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SHIPS AND WAYS OF OTHER DAYS
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THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY
KING'S CUTTERS AND SMUGGLERS
STEAMSHIPS AND THEIR STORY
THE ROMANCE OF THE SHIP
THE ROMANCE OF PIRACY
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Q-SHIPS AND THEIR STORY
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THE SHIP UNDER SAIL
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SEAMEN ALL
THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
OLD SHIP PRINTS
DANGER ZONE: THE STORY OF THE QUEENSTOWN COMMAND

Cruises:

DOWN CHANNEL IN THE *VIVETTE*
THROUGH HOLLAND IN THE *VIVETTE*
THROUGH BRITTANY IN *CHARMINA*
TO THE MEDITERREAN IN *CHARMINA*

RESCUE!

Shipwrecked survivors adrift on extemporised raft. Compare incident on page 174.

VENTURES AND VOYAGES

BY

E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

AUTHOR OF
"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA," ETC.

WITH 18 *ILLUSTRATIONS*

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PREFACE

THIS is an "escape" book; that is to say, it aims to provide an opportunity for those who, for a few hours, yearn to get away from the monotony of safe civilisation on to the sea of adventure. Most men and all boys possess this longing, but few ever get the chance of first-hand thrills afloat. It is for such readers especially that the following chapters have been written, so that at least it may be possible to share something of the experiences herein lived.

Life itself is an adventure, all literature is a voyage of discovery, and there is a strange fascination in any open chart. In this volume we have spread before us, so to speak, ships and the great ocean whereby to voyage through many generations and under various rigs into the realm of sea adventures. All that is required as a passport is the endowment of imagination, combined with an affectionate interest towards matters of maritime concern. If one will, for the time being, place himself in this series of situations—entertaining, exciting, yet historically true—it will not be impossible to get away from a routine-ridden world into that region where strange ships sail to romantic shores over wide and awesome oceans.

For the unique contemporary prints which so accurately reflect the ships and seafarers, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson.

E. KEBLE CHATTERTON.

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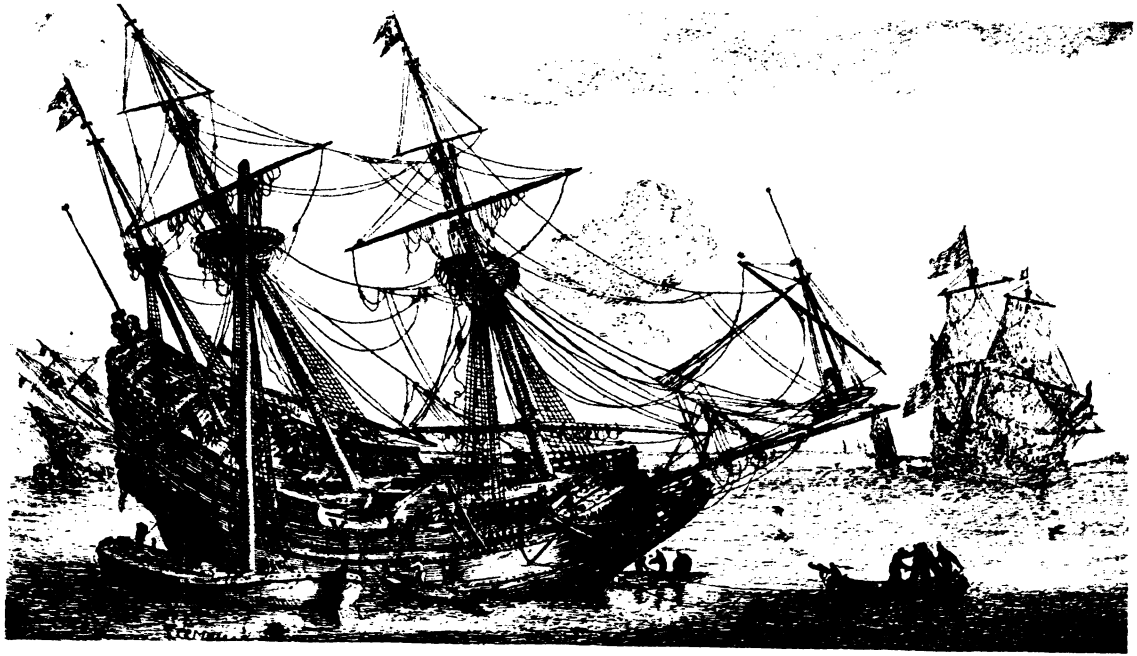
(Reproduced from Mr A.G.H.Macpherson's Collection of Contemporary Prints.)



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AN OCEAN-GOING SHIP OF JOSSELYN'S PERIOD

VENTURES AND VOYAGES

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

MOST people enjoy a good yarn, and there are few who do not react to the story of an exciting marine adventure, some thrilling escape from the claws of fate. When told as fiction such incidents still make their breathless appeal because of the reader's sympathies with those who were called upon to suffer. If the author has been able to create the environment, the suspense, and at the same time present the characters as real tangible beings, then already he has bespoken for them the reader's interest.

But if this is so, how much keener is the pleasure when we know that the events and people, the surroundings and circumstances, were literally a part of life; in other words, that the happenings are historical and not invented? The kinship between the actors and oneself becomes so much closer, the sympathy is deepened, the credibility is heightened, the general appreciation of tense moments and heroic sacrifice is all so much wider. So, in the following pages, I have gathered from many sources a series of sea happenings that are worthy of attention as well for their actual truth as for their emotional appeal. The combination of wind, wave, ship and man has from time immemorial brought about some of the grandest episodes of gallantry and endurance; but the ventures and voyages

here to be studied have also another value differing from mere sensationalism.

We shall see something of the ships in which our ancestors travelled, the amazing difficulties and distresses which accompanied a sea voyage; the nature of the mariners; the details which go to make up a picture of seafaring comprehensible and satisfying to our modern minds. So many of us yearn for the past, would like to have been allowed at least an insight into the holds and cabins of by-gone vessels, that such intimate details here offered will be not unwelcome. If we can understand something of the human side of overseas trading and fighting, if we can hear the shouts of the sailors and see what they have to eat or drink, we are able so much the better to enter into their lives and see their outlook. The old-time sailor was more conservative than even his ships; his virtues and failings exist side by side with wondrous little variation in all the centuries. He is incredibly patient of vile, leaky, vermined hulls with small, indifferent food; he will exhibit pure courage in heavy weather when sent aloft, or on a lee shore when his ship is being smashed to pieces on the surf-spent rocks. He will show gentleness and unselfishness to a child or some poor maimed animal.

But let there be some long dissatisfaction against his captain, and the same fellow will incite to mutiny, get a ship, and go hunting the seas as a pirate, committing the worst excesses, paying little or no regard to the lives of his opponents. In all seas and climes we shall follow the mariners into strange bays and lonely islands,

through heat and ice, wrestling against fate, fighting against his enemies, crashing through adversities sometimes to victory, but at other times to splendid failure. Herein will be found the stories of great ships doomed to be wrecked, of the survivors boldly escaping destiny only to be hurled into the worst adventures ashore. There is a moral value as one surveys such experiences and marvels at the spirits which never broke so long as the tired bodies could carry on. One learns, too, so much of colonial pioneering that we are the better placed to realise the spread of civilisation and of Anglo-Saxon ideals in so short a space of time. How short an epoch since the clumsy wallowing sailing ships were taking the first supplies out to North America and Australia! How soon the luxury steamship liners came along carrying artistic ideas, exchanging creations of the imagination where but a little while previously there was no higher demand than for agricultural tools!

It is the ship and the sailor who have given the world a series of highways along which all this swift progression has taken place; and it is just these that have been forgotten when gratitude has been dispensed. The traveller, after a long voyage, arriving in port has ever been so eager to take up the delights of the shore, that the last thing he wishes to remember is that combination of hull and human nature which brought him through gales and riotous seas into a quiet haven. It will be fitting if, in the following pages, we feel stirred to supply something of the missing sense of obligation.

We shall not fail to notice the strange, almost child-like, mentality of the venturous seamen who, with a deep consciousness of their own grievances, develop loyalty to each other so forcibly that they can take no long view of things. They will deliberately choose to remain on a hopeless, isolated island rather than associate with a skipper for passage towards civilisation and happiness. Nowadays only those officers who have spent years at sea in small ships, at close quarters all the time with their crews, can possibly understand the condition of the past. To-day in battleship or liner the commanding officer and his staff are segregated in a kind of marine sanctity. It is good and very necessary for discipline, as the remoteness of a Public School headmaster from his boys or the inaccessibility of a managing director in some great business concern.

In the years when sailing ships were of two or three hundred tons, and dangers created a common denominator, the intimacy of ship life was something undisguisable; and that notwithstanding the sharp punishments—the severe inhuman penalties—which the captain or master would employ to uphold his authority. At least he was able to know the characters and dispositions of his men, as is possible only where bulkheads are non-existent or few and fighting was at close quarters. It will be our aim in this volume to present, to revive, the pictures of the past, and to observe the mistakes and follies on both sides. Primarily, then, we look forward to some stirring sea stories of actual historical truth; but in secondary aim

we have our observation keenly adjusted for those intricacies of shipboard life which usually escape the attention of historians, yet are requisite for any adequate conception of the subject.

It is a melancholy fact that whilst the world's development has been based on the sailing ship, whilst practically the whole of maritime discovery—if we omit some of the later Polar expeditions—has been carried out by wind-driven vessels, there remains at the time of writing only one big commercial sailing ship that flies the Red Ensign. The predominance given in the ensuing chapters to life aboard such craft is therefore but reasonable. If to some imaginations the cloak and the sword, the gauntlet and the grand manner, conjure up the very atmosphere of romance, shall we deny that the old-fashioned sailing ship with her masts and yards, her canvas and cordage, is the very setting for the best, the strangest, the truest of sea yarns? To-morrow, when there is no ocean transport save steam or motor, shall we not find a sudden and awakened interest towards the ocean wagons that made nations rise to such wealth and power?

CHAPTER II

THE APPROACH TO ADVENTURE

THE call of the sea, the summons to adventure, has (fortunately for the world's progress and development) been heard and obeyed not exclusively by one nation in one epoch, but down the ages by men of many communities who have found themselves dissatisfied with their native security or monotony. Where there is complete satisfaction there can be little advance; it is this divine discontent which has enabled men to rid themselves of the shore and to go forth seeking events on strange seas, bursting into new territories, encountering risks and uncertain penalties which are the conditions of peering into the great unknown.

Nowhere in history is this spirit more remarkably shown than in the early sixteenth century. The influence of the Renaissance; the achievements of Diaz, Columbus, Giovanni Cabot and Vasco da Gama; the increasing number of voyages across the Atlantic and to the East Indies; the sight of more weather-stained ships in European harbours—all these were responsible for that impetus which drives men of high imagination and great courage into situations of considerable danger. The world was ripe for adventuring, spring was in the air, romance was something real to be lived.

As one looks into the past one finds many a character who seems exactly to sum up and express the sixteenth-century sea-rover by his full life. It would be difficult, for instance, to find a more suitable illustrative figure for this purpose than that of Fernao Mendez Pinto,

the noted Portuguese voyager, who filled his years to the brim with so many thrilling incidents as to make the biographies of certain Elizabethans seem commonplace. Born in either 1509 or 1510 at Montemor, near Coimbra, here was one who during twenty-one years was thirteen times a captive and seventeen times was sold in Æthiopia, Arabia, China, Tartary, Madagascar, Sumatra and elsewhere. All these harsh and terrible experiences Pinto regarded as a lesson for others, "whereby men for the time to come may take example, and a resolution not to be discouraged for any crosses that may arrive unto them in the course of their lives."

As a youngster he escaped to a small port, embarked in a caravel and departed the next day; but shortly afterwards, having reached Cezmibra, they were set upon by a French pirate, who came aboard with sixteen fierce fellows, pillaged the ship, and then sank her. Of those companions that survived there were seventeen, and these the French bound hand and foot, and kept under the hatches, ready to be sold as slaves into Barbary. Pinto had thus in the shortest time stepped straight into the very centre of marine perils and thrilling episodes. For thirteen painful days the unfortunate captives were kept together and continually whipped, until one day at sunset the pirates discovered a Portuguese ship which they proceeded all night to chase. At daybreak they fetched up with her, gave her a volley, boarded her and killed six Portuguese, as well as a dozen slaves, the cargo consisting of slaves and sugar solely.

Now this prize caused the pirates to modify their plans, so they made for the French coast, where they landed Pinto and others "miserably naked, our bodies covered with nothing but with the stripes of the lashes" which so cruelly had been bestowed in the preceding days. One might have supposed that with this unhappy beginning Pinto would for ever forsake the sea, but human nature works out its destiny along zig-zag lines; and after receiving pity, and performing humble household service for a while, he left Portugal on 11th March, 1537, in one of five ships that were bound for the East Indies by the newly-discovered sea route. This highway was still a profound secret to be kept from jealous traders, and it is interesting to note that one of the five vessels was commanded by the son of Vasco da Gama, the famous Portuguese pioneer of Far East commerce who had found a way through the ocean to Calicut only in 1498.

Sailing independently, all five reached Mozambique safely and there refitted. Three of them then sailed to Diu, and two went on to Goa. These details need not concern us in our present study, but they are the prelude to the twenty-one years of sea adventures that make up the best portion of Pinto's career. He himself reached India by ship that same September, and then went to sea from there in another craft, the impelling desire being quickly to attain riches. This was no easy undertaking; the ship was caught in heavy weather, anchored for a time off the island of Sokotra, but nine days sailing before a fair wind enabled them at sunset to descry a sail that suggested

possibilities; and "before the first watch of the night" Pinto, with his mates, had come up with her. After giving her a hot chase, they were met with stubborn opposition by her twelve guns and many muskets. Further "to brave and terrifie us the more, they flourished a many flags and streamers up and down, and from the top of their poop they brandished a number of naked scimitars, commanding us with a great threatening to come aboard and yield ourselves unto them." But through the night Pinto's vessel blazed away and kept up the chase so persistently that by morning the enemy was shot through and through. She was little better than a battered wreck, with sixty-four of her men killed.

There remained four score who, rather than be burnt in their ship with the "artificial fires" which Pinto's mates hurled into them, threw themselves into the sea, so that only the captain and four men remained, and these were taken prisoners. But in those cruel days the captain's fate was little to be envied. It was found that he was no Arab, but a renegade Christian who had forsaken his religion through mad love of a pretty Greek Mohammedan girl, whom he had married. The Christian captain of Pinto's ship thought that here was a suitable opportunity to bring the renegade to his religious senses, and tried to make him "acquit this abominable belief": but the other refused, so Pinto's skipper dealt with the renegade in the most drastic manner. Having bound him hand and foot, and having placed a great stone round his neck, he cast him alive into the depths of the sea. And then

Pinto concludes his account of the matter with the assertion that he was ". . . sending him to participate with the torments of this Mahomet, and to be his companion in the other world as he had been his confident in this."

Many other exciting moments and many hundred miles of travel did Pinto pass through in China, Japan, Siam and elsewhere before he returned to Portugal in 1558. And it was the relation of such experiences, the almost incredible stories concerning foreign lands and peoples, that intensified and spread the idea of marine travel. The merchants realised the vast commercial possibilities of the East and West, but the basis of success must inevitably rest on the safety of the ships. For this reason there appeared books on navigation, and especially that famous "Breve Compendio de la Sphera y de la arte de nauegar . . . compuesto por Martin Cortes." This manual was of such prime importance to the seafaring nations of Europe, just awakening to the vast and splendid possibilities of ocean voyaging, that a version was prepared for English mariners. Thus "The Arte of Nauigation . . . wrytten in the Spanyshe tongue by Martin Curtes. . . . Translated out of the Spanyshe into Englyshe by Richard Eden," appeared in 1561. This quarto first edition is nowadays a rare volume when complete with all its plates, especially that map of the "Newe World." It was, in effect, a key which unlocked the door that gave entrance to ventures and voyages of which most Europeans had been all those centuries so ignorant.

In his preface to this edition Eden addressed himself to the Aldermen of the City of London, certain of the nobility, and merchant-adventurers "for the discouery of Landes, Territories, Ilandes, and Seignories unknowen." So also Cortes, in his epistolary dedication, had referred to the difficulties of navigation and the ignorance of pilots in the following words:— "What can be more difficulte then to guyde a shyppe engoulfed, where only water and heauen may be seene?" And, in these days, he adds, "we or none of the Pilotes can scarcely reade," whereas "the gouernall or sterage ought to be committed to expert men, and of good understanding."

So the book dealt with such sections as the sphere, planets, sun and moon, winds, but also with that very necessary art of chart-making or "composition of Cardes for the Sea," so that those who followed the pioneers might also find their way by the new coasts. The instructions to the embryonic cartographer are delightfully detailed and as rigid as the Mastersingers' rules for versification. "With a small penne shall you descrybe in the Carde all the places and names of the coast. . . and fyrst you must descrybe in red the portes, principall capes, famous Cities, with other notable thynges: and all the residue in blacke. Then shall you drawe or paynt Cities, shyppes, banners, and beastes. . . . Then with colours and golde shall you garnyshe and beautifie the Cities, Compasses, Shyppes, and other partes of the Carde. Then shall you set forth the coastes with greene . . . and make them fayre to syght with a little saffron."

Thus these early charts were not merely things for practical use, but works of art, lovely in themselves and suggestive of still more glorious achievement. What imaginative young man with blood in his veins could ever look at these dull-yellow graphs, bright with splashes of red, gold and green, and not feel moved to go foreign? As he studied the "Newe Worlde" two-page map of 1561, with "Espanola," "Iamaica," "Nombre de Dios" Bay, "Cuba," "Perv," or those Atlantic Azores—"y del Osacores"—he well realised that ships and the sea combined to create a totally fresh aspect of existence. And as he turned over the pages of this "Arte of Nauigation" and read all about "the makyng of the Maryners compasse for Nauigation" or "the makyng and use of the Astrolabe with the whiche the Mariners take the altitudes of the Sunne" or "the Crosse Staffe wherewith the Mariners take the altitude of the North Starre" he was being inspired to carry out afloat that search for knowledge which the Renaissance had started ashore.

Similarly there were French and English manuals for instructing those who would confine themselves to coasting voyages through the narrow Seas. Such little books were the primitive predecessors of our modern official Sailing Directions. Well may the seaman of to-day with his mechanical propulsion feel inclined to smile at the elementary advice given: but at a period when the sea was ever a terror to mariners, and the craft were unhandy it was essential that every possible aid should be given to encourage coastal traffic. So about the year 1521 was first printed at

Rouen the *Grant Routier* which had been written by Pierre Garcie and presently there appeared an English version under the title "The Rutter of the Sea, with the havens, rodes, soundings, kennings, windes, floods, and ebbes, daungers and coastes of divers regions, with the laws of the Ile of Auleron, and ye judgements of the Sea. With a Rutter of the North added to the same."

This is a rare black-letter octavo, the translation having been done from the French by Robert Copland, and printed in London by William Copland about the year 1550. Robert Copland, who flourished from 1508 to 1547, was an author and printer in the service of Caxton, William being the younger brother. It is an entertaining little book to anyone who is charmed by historical geography, and wonders how our ports and havens looked to the old-time mariner. The attitude in regard to sixteenth-century seafaring is manifest from the very first words. "The prologue of Robert Copland, the translatour of this said Rutter," is the plain, brief self-introduction, after which the latter goes on to remark : "I conject that in the feat and course of navigation or sailing a man may presume and take upon him by his speculation to conduct a vessel as a blinde man in a desolate wilderness doth walk til he be lost," and concludes his foreword with an encouraging incitement to the sailors of the sea. "Gentle mariners, one a bonne voyage, hoyce up the saile and let God steer."

So there is plenty of information about the races in the English Channel, such as the tides off Alderney;

and the mariner coming up from the west is given full directions, beginning at the Scillies, with notes about the tides at Mousehole, in Cornwall, Falmouth, Fowey, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Portland, Poole, "at the Nedles of the yle of Wight," Shoreham, "Bewcychye," Winchelsea, the "Stryte of Calais." All of this was invaluable when most seamen were so unlearned, but were groping their way towards that knowledge which must precede confidence, and therefore success. If a seamanhood was to be built up, from which the vast discoveries and a colonial system were to develop, then it was first necessary that the fishermen and coaster be taught pilotage; for it is from these small-craft mariners that the crews for the fighting ships and big merchantmen must be derived. The Elizabethan galleons, the Stuart two-deckers, the stately East Indiamen, the wandering whaling ships, and the nineteenth-century clippers, as well as the Revenue cutters, relied on the Narrow seas to teach those essential lessons to future navigators and tacticians no less than to those who were to serve under them. Indeed, without the fishing and mercantile brotherhood ocean-going vessels would have been useless.

Thus gradually the shy seafarer roaming about the English Channel began to learn from this little book the compass direction of the tidal streams in order that his slow-moving, ill-designed hull might make the best of flood and ebb. The "entrings and harborows" where he might ride in safety were laid down for him from the bitter experience of others. The following, for instance, shows the kind of help which guided the

stranger coming from the sea to Falmouth: "If ye wil enter into Falmouth ye shall find a rock in the middle of the entring. Leve it on the larborde side and go toward east by shore, and whan ye be past it go straight in, for the bay is great sounde and large and cast anker where ye wil at xi or xii fadoms amid the bay, and, if ye wil, goe at the turning of the ful sea [*i.e.* on the flood]. For there is a banke to passe which yee shall finde at low water and at ful sea at ii fadoms and a halfe or iii ankeringe, and if yee lyst ye may go into the towne of Perin [Penryn]."

And those accustomed to use the ports of Devonshire will note with interest that: "If ye wil enter at Dartmouthe go beneyth Saint Patryckes mynster that ye shall se at the enteringe of the hauen and holde you toward the west with south winde and give somwhat a burth fro the poynt of Saint Patrycke for because that there is the flatte of a rocke and take heed of the rocke on lerboord side. For this rocke is thwarte of Saint Patrike amidde that channel, and at the ebbe of a spring tide resteth but three quarters of a fadome, and cast anker nigh ye towne at vi or viii fadomes."

Fortunately nowadays most readers are so familiar with the mental picture of Elizabethan ships, as given in Hakluyt, that there is no need to stress their manner of putting to sea from the Dart across the Atlantic. For simplicity and sincerity of narrative no voyages could be more attractive, or so expressive of the ill-equipped sailor going out on a great adventure of faith. To employ Copland's apt simile, they were "conducting" their ships like " blind men," or at the best

having only one eye; but in the next century such pioneer voyages had been followed by more regular trips across the North Atlantic now that New England had been introduced on to the map. It will, therefore, provide us with an interesting sidelight if we now pass on to these less known undertakings which were to be the beginnings of what has, in our own time, become a regular and frequent transatlantic service.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

WE are now at a period when overseas America had become regarded less as a strange and distant, romantic land, full of pearls and precious metals, than a stern reality demanding people and cultivation. We shall remind ourselves that with the enterprising Captain John Smith, and a crew of forty-five men and boys, a couple of ships had sailed from the Downs in March, 1614, and that, after making an extensive exploration of the North American coast, he had returned with a map he himself had made of the "soundings, sands, rocks and landmarks," the harbours and islands, of what was to be named New England. Two years later came his publication entitled *A Description of New England.* Then, in 1620, sailed the *Mayflower* from Plymouth with her pioneer passengers, and ten years later was made the first Boston settlement.

Now, in the year 1638 a visit was paid to this young and rising colony by John Josselyn, son of Sir Thomas Josselyn of Willingdale Doe, in the County of Essex, and we are thus able to get an intimate idea of all the discomforts which a seventeenth-century tourist was compelled to endure passing across the North Atlantic. It was on Thursday, 26th April, that John reached Gravesend and went aboard a London vessel named the *Nicholas*, officially called for this journey the *New Supply*, in accordance with the practice adopted when the Virginian settlers at Charlestown received from

England their reinforcements of stores, food and emigrants in successive "supply" vessels.

The *Nicholas* was of 300 tons burthen, armed with twenty guns and manned by a crew of forty-eight under her master, Robert Taylor. The "undertaker" of the voyage—that is to say, the speculating merchant who sent out the supplies and had chartered the *Nicholas* for this trip—was Edward Tinge; and in her travelled a hundred and sixty-four men, women and children passengers, who were going to make their homes in the New World. Fortunately Josselyn began to keep a journal from the first day, and this rare, valuable account is full of interest.

The modern globe-trotter, who finds ocean travel so well organised that he has only to receive a slip of paper from a clerk to bespeak every luxury for months of voyaging, may well be thankful that everything is so simple and free of complicated anxiety. But in Josselyn's time there was every kind of trickery and trouble. When a sufficiently large number of passengers had been collected, the "undertaker" arranged the hire of a ship at the rate of £120 a month for a vessel of 150 tons. It was always better to let the actual shipowners be responsible for victualling the mariners, as well as their pay, and there were sometimes awkward situations if this advice was neglected. It was customary for the crew to mess in fours, and to each mess were allotted two pieces of beef (each weighing 3¼ lbs.), 4 lbs. of bread, 1½ lbs. of pease, 4 gallons of beer, together with mustard and vinegar. All this was to last for the three flesh-days of the week.

In addition, one gallon of oatmeal was allowed daily between fifty men. On the four fish-days each mess was allowed two pieces of cod or habberdine, ¼ lb. of butter, 4 lbs. of bread, and ¾ lb. cheese per diem (in addition to the 4 gallons of beer already mentioned).

At six p.m. on 26th April the *Nicholas* dropped down the Thames with the ebb, but anchored the same night in the Hope. On Friday she weighed, but got only as far as Margate, where she anchored again at 9 p.m. in three fathoms. Next day she only slipped round the North Foreland and into the Downs, where, like other ocean-going vessels, she remained until a fair wind should come to take her down Channel. Unfortunately for *Nicholas*, one of His Majesty's ships happened also to be in the Downs and her commanding officer, Captain Clark, being in need of men, came aboard and "pressed" two of *Nicholas's* trumpeters. The tedious wait off the Kentish shore was varied by obtaining from the fishermen some flounders, "which being readily gutted, were fry'd while they were warm; me thought I never tasted of a delicater Fish in all my life before," wrote Josselyn in this journal, but one might have suspected it was Mr. Samuel Pepys had not the latter been then only an infant.

It was not till Ascension Day, 3rd May, that the easterly wind came up, so the *Nicholas* weighed, together with another ship that was bound for Providence, one of the Bermudas, then known as the Somers Islands (after Sir George Somers, who was

wrecked there in 1609, and they had begun to be colonised three years later). There was also a third craft, which was bound across the Atlantic to Boston. The leisurely progress of these early American passenger ships is further illustrated by the fact that the *Nicholas* had sailed only the few miles past the South Foreland when she hove-to awhile off Dover whilst the skiff went ashore for one of the master's mates. From here they laid a course for Doniesse (Dungeness), and thence for Beachy Head; but about an hour after midnight "the wind took us a stayes, with a gust, rain, thunder, and lightning." Now also came the first illness, for the servant of a passenger "sickened of the smallpox." Having regard to the insanitary condition of these evil-smelling ships, the wonder is that they ever reached port with any large number of their people. The passengers were fed by the "undertaker," or transporter, on beef, pork, fish, butter, cheese, pease, pottage, water-gruel, biscuit; and for drink they had the choice of water and "six shilling" beer.

"For private fresh provision," Josselyn tells us, "you may carry with you (in case you, or any of yours, should be sick at sea) Conserves of Roses, Clove-gilliflowers, Wormwood, Green-ginger, Burnt-Wine, English Spirits, Prunes to stew, Raisins of the Sun, Currence, Sugar, Nutmeg, Mace, Cinnamon, Pepper and Ginger, White Bisket, or Spanish rusk, Eggs, Rice, juice of Lemmons well put up to cure or prevent Scurvy. Small Skillets, Pipkins, Porrengers, and small Frying pans [were also brought aboard].

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VIEW OF CORUNNA

To prevent or take away Sea sickness, Conserve of Wormwood is very proper, but these following Troches I prefer before it." And then he proceeds to give the following recipes:

"First make paste of Sugar and Dum-Dragagant mixed together, then mix therewith a reasonable quantitie of the powder of Cinnamon and Ginger, and if you please a little Musk also, and make it up into Roules [*i.e.* pills] of several fashions, which you may gild. Of this, when you are troubled in your Stomach take and eat a quantity according to discretion."

In addition to all these personal articles, the settlers had to take out a whole year's victuals lest they should be a source of trouble to the pioneers who were trying so hard to live on the land. The prices of food brought out from England are not without interest. Thus eight bushels of meal cost £2, two bushels of pease cost three shillings, two bushels of oatmeal four shillings and sixpence, a hogshead of English beef came to £5, but Irish beef cost just half that amount. One gallon of aqua vitæ could be obtained for half a crown, and a gallon of vinegar for a shilling. The preliminary charges included also that of getting wool. Thus, "For clipping an hundred sheep in England" the price was four shillings and sixpence. "For winding the wool," eightpence. "For washing the wool," two shillings. But besides all these items there was the expense of getting a pair of wooden bellows, a scoop, a pair of wheels for a cart, a great pail, a wheelbarrow, a short oak ladder, a plough, an axletree, a cart, shovels, a lantern, hoes and axes, iron pots

and kettles; together with muskets, swords, powder, shot, bandoliers and pistols for their own protection.

By the fifth day the *Nicholas* had evidently lost the wind, for during the afternoon she anchored yet again, this time about fifteen miles south of Shoreham. But at 8 p.m. the Needles bore N.W., distant twelve miles, and then they laid a course for the Start, so that by the following noon Bolt Head bore N.W. by W., three and a half leagues. They were now becalmed again, but they managed to get plenty of whiting and gurnets. On the seventh day they were at last twelve leagues south-west of the Scillies, "and now we began to sail by the logg." The passage to the mouth of the English Channel had thus been extremely protracted, but out in the Atlantic swell there ensued a number of incidents which scarcely added to the emigrants' happiness.

First of all a male servant named Boremans, having been found drunk on the "strong waters" belonging to his master, was thrice ducked at the main yardarm. This brutal punishment was carried out by first securing a line under the man's arms. Boremans then found himself suddenly hoisted up to the yard, but next was quickly allowed to fall into the sea by the slacking up of the line, and the moment he was under water two of the biggest guns in the ship were fired just above him. After three duckings and three explosions the wretched fellow was considered to have expiated his crime, but the penalty was just that which was customary aboard ship when some drastic

measure was requisite. Can one marvel that mutinies in these uncomfortable vessels were never far off?

Then the *Nicholas* sighted whales in the Bay of Biscay spouting, to the amazement of her passengers, who presently witnessed the sailors harpoon a porpoise and then hoist the corpse aboard. Pieces were then cut off and fried, the taste of which Josselyn likened to "rusty bacon, or hung Beef, if not worse; but the Liver boiled and soused sometime in Vinegar is more grateful." Everything on board, however, was strange and wonderful, and when a flame one evening settled down on the mainmast, and the seamen informed Josselyn that this was St. Elmo's fire, they added the warning of the usual impending thunderstorm. Sure enough, on the following day the head of the mainmast close to the cap was twisted and "shivered," and presently the fore topmast also cracked a little above the cap. It was during this patch of heavy weather that seven new oars of the longboat were washed overboard from the starboard quarter.

On the eleventh day out the latitude was fixed by observation in 48.46 North, and the seas were now big. The estimated longitude by the log was at thirty-four leagues S.W. by W. off the Scillies. They sounded and got eighty-five fathoms, and running before the south-west wind were sighted first a Dartmouth ship homeward bound from Marseilles, and then six tall vessels to windward. On Whit-Sunday the "partie that was sick of the small pox now dyed, whom we buried in the Sea, tying a bullet (as the manner is) to his neck, and another to his leggs." They then

pushed the body through a porthole, "giving fire to a great Gun." But such considerate sentiments did not last long, for that same afternoon a youngster, a "strippling" servant to Captain Cammock, who happened to be a near kinsman of the Earl of Warwick, was "whipt naked at the capstern with a Cat with Nine tails for filching 9 great Lemmons out of the Chirugeon's Cabbin, which he eat rinds and all in less than an hours time."

So the days sped. Occasionally the mariners would capture a shark, cut him up, cook him and use him as food; or they would catch bonitoes for the same purpose. ("Spanish dolphins" was the name by which the crew knew them.) A Plymouth ship that had set out for Newfoundland was spoken on her way home, for she had sprung a leak and had to put back. Two days later the vessel that had sailed in company from the Downs for the Bermudas took leave. But whilst the big seas and stormy north-west winds went on buffeting the *Nicholas*, many of the passengers had fallen sick with smallpox and the "calenture." Some little excitement was caused by the sighting of five great ships, which at first were supposed to be Flemish pirates. On the twenty-first day out the wind had backed to S. by W., and the weather was so heavy that the *Nicholas* had to heave-to from 5 p.m. until 4 a.m. On this day the other ship that was bound for Boston parted company. By the 1st of June, however, the *Nicholas* was already getting hold of North America, for in a thick fog "we sailed by an inchanted Island" until sunset, and heard the sound of seabirds.

A fortnight later it was still very thick, and they sailed past an iceberg that was nine miles long and a "mountain high." They espied "two or three Foxes, or Devils, skipping upon it"; but a couple of days later they sounded and got 35 fathoms on the Newfoundland Banks. And then we see a curious example of the terrible narrow-mindedness with which our seventeenth-century ancestors were afflicted. Gone was the spirit of Merry England, and in its stead there was that unreasonable petty puritanism. Some of the crew and servants managed to catch a few codfish, which were welcome enough fresh diet after all those weary weeks; but, unfortunately, the occasion happened to be Sunday. Therefore "the Sectaries aboard threw those their servants took into the Sea again, although they wanted fresh victuals, but the Sailers were not so nice." Three days later one of Captain Cammock's lads died of smallpox.

There was an interlude when a sword-fish pierced the ship and broke off his sword in an effort to get loose; one of the sailors then dived overboard and brought the projection with him. After the ship was three weeks out they met with a couple of Bristol craft bound for New England also, and the supposed position was 175 leagues from Cape Sable, that southern extremity of Nova Scotia. On the following day two incidents of importance occurred. Another passenger died, and land was sighted. Before another week had passed there loomed up a Plymouth barque laden with wine bound for Richmond's Island. Captain Cammock went aboard her, and was amazed

to learn that she carried only seven men, but "never a gun." She would have been a ready prize for any pirates.

One of *Nicholas's* crew next died of the "Phthisick," and on this day two sail bound for Newfoundland were espied. But on the thirtieth day out, after Cape Ann had been sighted, the weather came on stormy,. the land was blotted out, and it was considered unsafe to continue on that course. "Doubtfully discovering the Coast, fearing the Lee-shore all night we bore out to Sea." The voyage, however, was nearly over, for on 1st July they sounded at 8 p.m. and got 93 fathoms, descried the land once more, and on 3rd July anchored in Massachusetts Bay off Boston, another of the crew perishing of smallpox. A week later Josselyn landed on Noddles Island, to call on a Mr. Samuel Maverick, whom he describes as "the only hospitable man in all the Countrey, giving entertainment to all comers gratis." But after a few days Josselyn crossed the bay in a small boat to Boston, "which then was rather a village than a Town," he describes; "there being not above Twenty or thirty houses." Quaintly interesting is it to read that his immediate object was to pay his respects to John Winthrop, who had been born in Suffolk, but had landed at Salem in 1630, and was still the first Governor of Massachusetts. To the Teacher of Boston church Josselyn had brought all the way from England a translation, in an English metrical version, of certain Psalms.

Josselyn next obtained a boat, and explored the Province of Maine, away to the north, but was not

favourably impressed, since he found the country "no other than a meer Wilderness, here and there by the Sea-side, with a few scattered plantations and houses." These first-hand notes of what was to become so important a territory are of historical value in aiding us to reconstruct the beginnings of the United States and link up with it the seventeenth-century English seafaring. The Winthrop is one of the most distinguished American families, which has during the last three hundred years given to the world administrators, scholars, scientists, men of letters, explorers, soldiers, statesmen. John Winthrop's son followed his father to America in 1631, and four years later became Governor of Connecticut, founding the city of New London. But Josselyn's visit did not extend over many months. He had been attracted by ships and the sea, he had obtained as a reward for his persistency a good idea of what English colonists were doing. And then, on 24th September of the following year, 1639, he made arrangements to return home.

On that date, at Richmond's Island, he went aboard a 100-ton vessel named the *Fellowship*, of which George Luxon, belonging to Bideford in Devon, was master. Several of Josselyn's Anglo-American friends came down to see him off, including Captain Thomas Wannerton, "who drank to me a pint of kill-devil, alias Rhum, at a draught." For this was one of those hearty fellows who belonged rather to Elizabethan than to Caroline times. The *Fellowship* weighed anchor at six in the morning, and on 27th September brought up in Massachusetts Bay before Boston. Here

Josselyn went again to stay with the hospitable Mr. Maverick on Noddles Island until 10th October, when the traveller rejoined the Bideford craft, and they went on as far as Nantucket Island—"we fell down to Nantascot"—but finally started on the Atlantic voyage five days later. In those days, when there was so much religious bitterness and sectarian strife, it would have been scarcely thinkable that even the least leaky and best found vessel should be happy. On the first Sunday out from New England one of the passengers preached, but "the Sectaries began to quarrel with him." The cold autumn weather did not increase the pleasure of these people, when they found the decks in the morning white with hoar-frost and the ropes all dangling with icicles. On 5th November the *Fellowship*, whilst running before a north-west gale, was making heavy weather, and on the following afternoon had the bad luck to carry away her rudder, an experience that was by no means unusual to the Elizabethan vessels. Luxon, however, was relieved on 7th November to find that the wind considerably fined away into a calm, which lasted till the 13th. This enabled his men to make repairs, and the *Fellowship* carried on towards the Bristol Channel. Thus on 24th November she sighted Lundy Island and let go anchor off Bideford. And those who care to watch the continuity of the sea-instinct through the centuries, and compare the performances of the present with the past, may like to remember that on 15th July, 1926, the American Boston schooner-yacht *Primrose IV* reached Falmouth, having

crossed from Nantucket Lightship to the Bishop Rock Light in twenty-one days; and on 16th July, 1927, the American schooner-yacht *Nikomar* reached Falmouth, having crossed from Boston to the Scillies in about one day's less time. *Fellowship's* forty days were, of course, partly spent in repairs.

Now in the character of Josselyn there was a real personal trait that will arouse in many a man's heart a feeling of sympathy. That same continuity of attitude towards the sea has gone on to this present day, and will never die. How often has the sailor or ship-lover, after being caught out in bad weather, shaken his fist at the sea from the security of the shore and vowed that never would he be enticed again afloat! But how frequently the safety of the land has begun to weary, and the sight of shipping has made him go sailing once more! "I have heard," remarked Josselyn, "of a certain Merchant in the West of England, who, after many great losses, walking upon the Sea-bank in a calm Sun-shining day, observing the smoothness of the Sea, coming in with a chequered or dimpled wave. 'Ah' (quoth he) 'thou flattering Element. Many a time hast thou inticed me to throw myself and my fortune into they Arms, but thou hast hitherto proved treacherous. Thinking to find thee a Mother of encrease, I have found thee to be the Mother of mischief and wickedness, yea the Father of prodigies. Therefore, being now secure, I will trust thee no more.' But mark this man's resolution a while after. 'Periculum maris spes lucri superat.' So fared it with me, that having escaped the dangers of

one Voyage, must needs put on a resolution for a second . . . to my loss and detriment."

So on Saturday, 23rd May, 1663, we find Josselyn once more coming down to Gravesend, where he spent the week-end ashore, and at 11 p.m. on the Monday went aboard the *Society*, a ship belonging to "Boston in the Massachusets, a colony of English in New England." She was of 220 tons, carried sixteen iron guns, but "most serviceable." She had a crew of 33 sailors, and was taking out as colonists 77 men, women and children. Next morning at six she weighed her anchor from the Thames mud and dropped down with the ebb for three or four miles below Gravesend, and remained till the afternoon of 27th May, when she sailed to the Downs, in accordance with the routine we have already discussed. This period of the year was selected wisely, for the chances of a fair wind down the English Channel between April and the end of June are many as compared with later months.

The *Society* brought up off Deal Castle, and had to wait only until 9 a.m. of 30th May when she got a favourable slant, so that by four that same afternoon she had Beachy Head abeam. Exactly twelve hours later she was off the Isle of Wight, and another twelve hours made her six leagues S.S.E. of Portland Bill, the wind now being N.W. by N. On 1st June she took her "departure" from the Start, "whence our reckonings began," the wind now having veered to E.N.E., gale force. The *Society* was thus in good luck, and next day, having passed the Lizard in Latitude 51,

a course W. by S. was set, the ultimate objective being Cape Cod, that arm-shaped peninsula of Massachusetts which has welcomed and dismissed so many thousands of ships between the New World and the Old.

It is characteristic of the conditions that already on this 2nd June one of the passengers died "of a consumption." But, curiously, Josselyn seems to have had fewer dead shipmates than was the case in the previous cruise. On 5th June the course set was S.W., and they had got as far south as Latitude 47.44 N. Outward bound, it was customary, of course, to go well south, pick up the north-east trades, and so make a fair wind of it; but homeward bound there were always the brave westerlies to hurry them to England through higher latitudes. It was at three in the morning of 25th June that the *Society* sighted Flores, in the Azores. She bore away, and two days later, when about ninety miles west of those islands she met a small vessel that had been stolen from Jamaica. The crew of English, Scotch, French and Dutch were almost famished, for they had, in their ignorance of wind zones, struck that North Atlantic belt of calms and variable winds that lies between the westerlies and easterlies; they had thus been three months on the voyage and were still a long way short of Holland, whither they were bound.

The *Society* also struck a calm patch for several days after 6th July, so some of her people went overboard for a swim; others hoisted out the shallop and caught some of the turtles which were floating on the sea in

great numbers to the limit of visibility. On the 25th of that month the ship spoke a Plymouth vessel that was bound from St. Malo laden with cloth, fruit and honey for the Boston settlement. She, too, was evidently striking across in too high a latitude, and had already been ten weeks on her journey. At last, on 26th July, *Society* sighted land, and on the next day anchored at Nantucket. Here Josselyn got into the shallop at dawn on the 28th and sailed to Boston, where he arrived the same day after rounding Cape Cod. He landed, went to a Boston tavern named the "Ordinary," where he refreshed himself with a cup of burned Madeira wine and some plum cake. The voyage had thus taken about a couple of months.

Josselyn remained in America for the next eight years, and was able to watch the gradual growth and solidification of New England, which he describes as "that part of America, which together with Virginia, Maryland, and Nova Scotia were by the Indians called (by one name) Wingadacoa. After the discovery by Sir Walter Rawleigh they were named Virginia, and so remained untill King James divided the Countrey into Provinces." At last Josselyn resolved to end his visit, so on 8th October, 1671, he went on board the *New Supply*, of Boston, a vessel of 120 tons and lightly armed, Captain Fairweather being the commanding officer. There were only sixteen sailors and the same number of passengers bound for England.

The voyage began two days later, but the *New Supply* was caught in a gale, and barely escaped destruction off Cape Sable, "where many a tall ship hath

been wrackt." Throughout that month and the first three weeks of the next the *New Supply* was sailing over the Atlantic, but after all these long days and nights at sea they sighted ahead, on the afternoon of 21st November, thick clouds "which put us in hope of land." In order, therefore, to encourage a smart look-out, a seventeenth-century custom of the sea was now resumed. "The Boson brings out his purse, into which the passengers put their goodwill; then presently he nails it to the main-mast, up go the boyes to the main-mast-top, sitting there like so many Crowes. When, after a while, one of them cryes out 'Land!' which was glad tidings to the wearied passengers. The boyes descend, and the purse being taken from the mast, was distributed amongst them, the lad that first descryed land having a double share. About three of the clock Scilly was three leagues off."

Three days were spent running up Channel to Deal, and on Sunday, 26th November, they "Steemed the Tide to Gravesend, about two of the clock afternoon." This transatlantic trip can scarcely be called fast, since, if we reckon from New England to the Scillies the length of time was forty-two days. From Gravesend the *New Supply* went up the Thames to Woolwich, where Josselyn landed, stayed the night ashore, and "next day I footed it" four or five miles to Bexley, in Kent, to visit a near kinsman, who lent him a horse and man as far as Greenwich, "where I took a pair of Oars and went aboard our Ship then lying before Radcliff. Here I lay that night. Next day being Saturday, and the 1st of December, I cleared my

goods, shot the [London] bridge and landed at the Temple about seven of the clock at night, which makes my voyage homeward 7 weeks and four days; and from my first setting out from London to my returning to London again Eight years Six moneths and odd days."

Thus, content with having four times crossed the Atlantic and gained thorough knowledge of the New England colonies, Josselyn was prepared to let others carry on this strenuous travel in ill-found ships. "Now by the merciful providence of the Almighty," he concluded, "having performed Two voyages to the North-East parts of the Western World, I am safely arrived in my Native Countrey; having in part made good the French proverb, 'Travail where thou canst, but dye where thou oughtest, that is, in thine own Countrey.'" But we are more than grateful to Josselyn, since it is only by such diarists as this that we can piece together those myriad details which go towards making up the complete picture of early days. As time went on, as the settlements grew and prospered, as trade between the Old Country and the New became considerable, the demand for ships became such that Falmouth and then Liverpool gained prestige as terminal ports for the sailing vessels. And then came the steamship era, followed by the age when aircraft showed their ability to hurry east in about as many hours as the seventeenth-century ships required days.

CHAPTER IV

ROAMING THE SEAS

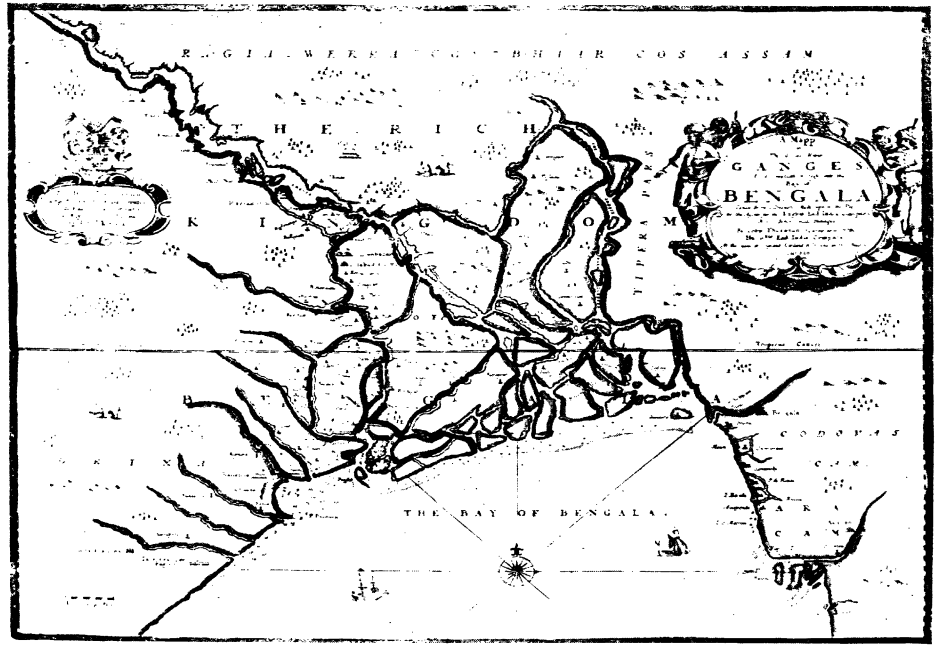
ANOTHER aspect of sea voyaging is afforded by the travels of that interesting personality, John Chardin, who was of Josselyn's period, but turned his eyes to the east rather than to the west. Chardin was born in Paris during November, 1643, and was the son of a wealthy jeweller. It was in his capacity as dealer in gems that this Frenchman became so distinguished a traveller and made two notable expeditions to the Far East. Setting out from Paris in 1664, this young man reached Persia a couple of years later, and came back home safely, arriving in 1670.

In 1671, however, he left Paris for another long Oriental journey that was always full of uncertainties and dangers; for, if we reckon up the uncomfortable conditions under which our ancestors were compelled to make their travels, we shall see that nothing but some powerful, dominant impulse could ever have kept these men going. And these causes come chiefly under three heads: inquisitiveness, acquisitiveness, or the spread of religion among the irreligious. The desire of the explorer to find new routes and lands, the ambition of the merchant to discover new markets, the zeal of the early missionaries to present Christianity, are the fundamental inspiration for most of the voyages in badly-built ships through perilous sea.

Chardin belonged to the second of these categories; he was a business man primarily and a traveller in a secondary sense. From Paris he reached Florence,

and thence he made for the sea, going aboard one of a Dutch convoy that was bound for Smyrna, which was one of the gateways from Europe into the East. This convoy consisted of half a dozen merchantmen with two men-of-war, and the route was by Messina, Zante and the Ægean Islands. Now the Grecian Archipelago was and is geographically peculiarly suited for desultory attack by single ships on big ships compelled to navigate narrow channels in the vicinity of island bases. During the Gallipoli Campaign of the Great War we know how terribly German submarines harassed in these waters our steamships carrying troops, wounded and stores. But in 1671 there were usually about forty corsair ships cruising up and down the archipelago refreshing themselves as they wished on the merchantmen which used this area.

From time immemorial the profession of piracy, roaming the seas for profit, had been found especially attractive here. It was impossible ever to destroy it permanently until such time as national powerful navies were kept continually in being as a certain menace. But at the late seventeenth century these rovers consisted chiefly of small vessels, badly victualled and manned by crews "whom misery and a long habit of doing mischief have rendered resolute and cruel. There are not any villanies or violences imaginable which they do not commit upon the islanders of these seas, where-ever they can but set foot a-shoar." Nominally Christians, these corsairs came from such places as Majorca, Villefranche, Leghorn, and Malta. Acquisitiveness, with the spice of adventure, was their



Macpherson Collection

THE GANGES

An early map of about the year 1700 by John Thornton who was Hydrographer to the Honourable East India Company.

underlying inducement. And when Chardin was near the island of Micona "we had a considerable dispute with a corsair of Legorn, about one of his men who had made his escape aboard us, by swimming a mile. Upon demand of him the corsair sent his word he would fight us if we did not restore him his seaman; and for our part we did not think it worth our while to protect him."

It was partly because they knew their own terrorising strength; partly, too, because they were not hunted down to a finish, that the nuisance was not stamped out as it should have been promptly. "While we staid for a wind in the Port of Micona there arriv'd there in that haven two First-Rate Venetian men of war. They enter'd in the night-time. The Admiral coming to an anchor, fir'd several squibs from his main-top-mast. This is call'd 'Giving the Rocquet,' from the Italian word 'Rocquette,' which signifies a squib. And this is done to give notice to the Christian corsairs or Rovers, if any should happ'n to be in port, to weigh and be gone before day. Two were there at the present time. They set sail early the next morning, anchor behind a promontory, not above a league from the port."

This lack of naval offensiveness seems to us amazingly inefficient; but it was in effect a compromise. And a compromise by its nature is never permanently satisfactory, but a concession to weakness. The Venetian Republic possessed a treaty with Candia to clear the archipelago of pirates; on the other hand, these self-same rovers had recently rendered the

Venetians good assistance in war service afloat. Venice was thus in the same dilemma as a corrupt policeman who has accepted bribes, yet is confronted with a gang of crooks against whom he should be operating. The Venetian warships had to make some pretence at patrol, but they displayed their colours conspicuously and enabled corsairs at sea to get out of their way. Similarly, when in harbour, they advertised their presence to give the culprits every opportunity of clearing out. A hint was as good as a threat under those circumstances, and the corsair could go and attack elsewhere.

Chardin's voyage need not detain us further than the stressing of this corsair danger and the inadequate means taken to protect shipping. But it was not till after spending four months at sea over so comparatively short a voyage that he reached Smyrna, having had to suffer cold and gales and lack of victuals. From there he embarked in a ship for Constantinople, and so through the Black Sea, with a further land journey into Persia itself. His return voyage was made by the safer route, coming by sea round the Cape of Good Hope, and arriving in Europe during the year 1677. Four years later he settled in London, where he became a famous jewel dealer, and lived for a time in Holland House, Kensington, as agent to the East India Company. It was Charles II who knighted him and appointed him Court jeweller. Chardin ended his days in England, and lies buried in Chiswick Church.

Now, the risks which merchants such as Chardin

were wont to run in the course of their travels were not limited to the corsairs of Mediterranean nationality. Ever since the time of Elizabeth English ships had been carrying on considerable trade to Smyrna and in the Levant, environed by the rovers mentioned; but there has always been in the normal seaman, regardless of race, a strong incentive to gather treasures where they are to be found afloat, regardless of too nice a deference to artificial laws. There are to-day parts of the British Isles where a steamer, finding herself wrecked on a lonely ledge, would assuredly be pillaged of her movable valuables. I have myself known of cases where the copper and brass pipes of the engine-room were immediately annexed and removed by the local fishermen, and sent away in barrels for sale. The sea is regarded as free-to-all, and the primitive sailor considers anyone an undeserving fool who refuses to avail himself of fortune-sent wealth.

Still more vehemently was this philosophy held and practised during the seventeenth century. If a body of mariners found themselves unable to get their pay, or without a ship, or were not attracted by smuggling, or were lucky enough not to have been impressed into a man-of-war, they reasoned that they must live by piracy. The English Government did their best to discountenance this attitude, and piracy still remains in our laws as punishable by death. Whenever the deliquents could be caught, they were tried and hanged; but one cannot help sympathising with crews who, through no fault of their own, had been driven to choose between starvation and roving illegally.

No better instance of this could be found than the case of Joseph Dawson, Edward Forseith, William May, William Bishop, James Lewis and John Sparkes, who were tried at the Old Bailey in 1696 "for several piracies and robberies by them committed in the company of Every the Grand Pirate, near the coasts of the East Indies and several other places on the seas." The official English attitude to piracy was indicated by the prosecuting counsel in these words: "For, suffer piracies, and the Commerce of the World must cease, which this nation has deservedly so great a share in, and reaps such mighty advantage by. And if they shall go away unpunished, when it is known whose subjects they are, the consequences may be, to involve the nations concerned in war and blood, to the destruction of the innocent English in those countries, the total loss of the Indian trade, and thereby the impoverishment of this kingdom."

The indictment was for having "upon the High and Open Seas about Three Leagues from the Groyn [in Spain], and within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England, piratically and felloniously set upon Charles Gibson . . . being then and there Commander of a certain merchant-ship called *The Charles the Second*, carrying forty pieces of ordnance . . . did steal . . . the said ship . . . her tackle, apparel and furniture, of the value of One Thousand Pounds, forty pieces of ordnance, of the value of Five Hundred Pounds," together with fusees, bread, stockings and other articles.

It came out at the trial that for three or four months

The Charles the Second had been lying in Spanish waters at Corunna, that the men had been eight months away from England, and their wages were not forthcoming. This throughout naval history has always been a sure and certain means of stirring up mutiny. Captain Gibson was incapacitated with fever, but finally certain of the crew decided to take matters into their own hands. One Sunday night towards the end of May, 1694, this band of plotters went ashore, formed their plans, and imparted it to some of their mates. The scheme was to steal the ship, as they were unable to get their wages. This ship was owned by several merchants of the city of London, though at present in the service of Sir James Hubland, and traded to the Spanish West Indies. But there happened also to be lying in port not far away a vessel called the *James*, whose men sympathised heartily with those in *The Charles the Second*. It was on the Monday night that the mutiny actually occurred.

About 9 p.m. Forseith, Lewis and Bishop went off from the *James* in one of the latter's boats, and defied the orders of the mate. This boat came alongside the *Charles*, where J. Gravet (second mate of the latter) was keeping watch on deck. At this moment he was suddenly seized by the ship's carpenter, who held him by the throat and clapped a pistol to his breast. "If you resist, you're a dead man," the carpenter told him. The mate yielded, and was taken down into his cabin a prisoner. Twenty-six men had arrived in the *James's* boat, and the *Charles* was completely in the mutineers' hands. Every, one

of the ringleaders, approached Gravet with the suggestion that "I suppose you don't intend to go with us?" and Gravet answered that he would have nothing to do with the act. There were about sixteen others who also refused.

Every then took over command of the *Charles*. "I am a man of fortune," he told Captain Gibson, "and must seek my fortune." The cables were now cut, and she stood out to sea. The *James*, seeing this, fired two guns at her, but the latter got away out of reach. After proceeding for six or nine miles all those who declined to mutiny were put in the *Charles's* pinnace, given four oars and set adrift. This was about 11 p.m., and they eventually were received into the *James*. Only one was retained in the *Charles* against his will, and that was the ship's doctor. Thus, with dramatic completeness, Every and his fellow-conspirators had succeeded in getting clean away with ship and armament.

Every first made for the Cape Verde Islands, and we can readily see what sort of a fellow he was by his actions. Having found three English ships in port, he took what commodities he fancied, together with nine men to strengthen his crew. Thence he cruised across to the Guinea Coast, enticed natives on board under the pretext of trade, but robbed them of their gold, and then chained them below in the hold as captives. A little later two Danish ships were encountered. Every fought them both, burnt one and kept the other for a time; but, having just crossed the equator, he sank her by gunfire, "for the men could

not agree." Still pursuing a southerly course, the *Charles* rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and came up the Indian Ocean to Madagascar, which in the olden days was a favourite advanced base for pirates. Here Every obtained cattle, whose meat he salted. He also captured a 40-ton vessel, put her ashore and pillaged her.

On this island he put William May ashore because of illness. Several other men were also landed with him, but this was only a temporary measure; when all of a sudden three English ships were seen approaching, and these turned out to be East Indiamen. The shore party had therefore to be left, whilst the *Charles* "went to the equinoctial line." Every was now roving about the East African coast looking out for whatever ships might be weak enough to be attacked. A Frenchman came along, whom he pillaged and sank. After revisiting Madagascar and taking May on board again, he sailed up to the Red Sea, where he tried to trade with the natives, and, since they refused, he burnt the town.

On his way towards Aden he met with a couple more ships. These happened to be English who had formerly held commissions to act as privateers. Their licences had run out, and they decided to work in conjunction with the *Charles*. The squadron of three then made for the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, where they anchored. They had not long to wait, for twenty-four hours later there came three other English ships from America, who also were engaged in piracy. These also decided to join up with Every, so that the

force was by no means inconsiderable. For the next five weeks it continued to remain at anchor, the position being strategically excellent for falling on any vessels entering or leaving the Red Sea; but especially they were at present awaiting the Moorish fleet which should come out of Mocha. But, unfortunately for the pirates, the Moors sailed past the corsairs unseen during one Saturday night. A little later Every's squadron was to obtain this news. For "we took a vessel which gave us an account that they were gone. And then we followed them, and about three days after we made land. We came up with one of them, about two or three hundred tons, and we fired a broadside at her, and small shot, and took her; which, after we had taken her, we plundered, and took out some gold and silver."

A prize crew was then placed on board; but a couple of days later, whilst lying at anchor, Every sighted a great ship whose name was the *Gunsway*, belonging to the Mogul Empire of India. The sight of this vessel was most tempting, so the English pirate at once weighed, attacked, and for two hours fought her, finally capturing her, Then, having plundered her, he sent her into Surat with a prize crew. The *Charles* herself in the meantime stood towards the Indian coast, where Every called all hands on deck. The plunder was divided up in shares, some men receiving £300, and some £500, and others as much as £1000 each. There were now no fewer than 160 desperate fellows aboard, and, having settled with them, he gave permission for all to leave him now who

preferred to go ashore. Evidently the pirate captain believed that it was better to leave the Indian Ocean alone for a period. He therefore brought the *Charles* round the Cape of Good Hope again, called at Ascension, and thence he took advantage of the south-east trades, crossed the equator, made for the West Indian waters (notorious at this time for lawless sea-rovers), and reached Providence Island. Here he wrote a letter to the Governor, requesting permission to enter on payment of 60 pieces-of-eight and 6 pieces-of-gold. The proposition appeared to the Governor attractive, so the *Charles* came in, and the piratical cruise ended.

Thus, by means of simply gaining possession of a ship in which they had been serving, it was always possible at this time to go all over the world and reap a rich harvest. Provided the leader was sufficiently determined, callous, courageous to take big risks, and loyally backed up by his crew, he could hardly fail to acquire vast wealth from the Indian Ocean, and then retire to some quiet corner of the Caribbean to spend the rest of his life in debauchery. But there was no such thing as honour among these pirates for long. From the moment that the first capture at sea was made there began suspicion and jealousy. They deceived each other, they lied, they quarrelled, and they stole from each other's persons the very belts in which the prize money was kept. Thus, when some of them separated, or had to seek jobs aboard peaceful merchant ships, or reached one of the English colonies in North America, or arrived back in England penni-

less, there was always the law awaiting them. Now, the men Forseith, Lewis, Bishop, May, and Sparks, out of this piratical crowd, were five who were unlucky. The first three were among those who had come from the *James* that night of the mutiny; the other two belonged to the *Charles*. They reached England by devious routes. May, for instance, had gone from the West Indies to Virginia, whence he sailed in a ship to Bristol, and took coach for London. He was only three miles outside Bath when he was stopped by a King's Messenger, examined, and then brought prisoner to London.

At the trial of these five the prosecuting counsel said that these men had committed many great piracies for several years "without distinction upon all nations and persons of all religions." Their final piracy was in the East Indies "and like to be the most pernicious in its consequences, especially as to trade, considering the power of the Great Mogul, and the natural inclination of the Indians to revenge." Forseith endeavoured to plead ignorance. "I hope, my Lord," he addressed the judge, "as we are but poor seafaring men, and do not understand the law, you will take it into consideration." To this Lord Chief-Justice Holt replied: "But all you seamen understand that law, that it is not lawful to commit piracy, and he that does deserves to be hanged." All five were found guilty, and on 25th November, 1696, they were hanged at Execution Dock, that being the usual place for hanging pirates.

The voyage to the East Indies continued to remain full of dangers and discomforts for generations. If

there were no pirates still operating, then there would be French warships; and if neither of these were for the time busy, there was the perpetual risk of getting ashore through faulty navigation or bad weather. Searching through old diaries, biographies and narratives written by those going forth to serve under the East India Company, one can see the long-drawn-out monotony and suspense which the passengers had to endure. I have before me, for instance, the *Lord Anson's* voyage outward bound in 1750. On 30th March she left the Downs in company with four other East Indiamen, anchored in Johanna Roads after four long months at sea, and left there on 4th August, reaching Bombay on 28th August, a total of twenty weeks. Nor was this the conclusion, for she still had to reach China. The fear of sea-sickness and the terrible stories related of certain wrecked East Indiamen made many passengers martyrs before ever they set foot aboard; but some travellers were considerate enough to give advice in regard to the former, persuading (as did one East India Company's official) "such as have reason to apprehend the sea-sickness, not to go on board with a full stomach."

As to the navigation, it was principally on the accumulated information obtained by previous masters in the Company's service that a succeeding generation of mercantile officers relied; but occasionally there were issued books, such as Bishop's *The East India Navigator's Daily Assistant*, which came out in 1773. This was a practical guide right from the Downs, along the English Channel, across the equator; giving

sailing directions for Madeira, Teneriffe, Ascension, the Cape, and so on right to Bengal and China.

"When you come round the North Foreland, bring the lighthouse on it to bear N.W. by W. Keep in that direction till you bring the upper lighthouse upon the South Foreland, in the middle of the Southermost Swamp, which is the leading mark for the Gull Stream," is the guidance given for safely avoiding the dreaded Goodwins and sailing out of the Downs. Similarly, when the East Indiaman anchored inside the Isle of Wight off Bembridge the mark was St. Helen's Church, bearing W.S.W., where the ship would let go in eight to five fathoms. Thence proceeding down Channel, the "departure" would be taken from either the Start or the Lizard.

Bishop was one of those very few contemporaries who did good work systematising the existing knowledge for mariners, and there was as much need for cartographical information in West as East Indian waters, seeing that so great a trade was now being carried on by England in both regions. "You must know that when I was employed in the West Indies, in His Majesty's Service, I found there were no charts then in being which could give any tolerable insight into the navigation of those Seas." Accordingly in the year 1761 he published his charts of the "Gulph and Windward Passages," which were dedicated to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and by them approved. A year later he obtained Admiralty permission to sail in H.M.S. *Deptford* to the West Indies with the object of getting further hydrographical

knowledge. And it is interesting to note that travelling abroad the *Deptford* was also "Mr. Harrison, with his father's watch for tryal to find the longitude, which did him honour in making the land."

The reference here is to that problem which throughout the ages had worried the minds of mathematicians and mariners alike. During the sixteenth century, when ocean voyages had become longer and more numerous, the difficulty was to devise some method of ascertaining the longitude at sea. Big monetary rewards were offered; Philip III of Spain was willing to give a thousand crowns to anyone who should produce the suitable instrument; the States of Holland were prepared to pay even ten thousand florins; and finally, in 1714, the English Parliament voted the sum of £20,000, whilst two years later the French Government offered a hundred thousand livres. But nothing happened to solve the problem until John Harrison (1693–1776), a Yorkshire mechanician and expert in clock-making, set to work. The final result was the chronometer, which has been the navigator's good friend down to the present day. John and William Harrison had toiled long and hard to produce this article, but it was not until 1773, after the personal interposition of the king, that the full reward of £20,000 was received.

Never was safety for ships bought so cheaply, and the Harrison invention would have prevented many a disaster had the device been adopted previously. The wreck of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron on the Scillies was proof enough of this. But the East India-

men still continued to become involved in disasters which to us seem to reflect on the professional skill of the old-time shipmaster. But we must remember that he was primarily a hearty, vigorous seaman, a sailor to his finger-tips, a stern disciplinarian, rather than an able, scientific navigator. Rule of thumb, experience, self-reliance and instinct were to him more valuable than clever theories. So when mistakes were made, it was a heavy penalty which was paid by ship and her people. The historic case of the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, at once illustrates the risks and consequences which belonged to the Eastern voyages undertaken in the finest merchant vessels at that time.

CHAPTER V

THE INDIAN VOYAGE

IT is a little difficult in our days exactly to realise the great eminence which belonged to the Honourable East India Company at the height of its glory by the end of the eighteenth century. It was less comparable with one of our big modern shipping lines than with some national navy. It used to be spoken of as a "service," and as "the first commercial navy in the world."

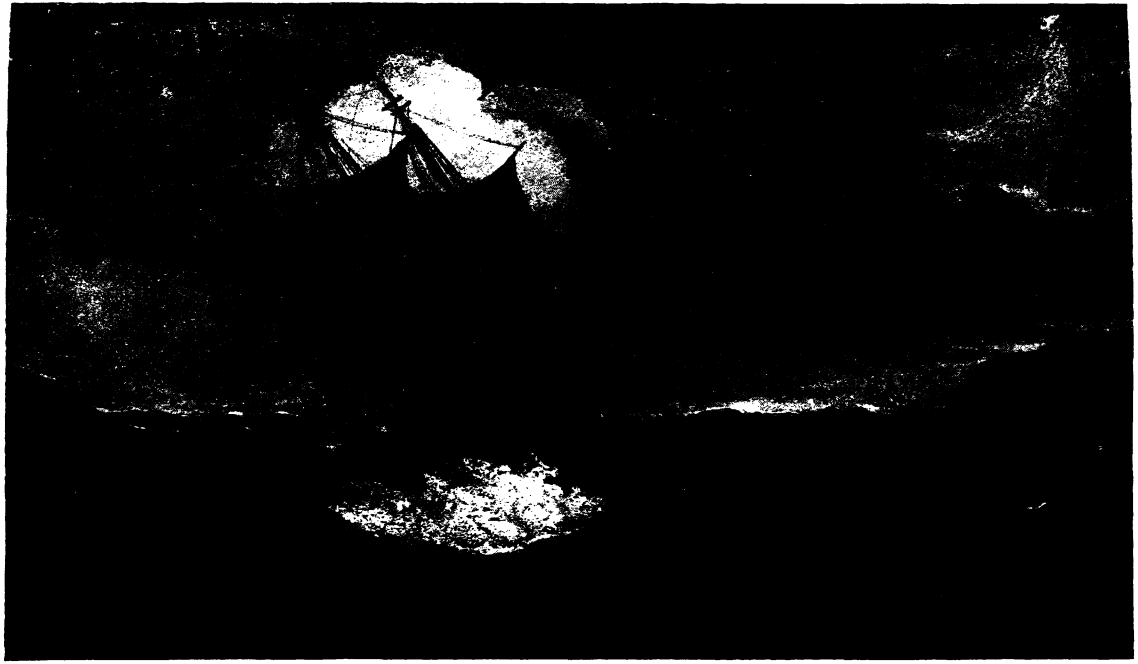
The best ships, the ablest crews, the finest officers were always obtainable, seeing that the H.E.I.C. was rich and powerful, and there was such competition to enter their employ. But, in spite of the almost meticulous care which was bestowed on these heavily-built craft, there were sometimes disastrous incidents which showed that sea-travel was still far from being either pleasant or safe. An examination of a hundred voyages to and from India and China in the Company's vessels made by Henry Wise, who was at one time chief officer of their ship *Edinburgh*, revealed the fact that contrary winds were less a source of delay than were vexatious calms and light airs. For these massive vessels needed a hard breeze to shift them along.

After leaving the English Channel and obtaining a good offing, they would usually not lose their wind until near the southern limit of the north-east trade. After crossing the equator, and steering thence on a southerly course until entering the south-east trades, they were generally able to make a rapid passage.

From the southern limit of the south-east trades to within the prevailing westerlies much delay often occurred through calms and light airs.

As instances of these voyages, let us make briefly one or two selections before passing on. The H.E.I.C. ship *Taunton Castle*, commanded by Captain James Urmston, took her departure from Dunnose (Isle of Wight) on 26th January, 1791, outward bound for Bombay and China. On 5th February she passed the Isle of Palma in the Canaries, did not enter the north-east trades until Lat. 25.16 N., Long. 19.6 W., and lost them on 16th February in Lat. 3.27 N., Long. 22.15 W. On 21st February she entered the south-east trades, and next day crossed the equator in Long. 22.54 W. On 7th March she lost the south-east wind, on 6th May crossed the equator again for India in Long. 52.30 E., and on 20th May anchored in Bombay, where she remained till the 5th of August. Leaving then for China, she anchored in Macao Roads, and took her pilot on 26th September. She had thus sailed a total distance of 12,924 miles in 114 days, or 2736 hours. But the remarkable thing was that of this period no fewer than 938 hours consisted of calms and light airs.

Similarly, we can take the voyage of the Company's ship *Winchelsea*, Captain William Moffat, which began in February 1808. On the 10th she took her departure from the Start, on the 27th sighted the island of Palma, on 17th March crossed the equator, and went a long way south of Africa's limit, crossing the Cape of Good Hope meridian in Lat. 36.10 S. on 21st April. On



Macpherson Collection

A GALE OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
With an East Indiaman of about the year 1810.

18th May she crossed the equator for India, on the 27th reached Bombay. Here she remained until 26th July, reaching Macao exactly a couple of months later. The length of her voyage from England was thus 12,820 miles in 108 days, of which 824 hours were spent in calms.

In like manner the Company's ship *James Sibbald*, Captain John Blanshard, left Portland (Dorset) on 3rd June 1813, and on the 21st anchored in Funchal Roads, Madeira. Leaving there on 3rd July, she crossed the equator on the 1st of August, and on 7th September crossed the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope. A month later she crossed the equator for India, and on 21st October anchored in Bombay. The passage out had taken 14,196 miles in 129 days, but the *James Sibbald* had been unlucky, since 1141 hours were spent in calm and light airs. The average run from England to Bombay was a distance of 13,424 miles in 2775 hours. Incidentally, it was just because of all these valuable hours wasted through lack of wind that there was such a ready welcome for the steamship when she entered the Indian trade.

Now, it was whilst homeward bound from India that one of the Company's famous ships, the *Grosvenor*, had such a dramatic conclusion. Under command of Captain Coxson she sailed from Trincomalee, Ceylon, on 13th June, 1782; crossed the Indian Ocean, and met with no untoward experience until 2nd August, when it began to blow hard. The sky was so overcast that it was impossible to make an observation with the quadrant, and this condition continued for two days

more. The captain had, in fact, made a serious error in his reckoning, and on 4th August, a few hours before the smash came, Coxson declared that he believed his ship to be at least a hundred leagues from the nearest land, and in this false security he carried on.

And then, whilst a seaman named John Hynes was aloft with several others keeping their watch and peering out into the darkness, he suddenly saw ahead something white which immediately proved to be breakers. The sight was rather a shock when the ship was still supposed to be so far from the African continent. Hynes now asked his mates what they thought, and they all agreed with what their eyes showed them. Unquestionably the shore was close at hand. Therefore, at the risk of being called fools, they came down to the deck and reported the fact to the third mate, who happened to be the officer of the watch. This was only a young man, and he rewarded the look-outs by merely roaring with laughter at the impossible suggestion. One of the watch, not to be put off, accordingly ran to the cabin and informed Captain Coxson.

The latter turned out, and at once gave the order to wear ship. But before this could be done her keel had struck the coast of Africa with great force. A few minutes later passengers and crew came rushing on deck with horror and fear. Coxson tried to dispel the excitement, and begged them to be composed. The pumps were set going, but no water came up, for the reason that the ship's stern lay high on the rocks. Up

till now the wind had been blowing on shore, but when it veered to the exactly opposite direction there was a great nervousness lest they should all be blown out to sea. The powder-room was discovered to be full of water, and it was apparent to every sailor that the ship was doomed.

Masts were now hacked away, but that did no good, and the *Grosvenor* drove further into shoal water until she was within a cable's length of the beach. The harsh truth convinced every one now that the ship was finished, and there ensued varying degrees of despair, whilst the more practical minded began to make a raft with which the women, children and sick might be landed in safety. In the meanwhile three men tried swimming ashore with the deep-sea lead-line. One of them perished in the attempt, but the other two succeeded in gaining the beach and hauling ashore a hawser. Some of the natives appeared, came down to the water's edge, and assisted in securing the hawser round the rocks.

The *Grosvenor* had sailed from India with a valuable cargo of bullion and Oriental goods. Her passengers included Government officials, merchants returning to England from India, as well as Army officers with their families; numbering, with the ship's officers and crew, a total of a hundred and thirty-five. The spot where the ship had come ashore was in Pondoland, South-East Africa, in the neighbourhood where Port Grosvenor is now shown in certain maps. The port of St. John's is twenty-five miles further south, but in the eighteenth century this part of the world was as

lonely and uncivilised a locality as ever a ship could choose for self-immolation.

Now, when the raft was launched and four men got on it to assist the women, the rope snapped, the raft itself capsized and three men were promptly drowned in the waves. This was all the more serious, as the ship's yawl and jollyboat had already been dashed to pieces in the surf that broke itself angrily against the rocks. It was only the hawser which now suggested the slightest hope in a serious predicament. Along it several men got ashore hand over hand, but fifteen perished in the attempt, and presently matters became still worse when the *Grosvenor* broke in half, just forward of the mainmast. The wind now changed and blew onshore. Huddled up on the poop, where the wreck was nearest to the rocks, the scared passengers remained helpless in the gale until finally this after portion also broke in two, but fore-and-aftwise.

When the survivors crowded on to the starboard quarter, this soon floated off independently into shallow water, and thus enabled all to land safely, with the exception of a negro, who was the cook's mate. He had got drunk and could not be persuaded under any condition to leave the wreck. As one reads records of the old shipping disasters there is usually at least one fellow who prefers oblivion by intoxication to a dangerous exit. Except in the best regulated vessels discipline is apt to vanish when the ship herself breaks up, and to Captain Coxson the situation was thus in no sense lightened when some of his men got out of hand. Night had come, the black-skinned natives had

fortunately retired inland, and the *Grosvenor's* people endeavoured to make themselves as comfortable as the circumstances permitted. By means of collected wreckage they kindled a few fires, supped off the provisions which had been washed up the beach; and from the sails, which also blew ashore, they made a couple of tents, in which the women and children were lodged, whilst the men walked about searching for any article that might come in useful.

On the next morning early the natives returned and carried off whatever they fancied, but it would have been wasted effort to make protestations. A conference was held among the survivors, who resolved to make a journey by land to the south-west and reach the Cape of Good Hope. This was a natural enough decision, considering the fright which still held their imaginations; but it was ill-advised. Far better would it have been had they done as many another shipwrecked party before them had acted. From the remains of the *Grosvenor* they could have built a small craft, from the canvas they could have cut suitable sails, and eventually some of the party could have voyaged afloat to the nearest Dutch settlement, whence help could have reached the rest, provided they entrenched themselves in a camp sufficiently strong to resist the natives' attacks.

On collecting the available food they were able to include two casks of flour, one tub of pork, which Coxson divided among the crowd with the hope that in fifteen or sixteen days' marching they should reach some Dutch dwelling. It was on 7th August that they

all set off on the long trek, leaving behind an East India Company's soldier, who was so lame that he preferred trusting himself to the natives till some better opportunity presented itself of moving on. But as the party proceeded, they were followed by some natives who were in no respect friendly. From time to time the latter would make petty thefts and even attack with stones; and after only a few miles the survivors met with a band of thirty unpleasing Kaffirs with faces painted red and hair fastened up in a conical peak. Altogether they presented an alarming appearance, but one of them, named Trout, had formerly been a slave at the Cape and run away.

This man was able to talk Dutch, and informed the travellers that the journey to the Cape would be attended by unspeakable difficulties from wild natives, wilder beasts, and the savage geography of the country. Eagerly they tried to engage Trout as guide, but he firmly refused. Thus the march continued for several days, during which the unpleasant Kaffir attentions were resumed. At length a deep gulley was found where three Kaffirs, more ferocious in type, were ready to meet them. Armed with lances, these natives several times kept holding the sharp points to Captain Coxson's throat, so that in a fit of irritation the skipper wrenched a lance from a man's hand, and then broke it. This caused further trouble, and on the following day the travellers were again stopped, pilfered, insulted, fallen upon and beaten. Realising that the enemy meant to kill them, Coxson had the women, children and sick placed in the rear some distance away,

whilst about ninety Englishmen engaged the Kaffirs in a running fight. At the end of two hours the white men had gained an eminence where they could avoid being surrounded, and a parley followed. In this fight many of Coxson's people had been wounded, but fortunately none was killed; and when the natives had been appeased by the buttons which the sailors cut from their coats, there was a withdrawal from the temporary camp.

During the night there was, however, little rest; for the roaring of wild beasts was so alarming that a watch had to be maintained continuously. Next morning there came a visit from Trout, who had been aboard the wreck and loaded himself with articles of iron or copper. He departed from the English with advice in future not to resist the natives, since the lack of arms would make violence futile. So the weary journey went on by day, though the nights were so disturbed by howling animals on the prowl that sleep was impossible. A large fire was kept burning, but in spite of that the beasts would come annoyingly near. Unhappily, whilst advancing on the next day, a party of natives swooped down and robbed the white men of tinder-box, flint and steel. This was a serious loss, for it would be impossible to light any more fires, and thus there would be no protection from savage animals.

But someone thought of a way out, and it consisted of snatching up a burning log; and by taking turns this fire-brand was carried along throughout the day till a fresh conflagration was set going at night. The sporadic attacks by Kaffirs were as serious as ever, and in

this way vanished the gentlemen's watches and the ladies' diamonds, although with subtle feminine ingenuity the stones had been secreted in the hair. A day later came the crisis after crossing a river. Provisions were now nearly spent, progress had been delayed considerably by having to adapt the pace of the party to that of women and children. Another important conference was held, for many of the sailors were murmuring and spreading dissatisfaction, resolving to shift for themselves. The result was that the survivors broke up into a couple of groups. The first consisted of Captain Coxson with Mr. Logie the first mate, the latter's wife, the third mate (who had been officer of the watch when the *Grosvenor* struck), Colonel James and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hosea, together with the purser, surgeon, five children and some sailors who were persuaded by the promise of liberal rewards.

The second contingent consisted of Mr. Shaw the second mate, Mr. Trotter the fourth mate, Mr. Harris the fifth mate, together with some of the male passengers, their servants, and a number of seamen, the entire party amounting to forty-three. It was decided that the captain's section should march inland and search for a defensible spot where food and water could be obtained. The second mate's company should continue along the coast and summon succour from the first white settlement, and we shall now see how Shaw's companions fared. The parting was a desperate decision, but the rate of progress was so far increased that on the next day thirty miles were made good. But thereafter came one long and terrible experience of

unspeakable hardship. First was the food problem. The last of the *Grosvenor's* supplies had gone, hunger became maddening, but they managed to find shellfish by the shore. Next they noticed their way barred by a wide river. So they constructed catamarans from material found on the banks, and thus a two-mile stretch was made possible for the non-swimmers. Then there was the trying heat to endure, but after several days along the coast and through a stifling forest they found a hill and rested for a while at its cool summit, notwithstanding the nocturnal prowlings of wild beasts.

As their knives had long since been taken from them, it was at first difficult to open the oysters which became the staple food; but, after the manner of the primitive Red Indians, they threw the shells into the fire and thus effected an opening. And on another day they actually discovered on the beach a dead whale. Here a fire was promptly created on the very carcase; part of the flesh was dug away, and thus a hearty meal was made. And presently there loomed up the same old personal dilemma which was bound to reassert itself sooner or later. Were they on the right road to safety and deliverance? Was it not useless to follow the borders of the sea any longer? And the result of this dissension was that the fourth and fifth mates, with others to the number of twenty-two, proceeded inland, whilst about twenty-eight resumed the peregrination by the shore.

After a short while the first of these sub-sections was driven by hunger back to the beach, where at least

there was shellfish. But one of them, Captain Talbot, an Army officer, became so exhausted that he was left behind with his faithful servant, never again to be seen or heard of. The unified party were now to suffer the same trials and physical inconveniences, whilst their stamina and strength were rapidly on the down grade. Wide rivers were again crossed by rough catamarans. Natives appeared and gave the travellers a beating, but sometimes these attacks were avoided by concealment. From time to time the numbers of the marchers became fewer, as some dropped by the way in utter fatigue and were left to die; others perished by eating poisonous fruit.

We may pass over those interminable days and nights of suspense. The sorrowful journey was varied by broad rivers; the food consisted of the oysters and dead whales that were still obtainable. A calendar was made by cutting every day a notch on a stick, thus forming a kind of dead reckoning for the journey. But their luck was dead out; one day, whilst negotiating a river, the stick was washed away. Hunger and exhaustion now were making heavy demands on the personnel, and then on another occasion, whilst they were forcing their way through the surf round the bluff point of a rock, the precious firebrands were swept out of their hands. Most carefully had these been kept going from day to day, and now it really seemed as if they must resign themselves to the mercies of the carnivorous creatures that were never far away.

And then, a little later, just when it seemed too late, they came upon the remains of a fire where natives

had been dressing mussels. The brands were relit, and on reaching a Kaffir village a young bullock was obtained in exchange for the inside of a watch, for some buttons, and a few other trifles. This flesh food came as a welcome relief and refreshment, so that the diminished party were able to tramp across a sandy desert during the next ten days, and they were able to assuage their thirst by digging in the sand, where they found water. After the beef had been finished they had the fortune to find a seal asleep on the beach. They killed him, ate of the meat, and presently the corpse of another whale gladdened their eyes. Landcrabs, snails, wild celery and berries were the only other variations of their stern menu, but there were times when thirst was scarcely endurable. As if all these trials were not sufficiently testing their patience, there was an occasional surprise to their nerves. One day, for example, on entering a wood where the grass was quite nine feet high, they were amazed to find great trees torn up by the roots; but, whilst they wondered, there was a curious movement and thirty or forty elephants came stampeding out of the grass. At first terror seized the wandering band, but by taking a circuitous route they once more cheated death, and proceeded.

Next came thunderstorms and lightning and drenching rain to delay them, followed by attacks in Kaffir villages, which caused some Englishmen to be wounded, whilst one suffered mortally. Finally, by the time they reached Bosjesman's River others of the party began to die, and the dead bodies were soon dragged off by wild beasts. Up till here a boy had

pluckily carried on in spite of his limited ability, but now he passed into death. A man who had suffered burning thirst came upon some fresh water; but, having drunk two shellfuls, promptly expired. Thus the survivors were now reduced to three, whose names were respectively Hynes, Evans and Wormington. Of these the first mentioned, it will be recollected, was aloft when the *Grosvenor* sighted land that fatal August night.

To others death had come as a welcome release, but some had got lost; starvation, thirst and fatigue had so affected these three that their faculties were rapidly declining. They could scarcely see or hear now, and the scorching sun barely allowed them to drag their weak limbs forward. Wormington even begged his companions to determine by lot which of them should die, so that the others might be preserved by drinking his blood. Such a tragic and awful situation has occurred on various occasions throughout naval history when distressed mariners have been so situated; but the fact in no way lessens the pathos or horror. It is greatly to Hynes's honour that in reply he promised as long as he should be able to walk he could never think of casting lots. If, however, he were to drop, the other two might use his body as they wished. This seemed to inspire a sudden optimism, for Wormington shook hands with Hynes and Evans, and then unselfishly allowed them to go ahead without him. It was then that a wonderful thing happened; the most marvellous occurrence for many a long day.

As they trudged along, Hynes and Evans perceived

what they took to be large birds, but as they came nearer the birds turned out to be human men. The two sailors, having become almost blind and nearly idiots, at first failed to recognise this essential fact. And then came the dramatic realisation that these were old shipmates, being four of a party led by the steward that had some time previously separated from the rest. The steward had died, but here were Berney, Leary, an Italian named De Lasso, and a boy named Price. Leary and De Lasso now set off in search of Wormington, previously charging Berney on no account to let Hynes and Evans drink of water too freely; for several of the steward's party had expired by that excess after long abstinence.

Wormington was found, and after a rest the six made a further gallant effort to keep going, and crossed by rude catamaran one more river; but this time they narrowly escaped being driven out to sea by the strong stream. More trekking over sandy desert and then the Schwartz River was reached, across which they managed to swim. Just before this was attempted came some further excitement when the tall grass took fire, which quickly spread. And then in the morning, whilst collecting fuel, Price suddenly sighted with his young clear eyes a couple of men in the distance with guns. The boy was frightened at this apparition and withdrew to the kindled fire, but the two strangers followed him.

They introduced themselves as Dutch settlers who were seeking some strayed cattle, but one of the men was by origin a Portuguese, and was able to talk with

De Lasso. By this means the survivors learned that they had got to within four hundred miles of the Cape, and this incredibly good news so delighted the survivors that they became a little hysterical. The settlers took them to the house of Mynheer Christopher Roostoff, fed them with bread and milk, treated them with every hospitality and enabled health gradually to be restored. From their kind hosts came the information that this was the twenty-ninth of November, so that the dolorous odyssey had lasted for a hundred and seventeen days. They had reached the site where Port Elizabeth to-day stands. Roostoff killed a sheep for their entertainment, and in due course it was decided to send the travellers on to the Cape. The boy Price was, however, detained for the present as he was too lame. A Dutch cart (such as one used to associate with the Boer War of the last century), drawn by half a dozen horses, carried the recovered travellers from one settlement to another until they reached Swellendam, a hundred and twenty miles east of the Cape. Here they were detained by the Governor of the Cape's orders, for at this time England and Holland were in a state of war.

It seemed a little hard that this further misfortune should be added to a long list of inconveniences, but after some delay Wormington and Leary were permitted to proceed. They were strictly interrogated, and then had the mortification of being sent aboard a Dutch man-of-war lying in the bay; with them were sent orders that they should be set to work. Wormington's mind became so active that, when he discovered

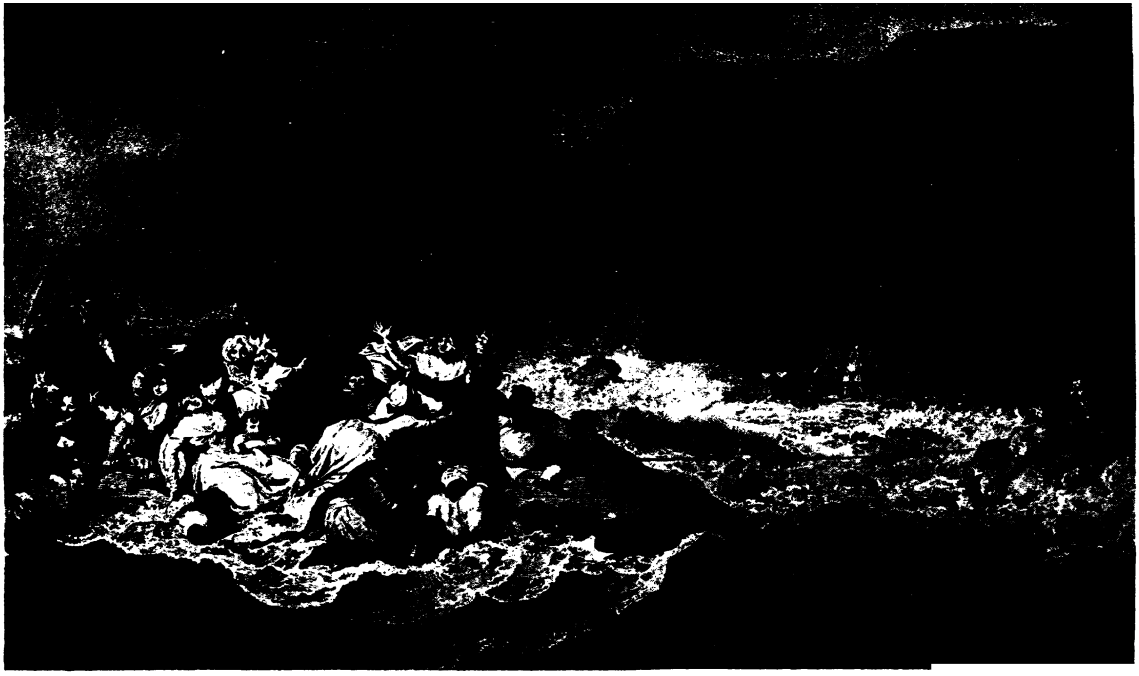
that the man-of-war's boatswain was engaged in some fraudulent practices, he threatened to act as informer and expose him. This gave the Dutchman such a shock that he resolved to let his prisoners escape. Placing Wormington and Leary in a boat, he sent them across to a Danish East Indiaman that happened just then to be getting under way for Europe. Thus, after some further weeks, the two Englishmen reached their native land.

The story must not end without a tribute to the humanity of the Dutch South Africans. It will be recollected that in 1652 the Cape had been taken possession of by the Dutch East India Company, who pursued a policy of exclusiveness, and that British occupation did not begin until the year 1795, or thirteen years after the *Grosvenor's* wreck. Now, in spite of the fact that we had declared war against Holland in 1780, and in the following year defeated them in a sea battle off the Dogger Bank; notwithstanding that the Treaty of Versailles did not come until 1783, it is a great credit to our late enemies that, on hearing of the *Grosvenor's* disaster from the survivors, a large party was despatched in the hope of rescuing any stragglers left behind.

For this purpose an expedition of a hundred Europeans and three hundred Hottentots, attended by many wagons drawn by eight bullocks, went forth east with orders to reach the wreck if possible, to load up with such articles as had been salved, and to bring back any survivors. Accompanying the excursion went De Lasso and Evans, Hynes being too ill for

such an undertaking. Some opposition was encountered with the Kaffirs, but Thomas Lewis, who had been left behind by the southern party; William Hatherly, who had been servant to Mr. Shaw, the second mate; one other white man; seven Lascars; and two black women who had been servants to Mrs. Logie (wife of the second mate) and to Mrs. Hosea (one of the passengers) were picked up. Thus the bullock wagons were able to return to Swellendam with three white men, seven Lascars, two black women, besides the boy Price, the Italian De Lasso and Evans. The coloured people were detained at Swellendam, but the English were sent on to the Cape, whence, after interrogation, they reached England in a Danish vessel, Price being landed at Weymouth, but the others being first taken on to Copenhagen. Such was the ending to an event which took place in that same eventful year when Rodney gained his memorable victory at the Battle of the Saints.

But the story of *Grosvenor* has quite recently acquired a fresh interest, a hundred and forty-five years after her disaster. First of all there has been the intention of trying to salve some of the bullion which formed so valuable a part of her cargo, and in South Africa much discussion has centred round the possibility of these efforts succeeding. Still more intriguing is the investigation which has been conducted by Herr C. Redsted Pedersen, a Danish ethnologist, who among the native villages of Pondoland has found a number of sad-eyed, pale-skinned negroes in the hinterland of the point where *Grosvenor* was wrecked. These mysterious



WRECK OF THE *GROSVENOR* (729 TONS)

people are reputed to have a shy, aloof manner, and features more refined and regular than their comrades. It is said that some are so pale that they might be taken for South Europeans, and that their manners are strikingly restrained.

The inference has been made that these are descendants from Captain Coxson's party, which decided to go inland, and contained among others Mrs. Logie, Mrs. James and Mrs. Hosea. At any rate, it is an historical fact that no information was ever received of this party from the time the schism occurred. When one considers the treatment which the survivors of the southern party experienced, it is quite permissible to assume that Captain Coxson and every male were put to death, or had died of smallpox. It is equally possible that the white women were saved, but forced into marriage with Kaffirs. At any rate, there is the assertion that Colonel Gordon, trekking up the coast some years later, was informed by some natives of a white lady with a black baby, over which she frequently wept; that she was living with a chief up country, and that when a message was sent by Gordon offering her rescue should she so desire, no reply came back. There is also a Dutch tradition that dread of humiliation in returning to civilisation, and a sense of shame, effectually prevented more than one lady from thus revealing the tragic truth. Whether some day hidden in the ground, the hollow of a tree, the darkness of a cave or elsewhere, will ever be found the secret journal relating the story of terror, of massacre and vile treatment, who can tell? This is one of those gaps in

history that arouse theories which will continue till the last ship has sailed the seas and the last African has returned to mother earth. But the possibility that some day a mysterious and unusual "white" negro, entirely different from the well-known albinoes produced by a coloured race, may without consciousness of British descent be at grips with some Englishman of the same family that mourned a relative in the *Grosvenor*—this is one of those situations from which a great drama might be developed in some author's fertile brain.

CHAPTER VI

THE NORTHERN VENTURE

THE story of Canada, as everyone knows, begins as far back as 1534, when Jacques Cartier landed on the Gaspé shore of Quebec. After the long generations of struggle between England and France, the latter by the year 1763 retained only the Canadian islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the Newfoundland coast. The rest had been ceded to England.

Below the city of Quebec the mighty St. Lawrence broadens out into a colossal estuary, and empties itself into the Atlantic through the Belle Isle Straits, north of Newfoundland; the Cabot Straits, between Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island; with a small opening, called the Gut of Canso, which separates Cape Breton Island from Nova Scotia. This part of the world is notorious for its bad weather, and in winter the St. Lawrence is closed to traffic by ice. Cape Breton Island is a hundred and ten miles long and eighty-five miles wide, and it will suffice if we think of it as broken up by ranges of hills, its shores indented with bays, and (on the east side) with one great sea lake, called the Bras d'Or. It was not until 1763 that this island, too, became British; but there were scarcely any emigrants settling there until 1800 and onwards. Therefore, at the date of the following narrative, the native Indians were the principal inhabitants. The rugged scenery, the lonely grandeur of untamed nature, the heavy seas and violent gales,

are the setting for one of the best adventure yarns belonging to this period.

On the 17th November, 1780, the brigantine *St. Lawrence* was lying in the basin at Quebec, when there joined her as passenger Ensign S. W. Prenties, who was to sail in her to New York with despatches from General Haldimand, Commander-in-Chief of Quebec. The brigantine got under way and dropped down the river as far as Patrick's Hole harbour, on the islands of Orleans, in company with a schooner. Head winds caused a delay here for six days, at the end of which frost had set in, and already ice was beginning to form in the St. Lawrence. The fair wind came on 24th November; both ships weighed and proceeded as far down the estuary as Brandy Pots islands, some hundred and twenty miles below Quebec. Those old-fashioned two-masters were never much good beating to windward, and the breeze now shifting to north-east, they both anchored again.

The rate of progress thus far had been distinctly slow, the severe cold was adding to the discomforts, and now it was discovered that the brigantine was leaking so badly that the pump had to be kept going all the time. Once more a shift of wind enabled them to continue the voyage, and in this manner they reached the large island of Anticosti, which marks the St. Lawrence mouth. But here they were held up for four days by an easterly breeze, beating to and fro between the island and Cape Roziere; and during this unprofitable period the leak became so much worse that another pump had to be rigged. Whilst the hands

were busy on both pumps, the ice was forming around the ship fast, and it was only by cutting and breaking vast quantities of frozen masses from the sides of the hull that the brigantine made any advance. Aboard her were a crew of thirteen, as well as six passengers, all of whom took it in turns to keep the cascade flowing. But there soon came a time when everyone was too fatigued to toil incessantly with hands and arms.

The seamen were a poor lot; the captain was one of those dissolute, worthless fellows with no sense of leadership, totally unfit to have a command; and when things now began to look awkward he took to drink and his bunk, where he remained. On the 29th the wind flew round to north-west, so the brigantine carried on into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but there were two feet of water in the hold and the breeze went on hardening until the 1st December, when it was blowing a real north-west gale. The crew were now so worn out and so despairing of ever gaining on the leak, that when they saw the two feet in the hold had risen to four they assured themselves it was useless to contend any longer. Being convinced that they would never reach port, and the skipper having taken no interest in their welfare, the foremast men mutinied and agreed unanimously not to work the pumps. Ever since the 17th they had toiled hard and unavailingly, but now they were quite indifferent to their fate.

In such crises as this the situation naturally falls into the hands of the person with the greatest character and

the strongest initiative. Prenties, although a soldier, realised that in spite of his ignorance of seafaring he must exercise his will over the ship's control, and that if the pumps were still neglected they would all be swimming about the icy waters of the Gulf. By tactful persuasion at first, and by the promise of a pint of wine to each man, he prevailed on them to try again; but even after one-quarter of an hour's delay the water had gained another foot, so the outlook was less encouraging than ever. The men toiled heartily, enthused by the ration of wine issued every half-hour, and when a couple of hours had sped by there were less than three feet in the hold. The captain was still in his cabin, drunk and incapable. On the 2nd and 3rd of December the gale seemed to get worse as the two ships ran before it. The ice formed round them obstinately, until a free passage was cut by saws and axes, and then the leak began to get the upper hand. The schooner, also, was badly leaking, for on her way down she had struck the rocks on an island, and, to make matters a little worse, snow began to fall. In an effort to keep in touch with each other, a gun was fired every half-hour through the blinding flakes, but at last the schooner ceased to answer. She had foundered with all her sixteen people.

On the 4th December the gale had risen in its wrath prodigiously, and the seas were alarmingly high. The men, now exhausted utterly, had allowed the water in the hold to reach five feet, and there was a new anxiety in regard to the ship's position. The only seafarer of any ability aboard was the first mate, and

according to his reckoning the brigantine could not be far from the Magdalen Islands, a rocky cluster midway between Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, and lying very close to the ship's course. Having run before the north-wester without opportunity of getting a fix, there was a fair chance that the *St. Lawrence* would suddenly crash before the danger was sighted.

The mate was correct. In two hours they heard the sea breaking; Deadman Isle (one of the group) just showed up under the lee, but after great difficulty and uncertainty the danger was weathered. Suspense was hardly relieved, for there came a heavy fall of snow, and through the midst of smaller islands the vessel sailed on as if blindfold. Among passengers and crew perturbation grew as the night settled down; the seas became higher, and everyone expected the brigantine to be pooped. At five in the morning one wave did come aboard aft with such vehemence that it stove in the deadlights, filled the cabin, and, fortunately, washed the captain out of his bed. But the sternpost had also been damaged by the seas, new leaks manifested themselves, and an effort was made to stop crevices with small pieces of beef. Such ingenuity was without benefit, and when, after some further persuasion, the men went to work, the very pumps themselves refused to move. They were frozen solid!

Very shortly the ship became full of water, and would have gone down altogether had it not been for her cargo of wood. There followed, accordingly, a mad race straight before the wind, with Cape Breton Island

somewhere to leeward, and if they missed that there was the wide Atlantic in which to go down. So frequently was she swept by the swishing seas that only one man was allowed on deck, and he had to be lashed to the helm, lest he should be lost overboard. The snow fell so thickly that the masthead was invisible, and this was all the less comforting when a look-out for the approaching shore was so needed. For the reckoned distance had been already run, and Cape Breton Island could not be far away. Gradually the waves grew shorter and broke more steeply; gulls and ducks confirmed the approach, but the *St. Lawrence* was running under only her close-reefed foretopsail, which happened to be new and of the strongest canvas.

There was some argument between the first mate and captain. The latter tried to brace about the fore-yard, bring her to, and claw off the land; but when it was observed that ropes and blocks were frozen with ice and the gear would not render, the captain resumed the original course and the water now changed its colour. The weather had continued thick until one p.m., when it instantly cleared, revealing land nine miles ahead. Through the shoaling water and breakers across a reef without so much as touching, but taking on board sea after sea, the vessel leapt towards a sandy beach, which was deliberately chosen. When sixty yards short of the shore the *St. Lawrence* at last struck the ground heartily, so that the mainmast was jerked out of its step, and then the foremast also. Everyone was expectant, but the deal boards in the hold, being tightly packed together, allowed the masts no sort of

play, so the spars did not disappear over the side. The rudder, however, became unshipped and nearly killed a seaman.

As the brigantine lay there on this lee shore amid the frothy surf, with the seas breaking over her and the swell lifting her several feet nearer the beach, the passengers and crew remained on deck hanging on by the shrouds, lest they should be washed over the side. The keel was fractured, and the ship was likely to break in pieces at any moment. The boat was next got out, but with difficulty, owing to the circumstances. Nor did it help matters that some of the crew were stupidly drunk. When the vessel swung round, broadside to wind, something of a lee was afforded the boat. The booming, smashing seas were alarming and caused hesitation; but Prenties called for volunteers, and he was answered only by the first mate, two sailors, a boy passenger and Prenties's own servant.

It was now colder than ever, and their clothes were white with ice, but they managed to launch the boat; an axe and saw were put in, and then Prenties jumped first, followed by his servant and the first mate. The boy, unfortunately, in taking a leap fell into the sea. Although he was dragged out and hauled into the boat, he caught such a chill that he became ill. When the two sailors had jumped in, the boat shoved off. It was only a matter of forty yards to the beach, but when about half-way a wave overtook them, filling the boat; but the next drove them up on to dry land.

It was impracticable to do anything at present for those left aboard. Night was now coming on; the

gale was shrieking and tearing. Prenties and his companions were stiff with cold, and waded waist high through the snow to the shelter of a thick wood two hundred and fifty yards away. This certainly did keep off some of the north-west wind, but they badly longed for a fire to thaw their limbs. True, they had thought of this before coming ashore, and had put a tinder-box in the boat, but the water had rendered it useless for the time being. Whilst they remained standing they froze, so they exercised to keep their circulation going. The problem now was to remain awake, lest they should never wake up. Prenties himself only succeeded by walking about. The boy, quite overcome, had flopped to the ground and refused to be roused. When, half an hour later, Prenties came back from his walk he placed his hand on the boy's face and found it cold.

Turning to the first mate, "Why, I believe he's dead," the Ensign remarked.

To their surprise the boy opened his lips and replied that he was still alive, but would be gone very shortly. Ten minutes later the breath left his body for ever.

Three of the men now became drowsy, and in spite of repeated exhortations lay down. Prenties was determined to save them against themselves if it could be done, so he broke off a tree branch. The first mate did the same, and they kept continually beating the three till sleep was impossible. Daylight returned, the men complained that the cold had taken from them almost all feeling, and when the Army officer made them pull down their stockings and examined their

legs, he found that they were frozen half-way up. Even on rubbing them with snow there was no improvement.

As to the *St. Lawrence*, she had now shifted a little nearer the shore, so that by low water the distance was small. He therefore got those on board to throw a rope after it had been secured to the jib-boom, and the men one by one lowered themselves. Watching a chance in the waves, all managed to reach shore with the exception of a passenger, by trade a carpenter (who had been drunk since the previous night), and another passenger named Captain Green. The latter had fallen asleep and been frozen to death. The ship's own skipper had been sufficiently awake to escape, and sufficiently sensible to bring off in his pocket material for making a fire; so that before long there was a welcome blaze which certainly brought warmth, but also excruciating pains as the party's frozen limbs began to thaw. The second night passed, and that old relentless demon, hunger, began its tortures. In the morning they went down to the beach in the hope of rescuing the carpenter, whose voice could be heard; but the sea was now far too bad to have the boat launched. They waited till the next low water; tried to get him by the jib-boom and salved him, but he was terribly weak and frozen about the limbs.

The gale continued its indulgence during the 7th and 8th December, and during the night of the 8th–9th the brigantine went to pieces from the stern to the mainmast. This was rather a piece of good fortune, in that it enabled them to gather certain articles of food

that came ashore. Some pieces of beef, for instance, had been hanging over the stern and now were most welcome finds. Some onions also floated off. And thus after four days the shipwrecked were able to break their fast. Out of the seventeen that now survived, only Prenties and the mate were capable of any active exertion, but the sense of leadership was still maintained, and they were resolved to fight against despair.

As the hull broke, many deal planks were washed up, of which they carried two hundred and fifty into the wood, and late that night they had completed a rough hut twenty feet by ten. It was reckoned, too, that about 250 lbs. of salt beef and a considerable amount of onions had been safely gathered, but these were rationed to ¼ lb. beef and four onions daily to each man. This was little enough for sustaining vigour in such cold, but the future was ominously uncertain, nor were they perfectly convinced that this was Cape Breton Island. At last, on 11th December, the gale abated. The boat was launched, the wreck was visited, and hatches were opened in the hope of getting some more food. But three men toiled for a whole day, and in spite of using an axe everything was so frozen in a solid lump of ice that they made little headway. Luckily on the next day weather conditions were still favourable; they cut away part of the deck and extricated two casks of onions, a small barrel of beef, three barrels of apples, a quarter-cask of potatoes, a bottle of oil (useful for alleviating sores), another axe, a large iron pot for cooking, two camp kettles, and 12 lbs. of tallow candles.

Not without some hindrance these stores were brought off to the hut, where they were received with great joy, and on the following day were put away in a corner of this rude dwelling. There had evidently been some trickery before leaving Quebec, for the apple casks contained no fruit, but bottles of Canadian balsam. The food ration was increased by the addition of four onions; and after the men had cut from the jib-boom as much canvas as could be obtained from the frozen headsails, they made this serve as a roof for their home. Considering all things, life was now tolerably comfortable, but the sores of the frost-bitten men began to mortify, and then their toes, as well as fingers, began to rot off.

The carpenter-passenger had now lost the greater portion of his feet. In the night he became delirious, and next day he died. His shipmates covered his body with snow and tree branches, having neither spade nor pickaxe to dig a grave in the iron-bound ground. On the 17th the second mate also became delirious and expired. Prenties took this philosophically, as he was looking ahead to the time when their food would have been entirely consumed. "Lucky these men died," he reasoned. "Otherwise we should have been reduced one day to killing and devouring each other."

Existence in the hut became more than unpleasant to those of sensitive feelings, and the very surroundings seemed designed to stifle hope. The sight of loathsome vermin issuing from the men's sores, the groans of the sufferers, the foul atmosphere, the chilly clasp of winter outside, the sound of the restless surf breaking

on the sands, the diminishing supplies of food—every circumstance conspired to intensify the misery. And on the 20th of the month died one more sailor, but the first mate and Prenties were chiefly concerned with a desire to discover whether any traces could be seen of inhabitants. It may at once be said that this was, indeed, Cape Breton Island, on whose north-west side they had landed uncertainly. If only some habitant could be located, or at least foot-prints, or a discarded habitation, there would be some encouragement. To remain here inactive was unthinkable, yet no one was in a fit condition to do much else.

On Christmas Eve Prenties and the first mate walked ten or twelve miles up the bank of a noble river, and saw definite evidence of human existence; for some trees had evidently been cut by hand and there still existed a wigwam. Nothing more consoling could be disclosed, so they returned home scarcely joyful. And then it was Prenties realised that the dissolute captain of the brigantine, aided by two of his sailors, had, during this absence, consumed large quantities of beef and onions. It was an additional worry that mutual trust could not be relied on, and henceforth it would not be possible for Ensign Prenties to be away simultaneously with the first mate.

When the day arrived that only six weeks' provisions remained, it was decided to give up all hopes of ever coming across the Indians whose deserted wigwam had been seen. The inevitable conclusion presented itself that any hope of salvation depended on quitting this exposed beach; and the only means was to employ

the boat. They would take with them as many survivors as possible, search for human inhabitants, and then either come back or send succour to such as should be compelled to remain at the hut. On examining the boat it was perceived that owing to the battering by the surf she had opened every seam. They had no pitch; they tried caulking with dry oakum and failed. They then thought of the balsam, and after boiling it in the kettle covered the boat's bottom in such a way that the crevices appeared to be stopped.

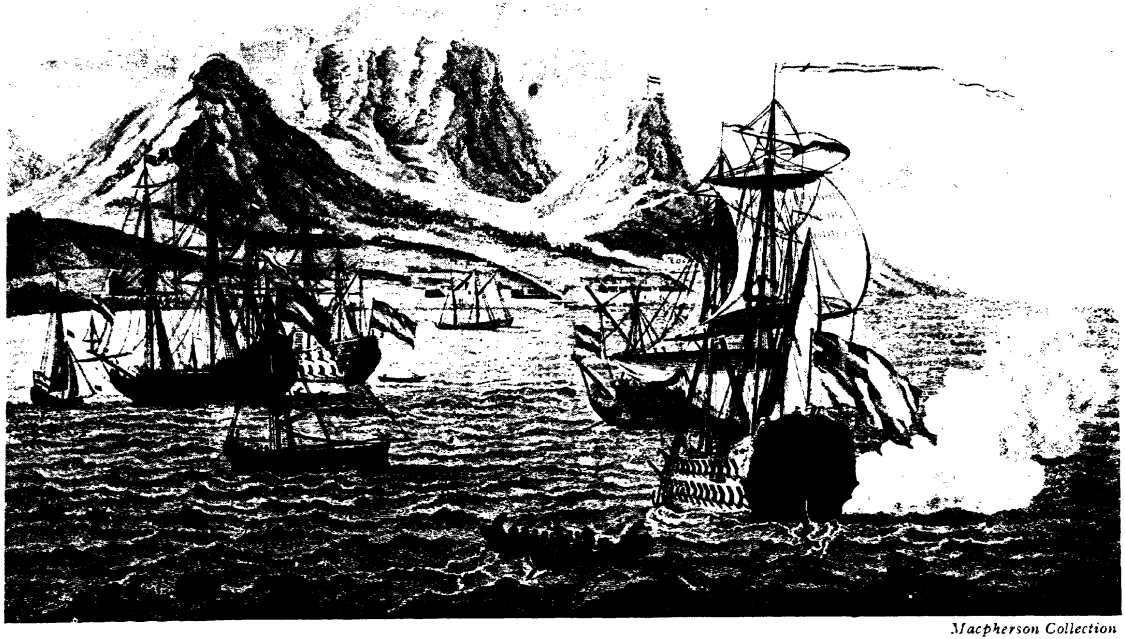
A small mast and sail were then made, and by New Year's Day she was ready for sea, though hardly seaworthy for winter work off a shore accustomed to almost incessant blows from the north-west and west. It was further concluded that the number of voyagers should be limited to six, viz., Prenties, the first mate, the unsatisfactory skipper, two sailors and Prenties's servant. Shoe-leather had been worn to pieces, but they made themselves moccasins of canvas, a stitching needle being fashioned out of a pewter spoon. To each man of this party were given two pairs; the provisions were divided among those departing and those who should remain behind on the basis of ¼ lb. daily for six weeks.

On 4th January the wind was propitious, but the ice blocked the way until the afternoon, when the boat set off. They had made good only eight miles, when the wind trickily went round to the south-east. The boat was rowed to a deep bay just a mile further, hauled ashore, a fire was lit, wood cut for the night, and a temporary wigwam made of some pine-branches. This

was a fine sandy beach with little snow, and they regarded themselves as quite fortunate. It was noticed that some small pieces of wood cast on the shore by the tide had evidently been cut with an axe; and from this observation Prenties, to whose account I am indebted, reasoned that there might most likely be people dwelling near at hand. Taking with him a couple of men, he went to explore.

Now that part of the world is famous for its fisheries; Cape Breton Island, the Magdalen group, and Newfoundland being all favoured off the coast by cod. Actually, Prenties came across the remains of a Newfoundland fishing boat, and this increased their expectation. They walked on, sighted a few houses half a mile away, only to find these were the remains of some old sheds built for curing codfish, but abandoned apparently years ago. This negative information came as a terrible disappointment, and they returned to their companions with only a few cranberries as the best palliative.

A north-westerly gale prevented resumption of the voyage, and during the night of 7th January, Prenties noticed the strange phenomenon that, although the wind was blowing harder than ever, the sea appeared to have gone down altogether. He called the first mate, and on going down to the beach they quickly understood. The sea was entirely covered with ice. After three days the wind came off the land and considerately blew the ice clear to leeward, so that when they hoisted sail again they made excellent progress in moderate weather and smooth water. Their general



Macpherson Collection

SHIPPING OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
Late eighteenth century.

direction was about north, and the south-easter suited them splendidly. A long way ahead they could see a continuous precipice skirting high-water mark, but landing places were conspicuously few. All this beaching of a heavy boat every day had caused her to be damaged, so that she needed constant bailing; it was the old *St. Lawrence* trouble again on a small scale.

They found one gravel beach, where they bivouacked; but their enemy, the north-west gale, confined them here for eight days, where the steep-to cliffs provided no fuel for warmth, and the snow fell heavily. At the first opportunity the boat was capsized on the beach and examined. The balsam had all gone. There were several nasty holes in the bottom, and these quite defeated the men, as they had no repairing materials. This caused them to rely on travelling by other means as the only alternative. Prenties and the first mate walked some distance over ice by the shore, but they saw nothing better than the entrance to a river with a fine sandy beach, and finally they felt that they must still rely on their boat, somehow. Distress was the mother of ingenuity, so after stopping the seams with oakum they threw over it water. This promptly froze, till every seam was quite tight, and they were mightily pleased. Still more satisfied were they when, after launching the boat carefully, the leak had apparently taken up.

Past barren precipices they persisted slowly northward; sometimes sailing, sometimes under the four oars, they made good a dozen miles a day, and hoped

for a sandy beach about six in the evening. The boat would be hauled up with care, the oars as rollers laid below the keel; and then a few hastily-cut branches would shelter them till morning, whilst the fire crackled and glowed in front. But all this work and exposure were diminishing their health; and then came a shower of rain, which unkindly melted the ice off the seams, thus detaining them until the next frost. Provisions were getting low, but they trapped a partridge, which they boiled in melted snow and salt water.

On some days they covered not more than half a dozen miles, owing to wind, sea or ice. In the latter case, one man remained forward with a pole clearing the bows; whilst on days when the temperature of the sea was warmer and the seams leaked, one of them was busy all the time bailing with the kettle. By the first week of February they had reached Cape North, that extremity of Cape Breton Island where the precipitous land stands as the southern sentinel of Cabot Strait, facing Newfoundland; while in the middle distance rose before their tired eyes the lonely island of St. Paul. Cape North held out to them no practicability of landing, so they rounded it, wallowing in the Atlantic swell, with a nasty sea setting across from Newfoundland, thus placing them again on a leeshore. They were constrained to lower sail and take to the oars, and through the night, until five the next morning, they rowed, hugging the rocks, till at last a beach was espied in the dark. It was white with surf and dangerous, but that could not be helped. On they

pulled, getting pooped for their labours, but they just rushed her up on the beach, hurried themselves into the woods, kindled a fire and then lay down on the ground weak, wet, sleepy and hungry.

In the morning, as they looked out over the sixty-mile Cabot Strait, with the last of their provisions all consumed and no hope of getting supplies, Prenties and the first mate faced the ugly situation, and reluctantly concluded that one of the company must be sacrificed as food for the rest. Lots should be cast for selecting the victim, but this awful moment should be postponed as long as possible, and for the present. Looking about them they discovered oyster shells, but these had a mere tantalising effect when found to be empty. That day their food consisted of two quarts of wild rosebuds, after removing the snow.

When they started off again, they were impeded somewhat by ice, and when the time came for landing Prenties unfortunately dropped the tinder-box in the water, so making the essential fire an impossibility. Not to be beaten, they went all the way back to their last camping-place, with the hope of finding the fire still burning. The ice had frozen till it was almost solid, but they broke through it and were rewarded on seeing the fire not quite out; it was symbolical of their own spirits and physical strength. Down the eastern coast they carried on painfully and slowly, sometimes doing eight miles a day, until the wind and sea drove them ashore; but bad luck still pursued them, as when two of the four oars were washed overboard in the surf and floated away.

It was now to be a race against fate and hunger. They were so weak from fasting that they could barely row, and when they landed at night they could only just stand. There is something curiously intriguing when we think of a few rosebuds alone restraining civilised men from the necessity of cannibalism. Milder weather brought rain and opened seams, so the serious leaks meant an early landing; but diligent search revealed no more buds. There were still a dozen tallow candles, which had been tried for stopping the seams, but one of these was now used as food. By the 18th February they came to a sandy beach with flat country beyond. To-day they had made only five miles, and they knew that for lack of strength they could go no further, so they went ashore to die. Too debilitated to haul up the boat, they left her at the mercy of the waves, and after clearing away the snow at the entrance of a wood they cut small pine branches, made a fire, and even gathered a pint of buds.

Death and six men were now approaching each other rapidly. The latter knew it well enough, but they piled up a big fire, and the sea hurled their boat up the beach at the top of a gale. There were no more buds, and only a couple of tallow candles. So weak were they that they could no longer use the axe, and had to creep about in turns, breaking off for firewood the rotten branches that lay on the ground. The fire got lower and lower for lack of attention; it was just keeping them from being frozen. A little kelp-weed was boiled in melted snow with a candle mixed. For a time they seemed satisfied by this horrible menu, but

within a couple of hours they were all vomiting, so that they became exhausted.

On 22nd February they again boiled kelp and candle, with the same ill effect on their stomachs. During the next few days, the candles being all gone, they existed on boiled kelp alone. They began to swell alarmingly all over their bodies, yet hunger made the sea-weed still acceptable. After a few more days they were so swollen as almost to be deprived of sight, and now Prenties realised that the desperate time for cannibalism was come. He talked the matter over, found that some of them objected to the casting of lots, yet concurred in the necessity for one man being sacrificed in preservation of the rest. Finally it was agreed that as one of them was in any case likely to die naturally before the others, and since this fellow was responsible for the whole of their troubles, and had been most remiss in exerting himself ever since the shipwreck, he should be the one to suffer death that the other five might live. Thus it was that the reprobate captain was condemned, but for the present he should not be informed. Prenties was in nowise more kindly disposed to him than before reaching the island. Evidently the wily old skipper had been guilty of deception at Quebec, for, after the brigantine broke up, Prenties found among the ship's papers that whilst the pretended destination of the ship was New York, she was actually bound for the West Indies, and passage money had been accepted fraudulently. And if the contemplation were not so revolting, one might almost smile at the infuriated

crew planning to make meal of the skipper's pampered body.

But on 28th February, whilst they were lying about the fire, something wonderful and startling happened. There was a sound—something was moving in the woods behind—there were voices—they were human—and presently two Indians appeared with guns in their hands. Those of the boat party who could rise, advanced; but when the Indians regarded these strange, unkempt men with their dishevelled hair, their long beards, their limbs swollen to a prodigious size, their eyes almost invisible, the front of their clothes all tattered, and the rest almost burnt off their backs, they started back in amazement. As to the white men, some wept, other laughed like children, but all became light-headed. It was the first happy occurrence since the middle of November.

Prenties grasped an Indian's hand, shook it heartily for a long time, and indicated the desire for friendship. Was it surprising to find these natives able to speak a little broken French, and inclined to show sympathy? Well, they happened to be Roman Catholic Christians, and not heathens. They had become converted by the Jesuit Fathers during the period of the French occupation; that is to say, before 1763. The two men, after asking particulars and whence the English had come, began to render assistance. Taking an axe, one of them cut down wood and piled up the fire before going off for three hours with his companion; and when the pair returned round the point in a bark canoe they had brought smoked venison, with a

bladder of seal oil. Thus, at the end of one hundred and fifty miles by water, the six wayfarers were allowed to eat sparingly, yet with thankfulness; and then three of them were invited to accompany the Indians to their hut, some five miles away. This suggestion was accepted, and the travellers were taken from the shore another mile inland, where, in a wood, there was an Indian habitation with wigwams, women and children. Presently the canoe came back for the other three, and now the rescued party were treated with every consideration and given food; but meat was wisely withheld till their health permitted. The Indians even succeeded in reducing the swellings.

Thus snatched from the brink of death into life, Prenties's people were not unmindful of their comrades left behind by the *St. Lawrence* wreck on the other side of the island. The Indians listened to the description of the place and were able to identify it, but it was many miles distant, through difficult paths, across rivers and over mountains. Quite reasonably they indicated that if the journey was undertaken they must expect from the white men some compensation for having left their hunting. Prenties then rather foolishly showed the natives that in his purse were a hundred and eighty guineas. This aroused great interest, and the Ensign presented one guinea to each woman. An agreement was made that the Indians should set off next day for the scene of the brigantine's wreck, payment being fifty guineas, of which half was to be made at their departure and the balance when the natives returned. Moccasins and snowshoes were

now made, but the sight of that money had made the primitive Indians revert to avarice. Instead of kindly friends they became mercenary, and demanded ten times the value of every little necessary which the white men had to purchase.

But the three Indians set out across the island as promised, the days passed on, while the English invalids gradually were able to digest the flesh of moose deer, and then to recover some of their wasted strength. At the end of a fortnight's absence the Indians returned with three men, who were the sole survivors, the other five having perished miserably, for this is what happened. After the eight men had consumed all the beef which the boat party left behind, sustenance was for a time obtained from the flesh of deer. When this gave out, three of the eight died of hunger, and the other five were still living on the flesh of dead shipmates when the three Indians suddenly arrived. And then two more tragedies quite unnecessarily occurred. One of the Englishmen ate of the Indians' meat so ravenously that he died a few hours later in the greatest agony. Another man was fingering one of the Indians' guns and accidentally discharged it, thus shooting himself dead. Instead of nineteen who had started from Quebec there remained only nine, and these months of agony had made of them old men.

Not until the end of a further fortnight were they fit to travel, but the Indians charged them exorbitantly for their lodging. And then for the sum of forty-five pounds Prenties made a compact whereby the Indian

should conduct six of them to a settlement which existed on Spanish River, some fifty miles away, where the party could remain till spring and then go by boat to Halifax. As part of this contract the Indians were to conduct to Halifax Prenties, his faithful servant, and a young passenger named Winslow, who had been one of the three survivors from the party left at the wreck. With provisions sufficient for fifteen days, and each of them carrying four pairs of Indian shoes, Prenties's contingent began their south-westerly progress on 2nd April. Through virgin woods, by romantic lakes, over crisp snow they tramped until they were able to purchase an Indian bark canoe for five pounds, together with a couple of sleds on which to drag the canoe over the ground.

Sometimes they paddled over the waters of some huge inlet when the ice permitted, at other times they had a heavy time dragging the canoe through six-foot snow just beginning to thaw. On other days they found themselves floating gaily on separate bits of ice. A 600-lb. deer was shot, and thus they were well stocked with provisions; and with the worst of the winter now passing, the clear, brisk air, the marvellous scenery around the so-called "Lake" Brad d'Or, they floated along peacefully. After fifty miles down this great gulf that occupies the heart of Cape Breton Island they reached St. Peter's, and in this port at the southern end of the island they were at last once more in touch with civilisation. Here, indeed, were settled four or five English and French families, and considerable fishing had been prospering until the unfortunate

American War had broken out. But the American privateers had not merely prevented the industry from being continued, but had driven all the settlers away from Louisburg, that magnificent harbour on the north-east side of the island.

It was now the 20th April, 1781. England and America were engaged in a desperate struggle for the future development of North-American progress. France, Spain and Holland had all recognised the American States' independence. There was fighting on land as well as sea. Prenties's duty as a soldier was to waste no time, but get in touch with his own service as soon as possible; and since the last thing that must happen should be capture by the enemy, he cancelled his original intention of sailing from St. Peter's to Halifax in a fishing vessel, as he would certainly have been picked up by one of the privateers. In this dilemma, having crossed in his canoe part of the passage in the Gut or Strait of Canso (separating Cape Breton Island from Nova Scotia), Prenties pluckily continued his voyage in this frail, open boat. Floating ice endangered them temporarily, so he hired a small vessel strong enough to resist the pressure, hauled the canoe on baord, and thus reached the Nova Scotian shore at Canso. But from there he coasted in the canoe all the time for ten days, so close to the beach as to elude enemies, and with the possibility of landing whenever necessary. Plenty of fish and lobsters were obtained, and the party fared all right, though to seaward they could perceive the privateers, which would readily have captured any larger craft. Prenties had

thus acted prudently in preferring marine risks in a fragile shell, and his procedure throughout all these months of anxiety is deserving of the highest praise, for he never forgot that his primary duty was to get those despatches through to New York. As an example of faithful duty and obedience to orders, this is one of the best examples to be set before any junior officer.

The canoe reached Halifax and the Indians were paid off and sent back, but Prenties had to wait two whole months before he could get a passage in the *Royal Oak*. From her he landed in New York and was able to produce, but in a very ragged condition, the documents which he had tied in his handkerchief and had secured about his waist shortly before the *St. Lawrence* struck Cape Breton Island. In accordance with instructions, these he handed to Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the British North-American Forces. As to the other six who had been left behind, they eventually came on to Halifax from Spanish River, but the notorious captain preferred to leave the continent and took passage thence to London, where he was lucky enough to get a job as Thames pilot. The excellent first mate, who had throughout behaved so splendidly, was given command of a ship that was bound to the West Indies.

CHAPTER VII

THE CALL OF THE WEST

THE beginning of the nineteenth century in England for those still young enough to have their imagination fired, and their aspirations dominated, was one of those periods in history that very clearly indicate the intimate connection between universal events and particular, individual results. For all Europe was occupied with war; the energies of her nations were being concentrated in a desire to destroy; the trend of history was being decided in a mighty struggle of wills; one political crisis followed closely after another; suspense and anxiety were everywhere; uncertainty was the only assured condition. The upheaval in France, the new light which startled the sleepy eighteenth century, the amazing series of events which followed in swift succession, the quickened pace of life, the isolation of England, the Napoleonic menace, the brilliant achievements of Nelson—these were some of the influences which inaugurated a different attitude towards life. And, in particular, all this talk about ships, sea exploits, voyages, which was listened to eagerly by lads in their own home; all the relations of gallant deeds afloat and interesting sights on foreign shores, had the definite effect of creating an enthusiasm for travel, for adventure, together with a tremendous desire to look at that wider world which commenced outside the home town or village.

In many respects the same personal consequences of European international struggle were repeated im-

mediately after the year 1918; there was the same restlessness and dissatisfaction, so that the old limitations could no longer be endured as before. Young men could find little attraction in a safe routine, but now must henceforth go in search of further adventure. Thus, whilst some who had fought in France, Gallipoli, Palestine now wandered over other countries to satisfy their eagerness, others who had served temporarily afloat made marvellous voyages in small craft across the oceans of the world. It is, indeed, one of the characteristics of history that it goes on repeating itself again and again; nor is there anything really surprising in this when we remember the immutability of human nature, the persistence of mind and emotions.

So, when we come to study the adventures of a young man whose moulding years were spent at the close of the eighteenth century, we can hardly wonder that his dominant trait was to get away in a ship to the other side of the globe, and finally settle down in a new country where opportunities were less restricted. This John R. Jewitt was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, on 21st May, 1783. His mother had died when he was an infant, and his father was the local blacksmith. Boston in Plantagenet times was one of the principal English ports, much used by the merchant ships of the Hanseatic League, but it has always suffered from the defects of its geographical position. It is situated four miles from the sea on the narrow River Witham, which explains instantly why Hull and Grimsby on the wider Humber have

long since taken away from Boston the North Sea fishing trawlers and moderate sized trading steamers. If we would picture young Jewitt's first environment, we must think of a somnolent market-town chiefly interested in agricultural matters, with its church-tower a conspicuous mark for the fishermen, or the sailing ships which came across from Scandinavia with timber.

Its Grammar School had been founded as far back as 1554, and John Jewitt was given a good education in such subjects as Latin, writing, reading, arithmetic, and even navigational theory, as well as surveying. After that it was intended to apprentice him to a surgeon. But John's sympathy for the present lay in a less ambitious direction, and he preferred to be taught his father's trade. However, a year later the father, realising that Boston commercially was too circumscribed, transferred his blacksmith's business to Hull, which was already one of the principal ports of the country and attracting a large number of the best trading-vessels, in addition to the whaling ships that used this as their base. Not merely from Northern Europe, but from North America, three-masted craft went sailing up with the strong Humber flood; and with all this coming and going there was a much better opportunity than Boston afforded for shipwork. Jewitt's father found himself employing quite a number of men making channel plates and doing the ironwork generally of the many ships which were here being built or repaired.

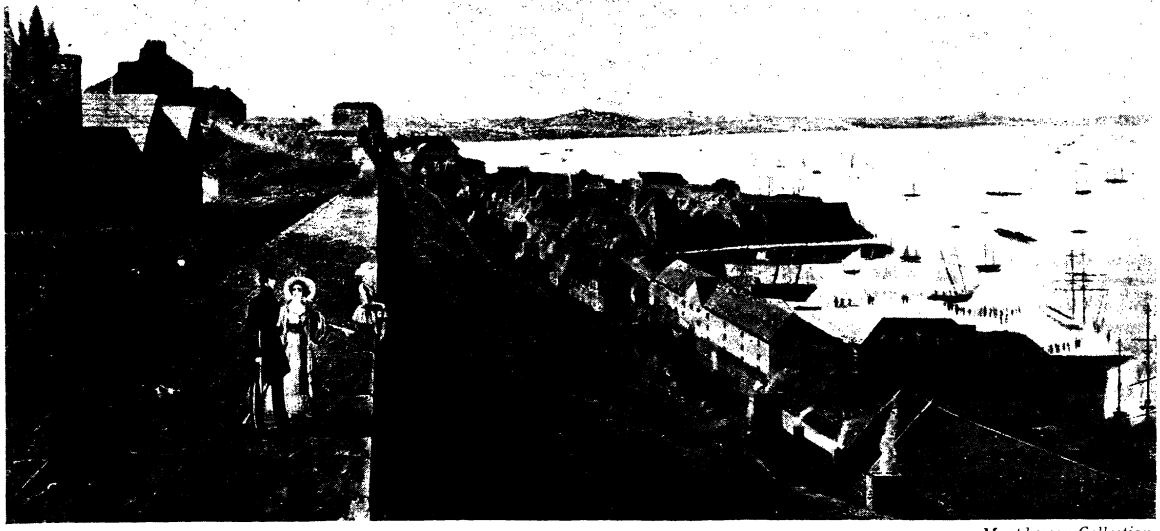
It followed naturally that through being sent aboard

one ship after another, John became acquainted with many a sailor and used to listen to their yarns. The cumulative effect of hearing all those wonderful stories about voyages and adventures, strange manners and customs of other nations, narrow escapes and thrilling situations, was that John himself was filled with a wild desire to travel and then settle down abroad. It was this first-hand testimony which had finally settled his inclination, though his imagination was already aflame through reading the voyages of Captain James Cook and other great navigators. Cook would especially appeal to him, seeing that he had been the son of a Yorkshire agricultural labourer, and had learned his seamanship in the North Sea and Baltic trades. The publication of such volumes as Hawkesworth's *Voyages* (in 1773), at a time when books were expensive and comparatively few people outside the wealthiest classes could read, had a very deep influence whenever they fell into the right hands.

Now, in order to appreciate the social condition in England at that time, one has to remember that there was every incentive for an ambitious young man to get away to a more suitable sphere, if it possibly could be done. Owing to the war the prices of food and clothes had risen, and a working man could not obtain one-half of the commodities which his labour had previously yielded him. Wheat, for instance, rose in 1801 to one hundred and eighty shillings a quarter, whereas in 1792 it had stood at only forty-seven shillings; and those were the days before the country relied on imported foreign grain. Labourers, such as

bricklayers, masons and carpenters, in England received not more than twenty-five shillings a week, and in Scotland even less than that. Unskilled labour was rewarded with eleven shillings in Scotland and fifteen shillings in England. Thus, when John Jewitt learned from the crews of American ships what a splendid opening there was in the New World for a young man of industry; and after this narration had gone on during four years, as one ship succeeded another, the blacksmith's son found the Western call irresistible.

The climax came in the summer of 1802, during the temporary peace between England and France. One day there sailed up the Humber the ship *Boston*, from and belonging to Boston, Massachusetts, her master being Captain John Salter. She had come across to take in a cargo of such goods as could be traded with the Indians of the north-west coast of North America, whence she would obtain furs and skins that she could sell to China. Now Captain Salter required some considerable repairs and alterations to the *Boston*, and got Jewitt's father to do the smith's work. Aboard the vessel were the chief officer, B. Delouisa by name, and W. Ingraham, second mate. The latter was about twenty years of age, and all three made themselves so popular that many an evening they were invited to Mr. Jewitt's house. Captain Salter had spent years at sea, had for a long period been in the East India trade, and, in fact, had sailed all over the globe. He was an excellent seaman, a strict disciplinarian, yet mild tempered, and altogether the kind of senior to whom a youth of



Macpherson Collection

CITY OF QUEBEC AS SEEN FROM THE PARAPET

healthy mind would discover considerable attraction. So keen and patient a listener did he find young Jewitt, that one day the old mariner jokingly asked, "John, how would you like to come away with me?"

The blacksmith's son at once replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure, and that for a long time he had wanted to visit foreign countries, especially America. This pleased the skipper, for he needed an expert smith as ship's armourer, the man he had at present being somewhat inefficient. When the matter was put to Mr. Jewitt, the latter at first withheld his permission, but eventually the son's pleading won, and approval was granted reluctantly. John was shipped as armourer at thirty dollars a month, and at the end of the voyage he was to settle down at his trade in Boston, North America.

After the vessel had been given an extensive refit, and been coppered, she took on board English cloth, sugar, molasses, twenty hogsheads of rum, the usual ship's stores, in addition to three thousand muskets, fowling-pieces, ammunition, and such articles from Holland as blankets, looking-glasses, beads, knives, razors. The *Boston* was, in fact, the largest, strongest and best-equipped ship with the most valuable cargo that had ever set forth for the north-west trade. After clearing the Humber she sailed through the North Sea to the Downs, where she anchored and waited for a fair wind down Channel; and in the meanwhile John settled down to his work with an iron forge erected on deck, whilst a corner of the steerage was

allotted to his bench, so that in bad weather he could carry on his job below.

It was on 3rd September, 1802, that a fair wind came, and the *Boston*, in company of twenty-four American ships, hove up anchor and sailed out of the Downs. It was a sight that to-day would thrill every beholder by sheer wonder at so vast a fleet manœuvring under canvas, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was not an unusual picture after a north-easterly wind had suddenly followed a long period of westerlies. The procession of all these old-time vessels along the coast is so beautiful a phenomenon to contemplate that one is filled with envy at the good fortune of our ancestors. For the first few days John Jewitt was too much occupied with sea-sickness to consider æsthetic joys, but he recovered and was soon working away at his forge repairing muskets or making such articles as daggers, knives and hatchets, which the Indians would be glad to receive in exchange for the furs.

With this work, lending a hand occasionally when required for taking in and making sail, the time went quickly, and at the end of twenty-nine days the *Boston* had crossed the South Atlantic to the Portuguese island of St. Catherine, on the coast of Brazil. Here four days were spent getting wood and water, oranges, plantains and bananas, after which the voyage south was resumed. The usual Cape Horn weather, with head winds and mighty seas, awaited them, so that before entering the Pacific they were beating about for thirty-six long days, after having sighted the

notorious Horn. It was not until 28th December that they were able to get round, but as they came up the west coastline the weather became fine, and a few days later they spoke a homeward-bound English South Sea whaling ship. In those days the oceans of the world were genuinely lonely, and this was the only vessel which the *Boston* sighted throughout the entire voyage from the time of leaving England.

There followed glorious days when the *Boston* ran before the south-east trade wind, and every sailor was in a state of supreme content. The weather was so steady and fine that for a whole fortnight they never reefed a topsail, and on Saturday nights the crew sat on deck listening to the ship's band. Porpoises were playing round the bows, and some good sport was obtained in harpooning them. The flesh was then cut into steaks, broiled, and eaten with relish, the taste being not unlike coarse beef. Finally, on 12th March, 1803, after having continued their long northern track, they made Woody Point, in Nootka Sound, in North America. Captain Salter had decided to enter the Sound for the purpose of obtaining wood and water before proceeding further up the coast and commencing trade. The chief officer was sent off with a boat's crew to find a good anchorage, and after a series of soundings had been taken the *Boston* was anchored in twelve fathoms, whilst a hawser was taken to the trees ashore. Nootka Island is off the west side of Vancouver, and Nootka Sound, which separates it from Vancouver Island, is about ten miles across. In 1788 an English settlement was

in existence there, but it was broken up by the Spaniards. Nootka village lay at the bottom of Friendly Cove on the north-west side, and comprised about twenty huts on a small hill with a gentle ascent from the shore. The small harbour, less than half a mile in width and length, is both good and safe, and no one could have blamed Captain Salter for his selection.

On the day after the ship's arrival some of the North American Indians came off with their chief, Maquina, in canoes, and were allowed on board. Maquina was a dignified, six-foot fellow, with a well-proportioned body, Roman nose, long black hair and a complexion the colour of dark copper, touched up with red paint. Dressed in dark sea-otter skins, his manner indicated that he was much pleased to welcome the visitors, and he was able to speak a few English words which he had learned from English and American vessels that occasionally arrived here to trade. Captain Salter treated Maquina with courtesy, took him into the cabin, and gave him a glass of rum with biscuits and molasses. In the meanwhile the *Boston's* waster casks were got ready by the cooper, and some of the crew were sent ashore to get fresh water, whilst other hands were engaged in cutting down pine trees and assisting the ship's carpenter to fashion the timber into spars. Others, again, remained on board refitting the rigging and repairing the sails.

Every day some of the natives would paddle alongside with fresh salmon, which were caught in great plenty, and would exchange the fish for some trifling articles. Captain Salter, whilst allowing the Indians

aboard, was always very careful first to see that they brought with them no arms. One night, however, he invited Maquina to dinner, and on being informed that there were plenty of wild duck and geese about, he made the chief a present of a double-barrelled fowling-piece. Now on 21st March all the watering and timbering had been completed, and the ship was almost ready for sea, when off came Maquina with a pair of wild ducks and the presentation gun. One of the locks had been broken, and Maquina told the captain quite bluntly that the gun was bad. Salter received this remark as an insult, and openly called Maquina a liar, following this up by seizing the gun and tossing it indignantly into the cabin. "Here, John," he called to Jewitt, "that fellow has broken this beautiful fowling-piece. You'd better see if you can mend it."

Nothing further occurred immediately. Maquina was clearly enraged, but controlled himself and went off shore. Next morning appeared the natives as usual with their salmon, and presently there came also Maquina with his chiefs and men. Maquina asked Salter when he proposed putting to sea, and the captain replied, "To-morrow." Maquina then said, "You love salmon? Much of it in Friendly Cove! Why not go ashore and catch some?" To the American skipper this suggestion seemed excellent, as it would mean food for some time during the continued voyage. He then talked the matter over with Delouisa, who promised to send part of the ship's crew ashore for that purpose, with a seine net, as soon as the men

had had their dinner. Salter having invited Maquina, together with the latter's chiefs, to dine on board; and nine of *Boston's* crew having gone with Delouisa in the jolly-boat and yawl; and the steward also having been landed to wash the captain's clothes, the fighting strength of the ship was thus considerably diminished, whilst the natives were decidedly powerful in respect of numbers. But the grave incident did not actually occur until about an hour later, when the boats returned.

Jewitt was down below in the steerage working at his bench, cleaning muskets, when he heard the hands hoisting in the boat. Immediately there followed a terrible confusion and wild noise. What had happened? Jewitt ran up the steerage stairs to see, but scarcely was his head above the deck than one of the Indians caught him by the hair and lifted him from his feet. Jewitt afterwards fell back into the steerage, but whilst so doing the Indian struck at the young man with an axe, causing a deep gash in the Englishman's forehead and even penetrating the skull. Luckily he had avoided the full force of the blow, or death would have come speedily. But for some time he lay on the floor stunned, senseless and bleeding.

When at last consciousness returned, Jewitt tried to raise himself, but was so weak with the loss of blood that he fainted and fell into a state of collapse. Later on he was able to hear three loud yells from the natives, and his reasoning convinced him that this was no hideous dream, but a stern reality. The shouts were the cries of triumph, and the Indians had ob-

tained possession of the ship. What was to be done? Jewitt waited, wondered, considered. Then, after wiping the blood from his face, he perceived that the hatch of the steerage was shut, and well it was so; but it was only later that Jewitt was to know the reason. Maquina, indeed, had ordered this to be done, and given firm instructions—almost when it was too late—that the young Englishman was not to be hurt. "He is the armourer," argued Maquina, "and may be useful to us for making our repairs. Close that hatch."

A long suspense ensued, but at last Jewitt saw the hatch open and Maquina's voice calling him to come up. Terribly weak and blinded with blood, he endeavoured to obey, and struggled on deck. Seeing his pitiful condition, Maquina ordered one of the Indians to fetch a pot of water and wash away the blood; which, having been done, John found that one of his eyes was so swollen as to be closed. With the other, however, he was able to see half a dozen natives standing around with uplifted daggers, ready to strike him. Hideous they appeared, crimsoned with the blood of Jewitt's murdered comrades, for a terrible massacre had been made with ghastly thoroughness.

Jewitt expected his own speedy despatch. But just then Maquina addressed him something after this fashion. "Will you consent to be my slave for the rest of your life? Will you repair my muskets and make knives? Will you also fight for me in my battles?" And to these questions Jewitt answered "Yes." Maquina then promised to spare his life, though the decision was not popular among the rest.

They clamoured for capital punishment and insisted that this be done instantly, but the big chief was able to control them. Jewitt now glanced about him and received a chill of horror, for over there on the quarter-deck, systematically arranged in line, were the heads of captain and crew. On reckoning them, Jewitt thought he could thus account for the whole of his shipmates who had started with him from Hull, and Maquina now required him to identify them one by one. Calling to a man, the latter brought a head. "Whose is this?" "Captain Salter's." And in like manner the inquiry was pursued to the end of the line.

Gradually Jewitt was able to get the facts straightened out, yet everything had happened so quickly and shockingly that it was difficult to appreciate the proportion of time and circumstance. But it became apparent that after having massacred the crew and become complete masters of the ship, the Indians had broken open the chest where the firearms were kept, obtained the ammunition, and then sent a party ashore to attack those of the white men who had gone with the net salmon fishing. These fellows had been promptly murdered, their heads cut off and brought aboard; whilst the bodies were thrown back into the sea. The deck was still covered with blood, the throats of those that remained aboard having been cut by their own jack-knives. For, whilst the men were busy hoisting in the boat, they had been overpowered by the enemy's superior numbers, and during this scuffle Captain Salter had been hurled overboard

and then, after he had been done to death by the natives waiting in the canoes, his head was cut off.

Maquina, however, now held out to Jewitt a treatment that was altogether different from this savagery. Binding the young man's own silk handkerchief around the wounded head, he commanded Jewitt to get the ship under way for Friendly Cove. To disobey would have been instant death, so the hempen cables were cut. There was the strange sight of Indians going aloft and out on to the yards, loosing the canvas, whilst the young Englishman below steered the vessel and drove her, as directed, straight up a sandy beach. This was all finished by eight o'clock that night, after which Maquina took his solitary captive ashore. Much wild rejoicing, with dancing and hideous cries, followed. Five hundred warriors leaping and gesticulating made no happy impression on the dazed, suffering Englishman; indeed, there were indications that his life, also, would soon be required of him.

And then at midnight one of the natives suddenly reported that another white man of the crew still survived; for when the former had wandered through the ship just now a fist had knocked him down. This announcement roused the wrath of Maquina, who promised that the stranger should be killed at sunrise. Jewitt, however, was determined to thwart this dread resolution, if possible. He guessed that the mysterious man must be the ship's sailmaker, as his head was missing from the rest. Thompson was his name; forty was his age, though he looked older. At any rate Jewitt recollected that at the time of the outbreak

Thompson had been below doing some repairs to the canvas. But now on the beach a crisis seemed quickly to have developed, for Maquina was there with all the men of the tribe assembled for the execution. The prisoner had not yet been brought forth, but the Lincolnshire blacksmith pleaded desperately that his shipmate might be spared. The supplication was received with disfavour, the natives being violently opposed to any such clemency. It was then that Jewitt invented a direct appeal to Maquina's heart. If, argued the young man, this fellow should turn out to be Thompson, then he is my own father, and surely they would never kill one's beloved parent?

Thus, only after much persuasion, Maquina in spite of the Indians' anger finally agreed that, should it be Thompson the sailmaker, the death penalty would be withheld. He then sent Jewitt aboard to fetch the man ashore, and on going below the young man found that the surmise was correct. There was Thompson, who had escaped death at the time of the massacre by hiding himself in the ship's hold. Jewitt now told him the present situation and impressed on him the necessity of playing up to the idea of being "father." A few minutes later Thompson found himself being presented to the chief and learning the news that the latter needed a sailmaker for his canoes, so the execution would not take place. Jewitt had thus far succeeded, though the future was uncertain enough.

It was no pleasant sight when he watched the natives during the next two days take out the cargo, unbend

the sails, unreeve the rigging, bring ashore the muskets and ammunition. A day later it certainly looked as if a sudden deliverance was at hand; for a couple of ships were perceived standing in for Friendly Cove. They were the *Mary* and *Juno* respectively, both belonging to Boston; but the natives took fright, collected the stolen muskets, ran along the shore and kept up a brisk fire at the visitors. This unwelcome reception so annoyed and surprised the two intending traders, that a few rounds of grape shot were returned, the vessels wore ship, and stood out to sea. With them apparently vanished any hope for Jewitt and Thompson. As is customary among primitive peoples, the news of the *Boston* capture quickly spread to the neighbouring tribes; and now from the north and south canoes filled with avaricious savages came in to receive presents of cloth, looking-glasses, muskets and much else. And it was one of these Indians who, whilst in the act of ransacking the hold, let drop sparks from his firebrand, with the result that the *Boston* was soon a mass of flames and became a total loss. Jewitt did manage, however, to save for himself a nautical almanac which had belonged to Captain Salter, and this was to be a source of considerable consolation, in that it enabled the passing of time to be determined. And by extracting a bright green juice through boiling a plant, and mixing this extract with some finely-powdered charcoal, Jewitt was able to manufacture a suitable ink. Having further provided himself with quills from crows and ravens, he began to keep a journal of his experiences, though

whether he would ever live to hand it on to civilisation was a doubtful consideration.

There were alarming incidents, such as those occasions when the natives became intoxicated on the *Boston's* rum, and lay stretched out helpless along the beach. But Jewitt's wounded head began to get better, if slowly. His time was occupied making bracelets of copper and iron for the king and his wives, or repairing the arms of war. His chief immediate anxiety was his shipmate Thompson, who was one of those burly, headstrong beings that have no sense of fear, nor, unfortunately, any appreciation of tact and diplomacy. The sailmaker was a good fellow and an adventurer from his earliest years. Born in Philadelphia, he had run away to sea when he was aged eight, joined as cabin boy a ship that was bound for London, and thus began a life of roving. Next he had become apprenticed to the captain of a collier, from which he was impressed aboard a British man-of-war, and for the next twenty-seven years he continued to serve in the Royal Navy. Thompson had even been present under Howe at the Glorious First of June, 1794, but when temporary peace with the French arrived this able seaman obtained his discharge.

It should be added that Thompson happened to be an expert boxer, with plenty of self-reliance; one who immediately replied with his fists to an insult, no matter from whom the attack should come. Now it was just because of this characteristic that the powerful sailor was the cause of no small anxiety to Jewitt, who

had more than once to explain away his friend's impulsive actions. Such an incident occurred at the middle of April. One evening it happened that Thompson was lighting the lamps in Maquina's room, when some of the native boys began to tease him and pull at his trousers. This caused the sailmaker to spill some oil, and made him so annoyed that he struck one of the boys a blow on the face, knocking him down. Unfortunately this happened to be one of the princes, and the affair created a terrible sensation of indignity. Along came Maquina, hot with fury, who seized a musket, loaded it, and aimed it at Thompson. The latter, with his usual fearless provocative manner, now bared his breast and called on the chief to fire. But just as this was about to take place, Jewitt intervened, succeeded eventually in mollifying the infuriated father, and even took the musket away. Things went on fairly smoothly for a few weeks, when an eighteen-year-old son of another chief had the temerity to taunt Thompson at being an Indian's prisoner, even going so far as to call him a white slave. This was more than the hardy sailor could endure, and he gave the youth a good thrashing. Again there was a demand for the death penalty to be carried out, but Maquina was big-minded enough to ignore the clamour and nothing further was heard of the insistent protests. And when we consider what Thompson at that time was suffering through the accident of fate, we may well sympathise with his attitude, violent though it was. "For a brave sailor like me," he remarked, "who fought with glory against the French and Spanish, it is a punishment

worse than death to be in captivity to such cursed, despicable, ignorant beings as these savages."

We all know that Thompson type so well, with his *amour propre* and professional pride, his consciousness of honourable war service, his loathing of injustice and tyranny.

Jewitt, too, felt something of this hopeless outlook on life, but he was young and wise enough to adapt himself to inevitable circumstances. Instead of irritating his Indian masters, he took the trouble to please them and to learn their language. All these long weeks, however, the suspense was never relaxed, and the wonder was always whether some vessel would at last come and release them from their bondage. One day in July a sailing ship was, indeed, sighted in the offing, but she disappeared away to the north, and the event merely intensified the sense of sadness. In September, too, all hope was further crushed when the tribe removed themselves and their prisoners fifteen miles up the Sound into winter quarters. For this journey Jewitt and Thompson were given the direction of the *Boston's* longboat, which had been repaired and furnished with a sail by the Philadelphian. Through scenery that was majestic and glorious, with lofty hills on each side and fine forest trees, they all moved on till they came to a place called Tashee, where the wigwams were erected in a hollow at the foot of a mountain protected against the wintry storms.

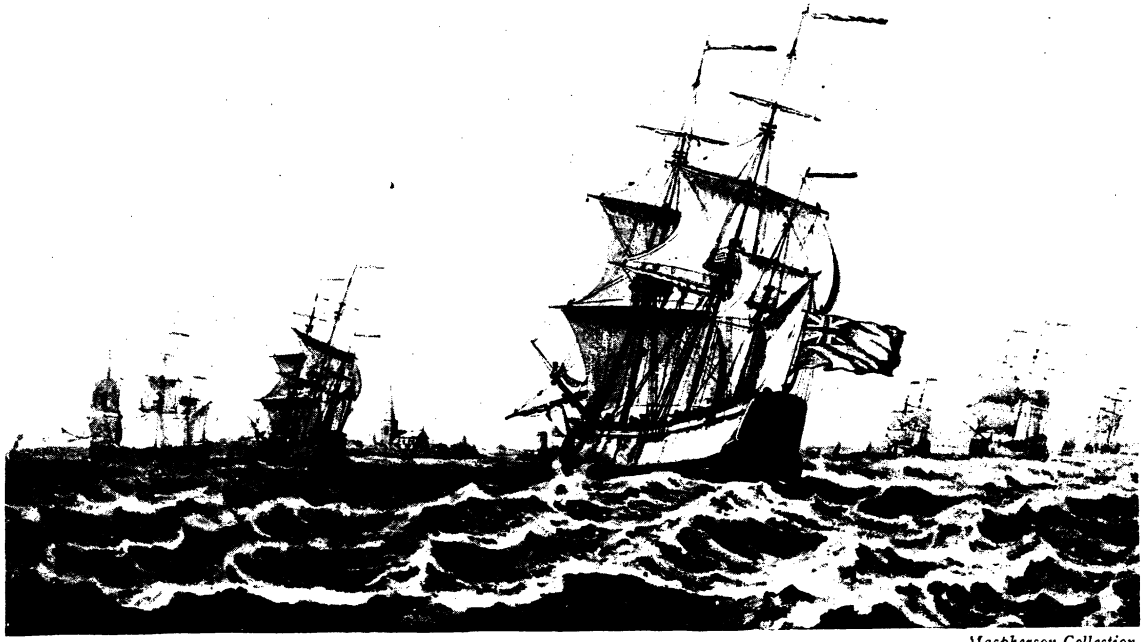
But during this period there was an opportunity for Jewitt to learn still more of the native mind and to penetrate into their psychology, for the treatment by

the Indians was endurable if one made up one's mind. And on one occasion Maquina explained to Jewitt that he had cut off the *Boston* not because of any feeling of ill-will, but because several times he had been ill-treated by white men. Thus, for example, a certain Captain Tawnington had once wintered with his schooner at Friendly Cove and been well treated, but during Maquina's absence the white sailors had made away with some of the chief's property. Similarly, a Spanish skipper, Captain Martinez, had barbarously killed four native chiefs, and a Captain Hannon of the *Sea Otter* had put a score of Indians to death. It was the recollection of such incidents which had excited in Maquina the desire for revenge on the white race, and this emotion was rekindled when Captain Salter had called the chief a liar.

He who is familiar with the story of sailing ship voyages well knows that in the past many a community, in a state of negative or partial civilisation, has been compelled to suffer wrongfully through the unfairness, the lawlessness and the excesses of shipmen. "Blackbirding," from the time of Hawkins down to the present century, the maltreatment and dishonesty on the part of those old-time merchant vessels that wandered all over the globe, or the disease-bequeathing by whaling crews on their visits to distant ports, are well-known instances. Even Jewitt, during his slavery, was not unconscious of this state of affairs. "I have no doubt," he recorded, "that many of the melancholy disasters have principally arisen from the imprudent conduct of some of the captains and crews"

employed in this north-west trade. But the unfortunate aspect was that it was their successors who had to bear the brunt as they came unsuspectingly into that identical anchorage at some time later. Effect could not immediately be traced back to the comprehensible cause.

Now at the end of February it was usual for the Indians to emerge from their winter habitations and return to Nootka. The primitive whaling by means of canoes and wooden harpoons tipped with shells then occupied them for a season, and Jewitt was able to obtain a certain amount of approval by fashioning for his masters harpoons of iron. But still the monotony of life continued, and still there was no sign of any succouring ship. Another summer passed, and once more the two were taken in the following autumn up to Tashee. Jewitt was compelled to accept a native wife, with whom he lived not unhappily for a time, and to wear native dress. But all the while he remained an Englishman with the ideals of his own upbringing. From the *Boston* they had managed to save both a Bible and a Prayer Book, and every Sunday Jewitt and Thompson used to retire into a wood and carry out acts of Christian worship. It was the old story of character being less affected by changed environment than by years of education and custom. Indeed, after the tribe had this time come back to Nootka on 20th February, Jewitt was permitted by Maquina to send the native wife back to her father, and was also allowed to resume his European dress. And so the months went by, until it was now midsummer.



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ENGLISH MERCHANT SHIPS OF 1776

During the long period which had elapsed since the massacre and the non-arrival of *Boston* elsewhere, the suspicion had become firmly implanted in the minds of other skippers using the north-west coast that the natives had become hostile; for this reason no vessels, other than those two already mentioned, had ever come into the Sound. But on 19th July, whilst Jewitt and Thompson were engaged in their work forging daggers for the chief, they suddenly heard the unmistakable sounds of guns being fired. Three times came the thunder, and then the natives were heard to shout, "Weena! Weena!" (meaning, "Here comes a stranger—a white man"). The two captives looked, and there, sure enough, under all sail, approached a brig. Pretending not to have noticed her, they went on with their work as if nothing had happened, but Jewitt's brain was devising a certain scheme rapidly. And then came Maquina, requesting Jewitt to write for him a letter, the purpose of which was to inform the captain that Maquina was a good man, that he had treated both Jewitt and Thompson well, and that the chief would like to come aboard. But actually the Englishman sat down and wrote as follows :—

"To Captain ——,
of the Brig ——,
Nootka, 19*th July*, 1805.

SIR,

The bearer of this letter is the Indian king, by the name of Maquina. He was the instigator of the capture of the ship *Boston*, of Boston in North

America, John Salter, captain, and of the murder of twenty-five men of her crew, the two only survivors being now on shore. Wherefore I hope you will take care to confine him according to his merits, putting in your dead-lights, and keeping so good a watch over him that he cannot escape from you. By so doing we shall be able to obtain our release in the course of a few hours.

JOHN R. JEWITT, Armourer of the *Boston*, for himself, and
JOHN THOMPSON, Sailmaker of the said ship."

This letter he gave to Maquina, who went aboard the brig. The captain read the missive, invited Maquina into the cabin, gave him biscuits and a glass of rum, but quietly sent the mate forward to fetch six armed men. Up to this point the chief had suspected nothing, but when the guard appeared he was informed that he was the captain's prisoner, and would so remain until the two men known to be ashore were released. Maquina was placed in irons, the windows were secured, and a couple of men placed over him. The effect of all this was both to surprise and terrify the Indian, but he was able to obtain permission to send one of his accompanying men ashore. The captain observed Maquina make some remark to the man and supposed that this was an order for release of Jewitt and Thompson; but when the canoe landed and the man brought news that Maquina was a prisoner, and that Jewitt had in his letter spoken unfavourably of their chief, there was a scene of great lamentation,

with sounds of wild howling. And without any attempt at concealment they showed themselves extremely exasperated, even threatening to kill the two white men.

At this Jewitt endeavoured to employ his diplomacy. "It would be foolish for you to slay us," he demonstrated, "for should you do such an act, Maquina would presently be seen hanging from the yard-arm of the brig, and you would observe the sailors firing at him with their muskets. The best thing for you to perform would be to send Thompson and me aboard in order to beseech the captain that he would treat Maquina well." And this suggestion appeared so thoroughly wise that the natives concurred. So Jewitt persuaded Thompson to board the brig, and himself followed later in a canoe paddled by three natives. But, so soon as the canoe was alongside the ship, Jewitt presented pistols at them and showed them who was master of the situation. Next, as the ship's crew crowded to look down on this sight, Jewitt leaped aboard and found himself welcomed by Captain Samuel Hill, of the brig *Lydia*, belonging to Boston, North America.

The rest of the story is quickly told. Jewitt some time back had managed to make friends with the chief of another tribe, who had come off in a canoe. Believing that the Boston traders could not be far away, if even they were not visible; being quite sure that sooner or later some brig engaged in the north-west business would get in touch with this other tribe further along the coast, Jewitt had entrusted the chief

with a letter. It was this letter which had reached Captain Hill, and was the cause of *Lydia's* arrival in the Sound.

The meeting of Jewitt with the ironed Maquina was a picture of reversed fortunes, but the former obtained permission for the irons to be removed. Maquina was not executed, for, as Jewitt pointed out, if they killed the chief it would only make it impossible for the next visiting American ship, and further lives would be lost by revenge. So it came about that when Maquina had restored the cannon and anchors that had once belonged to the *Boston*, and whatever other articles still survived, Captain Hill gave back to the chief his freedom, so that the Indian with great relief returned in his canoe to an anxious and awaiting tribe. The *Lydia* then got under way, continued her voyage, but in November paid another visit to Nootka. Firing cannon, she caused her presence to be known, even though the tribe were miles away in winter quarters. Maquina came down to greet the ship, all was mutual happiness and friendliness, and finally the *Lydia* sailed across to China. At Canton, Jewitt met a former acquaintance, now mate of an English East Indiaman, whose father was a wealthy merchant in Hull, connected with the Baltic trade, and (by a curious coincidence) lived in the house next door to Jewitt's father.

The meeting was rather dramatic, for the news of *Boston's* loss had somehow reached Hull, and Jewitt had long since been given up for dead. But the young man had no intention of going back to England. He

had left there with the purpose of settling down ultimately in Boston and starting for himself a career. So, having received from this acquaintance some clothes and money, and having sent a letter to Hull that should inform Mr. Jewitt that all was now well, the adventurer sailed from China in February, 1807, and arrived safely in Boston, where he found a letter from his father acknowledging that which had been sent from China.

CHAPTER VIII

IN SOUTHERN SEAS

EVERYTHING in this highly developed century, not excluding seafaring, is so systematised and meticulously organised that it is not easy to appreciate how free was the early nineteenth-century sailor to enjoy life with its adventures in different ships and many seas. One could scarcely find a better illustration of the old-time seaman's weakness and strength, his virtues and defects, his manliness and childishness, than in the career of that interesting Devonian, Charles Meydett Goodridge, who was born at Paignton in 1796.

The influence of environment was overwhelming, and few can gaze over Torbay for long without feeling an attraction towards ships. As a boy he had watched the majestic wooden walls of the Navy which used to come in and out more frequently than the mighty armoured steel squadrons frequent it to-day. Especially when heavy gales caused the blockade off Brest to be relaxed, the shelter of the land from Berry Head past Brixham towards Paignton was a welcome weather shore, and there was presented in consequence a sight of enchanting delight to anyone sensitive of romance. Then, too, His Majesty's ships used to send their boats into Brixham for water, and the roysterous liberty-men would come singing along the road to Paignton, entertaining the villagers with strange tales of wide seas. On the other side of Berry Head, Dartmouth was still doing a considerable trade with its Newfoundland fishery, which had continued

ever since the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. In short, young Goodridge was surrounded by all kinds of marine matters, and his destiny was settled without his knowing exactly how and why.

At thirteen he got his first job as a cabin-boy. This was aboard the *Lord Cochrane*, a hired brig which mounted fourteen 6-pdrs. and was commanded by Mr. Joseph Tindal, under whom were a sailing master and a crew of thirty-six. England being then at war with France, the vessel was stationed in Torbay to protect the local fishing craft from French cruisers. Just as during the Great War armed vessels had to be sent out into the North Sea with the fishing fleets as protection against German submarines, so the *Lord Cochrane* was detailed to carry out her duties. "Our usual custom," recorded Goodridge, "was to sail with the fishing-vessels every Monday, and return to Torbay every Saturday night." But the only exciting experience which the lad saw was a long chase of a privateer, who escaped because she sailed the faster; but the *Lord Cochrane* on another occasion "captured a French merchant brig, and my share of prize-money amounted to £3." Thus the Paignton boy received his first taste of that adventure which belongs to the sea.

After a few months he had become so attached to the life that on 1st September, 1809, he was apprenticed to Mr. Martin Gibbs, a merchant of Dartmouth, who was also part-owner of *Lord Cochrane* and other vessels. Several trips were made in this man's coasters, another period was passed in the *Lord Cochrane*, but in the following year Goodridge was drafted to the

sloop *Favourite*, which Gibbs had recently built. In her, during the month of December, they were off the coast of Wexford when a heavy gale blew up from the south-south-east. The rest of the fleet foundered with all hands, but the *Favourite* just managed to make Wexford.

In April, 1812, Goodridge left the *Favourite*, got his indentures cancelled, and for three years was apprenticed to Elias Randall, also of Dartmouth, and sailed in the schooner *Totnes* for a few voyages between Dartmouth and London. In the year following Randall sold the ship, so the young man got a berth in the *Trial*, owned by a Dartmouth shipbuilder named Follett. This vessel was lying at Portsmouth, but her master, Captain Woolcott, was a Dartmouth man also. She was hired by the Government to join a fleet of transports who were taking troops out to Spain. After this service was over we find the enthusiast in a coasting sloop called the *Dartmouth*, which Randall had built, afterwards doing a voyage to Newfoundland and Lisbon in the *Ann*, returning to Bristol with fruit. A further period in Dartmouth ships was followed by a transatlantic trip, in a vessel named *Success*, to Miramichi Bay, in New Brunswick, which took seventy-four days. In coming through the Gut of Canso (which, in another chapter, we saw Prenties crossing), between Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia, the *Success* hit a reef that made her already leaky condition worse. She went back into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and after a stormy passage reached England on Christmas Day, 1818. There followed a few more

voyages out to Newfoundland, thence to Oporto and Dartmouth, coming home to the Devonshire port from Lisbon during January in five days, running the whole time before a gale of wind.

Now all these events in different ships and many seas are illustrative of the varied possibilities which were open to any adventure-minded young man who longed to see the world in those days when ships were less standardised; when canvas and yards, hempen cables and wooden hulls prevented them from running to a fixed time-table. But up till now Goodridge had merely been learning the grammar of his art, and the big years of his life were still to come. In April of that year, 1820, he was looking for a ship, and came up to London and ascertained that one was about to sail on a sealing voyage to Southern Seas. Those were the times when sealers and whalers represented an important section of the Mercantile Marine, but they were notorious ships for the hard life and the indefinite length of time in their trip, so that the mariner was rewarded by the amount of cargo obtained.

Goodridge was signed on, the vessel being the cutter rigged *Princess of Wales*, of seventy-five tons burthen, owned by a Mr. Brooks, of Old Broad Street, in the city of London. Captain William Veale was in command, Mathias Mazora (an Italian) was mate, there were ten mariners and three boys. After embarking the requisite stores, the *Princess* sailed from Limehouse on 9th May, with a fair wind down the Thames. Whilst stopping a tide at Gravesend the articles of agreement were read over by the owner to the men,

and they were informed that the voyage was to the South Seas for oil, fins, skins, ambergris; each mariner to have his share of all skins obtained.

Next day they anchored in the Downs for the night and then proceeded down Channel with fine weather and moderate breeze, reaching Torbay on the 16th. Here for some days they remained at anchor, as the wind blew fresh from the westward, but Goodridge had an opportunity of visiting his family in Paignton and saying good-bye. On Whitsunday, the 21st, came fine, glorious weather, with a northerly wind, so she made sail, and ten days later was at Madeira, calling thence at the Canaries. Scudding before the north-east trades, she called at Cape Verde Islands at the end of June, and at Bonavista took in salt enough to preserve ten thousand skins, as well as drinking-water. In the harbour lay a large armed schooner engaged in that demoralising commerce of getting slaves for the West Indian colonies. The Equator was crossed on 19th July in Long. 22 W., and then she got into the south-east trades, which she employed right across to the banks of Brazil as far south as Lat. 30 S. Here, on 15th August, she picked up the westerlies and steered a course for Walfish Bay, in south-west Africa, which was reached by the beginning of September.

On going ashore to seek fresh water they were met by five hundred naked natives armed with spears and looking remarkably formidable, but the Englishmen's firearms prevented any attack, and it was possible presently to obtain bullocks, goats, and ivory in

exchange for iron hoops, bread and tobacco. But there was little or no water, except for small quantities dealt out in ostrich egg-shells. The Cape of Good Hope was rounded on the last day of September, and it was now a fair wind to their destination, which was that region that lies midway between south-east Africa and south-west Australia, and includes the islands of Prince Edward, Kerguelen, the Crozets, St. Paul and Amsterdam, which at one time were supposedly an extensive land area.

The Crozets, an uninhabited group of volcanic origin, are located between Prince Edward and Kerguelen Islands, and were first discovered by Captain Crozet, a French navigator, in 1772. Situated around Lat. 46.47 S., Long. 51 E., and never thoroughly explored to this day, they are characterised by inaccessible mountains, and are but rarely visited. The largest of the Prince Edward group lie in Lat. 46.53 S., Long. 37.46 E., and here on 1st November the *Princess of Wales* arrived, with most of the drinking-water already consumed. Unfortunately, thick weather awaited them, and they sailed between some islands without seeing them. On the next day they at once began operations on the northernmost island, where there was no harbour for shelter, so a special technique had to be adopted as follows:

One party was sent ashore with provisions for several days and searched for seals, whilst the rest took care of the ship and salted what skins were obtained. The prevailing winds hereabouts are westerly, so the cutter used to lie hove-to under shelter of the island.

Sometimes the wind would fly suddenly round to east, causing the ship to stand out to sea, though it was rare that an easterly lasted longer than a couple of days, thus allowing a vessel to return, take on board the skins and furnish the sealing party with a fresh supply of provisions. By means of this routine, and change of parties, the work would go on all the time, until so many thousands of skins had been salted and stowed in the hold.

For those ashore there was little enough comfort, the island containing neither shelter nor tree, nor so much as a shrub. The weather was usually wet, but varied by frequent snow; in fact there was only about one month in the year when it was fine. For dwelling-house the sealers used the hauled-up boat, where they ate their salt pork and bread consuming their coffee and molasses. The custom was for the party ashore to be changed every fortnight, the work of searching and killing the seals being very onerous. After the *Princess's* people had remained on the island or aboard off here until early December, and their labours had been rewarded with only a few seals, the land party were taken away and the ship sailed for the Crozets. The westernmost of the five islands was made on Christmas Eve, the shores being rocky and perpendicular, the weather being generally foggy. On Christmas Day the first party landed and discovered a ferocious breed of wild hogs, descended from those which an English captain had once put ashore. These, having been fed on coarse grass and dead penguins, were not found palatable when killed.

The sealing went on busily until the end of January, and on 3rd February a party was landed at the easternmost island, some fifty miles further on. Now this little gang consisted of the following: Mathias Mazora (mate) and Dominick Spesnick, Italians; Emanuel Petherbridge, John Soper, Richard Millechant, all of Dartmouth; John Norman, John Pitter and John Walters, all of London. They were left with the usual supply of provisions, whilst the *Princess*, having on board Captain Veale, of Dartmouth, his brother Jarvis, Goodridge, Henry Parnell and Benjamin Baker, of London, and a Hanoverian named John Newbee, cruised to another adjacent island. Every seven or eight days the ship would visit the sealing party and then return whence she came.

In this way the *Princess* had, on 10th March, received aboard the skins and dealt out a fresh stock of provisions; but exactly a week later there came a south-east gale, sending in such a heavy swell that Captain Veale determined to get a good offing. The cable was slipped and the *Princess* had stood out to sea only a short distance when of a sudden the wind died right away, leaving the cutter rolling about in a flat calm. Apart from the unpleasant creaking and groaning of spars and gear, matters became serious as the ship was out of command, and the swell made it impossible for the boat to tow her against the powerful current which was setting onshore.

"Between us and the land," related Goodridge, "there was a reef of rocks, which too surely threatened

us with annihilation, and against which we were driven onwards—not a sacrifice to the violence of a present storm, but victims to the unspent power of a raging sea, lashed in fury by winds which now seemed hushed into breathless silence." The lead was cast, but the soundings were too deep for their longest length of line, and they could not anchor. From ten p.m. till midnight the suspense was awful, as everyone expected the *Princess* to strike the rocks. The scend of the sea was immense, and the sound of the crashing breakers was unnerving. Exactly at midnight she hit the reef with terrible force, but the boat was lowered, there was no accident, and such ready articles were placed therein as frying-pan and tarpaulin weather-proof fire-bag (containing tinder-box and cotton matches). But neither provisions nor extra clothes were taken.

The night was dark and rainy, the vessel was still pitching bowsprit under, with rocks on all sides and a tall cliff by the shore. Through the clinging sea-weed the boat was rowed lustily towards a more suitable beach, and then these seven men had a proper fright when an enormous whale suddenly rose quite near and began lashing about with his tail-flukes within a very few yards of the boat's stern. Luckily for them they escaped contact, and at the end of four hours they espied an accessible spot, where the boat was dragged ashore. Turning her over and gladly creeping beneath her shelter, they remained huddled and shivering till daylight.

Here began a strange Robinson Crusoe existence,

with many thrilling episodes. Sallying forth, they found a sea-elephant, killed and skinned it, kindled with its blubber a fire; cooked and ate the beast's heart, tongue and other edible parts, and from the fire dried their sodden clothes. Next they walked out over the hills and saw the sad spectacle of the *Princess* lying on her beam ends over the rocks, with the sea breaking through a large hole in the lower planks and altogether presenting a hopeless sight. Here on this remote island between Africa and the Antarctic, at one of the very loneliest parts of the vast Indian Ocean, the seven considered themselves doomed for life.

On the next day they launched the boat, discovered a cove much nearer the wreck and deemed this suitable for their home. Visiting the wreck, they salved the captain's chest, the mate's chest, several planks, picking up a trysail as well as casks of bread, whose contents were, alas, ruined by the salt water. The wind was blowing very hard, continuing boisterously wet for the next three weeks. With wood from the wreck, and stones, they began to erect a house, yet the lack of even a shrub on the island was a disadvantage; but at the end of a very few weeks there was the house, and inside it were soft beds of long grass, with seal-skins as counterpanes. A fire was kept going, but there was no chimney, so their faces were ever smoke-begrimed. Fortunately, too, the sea-elephants were an easy prey, which provided meat, firing, candle-light, shoe-leather, sewing-thread, grates. The blood was used for soap, the skin for a roof, the teeth as

tobacco-bowls; whilst for pipes they attached the leg-bones of a waterfowl. A soup was stewed from remains of the elephant with the addition of penguins' eggs. Thus there was no waste and they were adapting themselves cleverly to their surroundings.

By good fortune Captain Veale had saved his watch unharmed, and now they settled down to a systematic life. Rising at eight, they breakfasted at nine; dinner was at one; tea, about five, consisted of hot water with raw eggs beaten up. Supper followed at eight, and two hours later they retired to bed. There was a bird rather like a goose which visited the island in great numbers. This was easily killed and made good eating, but he was rather a mischievous creature as long as he lived, taking a tiresome delight in unroofing the building by stealing the skins.

The general welfare of the community was settled by the majority's decision. Spoons were fashioned out of wood, and a pair of soup-tureens from a keg. Water was obtained from a near-by brook, clothes were cut out of sealskins, and they gave themselves fur caps. Having no razors among them, they soon became shaggy-bearded beings. Traces were found of some Americans who had called here sixteen years previously and had left a hut. A pick-axe was also discovered which enabled the Englishmen to dig around the hut, revealing such useful articles as an auger and iron hoops. The daily toil for food was occasionally broken by some accident, as when Goodridge one June day, whilst returning from a foraging expedition, laden with a large sea-elephant weighing

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BOSTON, NORTH AMERICA

As it appeared in the late eighteenth century.

nearly a hundredweight, stumbled and fell over a twelve-foot cliff.

And whilst the weeks were being passed here, the party of eight sealers who were landed on 10th March had supposed that the *Princess* was wrecked, for they actually noticed pieces of her on the shore; but it was further presumed that all hands were drowned. In this frame of mind the eight had remained six weeks, and then moved to another island, hoping to discover more food. In December of that year, 1821, as the seals were scarce, they moved again, and so it was they arrived at the very island where the *Princess* had ended her career. The meeting with the party of seven inevitably ensued, accompanied by mutual joy. Furthermore, the visitors had brought with them a welcome kettle and cooking utensils; but whilst the gale howled, and the roof shook, and the combined party were kept inside sometimes for two or three days at a time, the food problem became of greater seriousness. Fish-hooks were cut from steel rings, and thus they added to their larder such items as gurnet.

The fifteen all realised that they must remain on the island for the rest of their lives, but they seemed to settle down resignedly. They cut saws from iron hoops, the carpenter created other tools, and a burial ground was even selected against the inevitable time. But then it was decided to build a little ship from the cutter's remains. The length should be twenty-nine feet. She was to be of about twelve tons burthen, and rigged as a lugger. Another resolve was also at

hand. Because there was a scarcity of good food, Captain Veale, together with his brother Jarvis, John Soper, John Newbee and Goodridge, went off to a neighbouring island to fend for themselves; whilst the ten others, having used the boat to ferry the five, lived as before, but went ahead building the twelve-ton lugger.

The routine in both islands persisted pretty much as before, but preparations were now being hastened with a view to the intended departure at some date. One of the boats was ripped up for lining the new ship, and this meant that the captain's party was for the present isolated. The lugger would have to manage without many things, such as compass, quadrant or chart; and in the meantime preserved food for the journey was being collected till the awaited day should arrive. Sea water was boiled and allowed to evaporate, and thus the residue of salt was employed for curing sea-elephants' tongues.

By January, 1823, the lugger was ready for launching, and she was a marvellous result of ingenious building without the proper tools, without pitch, and without oakum. But seal-fur mixed with albatross down made a fair substitute. Rigging had been made out of ropes taken ashore originally by the sealing party for rafting the skins. The lugger's sails, reverting to the custom of the first primitive man who ever harnessed the breeze for propulsion, were of seal-skins, and altogether she was quite an interesting craft to behold; at least, she was a triumph of patience over difficulties. So, when a boat was also available, seven

men rowed off to the neighbouring island in order to fetch Captain Veale and companions to assist in launching the new lugger. Now, at the moment of this visit it chanced that the five were not at home, but were dispersed about the country seeking food. The boat had been temporarily left at the beach and, unfortunately, a heavy gale came on which hurled her for seventy yards, and left her so seriously damaged as to be unserviceable. Thus, to their other trials, came a situation which by a little care might have been avoided. Not even this, however, broke their spirits, for notwithstanding the lack of tools they patched her up before the end of the month, though she was not much good even now. And then came another surprise.

One day about noon, whilst most of these marooned men were preparing a meal, an old sailor had wandered out as far as a high bit of land and then came running back in great agitation. His mates questioned him, but for some time he was so excited that he could do no better than gesticulate; excess of emotion had taken away all power of utterance. Captain Veale became annoyed.

"Whatever is the fool driving at?" he demanded.

"I've certainly seen," stammered the sailor, "a vessel pass round one of the headlands. Over there," he pointed with his rough hand.

The men shook their heads incredulously. They had been deceived like this many a time previously by the sight of birds sitting on the distant waves. But so determined and insistent was the mariner that one of

them finally consented to accompany him to the headland, taking with him a tinder-box in case of necessity. No one took much further interest, for these experienced seamen know how easily the imagination is apt to create that very thing which the mind so eagerly desires. Just as in foggy weather, when the reckoning has been run and the landfall is tensely expected, the look-out man will be deceived over and over again by some cloud or blurred thickness; just, too, as in the Great War patrol vessels and coast-watchers were always sighting non-existent periscopes, so on this remote Southern island it was generally agreed that the man was good-intentioned, but entirely mistaken. Two hours passed, night had come, and the two men had not returned. What had happened now? Some suggested that the pair had got on board the strange ship and deserted. Others were still convinced that the "ship" was a mere phantom of the old fellow's brain, and that the couple had been so worn out by fatigue as not to return.

But somehow the remainder of the party were uneasy and not perfectly satisfied. A restless night of suspense was passed, and this was further intensified till the wanderers were finally given up for lost. One can, indeed, readily imagine how the old-fashioned mariners, with their ignorance and superstition, began to picture the most astounding possibilities, but actually this is what had happened. The two men had reached that part of the island off which the ship was still sailing in sight, and there was no possible question about her real existence. Rather the

problem was how to attract her in time. But just then were discovered remains of a sea-elephant recently killed, which proved that the ship's crew had been here ashore. Thereupon a fire was kindled by the two on a high point of land. Most distinctly the vessel was observed to be a schooner. But would she see? Would she take any notice? Would she not think the conflagration was that made by her own men? In this manner the ensuing interval passed as the watchers held their breath.

At last! The schooner had perceived the signal; she was sending off a boat to the shore, it was approaching rapidly. The two men late of *Princess* ran down like youngsters to the beach, but to their amazement when the boat was within hailing distance it stopped, and the boat's crew hesitated to come any further. The sight of two wild men attired in weird skins and fur caps, with two-year-old beards and dirty, grimed faces, gave them an appearance of savages. Here was a nice dilemma, thought the pair. Was the schooner's boat going to leave them? It would be a cruel situation.

But whilst the doubtful rowers lay on their oars, the two islanders kept on shouting and talking so convincingly that finally the schooner people came ashore and took them aboard. The unkempt adventurers then realised that she was the American *Philo*, of Boston, Isaac Percival, master, and that she was on a sealing-trading voyage. It was now near sunset, so the two remained till morning, when Captain Percival sent his boat to fetch the rest of the party. The latter,

having given up all hopes of the missing pair, had gone to a neighbouring rookery in the crazy boat to gather penguin eggs as part of the stock now being accumulated for the newly-built lugger. But shortly after ten a.m. one of the party gave a shout, and they espied the schooner's boat coming round the point. This was a real thrill. Down dropped the eggs, some of them started dancing, some ran, others cheered loudly, and all were joyful extravagantly.

It was a wonderfully lucky occasion, for scarcely had it been smooth enough during one month in the year for a boat to land on the rookery beach, but to-day it chanced to be beautifully calm. The Englishmen wasted not a minute as the boat came on, and all of them rushed into the sea up to their middles, seized her and ran her high on the sand, with the American crew still in her. And there were the two missing shipmates grinning with delight, sitting alongside the five men and schooner's chief mate. It was not long before the whole distressed party collected their few possessions and were taken off to Captain Percival's ship. Here they received kindly treatment, and the first bread that had passed their lips for nearly two years.

There still remained, of course, the other party of *Princess's* people on that first island, three in number. The *Philo's* boat was next day sent in to fetch them also. Now this trio had been thrown into a state of anxiety by the failure of their boat to return. The lugger was waiting to be launched, and the mysterious absence of their comrades created many an unpleasant

conjecture. At first, when the schooner's boat approached, they thought it was their own missing craft. Explanations quickly followed, seal-skins and a few other articles were thrown into the boat, and at last the entire fifteen met again aboard the schooner in good health and excellent spirits. As for the lugger, she was left behind with deep regret and wasted effort. But what a glorious pleasure she would confer on any other mariners who should chance to be wrecked here whilst hunting!

A day later saw the *Philo* sailing off northward to visit the islands of Amsterdam and St. Paul, the intention being to get fish and seals. But there was a curious, sentimental half-regret at leaving a locality that had environed all the rescued men's hopes for twenty-two months and five days. Having arrived on her new station by the 3rd February and begun her operations, the schooner was immediately successful, five thousand seal-skins and three hundred quintals of fish being obtained, so that she was ready to leave. It is at this stage that we begin to see the curious mentality of these rough old sailors with restricted ideas and violent prejudices. One would have thought that the Crozets experiences would have lasted them for a lifetime. But now Soper and Newbee stated it was their special desire to remain at New Amsterdam and chance the fact of some vessel ever calling here. True, some of the world's finest rock cod were to be obtained in these waters, and there were the natural hot springs always ready to cook them when caught. Being in the track of vessels running their easting down from

the Cape of Good Hope to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, there was a possibility, though fairly remote, that some day they could be rescued; and, of course, occasionally at long intervals a sealer or whaling vessel might look in. Still, only pretty hardened characters would deliberately choose this distant dot for their own happiness.

Reluctantly Captain Percival agreed to the two men's wishes, but prudently insisted they should first sign a document stating that they remained on Amsterdam by their own express desire. And, having taken aboard drinking water, the *Philo* set sail on 25th March, reaching St. Paul the next day, where she remained till the 1st of April. On this day occurred the second exhibition of curious human behaviour. The *Princess's* Italian mate, Mazora, possibly because of his excitable Latin temperament, had a violent quarrel with Captain Percival, based on that sensibility to injustice which is one of the most characteristic features of a sailor's nature. Rightly or wrongly, Mazora complained that Percival had not provided the rescued mariners with any clothing, in spite of the men having worked so hard fishing and sealing. There may have been a portion of truth in this accusation, but the Italian seemed to forget that their very deliverance and sustenance were due to the *Philo's* master, and Captain Veale was clearly of the latter opinion.

Mazora became impertinent and threatened to report Captain Percival, whereupon the latter gave orders for the Italian to be landed on St. Paul. That drastic decision obviously caused wild murmurings and

a rebellious feeling among the other men belonging to the *Princess*. This rapidly developed into a sensational decision, so that nine others threatened that if Mazora was landed, they too would go ashore with him. For a time nothing happened, both sides were adamant, so eventually ten left the schooner and only three—Captain Veale, his brother Jarvis, and Petherbridge—sailed away, after Percival had made the deserters a present of some necessaries, including a cask of bread. Thus out of the fifteen original islanders, a dozen of them had deliberately chosen the primitive life again, with no certainty of every getting back to civilisation.

Ashore they discovered a hut that had once been erected by sealers, though now it was in poor condition. Plenty of wood was available, and there were birds as well as fish. The climate was rather better than at the Crozets, but the seals were disappointingly fewer. A particularly annoying drawback consisted of mice, which seemed to be innumerable. In the morning they would be lying in heaps by the hundred, as if dead, until the sun warmed the cold air and they would once more respond to life. In spite of the continuous war waged against them successfully, they never seemed to get fewer, but devoured the men's clothes, their provisions, their seal-skins; and "we were even afraid of being attacked in our sleep," for the vermin were attracted by the warm shelter. The worst occasions were those when the mice fell into the soup.

One curious instance of making the best of a bad

job manifested itself when five wild hogs were caught, and remained in captivity as a reserve food supply. So every morning, as there were no surplus provisions, the hogs were kept alive on semi-frozen mice. It was observed that plenty of crayfish existed, which were caught by tying a piece of pork to a string and then jerking it up. There was no lack of fish, Captain Percival having given them lines and hooks. Two goats and a pair of kids, doubtless from some previous owners of the hut, were also discovered. This was well, for by the 12th May all the bread and other supplies from the *Philo* had given out.

The community were not long in tiring of their island, and maintained a good look-out for ships, of which several passed. Signals were made, but the ships either refused to respond or failed to see, or the weather was too boisterous to send a boat. Long before the month of May had ended the ten would gladly have said good-bye to the place and have departed. Too impetuously had they decided on this intolerable mode of life, and then one day in June it chanced that whilst seven of them were lying in the hut "heartily tired of our semi-savage" existence, the man who was opposite the door suddenly started up. "I see a vessel in the offing," he remarked, so they all jumped up and ran out after him. There she was with her sails conspicuously showing, but she was a long way off. Little time was wasted in kindling a large fire, and at length to their unspeakable joy she neared the land.

Unluckily the breeze was blowing away from the

shore, and the vessel was so slow to windward that it was next day before she arrived. And then, when the weather became fine, another difficulty manifested itself; the vessel had no boat. It was arranged for her to sail as near as possible to the rocks and to speak her. It was learnt that she was a sloop, acting as tender to the *King George*, from which she had parted company, being on passage from the Cape of Good Hope to Van Diemen's Land, better known to-day as Tasmania. The islanders set to work and constructed a raft big enough to hold two men, who went off to the sloop. By this means also her master, named Anderson, was able to come ashore, who explained the reason for his presence. It was only because the *King George* had agreed, in the case of separation, to rendezvous off Amsterdam and St. Paul that the sloop had come within sight. Already Anderson had waited some time off Amsterdam three days previously, and so it was that the sloop had been seen there by Soper and Newbee. These two, having also regretted their rash decision for a lonely life, had signalled her and were anxious to be taken off.

Soper, it was learnt, had remembered that his old grandmother in Dartmouth must now have just about ended her allotted years and have bequeathed him some property. As he turned the matter over in his mind he preferred to enjoy a home in Devonshire to New Amsterdam. By nailing a few boards together the two men had made a kind of boat, though quite unseaworthy, and paddled alongside the sloop. After some discussion, Anderson agreed to take Soper.

Newbee, however, changed his mind in view of the fact they were now owners of ten promising hogs, besides a number of seal-skins; so he decided to remain. This placed Soper in a dilemma, and his sense of loyalty to an old shipmate caused him to cancel his intention likewise. Therefore they shoved off and went back towards the island, but in crossing the bar this ridiculous boat was swamped and the men were seen struggling in the water. Now, lying within hail there happened to be another vessel, to whom Anderson called repeatedly, urging her to send a boat; but the skipper, to his eternal disgrace, answered that his boats had been too expensive to risk them in such circumstances, and with an oath declared that these should not stir, although they were engaged fishing quite nearby. It was thus that Soper and Newbee were drowned.

With regard to the St. Paul men, it will be recollected that their community numbered in all ten, but three happened to be away sealing when the sloop was signalled. Anderson was quite willing to do his best, but he was short of provisions and could not receive more than three men. The sealers being still away, lots were cast by the seven, and the result was that Goodridge, William Hooper and John Walters were to go. They immediately gathered up their seal-skins and three out of five hogs, brought off also firewood as well as fresh water, and on 5th June sailed away in the sloop, leaving the rest to carry on as they might.

The name of this craft was *Success*, and under Anderson was a crew of seven. A full complement

made her rather crowded, nor did the weather conditions improve their comfort. For thirty-six days they ran before the heavy westerlies till they sighted Tasmania, entered the Derwent River and anchored off Hobart. The island had been discovered only as recently as the year 1642, but it was not until 1803 that a settlement was here formed. When the *Success* came in the population was about eight thousand, and the island had gained her independence of New South Wales by 1825. Thus the three travellers found a colony still struggling towards maturity. But the pleasing sight of rivulets and creeks, the fertile plains and valleys, the fruit trees and vegetable gardens, the restful streams where the brown trout lurked; the realisation that at last they were on an island rich with food and salubrious of climate, gave them a singular relief after all these many months of hardship.

The passage from St. Paul had been the final trial to their patience. Ten days before reaching Hobart their fuel had run out, so food had to be eaten raw. Provisions and water barely lasted even with strict rationing, and scurvy had broken out. She was really too unsuitable a craft for such a voyage, and the Hobart people remarked that a smaller vessel had never been known to do that trip. Not till ten days later did the whaler *King George* come in, but by a strange coincidence the first ship to enter Hobart after *Success* was the *Elizabeth* from England, and aboard her was that Mr. Brooks who owned the wrecked *Princess of Wales*. Goodridge and his two friends had sold their seal-skins, and now the meeting

with the shipowner was most dramatic. Mr. Brooks offered them passages back to England, yet it was only John Walters who accepted, as he had a wife in London and was anxious about her; but it would have been better that he should not have worried.

At the end of August Hooper got a berth in a brig that was bound on a whaling voyage, but Goodridge settled down in Tasmania as a boatman running a ferry. In May, 1826, arrived a barque named the *Lucy Ann*, from which stepped Captain Veale, who had once commanded the *Princess of Wales*. He brought news that the *Philo* landed him, together with his brother and Petherbridge, at Mauritius. From there a passage was made in the Welsh brig *Hero*, and so on to England, where every one that had sailed in the *Princess* had long since been mourned as dead. Veale was no longer a shipmaster, but chief officer in the *Lucy Ann*. Presently Goodridge was to meet also Walters again, who had been to England and now came to Hobart as the *Elizabeth's* boatswain. It appears that, on reaching London, Walters found his wife had got tired of waiting for him and had "married" another man in the belief that John was dead. Walters therefore left her to it and went sailorising, considering that in spite of everything the sea was a mistress less fickle than any woman.

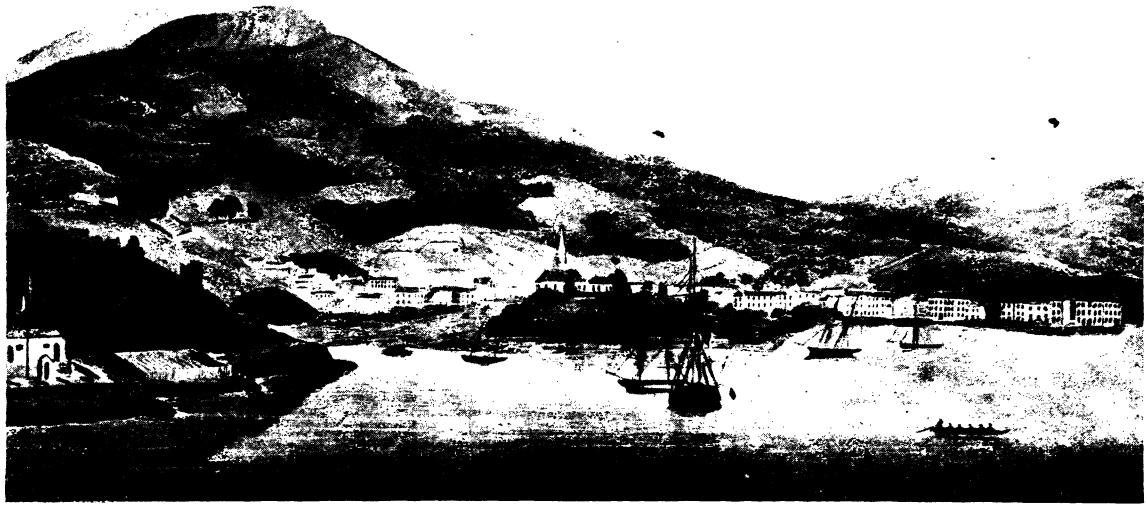
By February, 1831, Goodridge, having remained in Tasmania for nearly eight years, embarked in a vessel named *Lang*, and after calling at Madagascar, the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, sighted the Lizard on 29th July. Next day she was off Plymouth,

and there was that exhilarating picture of a line of battleships exercising. These wooden walls rolling to the Channel swell, tall and deck-tiered, their canvas showing bright against Devonshire's green hills, impressed his sailor eye immensely. Two days later *Lang* had brought him to Torbay entrance by Berry Head, and he could even see Paignton in the distance; but the warm summer's wind fell a flat calm and the ebb tide carried the ship back till she was off Dartmouth. At evening came a little breeze which wafted her on, so that by the following day, the wind being now light north-north-east, the skipper took the *Lang* as near in towards Paignton as he dared. Finally they spoke a Weymouth fishing sloop in the bay, who sent a boat and put Goodridge aboard a neighbouring schooner that was going into Brixham, and there the sailor landed after a voyage lasting just under six months. Along the road he made his progress into Paignton, where he startled his aged parents as one who had risen from the grave.

Such is the story, then, of Southern Seas adventure, nor was it the only occasion when this unattractive locality caused disaster to a good ship. It is now just about fifty years since the *Strathmore*, on passage from Gravesend to New Zealand, was wrecked on the Crozets one unglorious 1st of June. The survivors reached an island about three miles away, but of rocky bareness. During most of the time they lived on penguins, which Mrs. Waddington, the only woman of the party, cooked in a biscuit tin. She herself was unable to eat this food, so was given the eggs and

biscuits. During this sojourn many of the people died, but on 21st January a ship was sighted and signalled. She turned out to be an American sailing ship whaler, such as used to wander in those days all over the world. She was able to rescue those who still remained of the *Strathmore's* number, and, at the cost of losing a season's work, took them to Mauritius, whence eight came safely back to England.

If the romance and the uncertainty have been taken by the steamship from voyaging; if travel overseas is now carried on in well-managed, well-found vessels of great size along carefully laid-down trade lanes; if the old-fashioned whaler has long since gone too, at least it is true that the sailor has become better cared for, fed and paid. The wanderlust, the desire to see remote parts, is, however, gratified rather by serving in some tramp steamer than in the crack liner that has strict routes to follow.



Macpherson Collection

HOBART, TASMANIA

As it appeared when Goodridge arrived in "Philo."

CHAPTER IX

SMALL SHIPS AND GREAT CHANCES

TWO years before the Battle of Trafalgar there was serving in the Newfoundland brig *Trust* a youngster named John Bechervaise, the son of a master mariner and shipowner, who came from St. Aubin, in Jersey, Channel Islands, where very few of the people as yet spoke the English language. For that reason he had been educated at Newport, Isle of Wight. Born towards the close of the eighteenth century, his was another case of the sea-instinct being inherited from father to son, and it was to become by no means undistinguished; for after serving in the Mercantile Marine he was impressed into the Royal Navy, where he rose to the rank of warrant officer. Our present concern is to follow him through some exciting and illustrative incidents whilst still serving as a merchantman.

Having been sent across the Atlantic to join the *Trust*, he was apprenticed to the captain for three years, who had in turn been apprenticed to John's father many years previously. For this reason, and because the brig's master was also a distant relative, the young sailor was allowed to have his meals with the latter. On 21st September, 1823, the brig left Boston for Newfoundland, whence she sailed on 4th October, her duties being to carry fish from the latter to the former. On this trip she was heavy laden, and when about thirty miles east of the Newfoundland Banks she was caught by a great sea that smote her starboard beam, making a clean sweep of caboose, bulwarks,

boats and binnacle, to say nothing of two men who were working at the pumps. Luckily one got entangled in some ropes and thus was dragged aboard, but the other was gone for ever.

Below there was a horrible mess, the *Trust* being full of water, but the skipper wore round and brought the better side to wind and sea. He was trying to get her again on an even keel, for in the lurch some of the laden oil-casks had rolled to leeward. After a while things were straightened up, but all hands were busy at the pumps, and meanwhile it was ascertained that most of the bread was damaged, and that four casks of drinking water had gone over the side, leaving only three hogsheads below.

During the night of 8th November it blew very hard again, with heavy seas; but about six in the morning it moderated, and the return of light revealed a stout schooner about a couple of miles to windward and lying-to. It was a grand sight for any marine painter to watch these two vessels riding the big Atlantic waves like gulls; but Bechervaise, who was on deck, was thinking of something quite different. The large schooner thoroughly alarmed him, and he ran below to inform the brig's captain. The latter was so struck with the news that he ran up on deck without even dressing, Snatching his spy-glass from its place in the companion way, he looked across the wild waters and then suddenly let it drop.

"A damned privateer, John!"

The words sent a chill through the young apprentice, just beginning his sea career.

No sooner had he spoken than the schooner bore up, ran down under the *Trust's* quarter and hailed.

"Brig ahoy! What brig is that?"

"Brig *Trust.*"

"What is your cargo?"

The question was answered, and then the schooner shouted an order.

"Haul down your colours. I am a French privateer."

The *Trust* was clearly about to become a prize, and whilst the enemy was lowering and manning her boat the brig's master called the apprentice and gave him a suggestion.

"John," he said, "if you have sufficient courage, you may with ease recapture our vessel. Now preserve your own liberty, save my clothes and my private venture. For my part I realise that I shall be the first man they will send out of *Trust*, but you can stow away in the hold between the casks and the beams as many of the fishermen as choose to remain. Then, at night, when the privateer is far away, you may easily regain possession of the brig."

Time was short, the schooner's boat was already coming over the watery hills, but Bechervaise quickly put the position before the fishermen, so that seven of them volunteered to enter into the scheme and stow themselves below. Scarcely had this been done than the privateer's boat was alongside, and the boarding officer (a young Frenchman named Venion) leapt aboard. He found fourteen men on the brig's deck, so there was no suspicion of her seeming under-manned.

These he ordered into the boat without wasting a moment, as there was a large vessel to leeward which also had to be molested. But Bechervaise, being able to speak French, begged to be allowed to remain on board. The young officer saw the wisdom of this and therefore agreed. An old man and a lad of seventeen were also permitted to stay, thus leaving of the brig's original crew on deck and below a total of ten; but eleven were sent off to the schooner. Ten Frenchmen (including the boarding officer) now took over the brig as prize crew. The proportion between British and French in the *Trust* was exactly equal, and Bechervaise had cleverly carried out his instructions.

Now he had also taken care to hide the cook's axe in case of need, and stowed it under the windlass forward. Communication was carried on between Bechervaise and the confederates below by means of the old man who, whilst sliding down into the foc'sle for drinking water, and making an excuse to enter the hold, was able amid the noise of the ship to inform the hidden men exactly how things were going. It was also arranged that when they should hear three heavy raps on the deck just abaft the windlass, they must rush up immediately.

The brig was being headed for the French coast, and the favourable north-west wind drove her across the Atlantic at good speed until she was well over towards the European side. At last the fruitful moment arrived one night when five of the French were keeping their watch on deck, the other five being down below. Bechervaise chose the time when it was just

9 p.m., and at this instant one Frenchman was at the helm, another was on the foreyard as look-out, two were walking the deck, whilst Monsieur Venion was pacing the weather side of the quarter-deck. Everything was now ready, the scheme so long delayed was to be set in motion, and Bechervaise went forward in the darkness. One, two, three raps were made with his feet, and at the same time he intentionally exclaimed how cold his limbs were.

Immediately several Englishmen, obeying the signal, rushed up and surprised the French. Bechervaise went up to Venion and said:

"Sir, a few moments ago I was your prisoner. Now you are mine. I have ten armed men here. Look at them."

The junior officer was completely at a loss, but after the stupefaction passed he begged that his life might be spared. In reply Bechervaise assured him that there was no sort of danger, provided all five Frenchmen went below. The fellow at the helm seemed inclined to hesitate, but the cook's menacing axe politely suspended over his head, created a rapid decision to obey; so he, too, went, followed by two more of his companions. As to the look-out on the foreyard, when he saw the ship's head yawning about and the sails flapping fit to upset his balance, the man thought that the English had thrown the French overboard, and was minded to take a leap into the sea himself. Bechervaise told him to come down; he obeyed, and joined the rest. But now the resourceful apprentice considered that ten men in one cabin

might soon plot some mischief, so as soon as the sails were trimmed and the *Trust* put on a course about east-north-east, the French were passed one by one into the foc'sle, with exception of Venion, who was permitted to remain. The booby hatch was then well barred and the prisoners considered to be safe.

Now in those hearty days of gallant deeds navigation both in the Navy and Mercantile Marine was an art distinctly inferior to contemporary seamanship. Perhaps the ablest exponents were the Honourable East India Company's officers, with a few explorers such as Captain James Cook. Bechervaise, being what he was, especially was ignorant and had been wise enough not to interfere until the Atlantic had been almost crossed. He knew nothing as to the ship's accurate position, but quite reasonably argued that if the man on the foreyard had been there placed because the French coast was not far away, then by altering course to east-north-east, and keeping a smart look-out, he ought to strike the south-west English coast soon.

His judgment was correct, on the following day the Lizard showed up on the right bearing, and then night settled down. Bechervaise was feeling quite content with his useful work and expecting to reach Falmouth in the early morning; when, just about 9 p.m., a large ship appeared four points on the weather beam, next altered course, and came running down to the brig. The Englishmen's hearts beat quickly. Who was she? A French man-of-war about to spoil the whole affair? But the suspense was not for long. She was English, too—one of the

old frigate-built sloops which were then so busy cruising up and down the English Channel—and now hailed the brig.

Bechervaise explained the situation and was ordered aboard the man-of-war. He waited till the sloop's boat arrived, and then went off with his log-book, bills of lading and ship's papers. The naval captain received him on the quarter-deck, listened carefully to the whole story, yet seemed doubtful. Was Bechervaise really telling the truth?

"Why," he contended, "you say you have ten prisoners, with only ten of you to guard them as well as work the ship. That is scarcely sufficient. Would you like me to ease you of your care, and take the prisoners?"

And, unthinking, the apprentice replied, "Yes, sir."

So a boat was sent alongside, and by eleven p.m, the Frenchmen were locked up in His Majesty's sloop. Brom the latter were sent one officer and some men to work the brig into Falmouth, and next day the *Trust* had barely anchored in that beautiful land-locked arm, St. Mawes, the long transatlantic voyage had just temporarily ended, when there bumped along the *Trust's* side a boat containing the dreaded press-gang. It was always very hard lines, surely, when crews just arrived from foreign were barely back in home waters before they were hauled off to join a warship perhaps starting for a long commission at the other end of the world. Few things could more effectively kill the sea service's popularity or prejudice any aspiring young mariner.

The impress officer jumped aboard the brig and told Bechervaise to send all hands aft. For a few minutes it certainly looked as if he would have to obey, but the Channel Islander never lost his head. He began by explaining that the *Trust's* master was at present lingering somewhere in a French prison, and then he further convinced the visitor that an English naval officer was already on board and below. That satisfied the press-master. He shoved off, and ten merchant sailormen breathed again.

After two days off St. Mawes there came a nice fresh north-west wind, so Bechervaise went to call on the sloop and requested that the naval officer with his men might be withdrawn, seeing that the *Trust* proposed sailing that evening, It was then that the apprentice learned how he had fallen into a trap, as if into a den of lawyers. The naval captain refused to sanction the brig's departure until such time as security had been given for salvage. But why salvage? The answer was that the French prisoners had been yielded up to a warship, so that the brig's owners must pay for this relief. And the legal interpretation being in accordance with this attitude, this voyage for Bechervaise ended tragically. In spite of his initiative, his coolness, his courage, he was not merely to go unrewarded, but to be punished, The owners having been forced to pay the Navy salvage money for a somewhat qualified assistance, Bechervaise lost his job and had to look for another ship. It is only fair to add that even in those wicked and unenlightened days there was some flickering justice; so the matter having

been brought before the Corporation of Lloyd's, the sum of eighty guineas was voted, this amount being distributed between Bechervaise and his companions.

About the middle of April, 1809 we find Bechervaise sailing from the Channel Islands as second mate in a brig whereof his cousin was master. She was bound with a cargo of wine for St. John's, Newfoundland. Westerly winds were encountered, and she did not reach St. John's until 8th June. When she left Quebec, homeward bound, it was 27th September, and she was one of a convoy, but east of the Newfoundland Banks bad weather caused the ships to get separated. It took exactly two months to reach England, for on 26th November the brig made the Lizard light. Now off here was waiting the French privateer *Les Deux Frères de Bordeaux*, and at dawn she sent off a boarding party, with the result that Bechervaise was taken prisoner this time.

And then, just at the right hour, the Revenue cutter *Active* hove in sight. Her duties were, of course, to operate against smuggling, which was then especially prevalent between France and England, Cornwall being a notorious centre. She had anchored in Mount's Bay, and during the night one of her boats had been rowing about off the Lizard looking for the daring runners of brandy and tobacco, when there suddenly came news of the French privateer. *Active* immediately slipped her cable, made all sail towards the enemy, and chased *Les Deux Frères* for several exciting hours.

It was when the cutter began slowly to gain that the

privateer's captain got nervous, ordered all prisoners below, and gave each a dagger to use as might be necessary. Now at noon the wind died away, the cutter dropped astern, but the Frenchmen got out sweeps and, working hard, gained a clear lead. One hour later the breeze returned, springing up from the north-west, so the *Active*, with the great sail-spread which was a feature of these Revenue fore-and-afters, gained fast. The privateer was still becalmed, for the reason that the cutter was bringing the breeze with her. By four in the afternoon there was not more than half a cable's distance between them. *Active* hailed, whereupon the Frenchmen became excited, threw their sweeps overboard, and then remained in two minds, some being anxious to engage the cutter, whilst others were resigned to their fate. The latter went below and proceeded to collect their possessions. At five o'clock the capture had been completed, and the British ensign was flying over *Les Deux Frères*.

Thus within a few hours Bechervaise found himself in a situation not unlike his previous experience. Having been brought into Falmouth with his shipmates, whither also had arrived their recaptured brig, the matter of salvage was financially settled, he was restored to his former status and thus was able to get back to the Channel Islands in time for Christmas. And there he would have to wait, for with topmasts struck the ship remained out of commission until spring summoned them all to voyage the seas with renewed activity.

But those were great days for small ships generally,

and the long-drawn-out hostilities increased the chances of an exciting chase, followed by the award of prize money. The sea under those conditions was like a Tom Tiddler's ground, full of treasure possibilities. Frigates and sloops never knew what luck they were likely to stumble upon. On the morning of 23rd May, 1811 His Majesty's frigate *Quebec* (Captain Hawtayne) was cruising off the Texel, when she discovered a schooner on her weather beam steering to the south-east. *Quebec* gave chase, but the other was "carrying-sail" in the light wind and trying to escape. The frigate's commanding officer therefore ordered out four of his boats under a couple of lieutenants, and properly manned, to go after the schooner, board and detain her.

This was about half-past eight in the forenoon, but half an hour later His Majesty's brig-of-war *Britomart* was seen to the north-west, while *Quebec* continued chasing the schooner on courses varying from south-east to south and even north-west, for the wind during the afternoon kept veering from south-south-west to as much as north-north-east. About one o'clock *Britomart* brought along a fresh breeze, gaining fast on both *Quebec* and the schooner. At 3.30 p.m. Captain Hawtayne signalled *Britomart* to pick up the frigate's boats, having the advantage as pursuing ship and not wishing to be delayed. Both warships continued occasionally to fire at the schooner, but later in the afternoon the weather came on very thick, so that after 6 p.m. they both lost each other. The chase was still continuing at 9 p.m., when suddenly

out of the night appeared His Majesty's frigate *Désirée* from a different quarter; and although the first two had been all day contending, the new arrival sailed straight into the fray, intercepted the schooner before gaining the Texel, and thus captured her. Luck always has played a wonderful hand in regard to the sea; everything thereon is possible, but nothing improbable. And so it was with the American ship *Hunter*.

She had sailed from Boston, in 1812, with a cargo of iron axes, hatchets, axe-handles, chisels, files, ivory knives, scissors and looking-glasses to trade with the Indians. Calling first at Tahiti, after rounding the Horn, the Marquesas and the Society Islands, she eventually crossed the Pacific to Canton, where she was about to take in tea for Boston when she received news that war had broken out between Great Britain and the United States. The *Hunter* was therefore dismantled and laid up until 1st March, 1814, when she began to load, and sailed sixteen days later. But unknown to her was H.M. frigate *Doris* waiting outside, and on the following day the trader was captured.

Similarly, life aboard the ships themselves was subject to sudden changes of fortune, which made it impossible to guess the final result. On the last day of September, 1813 a vessel named the *Governor Raffles* sailed from Batavia for London with a crew of five Europeans, together with twenty-two Portuguese Indians and Lascars, as well as nineteen Malays. The voyage prospered until 9th November, when at two

in the morning nine of the Malays rose against the rest of the crew, killed the gunner, a Portuguese steersman, who was standing at the wheel, and one other Portuguese, as well as four Lascars. Besides wounding the mate, the Serang and several of the crew, they drove the rest down below and kept possession of the ship until eleven the next morning.

Here the tide of fortune turned, for Andreas Dahl and other members of the crew now broke open the companion door, attacked the Malays, knocked three of them overboard, drove the rest below, and then fastened the hatches over them. Having thus recovered the ship and cargo, Dahl's party called on the Malays to surrender, but the latter declined. Thereupon taking up two of the deck planks, Dahl fired down on the Malays, killing two; after which he placed four more in irons and then set the remainder adrift in the jolly-boat to do for themselves what they could. Now eventually Dahl brought the ship safely to London with her cargo intact, and anyone would have guessed that a fine sum of salvage would be awarded for this highly commendable performance.

The four Malay mutineers were brought ashore still in irons, tried at the Old Bailey for murder, condemned and executed. Dahl, the carpenter, and some others of the crew then brought an action in the High Court of Admiralty for salvage, but the judge took the view that it was "the bounded duty of the crew to give every assistance in their power to prevent or quell a mutiny," and dismissed the case. So, having done nothing more than presumably they were paid for,

these gallant sailormen went sorrowfully away. We can almost hear their outspoken remarks as they assembled in the nearest ale-house and expressed their opinions concerning the uncertainties and unfairness which the seafaring service sometimes confers. Every rank and rating has gone through these hard realities and disappointments, from admirals and commanding officers downwards.

As one wanders through certain of the old ports once famous for their ships and singing sailors, it is still just possible to reconstruct some of the atmosphere and environment of this period. We mentioned Falmouth just now, whence the famous packet-ships in the service of the Post Office used to run. The vessels themselves belonged to private individuals, but were hired to maintain connection with the West Indies and elsewhere. The captain would engage his own officers and crew, the chief mate and the surgeon receiving five pounds a month, with the addition of eight pounds a year for the surgeon to provide medicine for the ship's company. Another three pounds a month also went to the surgeon from the Post Office. Now there still stands on the south side of Falmouth harbour, facing Flushing, a row of houses where these officers and their families had their homes. Along the same road stands the ugly church, where on Sundays, with great dignity and importance, these officers would appear in their good clothes as members of a select community. Just opposite, across the river west of Flushing, was the dry dock where their ships were scrubbed and refitted for the next voyage.

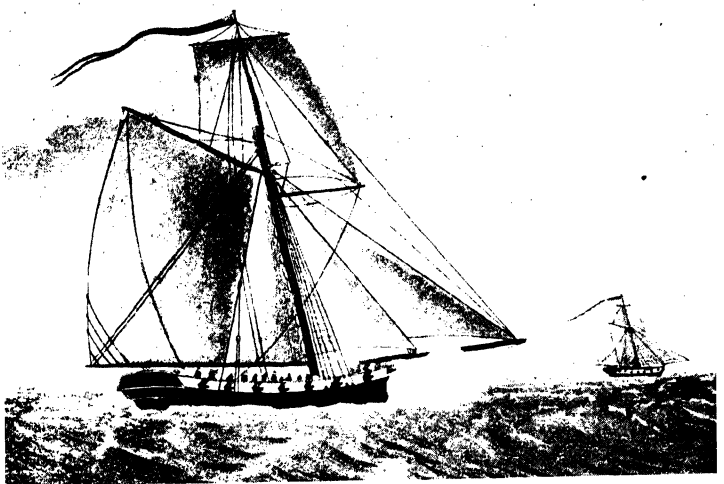
The gate has gone, but the dock is still to be seen where the trees join on to a yacht builder's yard. Surely there must be ghost ships still haunting that locality, and phantom sailors still singing their shanties, and sometimes cursing the bad luck which the sea handed them more frequently than otherwise.

CHAPTER X

PERIL ON THE SEAS

IF, as some historians have contended, the passing of the Reform Bill in the second year of William IV's reign was for the British people the greatest political act of the nineteenth century, the most striking revolution of the age was the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, and the subsequent establishment of the ocean steamship in direct competition with the historic sailing-vessels that for thousands of years had used the sea with no rivals, other than oar-propelled galleys. Never was any period more ripe for new ideas than that when the movements of trading vessels were so ridiculously uncertain and unreliable, for in commerce dependability is the first law.

The brave citizen who set out to travel by sea from London to Leith might spend forty-two days, if becalmed, or forty-two hours. The Atlantic voyage might take anything from one to three months; the Indian venture might likely enough end in disaster; the Australian journey might be as dangerous as a march through Central Africa. Nothing would have been more foolish in those days than to have tried popularising ocean travel, for the appeal would have fallen on dull ears, until that reliability and safety which were to be associated with steam machinery should give future generations full confidence. It is not easy in this twentieth century, with its amazingly hurried development, to appreciate the attitude of our grandparents, so that the following incidents are



Macpherson Collect

AN ENGLISH REVENUE CUTTER OF ABOUT 1800

Macpherson Collec

SAILORS' KITCHEN ASHORE

(*See page* 131).

worthy of attention, not merely for their drama, but as emphasising how incredibly marine matters have altered within less than a century. The general regard in respect of aerial navigation over vast oceans to-day is far more sympathetic than was the public esteem of the best sailing ship service in the year when the historic Mr. Huskisson demonstrated to the world, by his own death from a locomotive, that the new railroad might become civilisation's greatest enemy.

On 13th February, 1830 the superstitious seamen of the East Indiaman *Lady Holland* must have thought with interest of those engine-fitted vessels *Savannah* and *Curaçao*, which had already safely crossed the Atlantic; and still more of the 176-ton *Falcon*, which had, in 1825, made the voyage to Calcutta; and of the 470-ton *Enterprise*, which in the same year made the same passage, also, of course, via Cape of Good Hope, in 113 days. Both *Falcon* and *Enterprise* were steamships only in the sense that their engines were auxiliary, but the fact remained that out of 113 days the *Enterprise* used steam for 103 days. The independence of being no longer held up by calms, the chance of being able to rectify a navigational error before being lost on a lee shore, the possibility of evading pirates (such as lurked between India and China), the knowledge of possessing a means of propulsion alternative to the fickle wind—all these were such unanswerable facts that as soon as the many-centuries-old prejudices could be overcome, canvas must vanish before steam, uncertainty must give way to dependability. And the more cases that multiplied of sensational losses to the

old-fashioned vessels, the more did the side-whiskered, conventional-minded, frock-coated merchants begin to doubt the sound basis of their own long-cherished ideas. It needed only the introduction of ocean cables, the rise of the newspaper regime and the spread of education, to hasten on quicker thinking and resultant action. Thereafter the limited sailing-ship was moribund, however much we may regret the passing of an old and romantic friend.

On the Saturday night mentioned, *Lady Holland*, outward bound from England, was wrecked off Dassen Island, which is twenty-seven miles north of Cape Town. All the preceding week the weather had been deliciously cool, and the passengers were exhilarated by the thought of disembarkation next day. During the evening there was a moderate breeze, and the sea was nothing unusual. The *Lady Holland* was doing her five knots, the compass course being about south-east. About 9 p.m. the captain had soundings taken, which revealed no bottom, so he decided not to alter course for another hour ; but at 10 p.m., or just before, the look-out man was being relieved when he remarked to his opposite number: "If that ain't land ahead, after all, I'm very much mistaken."

Scarcely had his relief taken over than there came the cry, "Breakers ahead! Helm hard aweather!" But before the slow East Indiaman could answer her helm, she had struck good and hard. At that moment the moon broke through and revealed on either side of the hull low dark reefs with white feathers of dashing breakers, whose roaring was alarming. The

Lady Holland was being lifted by the Atlantic swell and dropped heavily, with shattering crashes, so that the captain seems so far to have forgotten himself as to exclaim, "She's gone! She's gone." The passengers were more frightened than before; the wild fury aloft of sails flapping and slatting, of sheets and braces thrashing about in a mad medley, did not help to alleviate their feelings, and every moment they expected the ship to break up. The jolly-boat was manned and sent off to explore the reef, whilst the rest of the crew proceeded to clear decks, fire signals, cut down the masts, repair and caulk the longboat, whose condition appears to have been over-long neglected.

The moon shone below on fifteen shivering women passengers wrapped in sheets or blankets awaiting the worst. Soon after midnight the hull was rapidly filling with water, the breeze was freshening, the ship settling down, and an ugly swell sweeping right across the deck. The longboat was now launched, and the painter broke, but a sailor took a leap into her before it was too late and brought her alongside again. The women were lowered into this lively craft with most of the male passengers, and then arrived back the jolly-boat with information that a mile and a half away there was a good landing-place. They brought news that this was Dassen Island, that it consisted of a sandy desert, where sojourned three or four men only, who had been sent from Cape Town to collect penguin eggs.

The jolly-boat took the longboat in tow, and the wreck was abandoned. The island was reached without incident, and the Cape Town men hospitably

yielded up their homes, which consisted of two huts made over the arches of whale jawbones. During the next day there floated ashore some of the passengers' possessions, and the ship's surgeon was rowed across to the mainland in order to fetch assistance from Cape Town. A small tent was erected, and they fed on eggs, biscuit, wine and brackish water, using shells in place of glasses. But these people were fortunate that they had been wrecked so close to a port. Instead of being isolated for weeks and months, they saw arrive on Tuesday a ship that had been sent out by the Governor, and at 9 a.m. they were all transferred aboard His Majesty's brig-of-war *Falcon*. The passage was delayed by head winds, but by the late afternoon of Wednesday they were landed on Cape Town wharf.

The value of the ship's cargo amounted to £48,000, which became a total loss, with the exception of a few casks containing wine. The passengers likewise lost most of their effects; and, what was equally serious, they had to pay again for passage from there to India. It meant waiting till another vessel came out, and the price of the lowest cabin to India from Cape Town amounted to £262 10s.

Three years later—that memorable period which had just seen the British Parliament pass two important measures[1] giving freedom to those unable to help themselves—the ship-rigged *Charles Eaton*, Captain G. F. Moore, left London, called at Cape Town on 1st May, 1834, thence ran her easting down,

[1] The Act for emancipation of the West Indian slaves; and the Factory Act, forbidding the employment of children under nine years of age in factories.

reached Hobart by the middle of June and Sydney a month later, and next sailed for Canton and Soerabaya. It was on her voyage coming back for England with a cargo of calicoes and lead that possibly some of the older hands may have been discussing the sad incident which happened to the sailing vessel *Governor Ready*, only five years previously. The latter, after passing the famous Great Barrier Reef, which extends along the east coast of Australia for over thirteen hundred miles from Torres Straits southwards, had hit one of the detached reefs near the Strait an hour after mid-day, immediately had become a total wreck, and the people had been saved at the end of a voyage in open boats, which landed them at Timor Island, almost starving.

Now in *Charles Eaton* were travelling six passengers, the whole complement (with captain, three mates, the ship's boy named John Ireland, and the crew) amounting to sixty. It was just eight o'clock in the morning on 15th August, and she was bowling along with a fine breeze, when there suddenly showed up breakers ahead. The captain tried to stay her, but she refused, so both anchors were let go. It was too late, the *Charles Eaton* swung close to the obstruction and fell broadside on. She had struck the Great Detached Reef, one of those perilous coral formations at the Torres Strait entrance that represent the original Australian coast line.

Captain Moore had been anxious to enter the Strait only by daylight, and for this reason had taken in the first reef of his topsail during the dark hours, but at

the moment of impact the ship was sailing at such a rate that her keel and rudder were knocked right off. The one fortunate circumstance remained that it was not night. He now ordered the boats to be got ready and provisioned so as to make Timor, that island which Lieutenant Bligh, after the celebrated *Bounty* mutiny, reached in his open boat at the end of six weeks during the year 1789. This is the largest and easternmost of the Lesser Sunda Islands in the Dutch East Indies, and its geographical situation west of northern Australia made it a suitable landfall, with its mountainous conspicuity.

The *Charles Eaton* had her longboat, two cutters and a dandy, which, had they been well looked after, should have been adequate for all, but the usual rupture of discipline which we find in these disasters now began. Many of such crews were made up of sometimes plucky, but rough, characters, whom only a heavy hand and the threat of punishment by the cat-o'-nine-tails could keep in order. Often enough they were bad specimens of the poorest families, unable to read or write, irreligious, ex-gaol birds with many crimes to their names, blasphemous and hard-swearing. Thus three of them, disobeying all orders, seized the cutter and made off, whilst two others joined her by swimming. Unfortunately for every one else this was the only boat aboard fit to be used, all the others having been damaged when the ship struck. The escaping cutter had no compass, but in her were thirty pounds of hard tack, a small ham and a four-gallon keg of drinking-water.

For the next fifteen days these five seamen, with no other guides than the sun and stars, sailed (as they thought) towards Timor. They descried land, went ashore, but then found their mistake. They obtained fresh water as well as coco-nuts, and then started off again, but were attacked by natives in their proas; which are long craft, carrying a mast and narrow but long quadrilateral sail, not unlike a lug. Such craft used to be very fond, in the old sailing-ship days, of carrying pirates, ready to fall upon some innocent whaler or merchantman anywhere between New Guinea and Borneo, especially in calms. The *Charles Eaton's* cutter now went through a hard time, her five men were exhausted from their voyage and so completely unnerved that they could not resist these natives, who made them prisoners and divested them of their clothing. Next they capsized the cutter, and, the five having been taken up the beach, most of the populace were in favour of the Englishmen being murdered. This, in fact, was just about to be carried out, when two of the tribe intervened and saved their lives. And now it was learned that this was not Timor, but Timor Laut, most of the three hundred miles east and north of Timor itself, and situated in the Arafura Sea.

The five were treated fairly well, but were not given quite enough to eat, and after thirteen months there arrived a certain trading proa from Amboina in the Moluccas to the north of Timor Laut. The Englishmen felt that this was their real chance, and only with much difficulty were they allowed to depart in her, the

condition being that they should bring back an English ship with so many arms and so much ammunition that the natives would be able to conquer all enemies. On 7th October, 1835, two years before Queen Victoria came to the English throne, the five were safely landed at Amboina; they were later on taken before the Resident of Batavia, who listened to their story and sent their depositions to Europe. Not till June, 1836, did this remarkable narrative reach England concerning the *Charles Eaton's* loss, and thus in part clear up a long-standing mystery; though in the meantime a schooner called *Jane and Henry* had passed through Torres Strait, sighted a vessel bottom up and observed several casks floating about marked *Charles Eaton*. And another vessel, *Augustus Cæsar*, had sent her boat ashore to Double Island, whence were brought off a ship's stern window, some brass locks and a key with the words *Charles Eaton* thereon.

Ships from the East India station were now sent to search for survivors, but they were unsuccessful. It must be realised that though the Torres Strait had been first navigated by the Spaniard Torres as far back as 1606, it was still most imperfectly surveyed in this early part of the nineteenth century, although an increasing number of British ships passing between Australia and India were using it at their peril; the reefs, shoals and islands making it notorious to mariners, in spite of the eighty or ninety miles of water between the York peninsula and New Guinea. But on 18th September, 1835, the ship *Mangles*, Captain Carr, had reached Murray Island, which lies

about a hundred and thirty miles off the York peninsula, and next day several native canoes came off to trade.

Now in one of these craft was noticed a white man, quite naked, like the natives, but obviously European. Captain Carr was more than intrigued and learned that this was an Englishman who had been wrecked some months previously in the *Charles Eaton*, but the natives would not permit him to come aboard *Mangles*. Upon this, Captain Carr had his cutter manned, armed and sent off in charge of the second officer, with the boatswain and six men. They were ordered to capture the canoe at any price, but though they managed to hook hold of her, the white man refused to come with the cutter, threw down his paddle and dived overboard; so Carr ordered his boat back. Not quite satisfied, the captain had himself rowed by the beach, but hesitated to go ashore, for the island was inhabited by aborigines known to be very treacherous, daring and thieving. He did, however, go in so close as to see a little European white boy, and was convinced that a number of other Europeans were being detained there. So sure was the captain of these facts that he sent a letter to the *Canton Register*, which was published on 16th February, 1836.

In November, 1836, Carr was back in London, still full of this story, and he went before the Lord Mayor, who examined him to get further details. But in the meantime the Honourable East India Company despatched from Bombay in March, 1836, the brig-of-war *Tigris* to make a search of the Torres Strait. She

unfortunately hit an unmarked shoal and lost her rudder, though by sending ashore and cutting down trees another one was made. Whilst she did nothing to clear up the suspense, the Governor of New South Wales also sent out the schooner *Isabella*, and she had the good fortune to find two survivors, viz., John Ireland (previously mentioned), the ship's boy, and William D'Oyley, son of Captain D'Oyley. The latter, with his wife, two children and native nurse, had been in the *Charles Eaton*, Captain D'Oyley being an officer of the Bengal Artillery.

Young D'Oyley was now about five years old, and he was brought with Ireland back to Sydney. The following facts then emerged: Captain and Mrs. D'Oyley had been murdered on an island near to Murray's Island, but *Isabel's* captain had been able to purchase the two lads in exchange for axes. They had been well treated and rescued from Boydary Island, which lay to the westward of Murray. John Ireland stated that after the *Charles Eaton* struck the reef her people remained on the wreck for a fortnight. Rough rafts were then constructed and fitted with mast as well as sail, thus enabling them to reach Boydary Island, but the savages came off and killed all the crew who were on one raft, sparing but himself. On another raft were Captain Moore and passengers. Every one of these, he said, was murdered, excepting William D'Oyley, and the latter's brother, aged seven, who died three months later.

The *Isabella's* captain proceeded a little further west and found Boydary Island in Lat. 9.56.14,

Long. 143.11.30. He was unable to come across any inhabitants, since the latter fled the previous night as soon as the schooner hove in sight. He did, however, discover seventeen skulls, each of which bore great marks of violence. These skulls he brought away with him to Sydney, and they were pronounced to be European. As to the missing persons, we may draw our own conclusions. Doubtless those whom Captain Carr saw from his boat were some of *Charles Eaton's* survivors, but there might also have been people captured from another ill-fated wreck. Ireland might not have seen certain others belonging to *Charles Eaton*, who probably got drowned.

D'Oyley and Ireland were taken care of whilst at Sydney, and then sent back to England. It was now quite obvious that if ships with valuable lives and cargoes were still to use this treacherous Torres Strait, something must be done to get out reliable and adequate charts. The British Admiralty therefore despatched a surveying vessel, and thus out of misfortune did good come for the safety and welfare of other shipping; but such incidents as these enable us to understand the trials and vicissitudes of captain, officers, crew and passengers just at that critical time when it was not yet certain whether steamers would ever quite usurp the pre-eminence of the sailing-ship. Perhaps it might be well for modern passengers aboard our luxury liners to consider how much has been done for their preservation and comfort during one hundred years. What with swimming-baths, gymnasia, ball-rooms, orchestra, cocktail bars, tapestries, valuable

paintings, shops, tennis-courts, wireless, to say nothing of marvellous navigational aids, boat-drills and many other items, the contrast of the modern liner with such ships as *Charles Eaton* is too absurd to be entertained. One can only feel grateful to those many minds that have done so much to remove the sea's perils and discomforts.

CHAPTER XI

THE GREAT BARRIER

TWO years after the *Charles Eaton* affair came another incident which still further emphasised the absolute necessity of a thorough survey, followed by dependable charts, if overseas communications were to mean something more than mere words. What good roads are to land traffic, properly charted routes mean to the ship. Since the seventeenth century the buoyage of the Narrow Seas, especially beginning with the Thames estuary, had been getting better and better. But as naval wars and the Mercantile Marine rapidly opened up new possibilities, as emigrants went out to develop new colonies and a constant stream of trade thereafter began, it was high time that Governmental assistance made the routes plain. The age had been too heroic during the interminable wars to heed the prompting. When attention was centred chiefly on fighting and performing glorious deeds, there was not opportunity enough for the quiet, peaceful, scientific work of surveying, the collecting of data and the setting forth of essential knowledge for the mariner's convenience. It needed the period of peace for at least a generation before the freedom of the seas (in a strictly non-political sense) could be guaranteed.

The final voyage of the *Stirling Castle* proved that the waters for many miles east of Australia were scarcely less dangerous than the Torres Strait. She was a fine vessel of five hundred tons burthen, brig-rigged, and came out of St. Katharine's Docks, London,

on 22nd October, 1835, bound for Hobart, Tasmania, with a general cargo of goods and nine hundred barrels of pale ale. She had a slight accident going down the Thames, for another brig fouled her off the Isle of Dogs and carried away the *Stirling Castle's* larboard cat-head, thus necessitating the ship anchoring off Greenwich during three days for repairs. Aboard her were Captain James Fraser in command, his wife Eliza, Chief Officer Charles Brown, Second Officer Henry Greaves, the boatswain John Baxter, as well as a carpenter, cook, steward, six seamen and three boys, one of the latter being the captain's nephew. A number of passengers bound for New South Wales were also travelling.

On the 26th she weighed anchor, and after a pleasant voyage of five months reached Hobart on 22nd March 1836, all well except the captain, who was somewhat of a sick man, though not seriously. Having discharged her cargo, she sailed to Sydney, where most of her crew were so attracted by the shore that they deserted; but the original chief officer, the boatswain (now promoted to second officer), one seaman (who became boatswain) and the nephew Fraser remained in her. Having picked up a new steward and cook—both men of colour—two boys and seven seamen, making a complement of twenty, the *Stirling Castle* sailed in ballast for Singapore on 15th May, 1836. It should be mentioned that four years previously Captain Fraser had lost a ship named the *Comet* on a reef in the very track along which the *Stirling Castle* was about to follow.

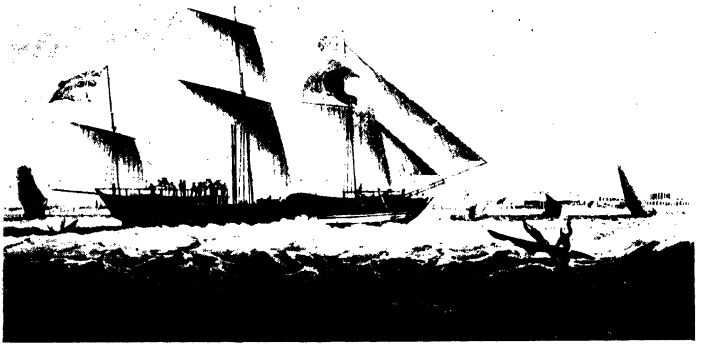
Outside the Sydney Heads, Fraser found a southerly wind, but the weather was thick and foggy. The breeze lasted till the 20th, and on the next day it shifted to south-east, which enabled lower and top-mast stuns'ls to be set, and he sailed some time on a north-west course. On the 22nd the captain got a noon sight and reckoned his position as Lat. 21.5 S., Long. 155 E., or about fifty miles east of the Eliza Reef, as we know it to-day. He estimated that the current on the previous two days was south-east five knots. Now after nine hours' sailing, during which the *Stirling Castle* was doing only five knots, she suddenly brought up on a semi-circle of coral which was not then marked on the charts, but is now called by the name Eliza.

The ship swung round on her keel with her side to the sea. They tried by close-hauling her to persuade her off, but there she remained broadside on, wedged firmly. The tide was running very strongly, the keel was badly damaged, the hull leaking seriously, the hold full of water, the crew trying to work the pumps, but awkwardly on those listed decks; and all this time the seas broke right over her, carrying away everything that was movable. It may seem curious to some people that there should be a shoal one hundred and fifty miles from the Australian mainland, but a glance at the chart will show that the Great Barrier Reef, which begins a little further to the southward abreast of Sandy Cape, does extend thus far east, though generally it is not more than fifteen to twenty miles. The line, of course, is not continuous, the gaps

in the Barrier being most numerous in the southern portion, due chiefly to fresh water coming out of the rivers.

Captain Fraser's health at the time of the stranding was bad; in fact he was very ill, and that was the more to be regretted, seeing that he was in such a dangerous neighbourhood. One might have hoped that the look-out man would have seen from aloft even the white curl of the seas breaking over this coral patch, but perhaps there was some slackness as the "old man" was indisposed. But now the ship was labouring so heavily that the starboard lanyards of the main rigging were cut away, and the mainmast went over the larboard quarter, carrying with it the fore-topmast, t'gallant mast, royal, jib-boom and flying jib-boom. She had been lying on her larboard side, but now righted herself for a while, only to be hurled back once more by the sea. No lives had been lost, but the man at the wheel had been knocked down, and the crew generally bruised severely. Owing to the heavy Pacific seas no boats could be launched till the following dawn, when the gale had considerably abated; but the sea was all of a lather, and the seagulls circled over the doomed ship, shrieking.

It was now seen that the longboat was moderately damaged, and that the pinnace had a starboard streak stove in, so they began repairing them both, and at low water they lowered the former into the water, only to have her stove in by the coral. She was hauled up and repaired again, and then they loaded her with provisions. The wind by this time was coming on



Macpherson Collection

THE STEAM VESSEL *ENTERPRISE*
Entering Madras Roads.

Macpherson Collection

EAST INDIAMAN OFF JAVA HEAD

fresh and the flood making, but into her got Mrs. Fraser, two boys, carpenter, five seamen, steward, Chief Officer Brown and Captain Fraser, a total of eleven. The food with them consisted of fifty pounds bread, three pieces of salt beef, twenty pounds pork, three gallons of brandy, some butter, preserves, ale. There were also sextants, quadrants, chronometers, compasses, telescopes, part of a chart, fowling-piece, pistols, an axe and so on.

In the pinnace went the second officer, John Baxter, the boatswain, four seamen and a boy. Each boat made its own way out of the surf, and by five p.m. of 22nd May, 1836, they were clear of the ship for the last time. At first the pinnace took the longboat in tow, Baxter shaping a course south-west and then west-south-west for the Australian coast, and using his quadrant to get a fix. On 27th May the two boats reached Cumberland Island, one of the numerous groups lying in about Lat. 20.10 S., Long. 149.10 E., and not more than twenty or thirty miles from the shore. They had been discovered by Captain Cook only sixty-six years previously.

During the five days' passage they had blundered right across the Great Barrier, and hit so many coral shoals that the men had to keep getting out of the boats to lift them over. The result of this was that the longboat leaked worse, and had to be bailed out incessantly, her seams being further damaged by the heavy weather. As for the crews, the coral had cut their feet like knives. But at Cumberland Island, well inside the Great Barrier, they landed on a fine

sandy beach, quite exhausted, yet all alive. By rubbing together pieces of a tree bark, they kindled a fire, and the negro cook boiled a piece of pork, which was divided among the twenty people. The most able-bodied then searched among the rocky crevices for drinking water, whilst others made a tent of the boat-sails for Captain and Mrs. Fraser and Chief Officer Brown. The boats' seams were caulked with soap and grease, mixed with sand, and on the 29th they left the island, the pinnace towing the longboat as before. They had only those few miles to traverse across the Repulse Bay, where they hoped to find missionaries, but now the wind suddenly piped up fiercely from the north, so that they had to up helm and run before it.

And then from this date they seem to have lost all control over their fate. For the next four weeks, that is until 26th June, they continued to run before this wind, landing only to gather a few rock oysters, other shell-fish, and water whenever they touched at the various islands within the Barrier. If rain fell they would spread out their jackets to be soaked, and then wring them out; but there came a time when Baxter (who also happened to be the captain's nephew) and Mrs. Fraser drank some sea-water and became delirious. On the fourteenth day Baxter fell ill, and was succeeded in command by Stone, the boatswain. During this long run to the southward, Baxter had been hoping to sight some settlement where they could land, but now he was transferred to the longboat, which was by this date little more than a hospital with

twelve sick people, she herself being also in a sinking condition.

One night Stone decided to act meanly, and under pretence of searching for water at one of the chain of islands, he and his companions in the pinnace basely deserted the other craft. As he had with him neither compass, nor quadrant, nor chronometer, Stone had to steer by the land; but he carried on down the coast for a considerable distance, and finally, when within about a hundred and twenty miles of the Macleay River, New South Wales, his party went ashore, but fell in with a tribe of savage aborigines. In short, fate punished desertion with such severity that of this pinnace load the lad Fraser and a boy named Wilson were drowned, but the rest were taken prisoners by the natives, who dealt with them severely, Stone and the carpenter being speared to death. Allen, the black cook, two seamen named Hodge and Copeland, had the sense to strip and deliver up their clothes to the savages, and were then marched into the bush, but even this modified mercy was not conceded for long. Allen and Copeland were so badly fed that they later died of starvation, and Major was burned to death. Hodge, however, escaped and eventually joined some of his friends.

As to the longboat, her people were filled with anguish when at dawn the pinnace was nowhere to be seen. Suffering terribly from thirst, they were blown to and fro for another fourteen days, having during the final week neither food nor water. During the last three days their discomfort was increased by lightning

and rain, and there was not a dry place whereon to lie, their slender energies being employed to prevent sinking. By this stage Captain Fraser had become frenzied and bit his tongue, and his companions were alarmed by the sight of two sharks which for a whole week had been following astern. And in order properly to appreciate the suspense, we must remember that these survivors were sailing past what was practically *terra incognita*. It was only sixty-six years since this east coast had been discovered by Captain Cook, and not more than the general outlines of Australia were known to Fraser's contemporaries. It was not till 1846–1850 that the *Rattlesnake*, with Huxley on board, did the survey of the Great Barrier Reef; and as to the inhabitants, there were not more than eighty thousand in the whole of Australia and Tasmania at the date when the *Stirling Castle* went down, the first settlement of a thousand persons having been as recent as 1788, when the penal colony was established at Botany Bay in order to rid the Mother Country of gaol characters, and afford a place for their safe custody. Convicts, male and female, were brought out from England in a squadron consisting of ten sailing ships, transports and store vessels, convoyed by H.M. frigate *Sirius*, which assembled opposite Spithead and departed in May, 1787, reaching their destination the following January.

It was, however, found that Botany Bay (five miles south of the modern Sydney), was unsuitable, so Port Jackson (on whose southern shore Sydney is situated) was selected, and here the Commodore landed his

convicts, who set to work and cleared the ground that was to begin the flourishing Commonwealth which now prospers so exceedingly. The transportation of criminals had, as every one knows, stopped four years after the *Stirling Castle* got wrecked. Moreton Bay, also discovered by Captain Cook, at the mouth of the River Brisbane, was another of these penal colonies. Now Captain Fraser's party, having at length got well south of the Great Barrier area, reached land at a spot about a hundred and twenty miles from Moreton Bay, where they beached the longboat, but soon beheld some suspicious natives, who were watching them closely from the heights above the shore. Contact was made shortly afterwards, and the wearied, hungry English people were gratified by the sight of a kangaroo's putrid carcase lying stinking on the ground. This they proceeded to annex, but the natives exacted payment by seizing caps and clothing.

A tent of the boat's sail was fixed up for Captain and Mrs. Fraser, the chief officer and Baxter. A fire was kindled, the kangaroo cooked, and water was obtained from adjacent rocks. It was quite realised that the natives with their threatening spears were not to be trusted, but it was decided to remain a while, repair the boat, and then go on to Moreton Bay. Not till several days later had the men strength enough to haul the craft over the beach and inspect the damage, so the delay was inevitable. Life here was none too pleasant, and the nights were very cold, but on the third day a regular system of barter had been begun

with the natives, until quite a hundred and fifty of them used to come down. By this means delicious fish, such as mullet, were obtained; but it was perfectly plain that the aborigines resented the appearance of white people.

Daily the signs of hostility increased, and it was clearly time to depart, but the boat people were waiting for a change of moon, and therefore a hoped-for change in the bad weather. But, eventually, they decided to reach Moreton Bay by walking. Four seamen, Darge, Elliott, Youlden, Hanham, together with boy Carey, impatiently set off by themselves, leaving Captain and Mrs. Fraser, Brown, Baxter, Corallis (the steward) and Doyle behind. Natives now came down and pilfered the tent so Fraser determined to start with his party too. Having burnt part of the longboat, the six began their walk, and at night bivouacked.

The advance section, consisting of Baxter, Corallis and Doyle, shortly afterwards became consumed with anxiety when the rearguard failed to catch up, but the captain was unable to walk quickly, so his wife and the chief officer adapted their pace to his. The other three now erroneously concluded that the Fraser contingent had gone ahead, and therefore a forced march of fifteen miles was made in an endeavour to overtake them; but in so doing they were surrounded by a native tribe, who menacingly demanded clothes and all belongings. Baxter resisted and was beaten, so finally these three men had to surrender. But a curious incident followed, which is worthy of com-

parison with one that had happened just two hundred and thirty years previously. In my monograph on Captain John Smith, the famous pioneer of Virginia, I mentioned the moment when Smith was a prisoner of the Indian Chief, Opechancanough, and met violence with cleverness. Presenting the Indian with a compass dial of ivory, the Englishman described its uses, whereat the chief was so filled with admiring interest that " he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the sunne, moone, starres, and plannets," and afterwards let Smith depart.

In just the same way, these Australian savages, with childish curiosity, commanded Baxter to show them for what purpose was intended that curious thing which the second mate called a sextant. Baxter soon held the instrument up and showed them how it was possible to bring the sun down to their feet, and this simple act so alarmed the primitive minds that the natives handed Baxter the instrument back and went away. So along the beach continued the three, and presently they overtook Captain and Mrs. Fraser, with the chief officer, who reported that they also had been plundered. During the next eight or nine nights the combined party advanced, resting and hiding by day in the bush, living on bread-fruit and berries, but always setting off as the darkness came.

It was on the ninth morning that sixteen natives surrounded them, who beat their tired bodies with clubs, and stripped them of all their clothing, with the exception of Mrs. Fraser, who was allowed to retain one article of dress. Doyle and Corallis pro-

ceeded, but the Fraser section stopped to pluck and twist long grass into bands which they wound round their persons as protection from the cold, and then followed. The latter had not gone far when some more savages, red and black, ferocious to behold, seized them and led them away into the bush. Hither were brought in those four seamen, Darge, Elliott, Youlden, Hanham, the boy Carey, but also Corallis and Doyle. The place is easily identifiable on our modern maps, for it lies between Wide Bay and Sandy Cape, of which the latter is in Lat. 24.42 S., some miles north of Moreton Bay.

The captives were separated among different tribes, employed as slaves, ill-treated, scantily fed, and scarcely able to endure the cold nights. Captain Fraser was especially singled out for cruelty, in spite of his already bad health. His cheek was speared, and the sight of one eye was thus lost. Altogether it was a sad business; and of the original eleven belonging to the longboat, Elliott and Doyle were drowned in Wide Bay whilst trying to escape, but the savages now increased their villainies. To cruelty was added torture: Baxter was made to suffer severely and taken for most of two hundred miles inland; Brown was burnt at the stake by a slow fire till nothing of his body remained but ashes; and Captain Fraser was speared to death in the presence of his wife.

Whilst up country, Baxter met with a bushranger; that is to say, one of the runaway convicts from the penal settlement who was now living as a native. By the middle of August, Baxter was brought back to

the place of massacre, and whilst at the beach he was surprised one day to see a white man walking towards him, clad only in a pair of trousers and altogether a quite mysterious figure. Who was he? A shipwrecked mariner? A bushranger? And then they met. The stranger said his name was Graham, that he was a convict, and had been sent from Moreton Bay by Captain Fyans, Lieut.-Governor of that establishment, to rescue Baxter and his companions. He added that Corallis and Darge had already made their escape and reached Moreton Bay, where the former had given the story of *Stirling Castle's* loss and the ensuing happenings. Captain Fyans had thereupon sent Graham, with the promise that should the latter succeed in his mission, the convict would receive a free pardon; he was accordingly resolved to do his best.

Graham went on to say that Lieutenant Otter, with a detachment of the King's Own, had also been immediately despatched, and these were lying in ambush a short distance away. Baxter's heart was beating fast, but before this interesting conversation could end, the two were surrounded by the natives, yet not before Graham had had an opportunity of warning Baxter to be ready for flight at the proper time. Baxter needed no second exhortation, and that same night, whilst the natives were dancing, the two ran like hounds to the waterside, leapt into a canoe, and by paddling across the bay as hard as they could they got over in forty minutes and rushed in the direction of where Lieutenant Otter with his ambush were

hiding. And then, unfortunately, Baxter was seized with cramp in the stomach. The situation was awkward, the savages might overtake them, yet the man was in too great a pain to go any further. Graham, at the risk of giving away their position, lit a fire in the darkness, and after he had warmed his companion by means of firebrands they were able to proceed, and reached Otter at nine the following morning. Needless to say, Baxter here received every kindness and attention, but it was an additional pleasure to find that Hanham and Carey were also there, having owed their rescue to Graham likewise.

But there still remained in the enemy's hands Mrs. Fraser; so, after some refreshment, Graham sallied forth again, and in twelve hours he was able to return with her, the last of the eleven who survived from the longboat. Here she was given clothing, which had been thoughtfully sent out by the ladies of Moreton Bay, and later on she, together with Baxter, Hanham and Carey, went to Moreton Bay by boat, arriving there in two days; thus, with the three already there, seven of the eleven were accounted for, in addition to the four who were dead.

Graham received the promised emancipation and pardon, in addition to a bonus of thirty guineas. After seven hospitable weeks, Mrs. Fraser and her fellow-survivors sailed for Sydney in the Revenue cutter *Prince George*, and on the way down this vessel coasted to see if any other survivors could be sighted, of Allen, Major and Copeland, who were still missing from the pinnace party. (Hodge, it will be remem-

bered, had escaped to civilisation, the young nephew of the captain, named Fraser, had been drowned, as was the boy Wilson, but Stone and the carpenter had been killed.) After sailing about a hundred miles, the Revenue cutter saw a number of fires near the beach, sent in a boat next day and found the disfigured remains of Major, who had been burnt to death, Baxter recognising the buttons of his waistcoat. After having given Major a burial, they could find nothing at all of Allen and Copeland, who had been starved to death. At the end of five days *Prince George* reached Sydney on 15th October, 1836, having examined every creek on the way.

Baxter and his mates wasted little time, for on 11th November they went aboard the barque *Elizabeth*, bound for Valparaiso and London. She was a fast sailer, and had formerly been in the British Navy. She made a good passage to London Docks, where she landed her passengers safely in the following June, on the very day that Queen Victoria was proclaimed monarch. As to Mrs. Fraser, she remained in Sydney until February of that year, when she set sail in a vessel called the *Mediterranean Packet*, Captain Greene, arriving in Liverpool exactly five months later to the day. And here the story ends on a note of romance, for it was subsequently learned that before leaving Sydney the widow had married Captain Greene. The information was kept secret, but it leaked out in England, and the least charitable did not fail to arch their eyebrows and hurl criticisms at a woman who had been through hell and come out again alive.

But the early Victorians were nothing if not narrow-minded, and many a worse shock was coming to them presently as they saw the march of industry and invention, the triumph of science over matter, the establishment of the steel and steam age, the opening of the Suez Canal, the waning popularity of the windjammers, and the commencement of an era that was to rob the sea of most, though never all, of its terrors to humanity.

CHAPTER XII

SEA ESCAPES

NOW that the War is long since passed, an interesting feature of the new phase is an interchange which has been going on for some time between Great Britain and Germany in regard to certain obscure facts during the late hostilities; and a newly born desire on the part of the history-loving public to learn the plain, unbiased truth. The flow of information between the two late enemies still proceeds through official channels, and it is likely that ultimately we shall be able to see the proper value of events in their true light more quickly than many people suppose.

In the meantime there stand out from the smoke and fog and propaganda more than one German naval officer whose pluck, initiative and endurance amid great difficulties cannot but be admired by those who fought on the other side. Captain von Müller, commanding officer of *Emden*, by his professional skill and personal behaviour will certainly be remembered when some of the baser instances of sea-warfare are forgotten. Notwithstanding that he lost the British nation two millions of money in ships and cargoes, to say nothing of many weeks of anxiety to the Royal Navy and the merchants, yet he was a clean and clever fighter, playing a lonely game that was bound to end as it did, when such a vessel as H.M.S. *Sydney* shelled his ship to perdition. Every one knows the story of *Emden's* raiding cruise, how she ingeniously disguised herself by the addition of a dummy canvas funnel

thirty feet high to make her resemble one of the "County" class cruisers; and that in this disguise she appeared early in November, 1914, off the Cocos group of islands, which are about seven hundred miles south-west of Sumatra, rising up from the Indian Ocean.

Having stopped off the cable station of the Eastern Telegraph Company, *Emden* sent in a boat party under Kapitan-Leutnant von Mücke, who destroyed the station's electric machinery of the wireless, wrecked the telegraph house, and cut the cable. But whilst the boat party were doing this, *Emden* steamed away hurriedly at 9.30 a.m. to meet *Sydney* and fight a duel to the death. This left Mücke's contingent unsupported and without a home; but their subsequent wanderings and experiences are so entertaining that they are worthy of attention as affording an object lesson for future sailormen of all ranks. One can sometimes learn from even one's bitterest enemy, and here is an instance.

Now lying near the cable station was a three-masted topsail schooner, named the *Ayesha*. She was ancient and rotten and ill-found, unsuitable for further ocean service. Mücke gave her a hurried and partial refit, bent the sails, used his steam launch to tow her out through the reefs, hoisted canvas, shoved the launch loose, and started off on a gamble that might, or probably would not, succeed. She was a vessel of not quite a hundred tons, and there was a certain amount of difficulty now in fixing up accommodation for Mücke with his fifty men. Four machine-guns

and about thirty rifles had been brought from the German launch and two cutters; there were also side-arms and pistols.

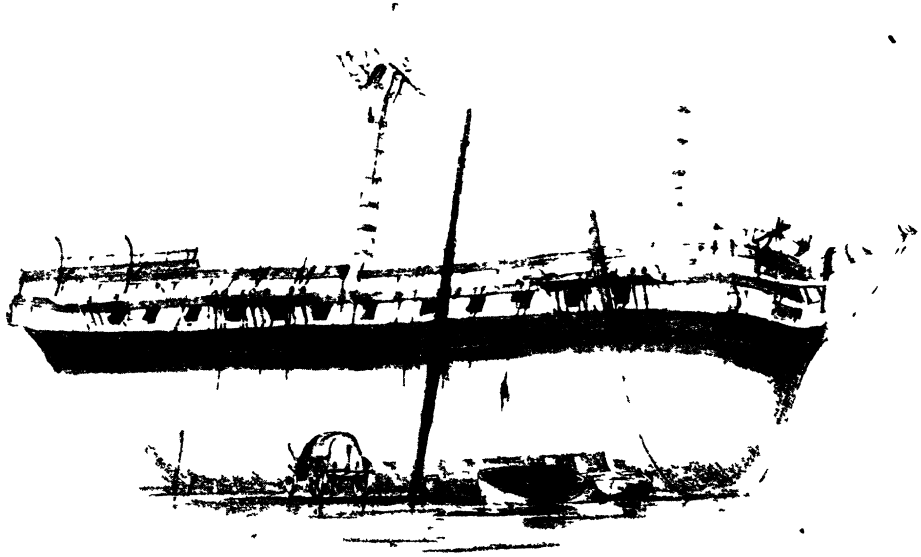
About a month's provisions in sacks and boxes had been commandeered from the cable station, but there was shortage in drinking water until the tropic skies released rain in such quantities that the tanks were filled. The *Ayesha* not merely leaked, but she was lively with cockroaches, and her sails tore readily. Fortunately her compass and a chart were intact, but the latter was only on a small scale. Mücke's intention was first to make for Padang, in Sumatra, but whether this obsolete craft was still capable of sailing seven hundred miles across the Indian Ocean remained to be seen. A series of calms delayed progress, but there were thunderstorms and the phenomenon of St. Elmo's fire was seen on the mastheads, just as in a previous chapter we watched it in a seventeenth-century vessel. What with the violent rolling, the electrical atmosphere, the lack of a steady wind, life was not comfortable.

No one expected that in modern warfare sailing craft would ever play a part, but here was an armed man-of-war, and it was Mücke's intention that should an Allied destroyer approach from the land, *Ayesha* would carry out what were in effect the tactics of sixteenth-century naval fighting; that is to say, he proposed to bring his sailing vessel right alongside the destroyer and attack at close quarters. True, there would be no boarding pikes, but the machine guns and rifles might deal out slaughter before the

unsuspecting steel ship had realised *Ayesha's* true character.

After sixteen days the Sumatra land was sighted. A calm was followed by a gale, and next day the schooner was further delayed by a head wind and more calms, so the primitive method was adopted of rowing her by lashing oars together in pairs, and thus making sweeps. But at last there came a little breeze and Padang showed itself ahead. A Dutch destroyer, named *Lynx*, steamed out, regarded the schooner critically and went back, but returned later and caused the German some anxiety. The schooner hoisted her German White Ensign and announced herself as a warship about to enter for repairs and provisions. A pilot was taken, and eventually she brought up on 27th November, eighteen days out, near some German interned steamers, of whom one was the *Choising*. Provisions were obtained, and that evening *Ayesha* left again, though not without Dutch disapproval. Next morning, when outside territorial waters, she was joined by two Germans, who had come out from Padang in a rowing-boat.

Mücke had a shock next morning when a large steamer was seen approaching, so the schooner, under all sail, hurried back into Dutch waters by the palms and coral islands; and then the flashing of morse signals to a second warship intensified the alarm. Mücke was relieved when sunrise revealed that this latter was the Dutch man-of-war *De Zeven Provincien*; but having shepherded the foreigner out of her waters, she made off. *Ayesha* then set a course to the west



Maritime Museum

A STRANDED EAST INDIAMAN OF ABOUT 1783

across the Indian Ocean, spending three weeks, hoping and even expecting that one of the German steamers from Padang would come and join them. The sight of smoke raised their spirits aboard the schooner more than once, but it was not till 14th December that whilst beating in thick, rainy weather through a nasty sea, close-reefed, she suddenly sighted a steamer which seemed to be a friend, and presently showed herself to be the *Choising*, that had cleared out of Padang.

There followed an anxious night, when in a heavy gale and uncertain of her position *Ayesha* went dangerously near to some reefs. The gale carried away foresail and both headsails, but when the weather moderated the *Choising* got her in tow, and under the shelter of an island the two vessels came alongside each other. The schooner was then holed and sunk, five weeks after leaving the Cocos Islands, having sailed seventeen hundred miles, the date now being 16th December. Mücke and his crew had previously been removed to *Choising*, the latter being a seventeen hundred-ton collier, at one time attending on the *Emden*. Her speed was only about seven knots, so she would have some difficulty in evading a British patrol vessel, but the problem was where to go.

Finally Mücke decided to make for Europe, since they had reason to believe that Turkey was now in the War. The *Choising* was next painted to resemble a Dutchman, but finally it was resolved to pretend she was the Italian ship *Shenir*, of Genoa, as they knew

not definitely whether Italy had yet come into the War. By the first week of January, 1915, the *Choising* passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and entered the Red Sea, heading northward in order that these fifty men might help Germany where possible. Steaming close to the African shore, she avoided the tracks normally used by liners. When it was presumed that they were off Hodeida, the Arabian seaport north-north-west of the Strait, and when lights were seen, *Choising* was stopped, her four boats were lowered and Mücke's men got in, the steamer being ordered to return hereabouts on the next two nights, but if Mücke's people did not return, she should proceed to Massowa. A system of rocket signals was also arranged.

The boats sailed towards the land, but the cluster of lights went out with the dawn, when it was discovered they belonged to the French cruiser *Desaix* and an Italian. The surf was negotiated, the boats ran aground, but rafts were made, machine-guns and ammunition were taken ashore, and a march was begun. But just then they began to be surrounded by a hundred Bedouins. An engagement was avoided by parleying, and then after some awkward moments it was realised that the Arabs were the friends of Germany, and the Germans were friends of the Arabs. With relationship thus settled, Bedouins and mariners set out by land to Hodeida, through the hot sand. Turkish officers also arrived who could speak German and when the port was reached they were given every hospitality.

Here, for the first time, was obtained definite and up-to-date information as to the War and the nations therein concerned. It was further ascertained that the Red Sea, with its Allied warships, was not a healthy place. An attempt, bold in conception, was made to cross Arabia, after the rocket signal had been made to *Choising*. The latter saw and safely reached Massowa. But the Arabian desert route proved, even with camel caravan, so difficult, and there was so much sickness among the sailors, that after reaching Sana this scheme was abandoned and they retraced their steps all the way to Hodeida. Here a couple of forty-five-feet local sailing-boats were obtained, but it was from a place named Yabana that they set out, the date being 14th March. Malaria, typhus and dysentery had begun their work, and the two boats separated in order to run the blockade, a rendezvous being appointed further to the north. Thus, under cover of darkness, the expedition started up the Red Sea, hugging the Arabian coast. Anxious hours were spent from sunrise to sunset, especially when the wind dropped, but the blockade was run, the two boats met again, and they continued, surely though slowly. Their party had been increased by the addition of Arab crews, by cockroaches and other vermin, but the first big incident was on the third night, when there was a fresh breeze and a nasty high sea. Mücke's boat hit a reef, but got over. The second boat, following astern, also hit and sank up to the top of her mast. Although it was already dark night, the shipwrecked men came swimming along through water full of sharks, torches

and rockets guided the rest, and finally every man was saved and brought aboard Mücke's craft.

She was thus so heavily laden that even provisions and precious drinking water had to be thrown over the side; but next morning, with seventy people, she made sail before a southerly breeze, after having recovered from the wreck two machine-guns, pistols and ammunition. Everything else was lost. After calling at a small port where the Turks entertained them with a boiled sheep; where also a Turkish official and his wife bound for Constantinople joined them; and having here chartered a larger sailing boat in place of the one that had survived, they reached Loth, and learned that Jidda was closely blockaded by British warships, so a sea journey was no longer possible.

Camels were next obtained, one of the seamen died of typhus, and on 28th March they began a notable desert trek, following the coast line through a region notoriously unsafe because of attacks by marauders. After passing to the north of Jidda, the road turned inland through sandhills overgrown with grass tufts. Suddenly, in the moonlight, there appeared mounted Bedouins, who seemed to suggest unpleasant consequences. Mücke therefore divided his camel line into two columns, with the officers riding at the head of the caravan. At dawn Mücke was riding down to inspect his force, when there came a volley of rifle fire from short range and on both sides, the enemy being invisible.

In a brief time the machine-guns were unstrapped from the camels and got into action, and the camels

themselves were pulled down to their knees so as to lessen the enemy's targets. Daylight revealed the sand dunes black with Bedouins, so bayonets were fixed and a rush was made against the foe, who forthwith bolted, though not quite far enough. The situation now was that the Germans had pushed the Bedouins less than four thousand yards back, but the latter were still surrounding the Europeans and waiting behind the sandhills. Sniping went on, many camels had been shot, but only one German wounded. After an intermission the march was resumed, the caravan being divided into six columns, with an advance guard of ten men in skirmishing order; but, after ten minutes, shots again began to rain from unseen directions, being especially directed at the caravan's rear, which was at last compelled to halt. Machine-guns began to crackle and spit, the whole caravan was halted, one German officer and one man were killed. But the Bedouin fire became fiercer and, during a temporary lull, Mücke had defence works hastily made of saddles, empty cans and sandbags, as well as the camels' bodies, thus forming a desperate miniature fortress, the sick and wounded being protected as well as possible.

Parleying was conducted by means of the Turkish official, but the terms were impossible and rejected, in spite of the Bedouin superiority in numbers, so the firing recommenced until darkness; but the German ammunition was running short, and that which had been in the wrecked sailing boat was defective. Mücke's men had no food all day to eat, a night attack

was expected, but nothing yet happened on the enemy's part. After water and hard tack had been distributed and the trenches deepened, there was the unpleasant duty of removing the heavy bodies of the dead camels that had burst in the heat and caused a revolting stench. Mücke managed to send away to Jidda during the night an Arab who had come all the way with him from Hodeida, and it was the latter who succeeded in getting through the Bedouin lines to give information of what had occurred.

Not till sunrise did the enemy again open fire, which was returned. The sailors were given a drink of precious water and some hard tack to begin the day. Two more of Mücke's men were wounded and one died, and the great black beetles, the vile stench of dead camels, the fierce heat of the burning sun, the driving sand sticking on to sweat-coated faces, the dazzle of sun on tired eyes, made existence a nightmare, even apart from the Bedouins' threatening presence; whilst overhead waited the horrible vultures for their opportunity to develop. Mücke's leadership throughout was excellent, but it would be impossible for that small force to hold on indefinitely. The simplest arithmetic told them that food, water and ammunition would preserve their lives only for so many hours. By means of two Arabs, disguised as Bedouins, he sent in a message to Jidda, whither also the first Arab had gone. During the following night the only scare turned out to be wandering jackals and hyænas, but next morning was the crisis, for it was realised that after midnight they must surrender for

lack of water; or, at the best, those who could break through the enemy should make their own way independently to Jidda.

Now about noon something did happen, for one of the Bedouins was seen waving a white cloth and approaching. He was brought in and he offered peace terms on condition of heavy payment, which Mücke declined. Parleying was again attempted, but failed, for each side was trying to bluff the other. A brief interval of shooting followed, and then there was no more, for the enemy had retired, and in their stead came two men on richly caparisoned camels, announcing that the Emir of Mecca had received the news of the Bedouin attack and was sending relief. Half an hour later seventy of the Emir's soldiers arrived with news that the enemy had withdrawn, but bringing also welcome water. So, at last, and only just in time, the little band was saved. Under the protection of the Emir's troops the caravan restarted and reached Jidda, where the sick and wounded were tended.

Here Mücke made another attempt, but this time he used the Red Sea once more. Having hired a native sailing boat with pilot, he left on 8th April by night, hugged the coast as before, creeping behind every available reef, and thus a sheltered bay was reached. Here they landed and marched ten miles to El Wedj, where they found themselves on 29th April; and on 2nd May they formed another caravan of camels and started through the desert, now never sleeping without entrenching and preparing for attack,

in spite of their Arab escort. Thence, through mountainous scenery, they at last reached the railway which the Germans had been making when the Great War broke out. It was at El Ula that the party found themselves after all these months in a train, with wine to drink instead of indifferent water.

Passing in this manner through Damascus and Aleppo, with only two slight stages on foot or by wagon, they arrived at Constantinople, forty-two in number, after six wonderfully full months, wherein the sailor mind had triumphed over every kind of obstacle that could be conceived. The result was that in spite of *Emden's* loss, some of her personnel did actually get back to aid their country against us. But we can afford at this stage to concede admiration for a noble effort which richly deserved to succeed; and the obvious lesson to be obtained is that even when the ship is gone there is still hope, and that obstacles are simply incidents which break the monotony of life and afford to real men the opportunity of demonstrating their worth. It is the sea service which perhaps more than any other teaches the value of initiative, resource and handling of delicate situations, combined with an inward smile when everything seems to be going badly. It was from the British Navy that the Germans obtained their model and ideal, and they followed this example with remarkable closeness to detail, both in ships and men. Therefore we cannot but feel interested when the result in actual hard occasions is so wholly satisfactory. But there is also another inference to be drawn from this odyssey.

Where would Mücke have been unless he had known something about sailing? How else could he have brought his men away from the Cocos Islands and made that voyage to the Red Sea entrance? One mentions this because in these modern days when officers and men have so many new technical details to learn, when clever mechanical gadgets, easily controlled by hand, have usurped the old way of doing things, there is a danger that some of the most venerable subjects may no longer be taught. In the Merchant Service boat-sailing is practically dead; and whenever in harbour one sees it being practised, the sight of inefficient seamanship is one of the most painful. Some of the leading master mariners have even stated that in these days of universal steam it would be mere waste of time for an officer to have served his apprenticeship in sail.

In the Royal Navy certainly this extreme attitude has not yet been reached, and there is even a tendency to give sailing-boat exercise greater importance. For no engineering and electrical knowledge can possibly take the place of real seamanship knowledge. As long as all goes well, the steel ship, with her engines and controls, remains obedient to man and defiant of Nature's anger. But from the moment that the ship ceases to function and reliance has to be made on Nature's oldest method of marine propulsion, then comes the test as to whether the man is a genuine sailor or a clever mechanic disguised in blue uniform. It is unreasonable to argue that there are so many things to be learnt nowadays that boat-sailing is some-

thing which can be struck out of the category. How could Mücke ever have thought that some day this knowledge would be the means of assisting his own Fatherland? An isolated case? Perhaps. But the next chapter will contain yet another, and no one can see so far into the future as to say that the basic knowledge of all ship handling is now so out of date that it can never by any chance have a practical value. Nor is it without interest that the Admiralty accepted, for use of the cadets at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, the yawl-rigged thirty-six-ton yacht *Amaryllis*, in which the late George Muhlhauser, after service as a temporary naval officer during the War, sailed round the world. Can any one be so bold as to assert that in her time will be wasted, learning how to do what some experts of the spanner and chisel, or the high-brow mathematicians armed with a slide-rule, despise? Let us see how during the recent War another officer, after the loss of his ship, was able by his knowledge of sailing to make a marvellous ocean voyage and almost to reach success.

CHAPTER XIII

STRUGGLING WITH DESTINY

ONE of the most interesting phases, psychologically, of modern fiction is the extraordinary interest which is being taken in what may be generically termed "crook" stories, where the career of some daring and resourceful criminal is followed to the hour when he ceases to baffle his pursuers and is compelled to pay the price.

Not satisfied with these imaginative and invented yarns, the reading public has demanded volumes which tell again famous trials of notorious people; and in the same way nothing at once sends up so quickly the sales of a newspaper as some new story of a first-class murder trial, or of a captured spy undergoing cross-examination. The true life-history of a "cat" burglar, who breaks into an upper storey and gets away in his waiting motor car with jewel-boxes, whilst the rest of the household dines unsuspecting, would probably be read with thrilling attention by everyone who owns two eyes. Not different is the schoolboy's enthusiasm for tales of Robert Kidd, Black Beard Teach, and any of the other well-known pirates. For the basis of all this is not sympathy with evil-doing, but a vicarious pleasure in sharing suspense and exciting moments; in other words, it is a revelling in adventure. And adventure is that voice which mysteriously calls to and is listened to by practically all who are mentally alive. It is, indeed, one of those primitive instincts which have been handed on and on from the days of our early ancestors,

who could never have continued to exist except they hunted for their food, risked their necks against enemies, and wrestled uncertainly with Nature herself.

In every clever crook or pirate we find this in common: along with ill-directed energy, a debased intellect and a distorted ideal there co-exists a certain courage, a daring spirit of adventure, a love of taking big risks against powerful opposition. There must be acknowledged, too, an ingenious imagination which visualises the man's success where the odds are mathematically against him. Some day he may be caught, and he knows that; but his spirit is undaunted, and it is this buoyant optimism with its despising of physical punishment which are unquestionably admirable where all else is so contrary to the moral law.

Now no one can become an arch-crook or a celebrated pirate unless he possesses an outstanding personality; this characteristic is just that which is found in a dashing cavalry officer, a distinguished submarine captain, or the victorious commander-in-chief of a battle fleet, whose force and circumstances are otherwise equally matched with the enemy. The speed champion in the record-breaking motorist, or the airman who risks his life for the Schneider Trophy, or the explorer who goes disguised into forbidden Asia, or the agent who drops secretly inside the enemy's lines to gather important information and is willing to be killed rather than fail; these all belong to the same category of men to whom adventure of some sort is the one thing worth while. These are they who could never bring themselves to make the great

attempt unless they were of especially developed character, self-reliant, determined, and unappalled by peril.

In the course of the Great War there were many picturesque personalities and numerous escapes on both sides, but there was a Count Felix von Luckner, who, enemy as he was to the Allies, is another example of one whose unceasing hope and restless indomitable spirit carried him through to marvellous results. And why? The answer is that in his youth he had learnt from the sea in sailing craft those lessons which make a man act in a crisis correctly without thinking. Knowledge, careful meditation, self-discipline; an alert, responsive mind, combined with a resolution never to be beaten; and a laughing attitude towards threats, these are the preliminary preparation which foretell sane, successful venture as opposed to silly, impetuous undertakings that are mere outbursts of emotion, lacking any basis of scheme.

The first part of Luckner's story may be told quickly. Whether he was a pirate or just carrying out as a raider the orders from a higher command may be disputed, but his brief War career is most illuminating and inspiring. About forty years ago four very fine steel-built barques were owned by the Glasgow firm of Messrs. Gibson and Clark, and these were four-masted vessels, exceptionally well designed and constructed, representing the final phase following immediately after the clipper period. Their names, respectively, were the *Pass of Melfort*, the *Pass of Killiecrankie*, the *Pass of Leny* and the *Pass of Balmaha*.

Carrying single royals, with double topsails and double t'gallants, they embodied all that was best in the old-time wooden clippers, together with much that had been learned in engineering and shipbuilding since steamers had become so improved. Of these four barques we are concerned only with the *Pass of Balmaha*, a vessel of 1571 tons, which had ceased to fly the Red Ensign and had been sold to the United States. In June, 1915, she sailed from New York, and in July was taken by the British Cruiser Squadron, north-west of Cape Wrath, for examination before being allowed to proceed to Archangel with her cargo of cotton. But ere she could reach Lerwick or Kirkwall, she was molested by a German submarine, who put a prize crew on board and sent her towards Germany. Presently the U-boat was sunk by a British Q-ship, but the *Pass of Balmaha* was lucky enough to evade our patrols and to reach Cuxhaven.

Having remained for over a year a prisoner, this beautiful ship in the autumn of 1916 was selected by Count von Luckner (who had been wounded at the Battle of Jutland) and was fitted out to go raiding Allied vessels in the Atlantic and Pacific. Armed with a couple of 4.2-in. guns, fitted also with two torpedo tubes, she was given a 1200-horse-power Diesel engine as auxiliary. With a carefully selected crew of sixty-four, three years' provisions, motor-boats, charts galore, machine-guns, rifles, ammunition and hundreds of other items, she set sail with Luckner in command in December, 1916. Passing up the North Sea, then to the north and west of the British Isles, pretending

to one of our patrols that she was a Norwegian, she managed to get well south of the Azores and sink her first ship, which was the steamer *Gladys Royle* with coal from Cardiff to Buenos Ayres. One can imagine the steamer's surprise at finding that a sailing ship was a man-of-war.

From now on the *Pass of Balmaha*, or rather *Seeadler* (as she had been named by Luckner before starting this voyage), had an amazing run of fortune. She sank steamers and sailing ships of British, French and Italian nationalities, but had the good fortune to evade British men-of-war that were not far away; and then on 18th April, 1917, she rounded Cape Horn, got into the Pacific, sighted another British warship, escaped again, made towards the Equator, sank three United States schooners, and now after being seven months at sea Luckner decided to rest his crew. He therefore selected the lonely island of Mopelia, one of the Society Group, where he anchored on the north-west side.

But scarcely had he been there a day than the wind flew right round and a tidal wave threw *Seeadler* so high on to the coral reef that she became a total wreck and had to be abandoned. Everything that could be moved was taken ashore out of her, and tents were made of sails in accordance with the custom of the East Indiamen ships, and now there was quite a new village with a community of over a hundred Germans and American prisoners. When this strange life had been fully established, and *Seeadler's* wireless aerials had been erected between palm trees, Luckner began

fitting out one of the six motor lifeboats for another long voyage. She was given a mast, jib and foresail, gaff mainsail and gaff topsail. She was decked-in fore and aft, and thus at length here was a small cutter-rigged yacht with her 7-horse-power motor ready for immediate service.

This ship's boat having been named *Cecilie*, she sailed from Mopelia on 23rd August, under Luckner's command, with five other officers and men, all most carefully picked. She was provisioned for two months she had engine oil and fuel, there were a machine-gun, carbines, bombs, rockets, charts, sailing directions, nautical instruments, stoves, and, in fact, far too much gear for a small boat. But she made a nice little vessel and was able to do a good hundred miles a day. It must be emphasised that Luckner had in him the real love for sea and ships. He had served in square-riggers before the War, was very fond of yachting, and used to visit England during Cowes week. He was a champion swimmer and life-saver, had served in a British sailing ship, and had a British mother. Withal he was a regular officer of the German Imperial Navy, being an expert in gunnery. But no one, except a sailor—in the original sense—could, in the first place, have brought *Seeadler* round the Horn, and in the second instance begun another ocean voyage in a tiny fore-and-after.

Having called at the Cook Islands, the *Cecilie* made for the Fiji Islands, and went through some anxious hours with a leak and bad weather, during which the boom was broken, the craft nearly swamped, and at

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PORT JACKSON AS IT WAS IN 1823

times it was necessary to ride to a sea-anchor. Only with the greatest difficulty were they able to weather a heavy gale and avoid being wrecked on a lee shore at Levuka, but finally they got into Wakaya, where they anchored on 18th September, after doing eighteen hundred miles in a month. But here they incurred suspicion on the part of a half-caste skipper, who was also sheltering from the weather. The result was that a little later the half-caste was able to sail across to the neighbouring island of Levuka, where he informed Sub-Inspector Hill, of the Fiji Police Force. The Fiji cutter started off with Hill on board, but the gale and seas were so bad that she had to return. This white officer therefore telephoned to the authorities at Suva, where also had just called the *Amra*, a small steamer of 535 tons, and this trader was at once chartered by the Governor and sent to Levuka with Police-Inspector Howard. After Hill, with his native police, had come aboard, the *Amra* steamed across to Wakaya, and on the morning of 21st September entered, stopped and lowered a boat with the two police officers and natives. Just at the moment of her arrival, Luckner was weighing anchor and clearing out of Wakaya, but the police headed him off, ordered him to stop, and bluffed him (as Luckner had so frequently bluffed others these months) beautifully. Hill pretended that *Amra* had guns, though there was nothing aboard more hostile than the captain's revolver. Next, *Amra's* boat having pulled alongside the *Cecilie*, whose motor was still running, Hill presented his revolver and called on the Germans to surrender, which they

did. The capture had taken place with dramatic completeness.

The German officers handed over their automatic pistols. The Count had been completely surprised (for he had mistaken *Amra* for a gunboat), whilst the German machine-gun, the bombs and the other gear were all stowed away at the time. Otherwise it is certain that the police would have been killed and the *Amra* would have had a hot time; but perhaps not even this would have won escape for the Germans. Unless I entirely misunderstand the mind of *Amra's* captain, he would presently have started his engines and gone full speed for *Cecilie*, ramming her and sinking her frail wooden hull, whilst the Germans would have been fortunate if they were not killed, drowned or perhaps sucked aft into the revolving propeller. In my opinion, Luckner's fate was settled from the time when he entered Wakaya harbour and aroused the half-caste skipper's suspicions by tactless discourtesy. Even had *Cecilie* got out to sea, *Amra's* speed would have given mobile superiority, and her loftier deck would have been also a tremendous advantage for revolver practice at Luckner's men; there would, too, have been some protection from the machine-gun fire, and all the time that unpleasant steel forefoot of the steamer would have been like the Damoclean sword.

Never was any daring man more surprised than when Luckner found, firstly, that the police were not naval officers; secondly, that *Amra* was what she was; and, thirdly, that she had only four bags of coal left.

Perhaps it was hard lines that after sailing in a small craft over eighteen hundred miles the venture should have ended in such an anti-climax, and no one was so thoroughly angry as the Count himself. The six prisoners were taken to Suva until another steamer brought them to Auckland, New Zealand, where they arrived in the first week of October, 1917, and three of them, viz. Luckner, Lieutenant Kerscheiss (a navigating officer) and a seaman, were presently interned at Motuihi Island. From now, then, begins the new struggle against destiny, with strange results to follow.

Knowing the *Seeadler's* captain to be what we have seen by his actions in the Atlantic and Pacific, and realising that this resourceful sailor would soon get over his one big mistake and start planning afresh, we shall scarcely be surprised at certain events that now come into prominence. What had been his intention when he left his shipmates at Mopelia? Certainly he was not running away, but embarking on a scheme of carrying out those orders which he had received in Germany. He had hoped to find in some island harbour a suitable vessel of the right size, to make a sudden *coup*, overpower her crew, run back to Mopelia, arm her, and then go marauding up and down the Pacific among unarmed merchantmen, gradually choosing from this stricken fleet the most ideal ship and discarding the others in turn. That it was a workable plan is well known to any reader of naval history, for the sailing ship pirates of the past used to carry on their work in accordance with these principles.

It is conceivable that Luckner might have continued roving north and south, east and west through the vast Pacific, cutting the lines of communication between Australia and America, crippling the flow of urgent supplies, sending up insurance rates and generally spreading the same consternation which Luckner's cousin, *Mowe's* captain, had spread in the trade routes between South America and Europe. Eventually the time would have arrived when cruisers or armed merchant cruisers would have rounded up Luckner, but this might not have occurred until near the close of the War, and the damage meanwhile would have been tremendous. Among the numerous Pacific Islands there were all the undefended harbours whence he could have obtained fresh water and supplies and if the game should have become too strenuous there would have been the possibility of returning to the Atlantic by Cape Horn, and of using the long dark nights between the Shetlands and Iceland for return to Germany as *Mowe* did twice.

Such unfulfilled ideas were evidently still in Luckner's mind as he lived interned on Auckland's Motuihi Island, and now he planned another daring escape from encircling fate. Perhaps it was unwise to let a party of first-class sailors remain anywhere in the sea's vicinity; one would have thought that, in spite of New Zealand being long and narrow in shape, some inshore spot might have been chosen. But on the contrary some of them were even employed to make a good job of overhauling the local colonel's motor launch. They made her seaworthy, and even

improved on her original condition, so that here was the initial craft with which to begin all over again.

For a crew, Luckner selected Kerscheiss, the navigator, whose help would be invaluable, and Erdeman, an A.B., both of whom had served with him in *Cecilie*. But he also chose ten others who had been taken at Samoa from German merchant ships earlier in the War, and were now interned here at Auckland. A sextant was made partly out of a launch's steering-wheel; maps of the Pacific were obtained from the internment camp library and enlarged by Kerscheiss; food was easily obtained and preserved in tins and bottles; bombs were made with some blasting explosives; a sword was wrought from iron; a dummy machine-gun was devised of wood to act as bluff, though eventually discarded.

On 13th December, during the night, Luckner's party escaped in the launch from Motuihi, the intention being to capture a vessel, make for the Kermadec Islands, get stores there and then go on to South America. The Kermadecs are an uninhabited group about six hundred miles north-north-east of New Zealand, where the New Zealand Government maintains two depots of provisions and clothing for shipwrecked mariners, the depots being inside a small iron shed. It was on 15th December, about 8 a.m., that two local schooners were sighted coming up from the south, of which one was the *Moa*. Luckner hailed her, and by flying the New Zealand flag deceived the skipper, telling him he wished to communicate, so the New Zealander hove-to.

Luckner then brought the launch alongside, exhibited the German flag, leaped aboard with ten men, threatened the crew with bombs and demanded their surrender. The latter consisted of Captain William Bourke, four men and a boy, and the *Moa* had a cargo of valuable timber. As the New Zealanders were unarmed, there was nothing to do but surrender to superior and armed numbers. But the surprise of the skipper was considerable, thus to be assailed off the coast. Luckner now took over, told them they would have to obey, and for the next few days sailed on, after much of the cargo had been thrown overboard. The motor launch was towed astern, and on 21st December the schooner hove-to under mainsail and two headsails off the Kermadecs. Kerscheiss and four Germans went ashore in the dinghy and fetched off stores intended for the shipwrecked. Everything had all happened according to plan.

But this was only the climax, and we may for the moment return to Motuihi. The escape was discovered just after midnight, whereupon instructions were given for a search of all bays and inlets by patrol craft. On 14th December the cable steamship *Iris*, as well as twenty-eight steamers, motor-boats and yachts, were making diligent search. Shipping was warned, and at length on 16th *Iris* received news that *Moa* had been captured. This information had been brought to Port Charles by Captain J. Francis, skipper of *Rangi*, which was the other schooner sailing in company with *Moa* at the time of the capture; but as it was Sunday the Port Charles postmaster demurred

about sending it. Just then, however, round the headland suddenly came the *Iris*, so Francis went aboard and gave her captain the information.

This was good news, since the captain of *Iris*, realising that the wind was favourable for the Kermadecs, wisely made for the latter, and about noon on 21st December the two masts of *Moa* were sighted about fifteen miles off. Now it was just whilst the Germans had gone off in the dinghy for a second load from the island that the escapers sighted smoke on the horizon, and then there was no question that a steamer was making for the island at good speed. The shore party were signalled back to the schooner, the dinghy was hoisted in, and *Moa* made off to the west under all sail, and tried to get away flying the German flag.

A chase ensued, but after one hour and a half *Iris* overhauled her and made signals which Luckner intentionally ignored. He still had a sporting chance, for he reckoned that his *Moa* was doing her ten knots, and he was not certain whether *Iris* was armed. He was certainly not going to be fooled as he had been once by *Amra*, but when *Iris* now fired a shell, which fell a few yards ahead of the schooner, Luckner had the schooner hove-to. The game was up. The cable ship now arrived within hailing distance and ordered Luckner to come aboard in the *Moa's* boat. He did so with three men and formally surrendered; the German Ensign was then hauled down and the remainder of the escaped Germans were brought off. It was one of the reversals of war, another of those well-known

chances which history records so frequently, that Luckner had to do exactly that which he had caused other captains to do in the Pacific and Atlantic.

Iris took *Moa* in tow, and after running into heavy weather the pair got to Auckland. The launch *Pearl* had been lost in heavy weather already. Thus restored into custody, Luckner spent about six months on another island, when he was brought back to Motuihi again, and he was still full of other schemes for escape; but that which always delayed them was the better watchfulness which the authorities were now keeping, and that which finally nipped in the bud a long-planned affair was the news of Armistice. In May, 1919, he was, with a hundred and fifty others, repatriated.

Two facts emerge from all this. Luckner, besides possessing the typical German love of detail and persistence, had also conspicuously manifest the sailor's instinct which is not always found in a naval officer's disposition, especially when the latter is a gunnery expert. And, like Müller of the *Emden*, he played the game and treated his prisoners properly, without descending to the barbarities of certain U-boat commanders. It is as a gentlemanly but elusive warrior, generally able and resourceful, but doing surprisingly stupid things at times, that we shall always think of this officer. As to his shipmates left on Mopelia, they captured a visiting turtle schooner, named *Lutece*, and reached Easter Island 5 October, 1917. Here the schooner was broken up, and in the following February they were removed, to be interned

in Chili till the end of the War. The *Seeadler's* sinking of Allied shipping had therefore been done at the expense of sixty-four officers and men being put out of commission for a long period of the War.

Kerscheiss, who was so useful to Luckner, is another real sailor whose heart is wedded to the sea. On 2nd January, 1926, in a 69-ton ketch named *Hamburg*, owned and commanded by himself, he started with four young men from Hamburg round the world, visiting Spain, Italy, Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon, Sumatra, Singapore, Java, Celebes, Philippines, Japan, China, Hawaii, California, Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, Havana, Florida, Philadelphia, New York, whence he crossed the Atlantic to Cowes in twenty-seven days, arriving there in December, 1927, *en route* for spending Christmas in Germany after sailing 34,000 miles. Two round-the-world voyages had already been made in smaller ships since the War, as everyone familiar with the cruises of *Amaryllis* and *Saoirse* is aware. But that does not lessen Kerscheiss's fine achievement. Not even the greatest of wars can cure an enthusiast of his love for seafaring.

CHAPTER XIV

DESPERATE VENTURES

IN piecing together the incidents of the naval warfare which ended with the Armistice, it is possible to see into the minds of both sides and to appreciate something of the attitude which created certain consequences. For the flow of knowledge is now less impeded, and impartial historians are being animated with the one desire to get at the real truth. The word propaganda has been one of the most dangerous boomerangs, for if it denotes a form of activity that may have been both legitimate and necessary in the crisis of war, it is one that has recoiled on the sender. Or, to omit all metaphor, the public have become suspicious, and begun to wonder what actually did happen during that period of mystery ships, mysterious orders, mysterious negotiations, mysterious silence and many other uncomprehended items.

But to-day, with nearly every card on the table, when thousands and thousands of documents have been sifted through, when many an officer has had the opportunity of quiet reflection and has been able to give a clear interpretation of his own share, when the diaries of the distinguished living and dead are being revealed, when, in short, the veil of secrecy has been torn aside, we are at length able to view the scene with a better perspective after these years, and with more complete power of appraising. We now know, for instance, how at the first the German naval operations were controlled by the Kaiser, who commanded his

sea service from the Grand Headquarters in the Field, where Admiral Pohl acted as his Chief-of-Staff and moved about with his Imperial master as the headquarters shifted from Berlin to Coblenz, Coblenz to Luxemburg, Luxemburg to Charleville, though the staff and administrative officials remained in Berlin.

Thus the German Navy was restricted in its freedom and suffered by over-organisation, being given only a partial and not whole-time attention by its supreme head. The very first order which the Kaiser gave to Admiral Pohl was on 6th August, 1914, when the former believed that a "defensive attitude on the part of the High Seas Fleet is indicated for the present," and therefore they should "act only with U-boats and torpedo-boats." The fact is that too much reliance was placed on operations of the German Army, believing this service would do its job so thoroughly and quickly that there would be little enough for the navy to do except pick up the stray pieces after the great disaster that was coming to the Allies. German admirals were overruled by the cocksureness of German generals, and thus the first few weeks—vital and all-influencing as they were—passed without any surprise action being taken on the sea against England by the High Seas Fleet. And this, mark you, was just the period when across the English Channel we were sending to France the first of the British Army which stemmed the advance of Germany's legions and gave the War its character till the coming of Armistice. This neglect of sea-power in its application, this military self-conceit, created from the very first month

a negative condition of stalemate, so that it became merely a contest of keen endurance rather than of manœuvre. The speeding up of men and supplies; the moral, material and financial assistance of the United States; the steady pressure of the British blockade, on the other hand, all strengthened our endurance whilst weakening the enemy's. Collapse accordingly came because nothing else could possibly happen.

When the Germans realised their defeat on the Marne, when, in other words, their army had failed "to deliver the goods," then with something like fear that follows on disappointment the Higher Command thought of its navy; but its spirit had been broken by too much repression. It was less a fleet in-being than in the might-have-been, and whilst some distinguished officers would have sent it to sea and allowed it to make its grand debut, the all-ruling Head allowed it to sink into a state of relaxation during the time that the Grand Fleet and our auxiliary naval forces were proceeding daily towards ultimate strength.

Thus it was that on 28th August Admiral Ingenohl's flagship *Friedrich der Grosse*, was in dock when Admiral Beatty's battle-cruisers penetrated into Heligoland Bight, and the Germans lost three small cruisers, as well as a torpedo boat, as penalty for risking unsupported light forces against a superior British squadron. Nor did it end at that. It had the effect of taking from the German Navy all chance of initiative and of demoralising the spirit both of officers and men; for there is nothing more wholly destructive of

a sailor's fighting spirit than monotony. And the worst part of monotony is to keep him in harbour. As that other sailor, Joseph Conrad, once remarked of merchantmen, "Ships and men both rot in port."

The commotion, the panic, the nervous apprehension that were roused in German Headquarters by our incursion into the Bight that summer's day are well reflected in the following passage, contained in a letter which Admiral Pohl wrote from Luxemburg to Admiral Ingenohl: "I should like to inform you that after the day of 28th August, I had great difficulty in restraining our All-Highest Lord from imposing a further limitation upon your initiative. As a result of the outpost engagement in question, His Majesty was concerned lest, like the small cruisers on that occasion, the Fleet should rush out against an overwhelming enemy force. In his desire to preserve the Fleet he proposed that, before embarking upon any capital action, you should telegraph to him for permission. Such an order would have made it impossible for you to turn favourable chances to full account. The order has not been issued. I beg of you, however, to inform either His Majesty or myself as early beforehand as possible whenever you decide upon any considerable action."

One can imagine the crippling effect of this expression on a Commander-in-Chief, and through him down to the last man; it was the creation of all that was, from a service point of view, wrong. On 2nd October the Kaiser explicitly reserved to himself complete discretion over the Fleet, and one could

give further instances of this ill-conceived interference —as, for instance, when the High Seas Fleet was attacked by a British submarine. The torpedoes hit their target, the Fleet had to go back home, and the Kaiser again insisted angrily that risks must not be run.

Now all this leads up to the only possible outlet that could be found for the enemy's naval enthusiasm. Apart from the later exploitation of such raiders as *Mowe*, *Seeadler*, *Wolfe* and so on, it meant that energetic operations should be conducted only by means of the submarine and torpedo boats; and Pohl was directed by the Kaiser to instruct Ingenohl in this sense, with the added concession that battle-cruisers might also be used for such raids as were carried out against Yarmouth and Scarborough, and frustrated off the Dogger Bank. There were torpedo-boat raids later in the Dover Straits against our auxiliary forces, and against our North Sea convoys; but it was in regard to the submarine that the real German activity was to be employed. In February, 1915, Pohl succeeded Ingenohl as Commander-in-Chief, and we can understand how he felt when he wrote in a private letter: "I wanted to make a sortie to-day [17th July] in order at last to get the ships moving again, and perhaps come within reach of the enemy; now four ships all at once have failed, owing to engine defects. Among them is my own ship, *Friedrich der Grosse*. The fact that there should always be so many ships in need of repair, and that I should thereby be hampered in my actions, is enough to drive one to despair. I must

get outside as soon as I can. It is an altogether awful position; I should so much like to achieve something and cannot. All the commanders on land, like Hindenburg and Gallwitz now again, are gaining successes, while I sit here and cannot help myself; at the same time I have to console my men with the promise that our day is still to come. But a tremendous spiritual effort is required to look, in spite of everything, with confidence and zest into the future."

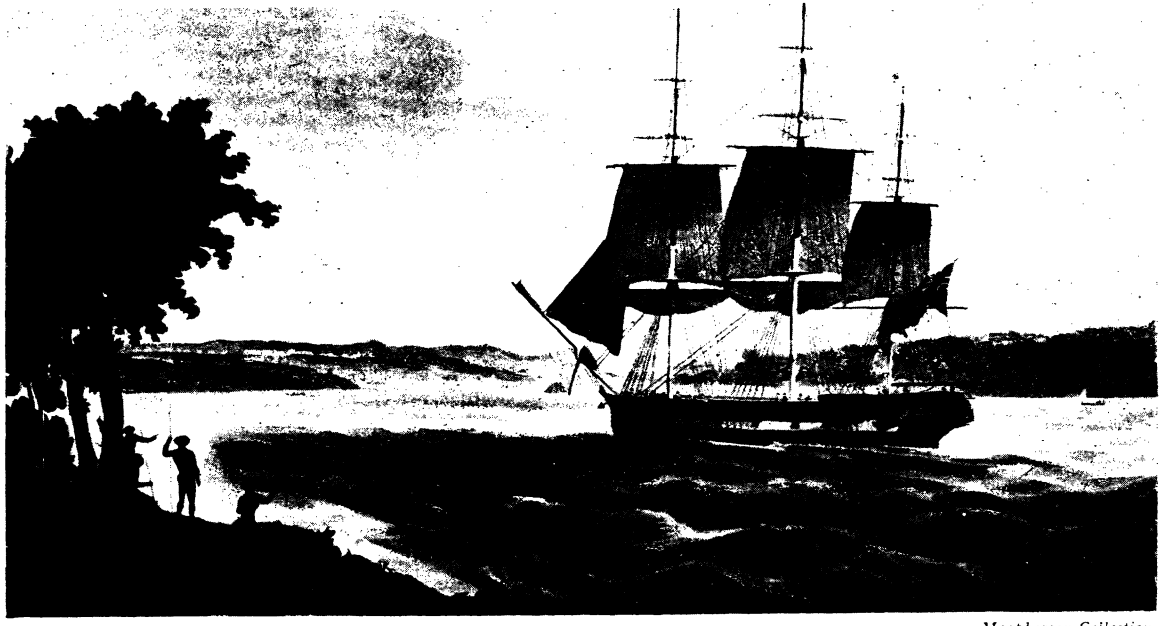
When he put to sea two days later and got as far as the Eider Lightship, he had to turn back because a number of his ships developed engine trouble. "Ships . . . rot in port." On 17th August also, although eight of his torpedo boats were sent to make a reconnaissance as far as Horn's Riff, yet three were compelled to turn back because of engine trouble. The U-boats were still in a more or less experimental stage, and those eleven boats, U-31 to U-41, which had been ordered as far back as 1912, and had not all been delivered when the year 1915 was well advanced, considerably affected operations. But after the first twelve months of the War had just ended, Admiral Pohl still found that he was not allowed to use even his submarines as he wanted. It will be recollected that the sinking of the White Star liner *Arabic* (15,801 tons) in August, 1915, following the torpedoing of *Lusitania* the previous May, caused diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States to become so strained that Germany had to accept the American demands for the limitation of submarine operations.

This restriction so angered Pohl that on 2nd September, 1915, he telegraphed to the Chief of the Naval Cabinet, asking to be relieved of his command, whereupon he was severely snubbed, the Kaiser informing Pohl that he "sharply repudiates your action in making these representations against his order, which has been used with full knowledge not only of the military situation, but also of the political situation, of which you know nothing."

Admiral Pohl, thus unable to do much with the High Seas Fleet or his U-boats, consoled himself with his airships, and on the night of 13th October all of them flew over London. There came a lull in U-boat warfare, except in the Mediterranean and one short sharp burst off the south-west of Ireland by these submarines on their way to the Middle Sea, until Germany began her submarine campaign from 1st March, 1916.

We are now in a position to appreciate those desperate ventures which took place between German submarines of the one side and such different craft on the other as Q-ships, sloops, destroyers and fishing vessels. We shall see what this warfare looked like from different points of view, and thus understand how the marine instinct, such as we have noted in previous chapters, has been carried down to the age of mechanical ships and marvellous devices. I have intentionally chosen some of these incidents because they just failed to be successful, and are generally unknown to those who have read my other books.

In that year, 1916, we had with us serving on the



Macpherson Collection

SYDNEY HARBOUR

Aborigines watching East Indiaman *Mellish* (424 tons) entering.

Queenstown station a certain "mystery" vessel who was known officially as Q-8, her duty being to lure under the disguise of an innocent tramp steamer the ruthless U-boats which were doing so much injury to our shipping. Commanded by Lieut.-Commander A. A. Mellin, R.N., she was off the western entrance of the English Channel on 16th October, when about half-past six in the morning two shots were fired in rapid succession across her bows from a German submarine two miles away, and a couple of points abaft the starboard beam. It was one of those unpleasant autumn days, with a fresh south-south-east wind, the weather being overcast with rain squalls, and there was a moderate sea.

Q-8 did not alter her course, but every two minutes the U-boat kept firing one round from 6.35 a.m., and closing the range all the time. At a quarter before seven o'clock the enemy was distant only three thousand yards and steering a parallel course, but five minutes later one shell came whizzing just over the steamer's bridge as she went ahead, steering east-north-east, doing only six and a half knots. The next shot fell fifty yards short, but firing now became rapid and the Q-ship altered course to due east. It was obviously time to operate and throw off all disguise, but owing to the weather conditions and to the fact that the enemy had ceased to close, Commander Mellin decided not to perform the usual Q-ship tactics which included lowering a boat and pretending to abandon ship all of a panic, as if a genuine distressed merchantman. The crew were sent to action stations,

a range of three thousand yards was put on the gun-sights, the White Ensign was hoisted, and at 7 o'clock the submarine was seen to be struck amidships by one shell from a 12-pdr. and one from a 6-pdr. It was extremely difficult sometimes to know definitely whether a submarine was actually sunk. Being double-hulled, and of extraordinarily strong construction, such a craft can endure considerable battering about, unless hit in a vital place. Certainly this looked like a "kill," for an explosion immediately followed, smoke and flames rising fifty feet in the air with wreckage too, and within ten seconds the U-boat disappeared.

But at 7.15 a.m., just when it was intended to drop a depth charge over her last position, a torpedo was seen rushing through the water towards the steamer's starboard beam. Commander Mellin put the helm hard a starboard, and thus avoided the rushing missile which passed only a few feet clear of the Q-ship's forefoot. The torpedo's track could be seen plainly, but no more were fired, nor was the submarine seen again. Whether there were two submarines present we do not know, but only the day previous there were certainly a couple operating when they sank the Norwegian s.s. *Snestad* ten miles north-north-west of Ile Vierge, this position being only about six miles away from the action mentioned.

Q-8 was a vessel of only six hundred and six tons, and this was her first meeting with a submarine, although Commander Mellin had been looking for the enemy ever since March. The steamer now

steamed past Ushant towards the Bishop Rock, and warned other shipping. My own opinion is that there were undoubtedly two U-boats working together as they sometimes did, in pairs, and that one was so damaged in the position of her gun by this action that she had to go back to Germany for immediate and urgent repairs, the explosion noticed having been the result of a British shell detonating one of her own; but she had a marvellously narrow escape from total destruction.

One of the most interesting naval designs which suddenly emerged after the first few months of the War was that of the "flower"-class sloops. They were single-screwed steamers, rather like small light cruisers, and originally designed as mine-sweepers, though not always used exclusively for that purpose. They performed no end of services, including patrol and convoy work, and literally many hundreds of mercantile crews as well as passengers owe their very lives to having been rescued from the Atlantic waves by these hard-worked vessels. There came a time, however, from 1916 onwards, when some of these (such as *Viola*, *Tulip* and *Tamarisk*) were sent to the dockyard and with great ingenuity so converted that, by removing one funnel and making sundry alterations, both structurally and with paint, they resembled, with false sterns, moderate-sized merchant steamers. The *Viola*, now known as Q-14, began her new work as a decoy vessel late in September of that year. Her commanding officer was Lieut. P. J. Hogg, R.N.R., of the Mercantile Marine, who was serving

as a temporary naval officer. Already he had experienced something of the War's excitement, for whilst serving as navigator in the sloop *Lilac* he had one day been blown up during some mine-sweeping operations.

It was on 23rd October that Q-14 was west of the Irish coast, steaming through the Atlantic swell. The time was 4.35 p.m., there was a north-west wind, it was cloudy and showery, and she was steering to the north-north-east at ten knots, when a submarine was seen on the surface, steering north-east, but about three thousand yards away. Presently the enemy closed to about half that distance, still keeping about west-north-west from the steamer, and now hoisted a two-flag signal. This could not be read, owing to a shower and the indifferent light, but it was probably the usual "M N," " Stop immediately."

At 4.40 p.m. the Q-ship turned to north by east, with her answering pendant at the dip, and now proceeded to act the role of a poor merchantman. The "panic party" were visibly busy clearing away the lifeboats, and two minutes later the submarine fired a shell, which exploded fifty yards ahead of the steamer's bows. Q-14 now stopped her engines, both lifeboats were half lowered with men in them, and a general make-believe of abandoning the ship was gone through, whilst the enemy, still on the surface, came slowly towards them. At one thousand two hundred yards she again fired, but the shell burst short, just abreast of the steamer's forecastle. It was observed that this round had been fired from the U-boat's after

gun, the men on the conning-tower and the crews of both guns being clearly seen.

But at this crisis, when it seemed certain beyond all dispute that a close and hot action was about to commence, and the range had got down to a thousand yards, the submarine suddenly changed her mind and took fright. Altering course to the north, she hurried away at high speed, followed by the Q-ship, who now hoisted her White Ensign and opened fire with her port and after 12-pdrs. The U-boat still made off, turning first to the westward and later south-west, whilst the steamer also turned to port and kept her about two points on the starboard bow. It was a ding-dong chase, and the U-boat had been both fooled and frightened. Good shooting went on from the Q-ship's starboard gun, the enemy being in very high trim and emitting black smoke from her exhaust, and generally making a good target. The third and fourth rounds fell very close to, and in line with, the conning-tower, but the fifth and sixth seemed to hit the hull just abaft that tower.

It was impossible in this light, and at the present distance of one thousand four hundred yards, to discern the damage, but after the hit it was noticed that the U-boat stopped and then suddenly dived. The position was depth-charged, the steamer cruised about in the vicinity until dark, and at 6.15 p.m. Lieut. Hogg continued on his voyage. Now the lesson from this difficult and indecisive action was that the enemy had been alarmed by the sudden discovery, when close to, of the ship's disguise. To me that

false stern, whenever I saw these converted sloops at sea or in port, never looked quite convincing; but there were other points which would immediately strike the keen eye of a German Mercantile Marine seaman, if not of a naval officer. We know that in each U-boat was usually carried one who had served in German trading steamers, and when *Tulip* was sunk by U-62 she was suspected of not being the genuine article. So it was with this Q-14, alias *Viola*. If it was not her stern, it was the above-water discharge being vertically under the imitation cargo hatch, and the derrick before the mainmast, which gave the game away and thus prevented Lieut. Hogg from making a clean job of sinking the foe. It was bad luck, certainly, but another chance would surely come.

It did come on the afternoon of 29th November, so there was little waiting. To-day this Q-ship was to the south-east of the Isle of Wight, steaming down Channel at ten knots. Lieut. Hogg had under him four other Royal Naval Reserve officers, a young surgeon probationer, R.N.V.R., and a number of R.N.R. ratings. There were no Royal Navy officers on board, and the effort was really one small section of the Mercantile Marine fighting the enemy on behalf of British merchant shipping. It was a typical quiet day, with a light southerly wind, a smooth sea and a hazy horizon, when at 2.15 p.m. Q-14 sighted the conning-tower of a submarine some eight thousand yards away to the southward, steering a parallel course. On account of the bad visibility, and because only a

portion of the conning-tower was noticeable, Lieut. Hogg considered that the submarine imagined she had not been seen. Q-14 therefore reduced speed to nine knots. But half an hour later the enemy had closed slightly, though she was still indistinct, and the gun forward of the conning-tower could be discerned. Another half-hour passed, and the submarine hull was visible clearly; it was also evident that the German had altered course to close.

After ten minutes' interlude, the distance being six thousand yards, the U-boat hoisted the two-flag signal and fired a shell, which splashed two hundred yards ahead, whereupon Hogg stopped his engines and the "panic party," consisting of stokers, got busy with the boats. Again the enemy fired, and this time the shell dropped a hundred yards ahead. Still acting her innocence, Q-14 hoisted the International Code signal "A.G.," meaning "I must abandon ship," and continued to lower the manned boats, whilst the submarine was heading for the ship and getting dangerously close.

At half-past three the steamer had lost all way, one lifeboat full of men was lowered almost to the water, and the other was in the act of being lowered, when at five thousand yards the German began shelling. The first round fell a hundred yards over, the next two fell over yet much closer, but the fourth passed between the funnel and the bridge. Just before a quarter to four Hogg rang down for full speed, and headed straight for the low-lying craft and opened fire with his port gun, but after three rounds the enemy sub-

merged without being hit. She had preferred escape to a stand-up fight. Nothing further happened for a whole hour, when the track of a torpedo was seen passing close astern, and Hogg headed for the direction whence it had come, but no further sign of the German could be seen, and as soon as it was dark the steamer continued down Channel.

At 10.30 p.m. that same night, being about nineteen miles south-south-west of Portland, a small boat was seen in the darkness, and three men were picked up. It was learnt that one of them was Andrew Murdock, master of the Portsmouth schooner *Grace*. This vessel had come out of Charlestown (Cornwall) with two hundred tons of China clay for Rouen, when at 8.30 that morning, and forty miles south-east by east of the Start, a submarine was seen on the surface half a mile astern. After crossing the schooner's stern the submarine fired a couple of rounds, so the *Grace* hove-to, the boat was cleared and provisioned, and then the German captain came close alongside shouting, "Abandon ship!" This they did. Four German sailors then got into the boat, boarded the schooner, placed a bomb in her hold and left her. The bomb exploded, making a hole in the schooner's port side, and then she listed over, but did not sink till an hour later. Next, leaving the Englishmen in the boat, the submarine went off to the south-west. Fortunately there was a light southerly wind, and the boat had been able to make eighteen miles towards the land when picked up, and they were eventually put ashore at Falmouth.

Thus in this day of a Q-ship captain's life, in spite of anxiety and disappointment, there was something of consolation. The slight difference which existed between failure and success occurred in many another Q-ship case, though there were weeks and months of unrelieved monotony, trying to officers and men alike. With that little more that means a great deal, Hogg would undoubtedly have bagged a brace of submarines, but the Admiralty rewarded his services by giving him the Distinguished Service Cross.

It was in that same autumn that Lowestoft fishing smacks were pluckily sailing about off the East Anglian coast, offering themselves as bait to the Flanders submarines, which used to come over from Zeebrugge. The smacks were slow, old-fashioned ships, but these fishermen are some of the finest examples that survive from the days of sail and wood. Skipper A. R. Thompson was one of the best in a grand crowd. What he did not know of the fishing grounds and fore-and-aft sailing nobody who had ever beheld the North Sea could teach him. A contempt for the enemy and all his mines or submarines was so firmly demonstrated that he won not merely the Distinguished Service Cross, but the bar as well.

Now the knowledge of locality in such men is proverbial. They know the tides and soundings so well that navigation in the strict scientific sense is hardly necessary, and not even entertained; but such a skipper, given a lead and line, can tell you in a fog the exact position by brooding over the deposit of sand, shingle or whatever may come up. So from

Lowestoft the naval authority used to send these smacks out to carry on their trawling in the very areas where the Zeebrugge craft used to arrive. The smacks were given a gun with which to fight, and a hydrophone with which to listen. Later on, also, they had in each craft an auxiliary motor fitted, and they carried four pigeons, which could be released on emergency. These would fly back to Lowestoft and summon assistance. One or two of the crew would be from the Royal Navy as gunners, but in one case there was a Marine signalman who had been through the Dardanelles campaign, and now thought himself in a soft job; and there was a cook who had been torpedoed once, shipwrecked once, wounded by shrapnel once, and twice blown up by mines. But there was plenty of free fish for all in these smacks, and they sometimes sold their catch for as much as £20.

One day in September, 1916, the Lowestoft smack *Holkar* went out looking for fish and submarines. At 8.15 on the morning of the 28th we can picture the crew all alert and ready. They consisted of the aforementioned Skipper Thompson, the mate, a petty officer, R.N., as gunlayer, a private of the Royal Marines as gun-trainer, one able seaman, but the four others all fishermen. At the time mentioned, distant sounds of a submarine were heard on the hydrophone, and an hour later Skipper Thompson, the mate, the petty officer and two of the crew were on deck, when through the haze something like a buoy was seen. "What's that there?" asked the mate, pointing.

"Why! There's a submarine coming." The skipper looked and saw that it was so.

Keeping his smack sailing about south by west, he told the motor man and the rest of the crew to stand by. As the submarine came along, it was first thought to be British, but when six hundred yards away she turned her starboard side towards *Holkar*, stopped, and opened fire with her machine-gun. Thompson had concealed his gun's crew on the deck by their job, the deckhands armed with rifles had been hidden by the bulwarks, and the cook was below ready to hand up ammunition. Fire was now opened from the smack's 13-pdr., just as the machine-gun's shots struck the mainsail and the fishermen fired their rifles. It was a very short, sharp engagement, for just as the 13-pdr. was about to fire again there was no longer any target; the enemy had disappeared. Was she sunk? Or had she submerged intentionally? Well, the smack started her motor, went over her last position, noticed a smell like bilge water and a kind of scum on the water. The hydrophone was put over and the crew listened in turns, but there was no sound. One of the crew said that when the submarine disappeared the "smell was horrible"; and the private of Marines, who had been serving aboard another smack named *Telesia* when she possibly sank another Flanders submarine, UB-13, remarked that the smell was "the same as when we sunk a submarine when I was in the *Telesia*." There is, frankly, some little doubt as to whether *Holkar* did destroy her enemy that day, but a message was at once written out and sent away to

Lowestoft by two pigeons; and when this area was swept later on an obstruction was there found and buoyed. It might have been a German submarine, and on the other hand it might have been some old wreck. But the Admiralty decided to divide £1000 between the crew. One rating was given the D.S.M., and it was on this occasion that Skipper Thompson got a bar to his D.S.C. Never were awards better given, nor better received, for the encouraging effect among these fishermen was enormous. It was impossible to send down a diver, because the depth was over twenty fathoms, and the water is rarely smooth in the North Sea. But in course of time the enemy got to realise that with these armed smacks trawling hereabouts it was no longer possible to lay mines and attack shipping with impunity.

All these apparently unsuccessful occasions of anti-submarine craft must be reckoned alongside those when the enemy was sunk with all hands, or perhaps a few survivors. It is only right to exhibit a less spectacular side, because it shows what risks and disappointments, what discouraging circumstances and narrow escapes, combined with eternal monotony, had to be endured by thousands of our patrol vessels; so that when the great day did come and prisoners were picked up from the sea, and officers went to Buckingham Palace to receive their D.S.O., it was a decoration not merely for one particular gallant act, but the crowning incident in a long period of splendid service.

On the other hand, there occurred those clean, clear cases where the climax came at the exact moment,

and the ruthless submarine was sent to its doom beyond all possible doubt. Such an occasion was that in the early hours of 31st May, 1918, in Bridlington Bay, south of Flamborough Head. UC-75 had left Bruges on the evening of 22nd May, with orders to operate off the east coast of England as speedily as possible. Having passed through Zeebrugge and gone up the North Sea, she laid her mines, and then cruised about off Flamborough Head, looking for shipping, and soon began to sink vessels. After she had been there a week, H.M.S. *Fairy*, a destroyer commanded by Lieut. G. H. Barnish of the Royal Naval Reserve, happened to come along, escorting a convoy of merchantmen. At 2.5 a.m. of 31st May Barnish heard a thud, as if a ship had been torpedoed, for it is a well-known fact that sound in a ship is greatly magnified. I have myself felt a heavy thud when a Q-ship dropped a depth charge as much as four miles away. *Fairy* proceeded at full speed in the sound's direction, and sighted a submarine about a point on the port bow, but three hundred yards away.

The first question to be settled was this: Was she friend or foe? A challenge was made, and repeated. As no answer was forthcoming, *Fairy* went straight for her and rammed her heartily. The submarine was UC-75, who now fired at the destroyer, whereupon the *Fairy* replied with her 6-pdr., obtaining several hits, then turned and rammed again, hitting the enemy just below her 3-inch gun. By this time most of the German crew had taken to the water, and UC-75 sank within two minutes of the second attack. Five

survivors were picked up by *Fairy*, and the rest by a trawler. It was learned that one of the convoy, the steamship *Blaydonian*, had at 1.55 a.m. also rammed this submarine, and as a result of the damage UC-75 had been unable to remain submerged. There were no casualties in *Fairy*, but she herself was so damaged by the ramming that she sank at 2.57 a.m. That mattered little, for she was of an obsolete type, whereas UC-75 was recently built, and Germany was getting very short of efficient submarine crews, who required long training. The sea had been rid of a dangerous menace, and the affair had been done with the maximum of neatness, like some brilliant piece of surgery. Lieut. Barnish was given the D.S.O., whilst a D.S.C. was awarded to Artificer-Engineer C. Palmer of the same ship.

Thus we conclude our study of those special ventures and voyages which have included most kinds of ships from the seventeenth century to the present day. It would be easy enough to stress the inferences that are to be drawn from these considerations, but let it suffice to say this. In spite of all the cruel knocks which the sea has given to ships and men, it has, on the other hand, been a school for character that has set its mark on its scholars very distinctly. And it is this which is one of the most valuable of all the assets that any nation can possibly possess. The roving spirit, the zest for adventure, the curiosity to see strange lands, the indescribable yet undeniable attraction which a ship has for certain minds, have always

created a special community which may seem strange and mad to the landsman who hates marine matters. But no country with overseas trade can quite afford to neglect fostering the marine instinct, so long as there are those who are enthusiastic enough to venture.

THE END