



Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library







Authors Edition

FI. SAND LUBBERS: LOG. OF A VOYAGE.

ROUND THE "HORN" BEING :-

A JOURNAL

KEPT BY

MORSON MAC MICHAEL III


During a voyage from Philadelphia

to San Francisco via Cape Horn.

In the American ship "Pactolus"

Captain Colcord

With numerous fine engravings and a chart

— 1879 —  
— 106 —  




## This Journal


Printed from the original manuscript without the alteration of a dozen words, was prepared for home consumption only. The illustrations and maps are copied from the original pen and ink sketches. It has been put into its present form in order to send it as a remembrance from the Author (now in Japan) to his "chums" and friends.

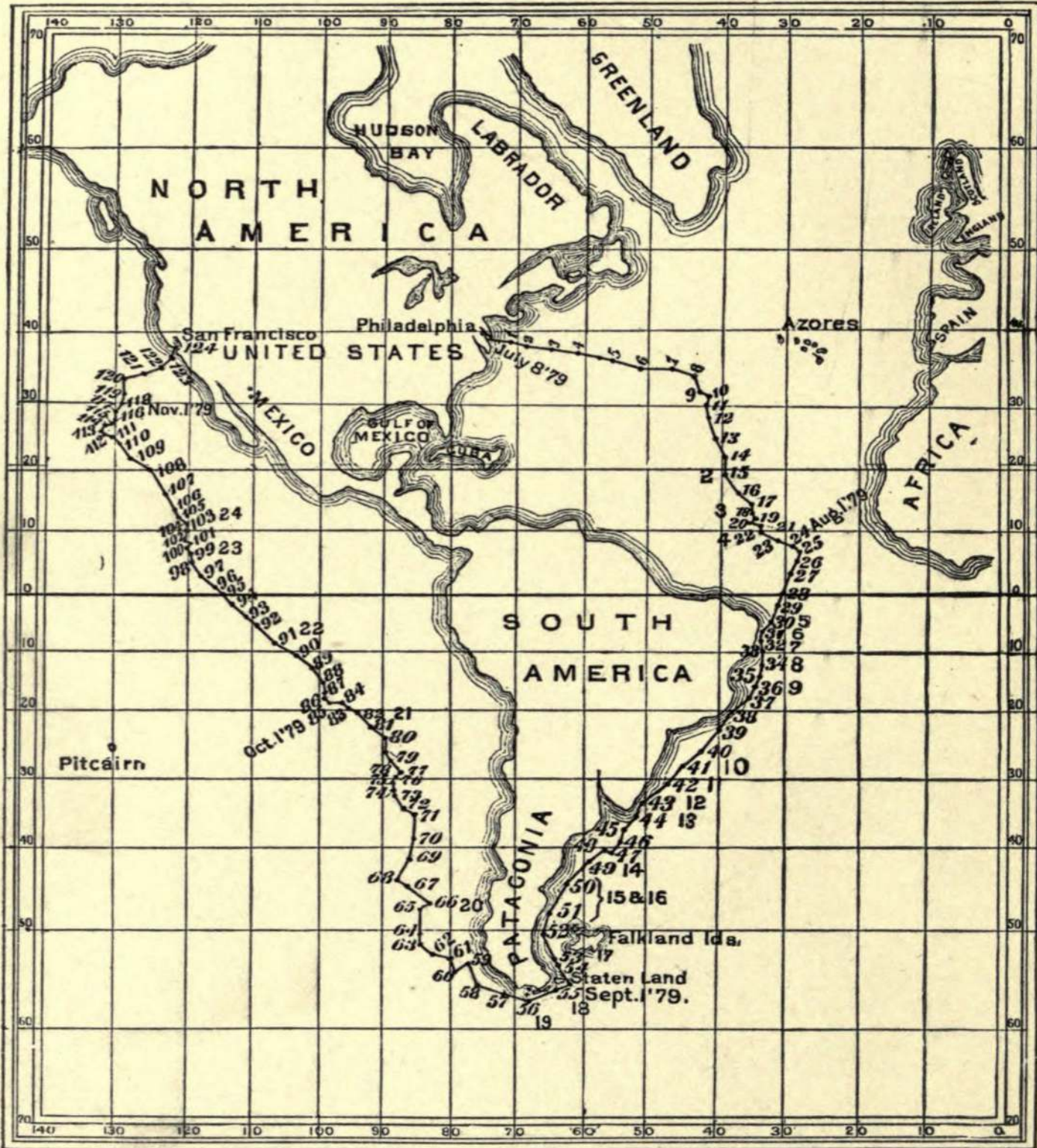
CHRISTMAS, 1879.







**SHIP**  
  
**TRACK 1879 CHART**      **PHILADA. 1879 FRISCO.**  
**PACIFIC**



## *At Sea:*

SUNDAY, *July 20th, 1879.*

**I**T was on the morning of the 7th inst. that we left Queen Street Wharf, just as day was breaking, and started on our long voyage of some sixteen thousand miles. By "we" I allude to the good ship "*Pactolus*," of New York, her officers and men, Mr. Brooks of Sheffield, and myself—twenty-five, all told.

That day we went as far as Wilmington, Del., where, while at anchor in the stream, some two miles from the town, we took on board, from two lighters, seventy-five tons of gunpowder. The reckless way the stevedores banged the packages about made my hair stand straight on end. It must have been very mild gunpowder to stand it. They stowed it in the after-hatch, just under our dining room and looking at it in a business light, having this powder on board seems very advantageous, for it puts us all in a position where we are liable to be "raised" at any moment.

Tuesday, the 8th, we weighed anchor at 5 A. M., and continued on our way down the river, sighting the lighthouse at Cape May about 2 o'clock. Standing over towards Henlopen we dropped our pilot at 3.30 P. M., and made straight for the mouth of the bay, running out to sea at 4.45 o'clock, and passing within rifle shot of the Henlopen light. With a fresh breeze we headed directly off shore and soon the smooth sailing of the river and bay was changed to the see-saw motion caused by the inflowing rollers. It is from this point that we compute the length of our voyage, and consider it ended when we pass through the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

In all books that I ever read, the characters who happen to take a journey, or who start for foreign lands, either for information or adventure, always, when leaving port, gaze long and earnestly at the receding shore, etc. How much nicer it would have been for me if I could have but followed their example; then I might have written about the "feeling of sadness that stole over me as while thinking of family and friends, or of the many happy memories of home, the white winged ship swiftly left the land." I could have described how it grew dimmer each moment until, at last, "naught but a faint, misty, cloudlike streak hung on the distant horizon," and, as I gazed again, that *f. m. c. s.* would, like the *f. m. c. s.'s* of the book characters,

have faded from my sight, "while a single tear would have glistened for a moment on my cheek, and then fallen noiselessly to the deck." All this *might* I have written, had not Father Neptune promptly (and with a viciousness that makes me think the old gentleman must have suffered a lack of victims lately) demanded his dues. I had expected an attack, but not so sudden or fierce a one; nor did I anticipate so complete a defeat. In short, fifteen minutes after the ship passed the Capes, I was hopelessly, helplessly sea-sick. A Japanese proverb says, "A sea voyage is an inch of hell." For seven days my opinion tallied exactly with that of the slant-eyed philosopher who wrote those words. I took no notice of anything, didn't want to see or eat anything, couldn't have eaten anything if I had wanted to, and was as thoroughly wretched as possible. That week I pass over without noting any of its incidents, for, in a voyage of sixteen or eighteen weeks one wont be missed.

Tuesday, the 15th, I turned out much better, enjoyed my breakfast, ditto my dinner, and by supper-time was ravenous. The sea-sickness has left me awfully weak and thin, so much so that I have not yet ventured any climbing aloft, and weigh but 115 pounds, still, I feel stronger each day, and am beginning to do my share at meal-time. I have also changed my mind on the sea

voyage subject and expect to enjoy the remaining three months very much. To-morrow I am going aloft, and each day afterward expect to take some regular exercise. Since Tuesday, when the sickness left me, I have spent most of the time swinging in the hammock, with a book, or coiled up in shady corners of the deck—asleep.

We have crossed the Gulf stream, and I have seen some of the queer little birds called “Mother Carey’s chickens;” they fly after us for days at a time, circling about in our wake, and never seeming to tire—they make no noise. We have also got over the first of the three calm belts that must be crossed before reaching Cape Horn. It was very tedious work although we luckily crossed it without getting really “stuck.” The second is just this side of the Equator, and is known as the “doldrums.” No. 3 lies down at the Tropic of Capricorn. In the Pacific ocean there are three more, and are found in the same latitudes. The one we passed in such short order is called by sailors the “Horse Latitudes,” for the following reason: when the West Indies used to be supplied with cargoes of horses from the United States, the vessels would often run short of water when becalmed in the above-mentioned regions, and a great part of the living freight had to be thrown overboard, in order to save a few. In this way thousands of horses were lost.

We have also passed through the enormous beds of sea-weed, that float about in that part of the ocean known as the Sargasso sea. It is different from the sea-weed found at Cape May, being covered with bunches of little round berries, about the size of a marrowfat pea.

On Thursday, a hungry shark mistook the brass fan on the end of our patent log line for a fish, and swallowed it; before we could haul him in he bit the line off. He is the sole member of the finny tribe who has yet shown up, except a flying fish or so.<sup>(1)\*</sup>

Yesterday I was awakened by hearing the mate call down the companion-way to the captain, that there was a boat coming 'longside, I hurried on my clothes and went on deck, it was 4 A. M. and quite dark but I could make out a long white boat with seven men pulling for our lee-quarter; we were hove too waiting for them. In a moment they reached us, and as I had made up my mind that it was a case of shipwrecked mariners it was very disappointing to hear a chap hail us with, "On board the ship there, can you give me some late newspapers?" They turned out to be from a whaling brig that we had come up with in the night. There being hardly any wind, and seeing

---

\* NOTE.—All figures marked thus (1) are duplicated on the chart which accompanies the journal, and a glance at it will show just where these incidents so marked occurred.

us almost becalmed, they had taken their pull of some three or four miles for the sake of the newspapers they hoped to get, nor were they disappointed, for the captain gave them a month's file of North Americans and some New York Herald. It had been over three months since they left port, but had as yet killed no fish. The brig was the "D. A. Small," of Provincetown, Mass. After a short visit of fifteen minutes the boat started back again. Just after sunrise we made out a large ship, on the port-bow, evidently bound for Europe, so we got our signal flags ready, and soon she was close enough for operations to begin. As she passed us about two miles to windward, with every stitch of canvas set, it was a superb picture; the sunlight on her sails making them look as white as snow. She was the American ship "Queens-town," bound from Rangoon to England, and she promised to report us "all well." Later in the day we ran very close to a French bark; one of the vessels belonging to a company who own just ninety-nine (99) boats, which number they never increase, nor allow to diminish. Instead of naming their vessels, they each have a number which is displayed in big black figures on the mainsail, thus: "No. 43." Her Captain also promised to report us, and told us by means of his signals that he was seventy-two days out from Chili, bound for Falmouth, England.



“It never rains but it pours,” and this morning we signalized a big English bark from Bombay, for London. Surely one of the three will remember to report us.

I'm going to give the weather a special department for itself in this journal; so far one word almost covers the whole two weeks, and that word is “perfect.”

I intend to write but once a week, each Sunday afternoon, and after noting the incidents of the seven days, will write up the ship, crew, etc.—next Sunday commencing with a full description of the vessel herself; then her officers and crew, life on board, signaling at sea, and so on from week to week.

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *July 27th, 1879.*

**T**O begin with this week, I give a table which gives our latitude and longitude each day at noon since leaving the Capes, and also our daily run or number of miles sailed. A nautical day is from meridian to meridian, that is noon to noon, so when I say we ran seventy-eight miles to-day (July 27th), I mean from 12 o'clock yesterday to 12 o'clock to-day. Hereafter I'll make a table each Sunday.

*Table giving daily Latitude, Longitude, Miles sailed, Temperature at noon, and Remarks on the Weather, etc.*

July 9th.—Lat. 38° 21' N. Lon. 72° 18' W.	Ship's run—134 miles.* Temp. at noon, 73°.
Weather fine and cool.	
July 10th.—Lat. 38° 06' N. Lon. 69° 20' W.	Run—140 miles. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Weather fine and cool.	
July 11th.—Lat. 37° 53' N. Lon. 65° 45' W.	Run—134 miles. Temp. at noon, 81°.
Clear and cool all day. Squally during the night.	
July 12th.—Lat. 37° 29' N. Lon. 61° 16' W.	Run—205 miles. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Weather very fine.	

\* Nautical miles.

- July 13th.—Lat.  $36^{\circ} 49'$  N. Run—226 miles.  
 Lon.  $56^{\circ} 36'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $79^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine, except occasional short and light squalls during morning. Sea rough.
- July 14th.—Lat.  $36^{\circ} 31'$  N. Run—222 miles.  
 Lon.  $51^{\circ} 45'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $79^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine.
- July 15th.—Lat.  $35^{\circ} 36'$  N. Run—226 miles.  
 Lon.  $47^{\circ} 09'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $80^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Sea running high.
- July 16th.—Lat.  $33^{\circ} 59'$  N. Run—173 miles.  
 Lon.  $44^{\circ} 21'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $80^{\circ}$ .  
 Fine weather continues. Sea rough.
- July 17th.—Lat.  $32^{\circ} 34'$  N. Run—138 miles.  
 Lon.  $42^{\circ} 29'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Light airs.
- July 18th.—Lat.  $31^{\circ} 50'$  N. Run—52 miles.  
 Lon.  $41^{\circ} 42'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine and warm. Light airs and calms.
- July 19th.—Lat.  $30^{\circ} 58'$  N. Run—56 miles.  
 Lon.  $41^{\circ} 47'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $83^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine and warm. Light airs all A. M. Got the N. E. trade winds about 3 P. M.
- July 20th.—Lat.  $28^{\circ} 11'$  N. Run—174 miles.  
 Lon.  $41^{\circ} 24'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Fine weather all day. Squally at night.
- July 21st.—Lat.  $24^{\circ} 38'$  N. Run—224 miles.  
 Lon.  $40^{\circ} 22'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $83^{\circ}$ .  
 Same weather as yesterday. Sea very high and rough.
- July 22d.—Lat.  $21^{\circ} 13'$  N. Run—218 miles.  
 Lon.  $39^{\circ} 37'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Squalls at short intervals during morning, and again late at night.
- July 23d.—Lat.  $19^{\circ} 01'$  N. Run—133 miles.  
 Lon.  $39^{\circ} 27'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather very fine.
- July 24th.—Lat.  $16^{\circ} 38'$  N. Run—180 miles.  
 Lon.  $37^{\circ} 40'$  W. Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather still fine.

- July 25th.—Lat.  $14^{\circ} 11' N.$  Run—160 miles.  
 Lon.  $36^{\circ} 20' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Several dry squalls during day. Wind died away towards evening.
- July 26th.—Lat.  $13^{\circ} 11' N.$  Run—70 miles.  
 Lon.  $35^{\circ} 59' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $84^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather beautiful. Light airs and calms.
- July 27th.—Lat.  $11^{\circ} 54' N.$  Run—78 miles.  
 Lon.  $35^{\circ} 36' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $85^{\circ}$ .  
 Rain squalls before sunrise. Clear and warm all day. Continued calms. Lost N. E. trade winds to-day.

A glance over the above table shows how uniformly fine the weather has been since we left Philadelphia; all squalls of any account coming during the night. The sea has been very rough on several occasions, but as yet not a single one has come aboard. The moon is now coming to a full, and the evenings are beautiful, especially the calm ones such as the last few have been.

On Wednesday evening a flying fish flew on board, and was picked up by one of the men, who gave it to me. <sup>(2)</sup> Passed two small vessels bound north, after dark; both passed between us and the rising moon making a very pretty silhouette. On the following morning had the flying fish for breakfast; very good what there was of him. Made out the celebrated Constellation of the Southern Cross, but very dimly. It was much brighter this evening. There are five stars in it, four large, and one small; they are grouped, as in this little figure. \* \*

The "cross" \* \* \* revolves all the time,

and sometimes is seen on its side, and at others on its head. As we go south, it will grow much brighter. The dark patch at the side is one of the greatest mysteries of astronomy. It is always plainly visible on clear nights and retains its position, between two of the stars, as the cross revolves. It looks like a dark cloud, but is supposed to be a literal hole in the sky looking through into space; queer idea! Sailors call it "Magellen's cloud."

Friday I spent the day with the carpenter, making a checker-board. Saw a nautilus, one of those pretty little things that float on top of the water in fine weather spreading a tiny pink and blue sail to the breeze, and sailing along, sometimes by thousands. It was about the size of a large clam shell.<sup>(3)</sup>

Saturday I took a regular sea bath, going overboard with a bow-line around me and splashing around under the stern as the ship lay becalmed. The water is as clear as crystal hereabouts; a trial yesterday showing us an object a foot square, over twelve fathoms, or seventy-two feet below the surface.

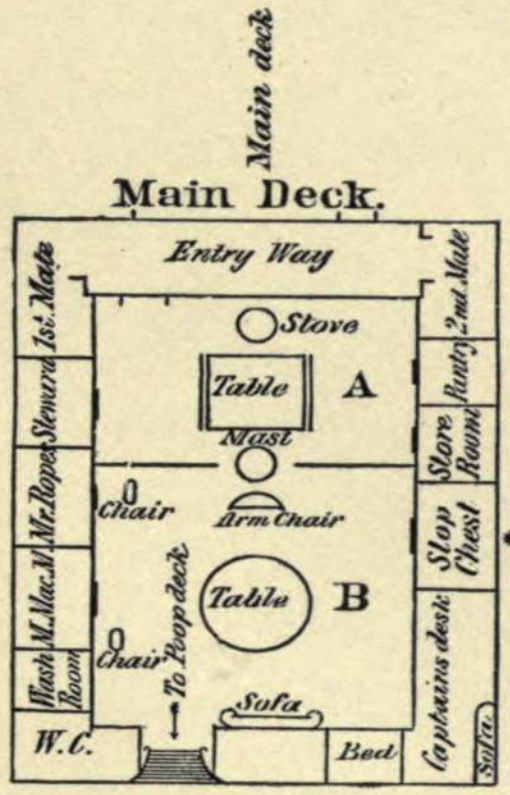
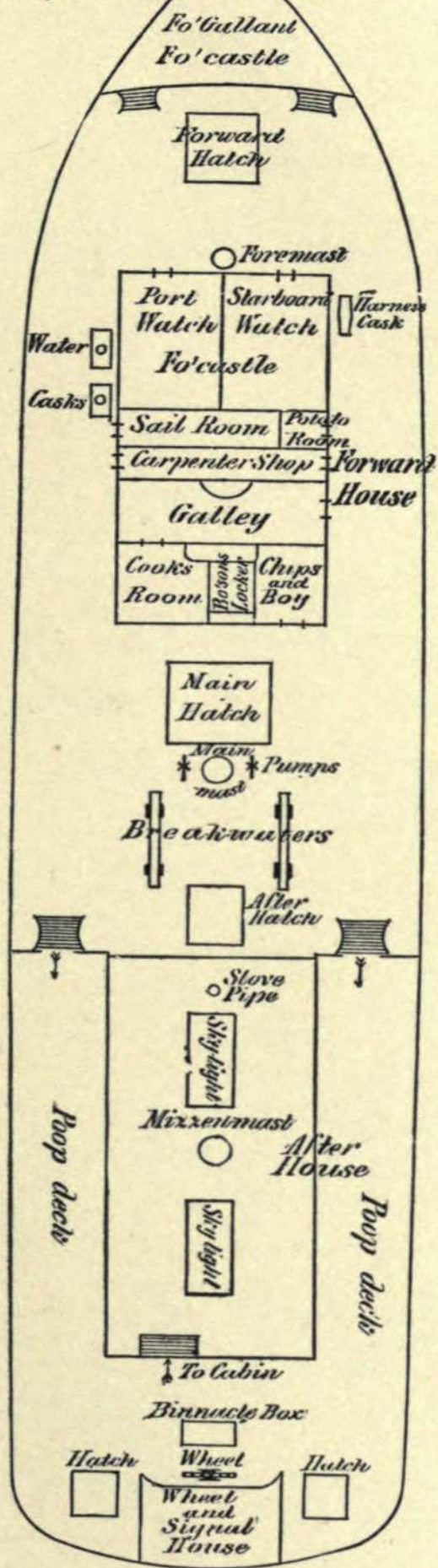
This bringing me up to date I will write a short description of our vessel, the "good ship Pactolus." She was built at Thomastown, Me., by her owners, Messrs. Chapman & Flint, of New York city, and was launched in December, 1864. Her measure-

ments are:—Length, 198 feet; beam, 38 feet 6 inches; tons register, 1205.

She is full ship-rigged and spreads, when under full sail, nearly 15,000 square feet of canvas; almost as much as the surface of the Rink at Twenty-third and Chestnut streets. No wonder she makes good passages. Her model is almost as graceful as a yacht, and therefore in rough water she rolls and pitches, without the jarring motion common in badly formed vessels. The royal yard on her main mast is 148 feet above the deck, when drawn up. How long will it be before I aspire to reaching it, I wonder? Poor Washington, the ship's boy, is sent up there every morning to look for sails; he always turns pale as he starts aloft.

This passage twenty-three hands comprise the crew, as follows:—Captain, Mate, Second Mate, Carpenter, Steward, Cook, boy, and sixteen men before the mast; they shall have a separate description next week. To wind up this entry I sketch a deck plan of the vessel, not a fac-simile of her model however, but merely a rough outline to show the various departments.

# DECK PLAN



## CABIN PLAN.

- A. Forward Cabin.
- B. After "

\* *Stop Chest*: the sea nuntie for the room where clothing, boots, hats &c. are kept to sell to the sailors.





## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 3d, 1879.**Table for week ending August 3d.*

- July 28th.—Lat.  $11^{\circ} 42' N.$  Run—13 miles.  
 Lon.  $45^{\circ} 42' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $86^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Calms and cat's-paws. Smallest day's work ship  
 ever did at sea.
- July 29th.—Lat.  $10^{\circ} 17' N.$  Run—109 miles.  
 Lon.  $34^{\circ} 52' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $85^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Light breezes and calms.
- July 30th.—Lat.  $9^{\circ} 57' N.$  Run—46 miles.  
 Lon.  $34^{\circ} 04' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $84^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine.
- July 31st.—Lat.  $8^{\circ} 13' N.$  Run—136 miles.  
 Lon.  $32^{\circ} 38' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $81^{\circ}$ .  
 Squalls all day; *very* heavy rain during afternoon.
- August 1st.—Lat.  $7^{\circ} 19' N.$  Run—218 miles.  
 Lon.  $28^{\circ} 57' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Sea rough and heavy.
- August 2d.—Lat.  $6^{\circ} 28' N.$  Run—139 miles.  
 Lon.  $28^{\circ} 25' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $83^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Got S. E. trade winds during morning. Sea  
 remains rough.
- August 3d.—Lat.  $4^{\circ} 51' N.$  Run—146 miles.  
 Lon.  $28^{\circ} 34' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $83^{\circ}$ .  
 Weather fine. Sea still rough.

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 3d, 1879.*



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

While thus becalmed we often lose steerage-way altogether, swinging all around the compass. The sails, swung backwards and forwards by the motion of the vessel, slap against the masts at regular

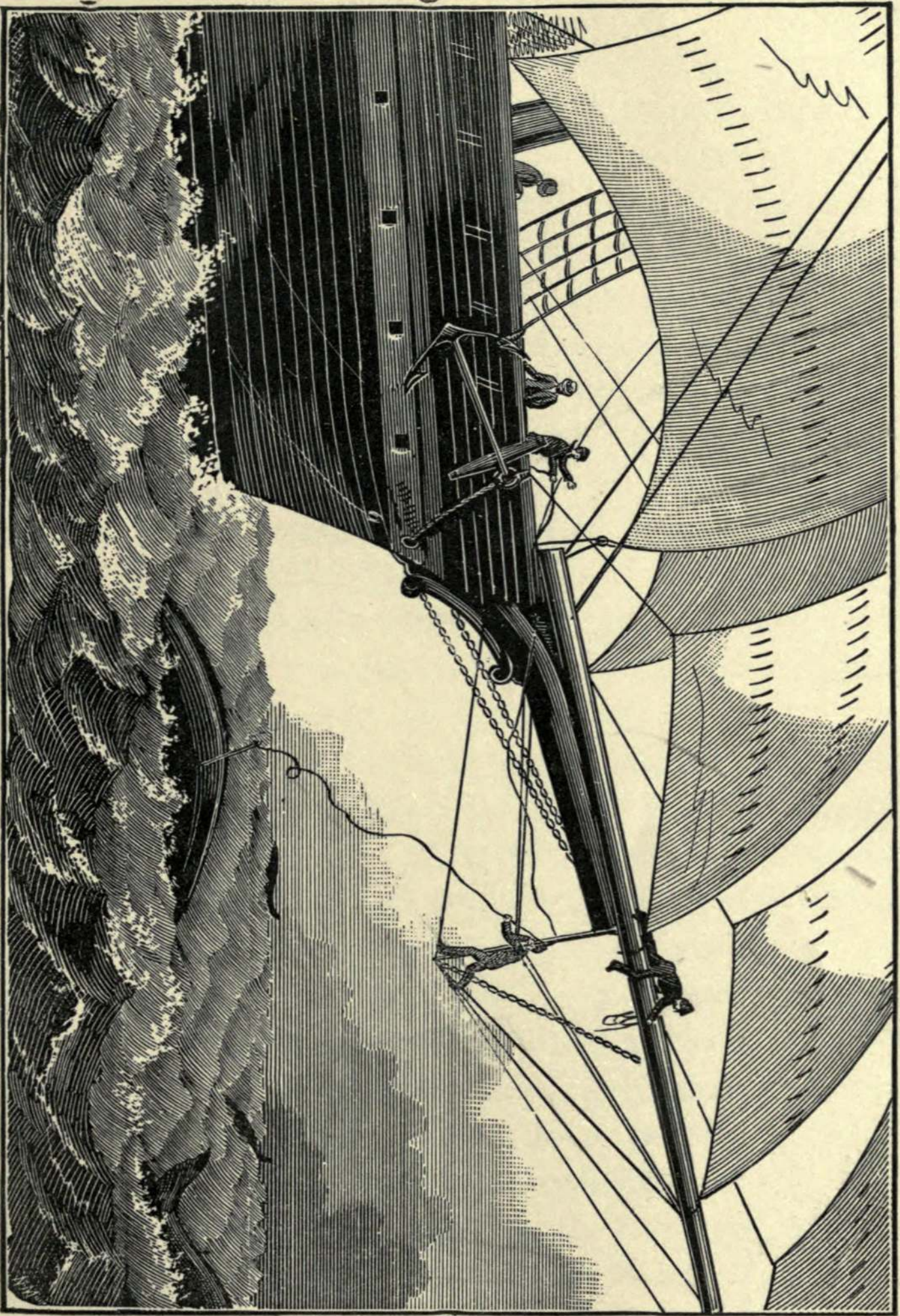
intervals with loud reports, and the timbers creak and groan at a great rate. Calms wear out a ship's sails and rigging much faster than breezes do, on account of the constant chafing they undergo. To avoid this in a measure the parts most exposed are thickly padded with yarn, etc., this is called "chafing gear," and is taken off when going into port.

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

During the week I have learned to tie several knots, and to box the compass backwards and forwards. I have gained a pretty good idea

of the rigging, masts, sails, etc., and am learning more every day by asking questions, right and left, about ship matters. Mr. Brooks seems to take no interest whatever in anything connected with the ship, either by learning the rigging, or looking over the charts.<sup>(4)</sup>

Wednesday we were surrounded by a large school of porpoises all day. It numbered probably over 200 fish. They seemed to be divided into families of five and sometimes six or seven fish each. These would swim about in a perfect line, all abreast, all curving out of water at once and each tail disappearing at the same instant. The calm water was alive with these files of marine soldiers, whose drilling would reflect honor on the State Fencibles themselves. The captain tried to harpoon one during the morning but they would not approach close enough, as only when the ship has some headway will they venture to play about the bow. A breeze sprang up about 3 o'clock, and Mr. Doyle, the Second Mate, lashed himself to the martingale (which is the bar of wood pointing downward from the bowsprit), to try his luck at sticking a porpoise, numbers of which were playing underneath him. After one blank cast he drove the harpoon deep into a regular old warrior, who struggled like a Trojan, but who was finally landed on deck, all hands having given a hand to the rope and singing a sailor's



THE THIRD MATE'S "STRIKE."



song as they hove him over the rail. He measured nine feet six inches in length. That evening, and all day Thursday we regaled ourselves with porpoise steaks, liver and brains, served up in various styles. The first tasted much like I should suppose a gum shoe would, if cooked the same way; the second had the delicate flavor of black mud, but number three was really quite palatable. On the appearance of a plate of steaks for Friday's breakfast the unanimous vote of captain, mate and passengers, consigned about 200 pounds of still uncooked meet to a watery grave, that is, if it didn't serve as the dinner of some hungry shark. From inside the jawbone we got nearly a quart of very fine oil, which is highly prized by jewellers on account of its purity.

Last week I said I would write about the officers and crew this Sunday, so I begin with the Captain or "old man," as the sailors call him. This title is always applied, in utter indifference to the number of birthdays the skipper has seen. In the case of Captain Colcord, who has command of the "Pactolus," it is certainly a misnomer, for he is only thirty. About five feet ten inches in height, he has broad shoulders, a strongly built figure, brown hair and eyes, and beautifully white teeth: his face is smooth, with the exception of a small mustache. Captain C. is as pleasant as he is good looking, always explaining whatever I

want to know about the ship and seeming to take great interest in my learning the ropes, etc. Every day he calls me when he is locating our position on the charts and chats away about it as though I was as good a navigator as himself. He has been at sea about fifteen years, having worked up from the fo'castle. On first joining the Pactolus he took the berth of Third Mate, and held the position of both Second and First Officer before being made Master, which was three years back. He is an enthusiastic navigator, spending a great part of the time every day working up sights, taking observations, fixing his charts, and studying his old log books and sailing directions. For the Government he keeps a most complicated meteorological journal, which in itself takes much time, and for which he has been highly praised by the authorities at Washington. His great hobby is to make good passages, and keep the ship in first-class order from truck to keelson. Three virtues, rare among sailors, are among the Captain's boasts, *i. e.* he neither uses tobacco, drinks or swears. I feel quite sure that it would have been a difficult job to have found a better man with whom to go round the "horn." This passage his great object is to make a better run than the Jos. S. Spinney, a 2000 ton ship that sailed from New York four days before we left Philadelphia. The two captains are old rivals,



and on three previous passages the vessels have made a race of it. Twice the Pactolus has won but last year the "Spinney" got there first, making the run in 117 days, the best of the year. Captain Colcord was not in command of the Pactolus however, but longs to return the ship's defeat by another victory. May we be successful.

Mr. Wm. S. Burnham, the First Mate, is the Captain's senior by one year, and is a native of Connecticut. (I should have said that our skipper came from Seersport, Maine, a great place for turning out ships and seamen). He (the Mate) is much stouter than the Captain, has a short reddish beard, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and when rigged out in a monkey jacket, high boots, and Scotch cap, is the picture of a sailor. He too, is very kind in teaching me to "talk ship." Besides being a thorough sailor Mr. Burnham is well read in all English fiction, and an admirer of the standard poets. He has been all over the world, and spins yarns by the score, some of which may be taken with a grain of salt, but I never let him know that I think so. The great difference between him and the Captain is, that while the latter is more at home on matters pertaining to ships, navigation, and such kindred matters, Mr. B. is a good talker on any general subject, and therefore makes the more interesting companion to me. He is slightly English in his feelings, having

married an English woman. When at home, which is only about one month in the year, he lives at Liverpool, where he owns a house. We are great friends, and I often stay on deck an hour or two after my regular "bunking time" when it is his early watch.

Mr. Doyle, the Second Mate, is also a Yankee. His chief characteristics are, first, the repeating of short dialogues, such as take the fancy of variety theatre audiences, and old jokes, which he chuckles over till his eyes blink with tears; and second, a tendency to spin yarns, compared to which the tales of Baron Munchauson seem mild efforts at stretching the long bow. This trait makes him very amusing, for he has an idea that I'm green enough to believe him (whence perhaps the yarns); and on that account repeats them in the most serious way.

Mr. Weber, our carpenter, or "Chips," as he is termed on board, is a cousin of the Captain's. He is a tall man, about fifty years of age, with a very pleasant face, which does not belie his character, he being a most refined and gentlemanly man. I always sit in his shop chatting for an hour or so every day. Then there are the Steward and Cook, both real almond-eyed heathen from the land of the rising sun; both can talk a little English, and are very queer chaps. The Steward is studying our language, and has a

spelling book and slate with which he works away every evening. I often help him along. For this reason, and on account of my being on the way to the land of his birth, he has taken a great liking to me, and gives me tid-bits at meal-time "unbeknownst" to the others. He calls me "Missa Mock." On board his title is simply "Steward," at home he sports the celestial name of Chin Yee.

Our crew of sixteen men are, the Mate says, "far above the average run of sailors;" they are of various nations, but no Americans, and but one Englishman, a little short bow-legged chap, called "Scotty." Several of the Swedes are fine tall men, and a man named Ned, who hails from Austria, is really a splendid fellow. Only one is really a poor sailor, the exception being an old sea dog, fifty years of age, who has outgrown his usefulness; he is kept on deck at small jobs, being hardly fit to go aloft. To wind up with, comes Mr. Washington Deveroux, the ship's boy; Washington is from Girard College; when the time came to start him in the world, he would hear of nothing but going to sea. So, after useless exhortations on the part of his teachers and friends, he was shipped on board the "Pactolus." Already Mr. D. bitterly repents his choice of a profession. What will he think when we strike the bad weather off Cape Horn?

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 10th, 1879.**Table for week ending August 10th.*

August 4th.—Lat.  $2^{\circ} 26' N.$  Run—155 miles.  
 Lon.  $29^{\circ} 37' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $84^{\circ}.$

Weather beautiful. Sea moderating.

August 5th.—Lat.  $0^{\circ} 40' S.$  Run—190 miles.  
 Lon.  $30^{\circ} 48' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $79^{\circ}.$

Weather fine. Crossed the Equator at 7.30 A. M.,  $27\frac{1}{2}$  days from Capes of Delaware. Heavy dew after sunset.

August 6th.—Lat.  $2^{\circ} 35' S.$  Run—127 miles.  
 Lon.  $31^{\circ} 52' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $79^{\circ}.$

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

August 7th.—Lat.  $4^{\circ} 54' S.$  Run—177 miles.  
 Lon.  $33^{\circ} 37' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $80^{\circ}.$

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

August 8th.—Lat.  $6^{\circ} 45' S.$  Run—162 miles.  
 Lon.  $35^{\circ} 29' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $82^{\circ}.$

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

August 9th.—Lat.  $7^{\circ} 44' S.$  Run—136 miles.  
 Lon.  $34^{\circ} 39' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $80^{\circ}.$


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

August 10th.—Lat.  $9^{\circ} 32' S.$  Run—145 miles.  
 Lon.  $34^{\circ} 12' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $80^{\circ}.$

Weather very fine.

AT SEA:

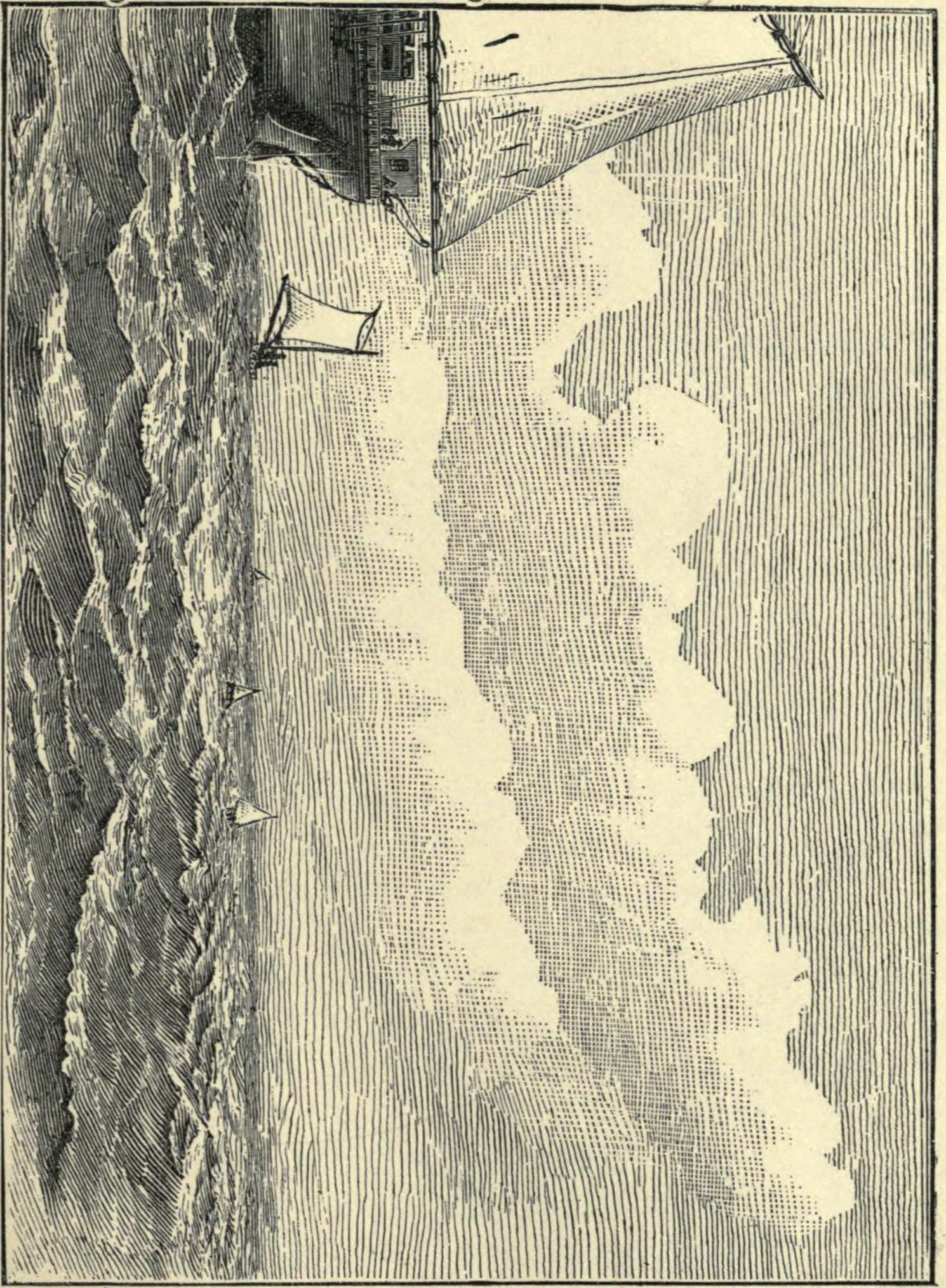
SUNDAY, *August 10th, 1879.*

HE voyage from the United States or England to San Francisco, is, as I said before, divided by mariners into five parts. First—from (say Philadelphia) to the Equator, in the Atlantic. Second—from the Equator to the 50th degree of latitude south. Third—thence to 50th degree south in the Pacific. Fourth—to the Equator; and Fifth—to San Francisco. The first of these stretches we have completed, having crossed the Equator on Tuesday morning, about 8 o'clock, after a run of 4055 miles in  $27\frac{1}{2}$  days; being an average of  $147\frac{1}{2}$  miles a day, or about  $6\frac{1}{8}$  knots an hour. For the season the run is a very good one, and the captain is much pleased. According to ancient lore I am now a member of Father Neptune's large family, by virtue of having crossed the line. I had always imagined the Equator, at sea, to be a place where perpetual calms reigned, and the mercury never sank below  $100^{\circ}$ . This idea was rather upset by seeing us run over, on a cool day, before a stiff breeze, and the sea high enough to keep the spray

flying in clouds over our bow. On leaving the "line" astern, we also bid farewell for a time to the North Star, and expect to again catch a glimpse of his twinkle about the first week in October.<sup>(5)</sup>

Thursday we passed between the Rocas reef and the island of Fernando Noronbra. The former bearing west, some sixty miles on our starboard, and the island quarter that distance on our port-beam.

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



CATAMARANS.





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

The same day we ran past two barks, probably bound for Rio, and another flying fish contributed himself to our breakfast bill of fare, by flying on board. Of the many thousands we see all around the ship, I wish more would follow his example. Yesterday must be counted as one of the red-letter days of the voyage, as far as strange sights are concerned.

Friday afternoon<sup>(6)</sup> we sighted the coast of Brazil, while on an inshore tack beating past Cape San Roque. To me it only seemed a low streak, looking like a fog bank, but the captain assured me it was land. During that night we continued standing in towards shore, which at sunrise yesterday<sup>(7)</sup> bore about twenty miles to the westward. The breeze was very light, and although every stitch of canvas was set, the ship moved but slowly. It was as beautiful a day as I ever saw. The sky, a delicate turquoise shade, formed a charming contrast to the deep sapphire blue of the ocean, whose surface was scarcely more than rippled by the light airs, and the sun, instead of broiling us alive as it is in the habit of doing people down here, only raised

the quicksilver to "eighty." At 10 A. M., the nearest land lay about twelve miles on starboard beam, the ship then heading about south. Going aloft with a glass to get a better view I soon made out a fleet of small sails standing off shore and heading so as to pass close to us. Half an hour brought them close enough for the captain to pronounce them Catamarans, and a few minutes later the entire fleet of perhaps twenty-five or thirty passed within short range, several going so close under the stern that we could have tossed a penny over them. These curious boats, or rather rafts, are made by lashing side by side some four or five logs, which have been sharpened at both ends, leaving room enough between each log for the free passage of the water. Over these is laid a plank deck, through which is stuck the mast. At the back is lashed a raised seat on which the helmsman sits or leans to steer, which he does with a long oar. The Catamarans were mostly rigged with leg of mutton sails, but some few had small spankers and one high toned captain sported a jib about the size of a healthy towel. The men who comprised their small crews (some carrying two and others three), were dark-skinned chaps with straight black hair, and are the Indian fishermen of the coast. This was apparent from the nets that we could see hanging on the masts together with a big bag which probably held the

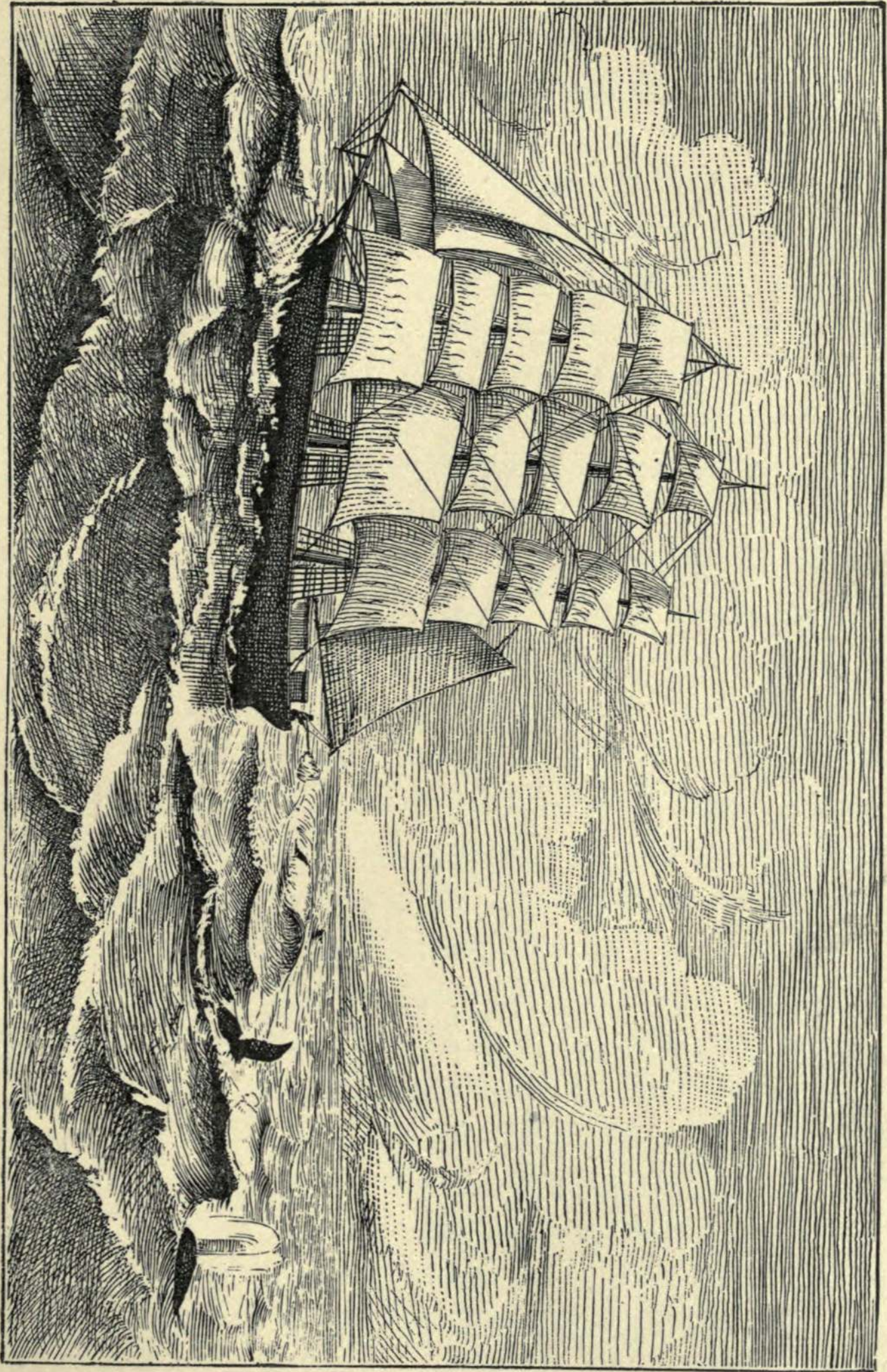
provisions. The fleet all passed us, heading northeast, in which direction lie the fishing banks that supply Pernambuco. By noon we were only six miles off shore. A little to the southward the land receded, showing us the entrance to Pernambuco harbor, and had we been bound there a few hours would have found us at anchor off the city front. Pernambuco is the third city in importance in Brazil, and in 1871 had one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. The city proper we could not see, but perched on the summit of one of the high hills that form a range back of the town the suburb of Olinda was plainly visible from deck. The houses and churches, which are all white, looked very pretty, imbedded as they were on the green hills. Some little distance from the village stands an old convent in the centre of a cocoanut grove, three trees of which tower far above their fellows and are seen even before the building when coming in from sea.

From aloft I could easily make out the long line of surf, breaking on the beach, and also a low fort which was built a long time ago by the Dutch; the stones in its foundation being brought all the way from Europe. Tacking again at 12.30, we ran direct off shore before a fine land breeze, and by 4 P. M. had sunk the land astern; about 2 o'clock, my attention was attracted by what looked like a patch of breakers, half a mile on the weather-

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

In the school of about a dozen fish there was but one right whale who spouted a high stream. The others were of the sperm variety, and blew a small cloud of what looked at a little distance like

MAKING GAME OF A WHALE.





smoke or steam. Those two big ones that came so near, Mr. Burnham calculated to be between sixty or seventy feet long.

This morning we tossed overboard a bottle, topped by a little tin cap, and containing a slip of paper on which was written the date, ship's name, our latitude and longitude, and the names of captain, mate and passengers. This we did just for fun, although many such are cast over hereabouts, and are afterwards found on the West Indies.

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

Captain Colcord, however, is anything but a tyrant, although he keeps the ship under strict discipline. He spends his time about as follows: Rising very early, he goes on deck and talks over the night's work with the officer on watch. Directly after breakfast he winds all the chronometers and clocks, and takes a sight for longi-

tude. During the morning he overlooks the sailmakers, takes other sights for longitude, writes the official log for the previous night, and at noon takes an observation for latitude. Just as the sun reaches the meridian, he orders eight bells to be struck, and then the clocks are regulated for the day. All other hours are struck on the authority of the clock in the binnacle, but at noon the man at the wheel must wait the Captain's word. Dinner, at 12.15 o'clock, being over, he marks off the ship's position on the charts and lays out her course for the following day. In the afternoon he is generally on deck for an hour or two, and the rest of the time reading in his cabin. After supper, (5.30 P. M.) we sit out on deck till about 9 or 9.30 o'clock, and then turn in, before which the Captain always writes up the log for the day and also his private journal. About once a week he goes all over the ship on a tour of inspection.

The First Mate, or the *Mate*, as he is always called, par excellence, is the Prime Minister of the vessel's government. He attends to the allotting of all work, sees that it is properly done, and when not on deck, leaves his orders to be carried out by the Second Mate's watch. While below, he reads in the daytime, and only sleeps at night, averaging about five hours' sleep a day from Philadelphia to 'Frisco. The Mate also keeps the ship log, and attends to the reception and



delivery of the cargo. Like the Captain, he takes observations, and keeps a separate set of charts for his own private use.

The Second Mate's berth is a sort of semi-responsible one; he is neither officer or man, but half way between the two. The crew have very little respect for his position, and call him "the sailors' waiter," on account of his having to serve them with yarn, twine, marlin spikes, etc., of which he has charge. He is expected by the Captain to preserve his dignity with the men, and at the same time is looked down upon by the Mate and forced to work with the crew, not being exempt from plunging his hands into the tar pot, or laying aloft to furl or reef topsails. His stateroom is in the cabin, but he takes his meals with the carpenter at the second table, which generally consists of what is left from the first.

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

The Steward and Cook will both come in next week, when a masterly essay on "Our Cuisine"

will form the chief feature of the entry. The crew are divided into two watches of eight men each, each watch living in a separate fo'castle. The starboard watch is commanded by the Mate, and the port by the Second Mate. Between these two watches the time is divided into alternate stretches of four hours on duty and "below." If for instance the port watch has the deck in the first night watch, from eight to twelve, at the end of the four hours they go below and the starboard watch come on duty, they hold the deck till 4 A. M., when the port again turn out, and so it goes from day to day, and week to week, all the way to California, thus making it impossible to get more than three and a-half hours' sleep at one time. In order to shift the hours each night the watch from 4 P. M. to 8 P. M. is split into two parts of two hours each, called the first and second dog watches; by means of these, the officer who has the middle watch (or from 12 to 4 A. M.) one night, will be below those hours the next. The watches have their meals, as follows: at 5 A. M. the watch on deck have hot coffee, and their breakfast at 8 A. M., when they go below: the watch that turn out at that hour, (8 A. M.) get theirs at 7.30; dinner at 11.30 and 12; tea at 5 and 6 P. M. It is a popular mistake that sailors lead an idle life at sea. When on duty they are never unemployed for a moment, and are even

forbidden to talk together. It is said that "a ship, like a lady's watch, is always in need of repairs," and that just about strikes it. To make these repairs the watch on duty are scattered all over the ship, high and low, fore and aft, with supplies of yarn and wire, fixing battens on and mending chafing gear. Some are painting the iron work, and others spinning "spun yarn," so that the vessel always looks as busy as a bee-hive. Some of the work they do, such as splicing ropes and plaiting senat and mats, is very interesting. Each man has his regular "trick" or turn at the wheel in two hour stretches, also on the lookout at night, which is set at sundown. When pulling on the ropes one man always sings out just before the tug, thus insuring a uniform pull. Each chap has his own peculiar cry or exclamation for such times, and when there are three or four such parties making sail in different parts of the ship the assortment of yells and grunts is very comical. The effect at such a time from inside the cabin would lead anyone to suspect that a pitched battle was going on overhead did they not know the cause of the rumpus. One fellow always yells, "Pull for a breeze now!" no matter whether it is dead calm or the ship making twelve knots. Another's favorite remark is, "Now JAM her down!" Another's, "Ahyoualtogethernowboys!" but the majority use an indiscriminate mass of ohs! and ahs! and

groans and grunts, which go to make a semi-dismal noise, which, at night, has a queer effect. Saturday nights, the "slop chest" or storeroom is opened, and the men buy what clothes, boots, tobacco, etc. they may want, paying very high prices, and having the amount charged against their wages at the end of the voyage. (They get, I believe, \$15 per month.) On Sundays no labor is done except what is needed to work the ship, and the men sit about smoking, reading, and mending their clothes. Here, in fine weather regions, the men have a comparatively easy time of it, although the officers order them about like so many dogs, and the hardships of the voyage are still to come. There are some great names among the crew—a Byron, a Scott, a Nelson, and the ship's boy boasts the proud title of Washington.

This chap who is about seventeen, is just fresh from Girard College, and as green as grass. He is in the mate's watch, and does small jobs like plaiting short yarns, and picking over the potatoes for bad ones. This ends the crew, and brings me to the passengers.

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

A month however has passed since first we met, and has been enough to familiarize me with his ways and "wrinkles." Mr. B. is tall, with light hair and mustache, and is on the whole not a bad looking chap; he is going to California in order to take up business there, and having lots of time, adopted this way of getting there; it certainly was from no love of the sea that he made the passage as he takes no interest whatever, in anything about the ship, very seldom goes aloft, and never talks on any subject connected with the vessel. His three great amusements are sleeping, reading the New York Weekly (of which paper he has several hundred copies at least), and singing or humming sentimental songs of the "Molly Darling," and "See that my Grave's kept Green" order! He is quite unable to take any joking, and often has little "'tiffs" with the captain and mate; the latter loving to tease him. For a chap of his age (29), he is rather a poor talker; but with all these drawbacks he makes a very nice companion, and we get along together without a jar. To me time passes very quickly and the days flash past like magic; from morning till night I am climbing about in the rigging, and can travel up and down the mast like smoke. I have pretty well mastered the names of all ropes and spars, and can prattle "ship" beautifully. The charts are very interesting to me, and I am

always about at "chart time." Then I spend an hour or two every day in the carpenter shop whittling and talking, and have so far done but little reading, really not finding time to spare for it; I can imagine nothing more bracing or health-giving than a voyage like this, and with a party of one's friends, it would be perfection. I enjoy every minute of the day, and sleep like a top at night retiring at the very respectable hour of 9.30 P. M. Often in the evening we have music served up by the captain's handsome eight-tune box; we are also provided with musical instruments, in the shape of a two-stringed violin, belonging to the second mate, and a mouth-organ run to seed, the property of the captain. Mr. B's rendering of "Silver Threads among the Gold," on the latter instrument is calculated to thrill an anchorite. Two canary birds also contribute their voices to the musical department, and the cat and kitten often give short concerts on the main deck. To swing in the hammock is another of the simple and innocent amusements of the passengers, and on these perfect moonlight evenings here in the tropics, it would be delightful to sleep in one on deck were it not for the heavy dew that falls after sunset; I had thought I would greatly miss the newspapers, but I never give them a thought; the feeling that it is of no use wishing for them, goes a great way towards making one resigned to doing without.

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 17th, 1879.**Table for week ending August 17th.*

August 11th.—Lat. 12° 42' S. Lon. 33° 48' W.	Run—181 miles. Temp. at noon, 81°.
Weather beautiful. Sea very smooth.	
August 12th.—Lat. 14° 38' S. Lon. 33° 51' W.	Run—118 miles. Temp. at noon, 84°.
Weather beautiful. Sea smooth. Light airs all day.	
August 13th.—Lat. 15° 52' S. Lon. 34° 28' W.	Run—79 miles. Temp. at noon, 80°.
Weather very fine. Sea still smooth. Short calms during day.	
August 14th.—Lat. 17° 55' S. Lon. 35° 52' W.	Run—146 miles. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Weather beautiful. Sounded on S. E. end of Hotspur bank at P. M. 31 fathoms coral and shell bottom.	
August 15th.—Lat. 20° 19' S. Lon. 38° 05' W.	Run—199 miles. Temp. at noon, 74°.
Weather fine. Dry squalls and stiff breezes. Slight shower at 9 A. M. Sea very rough. Ship pitching badly.	
August 16th.—Lat. 23° 19' S. Lon. 40° 00' W.	Run—203 miles. Temp. at noon, 72°.
Squally all night. Thick and misty all day.	
August 17th.—Lat. 25° 46' S. Lon. 45° 53' W.	Run—181 miles. Temp. at noon, 72°.
Weather beautiful. Shower in afternoon.	

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 17th, 1879.*



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

Monday<sup>(8)</sup> morning at 7 A. M. a sail was made out ahead, visible from the foretop gallant yard; by noon it could be seen from the lower topsail yard, and through the glass was made out to be a large ship bound the same way. This news set the captain looking over the list of ships bound for San Francisco, and he at length declared it must be either the "Spinney" or the "H. S. Gregory," another large ship that sailed from New York a week or ten days before we passed



out of the Capes. So sure was he that he was right, that he offered to bet \$5.00 to \$1.00 that it would prove one vessel or the other; I took the odds.

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

Wednesday<sup>(9)</sup> at sunrise she lay in the same position, only some three miles ahead; at eight bells she hoisted her signals, which proved her to be the "Spinney;" we then ran ours up, to which she replied, by saying "Come alongside." This we took to be a bit of sarcasm, but she was in earnest and backing her main yard came to a stop. As we drew rapidly up she signaled that she would send a boat for our captain to come on board in. Captain Colcord hoisted, "Shall I bring passengers?" to which the Spinney replied, "Yes!" but Mr. B. declined to accompany us. By this time we were within half a mile of the "Spinney," and had met the boat which was towing alongside; it was leaking badly, and one man had to keep bailing, while three others pulled; this was about half-past 10 A. M.; after much trouble we got into the gig, and towed along with the ship

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

On deck there were a number of chickens strutting about, all blind in one eye, and a cute little pig lay coiled up in a sunny corner fast asleep. The young lady, whose name was Carrie, was very pretty and polite, and sang for me that beautiful vocal gem, "See that my Grave's kept Green," in so sweet and touching a manner that I

felt quite sorry that Mr. B. had not come with us, that song being one of his star performances. The little girl also favored the company with music, the instrument both used being a small parlor organ. After the opera, discussed P——e and ate raisins, while the two skippers talked "passage," and compared notes. At 3 o'clock we sat down to a very nice dinner of clam chowder, lobster salad, chicken, corn, peas and potatoes, with rice pudding and cake for dessert, also, several bottles of lager beer; which was prime. Dinner being over, young Jordan took me in charge, and showed me the fo'castle and carpenter shop, where he had a jig-saw; as a proof of his skill on that tool, he made me a paper-cutter, which Miss Carrie decorated with a chromo. But the most wonderful thing about the ship was the assortment of cats they had on board. There were actually twenty-eight (28) live felines of every color and size, from a jet black Tom as big as a cat can grow, to a little white kitten with its eyes still shut; its brothers and sisters had been tossed overboard. Most of these cats were kept down between decks, and lived on rats, of which there were great numbers. This, in fact, was the reason for keeping so many, and it was an experiment of the captain's, the rodents having heretofore damaged a great deal of cargo. Miss Jordan told me that often at nights the cats made a terrible racket,

which is easily to be believed. At 4.30 P. M. we signaled the Pactolus to back her main yard and wait for us, she being then some two miles ahead, and at 5 o'clock, after bidding all good-bye, and wishing them a pleasant voyage, the Captain and I went over the side into the gig again. Going back it did not leak, having been taken on board and recaulked while we were paying our call. We had some trouble getting on board the Pactolus, and only did so after getting well wet with the splashing waves. I sent Miss J. several novels in charge of the boatswain; the two ships then each dipped the American flag three times, and stood away again. The Pactolus being able to sail much nearer the wind than the "Spinney," we soon drew ahead, and to windward, sunset seeing the Spinney four miles astern over the lee-quarter.

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

The fishing on this bank is very fine, great

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



table, keeps the cabin in order, makes the beds, does the washing for captain and passengers, and takes care of the birds. As I said before he is learning to read and write and is very proud of the fact, still he has no idea of the sound of a word from its look, and only knows what is in the different cans by experience, and the pictures on the outside. The other day he came to me with a tin of ground ginger, and said, g-i-n-g-e-r, —mustard? I told him no, that didn't spell mustard, and then wrote out the latter word on a slip of paper, by which means he found what he wanted. He and the cook are very handy, turning the old tin cans into cups and platters, and this week I saw the latter make a first-rate rolling-pin out of a bit of kindling wood. Sometimes they cook themselves a bowl of rice, and eat it with chop sticks. These two worthies are both married men, the difference being that the steward spends most of his pay for rum, while Mr. Cook, like a dutiful husband, sends his wages to Mrs. Cook, who lives in New York.

In the fo'castle the bill of fare, of course, differs from that in the cabin. Salt beef and pork, hard bread and soft bread, potatoes and coffee, go to make it up. Tuesday and Friday they also have boiled beans, and Thursday and Sundays a coarse kind of duff, which is eaten with molasses. This latter dish is considered the treat of the week,

and the two days on which it is served are known to the sailors as "duff day," and following the same rule instead of speaking of Tuesday or Friday, they say "bean day." Their food is served in large pans, which one of the watch comes to the galley after, and it is eaten in the fo'castle, where each man has his knife, spoon and plate, together with a tin cup for water or coffee. These they keep clean themselves. The salt meats are kept in a large barrel, called the harness cask, which is kept on deck at the side of the forward house, and lashed down. The codfish is stored in a chest lashed in the mizzen-top, which like the main and foretops, is, in the Pactolus, very large and roomy. It is the boy's work to open it every Friday morning, and get out the fish for the next day's use. One of the (to me) strange dishes we have in the Cabin is called "tongues and sounds," being the tongues and part of the stomachs of the codfish put up in pickle. It tastes like very strong stewed clams.

I must stop writing, for the captain's musical box is started, and is set to so gloomy a tune that I'm going on deck to brace up.

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 24th, 1879.**Table for week ending August 24th.*

August 18th.—Lat.  $28^{\circ} 41' S.$  Run—255 miles.  
 Lon.  $45^{\circ} 53' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $72^{\circ}$

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

August 19th.—Lat.  $30^{\circ} 35' S.$  Run—145 miles.  
 Lon.  $47^{\circ} 38' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $69^{\circ}$ .

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

August 20th.—Lat.  $33^{\circ} 42' S.$  Run—242 miles.  
 Lon.  $50^{\circ} 38' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $63^{\circ}$ .

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

August 21st.—Lat.  $35^{\circ} 43' S.$  Run—134 miles.  
 Lon.  $52^{\circ} 21' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $72^{\circ}$ .

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

August 22d —Lat.  $37^{\circ} 15' S.$  Run—126 miles.  
 Lon.  $53^{\circ} 56' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $52^{\circ}$ .

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

August 23d.—Lat.  $39^{\circ} 46' S.$  Run—165 miles.  
 Lon.  $54^{\circ} 56' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $42^{\circ}$ .

Cold and raw. Strong winds. Very rough sea, washing in-board.

August 24th.—Lat.  $41^{\circ} 12' S.$  Run 126 miles.  
 Lon.  $56^{\circ} 01' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $42^{\circ}$ .

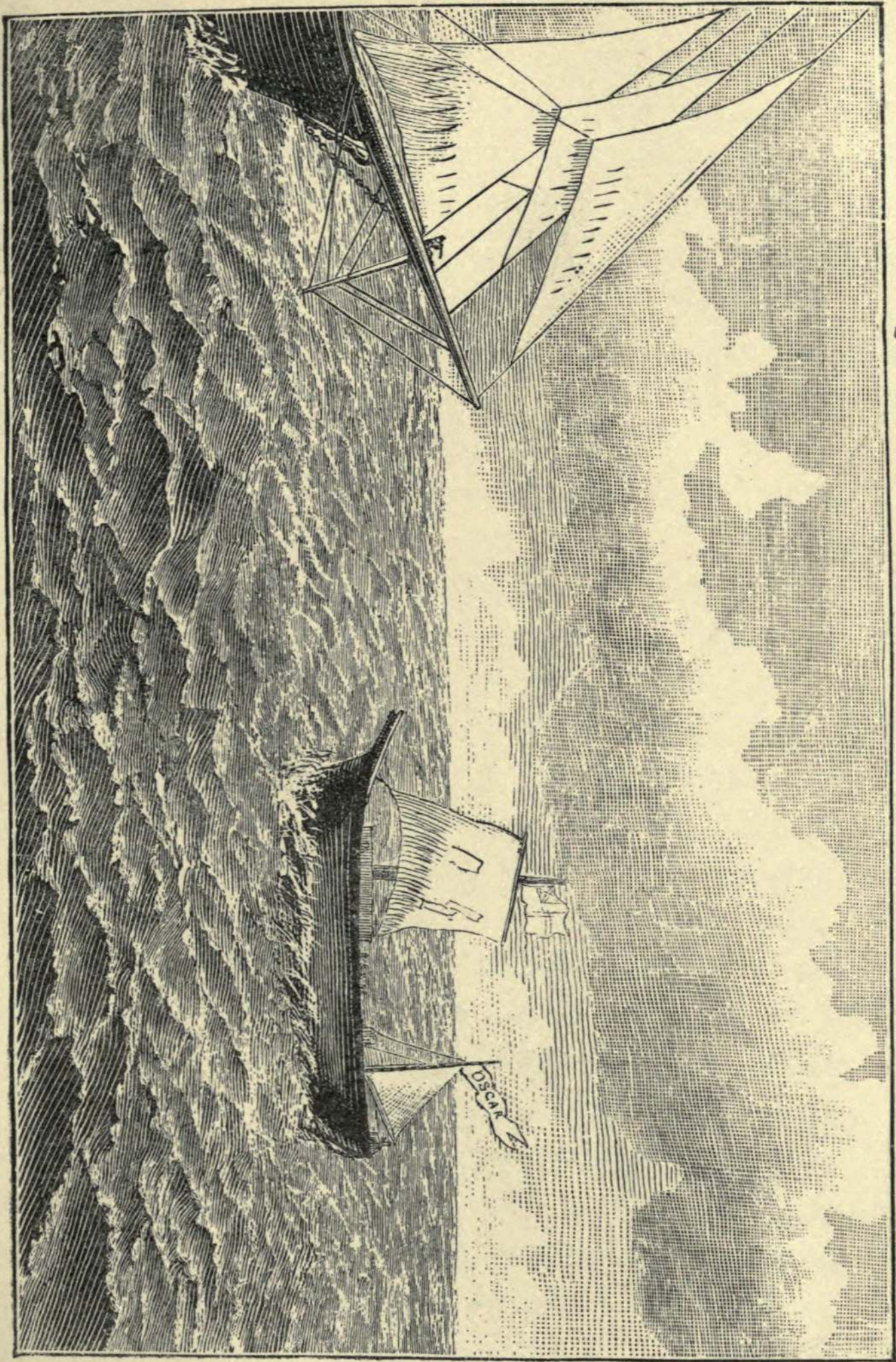
Quite cold; clear and foggy by turns. Thunder, lightning and calms in afternoon.

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 24th, 1879.*



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



A BATTERED BRIG.



Monday,<sup>(10)</sup> while ploughing along through a heavy head sea, we passed close to a small schooner of about 150 or 200 tons. This little craft was bound from Havre to the river Platte, and was the "John N. Colby," of Stonington, Connecticut, a real specimen of Yankee grit; grit it was to come down here in her, for although a fine day, and to us only a good breeze, the schooner was pitching like a cork, under shortened sail, and almost every wave splashed over her rail.

Tuesday,<sup>(11)</sup> while at breakfast, a commotion was heard on deck, and on going out the second mate reported having seen a drifting wreck through a rift in the fog, which was hanging in a thick bank right across our course. I went forward on the jib-boom with a pair of glasses, but could see nothing through the mist. Just as a lookout was starting to go aloft the fog cleared away, and about a-half a mile ahead, almost in our track lay the wreck. Altering our course a point, we stood for her, and backing the main yard as we came up, stopped within 100 feet of her. She was the Swedish brig Oscar, of about 400 tons, and her captain, a weather-beaten old man, told us that she had been totally dismasted in a pampero off the Rio Grande de Sul, a small river leading to a town of the same name, which is situated on the southern extremity of the Brazilian coast. The

pamperos are very violent squalls that come rushing out of the rivers along these coasts, with little or no warning, and are much dreaded by sailors.

On the brig everything was in disorder, the decks being heaped with tangled rigging and broken spars. All her boats, except a small gig, were stove in and useless. Two low jury masts, about twenty feet high, each spreading an old sail, had been rigged up, and under this sorry display of canvas the hulk was making for Rio Janeiro, there to refit. We offered the captain new spars, or any other help he might want, but he thanked us, and declined, saying, that as the wind was fair he hoped to make port in a few days. Wishing him a safe journey, a courtesy he returned, we squared away, and soon the Oscar was out of sight astern. She was then over 400 miles from Rio, and should she have any but fair winds and weather it will go hard with her. This event made a great stir among the crew, who thronged up into the rigging so as to get a better look. Wednesday was damp and gloomy; we were on soundings, and the water had lost its blue color, being of a dirty green shade, caused by the shoal water, and also the effects of the outflowing current from the great river Platte, which at its mouth is over a hundred miles wide. Here the winds surge in and out as from a pair of huge bellows, making the neighborhood most dangerous for



vessels of all kinds. It is the headquarters of the pamperos.

The Rio de la Plata is the second river of South America, and is translated "River of Silver." During the day we were surrounded by a number of cape pigeons, a beautiful bird with white body, black head and mottled wings; they are just the size of an ordinary pigeon (but in fact are not of that species, being so-called from their resemblance), and have most graceful flight of any bird I ever saw, never seeming to flap their wings, but floating up and down on the breeze as they sweep in graceful curves all about the ship, especially in the wake; they often settle in the water where they look like little ducks. In the evening<sup>(12)</sup> the phosphorescent display was beautiful beyond description. The sky was as black as the ace of spades, being completely overcast, and a rough cross-sea was breaking on our quarter, as the ship plunged along at the rate of ten knots before a stiff breeze from the northeast, throwing the waves aside from her bows; the foam floated astern on each side in great patches, which glimmered like pale green fire. On the weather-quarter, every few minutes a great sea would rise in a cone, hissing and sparkling above the level of the rail, as though to sweep in and swamp us, and then fall back into the trough broken into a mass of white foam, and literally blazing with the phosphorescent flame.

Far and near the surface of the ocean was glistening, as the waves curled and broke, or meeting together threw the bright spray up against the gloomy background of the black sky. In our wake the water, churned to a depth of twenty feet, gleamed in a long dim line for several hundred feet, and to add to the beauty of the scene, a school of porpoises played about the ship, looking like meteors, as they swiftly scudded about some fathoms beneath the surface; towards 11 o'clock the sea gradually lost its extra brilliancy, and soon the ordinary whitish foam sprinkled with bright sparks, was all that remained of this wonderful display of sub-marine fireworks.

Thursday<sup>(13)</sup> morning, unlike the early part of the week, was warm and sultry, the sun coming up clear; at 9 o'clock the breeze died away leaving us becalmed, in which condition we lay until 1.30; I took this opportunity and managed to get up on the main royal yard, the highest possible perch on board; how I got down I'll describe in ship talk; I slid down the port royal backstay to the topmast cross-trees, then down the top gallant backstay to the level of the top; here I swung out my legs over the weather cross-jack brace, and pulled it towards me until I could catch it with both hands; by means of this, I went hand over hand to the cross-jack; pulled myself up on it, and went into the mizzen-mast just under the top; from

here I reached deck, by sliding down the lower mizzen topsail sheets. Savvy?

During the forenoon a bottle drifted past us, covered with barnacles; it had probably been thrown from some vessel a long time back; unluckily it was out of reach. We also saw the carcass of a whale, from which the blubber had been cut. Both the captain and mate said they were distrustful of the calm and sudden rise of temperature, the latter telling me it was a regular "weather breeder," and it needed but a few hours to prove the truth of his words. At 2 o'clock the air suddenly grew colder and very damp, making it too unpleasant to stay on deck, and towards evening low mutterings of thunder were heard in the southwest, where a bank of black clouds were seen building up; at 6 o'clock it began to rain, and at the same hour several flashes of chain lightning zigzagged across the southwestern sky, in the direction of the river's mouth, followed by long growling thunder that, distant as it was, seemed to make the ocean tremble; the night grew blacker than pitch, and the wind came in stronger puffs each moment, forcing all light sails to be furled; at 8 o'clock it again fell dead calm, and the rain stopped falling; it was still pitch dark, and very treacherous looking, and the thunder again began to be heard afar off. The captain saying he was going to stay on deck all

night, I made up my mind to do the same. Mr. B. turned in at 9, and through what followed slept like a top, which was lucky for him.

Soon the rain began again, but there was no air stirring, and I went below and rigged up in rubber from head to foot; by 10 o'clock it was pouring down in torrents, the air very cold, and the lightning again flashing in the distance; then there appeared on each masthead what looked like a ball of blue fire, caused by the amount of electricity in the atmosphere; these balls flickered up and down in a most ghostly fashion; I have seen pictures of them before, in which they were called St. Elmos fire; the captain calls them "composants." About 11 we heard the wind coming with a roar from the southwest, while every moment the thunder and lightning increased in power; everything was snug aloft, and well it was, for the squall was very fierce, and would have carried away our light sails like so much paper. From this hour until 6 A. M. on Friday, the storm was frightful, not so much in the matter of wind, for at times it was dead calm, nor in the sea running, for that was only moderately rough, but in the terrible vividness of the lightning and dreadful crashing of the thunder; never in my life did I experience such terror, and from the looks of the crew they were also fearfully scared; every yard arm was by 12 o'clock blazing with the curious

composants, which flickering on the ends could only be seen between the bolts of lightning ; these fairly hissed as they flashed about us, often seeming to pass right through the rigging, and so fearfully vivid that one's eyes ached all the next day ; sometimes they would be a brilliant pink color, at others, white or pale blue.

To attempt to describe the thunder would be folly ; almost continually for six hours it crashed about us, each discharge making the ship tremble to her keelson.

With the knowledge that the rigging was a network of wire rope and chains, and that under our feet lay an immense mass of gunpowder, my feelings may be better imagined than described ; that the ship was not struck seems almost a miracle ; I think what saved us was the fact of the spars being thoroughly charged with electricity before the storm reached us. During the night the wind would at times come rushing up from the southwest, then drop away altogether, and a few minutes afterwards blow great guns from an entirely different direction ; in fact we had squalls from nearly every point of the compass ; it was during the calm spells that came between these squalls that the storm seemed most terrible. At 3 A. M. it was blowing a regular gale from northwest, having settled into a steady blow, and the ship was put under reefed topsails, reefed mainsail and fore-

sail ; at 4 o'clock the upper topsails and mainsail were furled, and the foresail reefed, and under this latter and lower topsails we ran until 7 A. M.; the crew were completely fagged out ; twelve men being nearly two hours trying to furl the mainsail. At 6 o'clock the wind in a great measure died away ; the clouds began to scatter, and the thunder and lightning rapidly drew away, passing out to seaward of us ; at 7 a cold drizzle set in, which lasted all day ; both the captain and Mr. Burnham who have spent most of their lives at sea, say they never went through so terrible a night before.

Friday we were again surrounded by the cape pigeons. They are perfectly ravenous, and will eat any thing we throw overboard. Drop a bit of pork fat or bread no larger than a cent, and instantly one will have it. They come right up under the rail in their hurry to grab the morsels. They always have to settle before feeding, and it is very curious to see one or more flying at full speed, spy a bit of food, throw back their wings, and drop beside it. Should it be sinking, they dive after it. When several tackle the same piece they fight and cackle at a great rate. The afternoon being nearly calm I baited a small fish hook with pork, and scattered some small bits about in the water. A great many picked at it, but for an hour I couldn't hook one. At last, however, one unlucky chap got the barb fastened in his bill, and

was hauled on board struggling bravely. Being unfit to eat I let it go again after shutting it up for awhile in the cabin along with our youngest cat. Puss has been almost crazy since the birds came around, sitting up on the rail at the risk of falling overboard, and following them in their flight with her eyes for an hour at a time, and occasionally uttering a dismal "meyow." She also sharpened her claws very often, which led us to think she would tackle a bird with great vigor. But when pussy was brought face to face with our pigeon she weakened. For awhile she only sat and looked at it sitting on the floor, then she went a little closer, when the bird hit her a slap right across the face with its wing. That finished the encounter, for the kitten retired under the sofa, from which retreat she could not be coaxed.

Yesterday I saw an albatross. They are very handsome birds, with the same graceful flight as the pigeons, only slower, and much larger than I had thought, some measuring twelve or fourteen feet across the wings.

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *August 31st, 1879.**Table for week ending August 31st.*

August 25th.—Lat.  $40^{\circ} 43' S.$  Run—57 miles.  
 Lon.  $56^{\circ} 40' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $49^{\circ}.$

Warmer; mostly calm. Very heavy fog in evening.

August 26th.—Lat.  $41^{\circ} 44' S.$  Run—146 miles.  
 Lon.  $59^{\circ} 06' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $49^{\circ}.$

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

August 27th.—Lat.  $44^{\circ} 13' S.$  Run—236 miles.  
 Lon.  $62^{\circ} 45' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $35^{\circ}$

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

August 28th.—Lat.  $48^{\circ} 09' S.$  Run—237 miles.  
 Lon.  $64^{\circ} 52' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $31^{\circ}.$

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

August 29th.—Lat.  $50^{\circ} 14' S.$  Run—157 miles.  
 Lon.  $65^{\circ} 21' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $30^{\circ}.$

Gale moderating. Very cold.

August 30th.—Lat.  $52^{\circ} 59' S.$  Run—173 miles.  
 Lon.  $64^{\circ} 19' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $33^{\circ}.$

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

August 31st.—Lat.  $53^{\circ} 39' S.$  Run—115 miles.  
 Lon.  $64^{\circ} 07' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $36^{\circ}.$

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



AT SEA :

SUNDAY, *August 31st, 1879.*



THE weather down here is like the little girl  
who—

“ When she was good, was very, very good,  
But when she was bad, she was horrid.”

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

Tuesday<sup>(14)</sup> afternoon was a repetition on a much smaller scale of the terrible experience off the river Platte, with the addition of a very high sea.

Wednesday and Thursday<sup>(15)</sup> we ran before a gale from the northwest, under lowered topsails and reefed foresail.

Friday it suddenly shifted to the S. W. and S. blowing directly in our teeth and so continued until late yesterday afternoon, when it sank to a fresh breeze. Mixed up with these blows, there has been as the table shows, a varied assortment of rain, snow, hail, and sleet squalls which cut the face like needles. The quotations of the thermometer give but little idea of the cold, the fierce wind and cutting rain or spray making it many times worse than the figures would seem. The whole appearance of the ship is changed. Every thing about the decks strongly battened down, the windows across the weather side of the houses covered with strong wooden shutters, heavy breakwaters lashed amidships to break the force of incoming seas, extra tackle ready in case of accident hanging at the foot of the mizzen-mast, and a life line stretched across the poop-deck to grab at it in case of a wave washing over that part of the vessel. Instead of a cloud of canvas we only carry the heavy lower sails, making the upper part of the masts look bare and forlorn. The decks are often swimming a foot deep with water, and are never dry. The men, who are now prevented from working about deck or aloft at their usual jobs, are only worked at tending the sails, and between orders stay under the lee of the forward house. They look very odd, being swelled to nearly twice their natural size by their thick

clothes, over which they wear oil-skin coats and pants, and also rubber "sou'wester" hats. Those that have new suits of oil-skins look like mammoth canary birds, the color of the garments being a bright yellow. Through all their hardships, and this weather is really very hard on them, they seem as cheerful as possible, and sing their queer monotonous songs with a vim when pulling on the ropes, where all hands, or a whole watch is needed. At these times the carpenter is expected to lend a hand, and when on deck I too catch hold and help pull. The song or "shantee" as they call it, and which is sung when a whole watch or more are hauling, consists in the leader singing a line, then all hands the chorus, which is only one line long, and at the same time giving two long steady pulls; as the leader chants the next line the men rest, then another chorus and pull, and so on until the yard is hoisted or the sail sheeted home. Of course I too have to wear very different clothes from the cheviot shirt and straw hat costume of warm latitudes. I am now attired in the following: Thick Scotch cap, heavy silk muffler, undershirt and two flannel shirts, vest, jacket and two pairs of trowsers, two pairs of socks, heavy gum boots, and over all my big ulster. With all this on it is a good deal like work to go aloft, but up I go every day, rain or shine, generally stopping at the tops. The cold weather has the advantages of

cooling the drinking water and making the butter hard as ice.

Monday was a lively day. At daylight we were within a mile of a large skysail yard ship, which had appeared on Sunday, the 24th inst., but I forgot to note it down. She turned out to be the St. John, one of Chapman & Flint's ships, and registers something over 2000 tons. She was then seventy-one days out from Liverpool, bound for Callao, Peru. Her very long passage, she signaled, had been caused by an awful dose of "doldrums" north of the line. What makes the meeting of the two vessels curious, is the fact that just about a year ago both ships were down here, our captain having charge of the St. John, and her present captain, a man named Smalley, having command of the Pactolus. Captain Colcord had a hard time of it, the voyage being a chapter of accidents from start to finish. Besides having his first mate sick in bed for ninety days, his other officers were most inferior. The steering gear broke down in the South Atlantic, and he had to venture around the "Horn" with a patched-up affair. He lost one man by sickness and one by drowning, and to clap the climax, was run into at 1 A. M. one dark morning off Cape Horn by an iron bark. The ship was cut just forward of the fore rigging, the bark's bows crushing in some ten or twelve feet but not cutting quite down

to the water line. On the bark the damage was a broken jib-boom and bowsprit and loss of the foremast stays. Captain Colcord says "only the mild state of the sea prevented both vessels from going down." One of the bark's crew in attempting to scramble on board the Pactolus, was crushed between the two vessels and cut in half. The ship was 149 days in reaching 'Frisco. During the day, which was mostly calm, we saw a whale, a seal and several penguins, queer birds about the size of a duck, that swim under water, only coming to the surface for air. They swim as fast as any fish and venture long distances from shore, we being at the time over a hundred miles off the nearest coast. Being unable to fly, on account of their little wings which are used as fins when in the water, they waddle about in the most comical manner when on shore, so Mr. Burnham says who has seen them there. In the afternoon the captain shot a pigeon with his rifle, and I shot *at* several.

Tuesday afternoon during the squalls that introduced our first real gale the seas were tremendous, several whoppers coming in board. At one time the main deck was full to within a foot of the top of the rail, the men either floating or under water in the lee-scuppers. It took some-time for it to run off.

Wednesday was our fiftieth day out, and a splendid run we've made so far ; I celebrated the occasion by being knocked down by a sea<sup>(16)</sup> that tumbled in on me as I was standing on the weather side of the poop, just forward of the mizzen-shrouds ; I was talking to the second mate, and was paying more attention to one of his unbelievable yarns than to the ocean, when all of a sudden I saw a big wave tower over us, and before I could jump away, down it came, laying me out as flat as a Pinafore joke, and washing me aft some thirty feet, where I brought up at the captain's feet, wet through, my boots full of salt water ; I thought for a moment that I was overboard, and was about as well scared as possible ; Mr. Doyle was carried on to the main deck, and brought up under the pumps.

Thursday we ran past a bark under doubled-reefed topsails, she was pitching fearfully. All that day we were accompanied by a large school of right whale porpoises ; they are striped black and white, and have a much quicker movement than the common black species ; often we could see them shooting through the crest of a big wave far above the level of the ship's deck.

Friday the head sea was awful ; to stand up without holding on to something was impossible, the ship seeming to stand right up on her stern, yet with all the pitching and rolling she does, the

motion is never jarring, so perfect is the model of her hull. Luckily for me, through all these blows, my bunk has been to leeward, and my seat at table to windward, so that I have been in no danger of tumbling out of the first, or of getting a plate of soup in my lap while at table. On the same day we crossed the fiftieth degree of latitude south of the Equator, from which point to fifty degrees south in the Pacific, is commonly recognized as going around Cape Horn. Last night we wore ship for the first time, there being too much sea on to tack, and stood in towards land, as we were getting too far to the eastward. The charts are now kept on the cabin table, and are consulted at short intervals day and night.

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

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *September 7th, 1879.**Table for week ending September 7th.*

September 1st.—Lat.  $55^{\circ} 29' S.$  Run—153 miles.  
 Lon.  $64^{\circ} 34' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $34^{\circ}.$

Clear, cold and fine. Moonlight. Passed Cape Horn at 11.30 P. M.

September 2d.—Lat.  $57^{\circ} 04' S.*$  Run—200 miles.  
 Lon.  $68^{\circ} 15' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $39^{\circ}.$

Light airs and calms most all day. Sighted Diego Ramirez Islands, 22 miles to the N. W. at 4 P. M., from upper foretopsail yard.

September 3d.—Lat.  $56^{\circ} 38' S.$  Run—131 miles.  
 Lon.  $71^{\circ} 51' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $37^{\circ}.$

Cold and rainy. Heavy S. W. swell.

September 4th.—Lat.  $55^{\circ} 11' S.$  Run—196 miles.  
 Lon.  $76^{\circ} 36' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $38^{\circ}.$

Cold and raw. High swell from S. W. Heavy gale all night, with gigantic sea.

September 5th.—Lat.  $53^{\circ} 29' S.$  Run—167 miles.  
 Lon.  $77^{\circ} 25' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $46^{\circ}.$

Gale all day. Head sea running "mountains high."

September 6th.—Lat.  $53^{\circ} 53' S.$  Run—97 miles.  
 Lon.  $79^{\circ} 29' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $44^{\circ}.$

Moderate gale. Sea still high. Very little progress.

September 7th.—Lat.  $53^{\circ} 04' S.$  Run—6 miles.  
 Lon.  $79^{\circ} 39' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $46^{\circ}.$

Fine day. Sea lower. Cold rainy evening.


---

\* Feintest south.



AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *September 7th, 1879.*

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

attempt to figure our arrival down very fine would be foolish. Cape Horn was on its best behavior when we came around; I had expected a gale that would fairly blow my hair out by the roots; ever since leaving home I have heard and read stories of the fierce storms that most ships encounter off the Cape.

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

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

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

Well, on each side of the Cape we had some rough weather; one gale on the eastern coast of Patagonia, and another on this side, and a week or two of most disagreeable sleet, rain and snow squalls. But a regular out and out Cape Horn blow didn't show up, although the sample of last Friday was enough to show me what the weather could do if it really tried.

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

I left off last Sunday by saying it was a "brilliant moonlight evening;"<sup>(17)</sup> shortly after I had finished writing and turned in, the second mate called down the companion-way that there was an iceberg ahead. On hearing this the captain was on deck in about thirty seconds, and Mr. B. and I followed a minute later; but it was a false alarm. Instead of an iceberg, there loomed up some twenty-five miles to

the southward one of the highest mountains of Staten Land (a large island lying off the eastern coast of Terra del Fuego); its snow-covered top shining in the moonlight having deceived Mr. Doyle. The body of the island was covered with clouds, and this one peak alone was visible; ten minutes afterwards it had disappeared.

At sunrise Monday<sup>(18)</sup> morning the ship was abreast of the island about ten miles off shore; as the sun came up clear and brilliant, an enormous black squall that had completely shut out a view of the land slowly drifted away; a more beautiful scene than that which then broke upon us I never beheld; the whole extent of Staten Land stood out clear cut against a black sky beyond; the mountains, which extended from end to end, were covered to their tops with snow, and the rising sun shining on them tinged the most exposed sides and angles with a delicate pink shade, and cast into deep shadow the valleys and great fissures in the sides of the cliffs. In some parts the mountains curved down to the water's edge in great sheets of unbroken whiteness, and in others the dark rugged cliffs rose straight from the waves to the height of a thousand feet.

For an hour we enjoyed the wildly beautiful scene, which as the sun rose higher and higher constantly seemed to change, until at last another tremendous squall slowly shut out the view, and

when some hours later it was again clear, the island was almost out of sight. Staten Land or Island (both names being used) is as I said before about forty miles long, extending E. N. E. and W. S. W. and lying about 150 miles northeast of Cape Horn. It averages four miles in width. Precipitous hills from 2000 to 3000 feet high cover the entire island, which by the way is also known as the Court of Eolus, on account of the constant squalls and storms there, year in and year out never passing without rain. It is uninhabited and the harbors are few and wretched, wild celery and various kinds of sea-birds abound, (as the geographies say) and the rocks are covered with a peculiar kind of sea-weed which grows to the length of several hundred feet, and is so wide and tough that cups, buckets and pans can be made of it.

That night at 11.30 P. M. we passed the longitude of Cape Horn and at the same time into the Pacific Ocean, after a run of 8476 miles in  $55\frac{1}{3}$  days from Delaware Bay, a daily average of 153 1-6 miles. We were then thirty miles south of the Cape proper, which is a small island and of no account at all in itself being only about a mile or two square. I stayed on deck until 12 o'clock. The sky was covered with patches of swiftly moving clouds, which now and then shut out the bright moonlight as they drifted across her disc.

The ship was running very rapidly before a fresh northeast breeze, every rag that would draw set, and really presented a beautiful appearance. The surface of the ocean was a mass of roaring breakers, caused by the strong westerly current running in a contrary direction to the wind, which as they broke into foam looked in the bright moonlight like heaps of snow. Right overhead sparkled the Southern Cross, now seen at its best. It is a very beautiful constellation; from this time it will gradually sink behind us.

Tuesday<sup>(19)</sup> we lay becalmed all the morning, light breezes springing up after dinner. Made out the Diego Ramirez rocks at 4 P. M., from the foretop gallant yard, twenty-two miles ahead, the ship then heading northwest. These are a cluster of great barren rocks fifty-four miles southwest of Cape Horn, and are the most southerly land of South America. There are three principal rocks and many lesser ones in the group which extends northwest and southeast four or five miles. Numberless sea-birds, and some seals, live on them.

The ship St. John I mentioned last week had a very narrow escape from being lost on these rocks when on the way home from 'Frisco a year or two ago. She had been running by dead reckoning before a "westerly" for several days, when one pitch dark night she ran at full speed

straight between two of the largest rocks through a narrow channel a mile long; so close was she to the rocks that the breakers carried away all her rail on the starboard side.

Friday afternoon and night we had the hardest gale of the voyage so far, and from the tremendous sea running from that direction it was certainly the finishing touch of a regular sou'wester, although the wind came out from the northwest. The sail report taken from the government log will show how it came on to blow harder and harder. "Up to 1 P. M. all sail; 1 P. M. furled royals; 2 P. M. furled top gallant sails; 2.30 P. M. furled cross-jack and reefed upper topsails and spanker; 3 P. M. furled upper topsails and jib; 3.45 P. M. furled mainsail and reefed foresail. So until 9 A. M. Saturday, when the wind moderated and set upper topsails and mainsail," etc., etc. The ship was pitching right into the head sea, her bows going under at every dip and flooding the decks with water, so sleep was out of the question, and to stand up without some support impossible. I climbed out of my bunk in short order to prevent being tossed out, which would'nt have been at all amusing as I use the upper one.

Yesterday the ocean presented a magnificent sight, the truly gigantic waves towering above us at one moment and the next lifting the ship high in their crests as though she were a bit of

cork. The seas had lengthened out considerably and the ship no longer plunged head on into them, but rose and fell with an easy, pleasant motion. During this blow it was and still is a difficult feat to eat, one's whole time being occupied while at table in watching that the plates don't deposit their contents in one's lap. The swinging castor gave me a gentle rap on the cheek to-day that has left its mark for some time to come.

Being this week in iceberg regions, we have at night doubled the forward lookout, and had an extra man stationed on the poop-deck. The officer on watch also tries the temperature of the water every half hour as a further precaution against these dangerous objects. None have appeared however. To-day the sea is much lower but still very high, and running strong. These long swells whose tops are about 1000 feet apart are found here all the year round, and are peculiar to Cape Horn, only building up close together in a regular gale. I could write a great deal about this dreary, desolate part of the world, but will spare you the narration until reaching home. Like last Sunday the day has been a fine one, but unlike last Sunday evening to-night is chill and rainy, and most disagreeable except in the cabin.



## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *September 14th, 1879.**Table for week ending September 14th.*

September 8th.—Lat. $52^{\circ} 28' S.$ Lon. $83^{\circ} 20' W.$	Run—149 miles. Temp. at noon, $45^{\circ}.$
Heavy squalls all night. Head sea. Fog all day.	
September 9th.—Lat. $51^{\circ} 47' S.$ Lon. $85^{\circ} 49' W.$	Run—147 miles. Temp. at noon, $40^{\circ}.$
Cold and rainy. Moderate gale. High sea.	
September 10th.—Lat. $50^{\circ} 25' S.$ Lon. $85^{\circ} 28' W.$	Run—139 miles. Temp. at noon, $49^{\circ}.$
Beautiful day. High sea.	
September 11th.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 34' S.$ Lon. $84^{\circ} 04' W.$	Run—186 miles. Temp. at noon, $52^{\circ}.$
Beautiful day. Light airs and calms.	
September 12th.—Lat. $46^{\circ} 42' S.$ Lon. $83^{\circ} 47' W.$	Run—68 miles. Temp. at noon, $52^{\circ}.$
Weather fine. Scored our tenth thousand mile. <sup>(20)</sup>	
September 13th.—Lat. $44^{\circ} 53' S.$ Lon. $87^{\circ} 03' W.$	Run—176 miles. Temp. at noon, $45^{\circ}.$
Thick, colder and damp.	
September 14th.—Lat. $43^{\circ} 56' S.$ Lon. $88^{\circ} 20' W.$	Run—121 miles. Temp. at noon, $46^{\circ}.$
Damp and unpleasant.	
Wind dead ahead most all the week.	

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *September 14th, 1879.*



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

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

Saturday and to-day the weather changed for the worse again, and this evening looks threatening and squally to the southwest, the direction rough weather generally comes from down here. Monday afternoon we saw a superb fog-bow to the southward; it lasted about fifteen minutes.

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

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

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

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

ting interested in it, when down come the big fellows, squawking at a great rate, and promptly taking possession, swallowing at one gulp what the pigeons could not fly away with ; I saw one bolt a piece that weighed over a pound. When the prize is light enough to carry, the pigeons grab it up and fly away with it to devour it undisturbed, and the big birds are too clumsy to catch them.

The legs of all these birds are very weak, and will not support them when on a hard surface, they use them to run along the tops of the waves for a yard or two when they start in their flight but cannot rise from the deck, so that once get one on board and he cannot escape. When brought on board they are always sea-sick, vomiting whatever they may have had for dinner. They live on the various squids, etc. that are found on the surface of the water, and only follow the ships for the delicacies of their bill of fare. Of all the things they like, "slush" is their favorite. It is the grease that is used in rubbing down the topmasts and top gallant masts, and for various other jobs on board ship. The slush barrel is kept forward, and I waste about a quart every day feeding them. I am trying by a daily supply of this, how far north I can lure them.

Besides all these, we once in awhile see, but oftener only hear, the penguins, those queer birds

that cannot fly, but swim under water. Sometimes they jump from the water just as a porpoise does. To-day I heard several, but could not catch a glimpse of any, as they are very shy. When I mentioned the other day that they ventured a long way from land, we were then one hundred miles off the coast; to-day we are six hundred.

Wednesday evening there was a fine display of the Southern Lights or Aurora Austrailias, a phenomenon which corresponds with the Aurora Borealis of northern latitudes.

Thursday the captain, Mr. B. and I spent the afternoon shooting at the birds. Result—7 rifle shots, 24 revolver shots, 3 horse-pistol shots—one (1) pigeon. The solitary victim to all this expenditure of powder and shot, was hit by the captain with the horse-pistol. As the bird was only some eight feet away, and the pistol was charged with an ounce of buckshot, he could hardly have missed. I fired the other two shots out of the pistol, and most of the revolver cartridges, but the ship tossed so you couldn't get any aim. The pistol was a prehistoric relic which kicked like a pair of mules.

This evening just before sunset, we sighted a bark bound south, probably from the Guano Islands, off the coast of Peru. The voyage has now a different aspect to us all, and I must say I'm glad we are heading towards the North Star. It gives the greatest satisfaction to know we are

actually steering for port, and although still enthusiastic on the delights of the trip, I am glad it's more than half over ; as if we are out very many days more, I'll have to have every rag of clothes let out when I get to 'Frisco. Not only am I getting fat, but I'm as tough as sole leather, and am—don't start—actually growing a mustache! It don't interfere with my eating yet however. I forgot to say before that, we have a sailor who cuts hair quite nicely. Mr. B. and I have each passed through his hands once.

Friday, the 12th instant, we scored our tenth thousand mile.<sup>(20)</sup>

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *September 21st, 1879.**Table for week ending September 21st.*

September 15th.—Lat.  $41^{\circ} 45' S.$  Run—159 miles.  
 Lon.  $87^{\circ} 07' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $52^{\circ}.$

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

September 16th.—Lat.  $38^{\circ} 51' S.$  Run—183 miles.  
 Lon.  $86^{\circ} 43' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $59^{\circ}.$

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

September 17th.—Lat.  $35^{\circ} 34' S.$  Run—203 miles.  
 Lon.  $86^{\circ} 39' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $58^{\circ}.$

Weather fine. Light breezes.

September 18th.—Lat.  $34^{\circ} 24' S.$  Run—88 miles.  
 Lon.  $87^{\circ} 44' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $58^{\circ}.$

September 19th.—Lat.  $32^{\circ} 46' S.$  Run—108 miles.  
 Lon.  $88^{\circ} 38' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $61^{\circ}.$

Fine day. Calm all afternoon.

September 20th.—Lat.  $31^{\circ} 56' S.$  Run—54 miles.  
 Lon.  $88^{\circ} 56' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $64^{\circ}.$

Light airs and calms. Weather fine.

September 21st.—Lat.  $31^{\circ} 00' S.$  Run—58 miles.  
 Lon.  $88^{\circ} 45' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $69^{\circ}.$

Light airs and calms. Beautiful sunset.

Latter part of week in "calms of Capricorn."



AT SEA :

SUNDAY, *September 21st, 1879.*



THE eleventh Sunday and seventy-fifth day at sea. Last week we had to contend against adverse winds, and most of this week what is worse, no winds at all, at least very little and light at that. As I write, the ship is scarcely moving, the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond, and the swell has so decreased as to be hardly perceptible. It is very discouraging after such a fine run to be thus stuck. Each day we paddle along in these calms of Capricorn counts against our looked for "Clipper" passage, and the captain's face grows longer and longer as the calms continue. Monday and Tuesday the wind was fresh and fine, and we were just beginning to chuckle, when presto, change! and it was gone. All along there have been whiffs of air enough to make it pleasant, and keep steerage-way on the ship, what little we have made has generally been at night, as during the daytime we have hardly averaged a mile an hour. After dark however, light breezes come fanning over the water. I wish my friends at home could see the sunsets in

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

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

This evening the western sky was the picture of a rocky coast in which the entrance to a harbor was

visible, having on one side a fort, and on the other a lighthouse. In the middle of this opening a small cloud gave the finishing touch to the picture by slowly rising from the horizon, looking as if a ship was coming out between the headlands.

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

Tuesday morning the ship was drenching herself with spray, which for an hour fell in showers as far aft as the main mast, and one extra big dose completely wet a man on the main yard and passed over the stern. Wednesday we ran past the latitude of Robinson Crusoe's Island, some 350 miles to the westward.

Thursday we had three new species of birds in company—some largeish brown fellows twice the size of the pigeons, and wonderful divers; also two kinds of gulls, one of which I caught and have his wings. Our two kittens almost go crazy whenever I catch a bird, for it means fresh meat to them, and the way they improve the opportunity and tackle the carcass is a caution.

Friday I hove the log for the first time ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  knots). That day and Saturday we shifted all the strong sails for the old ones used in light weather regions. It makes a big job, as every sail on the ship is changed except the mizzen-royal and spanker. This morning at sunrise sighted a large English iron ship, bound south; are still in sight of her. She has been drifting about in all directions, not being able to steer as easily as we do. There is no more helpless sight than a big ship totally becalmed. During the week I have started to keep a chart of our daily run. It is on a very small scale, but will show our course and the distance made every day of the voyage.

## AT SEA :

SUNDAY, *October 5th, 1879.**Table for week ending September 28th.*

September 22d.—Lat.  $30^{\circ} 18' S.$  Run—43 miles.  
 Lon.  $88^{\circ} 40' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $71^{\circ}.$

Weather fine. Calms and light airs.

September 23d.—Lat.  $29^{\circ} 30' S.$  Run—53 miles.  
 Lon.  $88^{\circ} 32' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $65^{\circ}.$

Light showers during forenoon. Squalls all 'round the horizon.

September 24th.—Lat.  $27^{\circ} 30' S.$  Run—132 miles.  
 Lon.  $89^{\circ} 20' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $68^{\circ}.$

Superfine day.

September 25th.—Lat.  $26^{\circ} 22' S.$  Run—106 miles.  
 Lon.  $90^{\circ} 30' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $70^{\circ}.$

Beautiful day. Got S. E. trade winds at 2 P. M.

September 26th.—Lat.  $24^{\circ} 43' S.$  Run—124 miles.  
 Lon.  $91^{\circ} 46' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $70^{\circ}.$

Weather fine.

September 27th.—Lat.  $22^{\circ} 38' S.$  Run—156 miles.  
 Lon.  $93^{\circ} 29' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $71^{\circ}.$

Weather fine.

September 28th.—Lat.  $20^{\circ} 58' S.$  Run—151 miles.  
 Lon.  $95^{\circ} 24' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $73^{\circ}.$

Slightly overcast. Water-spout. Light airs.

Moonlight all the week.

*Table for week ending October 5th.*

September 29th.—Lat.  $20^{\circ} 07' S.$  Run—83 miles.  
 Lon.  $96^{\circ} 20' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $75^{\circ}.$

Overcast and squally.

September 30th.—Lat.  $18^{\circ} 37' S.$  Run—116 miles.  
 Lon.  $97^{\circ} 35' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $73^{\circ}.$

Fine day. Full moon. Beautiful evening. Not a cloud visible.

October 1st.—Lat.  $18^{\circ} 20' S.$  Run—109 miles.  
 Lon.  $98^{\circ} 49' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $73^{\circ}.$

Beautiful day. Light airs.

October 2d.—Lat.  $17^{\circ} 34' S.$  Run—86 miles.  
 Lon.  $99^{\circ} 00' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $73^{\circ}.$

Weather fine. Light airs and calms all day. Dead calm all night. Bright moon and cloudless sky.

October 3d.—Lat.  $17^{\circ} 18' S.$  Run—21 miles.  
 Lon.  $99^{\circ} 01' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $76^{\circ}.$

Dead calm till 11 A. M., then very light airs. Heavy rain squall and fresh breeze at 2 P. M.

October 4th.—Lat.  $15^{\circ} 20' S.$  Run—115 miles.  
 Lon.  $99^{\circ} 38' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $74^{\circ}.$

Rain squalls all day.

October 5th.—Lat.  $12^{\circ} 56' S.$  Run—180 miles.  
 Lon.  $101^{\circ} 30' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $75^{\circ}.$

Very fine day.

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *October 5th, 1879.*

**T**WO most discouraging weeks have elapsed since I made my last entry, and which I greatly fear will prevent our passage getting down into the "teens," as we had confidently hoped. With an ordinary chance we would have to-day been up to the Equator, but the siege of calms and light baffling winds we have undergone has retarded us wofully, and from 120 to 125 days will most likely be our run, with a strong probability in favor of the latter figure being most correct. The daily runs marked down in the table must not be taken as our real progress, as often they are beyond it. They include all the tacks we make, and thus I often put down fifty or sixty miles more than we really proceed towards San Francisco.

After passing thirty degrees south we began to expect the southeast trade winds, which generally blow with great regularity from about that point up to two or three degrees north of the Equator. Once in these, a captain need not trouble himself much, for they blow steadily, and with very little

variation all the year round, and it's all fair sailing for days and weeks without change. At 2 P. M. on the 26th of September, in twenty-six degrees south, we ran into them, and thought we were fixed at last for a fine run to the northward, but after a day or so of fair to middling breezes the wind failed us, and we have been progressing through the very heart of the trade wind region (when we should have been reeling off over two hundred miles a day), with a wretched chance up to yesterday afternoon, when they began to blow in earnest, and as I write the ship is again boiling along at a ten knot rate, splashing the lower deck with spray, and seeming to enjoy the change much as any of the officers or men. The captain, whose disappointment at being set back so is very great, is commencing to smile again, and in fact all hands from the boy up feel brighter, for there is nothing that grows so tiresome as a long drawn out dose of calms or baffling winds.

Before jotting down the occurrences of the past two weeks, I will note a few changes that have taken place in my manner of passing the time. I read a great deal more than I did at first, and have polished off the entire series of the late Mr. Shakspeare's writings, as well as several of Marryatt's, Cooper's and Lever's novels, and a miscellaneous assortment of history, travels and science. Having pretty well learned the ship from the end of the



jib-boom to the end of the spanker-boom, and from main truck to keelson, I have stopped asking questions and studying the rigging as for the first two months at sea. Neither do I do as much climbing as formerly, the novelty having worn off, but when I do start aloft, I never stop short of the royal yards, the highest possible perch. I remember the first time I went aloft, I trembled so I was afraid I should fall, but now the main royal yard feels as comfortable as the deck. Several times I have climbed from the deck to the mast-head without touching the regular ladders, and on the 26th of September incurred the displeasure of the captain for the first time, by sliding down the fore-royal stay in a moment of thoughtless bravado.

My dear mamma will, I'm sure, agree that I richly deserved the scolding that the captain gave me, when I tell her that the fore-royal stay is the rope extending from the point of the bowsprit to the peak of the foremast. As I said before, I read more than at first, and generally give the whole afternoon to it, and often the evenings too. Mr. B's nightly performances on the mouth-organ are however rather discouraging to any one's attempt to get interested in a book. He still continues to wade through his tremendous supply of New York Weeklies, and takes his afternoon nap with clock-like regularity. Although now three months out,

he is still in dense ignorance of anything about the ship's rigging, in regard to either its name or use, and I have no doubt he will continue in his indifference to the end of the voyage. In some matters he is painfully green, and the second mate taking advantage of the fact, "stuffs" him fearfully, much to the delight of Mr. Burnham, who is also beginning to practice on his credulity. The other day when we were shooting, Mr. B. attempted to load a shot gun, and just as he was about to take aim at a pigeon, the captain asked him how much powder he had in the gun, as it was an old one, and should not be loaded too heavily. This led to an explanation on Mr. B's part, which disclosed the ludicrous fact he had put the powder and shot in together, and then rammed them down without any wad. He then said it had been *some time* since he had been gunning!

For the past two weeks the ship has been undergoing her regular annual overhauling; although not yet finished is already vastly changed, and in a short time she will look like a new ship. Every mast, spar and boom has been carefully scraped, sand-papered and oiled, and as most of the sticks are of Oregon pine, a beautifully marked and colored timber, the effect aloft is very handsome. The masts proper (*i. e.* the first or principal sticks) are scraped with regular cabinet scrapers as carefully as possible, and then sand-papered, and given

several coats of oil, after which they are as smooth as satin. They are in one piece, instead as is generally the case in large ships being made of several separate pieces, in which case they are called made masts. When thus scraped and oiled they are as delicately colored as a pipe, and are truly beautiful. As a finishing touch, they will be given a coat of varnish before going into port.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*September 28th.*<sup>(21)</sup>—Saw a water-spout form to the northeast. It began by slowly descending in the shape of an inverted cone, the end swaying from side to side, until near the surface when a body of water leaped up and joined it, and the whole thing drifted off to the northeast. The phenomenon occurred during a calm, and at sunset. Flying fish about again.

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

*October 5th.*—A flying fish for breakfast. They are very numerous. Several “boson” birds about, a very queer kind of bird.

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *October 12th, 1879.**Table for week ending October 12th.*

October 6th.—Lat. 10° 55' S. Lon. 103° 40' W.	Run—160 miles. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Very fine day. "Bosons numerous."	
October 7th.—Lat. 8° 52' S. Lon. 106° 21' W.	Run—199 miles. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Weather beautiful.	
October 8th.—Lat. 6° 18' S. Lon. 109° 04' W.	Run—211 miles. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Day fine. Very hot in sun. Heavy dew.	
October 9th.—Lat. 4° 03' S. Lon. 111° 04' W.	Run—182 miles. Temp. at noon, 78°.
Fine day. Very heavy dew after sunset.	
October 10th.—Lat. 2° 05' S. Lon. 113° 02' W.	Run—157 miles. Temp. at noon, 76°.
Fine day. Dew still very heavy at night.	
October 11th.—Lat. 0° 26' S. Lon. 114° 20' W.	Run—122 miles. Temp. at noon, 75°.
Beautiful day. Crossed the Equator at 4.30 P. M. Very light breezes.	
October 12th.—Lat. 0° 52' N. Lon. 115° 26' W.	Run—97 miles. Temp. at noon, 73°.
Overcast. Light airs. Saw North Star again.	

The ship crossed the line yesterday afternoon. Just ninety-five days from Cape May, on Longitude 114° 40' W., after sailing thirteen thousand five hundred and ninety (13,590) miles, a daily average of a trifle over one hundred and forty-three miles, or about six knots an hour. The run from 50° S. occupied thirty-one days, which is behind the average by several days. This was caused by an unexpected amount of calms, and the very weak character of the southeast trade winds.

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *October 12th, 1879.*



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

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

indeed proved to be his last, but in a way he little expected. He was the man I mentioned as being quite a good barber, he probably did his last job in that line when he cut my hair two weeks ago to-day. While doing so he told me that he had been at sea several years, but was as poor as when he started, and that on reaching 'Frisco he intended leaving the sea to go and work on the farm of a relative in Wisconsin.

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



*Tuesday*<sup>(22)</sup> was a most eventful day, and one that will remain impressed on my memory for a long time. When the captain went on deck about 6 o'clock he caught one of the sailors—a Swede called "Charley," who is as surly a looking fellow as one could imagine—pouring turpentine over the little tom-cat, much to the disgust of the poor beast who was moaning pitifully. The captain came very near striking the man, so incensed was he; but there being several other sailors in sight he didn't like to make an exhibition, so merely ordered the man to wash the pussy in soap and water, and to do double duty all day—that is, not to turn in when his watch did, but work with both watches. All the men have been doing this way for a week or ten days, in order to get the cleaning done while we are in fine weather. At breakfast we were discussing the rascally act, and the mate quietly made up his mind to give Mr. Charley a licking; so after breakfast he went forward, called Charley into the carpenter shop, and proceeded to give him a thorough good thrashing, during which the man bellowed like a two horse-power calf. The funny side of the incident was, that a poor Dutchman, called Hans, who has about as much sense as a piece of putty, came running aft, thinking that some one had fallen from aloft, and the second mate, supposing he was going to pitch into the mate, let poor

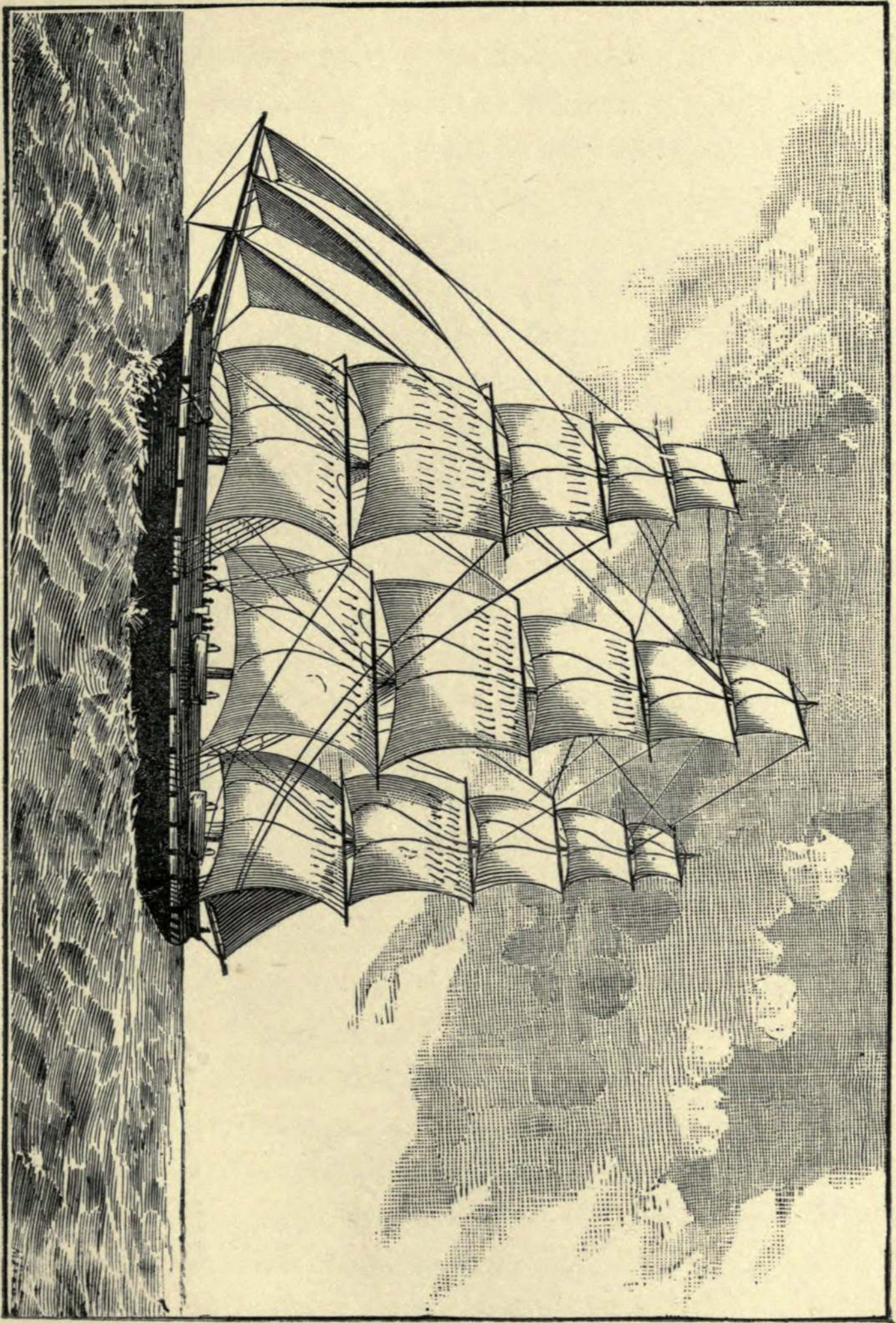
innocent Hans have a rap on the jaw that rather surprised him, and without waiting to see what the matter was, "Dutchy" scuttled back into the fo'castle as fast as he could.

At a quarter-past 10 o'clock, as I was sitting in the captain's cabin writing, I heard shouting on deck, and at first supposed the fight was being renewed. Running out I saw the entire crew leaning over the weather rail, shouting and gesticulating, and I of course knew that some one was overboard. As I reached the side the man swept past, holding on to a rope. The ship was running very fast and the sea was quite rough, so that the strain on the man's strength must have been terrible. The captain instantly ordered the helm "hard down," as the man was to windward, and "Chips" and I helped the helmsman to roll the wheel down. By the time the ship came up into the wind, which she did very quickly, the poor fellow's strength was exhausted, and from the starboard quarter he could be seen some ten feet under water towing feet foremost, the rope having become tangled about his legs before he could get loose from it. For some time it was impossible to get hold of the line he was attached to, as it ran from out on the jib-boom down under the vessel and was fouled there, so that for at least five minutes after the ship was stopped the body hung suspended in the water. At last, after

several violent efforts, the line was shaken loose of the keel and the body slowly and carefully hauled alongside, just forward of the main shrouds. The line had by this time slipped down and was only tangled about one foot. Taking with him a rope's end made into a noose, one of the sailors lowered himself over the side and made it fast to the body, which was then gently hoisted to the rail and laid on the deck. For nearly three hours the captain and men worked to restore the poor fellow to life, adopting the method given in the book issued by the United States Life Saving Station, but without success; the dreadful wrenching the body had undergone while towing under the quarter had extinguished every spark of life, even if the water had not. The body was rubbed and chafed to give it warmth, various movements calculated to start respiration were kept up the whole time; hartshorne was applied to the nostrils and hot water bottles under the armpits and to the feet. At half-past one, not the slightest sign of returning life being noticed, the attempt was given up and the body was taken forward under the top gallant fo'castle. It seems that the man had been painting one of the forward stays, and having finished the job was coming in over the jib-boom, with the line to which he had been suspended still fastened around his waist. This line ran from the

deck up over the fore-royal yard and down the stay to where the man was working, being there attached to a kind of sling called a "boatswain's chair," in which the man sat while at work.

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



A SEA FUNERAL.



During the afternoon the body was dressed and wrapt up in two old blankets that were found in his chest. Over these his hammock was securely sewed, a large bag of iron being fastened inside at his feet, and the whole thing tightly bound round with tarred rope yarn. At 5 o'clock all hands were called to the main deck, the ship was brought up into the wind, and the body, covered with an American ensign, laid out on a large plank, which was placed on the main hatch. All hands standing uncovered, the captain read a chapter from the Bible, appropriate to the occasion, and part of the burial service, and then giving a signal, the flag was taken off, the body was slowly carried to the port-side and launched overboard from the plank, just opposite to where it had been hauled on board in the morning. A minute later the helm was put up, the sails began to fill away, and soon we were again ploughing along, the beautiful afternoon and bright appearance of the ship seeming in ill-keeping with the solemn ceremony that had just been performed.

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

Since the *Pactolus* was launched fifteen years ago, this is but the second man ever lost out of

her, the first being a steward who fell overboard in a gale of wind off Staten Land, the place we passed September 1st. That happened some ten years ago.

*Thursday* and *Friday* great quantities of flying fish about. On Thursday I painted my name and address on my trunk.

*Saturday*.—School of bonitas under the bows all the forenoon. These fish are about as big as a large shad, and are exceedingly pretty. They are brightly colored, the tints being blue and pink, but not so brilliant as the dolphins. Of all the various fish I have seen on this voyage, none but the flying fish have any scales, all the others having a skin. I believe the "flyers" are the only "deep water" fish that does sport scales. Crossed the Equator. While sitting on the upper foretopsail yard during the afternoon, I saw a sperm whale blow once or twice, and then fluke or dive. This day was Mr. B's twenty-ninth birthday, and the captain burned some blue lights in the evening, in honor of the occasion, making a very pretty effect.

*Sunday* (to-day).—This afternoon saw two large turtles laying on the surface of the water, fast asleep. They are numerous about here, being carried out by the current from the Galapagos Islands, a group that belongs to Equador, and lie



on the Equator in longitude  $80^{\circ}$  west. These islands are celebrated for the vast numbers of turtles found there. In fact I believe the name means the Tortoise Archipelago. If it had been calm, we should have got a boat over and caught one, for they are very tame, but while we have the slightest breeze, the captain wont hear of stopping. This is a great pity, for they were splendid big fellows, and would have made an alderman's mouth water. Also saw a school of albacores, a large fish something like a porpoise, only much quicker in their movements; they go along like an express train, jumping far out of water every little while. As I am finishing this, the mate calls down that the North Star is in sight. We are a week behind the time I gave for seeing it again, when we crossed the Equator, bound south. I stop here to go on deck and see it.

## AT SEA :

SUNDAY, *October 19th, 1879.**Table for week ending October 19th.*

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

Fine day.

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

Fine day. Hot in sun. Very light breezes.

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

Lost S. E. trades in 6° 15' N., and got into the DOLDRUMS! Hot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

**DOLDRUMS ! DOLDRUMS !! DOLDRUMS !!!**

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

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *October 19th, 1879*

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

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

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th.<sup>(23)</sup>—My twenty-first birthday.

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

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

*Saturday.*<sup>(24)</sup>—Porpoises about all day ; they are so lazy that they only float about, instead of playing and jumping in their usual way. Several very ugly sharks astern ; caught one on a big hook a foot long (the hook I mean). He was the smallest of the lot, and also the greediest ; measured  $7\frac{3}{4}$  feet ; had a steak for tea ; it tasted like a quinine pill. Ugh !—Very disagreeable night.

Mr. Burnham showed me his tattooing the other day ; he is a regular walking art gallery ; the designs on his arms are very elaborate ; full rigged ships, arms of all nations, flags, initials, etc.

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

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

## AT SEA :

SUNDAY, *October 26th, 1879.**Table for week ending October 26th.*

October 20th.—Lat. 10° 17' N. Lon. 119° 03' W.	Run—93 miles. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather very fine. Moderate “trades.”	
October 21st.—Lat. 11° 26' N. Lon. 120° 30' W.	Run—118 miles. Temp. at noon, 83°.
Beautiful day. Heavy head sea.	
October 22d.—Lat. 13° 16' N. Lon. 121° 56' W.	Run—134 miles. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Beautiful day. Flying fish <i>very</i> numerous.	
October 23d.—Lat. 15° 29' N. Lon. 123° 19' W.	Run—167 miles. Temp. at noon, 82°.
Weather fine. Fresh “trades.”	
October 24th.—Lat. 18° 39' N. Lon. 125° 10' W.	Run—219 miles. Temp. at noon, 77°.
Overcast and damp. Very fresh trades. Head sea from N. W. building up all day. Very rough all night. Much water coming over the rail.	
October 25th.—Lat. 21° 28' N. Lon. 127° 35' W.	Run—224 miles. Temp. at noon, 71°.
Overcast and damp. Breeze fresh and strong. Sea rough all day. Towards evening and all night much increased, and ship pitching directly into it. At 7 P. M. split main top gallant sail in a squall.	
October 26th.—Lat. 23° 39' N. Lon. 129° 38' W.	Run—182 miles. Temp. at noon, 70°.
Overcast and gloomy. Sea more moderate. Very damp all day. The early part of the past week was extra fine—the evenings being moonlight, and the sea smooth. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, a great change for the worse.	

Sailed this week 1137 miles. Daily average 161 3-7th miles.

AT SEA :

SUNDAY, *October 26th, 1879.*

**E**LEVEN hundred and thirty-seven (1137) miles of briny deep left astern since noon of last Sunday, and at that hour to-day the fort at the entrance to San Francisco harbor bears N. 31° E. 840 miles. To make those 840 miles will however be a slow job, and we are likely to sail twice that far before the coast of California looms up and shows us that the passage is ended. It is well that the voyage is nearly over, for I would have to begin wearing my better clothes very soon, the old ones are literally in rags. Sculling about aloft is very hard on clothes and wears them out almost as fast as you can mend them. My mending is very artistic and quite picturesque, but would hardly pass current on shore. I have one pair of trowsers of a brown color that are patched with white canvas, and a gray pair with a dark blue seat and a strip of red about the left knee. I have also had to sew on lots of buttons, and though the work is not very beautifully done I'll warrant the buttons won't drop off in a hurry. The steward would do this

for me if I wanted him to, but I do it to help pass away the time.

The steward is very fond of looking at the photographs I have stuck up in my room, and says that the young ladies they represent are "belly much sweetee." The cook says that if I go to China I'll be sure to get my head cut off, and tells me that "Chinee man no likee Melican man, Chinee man think him no goodee." Mr. Burnham gave me his photograph this week; it is only fair. The captain is going to have some taken in 'Frisco. He certainly is a handsome man, and possibly knows it. I have hardly changed my opinion of him since I wrote the entry on August 10th. Perhaps if I should do it over again the account would not be quite so glowing, but it shall stand as it is and the skipper's slight imperfections remain unwritten. Mr. Burnham I have grown to like very much; he has done much to make the voyage pleasant. With a disagreeable set of officers I would not have enjoyed it at all, but as it is the passage will always be remembered as a great pleasure. I have been writing letters all the week, but find it a hard job. To attempt to even outline what I've seen takes considerable time, and then the constant reiteration of the same subjects grows awfully tedious.

*Monday.*—The two ships that so suddenly appeared on Sunday afternoon were nowhere

to be seen on Monday, nor have we seen them since.

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

*Wednesday.*—The flying fish were about all day in vast numbers, but were very small ones. They rise on each side of and in front of the ship, and fly about 150 feet before diving down. It looks as though a discharge of grapeshot from a man-of-war had been fired. I happened to remark to the second mate that the fish were very numerous, when he gravely informed me, backing up the assertion with a choice sea oath, that on one occasion he had seen the flying fish so thick, that he had put on a pair of snow shoes and walked a mile and a-half from the ship on their backs, and that the fish suddenly disappearing he came mighty near being drowned before he got back!! How was that for a yarn?

Same day saw several large gulls, and a big bird called a booby roosted all night on one of the upper



yards. Saw a ship bound north, twenty-five miles to the westward. Only could make out her royals and top gallant sails; saw her for about two hours; it then grew hazy to the westward.

*Saturday.*—The night reminded me of that on which we came into the Pacific—the wind being the same and also the sea and clouds scudding over the moon. At 7 o'clock in the evening our main top gallant sail split into ribbons during a squall.

*Sunday (to-day).*—To-day we run into the latitude of the United States. Our time is about three and a-half hours behind that in Philadelphia. There is a large ugly bird flying about called a gonez, they are very numerous a little further north. The Cape pigeons, greedy as they are, do not begin to be as piggish as these fellows and are no tamer. Saw a large log and a stump floating in the sea. The water is full of these somewhat dangerous obstacles, which float down from the lumber ports of California and Oregon. Dolphins about.

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *November 2d, 1879.**Table for week ending November 2d.*

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

Damp and gloomy. Light airs. High northerly swell.

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

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

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

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

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

Pleasant. Very light breeze all day.

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

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

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

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

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

Fine. Breeze steady all day, but failed in evening. Heavy westerly swell. Ship rolling badly all afternoon and night.

Sailed by log four hundred and thirty (430) miles, a daily average of only 61 3-7th miles. *Hard luck.* Farallone's rocks twenty-five miles from San Francisco. Bore 617 miles off at noon to-day. A three days' run if we had the breeze.

The moonlight was very beautiful this week, being full on Wednesday.

AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *November 2d, 1879.*

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

I suppose this will be our last Sunday at sea. 'Frisco is to-day only a little over 600 miles off, and surely we'll scramble along over that in a week; for the further north we proceed, the stronger will we find the wind. There is nothing more to be done to the ship. From end to end, aloft and aloft she shines like a new pin, and reflects great credit on the captain and mate for the pains they have taken to get her so. Only let us beat the "Spinney" and the captain will be satisfied, although the great delays we have had on this side of Cape Horn have wofully dis-

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

*Tuesday.*—Large log covered with barnacles and surrounded by dolphins, floated by us in the afternoon.

*Wednesday.*—Spent the afternoon shooting at the gonies, with the captain's rifle. N. G. (no gonies and no good).

*Thursday.*—To-day the drowned sailor's chest and clothes were sold by auction to the crew. The money realized (\$8.75), is handed to the United States Shipping Commissioner at San Francisco.

The idea of being so close to 'Frisco where I'll find a bunch of letters is delightful, but is naturally tinged with a slight feeling of anxiety, for I have been literally out of the world for four whole months. That no bad news may be in store for anyone on board is my most earnest wish.

## AT SEA:

SUNDAY, *November 9th, 1879.**Table for week ending November 9th.*

November 3d.—Lat.  $30^{\circ} 26' N.$  Run—80 miles.  
 Lon.  $129^{\circ} 39' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $72^{\circ}$ .

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

November 4th.—Lat.  $31^{\circ} 26' N.$  Run—65 miles.  
 Lon.  $129^{\circ} 21' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $68^{\circ}$ .

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

November 5th.—Lat.  $33^{\circ} 29' N.$  Run—137 miles.  
 Lon.  $128^{\circ} 44' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $67^{\circ}$ .

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

November 6th.—Lat.  $34^{\circ} 39' N.$  Run—167 miles.  
 Lon.  $126^{\circ} 13' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $61^{\circ}$ .

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

November 7th.—Lat.  $35^{\circ} 37' N.$  Run—134 miles.  
 Lon.  $124^{\circ} 01' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $58^{\circ}$ .

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

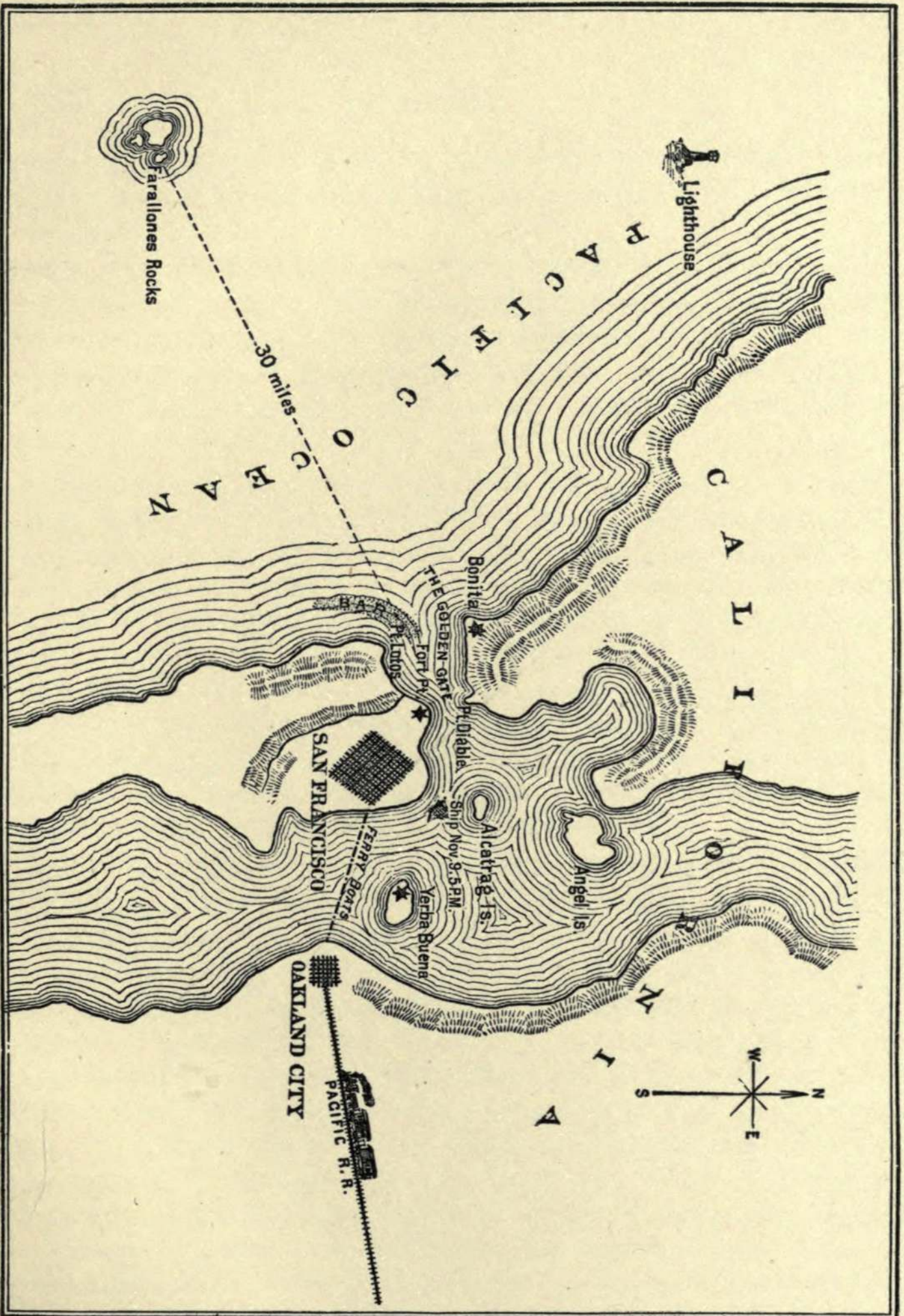
November 8th.—Lat.  $36^{\circ} 52' N.$  Run—119 miles.  
 Lon.  $123^{\circ} 10' W.$  Temp. at noon,  $58^{\circ}$ .

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

November 9th.—Lat. Run—  
 Lon. Temp. at noon,

A. M., thick and rainy. Very high rough sea. Decks constantly flooded.

A ROUGH PLAN OF SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.







## NOTES.

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

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

*November 8th.*—12 M., great many gulls about, showing our proximity to the coast. During the forenoon made anchors ready to let go. Too thick and hazy to see land. Made out land very dimly at 3.30 P. M. Calm from 12 to 4. Barometer falling rapidly. At 4, wind came out moderate from southeast. From 10 P. M. to 6 A. M., November 9th, heavy gale and tremendous sea from southeast; raining in torrents and blacker than pitch. Ship laboring heavily; split foresail during the night, which captain pronounces the "dirtiest" he ever saw. During the night were within ten miles of San Francisco bar and six miles of the coast.

*November 9th.*—Begun with heavy squalls of rain and tremendous sea. Ship tossing very badly. Weather cold, raw and foggy. At 7 A. M. saw light on South Farallone. At 10 A. M. saw a large ship through the fog. A few moments later fog scaled, and we sighted Farallone's Island four miles to the northwest. Stood in and made out coast at 1 P. M. Saw pilot boats coming out at 2 P. M. Took pilot out of boat No. 10 (The Confidence), and passed Golden Gate at 4.40 P. M., just exactly 124 days from Cape May. Run in harbor, and dropped anchor off Telegraph Hill at 5.15 P. M. Were boarded by reporter and harbor police, also by thirty-seven sailors' boarding house runners. Found that the Spinney had been in forty-eight hours, which makes our passage three days the best, and the second best so far of the year. On board all night. Were followed in by the ship we saw in the morning, an Englishman.

Thus ends the voyage of 124 days. The good ship has done well, and although it is much longer than we expected to be after our fine run to Cape Horn, still the passage is decidedly a good one. In no single instance has any vessel outsailed us, although we have repeatedly come up with and sunk astern vessels of all classes. I find on conning over this log that it is decidedly rose-colored—that is to say, I've taken the best possible look at everything, but have put down very few of the inconveniences of life at sea. I didn't mean to do this, but now it cannot be helped. I'll stop here, letting go anchor in San Francisco harbor, and begin another note-book to-morrow. May the Pactolus and her officers see many more such voyages as this has been, and may I find the journey 'round the world', as pleasant as that around the Horn.

TO MR. AND MRS. MORTON McMICHAEL, JR.

The good









Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library