely jealous of each other. Whales also spouting in every direction.

Arriving as far north as it was prudent to go, here our boats were sent on a long, dangerous, and hazardous voyage to the Makenzie River, to search the coast on the north of America. At midnight they parted (though quite daylight at the time), and passing under our stern, they had not only “ three cheers,” but they were cheered till all were hoarse, until there was not another screech left in us. Just as they shoved off, the zodiacal light

was seen to perfection, casting a purple and greenish shadow or glare over everything, the brightest perpendicular ray shooting about twenty degrees into the heavens. A dense fog soon followed, and we lost sight of everything! We heartily wished our explorers success, for they had to travel 300 miles in open boats.

Our ship was now close against the pack of ice, like a wall, and through which there appeared no opening whatever. We were 100 miles north of Point Barrow, and had sailed out of all published charts. The sun set this evening both strange and threatening, throwing a glare all round resembling that of copper leaf.

All the coast of America, and the icy barrier being searched, stood across to the shores of Asia, passing many dead whales, on which staffs with flags were erected, and holes cut in the animals, in which bottles were inserted, containing notices for the guidance of any of the lost expedition. In cutting into these animals, the smell was most sickening. A sailor's stomach is acknowledged to be very strong, and proof against all attacks, but this completely overpowered them. Soon after a gale sprung up, which, in this shallow water, agitated the sea very much, several waves breaking completely over the vessel, and wetting everything through; and now again the effect of cold was severely felt by all; it penetrated to our very bones.

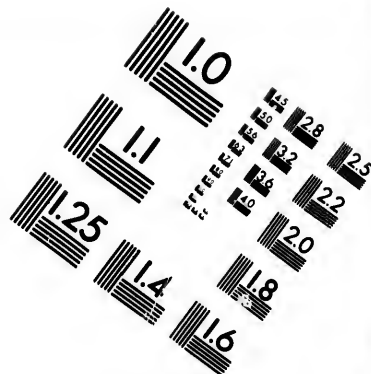
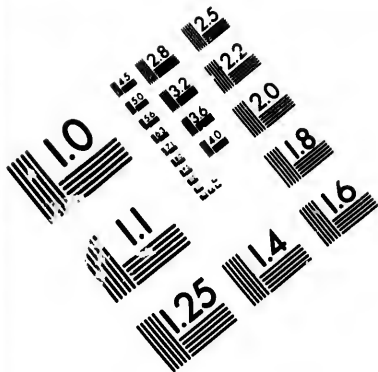
We were soon repaid for all this suffering! there were evident symptoms of an approach to an unknown land, flocks of gulls, divers, young puffins, sandelings, and often land birds like linnets, two of which were so exhausted that they were easily taken by the hand. The ice pack

near the American shores was approached, and all our hardships were now fully repaid by the mast head-man singing out as loud as he could roar, "LAND O! on the lee bow"—a new discovery! In a few minutes we were all gratified by the sight of two clusters of islands. A party landed on the largest, christened the group, hoisted the Union Jack, and drank her most gracious Majesty's health on acquiring newly-discovered possessions, 'mid the cheers of every one! The high land observed in the distance is that supposed to be seen by the natives of Jekan in clear weather from the coast of Asia.

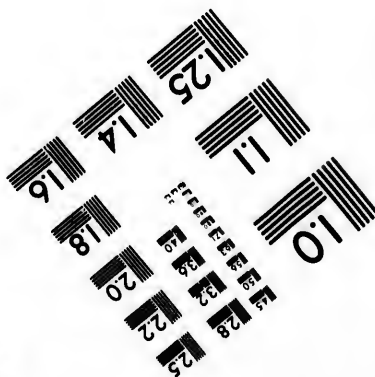
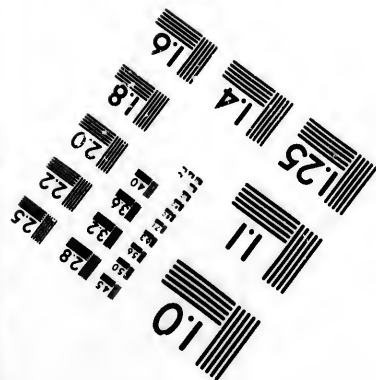
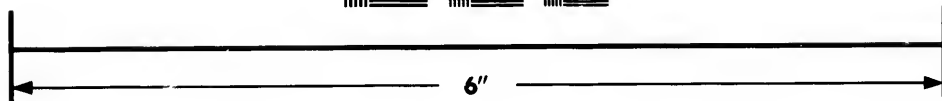
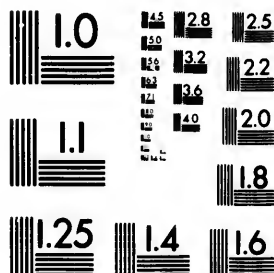
Again the coast of America was reached, passing another whale which had died "on its eye" eight or ten days since; the nose had fallen away, exposing the tongue, which was about the size of a ship's dinghy; the carcass was about ninety feet in length, and still capable of producing twenty barrels of oil. Steps were cut into it to ascend by, for placing a staff with flag and bottle with notice. We had to hold our noses most tightly while doing so; the smell was horrible! and would capsize the equilibrium of any stomach, however strong! On reaching the coast natives again came off. These smoked pipes through the holes (cut for ornaments) in their cheeks. The women bartered their furs freely, taking them off their own bodies to do so, exhibiting not the slightest modesty. After their boats were emptied for knives, tobacco, &c., they returned to the shore highly pleased.

Again we had to undergo another gale, in which three guns were dismounted from the violence of the





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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sea, and all the boats had to be hoisted in ; it was very severe, and the cold and wet almost rendered us powerless. The carcasses of five whales were passed in *one* day, convincing us that even for them the severity of the Arctic regions was too much. Some had died on their backs, some on their eye, swelling to an immense size. All the searching squadron were again safely anchored in Kotzebue Sound. Every spot had been searched, and no traces or intelligence of our unhappy countrymen

All the boats now formed a most interesting flotilla to explore a river running many miles into the interior. The weather being moderately fine, and many natives living on the banks, a few days passed in a most agreeable cruise, but ended in obtaining no information whatever concerning our missing countrymen.

EXPLORE THE BUCKLAND RIVER.

As this cruise was attended with many interesting Arctic scenes, it is deserving of a chapter to itself.

The expedition consisted of six boats, well armed and provisioned for eight days, having with us two native kyaks for pilots and a Russian interpreter. The day was cloudy, but every appearance of fine weather ; the wind light in our favour, but soon failed, and the tide beginning to flow assisted the oars.

Passing through Escholtz bay, and along the curious ice cliffs which contain the great bones of the mastadon and Siberian ox—huge animals long since extinct. These

cliffs are dark masses of alternate layers of ice and clay, containing decomposed animal matter, and emitting an earthy and sickly effluvia, not at all agreeable; here and there a huge mass standing apart and erect by itself, but gradually thawing and trickling down its sides, forming a mud flat underneath for the only passage along the foot of these hills, which, from its softness was both tiresome and unpleasant to wade through.

Anchored for the night off "Elephant Point," where there were evident signs of the natives having recently left; the skin and antlers of the deer were still fresh, as well as the skulls and vertebra of the porpoise off which they had been feeding.

Having an hour to spare before closing our awnings for the night, strolled along the ice cliffs up to our knees in mud, roots, and decomposed matter. They had undergone much change since our last visit, and were now visibly crumbling into decay. Two molar teeth and a few bones were found; one of the former I could just carry on my shoulders. (It was intended for the Dublin Museum, where I believe it now is.) Darkness setting in quickly obliged us to return to our boats; the tents were pitched, and all assembled around a venison pie, to cut our names in it. A light north wind sprung up, the moon rose, and a lovely night was the consequence.

Our Esquimaux pilots amused us very much until near eleven o'clock with singing and dancing. Their song, as nearly as I can recollect, was, "Hāwā—hāwyā—hōyā—hōlā—whoop," the latter accompanied by a scream and jump, the action of the dance imitative no doubt of

a severe struggle with a walrus, or deer; those who made the loudest "whoop" and the highest leap at the finalé, were considered the best dancers.

The boats hauled off and anchored in deep water, the rain awnings were spread, and a most comfortable night passed; but it was a strange feeling to us all being *out of sight of our vessel*, having passed more than four years and a half in her.

At day-dawn (3:40 A.M.) started with the beginning of the flood tide, having a pleasant breeze from the eastward, freshening as the sun rose. There was much difficulty in finding a channel over the bar of the river for the boats, and it occupied all the day in getting them safely through, after which anchored off the village of Neitawigmeot, consisting of about eleven erangs and sixty natives, eight baidars and twenty kyaks; but before many minutes had elapsed, there were many new arrivals, and the village increased to seventeen erangs, natives with their families arriving in the baidars; they were on their way to the Salmon River, to take their winter stock, but pitched here for the present, and when visited by us on shore they were regaling themselves on three seals they had lately taken; the intestines were blown out and spread along the bushes to dry, many yards in length for holding oil; the blubber was boiling down to grease their baidars with, the remainder was cooked for present use; the children had small raw strips given them by their mothers, at which they were tugging and sucking with evident pleasure and satisfaction.

Next morning the village had increased to twenty-two

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*Sketch of the Author
by a Native.*



March 18 1851

A RESIDENT OF BUCKLAND RIVER

erangs; the natives numbered about 120. They had an adze and saw in their possession, which they said had been obtained from a Russian not a very great distance from them, who is annually visited by a party from a Russian fur establishment, with provisions and articles for barter, which is carried on with these people for furs, &c.

During the dusk of the evening all went on shore. The natives commenced dancing, all the singers formed in a semicircle, the three performers being two men and a girl. The words of the song were the same as before described, with the addition of a very musical tambourine, struck occasionally with a light stick, the children chiming in with their tenor voices, and altogether a most novel and amusing scene. When the men gave a "whoop" they would spring up and see who could jump the highest, bringing their toes almost to their chin, and then, springing across the whole length of the circle, would come to a dead halt, evidently fatigued and profusely perspiring! Many such dances were good-naturedly performed for our amusement, and it really was hard work, but I have not the power to describe them in the way they were exhibited.

Next evening a "jumping match" was arranged. In the long jumps we were beaten by FOUR feet, and we had some active fellows amongst our crew; but in high leaps beat them. One native jumped (by measurement) nineteen feet on a sandy beach; they were active, muscular fellows, full of frolic and fun, having no care, nothing to think of, but the period when they are to return to their winter "yours."

During our rambles on shore we witnessed a most strange occurrence. Under a bush not very far from the village was a woman evidently in the pains of labour, or, to express it more feelingly, in an "interesting condition." She was lying on a deer skin, with no covering whatever over her head, her husband sitting a few yards off with a little girl on his knee, apparently quite unconcerned. Next morning, having occasion to walk the same road, the poor woman was still there, having given birth to a fine child! She had been out all that night without a covering (the thermometer at freezing point), a thick white frost on the ground, and it was most pitiable to see her. But such is their custom. When near that interesting period the house or erang is shut up, and *all* the family retire to the bush until the event is over, when they again return to their dwelling. I do not know what they do in the winter under such circumstances—it was now summer.

All the boats huddled together for the night, and it was impossible that a more serene and beautiful one could be, not a breath of air, scarcely a cloud to be seen, and the moon just peeping over the hill, at the foot of which stood the village.

These few people deserve a word of praise. *Friendship* would hardly convey the manner in which they mixed with us, as if they had known us for years; all day they were coming off and on to the boats to smoke their pipes and have a "bit of fun." As for theft, I do not think they knew the meaning of the word; they were not even inquisitive in their frequent visits, and often appeared to feel as if intruding.

Not very long after retiring for the night, we were "roused up" to see the "Aurora Borealis" in all its splendour. To me who had not before witnessed it, it was a scene of awful grandeur; two horizontal waves of yellow flame rolled over each other, forming an arch from which shot towards the zenith innumerable coruscations of liquid fire; it stretched from Ursa Major to the Pleiades, and underneath the arch was a dark mass, having in the centre the moon. The sky was perfectly cloudless.

The measured angle subtended by the arch was 122 degrees, and the elevation of the arch 38 degrees. It was appropriately likened to the folds of a curtain thrown over the brass arms at either side. It was the grandest celestial scene I ever witnessed, and a feeling of awe came over me when I first beheld it. "How marvellous are Thy works!" thought I, while contemplating this stupendous scene.

"The heavens *indeed* declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work," I thought, as my mind became overwhelmed with admiration.

All again started at daylight, leaving our village friends behind, passing some storehouses in which the natives place their winter stock, to protect them from wolves and foxes, which crowd on the beach during night.

The river now began to get most interesting, and the scenery attractive. The tide favouring us, we did all in our power to ascend quickly; trees were getting thicker and more lofty. The entrance of the river commenced with grass and low stunted bushes; then shrubs about

the size of a gooseberry tree, a species of dwarf beech and willow, and now trees as lofty as apple-trees were around us. The river narrow and the water quite fresh; the same storehouses were now seen in many places, and on every prominent point was found a "bird trap," formed of the branch of a tree, with a whalebone or running noose of sinew, and many an unfortunate owl or hawk I rescued from them. Nearly every trap contained a bird, some still alive, caught only by the leg or wing-feathers. These traps are made of two upright springs, having a roost across lashed on an elevated pole; across these two twigs a strong sinew is secured, having three nooses of whalebone hitched to it; the running nooses are then overhauled, and the slightest touch closes them; these are also set on branches of shrubs that lie in the tracks of hares, wolves, and foxes.

The brushwood was now almost impenetrable, and the banks composed of dark soil easily washed away by the river during heavy rains; in the interior, level country interspersed with lagoons.

At night the aurora burst forth again in grandeur about twenty degrees more to the eastward; the coruscations were in the same direction, but shooting at more distant intervals, more sudden and separated; two horizontal beams arched, suddenly dropping as if cut off by the coruscations at right angles to the beams. As night approached it changed into all manner of fantastic shapes, moving in beams and masses to the north and east, giving forth a brilliant light.

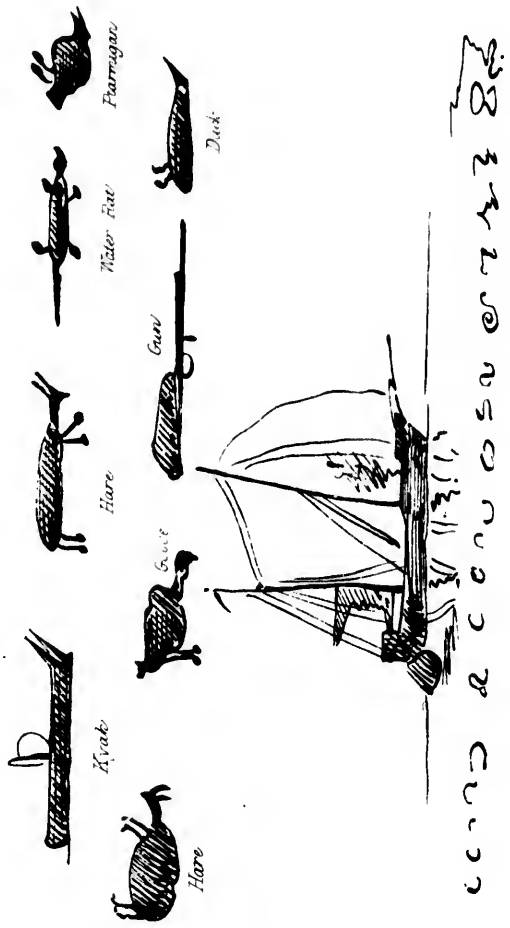
The large boats had now reached as far as was practicable; any further advance would endanger their being

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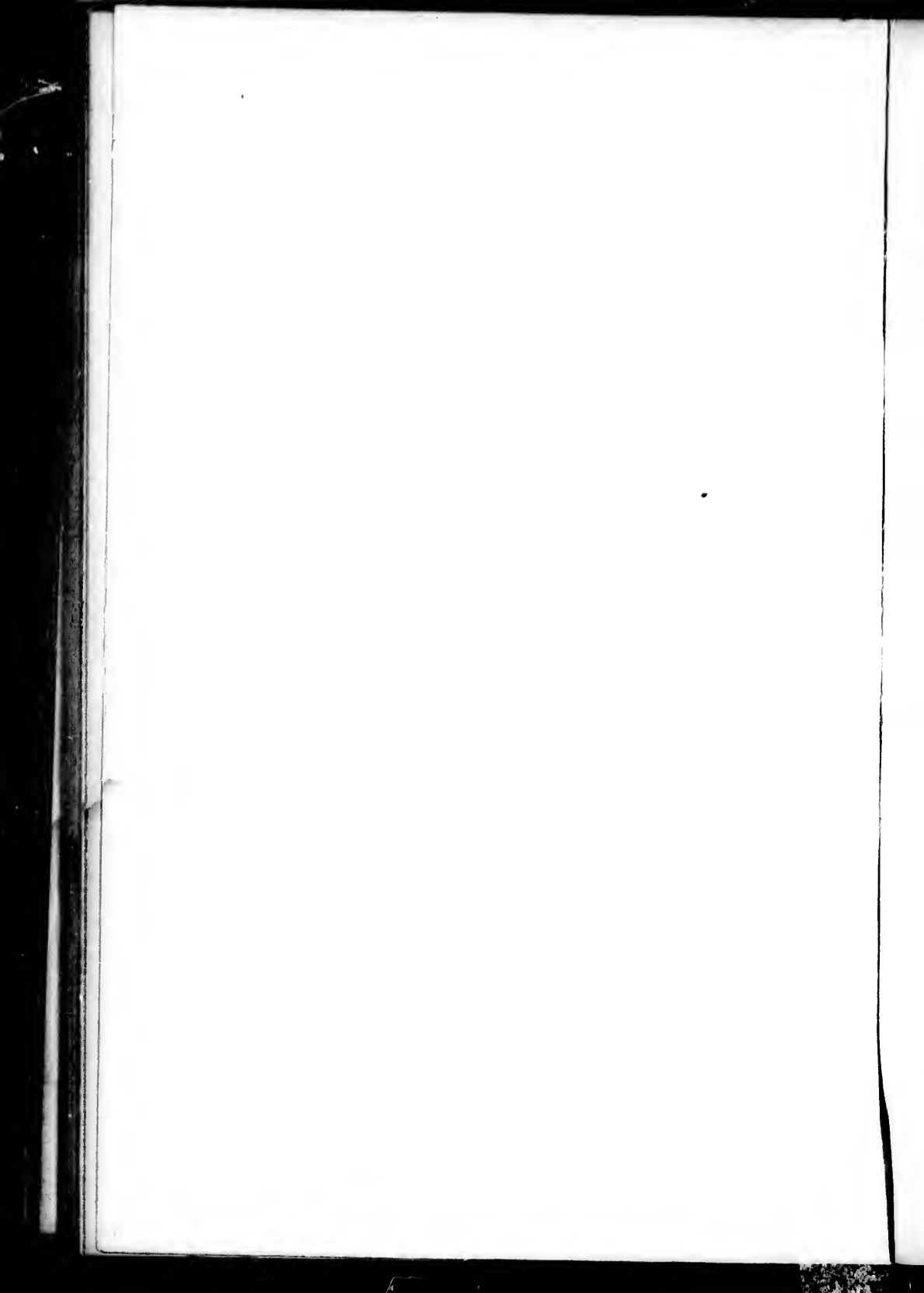
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AN ESQUIMAUX SKETCH FROM NATURE



left behind; so the small boats still advanced, a few pine trees were seen lying among the long grass, about eight to twelve feet long, and the timber growing on the banks were twelve to eighteen inches in diameter. A shooting party was made up, and although away all night returned disappointed.

The small boats on arriving at the "Falls," met an old man, a woman and boy, who were watching some fish houses; presents were given to them, which reconciled them to so unusual a sight.

On our passage down the river the boats grounded many times, and on arriving near the village were met by our old friends in five kyaks, who on seeing us lifted their paddles, spread their arms and rubbed their "victualling offices;" we did the same, and friendship was recognised. They came on board and rubbed noses (not a pleasant salutation), smoked pipes and danced; we were then aground, and a few more kyaks having joined, an anchor was laid out and the hawser manned, a tin fiddle was tuned to concert pitch, a lively air struck up, and the boat gradually came off; for every length of the warp obtained they had their pipes filled, and when anchored in deep water, four blue beads each as a reward, they were highly delighted! During the intervals I made one of them sketch the game which was hanging on the yard, consisting of hares, geese, duck, ptarmigan, &c., and the following are fac-similes, but invariably (I could not tell why) upside down.

After arriving about fifty miles above where the large boats parted, the fur trees increased in size and height as they ascended, but the river diminished in

depth, and the boats had to be hauled over the falls, on many occasions having only six to eight inches of water. Here on each side of the river were high basaltic columns of granite forming a passage for the river, the tops covered with shrubs and dwarf trees; at almost every reach there was a rapid or fall of about eight inches to two feet.

On arriving off the village, the kyaks parted, and none of the natives could be persuaded to accompany us to the ship, even with promises of axes, beads, knives, and tobacco. Their wives, families, and winter stock, appeared their first consideration.

On anchoring off the ice-cliffs, several erangs were seen, and about twenty natives on the spot where remains of deer and porpoises had been met with. They made no approach; and it was too late for us to pay them a visit, which we regretted extremely.

The weather was now assuming a rapid change, gloomy on all sides, which hurried our return; indeed, we could hardly expect more fine weather after the lovely eight days we had experienced.

Early weighed, and, on passing a sand-spit, saw a few more erangs. None were yet moving, and we gave them a passing "He he—he he—he." They were fast asleep. A few dogs outside the tents scratching themselves.

Anchoring off Elephant Point, where our first evening was passed, a party prepared for "fossil digging." After an early breakfast, and preparation for a "mud lark," I headed a small party. Scarcely a bone was to be found, although search was made, and the face of the cliff dug out with shovels. Our successful collection twelve

months since had left nothing for us now. And this convinced us that a number of years must elapse to thaw and decay the ice and soil to enable the bones to collect on the surface of the mud; and it would occupy no short period of summer months to melt the huge masses of ice that existed there. The wash of the sea-water appeared to be the greatest cause of its falling; being undermined by it in many places to a considerable extent. A few bones, three molar teeth, and the horn of an ox, were the only rewards we had among us all. A dead wolf was seen ensnared in one of the traps I have before described.

The boats assembled together, and all started for the ship, really regretting that this unusually interesting trip was at an end. Everything had favoured us for eight days, the weather delightful, and our boats comfortable; and we were only sorry that this search was not attended with the slightest trace that would throw a light on the fate of our lost countrymen and brother officers.

Our arrival was hardly announced before it commenced blowing and raining, bringing most unpleasant and boisterous weather, leaving scarcely time to clear the boats and hoist them out of danger.

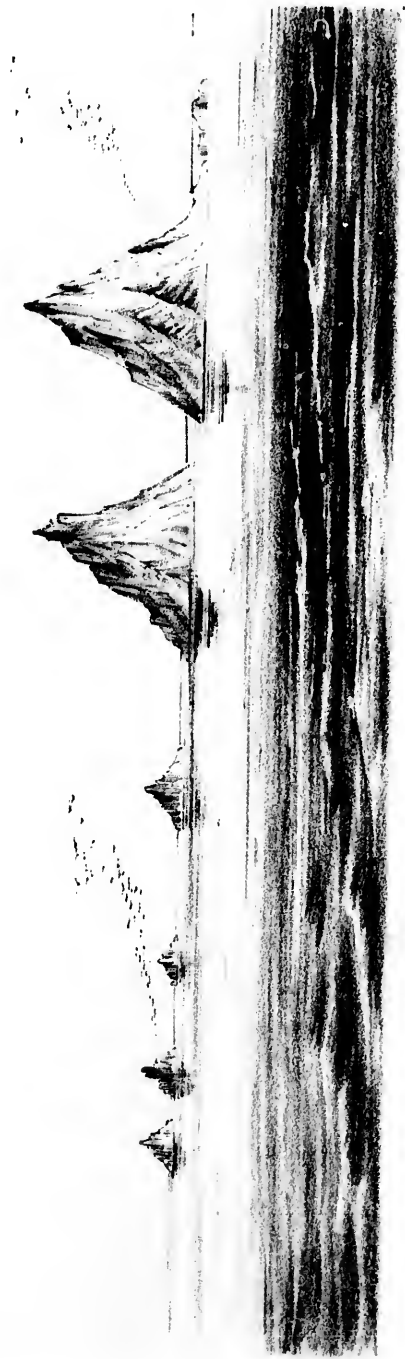
We were now flattering ourselves that this, our second voyage north, was to finish without a mishap, when a deplorable accident occurred which threw a gloom over the whole community.

As we were on the eve of parting, and it being Sun-

day evening, many of the ships' crews visited each other to say farewell, perhaps for ever! But as the last boat was returning, by some unfortunate and inexplicable circumstance, one of the men fell overboard. He remained above water several *minutes*, and, by some mysterious mismanagement, those in the boat could not save him, and he sank in only *six feet water*. He was buried next day, but we could never ascertain the real facts of this unfortunate occurrence. It was clouded in mystery.

The severities of winter now again hinted to us to depart. The gales blew strong from N.W., with hail and snow; and it was with some difficulty the ship was got out of the sound. The same gale concentrating in Behring's Strait, as it were through a funnel, again fairly *blew us out*; the land on all sides frequently hid by snow and hail-storms. Our backs were turned on the straits, we had almost hoped for ever! We had now passed some months in it, mid gales of wind, and ice; had assisted all in our power those placed under our care; had also discovered islands, and perhaps a continent; the barrier of ice had been traced from the shores of America to those of Asia; we had gained the farthest north latitude of any ship known, as well as sailed the farthest west; a shoal had also been found in the Arctic Sea; our whale boats had gone a distance of three hundred miles to the Mackenzie River; and, finally, the whole shores of America have been searched, including rivers running fifty to sixty miles in the interior; and if Sir John Franklin or any of the lost expedition were there, we would have found them also! Therefore we left the straits this season, knowing well all was done

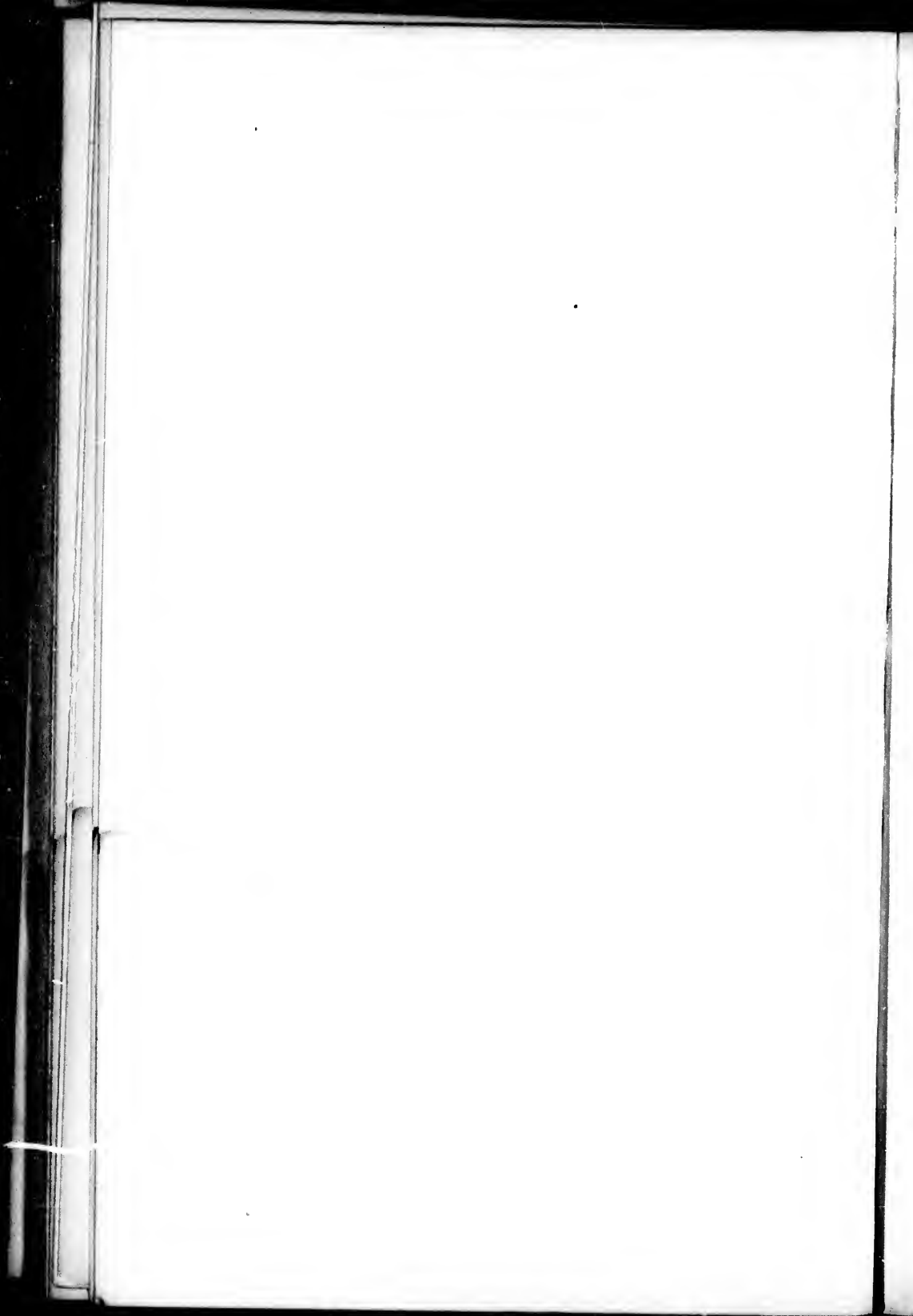
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Island of the Four Moons.

Island of Amourcha.

ALLEUTIAN GROUP



that possibly could be accomplished, and passed safely through the Seguan Passage of the Aleoutian Isles, near Amoutcha and the "Island of the Four Moons." It was a beautiful sight as the vessel "cut the chain," the whole being covered with snow.

There was scarcely time to congratulate ourselves on getting clear of the straits, when the ship was overtaken by a furious gale from the north. Sunday night was an awful one, and the vessel had to lay to. The seas rushed through the rudder coat and through the gun-room, and the order was given to batten down. The main trysail was even found to be too much sail for the ship; and such was the fury of the wind, that it occupied all hands two hours to take it in and close reef it. Next day it had not moderated, and the gusts and squalls were terrific. A sea struck the ship abeam, and washed away all the waist netting (like paper stuff), both gangways, and four upper deck ports; and it was some minutes before we could recover self-possession after the shock to see if any further serious damage had been done. Several seas struck her after this, going completely over all, without any apparent effect except shaking the chains much.

Once more "bore up," the barometer at 28° 97', and congratulated ourselves on again escaping the fury of the storm, and offering our humble thanks to Him who alone "can still the raging of the sea;" for there were moments many of us thought our last, in which it appeared impossible that the timbers could resist the fury of the waves. "We were carried up to heaven, and down again to the deep; our souls melted within us."

Two lovely days followed, and then, as if to mock

them, a corresponding gale to that from the north followed from the south; we lay to under stormsails and battened the ship down, trusting in Him who has but to say, "Peace, be still," and there will immediately "be a calm."

Passing not far from San Francisco, but which we were afraid to enter from the disposition of the men to leave the ship for the gold diggings, came down the coast of Western America, close to Guadaloupe and Magdalena bay, anchoring once more in safety in the pretty harbour of Mazatlan!

Again, as is our usual fortune, find the cholera raging here, so much so, that fresh supplies of beef and vegetables are not permitted on board.

Our companion in Behring's Strait, the Thames Yacht schooner, arrives a day or two before us; and with grief it will be read that *he* who had so liberally spent his time, his money, and hazarded his life in so humane a cause, should now be snatched from us by cruel death! The sudden change from heat to cold, and then from a thermometer of 27° to 104°, a difference of seventy-seven degrees, was more than the human frame could withstand, and he sank under the effects, universally and deeply regretted and beloved by all. He was buried at Mazatlan; all followed his remains to the grave; they were placed in the Protestant burial-ground alongside those of the Consul's daughter, who had lately died of fever.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

His property, "ten thousand a year," was already settled on his aunt, and he had only sufficient power

on his death-bed to express a wish "that the yacht may be sent to its builder in England."

Steamers are constantly arriving from all parts of the world laden with persons "going to the diggings." Many thousands are also coming overland from America on mules, bound to San Francisco through California, incurring great hardships and privations.

As there were no attractions here for us, our stay was as short as possible. Water was completed on the opposite side of the Gulf of California, and sail made for Guaymas, the sea-port of Mexico, leaving at Mazatlan one of the handsomest razee frigates in her Majesty's service, commanded by one of the most open, good-hearted, generous, and beloved men, extremely kind to his officers, and adored by his ship's company. However, there was no occasion for jealousy; on our part we were fortunate in having one very much of the same stamp and disposition.

CHAPTER IV.

GUAYMAS—EVENING AMUSEMENTS—THE DIGGINGS—SMUGGLING—
THE PLAZA—FIRST BALL—OUR BALL—MAZATLAN IN TEARS—
SHIP VISITING—THE CASA FUERTE.

GUAYMAS, in the gulf of California, is the principal seaport of Mexico ; it is a sort of Brighton or Hastings to London ; it is here many come to inhale the pure sea breeze after the burning and dusty city of Mexico. This, however, a passer-by would not expect ; for to us the town appeared a desolate, barren, sun-burnt spot, without a hope of seeing or meeting any one to whom we could open our hearts, and chill them with our icy adventures. Towards the latter part of our visit it will be seen how this scene was changed, and how wrong it was to condemn a place by its outward appearance.

This was the holiday season here, and the Plaza was nightly the scene of dancing and gambling. A shed on a large scale was erected over the Plaza, and under this dancing was carried on until two or three in the morning ; an Indian in one corner dancing alternately the pascola, the jaraby, and other Indian dances with the "caskavales" on his ankles. This shed was surrounded by booths and monté tables, at which nearly all

Guaymas paraded ; it had much the appearance of a fair, and here we frequently found ourselves promenading until fortunately more natural, more sociable, and more agreeable amusements attracted us.

Gambling in these booths was carried on to a melancholy extent, and many a life was sacrificed after all the rest had been lost ; some of the monté tables were actually conducted by *females*, and it was truly heart-rending to see their excited and uncontrollable feelings when either winning or losing dollars and doubloons in fives, tens, and twenties.

Robberies and murders were acted nightly by the Mexican marauders, and it was quite dangerous to pass through the streets alone or without firearms, after the mass of persons had retired, although the serenos were constantly on the watch. These robberies took place directly under their musquets !

The "nacimientos" were the prettiest and most innocent dances I have seen ; three or four houses, with large rooms, were each evening decorated and devoted to these juvenile entertainments. About twenty little Indian girls, beautifully dressed and adorned in ribbons and flowers, danced their native dance, having a rattle in one hand, and a plume of coloured feathers in the other. These all went together like clockwork ; not one could have been more than twelve years of age, and exactly like dolls. Another dance, which I could not ascertain the name of, but which I call the "barber's pole" dance, was still prettier ; each girl took a riband of different colours suspended from the top of a high pole, and danced round it in such a manner that the ribands

laid themselves on the pole in the nicest patterns imaginable; the dance was then reversed, and the ribands unlaied; they sang their own music, and the choruses were very sweet. These lasted two or three hours each night, and they were both astonished and glad to see naval officers occasionally intrude on their juvenile amusements.

Society was a little disorganized, as many parties were forming to start for the diggings through California; the numbers from Guaymas alone were estimated at 5,000, from Petic 5,000, from Loretto 5,000, from Yackie 5,000; all were to travel on mules, and each having a spare one to carry his provisions, or in case of a break down. They intend to pass the Colorado river at the head of the gulf, and across the sandy plains, which is indeed a case of life or death. If anything happens to your mule you are gone to a certainty, and the sands are already covered with the bleached bones of those who have left all they possessed for the chance of finding gold in California.

We could not help witnessing, on many occasions, the manner in which the government is duped. One or two illustrations will suffice for this. A brig had arrived with a cargo of "*raw cotton*," an article strictly prohibited by the customs. The officers go on board and seize the ship: the captain says, "Very well, but before you do so, will you have the goodness to read that?" This is a permit to land his cargo, from one of the priniepal merchants of the city of Mexico. The cargo is forthwith landed. About 1,000 dollars has done this. Vessels have arrived off the port, the clerks of the

houses to whom they are consigned have gone on board, and actually made out false bills of lading, calling 500 bales 250, half of which is landed on the sly, and the other paid duty for. Another goes to the administrator of the customs, and says, "I have a cargo to land; there are about 500 bales, but with a little trouble I can have them made up into four in a bale; now I'll give you 4,000 dollars (which is the duty on 125 bales)." "Very good," says the administrator, and the bargain closes. The customs make 2,000 dollars, and send the other 2,000 to the city, and the merchant makes, or rather saves, 2,000 more, and thus work into each other's hands. Half a vessel's cargo had been landed (in our presence) by her own boats, while the custom-house officers had been purposely invited to a ball, and liberally treated. No one knew anything of the occurrence but a few of ourselves, who could not avoid seeing it. These are every day occurrences, and thought nothing of. If the governor is inclined to be "rusty," a petition is sent to head quarters, and he is immediately recalled, and a *more worthy* takes his place.

The climate of Guaymas is healthy, and delightfully cool, sometimes too much so, at night; the dew very heavy, sufficiently so to lay the dust completely for the coming day; the sea breeze sets in regularly between ten and eleven in the forenoon, dying away again at five, six, or sun-set; this is the cool and pleasant season (January and February), but the residents look forward with dread to the summer months, June, July, August, when the heat they say is insufferable, and no person, male or

female, old or young, dare venture to sleep under the roof, but bring their mats and pillows into the verandahs. The day is passed in bathing!

Nearly a month had passed away in a most idle, tiresome, and unprofitable manner. The scenes at the Plaza were at an end. The feast-days and nacimientos of the new year had passed by. We were tired of the sameness, constantly walking round the booths twenty or thirty times a night, and many of us now almost declared we would never go on shore again, when we reflected and concluded that as our stay here was to be longer than anticipated, there were still means of passing some really pleasant and agreeable evenings; for we did not pass up and down that noisy Plaza without noticing the light hair and light blue eyes of many a pretty and attractive face. Many a smile was interchanged, but our innate bashfulness would not permit of our introducing ourselves; although I must do the Spanish credit for not requiring such extreme formality, yet we never could sum up resolution sufficient to say (in the streets) "*à los pies de usted se nora.*"

We unanimously decided that the only way to commence an acquaintanceship was to give a general ball. Those then who wished our friendship would come; those who did not would stay away. Scarcely had we matured our plans, when invitations from the resident merchants came off to invite us to a ball on shore. Nothing could have happened more opportunely for us. We should get an insight into their manners, customs, habits, &c.; what they liked, and what they disliked; it was delightful!

The ball was indeed a treat—all went—and all, I need scarcely add, enjoyed themselves, and it surprised us to see so many pretty, pleasing faces continually entering; where they came from, we could not imagine. Surely, we thought, Guaymas could not contain all.

Besides our dances of quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and country dances, the pascola, the jaraby, and venado (Indian dances) were gone through, and amused us much, especially the latter, which was danced in part by a very fat gentleman! It is a very curious dance, by a lady and gentleman, but I do not think it would be popular in our drawing-rooms; it is illustrative of a "deer-hunt."

The supper was a grand one, and champagne without any limit. Some offended ladies, who imagined they had not sufficient attention shown them, departed directly *after supper*; the little Mexican pride was plainly visible! This was acknowledged the fault of the committee, who, not expecting so many, their numbers were insufficient; hence the unintentional slights!

Dancing was continued until three in the morning! The smallness of the room was the only drawback. Those who did not dance stood in the centre, while the dancing continued around them. There were many belles! we could not individualize any; but those most justly admired were the Casa Fuertés (4), the Serpent, Venados, and the Amber Satins (2); these are names given them by the mids., for the present, until better acquainted. They dressed neatly and costly, with jewelry in great profusion. We parted that evening with a full realization of all the tales of romance which

we had heard and read for the last five years, concerning the "fair Mexicans!"

Our ball next followed, but we had so many now to invite, that instead of having it on board ship, it was concluded it should be on shore, on a smooth and sheltered point, not far from the town, and a convenient distance for the boats. Sixty families and forty single persons were invited.

It occupied one week to erect a dancing booth, sixty feet by thirty, a supper tent, a ladies' tent, and a steward's apartment. All that a ship could afford was devoted to making these as perfect as possible; but the night preceding the ball a gale came on, and threatened to tear everything from its foundation. Fortunately, nothing very serious happened; but all were in bodily fear that the tents would have ascended like so many balloons. Next morning, however, all was secured again.

The day was cool, calm, and beautiful. All the tents were railed in by boarding-pikes, with lines having a boat's flag flying on each, and an avenue formed from the landing-place, of orange branches, lined with lamps, to the entrance of the grand saloon, all protected by sentries, for many had already walked from the town to witness this novel scene, and among them many who required looking sharply after. At noon it was all right. Flags of every nation present were hoisted over each tent.

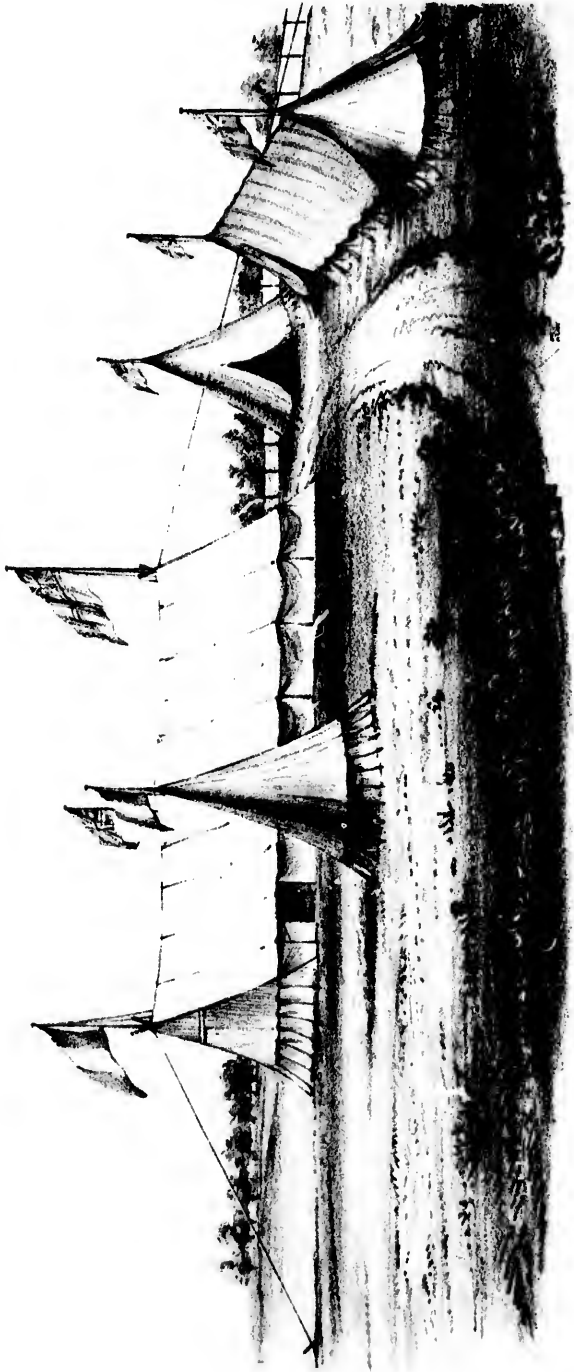
The day was most inviting, lovely in the extreme; and at one P.M. nine boats were at the pier to bring all Guaymas to the gay and festive scene; it was three, however,

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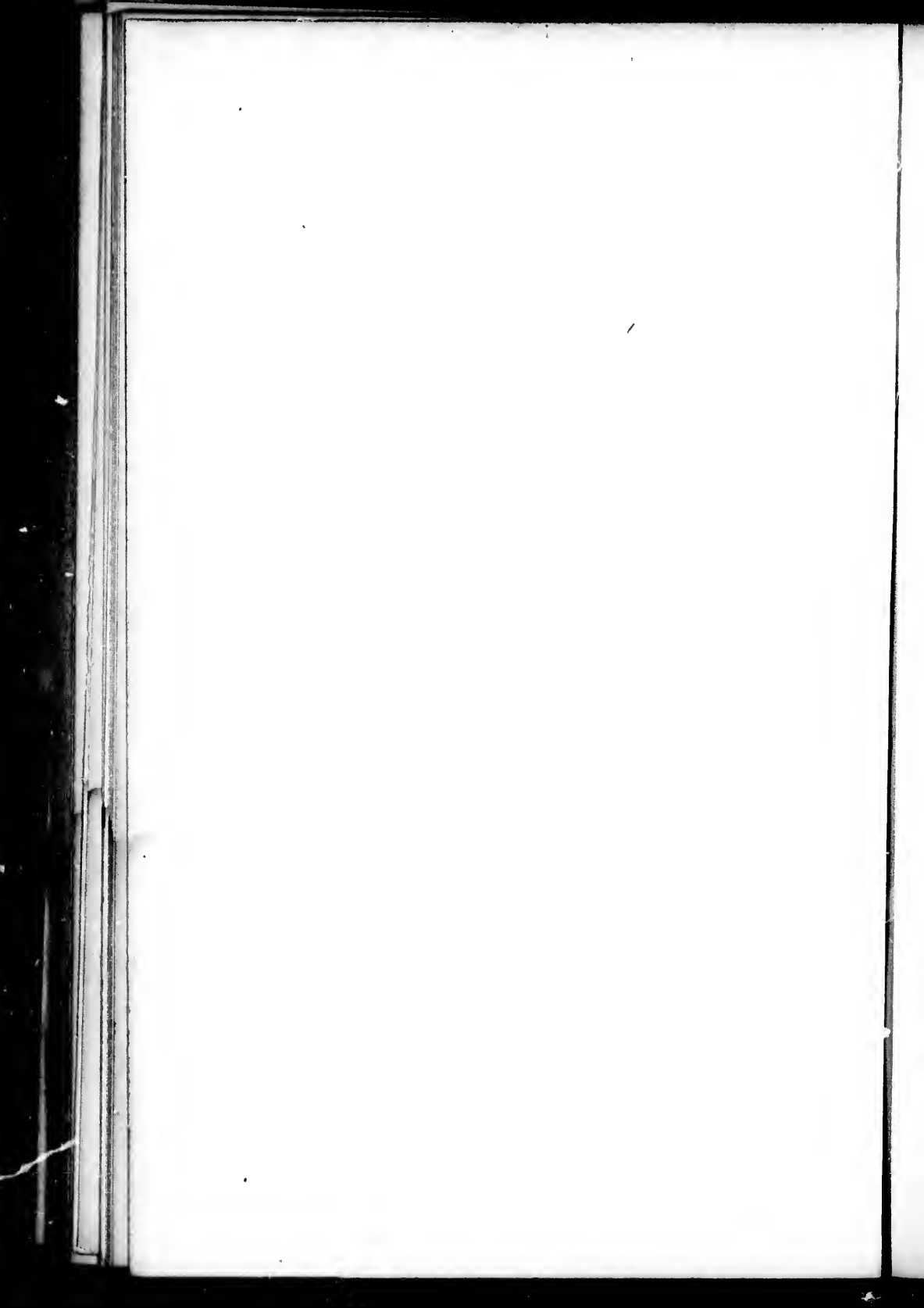
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THE BALL



before they arrived, and the trip in the boats was not the least amusing. At four the ball commenced with a grand quadrille (two sets of thirty-two each). Our band was a harp, guitar, fiddle, two flutes, and a tambourine, which harmonized well together. We danced until dark, when the supper-room was illuminated, and supper commenced. Seventy-five ladies sat comfortably at the table (the flags alone which adorned the cakes cost eight dollars), while at supper the dancing-room was lit up, put to rights, and the carpet set up taut; and it was only now that the evening *really* commenced. They danced with all their hearts. Quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, gallopades, country dances, pascola, jaraby, and venado, a song between each, not forgetting the quartette of the Ultimo Adios, and the Figaro fé. Twenty-one dances of the former alone were got through. At two there was *another* supper, and then continued the dancing until three, when we could no longer stand. We had now danced *eleven* hours, leaving only just sufficient effort to get into the boats, and, when full, a blue light and port fire was burned from each prominent point. The boats rowed their precious cargoes slowly along. The night was cool, calm, and beautiful, all was prosperous, and at four our valuable freight was safely landed on the same spot they had departed from twelve hours previously.

Thus ended our first ball. The ladies were delighted; they said they had "never seen such a display before," and the only thing they regretted was, that "they never should again." All were "Muy allegria," "Muy contento," and "Mucho sala." The same morn-

ing knives, hatchets, and marline-spikes were doing their savage work on our marquees.

Here, *again*, in the midst of our pleasures, we hear of the death of a most estimable and kind-hearted man ; and how often we see those who really are too good and too amiable for this world taken from us to a better one ! This is surely an illustration of the chequered life of a sailor ; one moment amid all the temporal pleasures of this world—in an instant gone to the next, either to eternal misery or to everlasting happiness !

How true it is that “in the midst of life we are in death !” The worthy and kind captain whom I have before alluded to at Mazatlan, and whom I could not leave without paying a passing tribute to his worth, “kind in the extreme to his officers, beloved by his men,” was now no more. A gloom hung all around, both on shore and afloat ; to quote the melancholy words of our informant, “all Mazatlan were in tears.” A party had been given to the residents on board this attractive frigate. Next morning the captain came on deck, was taken suddenly ill, and in twelve hours he was a corpse ; “he killed himself by kindness to others.” He died, beloved by every one. All we could hope was, that so good a creature may be one of those select few, who at the last day shall have said to him, “Come, ye blessed of the Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

The ship was now thoroughly refitted, after all our buffeting with storms, rocks, and icebergs, and a little paint made us again proud of our “home on the waters.” Many of our friends wished to see an “English frigate,”

and, although the day was an unlucky one, their wishes were gratified, and the boats brought off about thirty of our newly-formed acquaintances, among them the offended parties at the first ball; and we were so glad of the opportunity of making our ship conciliation hall when all was explained, at once accepted, and as quickly forgotten. We had an afternoon of real fun, which midshipmen alone *can* enjoy. Everything in the ship was shown to them; and the mids.' berth appeared to attract most attention, not from its apparent incapability of squeezing seventeen unfortunate mids. together, but from the fact of the number of relics collected during our long cruise, which seemed to please *amazingly*; as many as could be crammed into the berth were seated (we all remained outside, and looked through the bars). Our desks were opened; the little relics, forget-me-nots, locks of hair of those long since, I was about to say, forgotten—but forgive me—all underwent a most thorough investigation. We had to account for them all, and had to dress in our theatrical dresses, frocks, and lace caps, which had been made on board by ourselves. If we never laughed before, we certainly made up fully on this occasion *for any* lost time; the screaming and laughing alternately was deafening, and only ceased when our kind and liberal captain sent down to say that "Luncheon was ready, and *waiting*;" and although the temptation was great, it was with much reluctance they left the dark and dreary berth for the captain's cabin. All now became serious for a short time.

Darkness only broke up our party, and our friends were escorted safely on shore, and, being invited to a

house where we had not before visited, could not resist. In it passed one of our most agreeable evenings; and it happened to be a house of which I shall have much to say, and much to speak in favour of; but all the pens, paper, and genius, could not speak in sufficient praise of this *Casa Fuerte!*

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CHAPTER V.

C A S A F U E R T E .

FAMILY—THE SALA—THIRD BALL—PAINFUL SITUATION—LAST
ADIEU—PARTING THOUGHTS—CONTRAST—PARTING LOOK—
COWARDLY MURDER—HORRID CRIMES—BAILE DE CAMPO.

“Ah! hour of parting! oh! what words can tell
The sad last accents of the wild farewell!”

THIS hospitable mansion was situated in a most central and convenient part of the town, in the middle of the Plaza, and close to the landing-place facing the “Galatea,” having two entrances, and several windows guarded fortunately by iron bars, and through these many a sweet word passed, and many a “Se salé” uttered.

A few years since this hospitable rendezvous was well known to every one who visited Guaymas. Scarcely had a vessel dropped her anchor when a general invitation arrived for every one to come on shore to dance, and sup, and enjoy themselves, at the Casa Fuerté. Death has since visited this happy spot, and robbed it of its main branch; and not until our arrival had it again recommenced its bygone scenes. This interesting and happy family of “light hair and blue eyes” consisted of

four; the eldest married, the remaining three beautiful specimens of "fair Mexicans." One was of a thoughtful, pensive, sweet disposition, being now and then serious; the second, young, gay, and thoughtless, exceedingly good-natured and sweet-tempered; the youngest, sedate, and motherly, imparts good advice (*gratis*), and sweetly disposed. First cousins of these, and frequently at the casa when we visited, were the two girls I have mentioned before as the "Amber Satins;" fine, tall, quizzical girls, good figures, and sweet-tempered; also two other *second* cousins, lively, larkish, pretty girls, and dance elegantly.

In the almost constant company of such creatures as I have attempted only briefly to describe, will it be thought unnatural, or contrary to the general disposition of sailors, if I acknowledge that we felt our hearts gradually and perceptibly softening beneath the irresistible glances of their soft blue, yet piercing, eyes?

Very pleasant evenings were passed at the "Serpents," where we always met the "cousins," and other agreeable companions; but in the drawing-room of the Casa Fuerté were the "happiest hours that e'er we spent."

It was the prettiest movement in the world to see how the dances were commenced. Of course we did not wish to introduce the subject, fearing it might be the cause of trouble or inconvenience. One would shrug up her shoulders, and exclaim, "Tan frio;" another would rub her hands, and place them on yours to feel how chilled they were; a couple more would shift the small marble table into a corner; and this was a general signal for us to assist. The good-natured "Lola" would commence a

polka, and who then could resist? Off we went. One dance of each sort, a song between, an Indian duet, and a little chat, passed away four or five hours in a most delightful manner.

After our ball, with which they were so much pleased, the people literally spoiled us; quite unfitted us for anything serious; and when we were seen entering "The Casa," parties from the square soon followed to enjoy new faces and jokes in bad Spanish.

Such was the delightful manner each evening was passed; and it was a pleasing sight to those more elderly to behold us, after our dances, "pairing off," some to the sofa, some to the window recesses, to talk soft "blarney" (or, as they called it, "Se salé"), and to make apologies for some whose duty prevented their coming on shore.

To us, secluded as we had been from all that was civilized for now nearly five years, the effect of such a transition is impossible to describe! The female loveliness by which we were surrounded in that never-to-be-forgotten "Sala" was quite sufficient to drive much less sensitive hearts than ours to utter distraction.

The time now arrived for another ball! An attempt to describe or retrace the every day acts of kindness and hospitality received from the residents of Guaymas would utterly fail; but I must trust to my pen to carry me through a mere outline of our "really last ball." The very invitations were the prettiest things I have seen; given expressly for us, couched in sweet terms, and bordered with wreaths of flowers and loving couples dancing the polka around the margin.

The room (a larger one on this occasion) was adjoining our "Casa Fuerté," and fitted in the most tasteful manner imaginable, lined throughout with white glazed calico (twenty-five pieces); pier glasses hung all round; the recesses flowered and festooned; and at the head of the room was a model of our own ship, working by clockwork, plunging and foaming in the elements (in miniature imagination only this time), and underneath the name of our "happy vessel" in large gilded letters, a compliment much appreciated by us all. The Mexican and English national colours blended together in graceful harmony over our model ship. A ladies' room, a refreshment room, and next to the supper-room the "Sala," where so many happy hours had passed away! Mangrove trees, hung with oranges and variegated lamps, formed a pretty entrance.

The ladies were dressed very tastefully, generally lace over white and coloured satins, green and yellow silks, jewellery in great display, white satin shoes and salmon-coloured stockings, sashes, and one or two-rosettes of artificial flowers.

Supper was announced for half at one time, after some few dances, and when they were refreshed the other half commenced. Then dancing began in right earnest. "Heel and toe," down the middle and up again, with all their hearts and strength.

"These now danced who never danced before;
And they who always danced now danced the more."

I several times looked round the room, and I think the number of pretty faces exceeded those at *our* last ball. I do not like being personal, but I could not help

remarking that really the "Fuertés" looked elegant! irresistibly killing! Poor pensive, *triste* E——, danced her last quadrille with me; and, if I recollect right, a short waltz afterwards. I breathed (in bad Spanish) vows of eternal remembrance in her ears; declared that nothing but my bond and attachment to the service of my country, to which I was devoted, prevented me from immediately settling in Guaymas, and making a loving and amiable couple happy for life! She clasped her hands tightly around my arm, looked doubtfully in my face, and I heard murmured the unmistakable words, "Se salé." "Run," said she, "from your vessel, and live with us as a dear brother, and *we* will make you happy." I endeavoured to explain the everlasting disgrace of such a rash step, with the risk of losing my head also. When the quadrille finished, I was glad it did. I led my partner to a sofa; I took a "sortijo" from my finger, and, placing it on hers, prayed her to accept and wear it for my sake alone, and, when she gazed on it, to "pensar di mi."

One young person, who was evidently a little piqued at not receiving an equal share of attention to my now unhappy partner, when I asked her a question, replied, "She did not know me." "Oh!" said I, "if you don't, it will break my heart!" I give her credit for her reply: "Then come to me," she said, "and I will *sew* it up again!"

Our second supper was at 2.30 A.M. Here our happy, or now unhappy party again grouped together, and alternately eat and said sweet things, cheered and drank the health of the Casa Fuertés; the girls to our *pleasant*

voyage. Before the supper terminated, the ladies most unexpectedly presented our gallant and worthy captain with a white satin ensign, the ship's name beautifully worked on its fly. The "Ultimo Adios" was again sung. The sentiment is so beautiful, I must here quote it, and then the reader may conclude how charming must it have been, sang by four fair-haired, blue-eyed Mexicans:—

"EL ULTIMO ADIOS!"—(THE LAST ADIEU.)

" Adios Virgen celestial,
Que en el mundo peregrino,
Errado yu en mi camino
Mee voi á un mundo mejor.
Quedate en par en la tierra
Entre tus sueños de oro ;
A ! no maldigas mi lloro
Es el postrero de amor.

" Tu fuistes el primer ensueño
De mi ardiente fantasia,
Y tu serás, alma mia
Mi postrimero pensar.
Ayer tu amor fué mi vida
Tu desumor es mi muerte ;
A ! que amargo es oh ! querida
Sin ti á los cielos volar.

" Adios oh ! muger que adoro
El angel vele tus sueños ;
Quidate en par oh ! mi dueno .
En un mundo de dolor.
Yo te perdono mi muerte
Por tus caricias pasadas,
A ! en tus horas doradas
Ten compasion de mi amor."

Our last dance was at 5 A.M., but there were many

who would not attempt it, and preferred rather passing the few moments left them in pouring the last words of love into their deluded partners' ears.

Some were very much affected at the thoughts of parting. It would not be proper to commit to paper the affecting lengths to which some of the "adios" were carried. Many could not without difficulty be persuaded to return to their ship and their homes, and in this distracted and heartrending state of affairs, we dragged ourselves away at half-past five in the morning. Our ship had sails bent, ready for sea, and before dark that night all those who had endeared themselves to us by their excessive kindness were far out of sight! Thus were we compelled to take an abrupt leave—perhaps for the best. I can hardly tell what a little coaxing may not have accomplished.

We had not the least idea we were going to sea so suddenly, and had hoped that this our last evening would have permitted our performing the sad duties of a farewell!

One word, then, at parting, and I shall have said adieu in spirit to them all. Their hospitality, attention, kindness, and good-heartedness has given us just reasons never to forget them; and I am, moreover, *certain* there is not one amongst us who is ungrateful enough to do so.

We had scarcely got well clear of the land when a gale down the gulf reduced us to close reefs, and, oh! what a contrast to our last night this was! I recollect remarking to one of my partners, that I feared their next picnic and ball would entirely drive us from their memories. "Oh, no," she replied; "we are not like you

sailors—the first breeze of wind blows all away. Our hearts are too sensitive; when we entertain a love or a fondness, it is never to be erased. ‘Tears’ (continued the pensive E——) “may flow *about* your eyes, but ours come from our hearts!”

“Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark;
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad than those we leave behind.
 Sail on, sail on; through endless space,
 Through calm, through tempest, stop no more;
 The stormiest sea’s a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.”

On completing our *fifth* year together, we cannot but look back and retrace many of the numerous incidents which have occurred to us, with a mixture somewhat of sorrow, joy, and pain. Many a hardship had we endured, but it had been repaid by such scenes as just narrated at Guaymas; many a long and dismal voyage had been passed, but all forgotten in our first meeting on shore. Many of our shipmates, young and old, have been snatched away by death, shot, drowned, died suddenly or gradually, from severity of climates; those who remained, who were still permitted the privilege of enjoying life by a kind and merciful Providence, had every reason now to offer a silent and fervent prayer for their many hair-breadth escapes from the jaws of death.

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After visiting several of the small islands in the Gulf of California (not forgetting the town of Loretto, famed for its female beauties), we returned to Mazatlan. Seve-

ral of these small islands abound in deer and rabbits, and the bays in turtle, many of which were taken, but were rank and fishy, this not being the proper season (March). We had also an opportunity of seeing the extensive salt lakes in the centre of the Isle of Montserraté. It had the appearance of a lake of milk, the salt, of the most transparent and best quality, having about one foot water over it. Its surface covering a plain of immense extent, the evaporation of 11° which takes place causes the great deposit of salt, and which is sufficient for the *consumption of the universe*. A small specimen obtained was like a lump of crystal.

In passing down the gulf, we had a parting look only at the mountains whose bases encircled the town where our never-to-be-forgotten six weeks had been enjoyed. It fell a dead calm at sunset, and all the familiar outlines of the "Cerros" surrounding our late scenes of pleasure were before us, and we stood and gazed on them with mixed feelings of gladness and sorrow, embracing a vain hope that we *may* some day again return! The moon was a little past the full, and the night was a heavenly one; not a ripple on the waters, and the reflected rays of the moon on the sea appeared like a vast sheet of quicksilver. We pictured to ourselves the joy if we could only be wafted at that moment near the windows of the Casa Fuerté. The screams of "Hoy-ga" would not be called in vain; one whisper of "Tan frio," and the small marble table placed in the recess, it would not be many minutes before we would all be off "like mad," and utter our "Se salés" o'er again.

We arrived at Mazatlan just in time to partake of the

melancholy duty of firing minute guns, with drooping colours, for our universally beloved Queen Dowager, who had departed this life.

An American frigate lay in the bay, and, although war had ceased between them and the Mexicans, the hatred of the latter was still carried to great lengths, and a most dastardly murder had just been perpetrated. The band of the frigate had been kindly lent to the theatre for the evening, and a boat sent, in charge of a young midshipman, sixteen years of age, to bring them off. They had (as is *always* the case) too much to drink, and a row ensued on the pier, which ended in this young officer being stoned to death by the cowardly Mexican villains! He was buried alongside the late much lamented captain as well as the owner of the Thames yacht, who, it will be recollected, died not long since. After the tombstone had been placed over the child's grave, it was found next morning smashed to atoms! I visited the tombs of all shortly afterwards.

The cholera had entirely disappeared from Mazatlan, but it was now the religious season, "Lent," and during the evening in almost every house may be seen a "Réunion Religieuse." A large recess in the drawing-room was decorated with flowers, oranges, and coloured waters, surrounding an image of "Inri;" the piano and other instruments were permitted, with chat, but no dancing or singing allowed, and this was strictly adhered to.

The Lent season terminated with a grand procession on Good Friday—every one, high and low, rich and poor, naval and military, joined, holding long lighted

candles (excepting the naval and military,) to the bearers of different emblems of the season. Portions of this ceremony were most absurdly hypocritical; others really *appeared* devout; and I could not help noticing the fact, that from the extreme heat of the day in the streets, the candles melted quicker in the hands than at the burning wicks.

Scarcely an evening passed without a Mexican murdering an American, or an American a Mexican. One of our messmates was engaged late in the evening binding up the wounds of an old grey-headed man, but who bled to death during the night; another was shot with his own pistol while examining it. A fine young American was taken for murdering a man in cold blood for no reason whatever. (At San Francisco 5,000 dollars were offered for his apprehension.) Parties of soldiers were daily in search of persons who had during the night committed some horrid crime. A pistol was taken away from a drunken Yankee by one of our shipmates, who had pointed it at him, and was about to pull the trigger—a most providential escape he had. This is the society we are at present surrounded by, and we are compelled to be very careful where we go, and to go well armed and prepared.

At one very pleasant "Tertulia" we met a cousin of our dear friend at Guaymas. She was what may be termed melancholy beautiful, but the charming Chonita was a sweet coquettish creature, single, and apparently without an admirer! From these and others we learnt many pleasing accounts of our late friends at Guaymas. They were all about to be married! The attentions

of the "men-of-war" had caused some jealousy, and fearing a renewal of our visit (which all had of course promised), some were already married ! others promised, and many not far off the happy state.

Before our departure for the Sandwich Isles we were favoured by the politeness of the residents to a "Baile de Campo," given in a cocoa-nut-grove a short distance from town. The place was tastefully and elegantly laid out, with every appropriate device that ingenuity could suggest ; *monté* tables here and there, and at one alone 150 ounces were lost by *one* person, the president of the table, - for an unusual occurrence, for the chances are generally in his favour.

I never saw such an opening of bottles, especially champagne ; twenty dozen fled in no time. The music was good and ground bad, but we nevertheless danced *eleven* hours, and then concluded with a "Naval Quadrille," determined still to keep up the credit of our cloth.

This "Baile de Campo" is a good idea of getting out of the heat and dust of a town. The mosquitos are your only enemy, but their attentions are generally attracted by the sweeter blood of the arms and necks of the fairer and softer sex. So much for the good taste of these tormentors ! (the mosquitos are meant).

CHAPTER VI.

SANDWICH ISLES.

CAPTAIN COOK—THE LEVEE—HALF CASTES—BEHRING'S CROSS—
GRAND SCENE—A STRANGER.

THE first portion of the Sandwich Isles seen was the snow-capped peak of Mauna Roa, nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea, presenting a scene truly grand, towering above the bay where the celebrated circumnavigator Cook was murdered.

It is impossible to pass the spot of this melancholy scene without participating in the universal feeling of regret at the sudden loss of so estimable and so renowned an explorer. Those who have passed over his many tracks know how truly all positions are placed, with only the "aid of a quadrant and pocket watch;" and that his end should have been so untimely and so unexpected, depriving him of all the honours and rewards he was about to enjoy when his task was so nearly accomplished, fills the heart of those who know what he had encountered with despair and anguish on contemplating it.

The wrecks of two ill-fated vessels marked the

entrance to the inner harbour of Honolulu; they were driven on shore about two months since, and now lie a warning to the mariner.

The Kanakas again laid hold of us, and we were drawn into the inner harbour, and, as usual, we found everything seventy-five per cent. dearer, consequent on the numbers madly and thoughtlessly rushing to California, vessels constantly arriving crowded with deluded persons in most deplorable conditions, and such scenes of misery I never beheld; one vessel, the *Harmony* (of all names the most inappropriate) was a floating nuisance; many had not even room to lay down, and constantly chose the streets all night while in harbour.

The first levee I was presented at was to his sable Majesty King Kamehameha, where all appeared in full dress. A few years since these people were savages, cannibals! now a kingdom speaking our own language, and acknowledging the Christian religion. A queer feeling overcame us all. We were received at the palace grounds by a guard of honour, and were presented by the Consul-General to his Majesty, sitting on his throne, surrounded by his premier, lord chamberlain, minister for foreign relations, and the governors of the many islands—it really was a novel sight. After this we visited the palace apartments, and viewed the several paintings of bygone kings and queens, chiefs, &c. A Kanaka cannot be more thoroughly offended or his *dignity* hurt than by asking him, "Who eat Captain Cook?" His black face will turn pale with rage.

Our last evening was passed in a most pleasant manner at the Bremen consul's, and we had an oppor

tunity of witnessing the rapid progress made by the pretty and interesting "half castes" in manners and customs. Really they deserve much credit; and they went through their dances of quadrilles, lanciers, &c., with all the ease and grace of a Parisienne. After we had bade adieu to all those who had done their utmost to make a few evenings pass pleasantly for us, we were again off.

On her most gracious Majesty's birthday, again started on our *third* voyage to the Arctic regions. There were some hopes that we should have been recalled from this trying service, but now there were none; we were out of all reach, and began to feel it would *never* end. What added to our misfortunes was, being without warm clothing; and the provisions, by Goldner (the villain), worse, if possible, than the previous season, being also one year older; and altogether our prospects were not to be envied, except that we had another chance of rescuing from destruction our brave companions!

Our only amusement (or at least pastime) was preparing for the "icy north." Fogs already surrounded us, making it cold, damp, and disagreeable.

Again we had to undergo the melancholy trial of the loss of another shipmate. These severe tests of climate were too much for him, and he gradually sank, and breathed his last at 6 A.M. To him alone a mother and family looked for support. A few months since his brother, an acting gunner, was blown off the deck of the *Cerberus*, in Hamoaze, and drowned; and now his spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

The coast of Kamstchatka was again in sight ; but on this occasion the weather was thick, wet, and cold—a most gloomy scene—and the land covered with snow. The season was evidently a backward one, as we had not yet experienced a fine day. Twelve months since lovely weather was enjoyed.

On passing Mednoi Island, we could plainly see the cross erected to Behring, who was cast away on an island bearing his name, not very far distant, in 1745, with many of his brave companions, who miserably perished. Here a ray of sunshine shone on us for the first time. We had been wet with all our clothes for *fourteen days*, and were thankful now to have a chance of drying them.

Spoke an American whale ship "trying out," who informed us, consequent on the information we had afforded to whalers, there were now TWO HUNDRED sail in and about Behring's Strait. All had been anxiously watching for anything that would lead to the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin and his brave associates.

On entering Behring's Strait the sea was glassy smooth, with a current setting us to the north two-thirds of a mile an hour. The sunset was at half-past ten at night, and all were turned up to view a scene that had not before been beheld ; and this was the only spot in the world such a sight could be seen. "The continents of Asia and America at the same instant!" It was a grand scene indeed!—the sky a dark purple, the sea a dead calm, the tops of the mountains white with snow, whales innumerable spouting and fluking in all directions. To the westward lay "Orel," the residence of the

much favoured Tippioikoi—of whom I dare not say a word.

Off East Cape three baidars came alongside and freely bartered ivory ornaments, fur shoes, and gloves, for tobacco. From them we could gain no information about our lost companions. They remained with us two hours; and, after giving them some rum, tobacco, and beads, they paddled off highly delighted.

Kotzebue Sound was full of icebergs, but in a fast state of dissolution, crushing to pieces under our bows as the ship pressed among them. Five baidars came out to meet us with salmon and venison, the latter very high (not in price). They were most friendly, and recognised us all as "old friends." One of them held a certificate from a friend of ours "that he had, during the winter, been kindly treated by this man," and we of course loaded him with presents; but it was very curious to see a certificate presented to you in this out-of-the-way part of the world.

The sound was so densely packed with ice that we could not enter, and therefore stood out again for a few days. During the night a N.W. wind came on, and we again bore up for Chamisso Island, and to our astonishment not a particle of ice was to be seen; it had all disappeared in a night. We dropped anchor, and our consort, who had passed the winter here, came alongside us, "all well." The only news heard was, that "white people were on Point Barrow building a ship;" and the natives had traced on paper a correct outline of the coast, and placed the position of the "white people" on it.

After putting ourselves and ship a little to rights,

again sailed on our search along the coast ; but, to our utter surprise, found the solid ice bank one hundred miles south of where it last year stood ! The zodiacal light was now seen magnetic south, with its base on the horizon, and at 11.40 A.M., the sun set brilliantly.

The weather, thick, foggy, and gloomy, with a strong S.W. wind, obliged us to haul off the pack, which now had the appearance of land, thirty to forty feet high, covered with snow. We returned to Cape Lisburne, the appointed rendezvous, and had not been here many hours before a vessel in the offing hoisted a white ensign (and H. union). She was direct from England, had the last twelve months news on board, and had come through the Seguan passage, from the Sandwich Isles, without sighting land, in the incredible short space of twenty-six days !

A further search in Baffin's Bay by four vessels was in contemplation, making in all twelve ships in the Arctic regions looking for our lost friends.

No promotions had taken place among us. We were altogether forgotten. "Out of sight out of mind"—the old saying verified !

We only remained in company sufficient time to pass compliments. She bore up, hoisting the signal "*Farewell!*" to which was at once responded "*Success!*" At midnight she was out of sight, intending to take the "pack" at any risks, blowing then half a gale of wind.

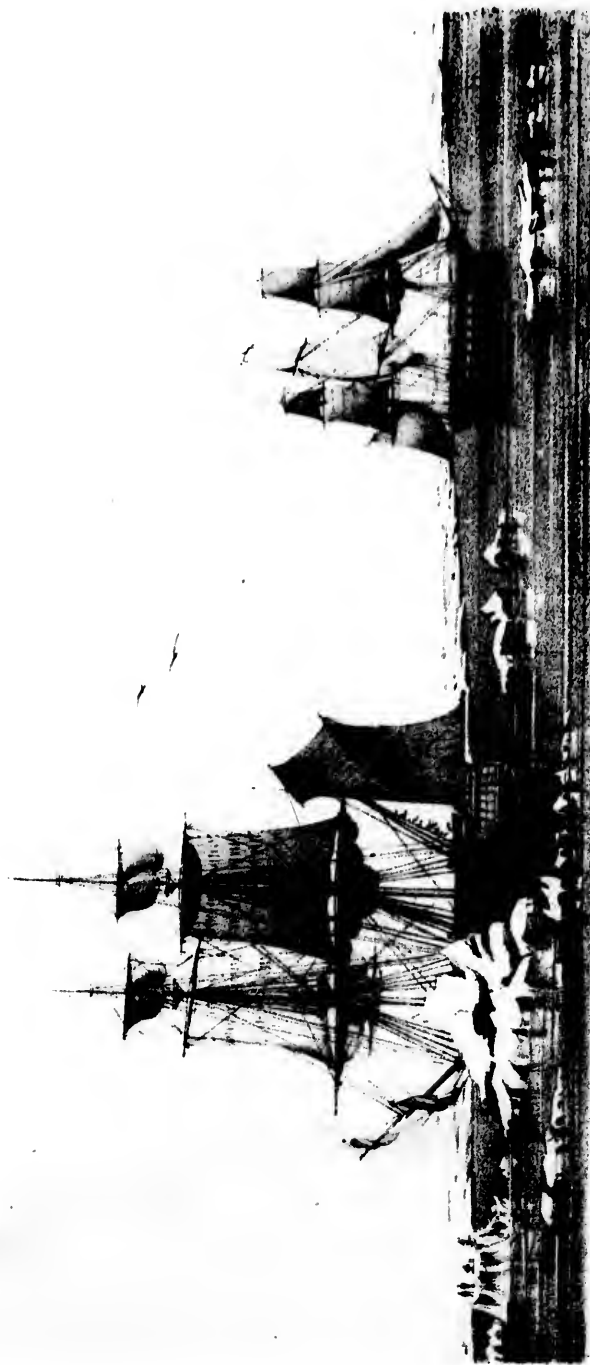
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Photograph by H. M. C. Herald & Co.

H. M. C. HERALD AND FLOWER IN BERING'S STRAIT

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

THE 4TH OF AUGUST, AN AWFUL NIGHT—IMPROBABLE STORY—THE
WHALEERS—A FRIEND IN NEED—ANOTHER—MAN OVERBOARD—
SANDWICH ISLES—PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

“A hapless sailor here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home;
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
The nightly storm is pouring fast.”

THE 4th of August was a day and night that cannot easily be forgotten; it was one of the most awful experienced since the ship had been commissioned (now five years). We had previously a few fine and calm days; the horizon suddenly darkened all round, but was bright over head. About one in the morning, after some vivid flashes of forked and sheet lightning, accompanied by a strong wind, which shifted to the S.W., there was chain and fork lightning, flashing through our rigging. It commenced like a ball of fire on the horizon (similar to a sunset), and then burst forth over the whole heavens, followed by loud peals of thunder and rains. So close did the lightning pass to

us, that I was about to call the men off the yard, who were reefing topsails, rather risking the loss of yards and sails, than the men ; however, a merciful Providence was watching over us, and no accident occurred.

I was always impressed with the idea that the Straits of Malacca and Sunda was the nucleus of the most vivid lightning ; but having been through those straits many times, I had never seen it so awfully grand as on this occasion, and that night made a deep impression on me.

The weather soon moderated, and it fell a calm, and the ship anchored to avoid being set on shore by the current and swell. Here our old friends, whom we had seen before this season, visited us ; they were a little dirtier than usual !

Here again our consort was seen, she had been to Point Barrow. The story of the white men building boats there was s'together without any foundation ; and we now began to find the natives were cunning enough to make up these stories for the sake of the rewards promised. This made us somewhat cautious ; however, a further story was now heard, that "a party of white men, in two boats, had been murdered near the Copuk, and were buried, having whales' bones and jaws marking the spot"—"some were still alive !" This was heard from three separate parties, who were at war with the Copuks. These, of course, we fancied *could* be none other than our boat expedition which started twelve months since ; but the story was rather improbable.

It, however, coincided with one we heard at Michaelouski, Norton Sound, last season, that "the company

had seen natives with fire-arms," and that "the people were all buried in a hole." Now the first, "fire-arms," the fur company will not permit; and the second is contrary to the usual custom of burying their dead!

However, the subject required *altogether* most mature deliberation to decide what was to be done. We *all*, of course, wanted to be off *immediately* to search the spot, but those who possessed older and wiser heads said "wait awhile!"

The probability of the story was a little shaken by a refusal on the part of our native informant to act as pilot, with a temptation of a *cask of tobacco and two muskets*.

* * * * *

Before returning from the search of the coast and packed ice, we landed on Point Hope, to place a mark and bury a notice, for the guidance of any one following us.

The natives were friendly, and did not exceed twenty-four in number. They bartered freely, but lost no opportunity of stealing! They live in three summer erangs, all their yourts, or under-ground dwellings, being shut for the season. Some we opened from curiosity and entered; they were each about eight feet under ground, sixteen long by ten wide; some floored with drift wood, others slate stone, and all built of whales' bones, then covered with slate and earth, leaving a square hole on top for entrance and exit of man and smoke; in winter this hole is covered with a slab of ice, which admits light. Four large stakes are driven at each corner of the yourt, standing about twenty feet

above the ground, and on these they hang their sledges, tools, harness, &c.

The yourts were about twenty-five in number, and capable of holding about 300 persons. In one was found a set of masks made of wood, curiously carved, with human teeth stuck in the mouth; with these they perform their masquerades in winter. All the tools and implements for housekeeping were still hanging around, but covered with mould, and the whole place had the feeling and smell of a vault—cold, dead, and sickly. Tobacco was exchanged for curios made from walrus and whales' teeth, on *very* friendly terms! and no wonder, for we found as fast as it was bartered it was taken again and resold, at the same moment that one on either side were busy picking our pockets, so that in the end we did not gain much, and, indeed, did not care; our object was to make friends, and not enemies, so they had all their own way.

While returning to our ship and making all sail, a boat was lowered to pick up a small cask, having marked on it "S mess beef." We were disappointed, for all had hoped it would afford us some information.

Shortly after hove to in company with an American whale ship, of New Bedford, homeward bound! *Full*, having 2,900 barrels of oil on board. She had heard nothing of the object of our longing search.

From her captain, who brought two sick men on board, we derived much information relative to the "whaling fleet." "He estimated the number inside the straits to be 150 sail; nearly all full. The highest latitude reached was 70° 30' north; they were much

perplexed with ice; a great many sail were in St. Lawrence Bay; one ship had parted her anchor in a S.E. gale, and ran on shore, but was got off by the assistance of other ships."

"Some vessels ran *into* the ice and obtained many fish. The whales were much farther north this season than any other, knowing they had enemies on the coast. Three species of whale were noticed, the smallest and most dangerous being the 'steple tops' (90 to 100 barrels good oil from each); they chase the boats and fight much. The whale ships mostly anchor one to fifteen miles off shore, on the coast of Asia, in fourteen fathoms water."

Passed out of Behring's Strait, during an anxious night, under reefed sails, and prayed that it might be for the last time. We communicated with Norton Sound settlement, but obtained no information whatever, and then returned to Port Clarence. Here, to our astonishment and surprise, and I may say joy, we found one of our ships, which we had been chasing for the last two months. She was *aground*, in endeavouring to get into the inner harbour, and was eighteen inches in the mud. She had been as anxiously looking for us, having been up and down the coast, firing rockets, blue lights, exploding barrels of powder, and setting beacons adrift. She had been eighty miles east of Point Barrow, and had reached the latitude of 73° 15' north! She was now on shore, and it was our pleasant duty to "haul her off," and for which all at once prepared.

She had to be lightened of everything on board; anchors, cables, ballast, provisions, spars, &c., *all* taken

out ; purchases placed on the cables, and manned by all hands. She moved, and was soon in three fathoms water. All was again returned to her, stowed, and prepared for sea. This was all done during the most cold and trying weather—squalls of hail, snow, and rain, against which our ship's crew was not prepared.

Just when we had completed "assisting a known friend in view to the utmost of our power," another consort, in coming out of the inner harbour, ran aground, and we had again the pleasing prospect of rendering her succour ; however, this task was not so laborious.

Baidars constantly visit us from all parts of the bay, bringing fish and small pieces of venison. They possess the same weakness for adopting what is not their own. One was found having two iron chain-hooks in the legs of his boots, and looked very silly on being found out.

Winter again ! Snow and sleet, with strong north-west winds, compelled us to "be off," and we left Port Clarence, running in a north-west gale along St. Lawrence Island, and passing Gore's, which, from the thick state of the weather, could not be seen, and we were sorry, for it was the only island in these waters we had not beheld.

Before making the Aleoutian Islands, we had the sad misfortune to lose a man overboard. I had scarcely laid down in my hammock, after keeping a cold, dreary, and boisterous middle watch, when I heard the thrilling cry of a "Man overboard." I threw on one or two of my clothes which were near me, and rushed into the lee quarter-boat, the life-buoy was let go, and the ship rounded to ; but neither the man nor the buoy were again

seen, and, as the sea was running high, it was considered imprudent to lower the boat, which might only have added to the calamity. Thus, in an instant, was snatched from us one of our shipmates. We had been five and a half years together, got through every danger, and on the eve of returning to his home, when in one moment all was over; the sea closed on him for ever!

When all hope was at an end, sail was again made, leaving in our wake the sailor's uncertain grave. He who, only a few minutes before, had been looking forward with the rest of us (for it was now our only thought) to the pleasures of again reaching our homes after upwards of five years' toil and hardships, was now in eternity! We endeavoured in vain to forget this awful moment. Oh! what a lesson to us (and I believe it is part of the wisdom of the Great Creator to show forth these sad examples to us constantly) to prepare ourselves; not to say to-morrow will do, or there is time enough, but this instant to prepare to meet our Maker; to "seek the Lord while he may be found; to call upon him while he is near." (Isaiah lv. 6, 7.)

* * * *

In a north-east gale, with hail and snow storms, we "ran" through the Seguan passage of the Aleoutian group, by the Amoutcha channel. The squalls off the high land were very strong, and at midnight we were free from danger, with the wide Pacific once more before us. We knew not whither bound; it was a mystery.

But the thrill of pleasure which all felt when it was announced that the "Sandwich Isles" was to be our des-

tionation ! The men almost jumped out of their clothes with joy, and smiles were over every face, for it had been feared that we should have again to visit the American shores, which would have prolonged our voyage home four or five months.

Soon made the port all were so anxious for. The crew were getting weak and sickly ; scurvy was among us ; and many would soon have had to "knock under ;" their physical powers were fast giving way. However, the ship was soon again in her old anchorage, snug in the inner harbour, and commenced recruiting ourselves, and refitting the vessel for our *homeward-bound voyage*.

Nearly all the whalers had arrived safely. Only three were missing. One foundered at sea, having crammed herself *too full* ; two were supposed to be wrecked ; and one placed herself on the reef shortly after our arrival. Several hundred barrels of oil were saved from her, but she became a total wreck ; indeed, it appeared to us a *business !*

The residents again commenced to make the time pass as quickly and as agreeably for us as they could, and we enjoyed it with all our hearts. Everywhere there was open house for us.

The bare idea of being again *homeward bound* was like a dream to us. Having been so long with the prospect so many times before us, we could hardly realise the fact as even probable, much less possible. However, the morning arrived, and I never saw the anchor torn out of the ground and whipped to the bows as it was that morning. All sail was made, and we were running towards Hong-Kong. The moment the breeze freshened,

something went ; our poor old ship was, like those who trimmed her sails and guided her through the waters, fast falling to decay. The merest puff, studding-sail boom and iron gone ; another puff, a topmast stay ; another, slings of a yard ; and so on, constantly something breaking. Three years and a half is the term generally appointed to a ship's commission, but we were now nearly *six years* ; and in such extremes and varieties of heat and cold, wind and snow, nothing could stand such severe tests.

A CHAPTER ON PRIVATE THEATRICALS !

"All the world's a stage, and the men and women mere players."

I have, on two or more occasions, alluded to our having performed theatricals for pastime, and to having displayed the dresses worn on those occasions for the amusement of our frequent visitors, and it is therefore necessary that it should be known by what means the theatricals became formed, and how the dresses came into shape.

Having among the midshipmen a naturally happy set of fellows (seventeen in number), and among the gun-room officers some ready to assist in making long dull hours pass pleasantly ; and last, though not least, a captain, ever willing to devote anything he possessed to make us all happy, determined us to commence, though under many apparent difficulties, and prepare for the stage.

There was *one* difficulty presenting itself—a serious difficulty—we were *all* willing, but had not the materials; this, however, was soon overcome, for, on our arrival at Petropavlovskoi, there lay (as if waiting for us) an American *notion vessel* with everything on board from a “cambric needle to a bower anchor.” This now urged and encouraged us the more: muslins, paints, glazed calicoes, brushes, lace, needles, satin riband, and various other trimmings, bobbins, &c., which I do not know the proper names of, were purchased.

The scenes were painted, though under many and unforeseen difficulties; before half finished, the brushes were lost in a gale of wind, others had to be made, and there was scarcely a soup plate or bason remaining in the mids’ berth that had not been expended or cracked in this purpose. There was a wood scene, a country house and grounds, a room, and a street; and six side scenes, as well as a drop scene. The room with the fireplace and pier-glass was the *masterpiece*, and looked brilliant by candle-light.

The midshipman’s berth was like a dressmaker’s shop! *All* were employed, even those who could but “sew on a button.” There was a blue flowered muslin over glazed calico for an elderly lady; a white lace over the same material for a bride; and a pink striped muslin over something shining for a servant maid. All these had to be made, as well as lace caps with trimmings to correspond, for the elderly lady and maid.

The mess-table was daily covered with tape, scissors, hooks and eyes, bodkins, and other murderous weapons. Some were cutting out the paper patterns after the

most approved fashion; others the linings; while those who had the advantage of sisters had learned to go through the more critical part of cutting out *the* dress. The breadths were "run up," skirts drawn in, body stitched together, sleeves sewn on, piped, and trimmed with ribbon of the same colours; flounces on some, and the dresses complete and tried on, giving entire satisfaction, of course. The caps were made. Some feather flowers, purchased from the nuns at Madeira, and a lock or two of hair (old valued relics), were the principal trimmings of the maid's cap, while white Manilla rope formed those of the aged lady. With the assistance of lace, habit-shirts, white and red paints, mud boots, wadding, and other artificial means of puffing, the ladies' dresses may be said to have been complete—and this was a great weight off our minds.

And we were now to have our first dress rehearsal!

The females were attired in the following manner:—
The young heroine, a white clear muslin, long green silk scarf, red sash, ringlets of dyed Manilla rope, dress trimmed with blue ribbon, looked well.

The elderly lady.—Blue muslin, trimmings blue, white lace habit shirt, a pillow for a bustle, other pad-dings of wool, no petticoat, white lace cap, red trim-mings, Manilla rope curls (natural colour), mud boots, chequered blue apron, trimmed with red, long sleeves, and peak to dyed dress.

Lady's maid (who had already been christened by the vulgar appellation of "Sal Gash"),—red muslin, trimmed with white lace; ditto habit-shirt; bustle, made of three yards of No. 1 canvas, stretched with a rib of

whalebone ; blue spotted apron, trimmed with red ; long white socks and sandals ; white lace "fly away;" cap trimmed with white satin ribbon ; ringlets (once the property of a Panamanian belle), and a sprig of myrtle from a convent at Madeira. Faces of all rouged and whitened, as necessary ; and, as the dresses were "low," all felt rather cool about the neck and shoulders in the "Arctic regions."

The dresses of some of the other characters were a choice medley. First dress :—One had on a marine's jumper, Yankee axe, Russian boots and corderoys, ruddy face. Second dress :—Tights and silk stockings ; silver buckles on low shoes ; a three-cornered hat ; ruffles and black coat ; a well-powdereu wig ; white cravat, and gold-headed cane.

Another had on black holland tights, black coat and ruffles, powdered wig, silver buckles.

Two servant lads.—Black holland jackets, trimmed with the gay border of a new pocket handkerchief ; white and red neck ties ; top boots and corderoys ; hat and Turkish cap ; and white stockings, &c., &c., &c.

All now went through their respective parts.

The "getting up" and "painting" was good amusement. When "Sal," as she had now been familiarly called, was getting painted, some one exclaimed, "Go it, Sal, I'll hold your bonnet !" "You look like a pointer !" says another, meaning a "north pointer." "Shut your eyes," says one, "while I give you black eyebrows and moustache." The unconscious fellow shut his eyes ; and, the cork having been just taken from the lighted candle, was burning, and back went his head against a

teak beam, which he acknowledged the hardest. The row by this time brought our amiable captain among us, who was as much delighted as any. In one part of the play, where the heroine leans on her lover and "beseeches him not to go to the wars," to which he was about to reply, we *all roared!* No one could contain himself. And this finished our first rehearsal.

A grand opening night next followed, considering ourselves competent to perform before an audience. Playbills were issued to this effect, and also announced that the doors would be open at half-past six, and the performance would begin precisely at seven, and no admittance behind the scenes. The company also "regretted that the lateness of the season, and the urgent demands for them elsewhere, would prevent them from protracting their stay beyond a fortnight, at the farthest."

The performance did commence at seven o'clock exactly, the band, consisting of two violins, three flutes, and a drum, playing the national anthem, "God save the Queen;" after which, in compliment to our worthy chief, "Garry Owen;" at the termination of which the curtain rose, and we were before a public audience.

The piece went on well, and very naturally. "Our star" carried the palm. His action and performance was perfect, especially where he was endeavouring to convince the footmen (who were drubbing him) that he *was not* what they imagined he was. Next to him, the "Elderly Lady" did her part well; she had the "brass of a coal-box;" the song was excellent. A song impromptu—"Rolling Mary"—brought forth great applause. When "Sal's" part commenced, she had to leave her

musical instrument (for she was also one of the band) and rush into the steerage and dress herself, and when "done up" found she had forgotten the portion that gives symmetry to the figure, and had to return and replace it. She was late for entrance, but, by being so, it fortunately happened that the effect was much better, for, instead of one applause for the lady and her maid, they had *one* each.

A box of holuses was presented by the doctor to the maid "to take hourly"—but if she had opened the box on the stage she must have indulged in hysterical laughter, for the pills were as large as nutmegs, and rolled in flour. The Elderly Lady forgot her "prunella boots" in the hurry of dressing, and her flushing trousers were observed.

It ended! All went off with great *éclat*. The audience *sat for more*—a convincing proof it was amusing. A jovial supper in the midshipmen's mess, at which all were kind enough to come, even including our beloved skipper, all in character, until half-past twelve finished our evening scene. Thus did our theatricals assist, not only to pass time for ourselves, but for our shipmates.

I have already given a brief account of our performance before a Russian audience, and will not occupy time by repeating it. But our next attempt was on the second voyage north, when our season was longer, our time consequently heavier, and a larger audience to amuse.

The scenes had all to be repainted, for, as we were not certain of again coming north, they had been thrown aside, and, being chalk colours, were entirely effaced. However, all set to work "hand and heart," and our

scenes were again ready. They now consisted of an apartment in lodgings, the exterior of an inn, a captain's apartment in the inn, and an old barn on a common (moonlight).

It was now necessary to have four females, and it required some ingenious cutting and contriving to change dresses from the last. One was a respectable widow in second mourning, a landlady, a servant-maid, and a barmaid.

The Widow was attired in a black velvet skirt (originally intended for a shooting coat) tacked to a body of black cloth (made from an old black coat), a muff and boa made of fox skins, a chequered shawl, a bonnet made by a quartermaster, cut out by a clerk, trimmed and covered by a mate (Royal Navy), bonnet boxes and luggage complete.

The Landlady, a second mourning cotton dress, long sleeves and flounces; a pretty under-shawl, a lace cap, silk apron; and certainly this female attire became its possessor's round, blooming face to a nicety, and he made a fine plump landlady, splitting with laughter!

The maid and barmaid's dresses were those worn on a former occasion, with some trifling additions and alterations.

The Hero of the Farce was dressed in a first-class marine's jacket, mounted with two navy scales to set it off, and the wearer had to be put through the operation of "bracing up" and "easing off" as his part of the play came round, the coat being *very* tight and uncomfortable. He wore a pair of naval dress trousers, a broad red sash to cover the vacancy caused between the jacket and

trowsers, and a huge pair of silver spurs, made and brightened up from a biscuit canister, a cap stuck on three hairs, the chin-stay resting on his upper lip, with a profuse moustache, an eye-glass suspended from a button-hole, and a pair of white doeskin gloves.

A poacher was made up of an old shooting coat, red belcher, white rabbit-skin hat, check waistcoat, corduroys, blucher boots, and grey purser's stockings, a stick, a bundle, and a hare; everything belonging to different owners, but in which he looked well indeed. Other dresses of many devices.

In going through the rehearsal we enjoyed ourselves much; indeed, these are the only parts the actors enjoy. It is rather serious than otherwise, when the curtain rises and leaves you to the gaze of a multitude; then it is their enjoyment, not yours! I am sure the "hero" will do his part admirably; and the widow, when she imploringly says, "My name is Emma," you cannot, for the life of you, resist a downright laugh. It is too absurd!

We had been waiting long for a fine evening to perform our second "theatricals." It now arrived; and the vessels being in company, we were favoured by the presence of all who could be spared; and now our audience included the "Heroine of Point Barrow."

The play-bills were issued, neatly printed on blue and red papers, and we were to be patronised by all the *nobility and gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood*. A preamble was necessary, in which "the company, in returning thanks to the public in general for the unlimited patronage they met with at their last visit

to this country, had now the satisfaction of making them acquainted with the following particulars:—

“In the period intervening since last season, improvements have been made which must tend to the comfort of the audience. The dresses, though not altogether new, have undergone a thorough adaptation, and the splendid decorations of this establishment have since last year been replaced by embellishments of a more magnificent and costly description.

“The scenery and proscenium have been newly painted, and it is hoped that the effect it produces will display the skill and judgment of the artist.

“The orchestral arrangements have, from unavoidable causes, been the subject of great anxiety. The ablest that can be procured have engaged, both in stringed and wind instruments, to attend; the music when heard *may* be appreciated, but can never be described.

“The terms of admission scarcely require notice, it will be sufficient to say that they are on the same liberal scale as they were last season; the aim of the proprietors being rather to secure pleasure and satisfaction to the spectators than profit to themselves.

“Doors open at seven, performances commence at half-past seven precisely, and no admittance behind the scenery.”

It occupied all that day adjusting and regulating the scenery, which, being new and double in quantity of our last, and a more extensive audience to witness it, required more care and time.

Exactly at the before-named hour the bell rang, the audience arrived—officers and men from the “Arctic

squadron," the fair "Eloise" and her guardian—the band playing "Rule Britannia," followed by "Patrick's Day in the Morning!" The band on this occasion had the addition of a piccolo and a tambourine, and during the evening performed twenty-one popular airs, as well as the Royal Irish Quadrilles, selections from Mozart, "Away with Melancholy," "Auld Lang Syne," concluding with "God Save the Queen!"

The whole play was got through (notwithstanding many difficulties to contend against) with much *éclat*, and to the entire gratification of the audience.

The dress of the "fat landlady" caused much laughter, it was ridiculous in the extreme. The "waiter," *all* acknowledged to be a "pieman." The "Contrabandista" was a failure, but was the reason of great merriment; his breeks (which were made of black holland) were so tight that he could not stoop to pick up the bouquet of his fair charmer, and did not think of practising the stoop before entering on the stage; he was afraid of bursting them. The manager did his part well, and the character in the dress I have described as the "*hero*," in the marine's jacket and tin spurs, was admirable; *he* was worthy of a grander stage and a larger audience.

It was delightfully encouraging to perceive the cheering smile of our fair friend among the audience, it spurred us on to banish bashfulness. Indeed, before I ventured on the "stage," I took a strong and powerful potion of—tea?—no—nor coffee,—I forget the name of it, but I found it made me ten times more timid, and I was nearly hiccoughing aloud. All ended well. The good

natured captain ordered the "main brace to be spliced," and we retreated in costume to the gun-room, where a supper awaited us.

The men continued singing until midnight, when the "grand rounds" interfered; ours did not cease until three in the morning—all sang, even our chief, everybody. Our fair visitor, with all the taste and feeling proper for such occasions, sang "Love's Young Dream"—it would have "melted a heart made of paving stones," and "Erin my Country" completely mesmerised us all. It was not often we were favoured with so charming a visitor, and her society was therefore much sought after.

At three, all dismissed, very much fatigued, for all the young fellows had been wooding and watering from before four each morning until seven at night, for five successive days; therefore we "slept" the remainder of that night "without rocking."

* * * * *

A day was now fixed for "positively our very last appearance;" a brief rehearsal was only necessary. The programme was much the same as on a former occasion; the "play-bills" were more "spicey," and the decorations more "tasty."

Again we were favoured by the attendance of all who could be spared from our Arctic companions; at the usual hour, "Rule Britannia;" at the last note of which up rose the curtain, and the farce commenced.

In describing *one* of these plays all are illustrated; and I will not, therefore, waste time or paper in going through all the detail again and again. Suffice it to observe, that the "*hero*" was perfection itself, the

knights' part was admirably performed, the *manager* was loudly cheered, and at the last figure of a coquettish dance the curtain fell, 'mid loud cheers and cries of "over again," which time would not permit. All retired on *this* occasion to the "cabin," where an impression was scarcely visible on the abundance of everything provided for us by our generous host. "Connemara lemonade" and songs kept us together until half-past two in the morning, and again the "life of the party" charmed us with some of Moore's melodies.

* * * * *

"Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow,
To think that such happiness could not remain ;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow,
Would bring back the blest hour of *meeting again* !
So warmly we met," &c.

Just as we separated it came on to blow hard from N.E., cold and wet ; a boat got adrift from the ship, and I had the unenviable pleasure of hunting all the middle watch for her without success—a pleasant finish to *my* evening's enjoyment.

I have but *one* more brief association in connexion with our "Arctic theatricals," and as it was given in return for the few pleasant evenings we had afforded our friends in adversity, it ought in justice to them to find a place here with ours.

A "masquerade" was decided on for many reasons, but more particularly as some very comical and amusing fellows were among the sailors, whose assistance was necessary, the number of officers being few. All were requested to "come in character."

This short notice required both activity and ingenuity to prepare, and all day was occupied in putting together the most indescribable dresses for characters, quite original!

The "Pickle Cock Woman, from Saltash." No person knew who it was, he was so well disguised. For twenty minutes he sat next to one of his own messmates, and he did not know him. During a lull he went round with the jar, tin plates, and pepper-box, complete—"Buy any pickle cocks!"—"By'ny pi-ckle cock."

Many others were in character, or rather *out of* character! Some had their winter dresses and masks on, and did the Esquimaux well!

The evening passed both agreeably and pleasantly in dancing and singing. Polkas, quadrilles, reels, and waltzes through the ring-bolts, which vividly brought to recollection dancing through the eggs at a fair. We had supper and songs; songs and supper, alternately, until *half-past seven* next morning! Some of the songs, I must say, were not parliamentary. At eight we wished each other a last farewell. It came on to blow a gale from the N.E., the ship struck heavily on the beach; and, in returning to our vessel, the passage was exceedingly rough and dangerous, and on several occasions the boats nearly filled!

From these very brief notes it will be seen that such evenings were not only amusing to ourselves but absolutely necessary to keep up the spirits of our crew, who had every reason to despond.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOMeward BOUND.

HOMeward BOUND—FEELINGS—DOUBTFUL GROUP—ASSUMPTION—
MONSOON—A CIRCUMNAVIGATOR—FORMOSA—FISHING BOATS—
THE PILOT—BOAT WITHOUT “EYE”—LOSE A DAY—HONG-KONG
—ADVANCEMENT — SICKNESS — WHOLESALE SACRIFICE — WEL-
COME — STEAM TO CANTON — INVALIDS — CONVOY — PIEDRA
BRANCA—SINGAPORE—INDIAN OCEAN—A SAD LOSS—SYMPTOM
OF A HURRICANE—SIMONS BAY—SENT TO HOSPITAL—DRUNKEN-
NESS—ITS EFFECTS—DECLINING HEALTH—THE PIGEONS.

To those *only* who have been for many years absent from home, from all near and dear to them, can those magic words “homeward bound” touch the heart, and revive thoughts and feelings impossible to be described, or even imagined. We were now actually on our voyage to England; and although twenty-six thousand miles distant, yet every day, every hour, shortened the space between us. The bare thought of having our faces once more turned even towards home made us forget our weak and sickly state; and that we should soon again be clasping in our embrace all who are dear to us, magically revived and made us forget, not only our long absence, but all our troubles, hardships, and dangers!

We purposely passed near a group of islands, said to exist in 174° E. and 21° N. (north of Patterson's Group), where the master of a whaler had reported to us that, having sent one of his boats on shore, three out of five men were murdered by the natives, the fourth tortured by being tied to a tree naked, and small gunpowder darts shot at him, exploding while in the flesh; the fifth was put aside *to be tortured* at some other time. We endeavoured all in our power to discover the islands, although delaying us, but to no purpose, they were not anywhere near the positions assigned to them; and although wrong in the exact position given, the tale was, alas, too true.

Assumption Island, the most northern of the Ladrões, rising out of the sea, like a sugar-loaf, to the height of two thousand feet, was passed—a barren, solitary, volcanic rock; its peak was clouded, and we could not say if it was *still* an active volcano, as when visited by Pérouse.

The furious "monsoon" into which we had now arrived, reduced us to close-reefed sails, many of which were split and shifted. We were rather unprepared for such rough handling, and our boats and sails suffered. In my three previous voyages here I do not recollect ever having such a troubled sea.

To-day I complete my first voyage *round* the world, having sailed through *every* degree of longitude east and west, and doubled both Capes Horn and Hope. I am therefore privileged *to sit on the table*, and place both my legs thereon, an indulgence which only those who have circumnavigated the globe are entitled to.

Passing through the Bashee Isles, or rather rocks,

about six in number, the sea became comparatively smooth. "Formosa," the dreaded island where every unfortunate shipwrecked mariner is murdered by the natives, was passed, and next day we found a "fresh hand at the bellows." It was here, in this channel, I was battered down in a small vessel about eight years since, but on the present occasion the sea was not so rough.

During the night, found ourselves among several hundred Chinese fishing-boats in couples, and had much difficulty in clearing them. It was a continual scene of "hard up," "hard down," "hard this way," "hard that," and we passed so close to some, that we could plainly hear the fishermen chattering. At daylight a pilot boat was under our quarter, out went the "sampan," and on board came the pilot. All news was eagerly sought after. He informed us that "One large vessel, one piecey steam, one piecey brig," were at Hong-kong.

Several boats were now seen *without eyes*; and the reason being asked, they had found out that there was "no occasion for boat got eye." "Man got eye—*can see*."

On the day before arrival at Hong-kong we changed the last day of November for the first of December—having gone round the world, we had of course lost twenty-four hours; and on our arrival on a Saturday, which was of course with us scrub and wash, and polish brass-work, we found all the people going to church!

On dropping anchor off Hong-kong, I was amazed at the rapidity with which the town had advanced in eight years. I could hardly believe it possible that a place eighteen thousand miles from Europe could have changed its aspects so quickly, and with such advantage.

The town presented to us one of substantial elegance, the buildings were large and extensive, the church looked grand, and the Government House a palace; the whole face of the hill was a mass of buildings from West Point, to Jardine, Matheson the opium kings.*

Although it was Sunday, the whole harbour was in animation, the yachts darting everywhere about, junks and sampans coming out to meet us, and every other new arrival. This was indeed to me a change of scene.

Alas! sickness here still prevails. One hundred and fifty of the 55th Regiment died last season, and their remains placed with many hundreds in that one common grave, "Happy Valley." Two captains had died a short time since, and the morning after our arrival another. We follow his remains to "Happy Valley." A colonel of artillery followed him very shortly after.

An American corvette welcomed us by a champagne breakfast, the smartest and cleanest corvette on the station. They tell us a sad tale; that, while at anchor at Macao, a day or two since, a large Portuguese frigate lay close to them, and while in the act of saluting, she blew up, with from six to seven hundred persons on board. Only one remained alive to tell the awful tale. The corvette's awnings, which were spread at the time, were covered with blood and scattered remains; the guns blew over her mast-head; iron bolts and fragments fell on board her. No one could tell how it occurred. Some imagined it to be the act of a Chinaman; it was, to say the very least, a horrible story.

* Now, Sir James Matheson, Bart., M.P., the generous and much respected Laird of Lews Castle, Stornoway.

Three steamers proceed to Canton every other day, returning the next ; and this afforded a good opportunity for those who had not seen the "Celestial City." I did not avail myself of it, as I knew it and the river well on former occasions.

Our stay at this place was short. We were already weak and sickly, and had every reason to dread the Hong-kong fever ; and also knew, that if it once seized us, we had not the power or stamina to resist it, and therefore very prudently sailed as soon as circumstances permitted. Advantage was taken to send all the invalids to England, and when arranged, we sailed, having under convoy a trading junk, which last voyage fell into the hands of pirates, and was robbed of everything ; they were blown to pieces afterwards by two of our vessels, and since that the Chinese, who are pirates or fishermen, as convenient, have cried vengeance on our convoy. She was very glad, therefore, to sail in our wake.

The sailor's guide to Singapore Roads, Horsburgh Lighthouse, on Piedra Branca, is a grand beacon ; this was erected by the East India Company, to commemorate that great navigator in these seas.

Singapore had improved, and also increased rapidly, being the high road to China. Our stay here was also very limited. We were all anxiety to "be off," to shorten our homeward voyage. Passing through Macclesfield Straits, with no little anxiety for the safety of our old vessel, we again passed "Pulo Leat," the fatal spot where the "Alceste" frigate was wrecked, on her return from the embassy to China, and of which I have before made mention.

The Straits of Sunda were cleared in safety, and we found ourselves on the wide Indian Ocean, taking care to make every yard of canvas do its duty, to shorten, by every means in our power, the few months that must now elapse before we breathe those sighs which years have not forgotten. Words want power to trace and confess our feelings at this moment.

The Keelings or Cocos were just in sight, when all had again to deplore the loss of an accomplished and sincere friend and messmate. It was impossible that so long and arduous and trying a voyage could have been accomplished except by powerful constitutions. The weak, of course, gave way first ; but, among all who have been torn from us, no loss can be more deplored than the present. A cold was taken in our last voyage north, and it never left him ; nature became exhausted, and he gradually sank, regretted by all those who had been his messmates, now six years.

I was, myself, very ill at the time, and was lying close to him in my cot, when, about midnight, I heard the death-rattle in his throat, and in a few moments his heart had ceased to beat.

Next day his remains were committed to the deep. I was too ill to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory ; indeed, I hardly knew how soon I might be following him.

It is truly distressing to be cut off at a moment when all trials and troubles appear to be over, and when the anticipation of "home" is brightening us up ; occurring at the commencement of a voyage, with all our hardships in perspective, we do not think so much of ; but now he

leaves behind many to regret the loss of an amiable messmate, and a sincere and attached friend.

My health was still on the decline ; and, unpleasant as it was to me, I was placed in the same spot where our estimable messmate had just breathed his last. There was room nowhere else. But I still trusted in Him whose finger had been my guardian through innumerable dangers, and I frequently and fervently prayed that He would still be with me.

On passing the Mauritius, there was every symptom of the approach of a hurricane, and it appeared to us fated that our old ship could not commence her seventh year without some visitation. The barometers fell very low, as much as one-tenth in a few minutes. All sail was shortened ; topgallant masts and yards sent on deck, and the masts secured, and we waited anxiously our doom. The wind came in fearful gusts ; the lurid glare all over the heavens was frightful ; and the scud, close over our mastheads, passed with rapidity.

“ O, there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill ;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.”

In the evening the barometers stood still, the wind more steady, and the weather settled. The danger had passed. We were on the outer edge of the hurricane, and thus escaped a peril so dreaded by sailors in these regions, and at this very season.

Our voyage to the Cape was long and tedious—nearly

two months—nevertheless we were thankful for having at last arrived safely.

The general appearance of Simon's Bay and town had much improved during an absence of seven years. Several new buildings had been erected, many enlarged, and the arrangements of the gardens and grounds around them very pleasing; this was added to by our having a large store ship, or depôt, moored in the bay.

I was one of the number of sick ordered to the hospital, to recruit during our stay here, and, having been placed under the care of an old and much esteemed messmate, I had every prospect of recovering, sufficiently to undertake the remaining portion of the voyage.

There is not a doubt but "Drunkenness is the root of all evil" on board a ship. If we carefully analyze every error, every fault that is committed, we can trace it to a propensity for liquor; if a robbery, it is either done under the influence of spirits, or in an endeavour to get at it. Mostly all accidents (and I have witnessed some heartrending ones) are attributable to drunkenness; insolence, which can never be tolerated in a well-disciplined vessel, may be generally traced to inebriety; to drunkenness may be traced desertion and leave-breaking. Murders and other heinous offences are mostly committed while labouring under intoxication; and now we lose one of our best petty officers by a fall down the fore hold while in a state of drunkenness, a steady, faithful person, who has just commenced his seventh year with us; but when his love for spirits masters him, he is gone! He has now paid the forfeit by his life.

And while I sit in my hospital window, his funeral passes by !

What a tempting and enticing service ours would be, if we could do away with spirits ; if men could but be made to resist the temptation of drinking to excess ! *Teetotal societies* are bad ! men do not like recording their names among a long list of reformed drunkards, who are compelled to make a pledge to save themselves. Some take the first opportunity to drink, and are always longing until satisfied ; but if we could appeal to their good sense, their feelings, and have no spirits in our ships, we should then have no flogging, no punishments, no stopping leave ; all would be pleasure and comfort, and the service would be then, indeed, inviting.

There is no doubt but drunkenness is fast on the decline, from the strict yet necessary regulations now in force, and from the quantity being reduced to half the allowance ; but still we have intoxication, which leads to crime and consequent punishment. How, then, can we entirely stop it ?

What credit would be due to any one, and what an inward consolation to himself, if he could but devise a method for suppressing drunkenness in her Majesty's service ! No monument could be erected of sufficient magnitude to hold forth to the world such a benefit, and do sufficient honour to the originator. Often have I thought, and as often failed, and many wiser heads than mine have done the same. What benefits, what blessings would arise, what hundreds of lives would be saved, and what thousands of wives and children would be saved from mourning widows and distressed families !

If an annual statistical account were drawn up of the number of cases of drunkenness, the crime committed during moments of intemperance, the punishment consequent on this crime, the number of accidents, deaths, injuries, &c., and the consequent result of mourning, distress, want, and starvation caused by these deaths; this freely circulated through every vessel of war, and indeed all ships, I cannot but think it would impress itself deeply on every true-hearted sailor; and he would in time, when these unhappy occurrences took place before his eyes, see the folly and madness of intemperance, not only in his present temporal state, but in that of eternity to come.

I might go on page after page dilating on the innumerable follies and ruination of drunkenness, but it would not be fair to my young readers, who have been no doubt already wearied and unprepared for so long a yarn on this unpleasant subject. But when they have witnessed as numerous sad consequences as I have of boats capsizing, drowning whole crews, leaving widows and children to mourn and starve; men falling overboard and drowning, falling down from aloft and dashing their brains out; deserting, and leaving years of service and pay behind them; and all these having mothers, wives, sisters, and children wholly depending on them for their daily food—then my young reader will think with me, that in no cause could he devote himself more creditably or beneficially to his service than by endeavouring to supply a remedy against this fearful evil.

We all again embarked much improved in health and spirits, and found ourselves again “rolling down to St.

Helena." Much indebted to a clean and healthy hospital, a kind and tender doctor, with gentle yet nourishing food, for being made sufficiently strong to undertake the voyage; but our sickness had made so deep an inroad on our constitutions, that it would take a very long time before we could be entirely well.

Twelve days brought us to Napoleon's late exile, St. Helena. Nothing having occurred on the passage, but on passing a brig two pigeons left her, and remained with us as passengers until our arrival here, when they returned to their own home.

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CHAPTER LAST.

ST. HELENA—ASCENSION ISLE—ACCIDENT — ALBION'S SHORES—
FEELINGS—LETTERS — PROMOTION—THE DIARY—A HINT—
FAREWELL.

As we were compelled to remain here for three days, I was determined to see as much of this interesting island as possible. My former visits having been short, I had not opportunities.

I unfortunately got into the most extravagant hotel in the place, "The St. Helena," which was objectionable for more reasons than this one.

I rode over the whole island, to Longwood, Hut's Gate, Sandy Bay, and lastly, to Rupert's Valley, where I saw 375 slaves in their innocent simplicity, encamped, under capital management, in clean huts. They turned out and danced their native dance, and gave me *three cheers* for some presents I had distributed among them; and altogether, their superintendent deserves much credit for his admirable arrangements. They had been taken in different slavers, and were now waiting a passage to their native country, Africa.

The anchor was again "tossed up"; we bade adieu to St. James' Valley. Good-bye, extravagant Mrs. L., may we never see you again! Adieu, Dummies, Munkies and the Lunkies; a long story might be told of you, and all the scandal, which does not lose any by being passed from house to house between you. Adieu, then—a last adieu!

On arrival at Ascension, by the hospitality and goodness of a *Governor* whom all know, and all who have the privilege of knowing, idolise; I was supplied with the means of reaching "Green Mount." It is impossible to imagine so great a contrast existing on the same island without seeing it—from a sunburnt cinder, you are transported to a cool and pleasant evergreen.

The Commodore's cottage, on the summit of the island, is surrounded by gardens and green shrubs; the ravines are alive with rabbits and Guinea-fowl; the atmosphere clear and cool, and twelve degrees lower in temperature than the town; altogether presenting a scene as unlike the rest of the island as it is possible to imagine. In the Commodore's room we made a hearty luncheon, having the key of the cellar, in which were cool sherry, ale, and porter; a stroll through "Love Lane" (alone), and a trip to the comfortable hospital to see an old messmate, passed an afternoon, and I was very loth to leave these scenes of verdure and luxuriance, for the dusty, hot, sunburnt town of lava and cinders.

We dined and passed an agreeable evening with the hospitable, kind, and generous-hearted Governor and Commodore.

More invalids were crammed into us; and our ship was now certainly an "hospital" adrift, floating about and endeavouring to resuscitate unfortunates in their last stages of life, by change of air. The anchor was again weighed—for the *last time*.

Several vessels were passed and spoken with, but from none did we get any important, or even interesting news. Passing through the Azores, we struck a porpoise, which was indeed a treat; our provisions were already getting both short and bad, boiling away in cooking to less than half their weight.

Before arriving in the Channel, the invalids from China and the Coast of Africa were the best-looking and most healthy men in the vessel; they looked strong and robust when placed in contrast by our poor fellows, who had undergone such changes and extremes of climate—now in their *seventh* year.

An unfortunate accident occurred to one of the boys, while reefing the mizen-topsail. He fell from the yard on the poop—horribly mangled! When I looked in his face, I really did not know who it was; I could recognize no feature. This was the second, under exactly similar circumstances.

On nearing the Channel, with a pleasant W.N.W. wind, and lots of company, vessels of all rigs and sizes, our first indication of land was off the Irish coast, when we rounded to and sounded, in eighty fathoms, bringing up "fine sand and shells." We gazed even on these particles of the shores of Europe with delight, considering ourselves now fairly within reach of our homes, and could think of nothing else. At daylight next morning, beheld

the Scilly Islands! Our eyes were rivetted to the spot; we could hardly believe that we were gazing on Albion's shores. To describe the joy all felt would be impossible. After an absence of six long years, wandering over one hundred and twenty thousand miles of water (five times the circumference of the globe), passing through every degree of longitude, and from 60° South latitude to 73° North, really made us feel overjoyed at the prospect of being so near home. West country weather, of course, welcomed us—thick, misty, and rainy—but towards sunset the veil was lifted, and a lovely evening presented to our view the well-known port of Plymouth.

The scenes of my boyish days—of my happy wanderings, when care was but a name—my ever-memorable launch on the “wide world of waters”—all passed before me in an instant, the most pleasurable sensations imaginable!

I could plainly see my old school-house, “Windsor,” where many a day I had played the truant, where many a night I excited my bedroom friends to riot and mischief. A little farther to the westward, the cupola of a public building reminded me of the happy days in Plymouth Hospital, and where even then my boyish propensities did not leave me.

As we ran rapidly towards “Start Point,” I could even trace the pleasant walks, the happy hours, and almost imagine I saw in spirit the happy faces with whom I've wandered—rashly promising all manner of improbable and impossible things (without thought of the consequences), which I knew never would, nor never could happen. I could see myself, in imagination, proudly

pacing the first "quarter-deck" I had ever placed my foot on, taking, now and then, a sly look at my shining dirk and buttons, with the air and satisfaction of a young sea officer.

These days have all now passed and gone, but they recur to me with a pleasure not easily described. They are still fresh in happy memory, and more so from having been recorded daily in my *MIDSHIPMAN'S DIARY*.

We had now taken our pilot, and were running through the Needles as fast as a "Ryde steamer," blowing almost a gale from S.W.

A large squadron lay at Spithead, a novel sight for us. On passing one, she kindly inquired what ship we were? We had been so long absent, the pilot had never even heard of our name. We nearly ran down the Admiral-Superintendent in his yacht; and, when on the point of rounding-to to let go our anchor, up went the signal from the flag-ship, "404 Geo. K.G.F.," which, being translated, means "Proceed immediately to Chatham." This reception could not be termed warm or cordial after so long an absence; but we knew the quicker there, the sooner free. All sail was again made!

While "wearing," the spire of St. Thomas' Church, the South Sea Rooms, the Dockyard, all in rotation reminded me of bygone days. At each of these had scenes occurred, some years since, that could never be forgotten. Those friends, where are they now? Scattered all over the world, never to be seen, or perhaps met again. I therefore turned my back on Portsmouth without much sorrow or regret.

We had not yet been able to send *one* line to our

friends, to announce our arrival, or say we were alive. On passing "Beechy Head," however, a Deal pilot-boat afforded us that opportunity, and gave our most anxious friends a short note.

Our ship was towed into Sheerness by two powerful steam-tugs, in the midst of a north-west gale. All our sick, fifty-two in number, were sent to the hospital. Poor fellows, what delight they left the ship with; they had improved in health from the effect of inhaling their mother climate, but many of them were beyond all hopes—walking spectres, only held together by Nature's last impulse.

The anchor was scarcely let go when the letter-bag arrived on board. I had been exactly one year and eight months without a letter. I did not know whether all my friends may be dead or alive. I eagerly tore open my letter. "Thank God!" I exclaimed; "not only alive, but 'all well.'" Not so, I grieve to say, with *many* others.

Letters lay unclaimed, unopened, for those long since committed to the deep sea—mouldered away to dust, or torn to fragments by demons of the ocean; others expecting letters from those who had ceased to exist. It was a moment of singular uniting of pain and pleasure.

We were "mustered" (that is, our names called over) and inspected by the admiral, and (as on every other occasion when going through this ordeal) highly complimented on the general efficiency, cleanliness, and discipline of the ship. This was exceedingly complimentary and gratifying to all, but the credit was wholly due to a

kind, good-hearted, and generous captain, and to a first lieutenant whose better is not to be found in her Majesty's service.

After this, the ship was "paid off," and we, who had been together within the small space of a vessel for six years and a half, were now all scattered—perhaps never to meet again! Such is a sailor's life.

The morning before the pendant was hauled down, the postman arrived, as usual, with his letters. Among them was an official one for me, which I lost no time in opening, and read as follows:—

Admiralty, &c.

SIR,—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having been pleased to promote you to the rank of Lieutenant, I have to inform you that your commission is with the Chief Clerk of this office.

(Signed) THE SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.

This is the last notation in my Midshipman's Journal, and here must conclude, also, my "Tales of the Sea." I fear I have trespassed on the patience of my kind young readers, and hardly know what excuse to offer in my defence. If I have been the cause of inducing *only one* to begin and to keep a journal, I have nothing to fear, for then *one* of my great objects is gained; but I hope I shall have induced MANY. If they had but the shadow of an idea what real pleasure it affords in turning back the leaves of an old journal of events long forgotten, there would be no hesitation; but no person can expect that pleasure but those who have journals. Begin, then, and keep a journal; do not say you have nothing to record—that is the everlasting excuse. Time you have

plenty, and subjects always, if you only look around for them. See what a stupid beginning I made, when I noted the effect of Sam Scott's leap on a poor "dockyard matey." See what a still more dry commencement our great type, "Basil Hall," made, when he recorded having gone to Deptford in a hackney coach, and, when he got there, "he got out of the coach"; and many others have just as absurd beginnings. But the taste gradually yet imperceptibly grows on us; new features attract us, particularly when on the "trackless ocean," and we enter into their description with delight.

Things do not strike us all with the same force; that is, when many are viewing the same scene, there are parts in it which delight and attract some, while on others there is no apparent effect; and this is why we should all keep journals. One would record what another passed unnoticed; then what a fund of treasure and knowledge we should be collecting and storing; for no people have the advantages that sailors possess.

Do, then, my young friends, let me entreat of you, for your own sakes, to keep journals, and they will repay you when your ship "pays off," or you go on leave among your friends. When you are seated around your drawing-room fire, with all your family and relations caressing you, you will be able to record your adventures from your journal as correctly and as freshly as if they occurred but yesterday.

But, in advising you to keep a diary, let me, in all sincerity, offer you a necessary warning. It is an error you fall into unawares. Never let your remarks be *personal*, even if in favour of whom you would wish to

Speak ; perhaps it may not be as amiably accepted as you intended it, then both are offended, but always speak rather in praise of any person or thing, than the contrary.

Although your diary should be held, strictly speaking, "private," do not commence or write it with that impression. It must frequently be seen when you are called away hurriedly ; many will be curious enough to peruse it, and, should it thus fall into strange hands, you have the satisfaction of knowing that in it you have nothing that you do not mind being made public, and that all you have said therein, as a general rule, has been in praise and in favour. Truth should be the grand basis of your diary. I do not mean, by truth, the contrary to falsehood ; but I mean that incidents should be noted carefully and originally, as they are *seen*. They can always be expanded or embellished afterwards, if necessary.

Never let your journal be one day in arrear ; if you do, some more interesting occurrence may take place, and all idea of the former vanish.

Your temper and patience will, perhaps, sometimes be tested by those not possessing your determination to keep a journal ; and you may be taunted by such remarks as "At it again," "Put me down for a pint," "Button your pockets," and many others. Take them all in good part—you will have the advantage by-and-bye.

There is no doubt a great deal of this advice is quite unnecessary, and I merely offer it, as I felt I required it, at times, myself, and is really now only intended for the *juvenile beginners*.

I am now, as you were informed by the very last note in my Diary, a **LIEUTENANT**. I *still* keep a journal, but it is one on a much more extensive scale—one that I can refer to for information. In it are contained the remarks of "Two Voyages round the World," and I promise, if my "scattered leaves" are acceptable, to commence forthwith, and prepare a second volume of remarks and incidents which, I hope, will be found to combine instruction with amusement.

Farewell.

LONDON:

YATES AND ALEXANDER, PRINTERS, HORSESHOE COURT, LUDGATE HILL.