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THE BLACKWALL FRIGATES



THE COMMANDS OF CAPTAIN METHVEN

Ships:—*Mor*, *Fort William*, *Marlborough*, *Valetta*, *Celestial*, *Blenheim*, *Charles Forbes* and *Charlotte*.

[Frontispiece.]

THE BLACKWALL FRIGATES

BY

BASIL LUBBOCK

*Author of "The China Clippers"; "The Colonial Clippers,"
"Round the Horn before the Mast"; "Jack Derringer,
a Tale of Deep Water"; and "Deep Sea Warriors"*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PLANS



BOSTON

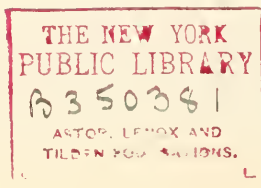
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Dedication

Dedicated to the Blackwall Midshipmite.

PREFACE

THE Blackwall frigates form a connecting link between the lordly East Indiaman of the Honourable John Company and the magnificent P. & O. and Orient liners of the present day.

They were first-class ships—well-run, happy ships, and the sailor who started his sea life as a midshipman aboard a Blackwaller looked back ever afterwards to his cadet days as the happiest period of his career.

If discipline was strict, it was also just. The training was superb, as witness the number of Blackwall midshipmen who reached the head of their profession and distinguished themselves later in other walks of life. Indeed, as a nursery for British seamen, we shall never see the like of these gallant little frigates.

The East still calls, yet its glamour was twice as alluring, its vista twice as romantic, in the days of sail; and happy indeed was the boy who first saw the shores of India from the deck of one of Green's or Smith's passenger ships.

Fifty years ago, the lithographs of the celebrated Blackwall liners to India and Australia could be bought at any seaport for a few shillings. Nowadays, these old ship portraits are eagerly snapped up by a growing

army of collectors and have become very hard to find and very expensive to buy, I therefore hope that the illustrations in this book will be appreciated.

The design plans give an indication of our advance in naval architecture—an advance which is little short of amazing, when one remembers that there are still many men alive who served on these old ships—ships which were more akin to the adventurous keels of Drake and Dampier than to the giant boxes of machinery afloat to-day.

My thanks are due to these old seamen, survivors of a by-gone era, for all their help and interest, and if this book is able to bring back a happy memory to a single one of them, my task will not have been in vain.

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THE BLACKWALL FRIGATES

INTRODUCTION.

“THE VANISHED GLORY OF THE SEA.”

What of the Ships, O Carthage !
Carthage, what of the Ships?

IN considering the history and development of that most wonderful of all the works of man—the ship, one finds that the subject can be divided into six periods, namely :—

The Day of the Coracle,
The Day of the Galley Slave,
The Golden Age of Sail,
The Iron Age,
The Day of Steam and Steel,
The Oil Age.

The sea has ever been more conservative than the land, for the simple reason that at sea every attempt to step forward has to be paid for in human life rather than coin of the realm.

Thus it is that we find each of these periods bringing its own type to perfection just at the moment when the following period has become its serious rival. And always the old type died hard, often living on for years after the new had attained its passport of utility and had become firmly enthroned in its place.

It has ever been the proud boast, aye, and bitter cry, of old seamen that they saw their own type at its perfection and at its perfection vanquished and turned out of the high road into the low road by the new type, whose newness and imperfection they had been forced to know by bitter experience.

But this is the law of evolution or progress—call it what you will.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

.

In the evolution of the ship, I have called the third of these periods the "Golden Age of Sail"; and it is in this period that the *Blackwall Frigates* take their place.

It was a long period, dating from Columbus and overlapping into the present day—a glorious period of heroism and adventure, of great sea fights and circumnavigations. Its ships dyed the Narrow Seas with blood from their scupper holes. Its seamen made traverse after traverse until all the coasts were charted, so that at the present day the great business of the world navigator is dead for want of new lands to discover. It was also the age when the ship, as a work of art and beauty, came to its perfection. We can hardly realise in these days the picturesque charm and brilliancy which were added to the seascape by masts and yards. Many of our artists still cling lovingly to the old wooden hull, the sail with its rainbow-like reflections, and the web-like top-hamper, all curving in the wind. And others, in spite of every clever trick of imagery, fail to conceal the ugliness of

the present day monster, and are obliged to introduce the brown sails of fishing smacks or the gleaming canvas of a yacht in order to bring life and brightness into their pictures.

No other work of man's hands can compete against the full-rigged ship in artistic beauty. She was ever a delight to the eye, not only of the seaman but of the landsman. Let us try to visualise her through the 500 years of her glory, and see what a feast our artistic senses have missed, what a pageantry of movement and colour our ancestors enjoyed.

The first ship to cross the horizon without oars is the ship of the Tudors. Let us imagine her surging steadily along before a "fair gale," a bone of white under her long beak-head; note the bright colours in her painted sails and gaudy streamers, note her crimson battle cloths in the waist, her gilded tops and yellow sides, her carved balconies and knight-heads. Her swivel guns on the lofty fore and after castles, her sakers, minions, falcons and falconets, her fowler chambers and curtalls, are damascened and inlaid with quaint mottoes and royal coats-of-arms. The gunports on the main deck were circular in those days, and her cannon, demi-cannon and culverins poked their grinning tompions through carved wreaths of gilded foliage along a strake of sky-blue paint, below which her sides were yellow down to a narrow black band along her water-line.

Her Admiral wore a bosun's whistle in token of his high office. Her gentlemen adventurers wore thigh boots of deerskin and lace-edged gauntlets, velvet coats and lace collars, with ostrich feathers in their rakish hats; her men-at-arms clanked about the deck in coats of mail; whilst her "musique" and trumpets

were all gloriously apparelled in the Tudor coat-of-arms, and her "tarpaulins" went aloft in red sea caps and red breeches.

Such a ship as the *Great Harry* or the *Henri Grace de Dieu*, the *Ark-Royal* or the *Revenge* was a very kaleidoscope of brilliant colours. With her music playing "Loath to Depart" and her company saluting with a "great shout," she passes with a royal pride, whilst all the other nations let fly their topgallant sheets and lower their topsails in token that she is "Mistress of the Narrow Seas."

Queen Elizabeth owed much, if not all, of her glory and renown to her ships and seamen. Sea power, then as now, was the first necessity of a great nation; whilst all the crooked trails to the new Eldorados led across the high seas—thus the education of the nobleman, of the young blood, and of the country squire was considered incomplete unless a voyage had been made to the Spanish Main as a gentleman adventurer. The talk, both in Courts and taverns, was all of ships and courses, cross-staffs and quadrants, bonnets and crow'sfeet, knees and timbers—of scudding before fair gales and lying a-trie in tempests—of how to gain the weather gauge and how to avoid a foul hawse. It was at this date that so many of the sea terms, now part of the English language, first came to be used by the landlubber. What wonder, then, that Shakespeare found himself perfectly at home with the idioms of the sea, and used them so correctly that many a sailor has declared that he must have had sea experience. The study of navigation, of seamanship and of naval architecture, was not only confined to the great sea captains and master shipwrights, but was hotly debated on by the Queen and her Court, the squire and his retainers,

the lawyer and his clients, aye and by the parson and his parishioners.

The innovations and improvements introduced during this great period of the ship's history are given by Sir Walter Raleigh.

They include:—

- (1) The striking of topmasts
- (2) The chain pump
- (3) Weighing anchor by the "capisten"
- (4) New sails, such as
 - (a) bonnet and drabler for the courses
 - (b) topgallant sails
 - (c) staysails
 - (d) spritsails and sprit topsails.

Raleigh, indeed, was one of the accoucheurs at the birth of the full-rigged ship. From his day to the present the main essentials in the sail and rigging plan of a ship have not altered, and a "tarpaulin" of Queen Elizabeth would have found little difficulty in handling one of Nelson's frigates or even a wool clipper, neither would those of us who have trimmed the yards of a four-mast barque been much adrift with Howard's flagship, the *Ark-Royal*.

The Elizabethan galleon was followed by the stately first-rate of the Stuarts, such as the *Sovereign of the Seas*, better known during the Dutch wars as the *Royal Sovereign*, one of the stoutest ships in the Navy of Charles II.

Of the Stuart Navy, there is little that we do not know, thanks to Samuel Pepys, to the two Dutch marine painters, William Van de Velde the elder and William Van de Velde the younger, and to the many beautiful builders' models which have survived to the present day. The two Van de Veldes, in many a great canvas, have shown us Britain's battle line at

close grips with the French and Dutch, whilst in their pencil drawings and sketches of individual ships we are able to study not only the lines but also the lavish ornamentation which, in those days, both in elaborate carving and profusion of gold leaf, was carried to such excess that regulations had at last to be framed in order to limit the money to be spent in decorative gingerbread work.

During the Dutch wars the Grand Fleet of Great Britain often numbered as many as 80 sail of the line. For the first time ships were manœuvred in the various formations by signals from the flagship, such as the following:—

When the Admiral would have all the ships to fall into the order of "Battailia," the Union flag shall be put at the mizen peak of the Admiral ship—at sight whereof the Admirals of other squadrons are to answer it by doing the like.—(*Duke of York's Supplementary Order, 1665.*)

To engage, a red flag on the fore topmast-head.

To make sail, a red flag in the spritsail topmast shrouds.

To come into the wake or grain of us, a red flag on the mizen shrouds.—
(*Spragge's Sea Book, 1672.*)

The tactics of naval warfare are specially interesting during the Dutch wars of the Restoration.

Prince Rupert and General Monck, the victors of St. James' Day, the heroes of the "Four Days' Fight," and two of the most stubborn fighters of their age, were also the first of British Admirals to make essay of the principle of "cutting off a part of the enemy fleet and containing the rest"; at the same time they never missed an opportunity of encouraging individual initiative and the immediate seizure of opportunities.

For instance, Prince Rupert in his "Additional Fighting Instructions," July, 1666, lays down the following:—

To divide the enemy's fleet.—In case the enemy have the wind of us and we have sea room enough, then we are to keep the wind as close

as we can lie until such time as we see an opportunity by gaining their wakes to divide their fleet; and if the van of our fleet find that they have the wake of any part of them, they are to tack and to stand in, and strive to divide the enemy's body, and that squadron which shall pass first being come to the other side is to tack again, and the middle squadron is to bear up upon that part of the enemy so divided, which the last is to second, either by bearing down to the enemy or by endeavouring to keep off those that are to windward, as shall be best for the service.

It was Rupert also who laid down the axiom that "the destruction of the enemy must always be made the chiefest care."

And in his instructions to Sir Edward Spragge, his Vice-Admiral in 1666, he says:—

When the Admiral of the Fleet makes a weft with his flag, the rest of the flag officers are to do the like, and then all the best sailing ships are to make what way they can to engage the enemy, that so the rear of our fleet may the better come up; and so soon as the enemy makes a stand then they are to endeavour to fall into the best order they can.

We have to wait for 100 years or even more before we see Rupert's teaching acted upon without doubt or hesitation, for on the death of the Prince the school of Penn and James II., which laid down fixed and formal rules for every manœuvre of the sea fight, to break away from which was a court-martial offence, gained the upper hand and thus killed all enterprise and initiative, tying the hands of our Admirals through years of indecisive fighting.

It may, perhaps, surprise a good many of our sailors to learn that the celebrated "Nelson touch" had been partly thought out and acted upon as far back as the days of the Merry Monarch.*

* Prince Rupert's tactics on the fourth day of the Four Days' Fight were entirely Nelsonian. Rupert, in fact, was a long way ahead of his times. Most people, who have only half studied the period, look upon him as a mere swashbuckling General of Horse, who knew nought of the sea, and even history students have failed to give him his due as a naval tactician. In sea tactics he was one of the first masters of the age. He was also a skilled navigator and the inventor of the vernier

I seem to have wandered a long way from the pageantry of the sea and to have become enmeshed in naval tactics.

Let us imagine then what a grand sight this mighty fleet of the *Merry Monarch's* must have been when under sail with all its attendant fire-ships, bomb-ketches, yachts, hoys and shallops. How the great yellow hulls must have gleamed in the sunlight! Fancy too the battle flags, as large as topgallant sails, showing like red flames in the sky as soon as the enemy was sighted.

The sails of the Stuart ships, though no longer gay with religious and heraldic designs, were mighty cylinders of wind, for these ships were by no means as narrow in sail plan as those of later dates, for instance the *Royal Sovereign's* mainyard was 100 feet long.

Sir Thomas Clifford, writing to Lord Arlington from on board the flagship *Royal Charles* on 20th July, 1666, when the fleet under Rupert and Monck was putting to sea, from refitting after the Four Days' Fight, wishes:—

The King had seen the Fleet under sail yesterday, he would have been infinitely pleased. They took up in length 9 or 10 miles. Was never so pleased with any sight in my life. There is a new air and vigour in every man's countenance, and even the common men cry out, "If we do not beat them now, we never shall do it."

And on 24th July, Silas Taylor wrote from Harwich:—

At 4 a.m. the English Fleet sailed cheerfully, beating drums, and stood towards the King's Channel and Sledway. At 3 p.m. the Fleet cleared itself of victuallers and stood after the Dutch by Longsand Head, lying close to the wind, which was easterly.

On the following day Rupert and Albemarle defeated
screw on the sextant. Added to which, he was a real "tarpaulin." As a proof of this last, there is an account of how he once took the helm of his ship, when she was caught on a lee shore, and steered her to safety, although at the time it seemed impossible that she could weather the rocks and the ship's company had almost given up hope.

De Ruyter and Van Tromp at the Battle of St. James' Day.

In the days of the Stuarts our Mercantile Marine was small both in the number and the size of its ships, and we have to wait until the Napoleonic wars for big fleets of merchant ships. Then, indeed, the swarms of French privateers in the Channel compelled huge convoys, of which the following reports from the *Naval Chronicle* give us but a faint idea:—

Plymouth Report, 10th December, 1800.—Passed by to the westward the immense large fleets for Oporto, the Straits, Lisbon and the West Indies, nearly 550 sail under convoy of the *Sea Horse*, of 36 guns; *Maidstone*, 32; *Allvance*, 44; *Chichester*, 44; *Serapis*, 44; *La Pique*, 44; *Harpy*, 18; and *Dromedary*, 24; a dead calm took them aback off the Eddystone, and the whole horizon was covered with the floating commerce of Albion's proud Isles. The fog cleared off about noon, and presented with the setting sun a spectacle from the high points of land round this port, at once grand, picturesque and interesting to every lover of his country's commerce and welfare.

Plymouth Report, 10th August, 1801.—This day presented a most beautiful scene from the Hoe, 200 sail laying to, becalmed from horizon to horizon, of East and West Indiamen under convoy of the *Theseus*, 74 guns; *Santa Margarita*, 36 guns; and two other frigates. By 10 a.m. a fine breeze from E.N.E. sprang up, and the whole fleet by noon was clear of the Dodman Point.

And here is another testimony to the beauty of a great fleet of sail underweigh. It is given by Fitchett in his *Fights for the Flag*:—

In his *Autobiography* Prince Metternich tells how on 2nd May, 1794, from the summit of a hill behind Cowes, he watched a great and historic spectacle. More than 400 ships—great three-deckers, smart frigates, bluff-bowed merchantmen—were setting sail at once. Their tall masts and wide-spread canvas seemed to fill the whole sea horizon. It was the Channel Fleet under Lord Howe, with a huge convoy of merchantmen.

"I consider this," wrote Prince Metternich, "the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. I might say, indeed, the most beautiful that human eyes have ever beheld! At a signal from the Admiral's ship the merchantmen unfurled their sails, the fleet for the West Indies turned to the west, the fleet for the East Indies passed to the east side of the

island, each accompanied with a portion of the Royal Fleet. Hundreds of vessels and boats, filled with spectators, covered the two roads as far as the eye could reach, in the midst of which the great ships followed one another, in the same manner as we see great masses of troops moved on the parade ground."

One's imagination can hardly grasp the varied beauty of such a sight. I happen to possess an old wash drawing by Butterworth, labelled "The British Fleet at Spithead, 1797," and this gives me a faint idea of the grandeur of our old wooden walls when seen *en masse*.

Butterworth's fleet lie at anchor in three lines. In the first line 7 three-deckers and 7 two-deckers swing to their great hempen cables. They hide the second line with the exception of 4 ships, all two-deckers; behind whom again lie 2 frigates, with the entrance to Portsmouth just open.

There is, however, a great deal more than its mere beauty to interest a sailor in this drawing. The rigging of each ship is most carefully drawn, the figure-heads are worth studying with a magnifying glass, and more than a hint is given of the colouring. To anyone who has ever been to sea with masts and yards, the riggers' work on any ship is always a source of never-failing interest. Let me therefore attempt to give a slight sketch of the various changes which have taken place in the sails and rigging of a full-rig ship between the days of the Tudors and those of the Blackwall frigates.

Let us begin forward. The Tudor bowsprit was only used to stay the foremast. It had a good steeve to it and must have been a very hefty spar—so hefty indeed that before very long a large square sail, called a spritsail, was set about half-way out underneath it.

The next innovation, during the reign of James I.,

OLD EAST INDIA COMPANY FLAGS,
1680-1700. (From an Old Manuscript.)



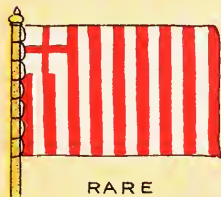
PENNANT OR STREAMER AT MAIN.



DRESS FLAGS FOR FORE OR MIZEN.



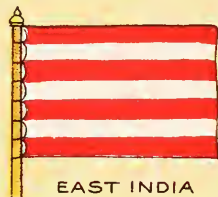
DRESS FLAGS FOR MAIN.



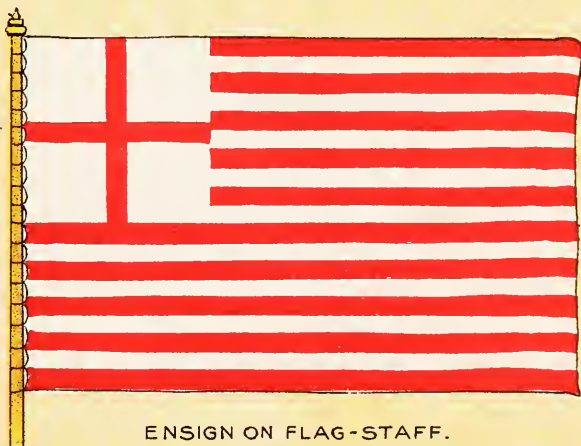
RARE
JACK.



NATIONAL
JACK.



EAST INDIA
JACK.



ENSIGN ON FLAG-STAFF.

was to place a round top at the end of the bowsprit or boltsprit, on which a flagstaff was stepped. This flagstaff was sufficiently large on the "great ships" to support a small square sail, and so the first sprit topsail came into being. This in its turn led to another pole being fidded onto the old flagstaff, in order to carry the jack, whose place had been taken by the sprit topsail. All this weight at the end of the bowsprit compelled shipwrights to not only shorten that spar but so increase its diameter that it was soon bigger than the main topmast.

It may seem to landsmen that this giant candlestick arrangement at the end of the bowsprit was of more ornament than use. But, of a truth, spritsails and sprit topsails were not only of use, but they were a necessity. They were really steering sails, sails to help in the handling of the ship. They did the work of the jibs in helping a ship off the wind when the helm was put up, for except for a large fore topmast staysail, which came in about the middle of the Stuart period, headsails were not introduced until the sprit topsail was done away with and its place once more taken by the jack, which was well into the eighteenth century.

The sprit topsail, indeed, had a reign of about 100 years. I know of one interesting instance of a sprit topgallant. It is mentioned in the manuscript log of an old Stuart tarpaulin, who happened to be in charge of the "Mocha Fleet" when Captain Kidd committed his first piracy. The incident is thus described by old Barlow:—

The Fifteenth of August being got past the small Bab Island in the morning betime we espied a ship more than our Company almost gotten into the midell of our fleet, for being a little parted there was a vacancy in the midell that a ship might pass almost out of shot reach from aney of our fleet. He shewed no colours, but came joging on with his course.

hauled up under two topsails, having more sails furled than usually ships carry namely a mizen top galon sail and a spritsail top gallon sail which made us judge presently what he was, he coming pretty near us but scarce within shot, we perceived what like ship he was, a pretty frigate—a ship as we understood afterwards built at Dedford called the Adventure galley, she carrying about 28 or 30 guns, having on her lower gun deck a line of ports for owers to row withall in calm wether.

We shewing no colours neither but had only a red broad pendant but without any cross in it; and thinking he might take us for one of the Moors ships, having our ship in readiness, were willing to let him come as near to us as he would, for the Dutch convoy was a long way astarne, and we had verey litell wind and he could not come nere us. But seeing the pirat as nere as he intended to come, being all most abreast of us, we presently hoisted our colours and let fly two or three guns at him well shotted and presently gott both our boats ahead, having verey little wind. Rowing towards him, he having fired 4 or five times at one of the Moor's ships, striking him in the hull and through his sails. But he seeing us make what we could towards him, presently made what sail hee could from us, getting out his oars and rowing and sailing, we firing what we could at him, our men shouting which I believe he heard and that he took us for one of the Kings ships. We fired at him as long as he was anything nere and judge did hit him with som of our shot. But he sailed far better than we did, and being out of shot of us, he took in his oars and his smal saile, hauling up his lower sailes in the brales, staying for us; but having no mind to engage, as we drew nere him made saile again from us. Dooing so twice and seeing us still follow him, at last set all his sails and away he went.

It being almost sunset, we brought our ship to and lay by till the fleet came up to us, being 4 or 5 leagues astarne. Some of the Moors ships having a great deal of money aboard and sartainly the fleet being a littele parted, had not our ship happened to have been in their compeney, he had sartainly plundered all the headmost ships of all their welth and the Duch ship could not have helpen them being a heavy sailer and littell or no wind.

Being secured at that time from ye pirrat, whose commander being called William Kid, as we heard after, and the next morning being the 16 of August, he was gon out of our sight.

Space forbids me from quoting any more of this interesting old manuscript, but Barlow has more to say about the pirate, Captain Kid, and his descents upon some of the trading ports of the Malabar Coast.

It will be noticed from the above that the Adventure

galley carried a mizen topgallant sail. This sail remained quite a rarity for another fifty years.

When a jibboom was sent out at the end of the bowsprit, in order, as its name implies, to carry that unwieldy sail, the huge low-footed eighteenth century jib, the sprit topsail was set outside the spritsail under the bowsprit and jibboom.

And the spritsail had no sooner gone out of fashion before it came in again in the shape of the tea clipper's "Jamie Green." That the spritsail was a true working sail is shown by the fact that it was generally provided with a diagonal row of reef points.

Next to the development of the modern head sails, the changes made in crossjack and spanker are of most interest. As is well known by old seamen, no sail was bent on the crossjack yard until about 1840, the first man to set a crossjack being an American skipper. Indeed a crossjack did very little useful work until ships began to increase in length so as to allow of more drift between the main and mizen masts. The French call the crossjack yard "la vergue seche," the barren yard.

The development of the spanker from the old lateen mizen went through one or two interesting stages. The lateen yard, indeed, was still aloft on a great many of our ships up to the end of the eighteenth century. The *Victory* herself only gave it up in 1798, and the *Vanguard* and several of the French ships still carried it at the Battle of the Nile.

But before the middle of the eighteenth century the part of the sail forward of the mast was cut away, its place being taken by the staysail on the mizen stay. When this was done, the luff of the shortened sail was tacked down to the foot of the mast, and no attempt

was made to keep it into the mast either by means of hoops or screw-eyes, at the same time the foot of the sail was kept boomless.

For some years before this the lateen yard had gradually been growing shorter and shorter, and by the time that it was changed into the modern gaff with jaws to the mast, it was so short as make the sail too small to do its proper work of helping the ship to bring her head to windward.

Thereupon, instead of increasing the size of this early spanker, the old rigger bent a ring-tail outside it. This sail, which was called a driver, had a boom on its foot which was tacked down to the rail, it had a bowline on its luff, and was hoisted by halliards to a block at the peak of the spanker gaff. The next change was the fitting of a spanker boom, and the driver or ringtail was carried right into the mast, its head being hoisted to the gaff by three halliards at equal distances apart, the after one being bent on to the short ring-tail yard which stood out beyond the peak.

To give place to this sail, the old mizen was hauled up and made fast to its gaff, and the new sail, which gradually came to be called the spanker, was hauled out to the end of the boom like a loose-footed mainsail and was tacked down to the foot of the mast by a strong purchase, and still there were no mast hoops or traveller to keep the sail into the mast. And from this the present day spanker was evolved.

It is always difficult for the reader to follow a description of rigging, for what is easy enough to understand when demonstrated on a model becomes both confusing and wearisome in cold print. But for this, I should have been tempted to branch off into many a fascinating

by-path in the evolution of a ship's rigging, such as bentinck shrouds, jeers and slings, gammonings, trusses, etc.

Royals, stunsails or more properly studding sails, and other flying kites came into being as soon as our trade with tropical countries became so securely established that King's ships were sent out to foreign stations for long commissions, but I do not think that anyone has yet found out the first ship to send royal yards aloft or rig out stunsail booms.

Next to rigging and sails, we require to know the colour schemes of hulls, masts and spars before we can form any picture in our minds of what our old wooden walls really looked like.

And, curiously enough, though we know the colours favoured in the seventeenth century, those used in the eighteenth have been somewhat obscured through the eagerness of nineteenth century marine painters to paint every ship *a la* Nelson. Perhaps the most common colour scheme for British ships up to the date of Trafalgar was yellow sides with a black streak along the water-line.

In my Butterworth drawing of the British fleet lying at anchor off Spithead in 1797, the ships are painted almost brown with a lighter yellow band from the level of the main deck to that of the lower deck.

There are some very interesting notes and sketches, taken by a Colonel Fawkes at the Battle of the Nile, which are in the possession of my friend, Mr. Louis Paul; these he published in the *Mariners' Mirror* just before the war.

It may be of interest to give the colours of the British and French ships, as noted by Colonel Fawkes.

BRITISH SHIPS.

- Audacious*.—Plain yellow sides.
Zealous.—Broad red sides with small yellow stripes.
Goliath.—Light yellow sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports.
Theseus.—Light yellow sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports, with hammock cloths yellow and ports painted upon them to resemble a three-decker.*
Vanguard.—Yellow sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports.
Minotaur.—Red sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports.
Orion.—Plain yellow sides.
Defence.—Plain yellow sides.
Leander.—Yellow sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports.
Swiftsure.— ditto.
Majestic.— ditto.
Alexander.—Plain yellow sides.
Bellerophon.— ditto.
Culloden.—Yellow sides with two small black streaks between the upper and lower deck ports.
Mutine (brig).—Yellow sides.

FRENCH SHIPS.

- Le Guerrier*.—Dark yellow sides.
Le Conquerant.— ditto.
Le Spartiate.—Light yellow sides.
L'Aquilon.—Red sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports.
Le Franklin.—Plain yellow sides.
Le Peuple Souverain.—Dark yellow sides.
Le Tonnant.—Broad light yellow with small black streaks in a line with the muzzles of the guns and two between the upper and lower deck ports
L'Heureux.—Very dark yellow sides.
Le Timoleon.—Very dark red sides.
Le Guillaume Tell.—Light yellow sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports.
Le Mercure.—Dark yellow sides.
Le Genereux.—Dark red sides.

The frigates were all yellow.

*This is interesting as showing that our ancestors were quite alive to the value of camouflage.

Mr. Louis Paul goes on to remark that yellow sides and black bands predominated up to Trafalgar; but I think they continued until long after that date, though Nelson was the first Admiral to order all the ships of his fleet to be painted alike.

The interiors of all British men-of-war were always painted red, in order, as it was said, to hide the demoralising bloodstains.

Nelson is generally supposed to have painted his hulls black with yellow strakes along the gunports and black port lids. This was called double-yellow or chequer painting, as the ships were chequer sided. But as regards the black hulls, I have my doubts. Captain Hoffman, who was present at the Battle of Trafalgar on board the *Tonnant*, has the following clear statement in his journal:—"All our ships' sides were ordered to be painted yellow with black streaks, and the masts yellow."

It would have taken some time and paint to have slabbed black over the yellow hulls, though painting in black strakes along the gunports would have been a small matter. There is no doubt, however, of the chequer-board appearance, so we can conclude that at any rate the gun strakes were yellow and the port lids black.

There was no uniformity, however, in the painting of the French and Spanish ships at Trafalgar, and the various painters of the battle have missed a great opportunity in neglecting such a picturesque detail as the many different colours displayed. For instance, the huge Spanish *Santissima Trinidad* was painted a rich crimson lake with four narrow white ribbons under her four tiers of guns. And her figurehead, representing the Holy Trinity, was a Cyclopiian group of figures painted white.

Another historic ship, the *Santa Anna*, Alava's flagship, was black from her hammock nettings to her water-line, the only note of colour being in the red robes of the Mother of the Virgin, another figurehead noted for its immense size.

All shades of yellow were to be found on the hulls of the French and Spanish ships, and gun strakes were often red, so the British ships were unmistakable owing to the chequers.

There was one small point—but one which a commander of Nelson's experience was quick to note and take advantage of—the French always painted their mast hoops black, so Nelson ordered his mast hoops to be painted white, thus making sure with his white mast hoops and chequered sides that none of his ships could mistake each other for the enemy during the smoke and confusion of battle.

By the date of Trafalgar much of the gilt and gingerbread had been stripped from the British ships of war and merchantman, and the carvers and gilders were only allowed to decorate the Royal yachts and one or two special first-rates. The elaborate coats-of-arms, the cupids and nymphs and golden caryatides had gone from the sterns of most ships. Wreaths around the circular gunports of the upper deck and poops with the bundles of carved weapons in between, gleaming yellow against the bright blue paint, had departed with the last of the Stuarts. Entry ports lacked carved pillars and handrails. Knight-heads had become bollards; and even the belfreys required only the craft of the joiner instead of that of both carver and gilder.

The figureheads and a certain amount of carving around the quarter galleries alone remained.

And now, the quarter galleries have gone, and the

few remaining figureheads, gracing the bows of the survivors of the golden age of sail, are looked upon as curiosities and photographed and sketched wherever they are seen.

Leslie in that delightful but very scarce book, *Old Sea Wings, Ways and Words*, traces the figurehead back to the Egyptians, to the Greeks and Romans, who ornamented the heads of their galleys with graceful swans and imperial eagles: he also refers to the elaborately carved images at the heads of Maori war canoes. The most famous figurehead is, of course, the winged Victory of Samothrace, in the Louvre, which stands upon the bow of a trireme. There is no evidence, however, that this bit of sculpture was ever afloat. It was set up at Samothrace by Demetrius, one of Alexander's generals, in 306 B.C., in order to celebrate a naval victory. The first figureheads that graced British ships appeared about the thirteenth century. The *Trinity Royal*, of 1416, is supposed to have had a Royal leopard, with a crown of copper, on her beak-head.

We have all heard of the "dragons" of the Vikings. Figureheads in the Middle Ages were generally in the shape of a dragon or monstrous fish with a projecting barbed tongue, which did duty as a spear-head for ramming purposes.

By the time of the Stuarts figureheads were universal and most elaborate. Indeed Leslie declares that the only people who have never adopted them were the Chinese and Japanese.

Up to 1700 and even later British first-rates usually had kingly figures on prancing horses weighing down their beak-heads. The figurehead of the *Sovereign of the Seas* was a very well-known group of statuary, consisting of King Edgar on horseback, trampling on

those seven kings, who, according to history, were compelled to row the Royal barge round the Kingdom.

In those days the woodcarver was a man of importance, both at sea and ashore, at home and abroad. Probably there was never more elaborate carving than that of the great French flagship *Le Roi Soleil*. Her figurehead was a magnificent mermaid balanced on the bend of her tail. Hardly less wonderful was the bow of a French 80-gun ship, which held a full length female figure in flowing draperies, blowing a trumpet and holding a flag. The whole of the beak of this ship was carved with a carpet of oak leaves, on which the goddess was standing.

The smaller rates of both English, Dutch and French men-of-war in the seventeenth century usually had the "lion rampant" at the bow. This lion figurehead generally supported his fore paws on a shield of the Royal arms, and he was very often crowned. "The sweep of the lion," as the curve of his head was called, had to be absolutely correct according to the laws laid down in the standard shipbuilding works of the day.

In 1703 an Admiralty regulation made this "sweep of the lion" the national figurehead for every man-of-war except first-rates; but there was no checking the woodcarver in this way, and the regulation was rarely adhered to.

A very common figurehead in the eighteenth century was the Roman warrior, with his chain mail, his short stabbing sword and round shield. This figurehead adorned the bows of the *Fighting Temeraire*, the *Warrior* (a 74 of 1781), the *Kent* (a 74 of 1798), and the *Canopus*, which was captured from the French at the Battle of the Nile. Another common figurehead was the conventional representation of Father Neptune, with his beard

of oakum and Royal trident. This was, of course, the figurehead of the *Ocean*.

The King on the prancing white horse, which was such a feature of the Stuart period, was replaced in the eighteenth century by a St. George on his charger. The figurehead of Kempenfeldt's *Royal George*, however was a Roman warrior supported on each side by a cupid.

The figureheads of certain ships had, of course, to carry out the idea of the ship's name; for instance the *Centaur* (a 74 of 1797) naturally had a centaur on her beak-head, whilst the *Polyphemus* (a 64 of 1782), had the monstrous head of the Cyclops, with a cold staring eye in the midst of its forehead.

Then again ships called after Royal personages were given carefully chiselled full-length portraits of those personages. The *Royal Adelaide* carried a 14-ft. figure of the Queen on her bow.

In the early nineteenth century there were some very bizarre and ridiculous figureheads.

Fancy going to sea with the devil at one's prow, yet the *Styx*, launched in 1841, had a half-length nude figure of his satanic majesty, painted a dark chocolate colour.

And here we come to a feature about old figureheads which would have greatly offended the good taste of clipper ship seamen, who would have nought but pure white lead. The old timers were most gaudily coloured. Imagine the *La Hoguc* of 1811: she sported a green and chocolate lion, its grinning mouth displaying rows of white teeth and a huge red tongue.

In the last days of the sailing man-of-war, we come to the Admirals—Nelson with his blind eye and armless sleeve, Anson in a wig, Duncan with a pigtail, and a host of others. Many of these naval figureheads are still preserved in the Royal dockyards.

Others, both naval and mercantile, are still to be seen in remote corners of the British Isles, notably at Tresco Abbey, Scilly, where a long verandah is supported by figureheads salvaged from wrecks.

It is a fascinating subject, which I have merely skimmed; it really deserves a whole book to itself.

After the Battle of Trafalgar huge convoys and fleets of ships began to grow scarcer and scarcer. But right up to the end of the nineteenth century a long spell of head winds would sometimes bring a large number of sailing ships together, for instance the late Captain Boulton Whall in his *School and Sea Days* relates:—

After a long continuance of east winds, I once counted some 300 sail of vessels in sight of the Lizard, amongst which were such well-known London packets as the *Saint Lawrence*, *Anglesey*, *Newcastle*, *Alnwick Castle*, *Shannon*, *Middlesex*, *Durham*, *Alumbagh*, *Wave of Life*, *Jerusalem*, *Maid of Judah*, *Orient* and others. That afternoon the wind came fair, and there was a smart race who should be first up to town.

This was in May, 1870. A few years earlier, in 1862, the American clipper *Oracle* passed 100 sail, all bound the same way, between Cork and Bardsey.

On 9th May, 1897, the Shaw Savill clipper *Pleione* had 51 sail in sight from the deck in 46° N., 27° W. On the next day the Atlantic transport ss. *Massachusetts*, whilst steaming along the 48th parallel from 26° to 28° W., passed during the afternoon 54 sailing ships, all close-hauled on the starboard tack, the wind being light from the eastward.

The largest fleet of sailing ships which I have ever seen was in Table Bay towards the end of the Boer War. I think I counted over 150 ships, but, alas, the majority of them flew foreign flags.

Leslie, the sea painter, has left a delightful account of our last squadron of sailing battleships underweigh;

he was bound up Channel in a Yankee packet, homeward bound from America, and he remarks :—

Certainly England's oaken walls never looked stronger or grander than they did that evening, as those great ships came tearing through the black water towards us. The warm, low sunlight glowing upon the piled-up canvas made them look like moving thunder clouds; and one felt how small was the little 700-ton packet, as, some ahead and some astern, they swept past her, close enough to hear the boatswains on board the nearest ships piping orders to shorten sail for the night. As each ship came up, one thing looked whiter even than her creamy canvas, and that was the broad roll of curling foam which ran and played upon the dark sea in front of her stem; at times, for a moment, as she rose upon a wave reflected in her sea-polished copper, or as she buried her bows in the following sea, lighting up the handsome rails and carvings about the stately figurehead, giving to that of the *Queen* (110) as she passed close to, the look of a figure on the stage lighted from below by the mysterious glare of a broad row of footlights.

. . . . Signals were being so rapidly exchanged from one big ship to the other, that it was impossible to follow them; until, at one given from the Admiral's vessel, in a moment the steady pile of canvas of the leading ships seemed to fall into confusion, the heavy topsail yards came down to the caps of each mast, while flying jibs and wing after wing in the shape of studding sails fell in, and were folded among the confused tangle of rigging, which, in an instant swarmed with men reefing topsails, furling royals or stowing jibs; while the great topgallant sails, clewed up, belly out before the wind, ready to be reset over reefed topsails for the night. As the fleet went on their way to the westward, they quickly changed from clouds of light into picturesque variety of line and form, showing dark against the orange glow left by the sun.

With this vivid description of the last of our wooden walls, running out of the Channel in 1842, I will bring this introduction to a close.

PART I.

“ HISTORY OF THE BLACKWALL YARD.”

1611-1836.

At the Blackwall Docks we bid adieu
To lovely Kate and pretty Sue,
Our anchor's weigh'd and our sails unfurl'd
And we're bound to plough the wat'ry world,
Sing hay, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound.

The Blackwall Yard.

THE Blackwall frigates gained their name from the Blackwall Yard where so many of them took their shape.

This ancient shipbuilding yard has a most interesting history. It owed its birth to the Spanish Armada and its completion to the enterprise of the first East India Company of Merchant Adventurers, being first known as the “East India Yard.”

Its massive gateway bore the date of 1612, and the coat-of-arms of these daring Merchant Adventurers was emblazoned upon its panels. This coat-of-arms was:—Azure three ships of three masts, rigged and under full sail, pennants and ensigns argent, each charged with a cross gules, on the chief of the second a pale quarterly azure and gules. On the first and fourth a fleur-de-lys. In second and third a lion passant, quadrant all of the second, two rose gules seeded on

barbed rest. Crest—a sphere without a frame bound with the zodiac, in bend or, between two split pennons, floutant argent, each charged in chief with a cross gules. Over the sphere, these words:—*Deus indicat*. Supporters—Two sea-lions or, the tails proper. Motto—*Deo ducente nil nocet*.

There is a fine tarry flavour about the “three ships with three masts, rigged and under full sail”; a hint of Royal interest and patronage in the lion and fleur-de-lys; of tremendous endeavour “in the sphere bound with the zodiac,” and more than a hint of sea peril in the pious wording.

The great dockyard bell is still in existence, bearing the date 1616 and the motto, “God be my good speed.”

The Pioneer Ship of the Yard—the “Globe.”

The first ships that were built on the Blackwall stocks were all East Indiamen. The first is believed to have been the *Globe*. This vessel sailed for India in 1611, and owing to trouble with our great trading rivals, the Dutch, was out nearly five years. But for all that the profits of the voyage came to 218 per cent. The name of this ship, as is so often the case, was handed down to posterity by a neighbouring tavern.

Sir Henry Johnson the Elder.

The first shipbuilder connected with the yard was Henry Johnson, a cousin of Sir Phineas Pett. Besides East Indiamen, this man built seven third-rates, two for Cromwell, and four for Charles II., by whom he was knighted in 1679. Henry Johnson the elder died in 1683, and was buried in the East India Chapel, adjoining the yard.

THE BLACKWALL FRIGATES

KING'S SHIPS BUILT IN THE BLACKWALL YARD BY SIR HENRY JOHNSON, THE ELDER.

Date Built	Ship	Rate	Burden	Length by the Keel	Beam	Depth of Hold	Draught of Water	Men			Guns	
								Peaces	War Abroad	War at Home	Peace	War Abroad
1654	<i>Dreadnought</i> (<i>ex-Torrington</i>)	3rd	732	116	34.6	14.2	16.6	215	280	355	54	62
1654	<i>York</i>	"	740	115	35	14.2	16.6	210	270	340	52	60
1666	<i>Warspite</i>	"	942	181	38.9	15.6	17.6	270	345	420	60	70
1679	<i>Kent</i>	"	1057	134.10	40.2	16.9½	18	300	380	460	62	70
"	<i>Essex</i>	"	1072	134	40	16.9½	18	300	380	460	62	70
1680	<i>Exeter</i>	"	1070	137.6	40.4	16.9	18	300	380	460	62	70
"	<i>Suffolk</i>	"	1065	138	40.6	16.9½	18	300	380	460	62	70

King's Ships built at Blackwall in the Seventeenth Century.

The King's ships, built by Sir Henry Johnson the elder were all of that most useful rate, the third, corresponding to the 74 of the Napoleonic period.

The Navy of Charles II. was divided up into six rates; these were generally alluded to in the correspondence of the times as "the great ships" (first and second-rates) "frigates" (third and fourth-rates) and "small frigates" (fifth and sixth-rates), besides which the "Grand Fleet" was made up of fireships, doggers, galliots, hoys, hospital ships, pinks, yachts, flyboats and shallops.

The great ships were treated with great reverence; they were kept strictly to the limits of the "Narrow Seas," and every September were brought into Chatham or Portsmouth and laid up through the winter; but the third-rates, besides fighting in the line of battle, were sent to every part of the world, they did convoy work, they cruised on their stations in the Channel, in the North Sea and off Ireland during the winter months, and they were the first ships to make the British flag known in the Mediterranean.

Many people think of the Stuart Navy as consisting of a lot of very slow, leewardly, unhandy old wagons, primitive of design and rig, and but little less clumsy than a Spanish treasure galleon. This is altogether an erroneous view. In many ways these ships were superior and finer models than the wooden walls of Nelson's time.

They had more beams to length than their successors, more deadrise and finer lines. The shipwrights of the seventeenth century were practical rather than theoretical. They built by eye and by experience and were not hampered by Admiralty Rules and Regulations as

to measurement and design, material, etc. In the eighteenth century the builder was so bound down by Admiralty restrictions that individual skill and talent were allowed no scope, and thus the British man-of-war of that era became not only inferior in speed, weatherliness, and seaworthiness to the Frenchman but also to our own East Indiamen.

The exact contrary was the case in the seventeenth century. Then our frigates were very much faster and more weatherly than those of our chief rivals, the Dutch, and could sail round the Frenchman, the Spaniard or the Portugee, to name the other chief maritime nations.

The third-rate of the seventeenth century was fit to go anywhere. The seamanship of those days was of a very fine order, and even the navigation was far from being as primitive as one would imagine. One has been accustomed to marvel at the pluck and daring of our ancestors in undertaking long voyages into unknown seas.

One brings to mind Anson's voyage and the great mortality amongst his crews from scurvy and typhus. I find, however, that scurvy and typhus were by no means prevalent amongst the Indiamen of the seventeenth century. There were, of course, instances of great sickness at sea, but these instances could generally be traced to fever epidemics, mean captains and skinflint owners. As a general rule I find that British crews were better fed in the seventeenth century than in the early nineteenth century, and where they were often on short allowance was generally with regard to water, though this was usually discounted by an extremely liberal allowance of beer.

Prince Rupert visits the Blackwall Yard.

In the seventeenth century the sea and ships were the fashion. The Merry Monarch and his brother, the Duke of York (later James II.) were both keen sailors and took great interest in shipbuilding. Charles II. constantly left his dovecots to visit his shipyards, but the greatest, most experienced and most practical of the Royal sailors of the seventeenth century was Charles' famous cousin, Prince Rupert, a tall dark man with an eagle's eye and a stern mouth, his brain full of new inventions and improvements both for the ships and their armaments. Rupert was a real "tarpaulin," who could stand his trick at the wheel, put his ship about or take the sun with equal ease. He was also a patron and promoter of all new shipping enterprises, such as the Hudson Bay Company and the African Company. His visits to the Blackwall Yard were those of the expert and the business man; and British shipping in the seventeenth century owed more to the keenness, industry and ingenuity of Prince Rupert than historians have ever acknowledged or realised.

Pepsyian Anecdotes.

Pepys, also, paid more than one visit to the yard. In 1661 he went to see the newly finished wet dock and the Indiaman *Royal Oake*, which had just been built and was on the launching ways. In 1665 he records a second visit, concerning which he relates this curious story:—

At Blackwall there is observable what Johnson tells us, that in digging the late Docke, they did twelve feet underground find perfect trees, overcovered with earth, nut trees with the branches and the very nuts on them: some of whose nuts he showed us, their shells black with age and their kernell, upon opening, decayed but their shell perfectly hard as ever: and a new tree (upon which the very ivy was taken up whole about it) which upon cutting with an "adde," we found to be rather harder than the living tree usually is.

“Old Hob.”

There is another incident of this date, worth recording as curious. It is thus mentioned in *Stowe's Survey*:—

In the time of the elder Sir Henry Johnson, Knight, shipbuilder, a horse wrought there 34 years, driven by one man, and he grew to that experience, that at the first sound of the bell for the men in the yard to leave off work, he also would cease labouring and could not by any means be brought to give one pull after it, and when the bell rang to work he would as readily come forth again to his labour, which was to draw planks and pieces of timber from one part of the yard to another.

This equine celebrity, “Old Hob” as he was called, was immortalised, like the *Globe* Indiaman, on the signboard of a well-known tavern adjoining the yard.

Johnson the Younger.

The second Sir Henry Johnson, besides building ships, was one of the leading directors of the East India Company and owned shares in a number of vessels. He was a well-known figure “On 'Change” or at Lloyd's Coffee House, where insurances were effected and ships bought and sold “by touch of candle.” This Johnson was a notorious old skinflint with the reputation of being a man “very hard to part from his money.” He was in fact a mean old curmudgeon with no attractive qualities, and I do not think he took much interest in the yard, which he left in the capable hands of his foreman, Philip Perry. He had a brother named William, but this man had no connection with the yard, being an East India supercargo—an important and lucrative job in those days.

An interesting relic of this date was found in 1878. This was a brass two-foot rule, similar to rules still in use and bearing the name and date “Edward Cast, 1691.”

Poplar, according to Stowe, owed its name to its fine

rows of poplar trees, whilst the Isle of Dogs was so called because Charles I. kept his hounds kenneled there when in residence at Greenwich Palace, but both trees and dogs had disappeared by Johnson's time.

The only King's ships built in the yard at the end of the seventeenth century were two fire-ships, of 260 tons, the *Strombolo* built in 1690, and the *Blazes* built in 1694; and a 50-gun frigate, called the *Burlington*, which was built in 1695.

Indiamen of the Eighteenth Century.

The eighteenth century was a century of lax morals, gross living, and but little advance in the sciences. Selfish dishonesty and corruption ran like a poison through all Governments and all classes. The chivalry, the unselfish loyalty, and the devotion to art and science, so freely spent in the service of the Stuarts, seemed to have vanished, and German materialism ran far and wide through "Happy England." The Hanoverians unfortunately lacked charm; patriotism became tainted with self-interest, and men in State employ thought firstly of their own pockets and secondly of their country's welfare.

Thus we find the administration of the Navy eaten through and through from top to bottom with jobbery and peculation, against which a few honest men wore out their hearts and brains in vain. Naturally the Service suffered. No one could be trusted to be honest, and stringent rules and regulations, as a check to dishonest work, became the custom of the age.

Minute measurements were laid down for the building of men-of-war. Elaborate fighting regulations tied the hands of admirals, and made hard and fast formations for the sea fight, whenever and wherever it

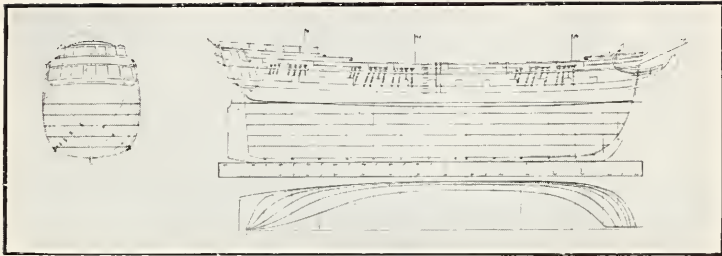
took place. These restrictions, without proving much of a check on dishonesty, nevertheless checked all honest enterprise and efficiency and the progress of all natural genius. The Navy fell back alarmingly, its ships lost the sweetness of their lines; and we have only to read Fielding and Smollett to realise the low character of its personnel.

The East India Company, however, strove hard to maintain the high standard of efficiency which it had always set for itself. Nevertheless, towards the end of the century, we find the East Indiaman of very much the same tonnage, rarely over 700 tons, as at the beginning of the century. This, though, is easily accounted for. With almost continuous war at sea throughout the century, the Admiralty's one nightmare was the growing scarcity of suitable timber for knees and frames. Substitutes were sought for in every direction, but it was easily proved that no wood grown could equal English oak. And every oak knee and elbow, above a certain size, was required for the Navy. This naturally kept down the size of merchant ships and led to the early adoption of iron knees, brackets, etc., in the ships of the East India Company. Thus we see the Indiaman was in one respect further advanced than the man-of-war. And it was by no means the only way in which they were superior to the Royal Navy.

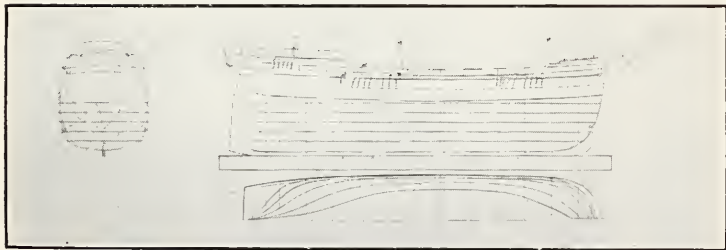
The capstan with iron spindle and pauls was fitted into Indiamen long before the Admiralty adopted it. The Sou-Spainer also rejoiced in flush upper decks when the naval constructors still clung to deep waists. Another improvement of the East India Company was the round headed rudder.

At last towards the end of the century the Admiralty asked the surveyor of the East India Company, one

EAST INDIA SHIPS.



Length 146·1. Beam 36. Burthen in tons $818\frac{1}{4}$



Length 125·0½. Beam 32. Burthen in tons $544\frac{6}{4}$

Gabriel Snodgrass, to report upon any defects he observed in naval ships and suggest improvements. He accepted their request with alacrity and replied at length. He was very right in most of his criticisms: for instance he declared that all men-of-war were too short and stepped their masts too far forward. He went exhaustively into the subject of the seasoning and preservation of timber, advised building ships under cover, and commented on the thinness of the bottoms of British ships compared to foreign, and also the thinness of their sheathing.

And this brings us to a most important subject. In 1673 a trial was made of lead sheathing, but this did not find favour for more than a few years. Next came nail filled bottoms; and it was not until 1761 that copper was tried, the first ship to be coppered being the *Alarm*, a frigate of 32 guns.

Liberality of the East India Company.

The East India Company was probably the most liberal, generous, and public-spirited concern that ever held a trading charter. Their treatment of both officers and petty officers was truly royal in its munificence. Gifts of valuable plate and thousands of pounds of money were invariably awarded to captains who successfully defended their ships against the foe, and the E.I.Co. was constantly helping the Admiralty with both money and ships. In 1779 they offered a bounty for the raising of 6000 seamen, and not content with this built three 74's, the *Ganges*, *Carnatic* and *Bombay Castle*, at their own expense.

John Perry.

All this time the Blackwall Yard was in the hands of a very clever and remarkable man. The

second Johnson, who died in 1693, was succeeded by Philip Perry, and in 1776 John Perry, Philip Perry's second son, became the head of the firm. This John Perry was one of the most notable men of his day. He was educated at Harrow, and afterwards became a strong politician and supporter of Pitt. His eloquence was notorious, and his son used to relate the following anecdote to show his father's cleverness at the hustings:—

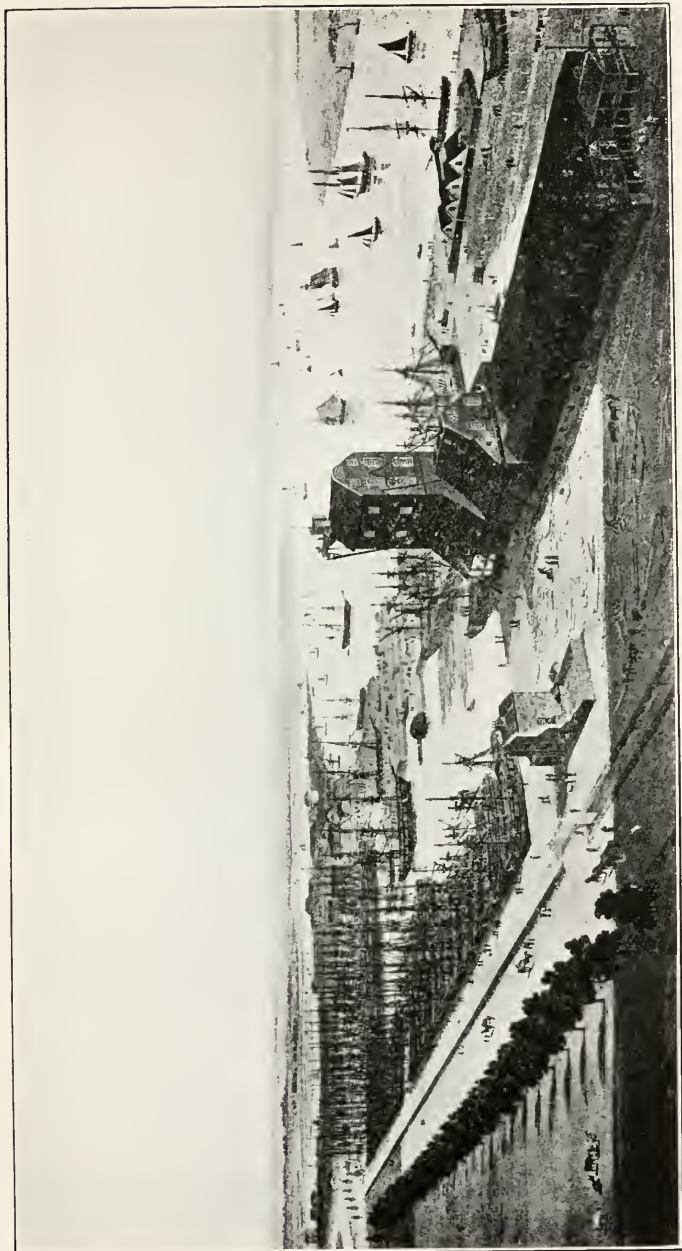
At a Middlesex election, Mr. Perry proposed Mr. Mainwaring in opposition to Sir Francis Burdett. When he came forward on the hustings, the mob hooted and called him a Government contractor.

"Yes," replied Perry, "I contract with the Government to build ships. I built, for instance, the *Venerable*, which was Lord Duncan's flagship at the Battle of Camperdown. I built such and such ship"—mentioning various other famous vessels and the victorious battles in which they had been engaged. He had touched a true chord of national feeling: the people began to cheer and he sat down in a tempest of applause.

The Brunswick Dock and Masthouse.

In this John Perry's time, the yard reached its zenith. It was then known as "the most capacious private dockyard in the Kingdom and probably in the world." In 1784 Perry had his great year. The end of the American War of Independence had most unexpectedly brought a great revival of trade in its train. An old picture, in the possession of Mr. Perry's descendants, shows the yard in this year. Seven vessels are on the stocks, the *Venerable*, *Victorious*, *Hannibal* and *Theseus*, 74's; the *Gorgon* and *Adventure*, 44-gun frigates; and the West Indiaman *Three Sisters*. The *Busbridge* has just been launched, and four vessels are in dry dock under repair.

In 1789 Mr. Perry began building the famous Brunswick Dock, now the East India Export Dock. It was divided into two basins, each with its own exit to the



BRUNSWICK DOCK AND MASTHOUSE.

river. The largest held 30 first-class Indiamen, and the other 30 smaller vessels. At the west end of the dock he put a masthouse, such a building as has long now gone the way of all things. This masthouse became one of the most well-known landmarks on the Thames. For sixty years it showed against the smoke-laden London sky—the anxiously-looked for symbol of home to hundreds of returning Indiamen. It was shaped something like an American grain elevator, with a long projecting body, in which the sails and gear of East Indiamen were stowed. From the top of its tower a crane for handling the masts reared its head above the vessels lying alongside the wharf.

The first ship masted here was the East Indiaman *Lord Macaulay*, on the 25th October, 1791. The yard records state that “the whole suit of masts and bowsprit were raised and fixed in three hours and forty minutes.”

The Friend of the Family.

In 1800 and war time, the Brunswick Dock and Blackwall Yard were the scene of many a national event, for here the troops embarked on transports for the war. Well-known public men were constantly present on these occasions, including the great Pitt himself. King George, also, was a frequent visitor, and was so courteous to Perry that, amongst the latter’s intimates, the King was jokingly referred to as “The Friend of the Family.”

King George III. drinks with a “True Blue.”

On one occasion King George was inspecting the embarkation of some cavalry before a large number of spectators, when a jolly tar, who was described as “three sheets in the wind and brimful of loyalty,” forced his

way to the side of the King and held out a quart mug full of porter. Then after "tonguing his quid, unshipping his skyscraper and hitching up his canvas," he expressed the hope that His Majesty would not refuse a drink with a "true blue."

George III., as may be imagined, was somewhat taken aback; the undaunted tar, however, again urged him to "take a sup." Whereupon the King good humouredly took the mug, and giving the toast, "The Army and the Navy," drank down the porter; then presenting the jolly tar with a guinea, desired him to drink success to the campaign and long life to the King and Queen.

George Green.

About this time the boy, George Green, became an apprentice in the yard, at the age of fifteen. And he used to relate with pride how he had once buckled on King George's spurs. The boy soon proved himself so keen a worker that he attracted the notice of Mr. Perry, and he was often to be found in the workshops long after everyone had left, busily studying the higher elements of his profession.

Such a boy, under a good master, was bound to get on; and we soon find him, like Hogarth's model apprentice, marrying his employer's daughter and being taken into partnership. This happened in 1796, and not long afterwards Perry married George Green's sister.

George Green was the second son of a brewer in Chelsea named John Green, and was born in 1767. John Green died in 1772, leaving his business in rather a bad way, and it was for this reason that George Green had to fend for himself and thus became an apprentice in the Blackwall Yard. George Green was as charitable and popular in the East End as his son Richard. Besides



GEORGE GREEN

[To face Page 36.]

building almshouses and schools in Poplar, he erected Green's Sailors' Home in the East India Dock Road, in 1840-1. He also built the Trinity Schools and Trinity Chapel. He married twice and was eighty-two years of age when he died in 1849.

Sir Robert Wigram.

With the death of Mr. Perry in 1810, the yard again changed hands, Sir Robert Wigram buying the Perry shares. This man, the founder of the Wigram fortunes, was one of the greatest business men of his day. Though of good descent, he was a self-made man like his partner, George Green, and his history is worth relating. His father, John Wigram of Wexford, was born in 1712. Little is known about him except that he was a sailor and the commander of a privateer called the *Boyne*. In 1742 he sailed from Bristol bound for Malaga, but was compelled to put back for repairs to the Wexford coast; here he met Miss Clifford staying with a Mr. Tinche at Ballyhally. Again he sailed but again put back owing to bad weather, and this time he used the opportunity to marry Miss Clifford.

Robert Wigram was born at Wexford on 30th January, 1744, but he never saw his father who was lost at sea, and he was brought up by his uncle and mother. On his eighteenth year he set out for London with £200 in his pocket and a letter from his mother to a certain Dr. Allen, both his uncle and his mother being anxious that he should be taught medicine by their friend Dr. Allen. Robert Wigram arrived in London in 1762, and as he did not know a soul in the great city, went off early the following morning to Dulwich, where Dr. Allen lived, in order to present his mother's letter, and in hopes, as he said, of being offered some breakfast.

He arrived at Dr. Allen's about 9 o'clock and was greeted with the words:—"So, young man, you are come to London. It is a place where, if you fall down, no one will pick you up." But when the boy was leaving, the kindly old doctor softened and said:—"Come any morning you like before 8 o'clock and I will give you some breakfast." This Robert Wigram often did, and used to relate how he hurried across the open ground about Kennington in order not to be late.

Robert Wigram was undoubtedly a boy of unusual character; very shrewd, long sighted and business like, yet he was noted for his generosity.

When quite a boy, having been given a few pence, he once saw a man being carried off to prison for debt. He immediately ran up to the man and offered him the pennies. In after life whenever one of his numerous children was born, he made a practice of going and releasing some prisoner confined for debt by paying up for him. And he had such a rare sense of gratitude that he always tried to show acknowledgment in kind for any gift or help from man, and any mercy or blessing from God.

Dr. Allen showed himself a true friend. He took the boy as his apprentice; and in two years Robert Wigram took his diploma and started his career by sailing for India as surgeon of the East Indiaman *Admiral Watson*, of 400 tons. William Money, who became Robert Wigram's life-long friend, was second officer of this ship. The *Admiral Watson* sailed from Portsmouth on 24th February, 1764, and arrived home on 21st November, 1766.

Wigram's second voyage was made in the *Duke of Richmond*, of 499 tons, to Bencoolen. She left the Downs, 2nd March, 1768, and arrived home 16th June, 1769.



SIR ROBERT WIGRAM, BART., M.P.

His third and last voyage was made in the *British King*, of 499 tons, to Bencoolen and China, sailing from Plymouth on 21st February, 1770, and arriving back in the Downs on 25th May, 1772.

Whilst in China during this voyage, Wigram contracted ophthalmia, which so injured his eyesight that he gave up all idea of going to sea again, as it unfitted him for a surgeon's work. But a man of his brain had not been to sea for eight years and visited the wonderful East for nothing. He had indeed gained such a knowledge of the drug trade that he was able to set up for himself as a drug merchant.

He relates that the Dutch and Germans bought nearly all their wholesale drugs in London, and that with his knowledge of the trade he was able to turn his small capital to advantage. This capital was only £3000, and the year he started business he also married a wife, Catherine, daughter of John Brodhurst, the wedding taking place on 19th December, 1772. Sixteen years later he adventured his whole capital in buying his first ship; this was the celebrated *General Goddard*, of 755 tons, which he purchased from his old friend, the well-known Commander William Money, in the East India Company's employ.

The "General Goddard," East Indiaman.

Robert Wigram bought the *General Goddard* after her arrival home from her second voyage. She turned out a very good investment, being taken up regularly every voyage by the East India Company. On her fifth voyage she was commanded by William Taylor Money. She sailed from England on 2nd May, 1793. In the year 1795 she was waiting for a convoy home from St. Helena, when news arrived then that the

Dutch Revolutionary Party had joined France in the war. A Dutch fleet of seven East Indiamen were expected to arrive at St. Helena at any moment.

Captain Money hastily fitted out the *General Goddard* as a 30-gun frigate, and started on a cruise with H.M. ship *Sceptre*, 64 guns, the *Burbridge* an East Indiaman, and the *Swallow* packet, in order to intercept the Dutchmen. The *General Goddard* was the first to sight the Dutch East Indiamen, and after chasing them all night he came up with them and at daylight captured the lot of them, the other three ships being too far off to give him any assistance. The prizes were carried into St. Helena, where Captain Money received the thanks of Vice-Admiral Sir William Essington and a sword of honour from the Governor of the Island, Colonel Brooke.

The prize money, two-thirds of the value of the Dutch ships and their cargoes, came to £76,664 14s., of which £61,331 15s. 2d. was awarded to the *General Goddard*, *Sceptre*, *Burbridge*, *Swallow* and *Asia*, whilst Governor Brooke and the St. Helena garrison and a number of other ships in the Roads were given £15,332 18s. 10d. I cannot attempt to explain the queer vagaries of the prize court, though their calculations were so exact as to involve the use of shillings and pence.

The *General Goddard* made one more voyage to India for the company in 1795-6 under Captain Thomas Graham.

The "True Briton," East Indiaman.

The ship, however, which really founded the large fortune of Robert Wigram was the *True Briton*, whose name was kept up in the Wigram fleet to the end.

She was built for Wigram in Well's Yard, Deptford, in 1790, and measured 1198 tons.

Her voyages under the East India Company's gridiron were as follows:—

1st voyage—season	1790-1—	Capt. Henry Farrer,	to Coast and China
2nd „ „	1793-4—	„ „	Bombay and China
3rd „ „	1795-6—	Capt. Wm. Stanley Clarke,	to China
4th „ „	1798-9—	Capt. Henry Farrer,	to Coast and China
5th „ „	1800-1—	Capt. Wm. T. Clarke,	„ „ „

On this voyage Sir Robert Wigram gave her to his son Robert Wigram, junior.

6th voyage—season	1803-4—	Capt. Henry Hughes,	to China
7th „ „	1806-7—	Capt. Wm. T. Clarke,	Bombay and China
8th „ „	1808-9—	Capt. George Bonham,	„ „

On this voyage she parted company with the other East India ships in the China Seas on the 18th October, 1809, and was never heard of again.

The second *True Briton* was nothing like as fine a ship as the first. She was built in the Blackwall Yard in 1835, and only measured 646 tons, and I find I have the following note of her appearance:—"Very ugly bow, almost straight stem, foremast pitched right in the eyes, galleried stern, an ugly ship."

The third *True Briton*, of 1046 tons, built in 1861, was, however, a very fine ship and the last thing in Blackwall frigates.

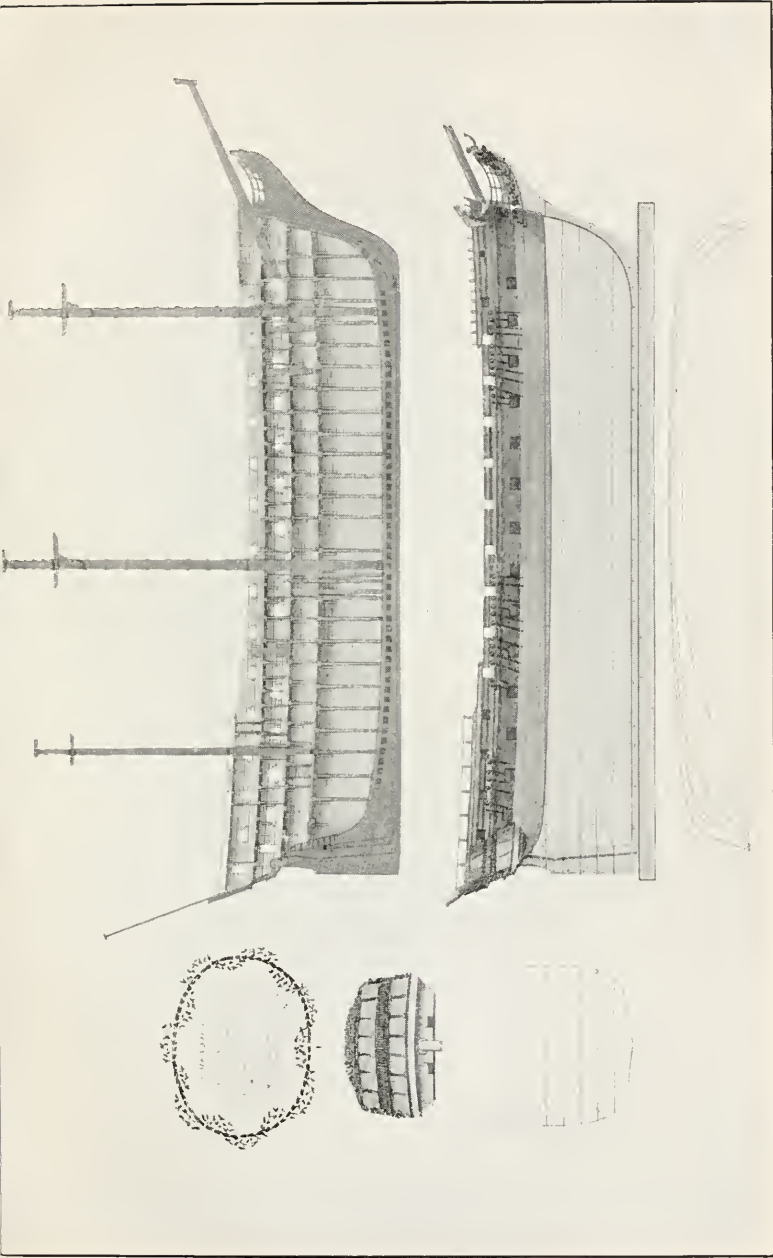
On the opposite page I give a list of the East Indiamen owned by Sir Robert Wigram and taken up by the East India Company.

Robert Wigram was possessed of far too much energy to content himself with his drug business and that of being an India-husband; and besides becoming a ship-builder by acquiring the ruling interest in the Blackwall Yard, he became a partner in Reid's Brewery (now Watney, Combe, Reid & Co.) was the promoter of

THE BLACKWALL FRIGATES

EAST INDIAMEN OWNED BY SIR ROBERT WIGRAM AND TAKEN UP BY THE HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Date	Name of Ship	Tons	1st Commander	Remarks.	No. of Voyages
1788	<i>General Goddard</i>	755	Thomas Foxall	Purchased from William Money after her second voyage.	6
1790	<i>True Brion</i>	1198	Henry Farrer	Built Well's Yard for Robert Wigram.	8
1792	<i>London</i>	836	James L. Grant	Bought from John Webb after her fifth voyage	7
1793	<i>Rockingham</i>	798	Hon. Hugh Lindsay	Bought from Walter Powell after her fourth voyage	7
1793	<i>Lascelles</i>	824	Francis Kempt	Bought from Sir Alexander Hamilton after her seventh voyage	8
1796	<i>Woodcot</i>	802	Andrew Hannay	Bought from John H. Durand after fifth voyage; 20th April, 1798 captured by French frigate <i>Prenus</i> in Tellicherry Roads	6
1797	<i>Walpole</i>	774	Thomas Butler	Bought from John H. Durand after seventh voyage	8
1798	<i>Walpole</i>	820	C. M. Venner	Lost 1808	
1798	<i>Contractor</i>	777	Henry Hughes	Bought of John H. Durand after seventh voyage for Government Transport	8
1799	<i>Walthamston</i>	820	Wm. T. Money	Built at Blackwall	6
1799	<i>Lady Jane Dundas</i>	820	Hon. Hugh Lindsay	Under Captain John Eckford, parted with fleet off Mauritius 14th March, 1908, and not heard of again.	5
1800	<i>Wisham</i>	820	Thomas Graham	Captured by French frigate 22nd Nov., 1809, recaptured by H.M.S. <i>Magiciens</i> 29th Dec. 1809	5
1802	<i>Tottenham</i>	517	Thomas Jones		6
1802	<i>Wexford</i>	1200	Wm. Stanley Clarke		7
1803	<i>Marquis of Ely</i>	1200	Andrew Hannay		7
1804	<i>Retreat</i>	505	William Hay	Built 1801 at Blackwall Yard	5
1806	<i>Woodford</i>	1180	James Martin		5
1811	<i>Nephtene</i>	1200	Wm. Donaldson	Built 1790. Bought from Sir Robert Preston after seventh voyage	8
1811	<i>Glatton</i>	1200	James Halliburton	Bought from Sir Wm. Fraser after seventh voyage	8
1813	<i>Lady Melville</i>	1200	John C. Lockner	Bought from Sir Richard Neave after seventh voyage	8
1813	<i>Marchioness of Ely</i>	950	Brook Hay	Sold to John Campbell for £10,000 in Aug., 1832. Built at Blackwall Yard Turned over to Octavius Wigram seventh voyage. Built Well's Yard.	10



EAST INDIA SHIP.

Length between perpendiculars 165'7½. Breadth extreme 42. Burthen in tons 1257³⁰/₉₄

Huddart's patent for hemp cables—a patent by means of which every strand in a cable received its fair share of work—and got elected to Parliament as member for the little seaport of Fowey, in Cornwall. As if this was not enough occupation for one man, he became chairman of the new East India Docks, which were opened in 1810.

Incidentally he became the father of twenty-three sons, and in later years it was his custom to ride to business attended by a bodyguard of never less than seven of these sons, to the admiration of the neighbourhood. Many of these sons became well-known men of their time, notably William, immortalised by Macaulay as "the most obstinate of the East India Directors," who was for many years Master of the Puckeridge Foxhounds. Another became Bishop of Rochester: a third was a Q.C. and member for Cambridge University. Two of them, Money and Henry Loftus, became partners in the Blackwall Yard.

Robert Wigram was made a baronet by Pitt, of whom he was a most staunch supporter. One day, before Pitt had become acquainted with the member for Fowey, he was leaving the House after making an important speech, which was very strongly opposed, when he noticed Robert Wigram amongst the few members, who showed him their support, by attending him to the door. And turning to one of his friends Pitt asked, "Who is the little man in shorts?"

This incident probably refers to April, 1805, when the attack on Lord Melville was carried by the Opposition with the aid of the Speaker's vote.

In 1819 Sir Robert Wigram retired from business and sold the whole of the Blackwall Yard estate to George Green and his two sons, Money and Henry Loftus Wigram, for £40,500. Green took a half share and the

two Wigrams a quarter each. Before his death Sir Robert Wigram made handsome provision for each of his sons, besides leaving his second wife a house and estate at Walthamstow and about £5000 a year. He died on 6th November, 1830.

The Last of John Company's East Indiamen.

The early years of the nineteenth century found the Hon. John Company's East Indiamen at their zenith, as has invariably been the case with every type of ship just before her eclipse.

The first-class East Indiaman, during the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century, was of about 1325 tons burthen, mounted 26 guns and had a complement of 130 men. These ships were fit to be compared with naval corvettes, not only in the perfect way in which they were kept up and run, but in their discipline, in the social status of their officers and in the fine quality of the men before the mast: they were, in fact, run like men-of-war, and to be in the employ of the Hon. John Company was considered fit for any man, be his blood never so blue. Indeed the younger sons of the nobility contested with the moneyed scions of merchant princes and the offspring of the professions for the honour and privilege of becoming officers in the "Merchant Service" as that of the East India Company was called, in order to distinguish it from the Navy and the free-traders. And when the E.I.Co.'s charters expired and their ships were sold, it was a long time before the Mercantile Marine of Great Britain recovered its lost status, if indeed it ever has, for not only was there a tremendous falling off in the size and efficiency of the ships and the quality and professional capacity of the officers and men, but the dignity of trade also collapsed.

Up to the last days of the East India Company, trade was still considered in the romantic light of Elizabethan days. Those who opened up new trades were still distinguished as social lions and called "gentlemen adventurers." And it was only after the East India Company had lost its privileges and its power that merchants and shipowners came to be considered dull and prosaic money-makers with no quality of romance about them.

The following of these splendid first-class East Indiamen were built in the Blackwall Yard during the last days of the Hon. East India Company:—1813, *Lady Melville*, 1321 tons; 1816, *Waterloo*, 1325 tons; 1817, *Canning*, 1326 tons; *Duke of York*, 1327 tons, and *Thomas Coutts*, 1334 tons; 1818, *Kellie Castle*, 1350 tons, and *Dunira*, 1325 tons; 1820, *Repulse*, 1333 tons; *Royal George*, 1333 tons, and *Kent*, 1332 tons; 1821, *Duchess of Athol*, 1333 tons; *Surat Castle*, 1223 tons; 1825, *Abercrombie Robinson*, 1325 tons, and *Edinburgh*, 1325 tons.

Probably the best known of the above was the beautiful *Thomas Coutts*, of which there is a well-known aquatint by Huggins. She crossed three skysail yards and would have been a fast ship in any company.

In 1826, under the command of Alexander Chrystie, she went out to Bombay in 82 days from the Channel, arriving in Bombay harbour on 2nd June. From Bombay she went on to China, calling at Singapore, and she finally arrived in the Downs on 2nd March, 1827, having made the quickest voyage on record, being out ten days less than a year.

The *Kent* is celebrated for a very tragic reason; for in 1825 she was destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay when carrying troops—her end being always given a

very prominent place in all books dealing with disasters at sea.

Henry Green apprenticed as a Shipwright.

In 1822, Henry Green, George Green's second son and the future partner of the firm of R. & H. Green, was apprenticed as a shipwright at the age of fourteen, and he made such progress that in 1824 he was appointed assistant foreman in the building of the ship *Simon Taylor*, of 408 tons. The following year he was sent to sea as fifth officer of the East Indiaman *Vansittart*, Captain Dalrymple, and in 1827 he went a second voyage in the well-known *Charles Grant*. It will thus be seen that he had an all-round training.

The "Carn Brae Castle."

The year 1824 was a notable one in the fortunes of the Blackwall Yard. Besides the *Surat Castle*, two smaller East Indiamen were launched—the *Lord Amherst*, 506 tons, and the *Carn Brae Castle*, of 570 tons. This last vessel was the first of her type. She was designed by Captain Huddart specially for the passenger trade to Calcutta and was considered the finest vessel of her day. She was afterwards lost in Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, on the day she left Portsmouth, having stood in too close to the land whilst the captain and passengers were at dinner. She was owned, by the way, by Captain Davey, a retired John Company officer.

The "Sir Edward Paget," Pioneer Ship of Green's Blackwall Line.

In this year, also, the *Sir Edward Paget* was purchased by Mr. George Green on his own account and thus was the first of Green's Line of passenger ships to Calcutta.

The *Paget*, as she was usually called, was a very smart ship and most elaborately fitted. She was commanded by Captain Geary, a Captain in the Royal Navy.

The Origin of Green's House-Flag.

The *Paget* hoisted a square white flag with a St. George's Cross through the centre as the house-flag of the new line. This, however, was not allowed to fly for long. On her arrival at Spithead, when outward bound, she flew her new flag at the main. The Admiral of the port immediately sent off to inquire what ship it was that dared to fly an Admiral's flag. On learning the facts of the case, he at once ordered it to be hauled down. The story goes that the chief officer of the *Paget*, on hearing of the peremptory command of the port Admiral, dashed aloft, swarmed the flagpole, and cutting off the tail of his blue coat, pinned it in the centre of the flag. This makes a good story—but it was also said that a sailor's blue handkerchief was sewn in the centre of the flag in order to satisfy the Admiral and comply with the Navy Regulations. Of the two, this seems the more likely yarn, but whichever way the difficulty was overcome this makeshift flag henceforth became the house-flag of the Blackwall Line: and when the two families of Green and Wigram dissolved partnership in 1843, they settled the matter of altering the flag in a very neat way. Wigram retained the flag in its old form, of blue square over red cross, whilst Green put the red cross over the blue square.

The "Paget" run Man-of-War Fashion.

After this slight set-back the lordly *Paget* continued her voyage. On her arrival back in the Thames, she brought up off the yard, and George Green immediately went on board to inspect her. To his

amazement he was received in real man-of-war fashion. The yards were manned, a salute fired and the ship's band played "The Conquering Hero." And he soon found that down to the smallest detail the ship was run Navy fashion. However, Captain Geary's heavy man-of-war style of carrying on was far from being a financial success, and on her second voyage the *Paget* received a new captain and a new set of ships' regulations.

The Shipwrights' Strike on the Thames.

In 1825, besides the sister ships *Abercrombie* *Robinson* and *Edinburgh*, Green & Wigram built the *Roxburgh Castle*, of 565 tons, and chartered her to the H.E.I.C.

In 1826 they built the Hudson Bay trader *Prince Rupert*, of 229 tons.

In 1829 George Green's eldest son, Richard, was taken into partnership. In this year the firm, now styled Green, Wigram & Green, began to take an interest in the whaling trade to the South Seas, and bought the whaler *Matilda*, and also laid down the *Harpooner*, of 374 tons.

In 1830 a great shipwrights' strike began on the Thames. This lasted so long that grass grew on the building slips at Blackwall, and the foreman and apprentices worked together at any odd jobs that came in. The shipwrights eventually gained the day, and their union dates from that year.

By this time the building of large Indiamen for the service of the H.E.I.C. had practically ceased, in view of the approaching expiration of their charter. But several private firms were preparing to enter the lists in competition for the Eastern trade, and not least of these were Green & Wigram.



LAUNCH OF THE "EDINBURGH" AT BLACKWALL YARD.

PART II.

“A VOYAGE OUT EAST IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS”

A hundred years is a very long time,
Oh-ho! Yes! oh-ho!

A hundred years is a very long time,
A hundred years ago.

They hung a man for making steam,
Oh-ho! Yes! oh-ho!

They cast his body in the stream,
A hundred years ago.—(OLD CHANTY.)

The Merchant Service.

BEFORE we bid goodbye to the stately ships of the Hon. East India Company, let us take a voyage out East in the “Merchant Service,” as the company’s employ was called. Up to the eighteen thirties, if you said you were in the Merchant Service you were considered an exceedingly lucky person, with a smooth path through life in front of you and an eventual fortune. Socially you were considered the equal of your confreres of the naval service; and you looked down with the most disdainful eye upon anyone in any other kind of sea trade.

We will, however, ship as passengers, and take cuddy-berths for Calcutta in a first-class ship along with the “nabobs” and the “griffins.” The first thing to do is to look down the shipping columns, to find out what ships have been taken up for the ensuing season. Ah! here is an East India shipping notice of 1830.

East India Shipping Notice.

“On the 15th of May a Court of Directors was held at the East India House, when the following ships were taken up, viz. :—

Duke of York, Scaleby Castle, Warren Hastings, Kellie Castle, Buckinghamshire, Castle Huntley, and Vansittart, for Bengal and China.

The Marquis of Huntley, Duke of Sussex, Herefordshire, Farquharson, and Lady Melville for Bombay and China.

The Waterloo, Thomas Grenville, Minerva and Prince Regent, for China direct.

Captain Bryan Broughton of the ship *Earl of Balcarres* took leave of the Court previous to departing for China direct.”

An India Husband.

The first point to remark on is the fact that the ships were not as a rule owned by the East India Company. They were “taken up” for one voyage or more—that is to say, they were chartered from private owners.

A private owner was called a “ship’s husband,” and an “India husband” was the term applied to a man who chartered ships to the H.E.I.C., which ships were specially built for the East India trade and conformed in every particular of design and building material to the rules and regulations laid down by the company. An India husband was usually a very rich man and a large shareholder in the East India Company itself. The East India Company was a monopoly in the hands of a few men, and an outsider had little chance of getting inside the ring.

To return to our shipping notice, all the above ships were well known Indiamen. It will be noticed that they were mostly called after historic castles and titled

men, but there was never any uniform method of naming Indiamen, as is the fashion with every shipping line nowadays.

The "Earl of Balcarres."

The *Earl of Balcarres*, mentioned above, was one of the best known ships of her day, and no finer specimen of an old type Indiaman was ever built. She was constructed entirely of teak in the company's dockyard at Bombay in 1815 and measured 1417 tons. In her early days she carried two tiers of guns, and in most ways was hardly at all inferior to a two-decked man-of-war. Her ship's company consisted of commander, 6 mates, surgeon and assistant surgeon, 6 midshipmen, purser, bosun, gunner, carpenter, master-at-arms, armourer, butcher, baker, poulterer, caulker, cooper, 2 stewards, 2 cooks, 2 bosun's mates, 2 gunner's mates, 2 carpenter's mates, 1 cooper's mate, 1 caulker's mate, 6 quarter-masters, 1 sailmaker, 7 officers' servants and 78 seamen—130 in all.

In 1831, owing to the coming expiration of their charter in 1833, the H.E.I.C. and the India husbands began gradually to sell their ships, but it was not until 17th September, 1834, that this old favourite was sold. Though nineteen years of age, the *Earl of Balcarres* was by no means past her prime, and she realised £10,700, an amount only equalled by the *Thames*, which had been sold two years earlier, and exceeded in the case of the *Lowther Castle*, which fetched £13,950. Both the *Earl of Balcarres* and the *Lowther Castle* were bought by Joseph Somes. The *Earl of Balcarres*, after over fifty years of active service, eventually ended her career as a hulk on the West Coast of Africa.

Fast Passages of East Indiamen.

Though speed was far from being the first desideratum in the building of these old timers, and sail was always reduced at night, they were often very fast before the wind with stunsails set. That the *Earl of Balcarres* was unusually fast for her type may be proved by a passage of 79 days which she made to Bombay in the year 1836.

The *Thomas Coutts*, also, was a fast ship. She arrived in Bombay, 82 days out from England, on 2nd June, 1826. She went on to China, and sailing for home *via* St. Helena arrived in the Downs on 2nd March, 1827, having made the quickest voyage to the East on record.

The *Lord Wellington* as far back as 1820 went from London to Calcutta in 82 days, without ever doing more than 200 miles a day.

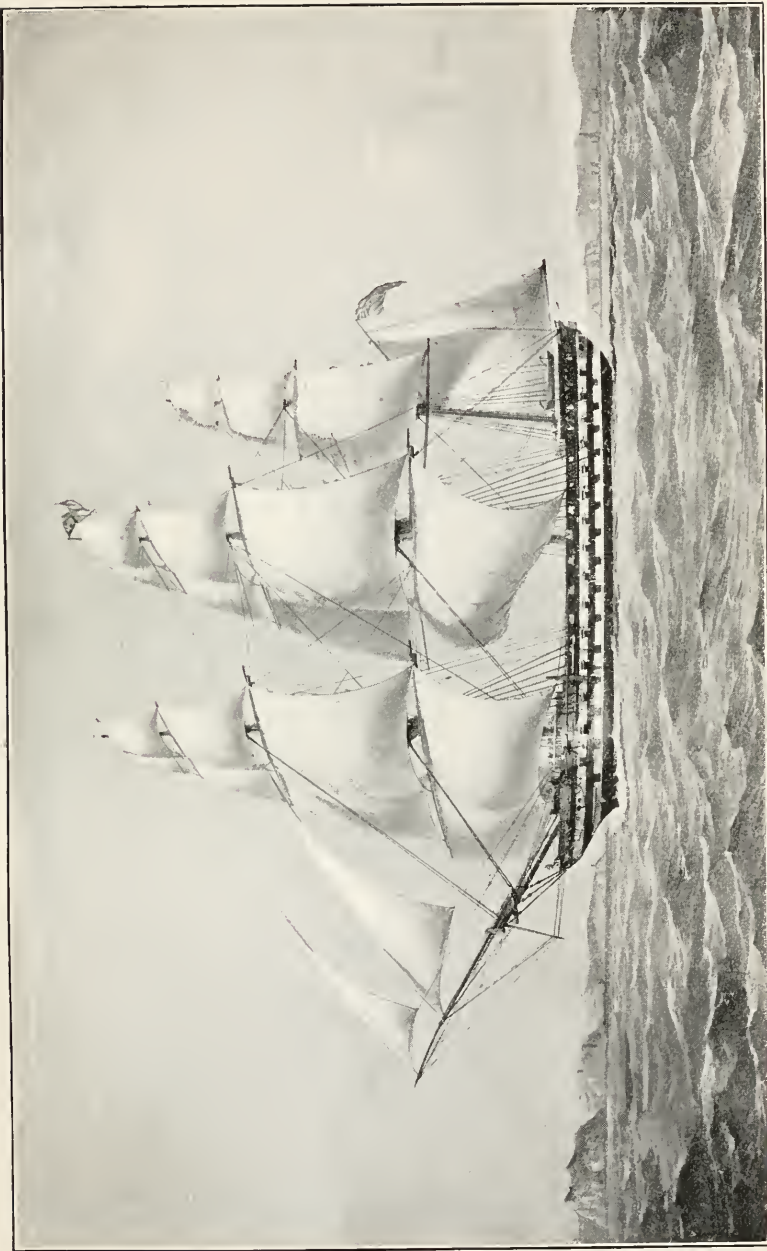
The *Castle Huntley* left Torbay, 1st April, passed the Lizard 6th April and arrived Bombay 22nd June, 77 days from the Lizard.

The *Thames* left China on the 18th November, 1831, passed Java Head on 5th December, St. Helena on 28th January, 1832, and arrived off Portland 13th March 115 days from China.

This *Thames* was built in London in 1819, measured 1425 tons, and was one of the finest ships in the service. Cook, R.A., made a beautiful etching of this ship getting underweigh from the Isle of Wight, which has often been reproduced as an illustration.

Smuggling on an East Indiaman.

At one time in her career the *Thames* became the cause of a rather unusual case in the Law Courts. Her chief officer was prosecuted and heavily fined for



“EARL OF BALCARRES”—EAST INDIAMAN.

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 52.

smuggling. It appears that on her arrival off the Seillies from the East a pilot boat brought off six or seven men who immediately repaired to the mate's cabin. Here they found a rich display of silks, which they proceeded to wind round their bodies under their clothes. But, not content with this, the mate lowered a further supply, neatly packed in cases, into the boat alongside, which thereupon returned to the islands with its crew of living mummies. Unluckily for this enterprising mate, these proceedings were spied upon by an unsportsmanlike passenger, who informed against him on the ship's arrival at Gravesend.

Passage Money and Cabin Furniture.

Our passage money of something over £100 having been paid, we next have to buy furniture for our cabin, for though the ship provides table wines in the most liberal fashion, it does not supply linen or furniture for the tiny cabin, and the traveller to the East was accustomed to move about with a small house on his back. We send our mountain of luggage and cabin furniture aboard while the ship is in dock, but wait before going aboard to arrange our home for so many months, until the ship has left the docks and is anchored off Blackwall Stairs.

The London River in 1830.

One fine spring afternoon we decide to take a waterman at Temple Stairs, drop down on the ebb and take a look at our ship. It is one of those days which shrouds London in wreaths of blue mist and turns the smoky metropolis into a very city of mystery, where sudden shafts of gold from a hidden sun pierce the haze and reveal towers and steeples of a fairy-like beauty, in the midst of which St. Paul's gleams like a globe of silver.

There was no Embankment with its trim rows of electric lamps in those days, only a muddy foreshore littered with barges. Some of these are in tiers, made fast to piles in the river; others have their noses on the ground, and their lofty spritsail yards with the rich brown sails rise above the squalid slums which lie at the back of the Strand.

Around the well-worn steps of the Temple Stairs cluster a crowd of wherries, all rich in yellow varnish and each with its name gaily painted across the stern sheets. As we approach, the nodding watermen suddenly spring into eager rivalry and speedily deafen us with the hoarsely shouted merits of their boats. Which shall we choose—"the Will of the Wise," the "Rose in June" or the "Victory"—wisdom, beauty or glory?

The last of these has a boatman with the real old tarpaulin cut about him. His face is rugged and tanned to leather by the winds. His grizzled hair is tied in a pigtail—a mode long since gone out of fashion. Silver hoops adorn his ears. And the straight white sear of a boarding cutlass stretches across his cheek to the very edge of his mouth, which is ceaselessly at movement upon the "chaw of tobaccy," which was almost more than meat and drink to the sailor of his day.

He wears a well-oiled sou'wester hat, a blue coat, brass-buttoned and very wide in the skirts, and white bell-mouthed breeches. Below the lapel of his coat a couple of faded ribbons can be seen roughly pinned to the cloth by a seaming needle, whilst on his left arm is buckled the badge of his calling.

Without hesitation we beckon this old shellback alongside and step aboard. And we are scarcely underweigh before our glance at a hairy tattooed fist which

lacks two fingers brings out the glorious story of Trafalgar.

Then, as we listen to his yarn, the wherry swings out through the swirling tide beneath London bridge, and we find ourselves hemmed in by shipping on every side. Forests of spars block out the sky, and well-tarred hulls, bluff-bowed and barrel-sided, hide the yellow waters of the busy river. With a stroke here and a backwater there, our waterman cleverly dodges through the confusion of the Upper Pool.

Here he slips under the well-steved jibboom of a Geordie brig, taking care to keep well to windward of the cloud of black dust which fills the air around her, for she is unloading her coal into a dumb-barge alongside—coal-whipping, as this process was called. Here he swings under the stern of a free-trade barque; then has to pull across the tide to avoid a veritable battle of the coals, in which something like a hundred of these grim weather-beaten North-Countrymen are taking part.

Geordie Brigs.

These same rough-looking colliers have for long been one of the finest nurseries for British seamen. As far back as the Stuarts, in the Dutch wars, the Admiralty always relied on the arrival of the North-Country coal fleet in the Thames to complete the manning of the Red, Blue, and White squadrons, which lay off the buoy of the Nore, in readiness to put out after de Reuter or Van Tromp.

Many a famous merchant seaman served his time in an East Coast brig. It was always the custom to carry seamen apprentices in the Geordies, indeed it was impossible for a greenhorn who had not signed apprenticeship articles—a “half-marrow,” as he was called—

to get shipped in a Tyne collier. When these apprentices had served their time—a matter usually of seven years—they had to pass an examination in seamanship before a committee of foremast hands before being considered able seamen. It was a real marlinspike examination, in which the candidate had to prove his skill in putting a clew or reef cringle into a sail, turn up a shroud, graft a bucket rope, fit a mast cover, fish a spar, gammon a bowsprit, and make all the many kinds of faney, stopper and ornamental knots. The most famous of all Geordie apprentices was Captain Cook, who was not only brought up in a collier, but deliberately chose a collier in which to make his voyages of discovery.

The *Discovery* was built by Langborne, of Whitby, in 1774, measured 229 tons burthen, and, at Cook's desire, was purchased into the Navy at a cost of £2450. In 1830, the date of our voyage, she lay moored at Deptford, ignobly used by an ungrateful country as that horror of horrors, a prison ship. Yet she was by no means as old as some of those vessels whipping coal to leeward or tiding down the river with our wherry. Many of these Geordie brigs with "stem and stern sawed off square like a sugar-box" were close on 100 years old.

The "Betsy Cains."

The most historic of colliers was the *Betsy Cains*, which went to pieces in a gale of wind off Tynemouth in February, 1827. At the time of her wreck, the *Newcastle Courant* published the following statement:—

In 1688 the *Betsy Cains* brought over to England William, Prince of Orange, and was then called the *Princess Mary*; for a number of years she was one of Queen Anne's Royal yachts; and at that time was considered a remarkably fast sailing vessel.

The *Betsy Cains* was certainly a very old vessel, and the amount of carving and gilding about her stem and stern proved that she had not always been a collier. For years it was believed that she had been the vessel that brought the Prince of Orange over, and there was even an old prophecy which said that the Papists would never get the upper hand whilst the *Betsy Cains* remained afloat.

But it has since been proved from old shipping lists and Admiralty Court reports that she could not have been the vessel which brought over the Prince, yet may possibly have been the Royal yacht *Mary*, which brought Queen Mary over. At her wreck so many legends were current about her that she was practically pulled to pieces by relic hunters.

The *Betsy Cains* measured 83 ft. 3 in. long by 23 ft. beam. She was brig-rigged, but carried the old mizen yard, setting a lateen sail. Before she was turned into a collier she is supposed to have run for many years as a West India sugar ship.

The "Brotherly Love."

Another North-Country centenarian was the collier brig *Brotherly Love*, which was run down and sunk off the Yorkshire coast in 1878. This vessel was built at Ipswich in 1764, and measured 214 tons; 86.5 ft. length, 24 ft. beam, 17 ft. depth. She is thus described in *Fairplay* of 27th June, 1890:—

One of the most remarkable of the wooden ships I have known was the *Brotherly Love*, of South Shields. This ship was built in the early part of the last century and was owned by the late Mr. James Young of South Shields, who inherited her from his father, to whom the brig descended, I believe, from his father.

The amount of care which Mr. Young bestowed on this venerable brig was the talk of the Tyne, and her goings and comings were retailed

from hand to hand as items of personal news, in which the whole community was interested.

She made her voyages between the Tyne and Thames as faithfully and regularly as any of her younger sisters, and quaint as was her build, there was a business-like air about her, which shewed that the old builders knew what they were after.

Never was private yacht more carefully overhauled, repaired and painted than was the *Brotherly Love*. Mr. Young made a perfect pet of her, and "Old Jimmy," as he was called, must have expended her value over and over again on her upkeep. Still she was the pride of his fleet and the wonder of the port.

Geordie Characteristics.

One is tempted to linger amongst these fascinating old ships, but space forbids; the following however, deserve a place alongside the *Betsy Cains* and *Brotherly Love*, as belonging to the ancient order of "Geordies."

Date Built	Name	Tons	Leng'h	Beam	Depth	Where built
1765	<i>Kitty</i> -	130	79.2	22.3	13.5	Whitehaven
1776	<i>Amphitrite</i> -	303	103.6	27	16.6	North Shields
1792	<i>Cognac Packet</i>	169	84.4	23	14.6	Bursledon, Hamble River

The *Kitty* foundered in 1884, when crossing from Dieppe to Runcorn with a cargo of flints, at which time both the others were still afloat. The *Cognac Packet* was built for the French brandy trade, as her name indicates; she was still in the coasting trade in her hundredth year, and ended her days in Harwich harbour.

It would be a mistake to think that these ancient Geordie brigs and snows were specially slow, though their bows were as round as an apple and stem piece often a square baulk of timber.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, who saw one of the above celebrities on the mud having her bottom scraped and also encountered her at sea, whilst in a Geordie himself, bears the following testimony to her speed. "That

old ghost used to beat all the coasting fleet fairly out of sight with the wind free, simply because of the amazing fineness of her run."

Those who were brought up in these old North-Country colliers learnt their trade in a rough school, yet it was a very fine one. The decks of some of these old timers were so full of ups and downs that one was obliged to wash them down in several places at once to avoid leaving "holidays," yet they were solid as so much rock. There was no chance of growing soft aboard such vessels. The ordinary method of boarding a ship by a gangway ladder was considered effeminate in a Geordie, and even their captains used the chain cable as their entry port.

These old skippers were a race to themselves. One of the best known made a practice of going ashore in his out port, barefooted, his excuse being that he was not known in the place; yet he traded there regularly voyage after voyage. Their one failing was drink, and it is to be feared that under its influence they were often most brutally cruel to the wretched ship's boy, who was also a feature of the times.

Heavy Horsemen, Light Horsemen and River Pirates.

But to return to our wherry. We pass Billingsgate, round whose wharves a cluster of smacks are hustling to land their catches. On the other side we notice a row of gaily painted Dutch eel-boats. These were granted their privileged moorings abreast of the Fishmarket by no less a person than Queen Bess. She made one condition, however, namely that the mooring was never to be left vacant, and that is why the Dutch eel-boat became one of the best known sights in the London River.

All around us river craft, large and small, ply their oars or urge their sweeps. A boat passes, half-covered by a tarpaulin, and we catch the words "heavy horsemen" grumbled beneath our waterman's breath, and we realise that, in spite of the newly opened docks, the river thieves still carry on a roaring trade. These "heavy horsemen" are ship burglars. They ply their trade boldly in broad daylight; and with the "light horsemen," the nightriders of the river, are the "top sawyers" of its large criminal population.

They looked down upon the "scuffle-hunters," who pilfered pettily by means of large aprons; upon the bumboat-men and the rat-catchers, who used their trade as an excuse to rob; and, above all, upon the "mudlarks," who swarmed round a "game ship" at low water and grubbed for plunder in the mud. These river pirates feed hundreds of receivers, whose dens line the river banks; and they load hundreds of "jew carts," which drive off inland to dispose of their spoils.

Under the tarpaulin of those heavy horsemen we should no doubt have discovered several bulging black bags, known in the trade as "black strap." These bags contained the day's loot.

Shipping in the River.

And now as we progress down stream, the river begins to grow slightly less crowded, and the ships themselves larger.

Here are the timber droghers from the Baltic; there the wine ships from the Portugals: whilst, snuggling close to a high-sided, lofty-rigged sou-Spainer nestles a rakish-looking coast-of-Guinea-man, a low black Baltimore clipper with a murderous long tom between her masts. She looks for all the world like a pirate

hooked on to a scared West Indiaman, and Yankee slaver is writ large all over her from her clean-scraped topmasts to her well-scrubbed copper. A little further on one of the bright-green Gravesend packets passes us with a tremendous clatter of paddle wheels and a noisy "chunk-chunk" of engines. She is crowded with people, for she shares the passenger traffic of London with the "growler" and the ridge-roofed omnibus, and of the three provides by far the most interesting ride.

Her predecessor, the old hoy, is still, however, in evidence, for there are many in these early days of steam who refuse to trust themselves to the throbbing steam monster. One of the most regular passengers in these *Diamond* and *Star* paddle boats was Turner, the artist. From them he watched London sunset effects and took notes of the shipping. From one of them he is said to have watched the fighting *Temeraire* being towed to her last berth and thereby gained inspiration for the historic painting.

We swing past the Tower, past Wapping Old Stairs, past Limehouse with its quaint old bow windows and flowered balconies; and now we are in Limehouse Reach with the Isle of Dogs, so called because a King once kept his kennels there, on our port hand, bristling with the masts of tall ships, which tower above the warehouse roofs of the West India Docks.

Passing Greenwich, we soon find ourselves in Blackwall Reach. Here there is a big bend in the river. Right ahead of us several large ships lie anchored in the stream off the old Brunswick Dock, whose famous masthouse towers 120 feet in the air, a well-known mark for miles around and one eagerly looked for by the homeward bounder.

Still beyond, our eyes are caught by another landmark

jutting upwards from Blackwall Point. It is a cross-headed gibbet, from which the bodies of four pirates hang creaking in their chains, a gruesome warning which cannot fail to be noted by the crew of every passing ship.

The vessels anchored ahead of us are the season's China and India ships, the very pick of the Mercantile Marine, and amongst these aristocrats of the sea floats the object of our journey.

A Typical East Indiaman.

We will suppose that we have chosen the *Thames* for our voyage. She was a typical first-class Indiaman of the last years of the Hon. John Company, and the non-nautical eye would have had some difficulty in distinguishing her from a crack frigate. Yet the difference was plain enough to a seaman.

Our boatman has no difficulty in picking her out from the rest of the ships at anchor, each one of which he is able to name by small differences of sparring or rigging long before we can distinguish their hulls. In a few minutes we are alongside the gangway ladder, but as there are several boats crowding round the bottom step we have ample time to examine her before going on board.

The first thing to strike modern eyes is her shortness—the great proportion which her beam bears to her length; this with the tumble-home of her sides, the swelling cheeks of her bows, and the heaviness of her stern make us wonder how she is able to make such good passages. Then her channels are tremendous platforms, which would take 2 or 3 knots off her speed, if dipped when heavily pressed, with their huge dead-eyes trailing in the water.

There are nine shrouds to her lower rigging, her fore and main topmast and lower stays are double. Her maintop would give space enough to dance in; but her

yards appear very light spars to eyes accustomed to the great steel tubes of a modern sailing ship, and but for her long stunsail booms she would show a very narrow sail plan.

We count no less than 18 windows in her stern, in two stories. The upper tier look on to a narrow stern walk, surrounded by the white painted stanchions of a balcony. She lacks, indeed, a great deal of that lavish gingerbread work which was such a feature in her ancestors, and the gilded carving of her quarter galleries and stern is quite simple in design.

There was a transition stage, to which the *Thames* belongs, when floridly elaborate carving and gilding were considered bad style, whilst the inlaying and capping of all deck fittings with brass had not yet come into fashion. She is painted *a la* Nelson in severe black and white, with a double row of ports. Her figure-head is a full length figure of Father Thames, holding his trident as if to spear a porpoise under the bows. She is riding to one anchor, the other with its ponderous stock and immense ring hangs from the fourfold purchase of the cathead. Two spare anchors are lashed in her fore rigging. Her upper row of ports are open, and we can see the red tompions of her guns.

At the moment of our arrival her decks are crowded with people, amongst whom we can easily pick out the officers of the ship by the company's uniform.

The Commander of an East Indiaman and his Emoluments.

We are lucky enough to find the commander of the ship on the poop, as he rarely comes aboard before the ship reaches Gravesend; and those who want to see him must needs search him out at the Jerusalem Coffee House, where the East India merchants and captains

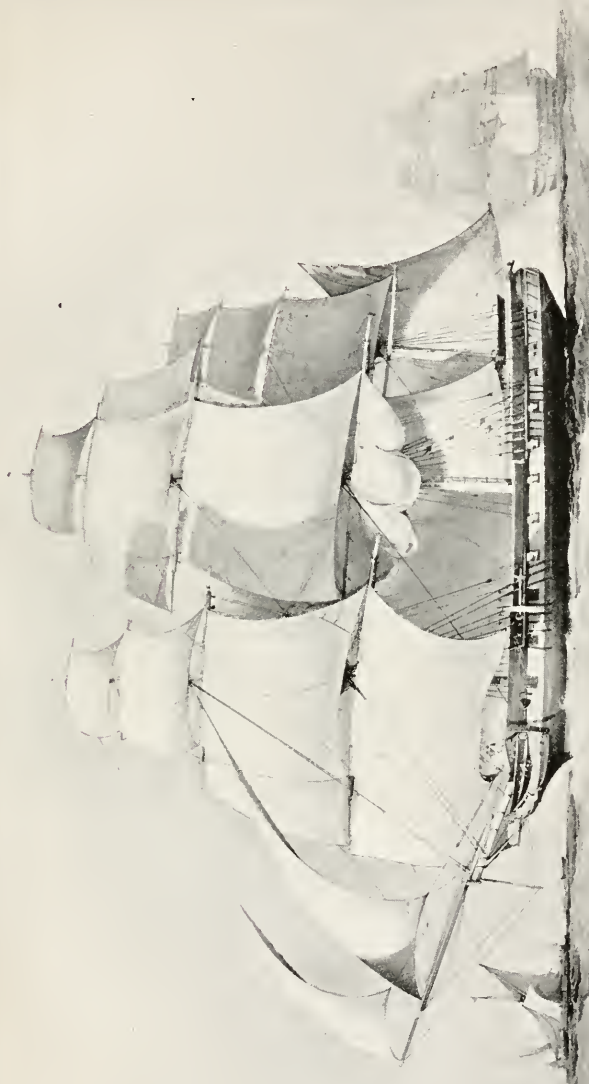
meet to transact business. However, he has evidently come aboard to show a distinguished passenger round the ship and is in full rig. His uniform coat is of blue, with bright gold embroidery, black velvet lapels, cuffs and collar; his waistcoat and breeches are of deep buff. He wears a black stock round his neck, a cocked hat on his head and side arms. The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were stamped with the lion and crown of the Hon. East India Company. Such was the dress of a commander in the Merchant Service, a man who ranked on an equality with a post captain in the Royal Navy.

When a company's ship arrived in Calcutta, she was received with a salute of 13 guns, and the guard of the fort turned out and presented arms to her captain. His post was sought after by the best-born in the land, and was often bought for a large sum owing to its rich perquisites; and those who possessed H.E.I.C. nominations were men of power in the City.

When the East India Company lost its monopoly, Captain Innes of the *Abercrombie Robinson* memorialised the company for compensation. He estimated the income and emoluments accruing from his appointment as commander upon an average of his last three voyages, exclusive of profits or investments, as £6100 per voyage.

This was made up as follows:—

Eighteen months' pay at £10 per month	£180 0 0
56 tons privilege outward at £4 per ton	224 0 0
From port to port at 30 rupees per candy	336 0 0
Homeward at £33 per ton	1848 0 0
Two-fifths tonnage from port to port, 478 tons at 30 rupees per candy, less charged by the Hon. Coy. £2 per ton	1012 0 0
Primage	100 0 0
Passage money after allowing for the provisions and stores provided for the passengers	£1500 0 0
Total per voyage	£6100 0 0



“DEVONSHIRE”—EAST INDIAMAN.

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 64.

I have taken this out of Lindsey. I fear it will make the modern shipmaster sigh for the good old days. Captain Innes undoubtedly put his figures a good deal lower than he need have, for Lindsey gives an instance of a commander making no less than £30,000 out of the "double voyage," meaning from London to India, thence to China and home. Indeed to make from £8000 to £10,000 a voyage was quite usual with those commanders of East Indiamen who were clever business men.

It is certain that no commercial concern ever treated its employees so handsomely as the Hon. East India Company did its commanders and officers.

Officers' Allowances in the H.E.I.C.

The extra allowances to officers, besides their proportions of freight and provisions, are almost unbelievable.

Take the liquor allowance for instance. The commander was allowed 11 tons of wine, beer and other liquors, reckoning 36 dozen quart bottles to the ton. He also had permission to import two pipes of Madeira wine.

The chief officer was allowed 24 dozen of wine or beer, and a puncheon of rum for the wardroom, where he messed with the second mate, surgeon and purser.

The second mate was allowed 20 dozen of wine or beer.

The third	„	„	16	„	„
The fourth	„	„	12	„	„
The fifth	„	„	10	„	„
The surgeon	„	„	14	„	„
The purser	„	„	16	„	„
The surgeon's mate			12	„	„

The gunroom mess, headed by the third mate, was also allowed a puncheon of rum.

The chief officer was allowed 2 firkins of butter, 1 cwt. of cheese, 1 cwt. of grocery, and 4 quarter cases of pickles as extra provisions; the proportions of the other officers being on the same scale as the wine.

The captain was given two personal servants; the chief officer, second officer, surgeon, bosun, gunner and carpenter were each given a servant. No wonder that the Merchant Service was sought after by the highest in the land.

The Foremast Hands of an Indiaman.

The crew of the *Thames* are not yet on board, though they had been chosen before she hauled out of dock. The business of signing on had been carried out on board, for the day of shipping offices had not arrived.

The time—11 a.m.—had been posted up in the main rigging, and when the hour arrived there were perhaps two or three hundred men on the dockside. Most of these men owed their advance notes to Hart, the Jew, a noted Ratcliffe Highway slopshop keeper and cashier of advance notes at high rates. His runners usually contrived to get their men in the front rank so as to catch the eyes of the first and second officers and boat-swain, who, in picking the crew, soon showed themselves to be expert judges of sailormen.

The pay for foremast hands was 35s. a month; the advance, which was two months' pay, was at once pounced upon by the Jews, but Jaek boasted that on a sou-Spainer bound to a warm climate he only needed a stockingful of clothes. However, it was noticeable that even if a man came aboard without a sea chest, he always had his ditty bag, which contained his marlin-spike, fid, palm and needles, bullock's horn of grease and serving board.

In those days there was no mistaking a seaman for a landsman. He may perhaps be best described as a full-grown man with the heart of a child. His simplicity was on a par with his strength of limb, and his endurance was as extraordinary as his coolness and resource in moments of emergency or stress.

In appearance he was recognisable anywhere, not only for the peculiar marks of the sea and the characteristics of his kind, but for his length and breadth of limb.

In height he towered over the landsman of his age, whilst his shoulders occupied the space of two landsmen in a crowd, and his handshake was something to be avoided by people with weak bones.

His dress was distinctive of his calling, the nearest approach to it being the rig of the present day man-of-war's man. He had, however, a fondness for striped cotton in shirt and trouser, and when he did consent to cover his feet sported pumps with big brass buckles instead of clumsy boots. The black neckerchief came in of course at Nelson's funeral, being a sign of mourning for the little Admiral.

As to headgear, his shiny black tarpaulin hat seems to have become entirely extinct, and the gaily coloured handkerchief, which was usually wound round the head in action, would cause one to suspect its wearer of aping the pirate in these sober-bued days.

Having had a prowl round the ship, seen our furniture placed in our cabin, and drunk a glass of wine with the purser, we finally leave the Indiaman and pull back through the shipping on the first of the flood.

An Indiaman leaving Gravesend.

A fortnight later we find the *Thames* lying at Gravesend with the Blue Peter flying. We get aboard and then spend our time watching the busy scene.

Boat loads of passengers and luggage come alongside, one by one; the decks grow more and more crowded; raw young cadets jostle irate indigo planters; high-spirited youth bumps against testy old age; yellow-skinned bearers and khitmagars, passengers' servants, glide hither and thither, chasing the elusive cabin baggage; whilst forward the bosun's pipe trills continually in answer to the sharply called orders of the chief officer.

Upon the poop a fiery faced old nabob struts pompously to and fro, stopping at every turn to shout fluent Hindoostanee over the poop-rail at his unfortunate bearer, who is vainly trying to disentangle his sahib's voluminous kit from a pile of hold baggage, which, under the superintendence of an energetic third mate, is disappearing bit by bit down the main hatch.

Down on the quarterdeck a line of red coats are being mustered and numbered, with much shuffling and stamping of heavily shod feet, rattling of accoutrements, and the roared out commands of a red-faced ramrod of a sergeant.

From bumboats, which hang off the bows and quarters but are not allowed up to the gangway, East-End Jews attempt to smuggle liquor aboard under cover of much apparent confusion and noise, but the sharp eyes of the mates are upon them and they have no success.

Above the pipes of the bosun's whistle and those of his mates, above the "tenshun" and "stand-at-hease" of the sergeant, above the nabob's Hindoostanee and cries of boatmen and crew, rise the well-known sounds of an English farmyard, which plainly denote that the ship has got its live stock on board.

A Farmyard at Sea.

Here is Captain Marryat's description of live stock on an Indiaman:—

The Indiaman was a 1200-ton ship, as large as one of the small class seventy-fours in the King's service, strongly built with lofty bulwarks, and pierced on the upper deck for 18 guns, which were mounted on the quarterdeck and fo'c'sle. Aft, a poop, higher than the bulwarks, extended forward 30 or 40 feet, under which was the cuddy or dining-room and state cabins appropriated to passengers.

The poop, upon which you ascended by ladders on each side, was crowded with long ranges of coops, tenanted by every variety of domestic fowl awaiting, in happy unconsciousness, the day when they should be required to supply the luxurious table provided by the captain.

In some, turkeys stretched forth their long necks, and tapped the deck as they picked up some ant who crossed it, in his industry. In others, the crowing of cocks and calling of the hens were incessant; or the geese, ranged up rank and file, waited but the signal from one of the party to raise up a simultaneous clamour, which as suddenly was remitted.

Coop answered coop, in variety of discord, while the poulterer walked round and round to supply the wants of so many hundreds committed to his charge.

The booms before the mainmast were occupied by the large boats, which had been hoisted in preparatory to the voyage. They also composed a portion of the farmyard. The launch contained about fifty sheep, wedged together so closely that it was with difficulty they could find room to twist their jaws round, as they chewed the cud.

The sternsheets of the barge and yawl were filled with goats and two calves, who were the first destined victims to the butcher's knife; whilst the remainder of their space was occupied by hay and other provender, pressed down by powerful machinery into the smallest compass.

The occasional baaing and bleating on the booms was answered by the lowing of the three milch cows between the hatchways of the deck below; where also were to be descried a few more coops, containing fowls and rabbits. The manger forward had been dedicated to the pigs; but, as the cables were not yet unbent or bucklers shipped, they at present were confined by gratings between the main deck guns, where they grunted at each passer-by, as if to ask for food.

The boats, hoisted up on the quarters, and the guys of the davits, to which they were suspended, formed the kitchen gardens, from which the passengers were to be supplied, and were loaded with bags containing onions, potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets and cabbages, the latter, in their full round proportions, hanging in a row upon the guys, like strings

of heads, which had been demanded in the wrath or the caprice of some despot of Mahomet's creed.

Though the *Thames* was a larger ship than Marryat's Indiaman, I much doubt if she carried goats and rabbits or even cabbages on the guys of her quarter-boats; but Marryat was a man-of-war's man and no doubt seized the opportunity to poke a bit of fun at the farmyard appearance of an outward bound Indiaman.

Presently the Downs pilot comes aboard and reports himself to the chief officer, and informs him that the tide will serve at 8 bells on the morrow. Slowly the afternoon draws in, the confusion aboard sorts itself out and the clamour dies down.

Then at 8 bells, 8 p.m., we passengers and the officers of the troops retire to the cuddy for that most important hour called "grog time."

Getting underweigh.

At an early hour in the morning the order to man the capstan goes forth. The *Thames* has no windlass, the anchor being hove up by the capstan on the quarter-deck. A stout messenger is passed round the capstan and taken forward on each side of the deck. The ends of the messenger are lashed together, the cable being secured by short lengths of rope called "nippers." With the aid of the troops every bar on the capstan is double banked. At a nod from the captain, the pilot gives the order to "Heave round." The fiddler mounts the capstan-head and strikes up: "The girl I left behind me." All hands "stamp and go." The mate in the head begins to watch the cable grow. The bosun pipes "topmen aloft." The anchor is hove short. Another moment and the anchor is off the ground. "Sheet home" rings down from every mast. Slowly

the Indiaman gathers way and begins to roll up the yellow river in front of her fore foot.

Cries of farewell pass between the ship and the boats, which are now rowing hard to keep alongside. The usual late comer is hooked in over the mizen chains. The ship lists gently as she feels the wind. There is a sudden gust of cheering from the black heads along the rail and the red coats in the rigging. A carronade on the poop bangs off a last farewell. The flag is dipped and we are off.

Barking Creck soon heaves in sight; the Nore is passed; we run through the Queen's Channel with a nice breeze; and presently we prepare to anchor in the Downs for the night.

As soon as the North Sandhead Lightship is passed, the royals are clewed up, then down comes the jib and up go the courses. The pilot rounds the ship to and lets go off Deal.

All in the Downs.

On all sides of us ships of every degree are brought up, from the Guardship, a three-decker, down to a billy-boy. Close to us on our weather bow rolls a country-built trader—so close aboard indeed that the old Anglo-Indians swear that they can catch a whiff of the Jaun Bazaar, and the griffins spend much time peering at her in turn through the ship's telescope. Indeed there is no mistaking her—with all her yellow varnish, her gilt mouldings, bamboo stunsail poles and coir rigging, not to mention her lascar crew and golden-hued country canvas.

Astern of her lay a very different ship. There was no gilt work about her, no weird carvings round her ugly sawcd-off stern, no scroll work to relieve her clumsy

white figurehead. A flush-decked ship, her decks are overcrowded with unsightly white-leaded box-like erections, and as she rolls we can see iron gratings over her open hatchways. On her main deck a line of slouching human cattle parade slowly in Indian file, watched over by red-coated despots, with muskets at the shoulder. A growl, as of wild beasts, and the clanking of chains is born to us on the wind. We gaze fascinated and then turn our eyes away with a shudder. The poorest imagination can picture the tragedy of that ugly black hull with its white deck houses, barred hatchways and red-coated sentries. It is that horror, a convict ship, bound for Botany Bay. Further off again lay a clinker-built Revenue cutter, the foam flashing up against the muzzles of her pop guns as she rolled. A powerful looking boat of some 150 tons, she evidently carries a rare press of sail. Her jibbooms equal her hull in length whilst her mainboom is so far over the taffrail as to make a footrope a necessity when reefing. She carries her lower yard cock-billed, instead of lowered down on the rail, on account of the sea running. Stunsail booms show on her topsail yard, and her topgallant yard is aloft with sail bent. She is ready, without doubt, to slip off at a moment's notice: the vessel that flew Revenue stripes had an arduous task in the thirties and very little rest if her commander knew his job.

We turn our eyes away from the sprightly cutter in order to watch a beautiful frigate bring up astern of us. As she comes to the wind, her cloud of canvas seems to melt into nothing, as if by magic, for these are the days of extraordinary smartness in sail drill, when such evolutions as reefing topsails in stays, sending mainyard alongside the flagship, downing topgallant masts and

then making all plain sail, stripping to a gantline, etc., etc., were carried out in an incredibly short space of time.

Sail Drill.

The rivalry between smart ships was tremendous and cost many a promising bluejacket his life. The men were like monkeys aloft. The order to lay aloft was the signal for a wild stampede up the ratlins in which the midshipmen, who were supposed to show the way, had to race for their lives; for, if they were caught by the avalanche of topmen behind them, their backs were used as stepping stones by hundreds of eager feet. This smartness in sail drill reached its zenith just as masts and yards were giving way to the smoke stack.

Many an old sailor in writing his reminiscences gives examples of evolutions which are little short of marvellous. Here is a specimen from Martello Tower's *School and Sea Days*:—

In the *Cuba* we took great pride in displaying our smartness to the good people of Sydney; our favourite being to let them see the frigate approaching Farm Cove under canvas, when suddenly shooting forth from the side with vivid flash and cloud of white smoke, the loud bang of the first gun of a Governor's 19-gun salute would startle them. Simultaneously the lofty tower of sail began to disintegrate; and very slowly, but at timed and regular intervals as Mr. Fuzecap, the gunner, called out to his mates, "Starboard, port, starboard, port," successive shoots of flame darted out from alternate sides, the corresponding loud reports penetrating every corner of the city and into country districts for miles around, announcing to the Governor in Government House, to the magistrate on the bench, to children at school, to men hoisting bales of wool at the quays, to squatters on their periodical visit to the capital, to unfortunate noblemen languishing in Woolloomooloo jail that H.M.S. *Cuba* had returned.

Meantime if there was but a light wind, the ship was considerably obscured, but when the smoke cleared what saw the observers then? The surprising spectacle of a frigate quietly at anchor in the Cove, with sails furled, yards squared, no men aloft, lower booms out with boats attached to them, with the general appearance in short of having lain there quietly for weeks.

The late Lord Charles Beresford records another example of sail drill before the eyes of wondering landsmen. He writes:—

When we were sailing into the Bay of Naples under all possible sail, order was given:—"Shift topsails and courses, make all possible sail again," which really means that the masts were stripped of all sails and again all sails were hoisted.

The time taken for this evolution by Beresford's ship, the *Marlborough*, was 9 minutes 30 seconds. All went without a hitch within 400 yards of the anchorage. Lord Charles Beresford gives a very interesting table of times made by the *Marlborough* in 1861, and adds:—

When Sir William Martin was captain of the *Prince Regent* she was considered the smartest ship in the Navy, he brought the times of all her drills to the *Marlborough*; he allowed the *Marlborough* six months to get into trim before drilling with the Fleet, but she started to drill alongside the Fleet in three months and beat them all.

Her times were as follows:—

Evolution.	Time allowed by Admiral	Time of <i>Marlborough</i>
Cross topgallant and royal yards -	7m 0s	6m 30s
Down topgallant yards with royal yards across	2 0	1 13
Up topgallant mast, cross upper yards and loose sails	2 30	1 27
Shift topgallant masts from royal yards across	7 0	5 40
Up topgallant masts and make all plain sail	4 0	2 40
Up topgallant masts and make all possible sail	6 0	3 0
Shift topsails from plain sail	6 0	4 50
In all boom boats from away aloft ..	7 0	6 0
Out all boom boats	7 0	5 40
Away lifeboats' crew	0 30	0 20

Lord Charles Beresford mentions one or two of the smartest topmen he had known, and gives the palm to George Lewis. His best time from the order "Away aloft," from his station in the maintop to the topgallant

yardarm, a distance of 64 feet, was 13 seconds; this was never beaten but it was equalled by another famous topman, Ninepin Jones.

At one time the upper yard men had to go double that distance, for at the order "Way aloft" they had to start from the deck, and on the *Marlborough* the distance from the deck to the maintop was 67 feet. But starting from the deck was done away with when it was realised how many men injured their hearts and lungs by racing aloft to such a distance at their utmost speed.

Gymnastics of the most dangerous description were indulged in by these agile topmen, and the following was one of the most common:—

When a ship was paid off out of Malta harbour, it was the custom that there should be a man standing erect on each of the trucks, main, mizen and fore. Many a time have I seen these men, balanced more than 200 feet in the air, strip off their shirts and wave them. And once I saw a man holding to the vane spindle set in the truck, and I saw the spindle break in his hand and the man fall.

We have a different type of bluejacket in these days; Beresford's topmen were lean, greyhound-waisted athletes, all gristle and bone, and as hard as nails. I wonder what they would think of the well-fed, bull-necked Hercules of the twentieth century.

After this long digression, we must return to our *Indiaman*, as she rolls majestically in the short Channel sea which is making through the Downs. To the right of the frigate a Prussian snow rides buoyantly at the end of an old hemp cable; and, all around, vessels sweep their spars across the sky as they plunge and roll: almost every rig is represented, and the Red Ensign, the famous old "Red Duster," is by no means the only national emblem present, though the ships flying it are by far the most numerous; but a few, like the Prussian snow, are flying flags which have long since left the seas.

Amongst the ships, the well-known Deal galley punt flies hither and thither, reaping a harvest which I fear has long since failed; a harvest which has followed sails and without sailing ships has become extinct. But in 1830 the galley punt was a comfortable living for a number of boatmen and brought a fortune to not a few. All weathers came alike to the Deal boatmen in these sturdy open boats. They took anchors and cables out to vessels in distress; they saved uncounted lives from wrecks on the Goodwins; they brought provisions alongside famished ships; they landed the important King's Messenger and took off the belated passenger. And in slack times they dragged their creepers for many a lost anchor and chain left behind by ships which had had to cut and run to avoid dragging on to the Sands.

At sunset the line-of-battle ship fires a gun, and instantly the colours flutter down from every gaff and masthead. For a while we stay on deck watching the yellow after-glow darken into night and then, finding it growing chilly, we retire to the cuddy to write letters, which will be posted in Deal by our attendant galley punt in the morning.

Down Channel.

We are awakened before daybreak by the steady tramp of feet over our heads, they are washing down the poop. This rouses us up, and we slip on deck in time to enjoy a beautiful sea effect—a fleet of ships getting underweigh at dawn.

In the East a flush of rosy light paints the sky along a horizon of deep indigo. Nearer at hand the foaming crests show like yellow soapsuds. Against the growing light the spars of the ships to windward stand out like

clean-cut jet, while to leeward they gleam as if touched with fire. It is cold and clear, with the wind almost round to north: such a morning as makes one glow with health and long for the breakfast hour.

Aboard our Indiaman the bustle of getting underweigh is in full swing. The capstan revolves to the sound of squeaking catgut.

“Stamp and go ! Stamp and go ! Breast the bars and run her round, boys !”

All around us we can hear the clink, clink of the pawls as the outward bounders hasten to take advantage of the slant. It is an inspiring scene, and the idle passenger longs to take a hand instead of having to blow on his fingers and stamp his feet to keep himself warm. It is a close race as to who will be first away. Our bosun trills on his pipe, and away go the topmen aloft; at the same time black midgits can be seen clambering up the shrouds of our neighbours. The gaskets are cast off; and, as the anchor leaves the ground, our topsails drop simultaneously and are sheeted home together. The *Thames* makes a slow courtesy as she feels the wind in her sails, crushes a sea into froth, and taking a long white bone in her teeth sets off down Channel.

“Out studding sails !” is the next order; and before the breakfast bugle goes, the kites have been set, the anchors stowed and the decks cleared up.

Just before stepping below we take a look round at our neighbours. The country ship is already far astern and the sinister vessel for Botany Bay still further. Even the frigate is doing no more than holding her own, for the *Thames* has a clean pair of heels.

The Channel held more of the picturesque in the thirties than it does at the present day. There were no trails of smoke along the horizon, no ugly steam tramps,

no squat coasters with bridge and funnel on the poop, no giant liners or grey destroyers, but the sparkling waters were dotted with sails in every direction.

There, down to leeward, is a powerful cutter with a large "P" in her mainsail below a number, a pilot boat cruising back and forth across the traffic.

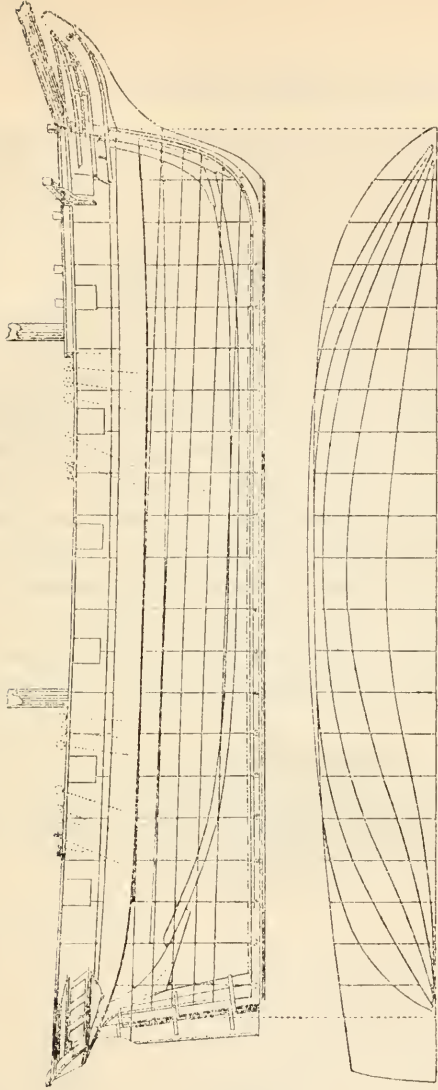
There goes a three-masted lugger, "ratching" along the land. With her huge dipping lugs she needs a number of men: the water boils under her forefoot and she is making great way under the pull of those heavy lugs, which are cut with a much greater bag than is ever seen nowadays. She is only half-decked, and as one watches her, tales of smugglers rise to the mind.

Coasters of all sorts are taking advantage of the off-shore wind—brigs, brigantines, topsail schooners, snows, galliots, ketches, yawls, spritsail barges and heavy cutters with great square-headed topsails.

The *Thames* makes a quick run of it to the Mother Bank, where she brings up for mails and despatches.

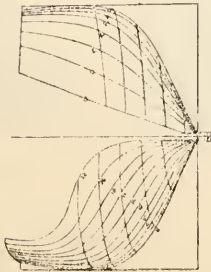
The Last Sailing Ships in the Royal Navy.

Whilst we are brought up a beautiful full-rig ship sails majestically by us under all plain sail. She is the celebrated yacht *Falcon*, flagship of Lord Yarborough, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In those days the members of the R.Y.S. took the chief object for the founding of their club very much to heart. This object was the improvement of the armed sailing ship. Lord Yarborough, the Commodore, was more salt than his own shellbacks; he fitted the *Falcon* as an armed corvette and put his crew under strict naval discipline. And when the experimental squadron was fitted out, he gained the Admiralty's permission to join them during their cruises in the Channel. His example



"DARING."

Experimental Brig built at Portsmouth, 1844. Designed by White of Cowes.
Length 104 Beam 31.4. Tonnage 425.



was followed by Lord Vernon, who built the *Harlequin* to the designs of Captain Symonds, R.N., and fitted her as a 10-gun brig.

In 1829 the *Falcon* and *Harlequin* joined the cruises of the experimental squadron under the Trafalgar veteran, Sir Edward Codrington, and the *Harlequin* soon proved to be of superior speed to the other ships. Whilst he was having the *Harlequin* built, Lord Vernon persuaded the Admiralty to give Captain Symonds a contract for a gun brig, the result of which was the *Columbine*. Then the Duke of Portland gave Captain Symonds an order for a still larger gun brig. This was the *Pantaloön*. The Duke of Portland took her out with the experimental squadron in 1831, and the Admiralty were so impressed by her sailing that they bought her and made her the model for future 10-gun brigs. At the same time Captain Symonds succeeded Sir Robert Seppings.

During the last years of sailing men-of-war Symonds turned out the following vessels which were far and away superior, both in strength, speed and sea-going qualities, to the famous wooden walls of the war period.

The Symondites.

Built	Name	Tons	Length	Beam	Depth	No. of Guns.
1831	<i>Pantaloön</i> ..	323	ft. in. 91 11	ft. in. 29 4	ft. in. 12 8	10
1832	<i>Vernon</i> ..	2082	176	52 8	26 5	50
1834	<i>Pique</i> ..	1633	160	48 11	14 7	40
1835	<i>Vanguard</i> ..	2609	190	57	23 4	80
1838	<i>Pilot</i> ..	485	105	33 6	14 10	16
1839	<i>Queen</i> ..	3104	204 2	60	23 9	110
1841	<i>Spartan</i> ..	918	131	40 7	10 9	26
1842	<i>Cumberland</i> ..	2214	180	54 3	22 4	70
1844	<i>Flying Fish</i> ..	445	103 1	32 5	14 4	12
1847	<i>Britomart</i> ..	330	93	29 4	13 6	8

These measurements are interesting as a comparison with those of merchantmen of the same period. The strength of these ships was wonderfully demonstrated by the famous *Pique* frigate. On her way home from Canada in 1835, under Captain the Hon. Henry John Rous, she stranded near Point Forteau, Labrador, and bumped heavily on a rock bottom for eleven hours with a nasty sea running, which ground away all her false keel and a good deal of her outer skin. Yet she was floated and brought home in twenty-one days in spite of very bad weather and the fact that she leaked at the rate of nearly 3 feet an hour the whole way across the Western Ocean.

The *Pique* was known as a "fancy frigate," on board of which a seaman's lot was by no means a soft one, to which the well-known song, "Oh, 'tis a fine frigate," gave testimony in an unending number of verses; one of these showing the *Pique's* powers at sail drill I cannot resist from quoting:—

And now, my brave boys, comes the best of the fun,
It's "Hands about ship and reef topsails in one,"
So, it's lay aloft, topmen, as the hellum goes down,
And clew down your topsails as the mainyard goes round.

Joseph White, of Cowes.

It would not be fair to leave out the name of Joseph White, of Cowes, in speaking of improvements in design and build whether in men-of-war, merchant ships or yachts. Besides building several experimental brigs for the Navy, he and his successors John and Robert White were responsible for many a speedy yacht and slipperly opium clipper.

In 1832 Joseph White built the brig *Waterwitch* for Lord Belfast. Though a yacht, she was fitted as a 10-gun brig with very high bulwarks, heavy scantling

and a solid bottom, but she had a finer entrance, greater beam, and in every way was more strongly built than the celebrated *Pantaloön*.

In the summer of 1832 with five months' stores and provisions, she joined the experimental squadron and speedily showed herself able to out-point and out-sail them all. Though she easily beat such crack ships as the *Vernon*, *Castor*, *Stag*, *Prince of Wales*, and *Snake* in light breezes, she displayed an even greater superiority in a strong breeze and head sea; at the same time she made a practice of carrying less sail than they did.

These sailing trials raised a great deal of interest in naval and yachting circles, and sides were taken for and against the *Waterwitch*. Her detractors claimed that her foremast was stepped so far forward that she plunged like a collier; that her bows were without sufficient flare and that she rode so heavily that she was very hard on her ground tackle. Her supporters that the apple cheeks of naval bows must be superseded by the *Waterwitch* bow; that her stability, as proved by the inclination or heel, was far superior to that of her chief rival the gun brig *Snake* and that she could out-sail anything afloat.

In 1833 Lord Belfast amused himself by waiting for King's ships coming out of Portsmouth harbour. He would then sail ahead of them, take in his mainsail and topgallant sails and still sail all round them; or he would make tack for tack and show the superior quickness of his vessel when in stays. He specially delighted in catching the *Pantaloön*, which was tender to the Royal yacht, and giving her a dressing down. The *Waterwitch* only measured 330 tons, 100 less than the ordinary gun brig, and this was brought forward in her favour; at last, the Admiralty bought *Waterwitch* in September,

1834. She was the last vessel which was built by private enterprise and afterwards taken into the Navy.

All these famous experimental brigs, *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Pantaloon*, *Waterwitch*, *Snake*, and *Flying Fish* played a most important part in the suppression of the slave trade.

One of the best known was the *Daring*, built by White Bros. in 1844. This was a very popular ship in the Navy and never had any difficulty in getting manned. Admiral Fitzgerald records how she hoisted her pennant on one occasion at 9 a.m. in Portsmouth and was fully manned by a picked crew at noon. Three times her complement offered themselves, there being boatloads of men laying off waiting for her pennant to go up, and so great was the rush that petty officers gave up ratings in order to enter as A.B.'s.

This *Daring* was the rival of the *Flying Fish*, and measured 425 tons, 104 ft. length, 30 ft. breadth and 15 ft. 2 in. depth.

After this rather lengthy digression on the last of the sailing men-of-war let us now return to our Indiaman.

Routine aboard an Indiaman.

The *Thames*, having picked up her mail, makes a fine run down Channel and is soon out of soundings. By this time things have begun to settle down in their places. The commander and the nabob bring out a wonderful chessboard of carved ivory pieces; the planters smoke their cheroots, talk shop and spin marvellous yarns for the edification of the griffins, the cadets make love to the ladies, the troops sleep off their seasickness, and the ship's routine goes its regular round.

As in a man-of-war, the crew are divided into two watches and the officers into three.

The day's work begins at 5 a.m. when the third officer serves out the fresh water. This was no small labour before the days of water tanks. The water was carried in casks, often old rum puncheons, which soon turned the water, if, as was often the case, they were not properly charred inside. London River water would foul and sweeten again several times on a voyage to the East. It has been described as being as thick as treacle, blue as indigo, with a smell that you could not stand up against. The allowance on an Indiaman was 6 pints to each person and it was served out by the slow method of a hand-pump through the bung-hole of the cask.

At 6.30 a.m. the decks were washed down and swabbed.

At 7 bells the hammocks were piped up and stowed in their nettings, being piped down again at 3 bells in the afternoon.

At 8 bells 8 a.m. all hands went to breakfast, but those who had had the morning watch had to come on deck again for the forenoon, when all hands were kept at rigging and ship's work.

At 5 p.m. the decks were cleared up, sail trimmed for the night, and the hands were then allowed to knock off and skylark till 8 bells.

Sail was handled as in a man-of-war, all three masts being worked together. The log was hove every two hours. On Fridays clothes were scrubbed and washed in the ship's time.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays the 'tween decks were cleaned and holystoned, after which they were inspected by the commander, surgeon and O.C. of troops, when troops were aboard.

On Sundays no work was allowed, except the necessary sail trimming. In the morning the crew were mustered and inspected before church, as on board a man-of-war.

Besides other duties, the crew of an Indiaman had to devote some time to gun and small arms drill. Though the Hon. John Company no longer had to fear the French picaroon, the Seven Seas were still infested with the adventurer who preyed on merchant shipping.

In Eastern waters the Chinese and Malay pirates were a menace right through the nineteenth century, whilst up to late in the thirties the picturesque European pirate was still to be met with.

Pirates.

In the nineteenth century, the true pirate had generally served an apprenticeship in a slaver, and his ship was always a heeler, usually built in Baltimore or Havannah for the slave trade. It was only the most daring ruffian who dared show his colours, the black flag with skull and crossbones; and he almost invariably sneaked down on his prey with some little known ensign at his peak.

The following notices, taken from the shipping papers of the year 1838, will give a good idea of his usual methods:—

20th June, in 35° N., 7° W., the *Thule* was brought to by a brig carrying a red and white flag; deck covered with men, most of whom were black; weather heavy; cargo not tempting enough.

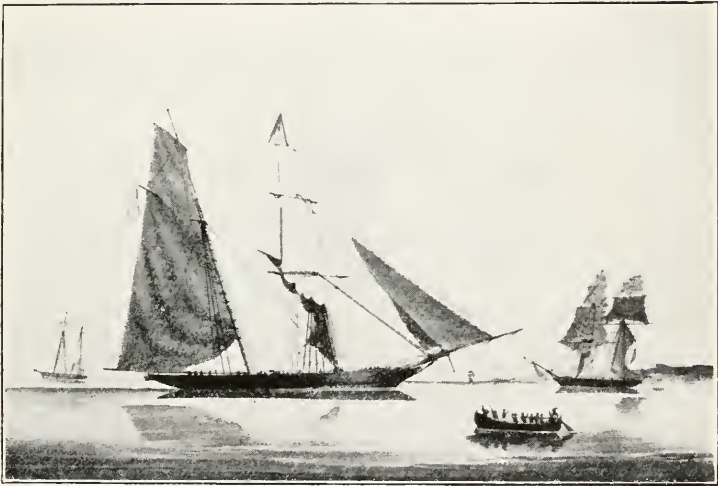
25th June, in 34° N., 67° W., the *William Miles* was boarded by a piratical schooner about 150 tons, under Brazilian and Portuguese colours, with 50 or 60 men on board. Took two casks of provisions.

4th July, in 36° N., 47° W., the *Ceylon* (American brig) was boarded by a piratical schooner under Portuguese colours; wine, water and provisions taken.

5th July, in 38° N., 44° W., the *Catherine Elizabeth* was boarded by a schooner under Spanish colours; appeared to have 50 or 60 men. Took a cask of beef and one of pork.

The Azores packet, five days from Teneriffe, was boarded by a piratical brig full of men, which took from her a chain cable, hawsers, etc.

Eliza Locke, o Dublin, was chased off Madeira by a suspicious schooner for two days in May.



“ L'ANTONIO.”

The celebrated piratical slaver and other black craft lying in the
Bonny River.

29th July, an American schooner was boarded off Cay West by a piratical schooner and plundered of 400 dollars worth of articles.

5th July, in 39° N., 34° W., the *Isabella* was boarded by a Spanish brig and robbed of spare sails, cordage, canvas and twine.

It is noticeable from these reports that the corsair only left traces of his path where he had met with ships from which there was nothing worth taking beyond provisions and bosun's stores. Who knows how many "missing ships" the above buccaneers could have accounted for.

The "Black Joke" and Benito de Soto.

Perhaps the best known pirate of the thirties was Benito de Soto, a villain whose history is worth noticing. Benito de Soto was a Portuguese. In 1827 he shipped before the mast in a large brigantine at Buenos Ayres. This vessel, named the *Defensor de Pedro*, sailed for the Coast of Africa to load slaves. Like all slavers she carried a large crew of dagoes; the mate, a notorious ruffian, made friends with de Soto on the run across, and between them they hatched a plot to seize the ship on her arrival at the slave depot. The *Defensor de Pedro* hove to about 10 miles from the African shore, and as soon as the captain had left the ship to see the slave agent, de Soto and the mate took possession of her; 22 of the crew joined them, but the remaining 18 refused. These men were immediately driven into a boat, which was capsized in an attempt to make a landing through the surf and every one of the honest 18 drowned.

The ship was then headed out to sea; the new pirates lost no time in breaking into the spirit room, and by sunset every man aboard had drunk himself into a stupor except Benito. This superior ruffian immediately took advantage of this to put a pistol to the head of his

helpless confederate, the mate, and daring the drunken crew to interfere promptly shot him dead.

The whole thing was carried through in the true piratical spirit. The drunken crew at once declared that de Soto was just the sort of captain they wanted; and without any more ado he took command.

It appears that the ship had already got her cargo of "black ivory" on board, for Benito de Soto is next heard of in the West Indies, where he sold the slaves at very good prices.

He remained cruising in West Indian waters for some time and plundered a quantity of ships, most of which he scuttled after battenning their crews down below.

Having exhausted this cruising ground, he next took up a position in the South Atlantic right in the route of the traffic to the East.

In a very short while his raking brigantine, which had been renamed the *Black Joke*, had become the scourge of those seas.

Indeed, so great was the terror of Benito and his *Black Joke* in those seas by 1832 that homeward bound Indiamen began to make up convoys of themselves at St. Helena before heading north.

Early in that year a whole fleet of ships was held up there through fear of the pirate.

At last a convoy of eight ships was made up which started off homewards with the Indiaman *Susan*, of 600 tons, as their flagship. Unfortunately one of these vessels, a barque, the *Morning Star*, of Scarborough, homeward bound from Ceylon with 25 invalid soldiers and a few passengers, was an extraordinarily slow sailer. By the third day all the ships had gone ahead except the *Susan*, which in order to keep back to the *Morning Star's* pace had to reduce sail to topsails and foresail.

This progress was at last too slow for the *Susan*, and bidding good-bye to the barque she also went ahead.

At 11 a.m. on the second day after parting with the *Morning Star* the *Susan* sighted a large brigantine, crowded with men and showing a heavy long tom amidships. The pirate immediately bore down upon the Indiaman, and clearing his long gun for action hoisted the skull and crossbones at the main.

The *Susan* was only a small Indiaman of 600 tons and eight guns, nevertheless the sight of her four starboard broadside guns run out made Benito de Soto sheer off into her wake. Here he dodged about for over two hours, hesitating whether to attack or not; finally he sailed off in the direction he had appeared from. It was a lucky escape, for by some oversight the *Susan* had no powder on board though tons of shot.

Meanwhile the *Morning Star* was jogging along in the wake of the *Susan*. On the 21st February, when abreast of Ascension, a sail was sighted at daylight on the western horizon. Her hull was fast disappearing from sight, when suddenly she altered her course and bore down upon the barque. The action was a suspicious one, especially when a pirate was known to be in the vicinity, and Captain Souley, of the *Morning Star*, immediately called all hands and crowded sail to get away.

The stranger proved to be a long, low black brigantine with raking masts. "The *Black Joke*" was whispered round the decks with bated breath.

The pirate, as she rapidly overhauled the slow sailing *Morning Star*, hoisted British colours and fired a gun for the barque to back her topsail, but Captain Souley held on, thereupon the Colombian colours replaced the British on the pirate. He was now so close to the

barque that his decks could be seen crowded with men. Benito de Soto himself could be made out standing by the mainmast—a head and shoulders taller than his crew. Suddenly he sprang to the long gun and fired it. It was loaded with canister which cut up the rigging of the *Morning Star* and wounded many of her crew.

Captain Souley held a hasty conference with his officers and passengers. It was decided to surrender; the colours were thereupon struck and the topsail backed.

The *Black Joke*, with her long tom trained on to the deck of the barque, now ranged up to within 40 yards, and de Soto in stentorian tones ordered Captain Souley aboard the brigantine with his papers. A courageous passenger, however, volunteered to go to try and make terms with the pirate. But he and his boat's crew returned to the barque, bleeding and exhausted, having been cruelly knocked about and beaten by the pirates. He brought the following arrogant message: "Tell your captain that Benito de Soto will deal with him alone. If he does not come I'll blow him out of the water." At this Captain Souley went aboard the *Black Joke*, taking his second mate and three soldiers with him besides the boat's crew.

Benito de Soto, cutlass in hand, silently motioned the wretched merchant skipper to approach. Then as he stood in front of him uncertain what to do, the pirate suddenly raised his cutlass and roared out: "Thus does Benito de Soto reward those who disobey him." The blow fell in full sight of the terrified people on the deck of the *Morning Star*. The poor skipper was cleft to the chin bone and fell dead without a sound at the pirate's feet. A shout of horror echoed across from the barque, at which Souley's second mate, who had been motioned

forward, turned quickly in his tracks, only to be struck down and killed by Brabazon, de Soto's chief officer.

The pirates, like wild beasts, having tasted blood, wanted more. The long gun was trained on the deck of the *Morning Star*; and as the ladies ran screaming below a charge of grape rattled about their ears. A boat of armed cut-throats next boarded the barque, but no resistance was offered, so Major Lobic and his sick soldiers were first stripped of their clothes and then thrown into the hold, a sick officer named Gibson dying from the brutal treatment shown to him.

The ladies were fastened into the fo'c'sle, and looting commenced. All this time de Soto stood calm and composed at his vantage post by the mainmast of the *Black Joke*, directing operations with the voice of a tiger. Stores, instruments and cargo, including seven packages of jewellery, were transferred to the pirate; and the cabins were looted of every vestige of clothing.

Then the hatches were battened down, and, with the steward to wait upon them, the pirates settled down to a regular buccaneering carousal. The wretched women were brought out of the fo'c'sle and their screams rang out over the sea. It was a scene of awful savagery.

Fortunately the pirates became so drunk that they forgot de Soto's blood-thirsty orders to butcher every soul aboard. However, they first locked the women in the fo'c'sle again and then cut the rigging to pieces, sawed the masts in two, bored holes in the ship's bottom, and, satisfied that she would sink, tumbled into their boats and returned to the *Black Joke*, which immediately filled her topsail and went off after another victim.

Meanwhile on the *Morning Star* there was not a sound to be heard. For long those below had been shutting their ears to the screams of their women and

the drunken yells of the pirates, and now they suddenly realised that the pirate had sheered off, but at the same time they also realised their horrible fate if they failed to break their way out of the hold, for in the semi-gloom it was noticed that the ship was slowly filling with water. The women, though they succeeded in forcing their way out of the fo'c'sle, did not dare show themselves on deck for some hours, being half crazed with fear. And it was only after some desperate struggles that the men succeeded in bursting a hatch open.

Rushing on deck they found that it was nearing sunset. The vessel lay rolling sluggishly, an utter wreck. Forward the women were discovered huddled together in a state of collapse. Aft the compass had disappeared, whilst, almost more serious still, not a bit of food or drop of water remained.

The pumps were quickly manned and the leaks plugged. Fortunately for the unhappy survivors a ship hove in sight next day, and with her assistance the *Morning Star* actually succeeded in getting home, where her arrival in the Thames created a great sensation.

In the meantime Benito de Soto, on learning that the crew and passengers of the *Morning Star* had not been butchered in accordance with his orders, put back again to look for her, but failing to find her concluded that she had gone to the bottom and thereupon resumed his cruising.

He is next reported as being thwarted in his attack on an outward bound Indiaman by a sudden storm. The story is well told by one of the Indiaman's passengers and as it presents a good picture of the times, I herewith give it in full:—

The gong had just sounded 8 bells, as Captain M. entered the cuddy, "care on his brow and pensive thoughtfulness." So unusual was the

aspect he wore, that all remarked it; in general his was the face of cheerfulness, not only seeming happy but imparting happiness to all around.

"What has chased the smiles from thy face?" said one of the young writers, a youth much given to Byron and open neck cloths. "Why looks our Cæsar with an angry frown? But poetry apart, what is the matter?"

"Why! the fact is, we are chased!" replied the captain. "Chased! Chased!! Chased!!!" was echoed from mouth to mouth in various tones of doubt, alarm and admiration.

"Yes, however extraordinary it may seem to this good company," continued our commander, "I have no doubt that such is the fact; for the vessel which was seen this morning right astern and which has maintained an equal distance during the day is coming up with us hand over hand. I am quite sure therefore that she is after no good; she's a wicket-looking craft—at 1 bell we shall beat to quarters."

We had left the Downs a few days after the arrival of the *Morning Star*, and with our heads and hearts full of that atrocious affair rushed on the poop. The melancholy catastrophe alluded to had been a constant theme at the cuddy table and many a face shewed signs of anxiety at the news just conveyed to us. On ascending the poop assurance became doubly sure, for, certain enough, there was the beautiful little craft overhauling us in most gallant style. She was a long, dark-looking vessel, low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails white as the driven snow.

The drum had now beat to quarters, and all was for the time bustle and preparation. Sailors clearing the guns, handing up ammunition and distributing pistols and cutlasses. Soldiers mustering on the quarterdeck prior to taking their station on the poop, we had 200 on board. Women in the waist, with anxious faces and children staring with wondering eyes. Writers, cadets and assistant surgeons in heterogeneous medley. The latter, as soon as the news had been confirmed, descended to their various cabins and reappeared in martial attire. One young gentleman had his "toasting knife" stuck through the pocket-hole of his inexpressibles—a second Monkbarne: another came on exulting, his full-dress shako placed jauntily on his head as a Bond Street beau wears his castor: a third, with pistols in his sash, his swallow-tailed coat boasting of sawdust, his sword dangling between his legs in all the extricacies of novelty—he was truly a martial figure, ready to seek for reputation even at the cannon's mouth.

Writers had their Joe Manton and assistant surgeons their instruments. It was a stirring sight and yet, withal, ridiculous.

But, now, the stranger quickly approached us, and quietness was ordered. The moment was an interesting one. A deep silence reigned throughout the vessel, save now and then the dash of the water

against the ship's side, and here and there the half suppressed ejaculation of some impatient son of Neptune.

Our enemy, for so we had learned to designate the stranger, came gradually up in our wake. No light, no sound issued from her; and when about a cable's length from us, she luffed to the wind, as if to pass us to windward; but the voice of the captain, who hailed her with the usual salute, "Ship ahoy!" made her apparently alter her purpose, though she answered not, for, shifting her helm, she darted to leeward of us.

Again the trumpet sent forth its summons: but still there was no answer, and the vessel was now about a pistol shot from our larboard quarter.

"Once more, what ship's that? Answer or I'll send a broadside into you," was uttered in a voice of thunder from the trumpet by our captain.

Still all was silent; and many a heart beat with quicker pulsation.

On a sudden we observed her lower steering sails taken in by some invisible agency; for all this time we had not seen a single human being, nor did we hear the slightest noise, although we had listened with painful attention.

Matters began to assume a very serious aspect. Delay was dangerous. It was a critical moment, for we had an advantage of position not to be thrown away. Two maindeck guns were fired across her bow. The next moment our enemy's starboard ports were hauled up and we could plainly discern every gun, with a lantern over it, as they were run out.

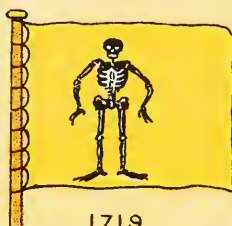
Still we hesitated with our broadside, and about a minute afterwards our enemy's guns disappeared as suddenly as they had been run out. We heard the order given to her helmsman. She altered her course and in a few seconds was astern of us.

We gazed at each other in silent astonishment, but presently all was explained. Our attention had been so taken up by the stranger, that we had not thought of the weather, which had been threatening some time, and for which reason we were under snug sail. But, during our short acquaintance, the wind had been gradually increasing, and two minutes after the pirate had dropt astern, it blew a perfect hurricane accompanied by heavy rain.

We had just time to observe our friend scudding before it under bare poles, and we saw him no more.

After this audacious attempt Benito de Soto steered north, with the intention of running into Corunna to refit and dispose of his plunder. Off the Spanish coast he captured a local brig, and after plundering her sank

THE "JOLLY ROGER"



her with all on board except one man, whom he retained to pilot the *Black Joke* into Corunna. As the pirate neared the harbour, with this man at the helm, de Soto said to him:—

“Is this the entrance?”

The reply was in the affirmative.

“Very well, my man,” went on the pirate captain, “you have done well, I am obliged to you,” and drawing a pistol from his belt he shot the wretched man dead.

At Corunna the pirate managed to sell his plunder without arousing suspicion, and obtaining ship’s papers under a false name shaped a course for Cadiz. But the weather coming on, he missed stays one dark night close inshore and took the ground. All hands, however, managed to reach the shore safely in the boats, and de Soto, nothing daunted by his misfortune, coolly arranged that they should march overland to Cadiz, represent themselves as shipwrecked mariners and sell the wreck there for what it would fetch. At Cadiz, however, the authorities were more on the alert than at Corunna, and arrested six of the pirates on suspicion that they were not what they represented themselves to be. They were not quite quick enough, however, de Soto and the rest of the pirate crew getting clean away. The pirate captain made his way to Gibraltar, where some of the invalid soldiers out of the *Morning Star*, on their way to Malta, happened to recognise him in spite of the fact that he wore a white hat of the best English quality, silk stockings, white trousers and blue frock-coat. He was thereupon arrested and in his possession were found clothes, charts, nautical instruments and weapons taken from the *Morning Star*. This was enough to convict him, but under his pillow

at the inn where he was staying, the maid-servant discovered the pocket-book and diary of Captain Souley, which settled matters.

He was tried before Sir George Don, Governor of Gibraltar, and sentenced to death. The British authorities sent him across to Cadiz to be executed along with the pirates captured there. A gallows was erected at the water's edge. He was conveyed there in a cart, which held his coffin. He met his death with iron fortitude. He actually arranged the noose round his own neck, and finding the loop came a little too high, calmly jumped on to the coffin, and settled it comfortably round his neck as cool and unconcerned as if it had only been a neckcloth. Then, after taking a final look round, he gazed for a moment steadfastly out to sea. As the wheels of the tumbril began to revolve, he cried out "Adios todos!" (farewell all), and threw himself forward in order to hasten the end.

Thus died Benito de Soto, the last of the more notable pirates, and a true example of the old-time sea rover.

Curiously enough, in the autumn of the very year that finished Benito de Soto's career, a man of the same name was also taken for piracy. This man was the mate of the pirate schooner *Pinta*, which brought to the brig *Mexican*, of Salem, on 20th September, 1832. The *Mexican* was on a passage from Salem to Rio Janeiro; when in 33° N., 34° 30' W., the *Pinta* ranged up alongside flying Brazilian colours, and launched a horde of ruffians on to her decks. After robbing the American of 20,000 dollars in specie, the pirates stripped her officers and crew and, fastening them down below, set fire to the brig.

Captain Batman and his men, however, succeeded in forcing the scuttle and reached the deck in time to put

out the flames. The case was reported to the U.S. Government, who sent out a cruiser after the pirate without success. However, the *Pinta* was captured shortly afterwards on the African coast by the British gun brig *Curlew*, and the pirates were sent over to America for trial. They were all duly hanged at Boston with the exception of de Soto, who was pardoned by President Jackson because some years before, when in command of the Spanish brig *Leon*, he had saved 72 persons from the ship *Minerva*, of Salem, which was on fire. This he accomplished at great risk to his own life.

The two cases form a peculiar paradox; after saving one crew from fire, de Soto straightaway turns pirate and at the first opportunity helps to set fire to another crew! A strange man!

Madeira.

Our Indiaman only makes one stop on the outward passage, and that is at Funchal, Madeira, for the purpose of taking up wine, which it was the regular custom to ship out East and home for the sake of maturity.

This was a welcome halt for the passengers, who enjoyed their run ashore as much as those on the Union-Castle boats do at the present day. Sometimes the captain of an Indiaman gave a ball, at which the griffins and writers made great play with the beautiful signoritas of the island. As a rule, however, the Indiaman only waited long enough to ship some 50 or 60 pipes of Madeira wine before heading away on her course south.

Tapping the Admiral.

The pipes of Madeira were supposed to benefit by their long voyage, but it very often happened that they also considerably diminished in quantity,

especially if there happened to be some cunning old fore-bowline amongst her thirsty crew. Indeed "tapping the admiral" was the constant endeavour of an Indiaman's crew. It consisted of boring a hole in a pipe of wine and sucking out the contents through a goose quill. In this way many a pipe of Madeira disappeared on its voyage of maturity.

Calcutta and the Hooghly River in the Days of John Company.

The *Thames*, in heading south, sails rather a different course to what Maury, the great American, and other later navigators advise. She crosses the line, where the usual rough and tumble ceremonies take place, as far to the eastward as possible, and forces her way south well over on the African side of the South Atlantic; hauls rather close round the Cape, receiving a severe battering in the process; then as soon as it is practicable heads away north. In the light winds and hot sun of the Bay of Bengal, the ship is prepared for port. She is painted inside and out, the rigging is set up, tarred and carefully rattled down, the decks are oiled and the bright work varnished.

A day comes when the deep blue of the ocean changes to a reddish tint; a cast of the deep sea lead finds bottom and brings up black mud in the arming, and old-timers swear they can smell the land.

Next a lone brig is sighted standing down to the Indiaman under easy sail.

"Hurrah! there's the pilot brig!" sings out Jack, and in a moment the ship is humming with excitement. Some of the soldiers run up the shrouds in competition as to which will see the land first, but though one or two of them goes high as the royal yard, they come down defeated.

Presently the rail is lined as a large boat pulled by natives puts off from the brig. The pilot gives the ship its first whiff of the East, in the shape of Bengal cheroots, which he hands round to the captain and the passengers.

He proves to be a tall, refined-looking man, neatly dressed in whites. He brings with him his leadsman, a smart young fellow sporting a silk jacket with anchor buttons. The leadsman is the half-fledged pilot. His function is a very important one in the shifting sands of the Hooghly mouth and his lead line is not marked in the usual way but at every 3 inches of its length. The last of the lordly Calcutta pilot's appendages is his silent Hindoo servant.

It is a beat in, which will make it heavy work tiding up the river, but the crew are cheered up by the news that they will get "pilot's grog" served out three times a day.

As we near the Sandheads, the colour of the water begins to be influenced by the bottom. Here it is violet, there to leeward pale green, and where the current seems swiftest a reddish brown.

The first land sighted is Saugor Point. We are soon in the hard business of the Saugor Channel, and going about every 10 minutes. In the intervals of 'bout ship, the only sound aboard is the sing-song voice of the leadsman as he gives the water under us.

And there is not much to see: low distant land, a sandbank here with the ribs of some unfortunate ship sticking out of it: there a solitary red or white buoy.

Presently we pass Tiger Island, and then anchor off Kedgeree whilst the ebb runs. Night falls and the noises of the waking jungle bring the Anglo-Indians, like war horses scenting the battle, to the weather-rail.

At the same time the raw recruits in the waist are

soon fighting their first Indian battle as the skirmishers of the tropics invade their ranks. Yes, the noise of slapping and damning gives evidence of the mosquito feasting on the fresh-faced boys from England.

Natives from Saugor and Kedgerie were the next arrivals, bearing vegetables, fruit and eggs, and the bargaining for these dainties filled the ship with a shrill clamour.

Morning finds the *Thames* underweigh again, running up with the stream, low muddy shores with a background of jungle on each side of her. The river is now a turbid, mud colour; upon its rapid waters an occasional native dinghy is seen fishing, but to eyes accustomed to the ceaseless traffic of modern Calcutta, the Hooghly would have seemed strangely empty and deserted.

At Fort Diamond two large row-boats filled with naked Hindoos pull off to the ship. They are to supply the place of the modern tug-boat and their business is to help the ship's head round in the ticklish navigation before us. By their aid we successfully negotiate the famous James and Mary Shoals and at length arrive off Garden Reach, where several splendid Indiamen are lying moored in tiers, the inner ships with wooden gangways on to the muddy shore. We land at Mud Ghaut in a dinghy wallah and are soon busy exploring the city, ending up with a drive on the Esplanade at the fashionable hour of the day.

In Calcutta the captain of a first class Indiaman is a man of some dignity. He generally lives ashore in a house of his own. He is rarely seen on board his ship, though he occasionally pays it a visit of state in company with some high official of the company. On these occasions he is received with a salute of seven guns and the ship is specially prepared for company.

Whilst ashore he entertains largely. Nor are the palanquin or gharry fit for his high-mightiness when he drives abroad. He must needs have a splendid carriage drawn by four horses, at the heads of which gorgeous native footmen can be seen, armed with long fly whisks, whilst ahead runners sing a continual chant, beseeching everyone to make way for the great sea captain. Whilst the commander pursues his triumphant way ashore, aboard the crew with the aid of a gang of coolies work cargo and take in silk, spices, indigo, saltpetre and hides.

We know of one Indiaman which took a whole menagerie aboard at Calcutta, including a Bengal tiger, a present to King William IV. Unfortunately she ran into a cyclone off Mauritius, fell into the centre where the sea was like a boiling pot, and all the wild beasts with the exception of the tiger were drowned.

Whilst the ship is in port, a bumboat is allowed alongside at certain times, and each A.B. is allowed so many rupees credit—a dozen or so—to buy fruit and curios, and silks and cottons, but no spirits.

There is one very unpleasant morning duty in the Hooghly, that is the clearing away of dead Hindoos which have been caught in the ship's moorings. In those days the river was always full of bodies over which the vultures flocked in endless numbers.

The middies were not allowed to run wild ashore, but were only given liberty like the men; a first-voyager generally found himself heading for Tank Square on his first trip ashore, in order to see the Black Hole of Calcutta, a dungeon in which 147 English men and women were suffocated during the hot weather of 1756.

As soon as the cargo is aboard, the ship is got ready for the passengers. We are to have sick troops in the

'tween decks, and the usual mixture of Anglo-Indians in the cuddy, with one or two great personages such as a judge and a brigadier.

The *Thames* has a more or less uneventful run home. A welcome halt is made in Simon's Bay, where the passengers are diverted by the exciting spectacle of a whale hunt. This used to be quite a profitable business in Simon's Bay at one time.

The usual kindly south-east trades were experienced, and we went "rolling down to St. Helena" with every kite set that could be hung out.

St. Helena Festivities.

At St. Helena we stayed a couple of days; and the captain gave a grand ball to the inhabitants and the officers and passengers of other Indiamen.

The *Scaleby Castle* returned our hospitality by a most cleverly staged performance of "Black-eyed Susan."

The play was introduced by some very fine sailors' dancing of reels, jigs and hornpipes; then, as the whole crew were singing:—

All in the Downs the fleet lay moored
When Black-eyed Susan came aboard,

a very pretty Susan skipped lightly aboard from the main chains, and after bowing deeply to the captain and the big-wigs in the front of the audience, burst into:—

Sailor, sailor, tell me true,
Does my Sweet William sail among your crew?

This was the signal for the smart captain of the maintop, on the *Scaleby Castle*, who immediately came hurtling down from aloft by means of the first rope that came handy and at a speed which must have burnt even his calloused hands.

William is dressed up to kill from his black pumps to his shiny tarpaulin hat. His luxuriant curls are over-

powered with bear's grease, his kerchief is all the colours of the rainbow, and his short blue coat has guinea buttons. His waistcoat is white with blue spots, and his trousers of white duck are so drawn in over the hips that he has a waist like a ballet-dancer.

Oh, Susan dear, how came you here?

thunders William, as if he were hailing the topgallant yard. Then the pair dance a fandango with great energy. The performance ends with a grand sing-song in which both performers and audience join. Then as the last verse of "Spanish Ladies" echoes through the ship, the chorus is taken up by the crews of the neighbouring vessels:—

We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas ;
 Until we strike soundings
 In the Channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

The next morning with a thunder of guns, much bunting and much cheering between the ships and shore boats, the homeward-bound Indiamen let fall their topsails and set out on the home stretch.

A week later we hove to off Ascension and traded a case or two of spirits for some turtle with a boatload of soldiers.

The equator is crossed with the usual ceremonies, and we are soon close-hauled in the north-east trades. A spell of doldrums, a night or two made bright with lightning, and out of a heavy squall bursts forth the brave west wind which carries us foaming into soundings.

Finally the anchor is dropped in Plymouth Sound, where, after a great deal of leave-taking, for life-long friends are made on these leisurely passages, we bid a last farewell to the gallant old *Thames* and take coach to London town.

PART III.

“THE BLACKWALLERS.”

And the beauty and mystery of the ships
And the magic of the sea.—LONGFELLOW,

The Divided Interests of Green and Wigram.

THE owners of the Blackwall Yard made one great mistake, and this in the end brought about their separation. Instead of buying and building ships for the firm, the partners played their own hands. Ship after ship was built in the yard: generally a pair of sister ships being laid down together, one for the family of Green and the other for the family of Wigram, but rarely one for the combined firm, until in a very few years the Greens had a considerable fleet running to the East in competition with an equal Wigram fleet, whilst the ships of the firm had been allowed to drop away so fast that in 1841 there were only two left, the old *Roxburgh Castle* and the *Pyramus*.

In 1843, the term of partnership having expired, the two families severed connections for good and divided the famous old yard between them, Money Wigram and Sons taking the western portion and R. & H. Green the eastern portion.

The arrangement meant the breaking up of all the old associations, and we are told of the distress of one of the firm's old captains, when, on returning from a voyage, he found “a brick wall running through the yard and the red cross through the flag.”

Dicky Green.

The famous Dicky Green, the elder of the two brothers, R. and H. Green, was an example of the very best type of private shipowner. His name was known and revered in shipping circles all over the world.

The bronze statue before the Public Baths in the East India Dock Road stands as a proof of his popularity in Blackwall. His charities indeed were wholesale. He was a bit of an invalid from birth and thus left a great deal of the practical side of the business to his brother Henry, who had been trained both as a shipwright and a scaman. Thus Dicky Green had more spare time, and he delighted to wander about Poplar, his favourite hound, Hector, at his heels and a crowd of ragged street urchins in his wake. He always wore waistcoats with very capacious pockets and from one of these pockets he was wont to distribute sixpences to the old people at the almshouses, whilst from the other he produced sweets for the children. In his charities and philanthropic work he worthily upheld the name of his father George, to whom Poplar was indebted for Green's Sailors Home, the Trinity Schools, the Trinity Chapel and the almshouses, to mention the chief only of his gifts to the East End.

With such a man as Dicky Green at the head of the firm, it is not surprising that the comfort of the officers and men was of more consideration than the balance sheet. Indeed no ships were ever more staunchly built or more generously kept up than those of the Blackwall Line.

Dicky Green died 1863. Whilst he lived iron ships were not even hinted at in the Blackwall Yard, and it is probable that the *Superb*, *Carlisle Castle* and *Melbourne* would never have been countenanced by the staunch

old Conservative. Iron shipbuilding has never flourished on the Thames and I think one may say that it was partly the introduction of iron that ended Green's famous Blackwall Line.

Money Wigram & Sons.

The family of Wigram rivalled the family of Green in its influence upon London shipping.

It is always difficult for two strong personalities to run in double harness, and this was probably the chief reason why the old firm of Green & Wigram broke up.

Yet the yard continued for some years to build sister ships in pairs, one for Green and one for Wigram, and Money Wigram was no wit behind Green in the way in which he ran and maintained his ships. The rivalry must have been very keen, yet I can find no traces of bitterness.

Money Wigram was one of the first of London owners to transfer ships from the Indian trade to the Australian trade. And as far back as 1837 we find him launching a little barque of 293 tons called the *Emu*, which he had specially designed for the Australian trade.

Wigram's fleet was never quite as large a one as Green's; and like many other enterprising shipowners, the firm were enticed into trying to run auxiliary steamers; this led to the rather early demise of their sailing ships.

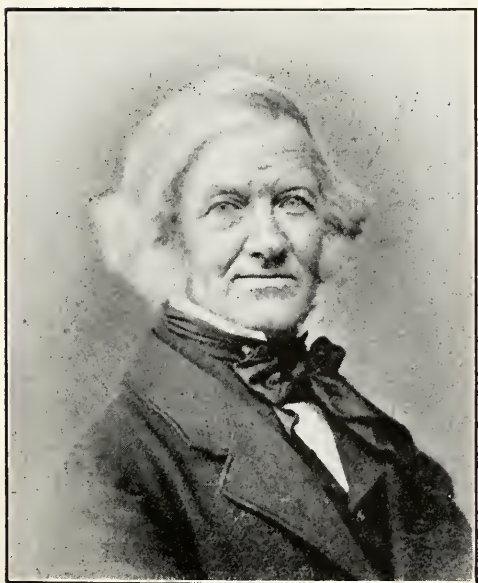
Joseph Somes.

In writing of the old-time shipowners, one cannot help being struck by the way in which personalities rather than companies swayed the destinies of British shipping.

No doubt this is always the case, but in those days the



DICKY GREEN.



CAPTAIN FURNELL, OF THE "SERINGAPATAM."

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personality was not so hidden from the public eye—hidden amongst the names of a full board of directors.

These old shipowners ruled their firms like autocrats, and built up the great British Mercantile Marine of the present day just as the great Empire builders built up the British Empire. Amongst such owners we find the names of Green, Smith, Wigram, Joseph Somes, Duncan Dunbar, James Baines, Wilson, Willis, Thompson and Anderson looming up head and shoulders above their fellows just as amongst the Empire builders we find those of Clive, Raffles and Rhodes.

With the demise of the old John Company, these men found their opportunity and amongst the first to seize this opportunity was Joseph Somes. Joseph Somes began his career as an India husband. But with his enterprise it was not long before he had ships trading to every part of the world. Some of his earliest ships, such as the *Perseverance*, 423 tons, built at Quebec in 1801, were South Sea whalers; others were West Indiamen; and he was also well known for the number of his ships taken up for various purposes by the Government. Many of his ships were hired for the transport of convicts, and Lieut. Coates gives a list of rates paid to him for the years 1840 and 1841 in this gruesome traffic, viz. :—

<i>Mastland</i>	648 tons	£5	0	0	per ton	per voyage
<i>Asia</i>	536	£5	9	0	„	„
<i>Eden</i>	522	£5	13	9	„	„
<i>Lord Lyndoch</i>	638	£5	14	0	„	„
<i>Mary Ann</i>	394	£6	4	4	„	„
<i>Mezborough</i>	376	£6	6	0	„	„

His house-flag, which only differed from the White Ensign in having an anchor instead of the Union Jack in the canton, is supposed to have been granted to him as a reward for his many services to the Government

in time of need. When the H.E.I.C. sold their fleet, Joseph Somes bought some of their finest ships such as the *Earl of Balcarres*, *Thomas Coutts*, *Abercrombie Robinson*, *Lowther Castle*, *George the Fourth* and *Java*. This latter had a particularly interesting history.

The Old "Java."

She was built at Calcutta in 1813, and presented, fully equipped, to a British officer by a grateful father, for saving his daughter who had been carried off by savages. The British officer, apparently, landed a party in pursuit and eventually found the girl, lying stripped of all her clothes but unhurt, in the jungle. As a confirmation of this story the *Java's* figurehead represented a naked woman with her hands clasped as if praying for deliverance.

The *Java* was built of teak and mounted 30 guns. In 1856 or 1857 she was sold to John Hall, of London, and in 1865 she sailed to Gibraltar to end her days as a coal hulk. On her passage out she struck on the Pearl Rock, but got off and reached Gibraltar safely. The underwriters, however, insisted on her returning to London to be examined, when it was found that a large piece of rock lay embedded in her teak bottom. She then returned to Gibraltar and was turned into a coal hulk. Lieut. Coates saw her there in the nineties, she was then 83 years of age and her only leak was where she had been repaired after the piece of rock had been removed. Lieut. Coates' description of her is full of interest. After remarking on her shortness, her low bluff bow, tumblehome sides, and double row of gunports, he goes on to say:—

The waist from the break of the poop to that of the forecastle was so short as to seem almost a square. On the upper deck were 12 gun-

ports, and in the stanchions on either side of them were still to be seen the heavy iron eye-bolts for securing the breeching of the guns.

One mast still stood, which, being of teak, might be reasonably assumed to have been the original stick.

On her forecastle were still showing her knight-heads; a stump of a bowsprit protruded from the bow, and one of the original cat-heads still remained; the other, I was told, had been shorn off by a passing steamer. Her windlass, though antiquated, seemed massive enough to have held the *Great Eastern*.

We descended then on to her main deck. On this deck she had apparently carried 12 guns, and here, as on the upper deck, the breeching bolts for securing her guns to the side still remained, a silent testimony to the stirring times in which she had been afloat.

We found during our wanderings the old pair of double steering wheels, which formerly had their place, as was a custom in those days, under the break of the poop. Now, in the closing days of this grand old ship, they had been removed from their place and been utilised as the wheels of the hand winch. The upper and main deck beams were supported by massive teak stanchions handsomely turned.

Joseph Somes was one of the promoters of Lloyd's Register. In his old age he was partnered by his sons, and the firm at his death disguised itself under the name of the Merchant Shipping Company.

T. & W. Smith.

In the history of the Calcutta and Madras passenger trade, T. & W. Smith, of Newcastle, rank on an equality with Green and Wigram.

The firm was founded as far back as the beginning of the nineteenth century by Thomas Smith, one of the Smiths, of Togstone, in Northumberland, who, having served an apprenticeship with a Newcastle ropemaker, eventually, like George Green at Blackwall, married his master's daughter and succeeded to his business. This example of the good apprentice had two sons, Thomas, born in 1783, and William, born in 1787. The elder joined his father as a ropemaker, whilst the youngest was apprenticed to William Rowe, at that time the largest shipbuilder on the Tyne.

In 1808, the year William Smith completed his apprenticeship, Rowe launched the largest ship ever built on the Tyne—H.M.S. *Bucephalus*, a 32-gun frigate, measuring 970 tons.

Two years later old Thomas Smith bought Rowe's business and, taking his two sons into partnership, founded the shipbuilding firm of Smith & Sons, though he still continued the ropemaking business with his eldest son.

The Smiths had not been long in the business before they turned their attention to the building of Indiamen, at that time almost the monopoly of the Blackwall Yard. Curiously enough, their first Indiaman was the *Duke of Roxburgh*, of 417 tons burthen, built to the order of their rivals, Green & Wigram.

She was followed by the *George Green*, also to the order of the famous Blackwall firm and launched on Boxing Day, 26th December, 1829. This ship, according to a contemporary account, was considered the finest passenger-carrying merchantman ever built on the Tyne at that date and the equal of any London-built ship. She measured 568 tons burthen on a length of 135 feet, was "frigate-built" and "fitted up with much elegance for the carrying of passengers." Her life, however, was a short one, as she was lost on her way to London from the Tyne. Smith's next Indiamen was the *Duke of Northumberland*, of 600 tons burthen, launched 28th February, 1831. It was soon after this, however, that the Newcastle firm commenced running ships of their own to Madras and Calcutta in competition with Green and Wigram.

In 1836 old Thomas Smith died, and the firm then became Thomas & William Smith, and began to develop in every direction.

They soon owned the largest shipbuilding business on the Tyne, and besides running their own ships in the East Indian trade had a fleet of colliers jogging between the Tyne and London. At Gravesend they owned coal hulks; at Blackwall a sailmaking loft, and in the East India Dock a warehouse.

Smith's Indiamen were always pierced for guns so that they could readily be converted into war vessels, and they always carried a couple of 32-pounders.

Their two largest and finest ships, the *Marlborough* and *Blenheim*, were specially surveyed for the Government and reported as frigates fit for carrying armaments, and at the Great Exhibition of 1851 they were presented with silk ensigns and house-flags as being the finest ships in the British Mercantile Marine.

About this date the designation "Line" came into fashion amongst shipping firms, and eventually Smith's became known as the Blue Cross Line, the name being due to their house-flag.

When the Suez Canal was opened, the Smiths joined another Newcastle firm and started sending steamers through the Canal, their *Blue Cross* being the first steamer through that ditch, which did so much to kill the sailing ship. Indeed, it was owing to the Suez Canal that T. & W. Smith decided to give up sailing ships and sell their fleet.

Duncan Dunbar.

The only other owner of frigate-built passenger ships of any note was the famous Duncan Dunbar, who died in 1862 leaving a fortune of a million and a half.

His ships, however, were not built in London. A number of them were built at his own yard in Moulmein, and except for two or three of the later ones, the rest

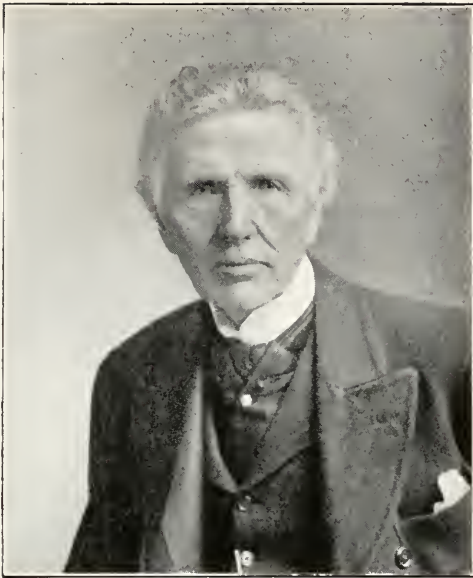
came from Sunderland. Duncan Dunbar was a great believer in India-built ships, and the vessels he built at Brema, Moulmein, were noted for their stoutness. They were all built of teak, cut from the forests that lined the banks of the river and surrounded the yard, which is now owned by a timber exporter though the old dock gates are still in existence. As a proof of the staunchness of his Moulmein built ships, I find that his *Marion*, 684 tons, launched in 1834, was wrecked off Newfoundland, in 1877, after many years in the North Atlantic trade. And the *Lady Macdonald*, 678 tons, launched in 1847, was still afloat in the nineties.

Duncan Dunbar succeeded his father, who came to England before the end of the eighteenth century and started shipowning in a small way. Duncan Dunbar, the elder, died in 1825, and his famous son, on taking over the business, very soon made his name familiar both in the Indian and Australian trades, and many of his ships remained in these trades until long after his death though they had been dispersed under other house-flags.

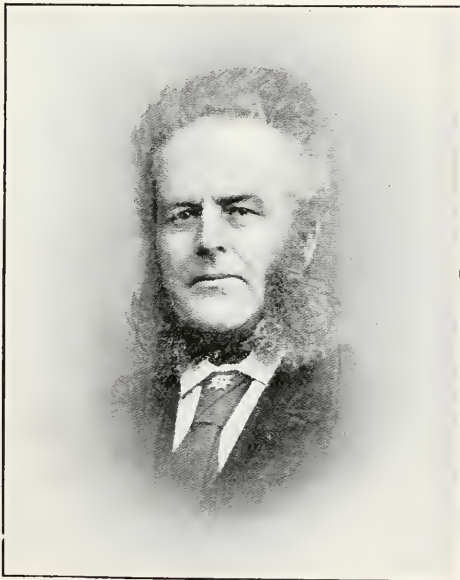
The Captains of the Blackwall Frigates.

A man who had gained the command of a Blackwall frigate was considered to have reached the topmost pinnacle of his profession, and a very comfortable pinnacle it was, being worth to its lucky possessor often as much as £5000 a year. It allowed a man to put "Esquire" after his name and to add to it "Commander," as is well seen in the dedications on the numerous lithographs and paintings of these stately ships.

One has but to mention such names as Sir Allen Young, Henry Toynbee, John Sydney Webb, Methven,



CAPTAIN METHVEN.



CAPTAIN TOYNBEE, OF THE "HOTSPUR."

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Parish, Wilcox, C. Johnson, and Studdert to recognise that these Blackwall captains were past masters of the sea.

In the science of navigation they were far in advance of the ordinary shipmaster of their day. Lunars with them were a recreation, and they regularly used the stars at a date when most navigators were quite content with a meridian altitude. At the same time they were noted for the good tracks which they made both out and home. Many of them seemed to have a quite uncanny talent for finding fair winds and for avoiding calm patches, and though the painstaking Maury showed the navigator the longitude to cross the line, the parallel to run the easting down on, etc., etc., these experienced Blackwallers did not need him—they were true ocean pilots whether in the Channel, to the southward of the Cape or in the Bay of Bengal.

But they were far more than mere scientific navigators, they were many of them sea naturalists and oceanographers of no mean calibre.

With the passing of the sailing ship, the sea naturalist has lost his opportunity. The sailor of to-day knows very little of the teeming life under his keel and on all sides of him—no dolphin, albacore, bonita, or porpoise can keep up with a modern steamship for more than a few moments, and even an albatross is soon tired out by a steady 15-knotter. Still less is there opportunity to examine the smaller inhabitants of the ocean, but such a man as Toynbee took dredge and trawl nets to sea with him and preserved and classified his specimens aboard his ship like a scientist in his laboratory.

The wonders of the deep! Such men as these Blackwall captains had every opportunity of studying these wonders, and they did so to some advantage. In fact

they knew the sea; and there are not many men who earn their living on the great waters who can say the same to-day. How many seamen are there alive to-day who have seen a whale harpooned from a boat, who have watched a fight between whales, swordfish and killers, or who have seen porpoises migrating in lines which stretch from horizon to horizon? How many seamen have seen the ice blink, or the white water or the ripples or the red patches or the fiery sea?

Not only were all these wonders experienced but they were studied scientifically by these Blackwall commanders. As for weather, they were professors of the weather. Not only were they wise to every doldrum squall, every sudden shift of wind and changing current, but they were expert cyclone dodgers.

Discipline.

Smart discipline is the first sign of all round efficiency, and this fact was thoroughly recognised by the old Blackwall captains, who not only upheld their own dignity but insisted on such strict discipline throughout their ships as was worthy of the Royal Navy.

The side was always manned when the commander of a Blackwaller came aboard. The midshipman on the bell was never permitted to leave the lee side of the poop. All orders were carried out to the tune of the bosun's whistle and even chanties were not allowed by certain martinets. The crew had their regular stations and regular sail drill so that whether the flying jib or the spanker, a royal or a staysail had to be handed, there was no confusion. Every man knew his job and jumped to it.

The India ships kept up this semi-naval discipline



CAPTAIN E. LE POER TRENCH, OF THE "NEWCASTLE."



CAPTAIN TAYLOR, OF THE "ALNWICK CASTLE."

[To face Page 112.]

to the end, but the Australian ships were rarely as strict, this of course depending a great deal upon their commanders. These autoocrats were also quickly down upon the slightest lapse from "genteel" behaviour on the part of their passengers. Here again Australian ships were generally more easy-going than Indian ships. In one of my old Australian ship newspapers there is a very indignant letter complaining of the indecent behaviour of some of the passengers, who, in the hot weather of the line, had dared to take off their coats, and, horror of horrors! had even removed their stocks. The writer declared that "such gross indecorum" would never have been permitted on an India ship. Needless to say that the captain of a Blackwaller was never seen off his poop, and even in the Bay of Bengal wore his starched stock and tight buttoned uniform frock-coat.

Midshipmen.

The Blackwall frigates differed from other British sailing ships in that they carried midshipmen and not apprentices.

It may be argued that this is only a difference in terms, but as a matter of fact, as we shall see later, the two were quite distinct; indeed certain ships were known to carry both midshipmen and apprentices.

The midshipmen were drawn from the same class as those in the Royal Navy and paid a premium of £60 a voyage, whereas, where apprentices were required to pay a premium, it was never anything like so much. To enter sea life as a midshipman in a Blackwaller was considered a very fine opening for a boy in the mid-Victorian era. Guardians of orphans, especially, were fond of disposing of their wards in this way, for they

were well satisfied with the prospects before a boy who learnt his trade in such well run ships and knew at the back of their minds as well that he would prove less troublesome than if they had to educate him at a Public School and then find a land profession or business for him. These midshipmen were called "the young gentlemen" and they were treated as such, and knew very little of the drudgery, the hardship and the want of food and sleep undergone by the apprentice in other sailing ships. In fact, they had quite as good and happy a time as their contemporaries in the Royal Navy ; and when it came to skylarking, monkey-like mischief and practical joking they were quite the equals of Marryat's *Peter Simple* or *Midshipman Easy*. That it was the happiest time in their sea life many of them have freely acknowledged in their later days; and what would not the modern apprentice give to be able to start his sea-going under such conditions.

Besides the premium the parents and guardians of these Blackwall midshipmen had to provide a few pounds of pocket and mess money and of course the usual sea outfit with its badge cap and brass-bound uniform, which has caused so many a boy to fancy himself beyond all reason.

In the early days Green & Wigram's officers were allowed to wear the lion and crown of the old E.I.Co., but this gave place eventually to the house-flags of the companies themselves.

Boys, like women, are the slaves of fashion. And not only did they have a strict etiquette regarding dress, which it was criminal to offend, but each ship had its own particular customs. Thus a "mid" on some strictly disciplined ships had to wear his cap straight and so it grew to be the proper thing to do; whilst in

other ships the young gentleman like our friend the apprentice would wear his cap on its beam ends if he did not wish to be accused of putting on side.

His buttons on some ships had to shine like stars, but on others it was the thing to have them green with verdigris. Again on some ships he must be barefooted, whether the pitch in the seams was bubbling or a cold nor'easter blowing, whilst on others such a sight as barefeet was an offence against mid-Victorian "gentility."

But whether "mid" or apprentice, the base of the nature of every sea boy has always been the same. He had an imp's passion for mischief: of practical joking he was never tired; and if he could escape an unpleasant duty by any possible ingenuity he never failed to try to do so. He had a peculiar code of honour which made stealing from a shipmate a deadly offence but stealing from the ship a merit.

He took a pride in doing his work well yet looked down upon any companion who openly took pains to learn it. The boy who had been a voyage or two and yet was a poor seaman was held in contempt by his mates, yet he had to pick up his knowledge by round-about methods, by any way rather than the straightforward one of working at it.

And the boy who was slow aloft was the object of ridicule and abuse, though the boy who could be quick enough if he chose and yet malingered in order to exasperate his officers was considered a stout fellow.

Yet withal every midshipman possessed such a keen pride in his own ship that he would rather suffer death than that she should be disgraced.

And now let us look at the duties required by these high-spirited Blackwall midshipmen. Firstly, all the

working of the mizen mast was considered theirs. That mast, next to the ship itself, was their chief pride, and greatly did they feel the disgrace if during a storm or sudden squall they could not reef or furl without the aid of any foremast hands. However "the young gentlemen" were excused from greasing and tarring down, which was done by ordinary seamen.

A boy in the *Hotspur* under Toynbee had little excuse for not turning out a scientific and clever navigator. Every morning at 10 some of his "mids" had to attend in the cuddy for navigation lessons, whilst at the same time his bosun on the main deck held classes in knotting, splicing, using a palm and needle, etc. And the boy who learnt his marlinspike seamanship under a Blackwall rigger was lucky indeed.

"We were put in three watches," writes the late Captain Whall, "like the officers; thus we had four hours on deck, then eight below, which gave us sufficient sleep. We kept our watch on the poop in uniform, being treated as junior officers." Every day one of Toynbee's midshipmen had the honour of dining at his captain's table; and here one can see how more nearly allied they were to Marryat's creations than to the present day apprentice.

In their sleeping quarters they also were more akin to the Navy "mid," for they berthed on the lower deck in semi-darkness. They slept in hammocks and each "mid" had his hammockman, whose only pay very often was an occasional glass of grog, for these lucky young gentlemen were even allowed their wine. When the spirits were issued at dinner time for the officers' mess, a wineglassful was the share of each midshipman. There was also a midshipmen's steward, commonly called "the midshipmen's devil."

These lads soon found themselves in places of responsibility. Each of the boats was placed in charge of a "mid," who was responsible for its condition and for its readiness in case of emergency. Then, too, the midshipman of the watch always called over the names, and reported to the officer of the watch. "Watch all on deck, sir: so-and-so sick: so and so first look-out: wheel relieved." The senior midshipmen did duty as foc's'le officer, the remainder, as I have said, being responsible for the mizen mast except for greasing, scraping and blacking down.

They had to see that the dead-eyes of the topmast rigging were turned in square: and the topmast and topgallant rigging kept well pulled up; gaskets made up snug and seized in at equal distances along the yards and in fine weather cheesed up all to the same length: bunt-lines overhauled and stopped with a split rope-yarn; "scotchmen" seized on between the futtock shrouds and the mizen rigging, on topmost backstay in the way of the crossjack yard, and wherever else a chafe might occur. They had to make paunch and quarter mats for the yards, and make sure that they were laced well on so as not to shift, breeches mat on the collar of mizen stay, and point all new ropes.

Then they had to do all the rattling down, cover and graft block strops: keep services and roundings in repair; make spare gaskets, etc., etc. When topgallant stunsails were cleared away or topmast stunsails set the midshipmen took charge of the tacks, and had the easing away of the tacks and halliards when these sails were taken in.

Another duty given to midshipmen was that of going aloft ten minutes before sunrise on to the main royal yard, to remain there until the sun had risen, on the

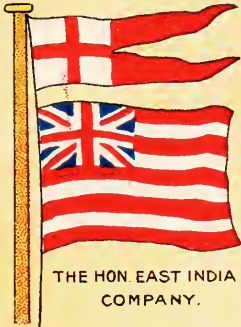
look-out for any sail, that being the time when the horizon is clearest and objects more easily picked up.

Their one punishment seems to have been the humane and often enjoyable one of "mast-heading." Their amusements were as varied as those of Marryat's mischief-loving shavers. Where the present day apprentices' sole relaxation is a sing-song in the dog watches, these privileged "hard bargains" were allowed to take part in concerts and theatricals. And when becalmed in the tropics they were allowed to put a boat over the side and bathe; then there were the usual deep sea fishing, shark catching, dolphin spearing and that exciting sport bonito fishing from the jibboom, such sport indeed as the steamboat hand knows not.

In place of the usual shark hook towing astern, such scientific seamen as Captain Toynebee instituted a wonderful little bag which, when hauled up, generally contained some minute wonder of the sea world. This was duly examined under the microscope and catalogued with perhaps the ultimate honour of being described in one of Toynebee's natural history papers on the lower forms of ocean life. Collections from stamps to beetles are always a large factor in a normal boy's life, so it can well be imagined how popular was this dredge-bag of Toynebee's.

Then there were the usual deck sports such as slinging the monkey and cock-fighting. Another favourite game was a "follow my leader" chase aloft, which generally led to such dangerous acrobatic feats as running along the yards, standing on one's head at the main truck and coming down from the royal yard to the deck by the leeches of the sails.

From the results as seen by the success of these midshipmen in their profession, there is no doubt that



THE HON. EAST INDIA
COMPANY.



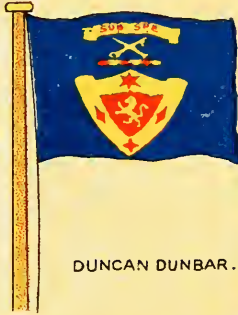
GREEN'S
BLACKWALL LINE.



MONEY WIGRAM & SONS.



COMMODORE'S
SWALLOW TAIL,
(DUNCAN DUNBAR.)



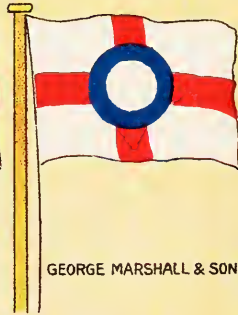
DUNCAN DUNBAR.



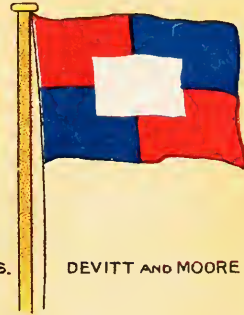
T AND W. SMITH,
(BLUE CROSS LINE.)



JOSEPH SOMES.



GEORGE MARSHALL & SONS.



DEVITT AND MOORE.

the premiums asked by the Blackwall firms were well worth the money. Perhaps I should give these premiums in greater detail and compare them with those of one or two of the best firms taking apprentices at about the same date.

Dicky Green's "hard bargains" paid £60 first voyage; £50 second voyage; £40 third voyage; no premium fourth voyage and made their fifth voyage usually as fifth mate at £1 a month.

T. & W. Smith asked £150 for three voyages plus £10 mess money. Midshipmen signed no indentures and could leave at the end of a voyage.

The caterer of the midshipmen's mess generally had about £80 to expend per voyage, which was gathered in subscriptions from the middies concerned. Then the parents of each boy usually placed £10 to £15 in the hands of the captain as shore money in India or Australia.

As an example of the best run cargo carriers of that time, I will take the little City ships running to Calcutta. They carried six apprentices as a rule as against about ten midshipmen in the Blackwallers. These apprentices were paid £2 first year, £4 second year, £8 third year and £12 fourth year, for which their parents had to put down a deposit of £26 as a guarantee that they would serve their full time, the deposit being returned with full interest at the completion of their indentures.

In the Aberdeen White Star Line there was no premium and no pay.

Both classes, midshipmen and apprentices, turned out fine seamen, though the middies generally made the better officers and navigators.

Crews.

The crews carried by the Blackwall frigates both in numbers and quality far surpassed those of any other British merchant ships, they were in fact almost equal to those in the corvettes of the Royal Navy. The petty officers and men before the mast were always very carefully selected by the mate, aided as a rule by the bosun, and then submitted to the captain for his approval. Thus there was seldom a man aboard a Blackwaller who was not an expert rigger, a practical sail-maker, a neat marlinspike workman, a burly sail-fister and a good helmsman.

When we consider the numbers carried by these little 1000-ton ships we cannot but feel that sometimes the mate must have had a difficulty in finding work for them all.

As late as 1875 the *Newcastle* carried 4 mates, surgeon, 8 to 11 midshipmen, bosun, carpenter, sail-maker, donkeyman, 3 quartermasters, 4 fore topmen, 4 main topmen, 6 fore-castle hands, 6 after-guard, 4 ordinary seamen, 4 boys, chief and second steward, about 7 other stewards (the number of these varied with the number of passengers), 2 cooks, butcher and butcher's mate, baker and baker's mate.

The *Trafalgar* carried 5 mates, and besides the usual petty officers a ship's fiddler and a cooper. The cooper was a most necessary man in the days when all the ship's water was carried in casks. The fiddler vanished when patent windlasses and steam donkeys came in; before that date his was one of the most important duties when heaving up the anchor. This, with the old-fashioned endless messenger, was a long job, and the fiddler on the capstan head kept the life in the men on the capstan bars. He was also an invaluable aid to dog-watch sing-songs and ship's concerts.

The old station lists in use aboard the Blackwall frigates are of interest to show the semi-naval discipline. I have placed a set in the Appendix.

Passengers.

The crack Blackwallers only made one voyage a year between London and Calcutta, generally calling at Madras on the passage out and at Cape Town when homeward bound. There was always a marked difference between these two passages with regard to passengers. On the way out the ships were alive with joyous young people such as the "griffins" (young civilians going out to start a career in the Indian Civil), the subalterns going into the Indian Army, and by no means least the debutantes, on their way to the conquest of social India.

On this passage concerts and theatricals filled the hours of the tropic nights; amateur astronomers paired off in secluded corners; active middies, swinging over the ship's quarter at the end of a brace or lee-line conducted whispered serenades before certain portholes. The commander in his best uniform coat took his constitutional with a girl on each arm; and the mates conducted carefully selected parties of one to the jibboom end for the sole object of showing off the ship from a point where it could be seen to the best advantage.

And when the Blackwaller finally brought up off the Esplanade moorings, what a number of wet eyes and flushed cheeks! and what passionate speeches! No one cared how long the outward passage took except the captain. It was very different on the homeward. Then the 'tween decks were filled with invalid troops; too often the tolling bell and backed topsail drew attention to a grating at the gangway, on which lay something covered by the Union Jack.

Pale-faced women and tired, haggard men wandered listlessly about the decks—women torn in two between their husbands in India and their children at home, men with broken health spent in their country's service, some of them leaving the government of millions for a dull little house at either Tunbridge Wells or Southsea; others leaving the stir of frontier campaigning for a smoking-room chair at the "Rag."

Then instead of dances and theatricals, chessboards and whist tables were the fashion, where peppery, red-faced colonels contended with yellow-cheeked, imperious nabobs, whisky pegs at their elbows and silent-footed khitmagars hovering behind their backs. Then lean, hard-bitten squadron leaders played shovel board and told each other of wonderful games of polo, of record days pig-sticking and of all the slaughter they had made of tiger, sambur, bear and buck, of duck and quail, partridge and snipe; whilst the women discussed hill stations or the merits of native servants. There were generally some children also going home under the care of the captain and their boisterous spirits not only upset card tables and deck chairs but the irritable tempers of brigadier-generals and judges and native commissioners.

This was the passage when the commander had to listen to the eternal criticism of "Things weren't done like this on the —, last time I came home." Angry fretful voices rang through the homeward-bound ship complaining of lack of air in the cuddy or of too much air in the cuddy; of the stamping overhead when the watch freshened the nip or of water splashing through portholes when decks were being washed down.

The homeward passage, however, was sometimes enlivened by troops, and this was specially the case when

two ships left about the same time, each with a half of the same regiment on board. Then, indeed, the little Blackwallers resembled racing tea clippers, and the interest and betting as to which half of the regiment would arrive home first being at fever heat from the Bay of Bengal right to the Channel.

Ship Races.

The late Captain Whall tells some good stories of these races.

In 1867 the *Winchester* and the *St. Lawrence* left Calcutta homeward bound, the former with the right wing and the latter with the left wing of the 98th on board. The two ships did not meet until close to St. Helena, when the *St. Lawrence* sighted the *Winchester* ahead and, slowly overhauling her, presently passed close by her, both ships being extremely busy with their signal halliards.

Here let me quote Captain Whall.

As we drew ahead we began to chaff, using the vocabulary we hoisted bit by bit.

"How—do—you—like—the—look—of—our—stern?"

Winchester immediately began her reply.

"Very—like—a—"

What on earth are they going to say?

Up went the flags.

"L A U N D R Y."

For a moment we were nonplussed. Then the chief officer climbed over the taffrail and looked down. The puzzle was solved: the stern-cabiners had been having a private washing day, and their windows were decorated with several indispensable articles of feminine attire! Our triumph was marred.

Both ships intended stopping at St. Helena, and the *St. Lawrence* managed to make Jamestown anchorage 12 hours ahead of her rival. The *Winchester*, however, hurried her stay and got away from St. Helena 15 hours before the *St. Lawrence*.

Ten days later the two ships met again and eventually reached Spithead almost together.

The entries in *St. Lawrence's* log are as follows.

Jan. 18, 1867.—Hauled out and dropped down to Garden Reach.

„ 21.—Dropped pilot, made sail to a light S.W.ly breeze.

March 11.—24° 5' S., 3° 14' E. Distance 237 miles. Fresh breeze and fine. 1 p.m., *Winchester* in sight on starboard bow.

March 12.—Distance 214 miles, *Winchester* spoken, reported losing nine children from measles. P.M., *Winchester* astern.

March 13.—Distance 209 miles. Squally. *Winchester* half courses down astern.

March 14.—Came to anchor off Jamestown, St. Helena.

„ 15.—8 a.m., *Winchester* anchored. 10 p.m., *Winchester* left.

„ 16.—Shortened to 45 fathoms. 1 p.m., hove up and proceeded to sea. Made all plain sail and all stunsails, both sides at the main.

March 28.—1° 47' N., 22° 15' W. Distance 21 miles. Calm, constantly trimming sail to catspaws. Three sail in sight, one of them *Winchester*. Signalled British ship *Talvera* from Calcutta to London, 72 days out.

March 29.—Distance 29 miles. Light variable airs, *Talvera* on starboard quarter. *Winchester* right astern.

Captain Whall gives another interesting account of a race between the *Hotspur*, with troops on board, and the Adelaide clipper *Murray*. The two ships met in Table Bay and fraternised, and, as naturally happened, many bets were wagered as to which ship should get home first. The two ships left Capetown together, and amidst tremendous excitement made sail against each other, stunsail for stunsail as they felt the trade. For the next eleven days they remained in sight of each other, and so nearly matched in sailing were they that for hours their bearings never altered, the trade blowing very steady.

But the *Hotspur* always gained during the night; no one could say what was the reason for this, until at last it was suggested that the difference in sailing at night was due to the troops being in their hammocks. The commanding officer was consulted and the troops offered

an extra pint of beer if they would go to bed for an hour or two. The troops were only too willing, the hammocks were piped down and the men turned in. At once the *Hotspur* began to gain, surely but very slowly, as shown by the azimuth compass. Directly this experiment was proved a success the hammocks were piped down every afternoon for an hour or two: and Captain Whall remarks:—

I never heard of a similar method of winning a race; but there's something in it when you come to think of it. Our 500 odd troops would weigh, say, 35 tons, and it is possible that such a weight, swinging steadily to the roll of the ship would make a difference to her; more especially as, otherwise, they would be distributed about the decks and all on the move. If you are a boat sailor you will know how important it is, particularly in light winds, to sit still.

With the aid of the troops, *Hotspur* at length dropped the *Murray* behind the horizon astern. But in 26° N. the two ships met again, in squally weather, the wind easterly and the log slate showing 12 knots at times.

This time they were together for six days; then once more the *Hotspur* managed to get away from the *Murray*, and she made the Channel about 24 hours ahead.

Sir William Butler records another exciting troop-ship race in his autobiography.

In February, 1864, the *Trafalgar* and *Lord Warden* embarked the 69th Regiment at Madras. *Trafalgar*, with the right wing on board, sailed on the 10th, the *Lord Warden*, with the left wing, ten days later. Both ships were bound for Plymouth, calling at St. Helena. General Butler was on board the *Lord Warden*. This ship published the usual shipboard newspaper, which was called the *Homeward Bound*. From this journal we find that on the first fortnight at sea the *Lord Warden* averaged 80 miles a day, on the second 124 miles and on the third 184 miles. On the run down to St. Helena

she averaged 212 miles a day. The *Lord Warden* arrived at Jamestown on 15th April, and found a number of American whalers in the anchorage, hiding from the *Alabama*.

Butler relates how he visited one of these South seamen. She was three months out from Maine, her captain and crew both in looks and clothes resembled so many Robinson Crusoes, all wearing long beards. It was early morning and her skipper insisted on Butler having breakfast with him. This consisted of a "black bottle of terrible spirit" and a plate of hard tack biscuits on a table which had been "lubricated with blubber."

The *Lord Warden* found that the *Trafalgar* had gained a week on them, having left St. Helena seventeen days before. But the *Lord Warden* made a good run home, and on the 21st May anchored at Plymouth, 90 days out from Madras. An hour later a full-rig ship was sighted hull down beyond the Eddystone. The captain of the *Lord Warden*, who had only one eye, but that, like Nelson's, a good one, laid his glass upon the distant vessel and pronounced her to be the *Trafalgar*. And so it was. And on the 22nd May the two ships sailed in company up the Channel to Portsmouth before a delightful westerly breeze.

The times of the two ships to Plymouth were as follows:—

Left.	<i>Trafalgar</i>	<i>Lord Warden</i>
Madras	10th February	20th February
St. Helena	29th March, 47 days out	15th April, 54 days out
Plymouth	21st May, 100 days out	21st May, 90 days out

The *Lord Warden's* best 24-hour run was 320 miles between the Azores and the Lizard.

Amongst troops there were generally from 70 to 80 invalids, wrecks due to the Indian climate. For these invalids the "chops of the Channel" held a sinister

meaning, for it was a well-known experience that many of them died as soon as they reached soundings.

Calcutta and its Shipping.

At Calcutta the proud Blackwallers moored in tiers, two ships abreast, on the Esplanade moorings opposite the "Course," where, in the evening, many a smart turnout was to be seen driving up and down or pulled up listening to the band at the Eden Gardens.

This driving was much favoured by the old East India captains. Many of them drove their own turnouts and there was plenty of chaff as they dashed by each other, for a sailor always likes speed and mettlesome horses. Indeed, on occasions the horses were almost too much for the skippers—then you would hear such comments as these, sung out in reef-topsail voices:—

"Peppercorn's carrying sail to-night, time he clewed up some of his kites;" or "Old Thompson's making heavy weather of it."

And often the indifferent coachmen were greeted by cheery shouts of "Port your helm, mate!" or "Heave round in stays or you'll be into us."

Toynbee and his popular wife drove in some state with one of his mids seated on the front seat like a diminutive aide-de-camp.

Meanwhile the ships were unloading. A strip of mud separated them from the shore at low water. This was sometimes bridged by planks, but often the only way of getting ashore was on the back of one's dinghy wallah. The ship's name and house-flag were painted on a board and set up at the landing. This told the inquirer where she lay.

The Blackwallers discharged to the tune of a fiddle,

their own crews working the tackle and slings which hoisted the cargo into the lighters alongside. The mids did the tallying. But when the time came for loading, it was done by coolies, the ship's company being busy painting and smartening up for the homeward passage.

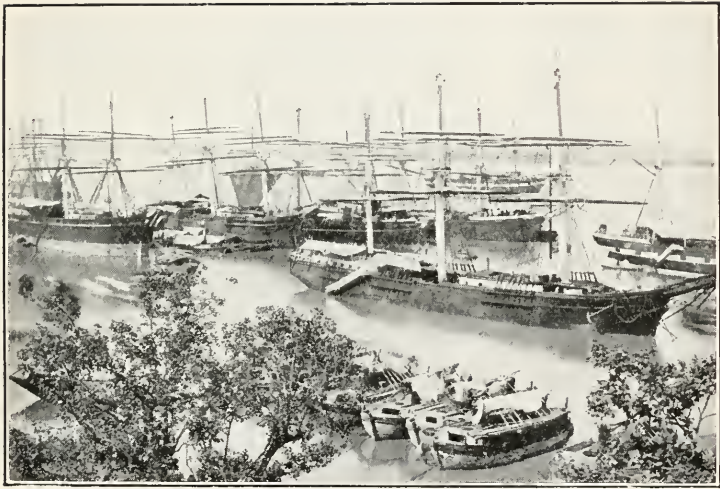
And before their passengers came aboard these crack Indiamen were spick and span as men-of-war from the swallow-tail whip at the main truck to the well holy-stoned troop deck, from the shark's tail on the jibboom end to the gilt and gingerbread round the stern windows. Awnings were stretched fore and aft, and a man stood on duty at the gangway.

The P. & O. steamers lay at Garden Reach, and the Liverpool ships, Brocklebanks and the Glasgow "Cities" at Prinseps Ghaut.

The Calcutta River was also choked with other craft, "country wallahs," most of them, in which service many a proud Indiaman passed her declining years. Of such was the *Earl of Clare*, built for the H.E.I.C. in 1768; and 96 years of age when the 1864 cyclone shrieked the death song through her rigging. Then there were a few tough Yankees, many of them with "Wenham Lake ice" from Boston, the most inflammable cargo there is. This sounds a strange statement to a landsman, but ice sets up gases below, the sawdust in which it is packed catches fire as easily as cotton or jute, and there is an end of the ice ship.

The old time Yankee mate was a tough individual, and in Calcutta they took a pride in the swiftness with which they got rid of their outward bound crews by the system of hazing, known to seafarers as "running a crew out of a ship."

Captain Whall, when a mid in the *Hotspur*, witnessed



THE ESPLANADE MOORINGS, CALCUTTA.

this operation carried out by a Yankee mate who was an artist at the game, and he thus describes it:—

On one occasion a fine Boston packet lay outside us, the mate of which was a genius: this fellow took most refined methods to drive his crew away. They were Scandinavians, who are naturally a meek and mild race. He hazed these poor devils around until they were almost crazy but they hung on well. At last he hit on a grotesque refinement of cruelty which had the effect he wanted.

One morning, at sunrise, whilst we were washing decks, we heard this character howl out:—

“Naow! Up thar! Crow! And crow lively or I’ll let fly at ye.”

There stood mister mate on the roof of the deckhouse, revolver in hand, looking aloft. Following his gaze we beheld, perched on the main royal yard, six of these unhappy beings; and, as we looked, there came down to us the faint strains of “cock-a-doodle.” He had actually made them climb aloft and crow like roosters when they saw the sun rise. This sufficed. The next day they were missing and safe ashore in the hands of the crimps.

No story that I know of so perfectly illustrates the power of ridicule, unless it is the Virginian’s fooling of his rebellious cowboys by his frog story in Owen Wister’s masterpiece.

Madras.

Next to Calcutta, Madras was the chief port of entry to India in the days of the Blackwall frigates, for Bombay owes its importance as a port to the Suez Canal.

Madras Roads have been the scene of many stirring events in our naval and mercantile history, the last of which was the bombardment by the *Emden*. The Blackwallers lay about 3 miles out, and the connecting links with the shore were the catamarans and the massullah boats. The catamarans are simply rafts of three logs lashed together, their bow ends being bent in and slightly turned up. The massullah boats had their planks sewn together with cocoanut fibre and were

pulled by oars with blades as circular as gramophone records. They are splendid surf boats as they need to be, and their crews are past masters at surf work, the only time when a capsizes in the surf is at all likely being when there is some difference over the fare.

A spring on the cable was very necessary in Madras Roads, there being generally a swell tumbling in from seaward. During the cyclone months—in fact, at the first sign of bad weather—all sailing ships put hastily to sea; and the bottom being stiff mud, anchors were not always easy to get; indeed, there must be a great number of anchors of all sorts, from the old wooden stocked with their great rings for hemp cables to the modern creepers, lying at the bottom in Madras Roads.

The Blackwall frigates in the Indian trade rarely used any other ports besides Calcutta and Madras, calling in generally at Cape Town and St. Helena on the way home.

The Australian Boom.

The discovery of gold in Australia had its effect upon the Blackwall frigates just as it had on every other class of ship. The demand for passenger ships for Australia had by 1853 far outstripped the supply.

In London ships were specially wanted for first and second class passengers rather than for emigrants, and the only British ships which were fitted for such passengers were the famous Blackwall frigates.

The Greens, with their large fleet, had no difficulty in diverting some of their ships from the Calcutta run to the Australian, but Money Wigram was not a large shipowner when gold was discovered in Australia, and he immediately set about building ships specially for the Melbourne trade—the first of these, the famous

little *Kent*, being one of the fastest of all the Blackwall frigates.

Duncan Dunbar, also, turned his attention to the gold rush, and the ill-fated *Dunbar* was the first of his Australian passenger ships; she was launched the year after the *Kent*, and was one of Laing of Sunderland's finest efforts.

With Green shortening his East Indian sailing list, and Money Wigram turning entirely to Australia, T. & W. Smith found themselves in the first place at Calcutta and Madras, for they were never tempted to leave their first love. This, in some respects, was their misfortune, for when the Suez Canal opened they found their beautiful little frigates cut out by the steamers, and no longer fitted to contend against the many new and up-to-date clippers which had been built specially for the booming Australian trade. They thereupon sold their sailing fleet and adventured into the ranks of the early steamship companies.

The Design of the Blackwall Frigates.

In design the Blackwall frigates would appear very bluff-bowed and apple-checked to our modern eyes. Their shape, indeed, has been compared by those who knew them well to that of a serving mallet. But the tumble-home, which was so pronounced in the earlier ships, gradually became modified, though even the last of them could never have been called wall-sided.

Midship sections were full with little deadrise. In the mid-Victorian era only the most extreme of the American and Scottish tea clippers had any deadrise, and these extreme ships were not always the fastest. I have the actual rough pencil draft of the lines of the epoch-making American tea clipper *Oriental*, as

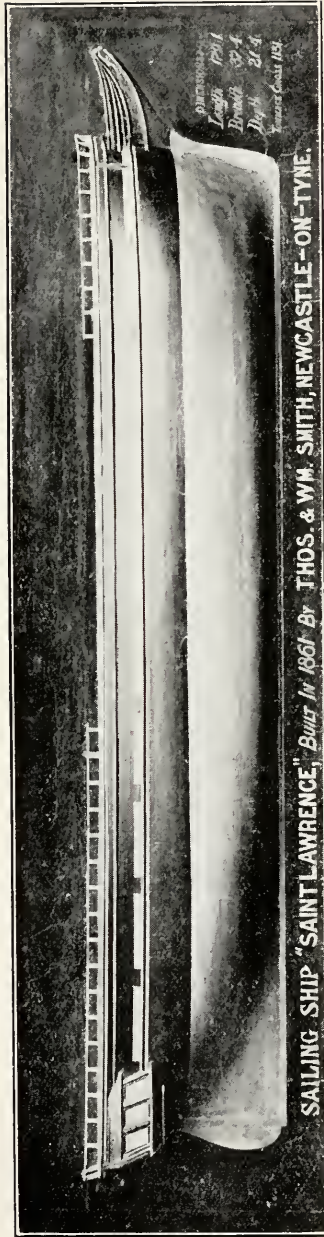
they were taken off when she was in the dry dock at Blackwall.

As is known to a few, Greens built the *Challenger* with the help of these lines—and the first point to be noticed in both the lines of the *Oriental* and the *Challenger*, which I also possess, are the fullness of their midship sections. I may say that in other ways the resemblance between the two ships is unmistakable.

The early Blackwallers had the heavy stern frames, massive quarter galleries, much carved balconies and stern windows of the old East Indiamen. The first design to depart from the double stern and galleries was that of the old *Seringapatam*. She was always considered the first of a new class, and a great advance both in size and design on all her predecessors.

None of the Blackwallers had any sheer, but they were too bluff in the bows above water to dish up much heavy water over the fo'c'sle-head. The poops were long, the main decks, to our ideas, very short and much encumbered with the longboat, pig-pens, cow-stalls, hen-coops, first and second class galleys, etc., etc. The large modern midship house, which ousted the longboat from its traditional place, was originally intended and used for the second class cabin.

The wheel of these little frigates was forward of the mizen mast, and the tiller was on the lower deck, as it had been since the days of the Tudors. They were beautifully built of the finest hard woods in the world, English oak and Malabar teak. You could not wear them out and you could hardly strain them, however much you drove them into a head sea; whilst all deck and cabin fittings showed the same fine workmanship as the old furniture which we rush after so eagerly in these days of shoddy and gimcrack.



Sail and Rigging Plans.

A glance at one of the illustrations shows the Blackwall sail plan with its high steeved bowsprit, long willowy jibbooms, huge man-killing jib, large spanker, single topsails and bare crossjack yard.

The Blackwallers were very short in length, and consequently their masts especially, the main and mizen, were very close together, so that a crossjack could never be got to stand. The rigging was hemp, though the country-built ships were recognisable by the amount of coir used aloft. A good deal of real seamanship disappeared when wire replaced hemp for standing rigging. In the days of the Indiaman and the Blackwall frigate never a watch passed without some shroud or stay requiring setting up, and the handy billy was never idle for long. The tops were large, and the topmen spent their watches aloft. The spar plans were still narrow, and so stunsails were of the greatest importance and were always carried to the last moment; fore topmast and square lower stunsails being hung on to when the first reef was in the topsails, and the fore and mizen topgallant sails handed.

In the earlier ships the main topmast stay set up through the foretop, but as the staysail increased in size so did the stay come down the foremast, until at last the main topmast staysail rivalled the jib in the number of its cloths.

Flying kites such as skysails and moonsails were never popular in the Blackwallers; Green's *Windsor Castle*, however, crossed three standing skysail yards, but this was after the advent of double topsails.

Dunbar Castle is said to have been the last ship to carry a single topsail at sea; but most of the frigates continued the single mizen topsail when they adopted the double

topsails at fore and main. The later ships split the gigantic jib in two, and so spread four head sails.

Before the advent of wire, the most important of the stays were double, and preventer backstays and preventer braces were the usual thing. Shrouds on the fore and main were usually six a side, with four backstays. Channels to spread the rigging came just above the line of square ports, and they were so massive that they seriously interfered with a ship's speed when she was heavily pressed with a beam wind. Quarter-boats swung outside the mizen rigging, and a small boat generally hung over the stern from wooden davits.

They were always conservative ships, and new fangled notions whether in design or sail plan were very thoroughly tested before they were adopted. Double topsails, which most of the ships exchanged for Cunningham's patent single topsails in 1865, were looked upon with great disfavour at first, for they were considered by these most critical and particular Blackwall seamen to spoil the look of their ships aloft. Thus it was the custom for some years for ships, when making a harbour stow, to hoist the upper yards halfway between the lower and the topgallant. These little frigates had their foremasts stepped so far forward that, when on a wind, the foretack came down to a projecting buntin out of the head, and the foresail had to be cut with a very much shorter foot than is usual nowadays.

The Blackwallers prided themselves on their weatherliness, and in this resembled the American Atlantic packet ships. The fact was that they could brace their lower yards up well. The *Hotspur* and an old Black X packet once left the Downs with a large wind-bound fleet, and by nightfall they had worked so far to wind-

ward that the rest of the ships were under the horizon to leeward of them.

Carrying away spars and even sails was considered bad seamanship on a Blackwaller, where everything was of the best, and their singular freedom from accidents was no doubt due to this cause.

Seaworthiness.

The Blackwall frigates belonged to an era when seaworthiness was a *sine qua non* in a first class passenger ship. Beautifully kept, regularly overhauled, and with every beam and plank of picked wood, every rope-yarn strong enough to hang a man, and every sail without a patch, it is not to be wondered that accidents were few and far between.

Built of imperishable teak, and ribbed with Sussex oak, leaks were so negligible that one hears little of that man-killing work at the pumps, the nightmare of soft wood ships.

No Blackwaller ever had to shorten sail to prevent straining in a heavy sea. And with their swelling bows and rounded quarters they were as lively, buoyant and dry as so many corks. Their crews had no such experiences as were the common lot of seamen in the later iron ships. A flooded main deck would have filled them with alarm. Such a sight as a whole watch being hurled to and fro as the ship rolled and each following wave poured back and forth over the top-gallant rails, would have sent the officer of the watch flying to the captain with a request that the ship might be hove to.

As for the idea of a Blackwall frigate broaching to and sweeping her lower yardarms through the boiling surge to leeward, it would have been unthinkable.

Yet these little ships were heavy steerers. Captain Whall recounts seeing Captain Toynbee, his chief officer and two quartermasters steering the old *Hotspur* for a whole four hours, when she was running before the westerlies with double reefed topsails on the caps.

The early Blackwallers modelled their ways on the old John Company, preferred comfort to speed, and snugged down for the night, but this was very far from the custom of the later commanders, who with their strong crews liked carrying on on occasions and thought nothing of stunsail booms.

Whall tells how in the *Hotspur* they carried away the topmast stunsail tack three times on one watch, a new one being instantly rove on each occasion. And he remembered beating into Table Bay against a south-easter under double-reefed topsails, reefed foresail, fore topmast staysail and balance-reefed spanker.

It was wonderful the runs that were got out of these little bluff-bowed frigates.

Here is a week's work of the *Hotspur* running easting down in 42° S. in September, 1864:—204, 238, 328, 252, 280, 257, 174. And she was a long way from being the fastest of them.

Speeds of the Blackwallers compared.

Green's ships were not considered to be so sharp-ended as Smiths or Wigrams, and the earlier ships of Joseph Somes and Duncan Dunbar were real old stylers, which pushed a heavy wave in front of them.

But each firm had one or two extra fast ships. Willis's wonder, *The Tweed*, was, of course, in a class by herself. She was the equal of any clipper, and would have given *Cutty Sark* or *Thermopylae* all they could do.

Green's fastest ships were probably the *Alnwick Castle*, *Clarence*, *Windsor Castle* and *Anglesey*.

The little *Kent* was the pick of Money Wigram's, though the *Suffolk* once went out to Australia in 68½ days.

The *La Hogue* was the crack of Dunbar's fleet, though she was not as fast as her great rival, Devitt & Moore's *Parramatta*.

Dunbar's *Northfleet*, also, from her records must have had an unusual turn of speed.

Joseph Somes possessed two or three very fast ships, such as the *Northampton*, which went from the start to the Ridge Lightship in 72 days, and the famous *Leander*; but they were not Blackwallers but composite clippers. Smith's last ship, the *St. Lawrence*, was also their fastest. But in 1853, in the height of the Australian gold rush, they sent out the famous old *Marlborough* to Melbourne. She went out in 78 days and came home in 83½, and what was the most astonishing part of this performance was the fact that she had an entire crew of Lascars. Sir Allen Young was her commander.

There is no doubt that, taken on an average, the Blackwall frigates were a great deal faster than people supposed. They never made any huge 24-hour runs, it is true, but they were all-round ships, and, being perfectly sailed, they frequently beat ships which had the reputation of being far their superiors.

If I had to place the first three in an ocean race for true Blackwallers I should give them as follows:—

First—*The Tweed*.

Second—*Parramatta*

Third—*La Hogue*.

Cyclones.

There is one great enemy of all Indian traders, and that is the dreaded cyclone. Yet the number of Blackwall frigates which came to grief in cyclones was extraordinarily small, though scarcely one of them escaped this fearful experience.

Commanders of East India ships were great experts in cyclone seamanship; and they were greatly helped by the mass of data collected by Piddington in his *Sailor's Horn-book*, not the least of this data being the various atmospheric warnings and curious phenomena which accompanied cyclones.

A cyclonic storm, variously called cyclone, hurricane and typhoon, is the greatest example of Nature's forces in action that is known to us. And the results on our atmosphere are exhibited in many ways, which are both terrifying, awe-inspiring, of vast interest to the meteorologist and of wonder to the ordinary spectator.

A cyclone seems to upset all Nature's laws—the lightning often darts straight upwards as well as downwards; the wind comes in squalls which are bitter with ice at one moment, hot and stifling as a sirocco at the next. Besides the scream of the ordinary gale there occurs at certain periods, generally just before a sudden shift of the wind, a fearful booming sound, which once heard is never forgotten. Then too, at the very worst period when the centre is close aboard, though the sky may be as black as night and as thick as a London fog, a curious patch of light, the colour of brick dust, will suddenly appear and linger above the horizon. There are many other wonderful sight and sound effects. But they are not the only senses affected. A curious strong smell of the sea, of seaweed and fish, is a very usual characteristic; and there are instances of the well-known

smells of certain chemicals—such as sulphur, brimstone and carbonic oxide.

Even the fishes of the sea and the birds of the air are affected by cyclones. Turtle have been found stupefied just before a cyclone; birds in a dazed condition have settled in the rigging of ships and refused to fly away, even spiders and flies, rats and mice have behaved in curious fashion just before and during cyclones.

Let us now turn to our little frigates and see how they behaved during these tremendous convulsions of Nature. I will take them in order of date, and quote actual logs or the personal accounts of those aboard.

“Vernon” in a Cyclone, 1843.

The *Vernon*, Captain Voss, was bound for Madras from England, and the following is her commander’s account:—

Ship *Vernon* 26th November, 1843.—It began to get gloomy and the clouds were whirling about above in a remarkable manner, wind variable from the eastward below and in puffs. Barometer not much under 30.00 (about 29.95).

27th November.—Barometer had fallen to 29.85, dark and gloomy weather, still variable from N.E. to east with squalls, confused swell all round, clouds very low and lowering, with appearance of bad weather. Lat. $9^{\circ} 6' N.$, long. $85^{\circ} 0' E.$ Barometer 30.0, thermometer 83° . Clouds still moving in all directions; kept snug at night; very squally with rain from east to N.E., sea getting up.

28th November.—At daylight, barometer at 29.70, every appearance of bad weather, wind increasing, variable and threatening from E.S.E. to N.E., double reefed, etc., and sent down royal yards towards noon. Lat. by acct. $10^{\circ} 46' N.$, long. $84^{\circ} 7' E.$ Barometer 29.80, thermometer 78° . We appeared to have got between three clouds, wind then came in hard squalls (ship with topgallant sails furled and courses up, topsails on the cap and reef tackles close out). Forked lightning but not much thunder, squalls from N.E., then north and N.W., and right round, and thus the ship went round *six turns in about 30 minutes* following the

wind, with after yards square and head yards braced up. The rain falling literally in heavy sheets, so that it was hardly possible to stand: the men obliged to hold on, decks half full of water. The wind not moderating with the rain but blowing in severe gusts. After this the wind steadier, but still about N.E. to E.S.E., with sharp squalls obliging us to lower the double-reefed topsails, very dark and gloomy.

29th November.—More moderate, still blowing hard with gloomy weather till sunset, when it became finer.

“Monarch” in the Calm Centre, 1845.

The *Monarch*, Captain Walker, when homeward bound on her maiden voyage and midway between the Western Isles and the Lizard, encountered a North Atlantic cyclone, and the following is the commander’s memorandum.

22nd April, 1845.—At 10 a.m. under double reefs. Barometer 29.70. 2 p.m., breeze freshened from S.W., every appearance of bad weather, Barometer 29.50. Ship steering E.N.E., all preparations made. 7 p.m., barometer 29.30. Blowing very hard, high sea and atmosphere very threatening. 8 p.m., barometer 28.95. Furled everything but storm mizen trysail. 8.30 p.m., wind suddenly lulled to a dead calm, which lasted a quarter of an hour, ship not steering, and sea striking the counter in an awful way, shaking her fore and aft, the appearance of the weather stormy in the extreme, with rain and lightning. 9 p.m., instantaneously from dead calm it blew a most terrific gale from the north with rain and hail. 10 p.m. to daylight, wind settled to a strong gale and gradually veered to N.W., barometer rising steadily.

Captain Walker declared that when the wind came out of the north the ship would have been dismasted if every sail had not been firmly secured.

Many a strong ship has been overwhelmed by the calm centre of a cyclone. In November, 1846, Captain Lay, of the *Tudor*, ran into a severe cyclone in 13° S., 83° E., when bound to Calcutta. He hove to in order to allow the centre to pass north of him, but got so near the centre that he drifted 56 miles in 16 hours, being carried along by the storm wave.

Fourteen Persons suffocated aboard the "Maria Somes."

The *Maria Somes*, with troops on board, ran headlong into the centre of a cyclone in March, 1846. She was dismasted and nearly foundered, and being battened down "*fourteen persons were suffocated for want of air during the tempest.*"

"Earl of Hardwicke's" Cyclone Log.

The *Earl of Hardwicke*, Captain Weller, was bound to Calcutta, and the following are Captain Weller's notes:—

26th December.—Lat. 28° 42' S., long. 80° 46' E. Barometer 29.95. Strong breezes from S.E. and north. Squally, thick, heavy, wild looking weather, upper clouds coming from N.W., the next stratum N.E., and the lower scud and wind fast from S.E. Midnight, from 10 knots ran into a dead calm.

27th December.—Lat. 26° 14' S., long. 81° 5' E. Barometer 30.00, Confused sea, heaviest from S.W. Wind east to E.S.E. and strong trade throughout.

28th December.—Lat. 22° 37' S., long. 81° 0' E. Barometer 29.95.

29th December.—Lat. 19° S., long. 81° 00' E., barometer 29.71. Strong trade still but squally and confused sea, barometer falling, prepared for bad weather; upper clouds from N.E.

30th December.—Lat. 17° 6' S., long. 81° 41' E., barometer 29.75. To 8 a.m., running at 6 and 8 knots to the northward, but appearances threatening, hove to. Dense lurid atmosphere, very peculiar appearance at sunset the last two evenings. P.M., continued dark appearance to the north-westward, ran twice to the north and found the wind increasing and drawing to the eastward with thick weather, but always fine when going south. Kept her south till it should clear off a little; a thick lurid appearance over the heavens, the sun only showing as through a dense veil with heavy leaden-looking clouds to the north and N.W.

31st December.—4 a.m., barometer not falling any more, made more sail to the northward, weather became more squally with thick weather and heavy rain. 8 a.m., a heavy squall from the N.E., shortened sail to close-reefed main topsail, light easterly air with a heavy arch to the northward, which kept nearly in the same position till noon, ship drawing to the southward 3 knots. Noon, lat. 16° 26' S., long. 85° 39' E., barometer 29.80. 1 p.m., made sail again to north and east. As

we advanced weather became thick and squally, 4 p.m., smart squall with rainy weather, not able to see 50 yards from the ship, wore to the south and shortened sail to close-reefed fore and main topsails; weather clearing a little, but an immense mass of heavy leaden looking clouds, and over the whole of the heavens a very murky threatening appearance. Sun at setting gave the whole a red lurid appearance, and everything on board had a red tint. 8 p.m., a fresh gale S.E. Although the sun and moon were visible during the day, yet they were only seen as through a thick veil. After midnight the stars began to show, and the thick lurid haze went off. Blue sky was visible at daylight, but still a heavy leaden appearance to the northward, with a heavy confused swell, heaviest from the east.

This account is a splendid instance of a commander seeing the cyclone ahead of him, turning tail and avoiding it. The red lurid appearance was a sure sign; this is constantly reported by ships on the edge of or in cyclones.

The Dark Blood-red Cyclone Sky.

This terrible sky, the blood red cyclone sky, is one of the most awe-inspiring sights that sailors can see, and many an observer has described it with the graphic pen of deep emotion.

Here is the account of Captain Norman McLeod, of the ship *John McVicar*, 5th October, in $14^{\circ} 50' N.$, $89\frac{1}{2}^{\circ} E.$, the moon being ten days old. I take it from Piddington.

At sunset the sea and sky became all on a sudden of a bright scarlet colour (I do not remember ever seeing it so red before) even to the very zenith, and all round the horizon was of this colour. The sea appeared an ocean of cochineal, and the ship and everything on board looked as if it were dyed with that colour: the sky kept this appearance till nearly midnight, and it only diminished as it came on to rain. No sooner was this phenomenon over than the sea became as it were all on fire with phosphoric matter. We took up several buckets of water, but even with the microscope few or no animalcules were detected.

In October, 1848, the *Barham*, Captain Vaile, encountered a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal, and

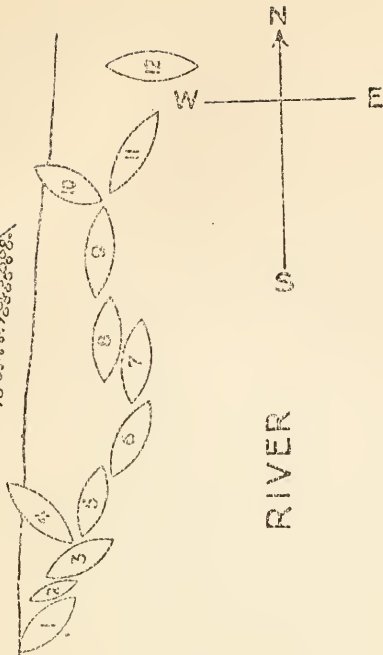
HOWRAH
SHORE

McCOWIE'S HO.

COTTON SCREWS

HOUSES

NEWCASTLE'S
CARGO



1. Ship *Countess Elgin*, towed off on 13th.
2. Tug *Union*, a wreck.
3. Ship *Western Star*, towed off on 13th.
4. *Cama Family*, high and dry.
5. *Lady Palmerston*.
6. *Broughton Hall*.
7. *s.s. Mauritius*.
8. *Newcastle*.
9. *Bolton Abbey*.
10. A Foreign Ship, may get off.
11. *City of Lahore*, deep loaded; it is a question if she can be got off.
12. *Southampton*, a wreck.

CYCLONE, CALCUTTA, 5th OCTOBER, 1864.



SHORE AT RAMKUSTOPORE, WITH "NEWCASTLE" AND S.S. "MAURITIUS."

describes how the red cyclone sky was visible from 2 to 4 a.m., the moon, the day before full, shining at an altitude of about 45° through a veil of clouds. He states that the whole sky from horizon to horizon was a mass of dense, heavy clouds. The red was everywhere apparent, but in patches deeper in some parts than in others, and some of the clouds opposite the moon were of a very deep orange red.

The lightning burst forth from these clouds like flashes from a gun and sparks from a flint and steel. At the same time several stars were visible along the horizon, both rising and setting, and these were unusually bright and twinkling.

Dampier's Hurricane Cloud.

Dampier's unexampled gift for recording detail is well shown in that buccaneer's picturesque account of a hurricane cloud in his *Discourse of Winds*. He writes:

The Hurricane clouds tower up their heads, pressing forwards as if they all strove for precedency; yet so linked one within another, that all move alike. Besides the edges of these clouds are gilded with various and affrighting colours, the very edge of all seems to be of a pale fire-colour, next that of a dull yellow, and nearer the body of the cloud of a copper-colour, and the body of the cloud, which is very thick appears extraordinary black: and altogether it looks very terrible and amazing even beyond expression.

Calcutta Cyclone of 1864.

The terrible force of a cyclone is seen best when it strikes inland or upon a harbour, then indeed its blast lays everything flat, piling up ships and houses into rubbish heaps in the twinkling of an eye.

In the Calcutta cyclone of 5th October, 1864, a fearful destruction was wrought upon the port and its shipping. Luckily it was a small area, fast-moving storm or Calcutta would have been no more.

The opium steamer *Riever*, one of the few vessels which survived, kept the best meteorological log of the storm:—

4th October.—8 p.m., heavy rain. Midnight, strong N.E. gale, heavy rain.

5th October.—6 a.m., strong N.E. gale, heavy rain. 9 a.m., strong N.E. gale, heavy rain. Barometer 29.70. 10 a.m., wind increasing, east. 2 p.m., hurricane E.S.E. Barometer 28.27. 2.45 p.m., hurricane at its height. Aneroid 27.97. 3 p.m., hurricane S.E. Barometer 28.10. 3.30 p.m., tremendous gusts, wind veering to south. 4 p.m., occasional lulls S.W. Barometer 28.50. 5 p.m., gale decreasing S.W. by W. Barometer 29.20. 6 p.m., hurricane over.

The wind was not perhaps as strong as in the 1842 cyclone, but the storm wave helped by the flood tide turned the river into a roaring torrent and did the most terrible damage.

Ships began to break adrift soon after noon, the first being the old *Mauritius** of the General Screw Steamship Company. Only two ships held on in the stream, the Blackwaller *Alumbagh* and the *Sir Robert Lees*; the rest drove helplessly up the river or piled one on top of another upon the shore. All the Esplanade moorings were torn away except those of the opium steamers *Riever* and *Renown*, *Harry Warren* and *War Eagle*, which saved themselves through the use of coir springs.

Altogether about 200 sea-going ships went adrift, and all but a dozen of these piled up on the shore. The *Lady Franklin*, *Ville de St. Denis* and *Azemia* foundered in mid stream. A country ship, the *Ally*, capsized and drowned about 300 coolies. The steamer *Thunder*

*This steamer had an adventurous career; ten years earlier, when fitting out for the Crimea, she was nearly destroyed by fire in dock at Southampton. When the G.S.S.Co. failed, she was converted to a sailing ship, and her name changed to *Russia*. She proved an excellent windjammer; and was still afloat in the nineties, under the Norwegian flag.



“SOUTHAMPTON” AFTER THE CALCUTTA CYCLONE, 1864.



AFTER THE CALCUTTA CYCLONE, 1864.

drove right over the wreck of the American barque *North Atlantic* and settled down across her poop. The *Govindpore* and another vessel, which had broken from the Esplanade moorings, collided and sank opposite the Custom House. The *Newcastle* and *Renown* of Green's, Marshall's *Winchester* and the deep watermen *Knight Commander*, *Great Tasmania*, *Camperdown*, *Childwall Abbey*, *Aphrodita*, *Broughton Hall*, *Astronomer*, *Aaron Brown*, *Ann Royden*, and many others, together with the P. & O. steamers *Nubia*, *Hindustan*, *Bengal* and *Nemesis* were all stranded and badly damaged.

Deeds of the most heroic in life-saving took place unrecorded during this scene of wild confusion and wreckage. The driving rain was so thick that no one could see more than a few feet beyond his own centre of trouble. Whilst the big ships drove lurching and cannoning up stream, on all sides of them dinghys, cargo wallahs and other native boats were being overwhelmed and destroyed in their thousands.

Ashore 92 European houses were laid flat and 2296 damaged according to the police reports, whilst of blown-down native huts and go-downs no count was ever attempted. Church steeples buckled and fell; roofs lifted off and took wing: the air was thick with jalousies, punkahs, awnings and sun blinds; whilst well stayed topgallant and royal masts cracked like carrots.

It was due to this cyclone that the order was given for all topgallant masts to be struck in Calcutta during the cyclone months; our illustration of the Esplanade moorings shows this order in full force.

Down the river the cyclone wave swept over the banks and far inland. At the Sunderbunds thousands of natives and thousands of wild beasts were drowned. At Saugor Island every hut was swept away and only a

few natives saved themselves by climbing trees, the sea covering the land to the depth of 16 feet.

**“Hotspur” and “Alnwick Castle” ride out a
Cyclone at the Sandheads.**

Less than three weeks after this storm, Calcutta was again visited, but this time escaped the full force, but off the Sandheads the newly arrived Blackwallers, *Hotspur* and *Alnwick Castle*, had the brunt of it.

Captain Toynebee’s notes are worth quoting:—

21st October.—6 p.m., came to an anchor. 10.30 p.m., turned the hands out. Down topgallant and royal yards. Veered out all the cable on port chain. Midnight, barometer 29.82. Wind gradually increasing with heavy squalls and tremendous rain. 1 a.m., wind E.S.E. A cyclone was manifestly passing over us. The lightning was beyond description. The rain fell in a sheet rather than in drops, and one may truly say that the darkness could be felt except when the red glare of the lightning made all visible. 2 a.m., wind began to shift to south, and round to N.W. The hardest gusts from S.W. lay the ship over as if she had been carrying a heavy press of canvas, and it must have been then that our topgallant masts blew over the side. Considering that each of these masts was supported by three stays and six backstays, and that the yards were down on deck, one could hardly have believed it possible that it could blow hard enough to carry them away: the sound of their fall was not heard from the deck. I had sent the crew below to get some coffee, and had told the boatswain and his mates that after they had drunk it we must strike our masts. During a flash of lightning I looked aloft and saw the three hanging in the topmast rigging. 4.30 a.m., after a furious clap of thunder the wind shifted to N.W. and blew only a hard gale. The ship’s stern was now exposed to the S.E. sea, which was coming up in great rollers and topping tremendously like awful breakers: this filled our stern cabins full of water, but it decreased quickly.

The loss of the topgallant masts is thus vividly described by the late Captain Whall, who was a midshipman on board, in his most interesting book *School and Sea Days*:—

In the midst of this terrific elemental war we went on with our work aloft. Another hour’s hard labour and we got the topgallant yard on

deck. Still we had not done; the masts follow, for it was a matter of life or death, though we youngsters did not realise it. If our cable parted we should be on the sands in half an hour, and if once we touched there was no chance of life.

We were almost spent, but the three of us again clambered aloft to the mizen top to wait till the mast rope was sent up to us. Hardly had we got there when a terrific gust blew the furled mizen topsail adrift, which for a few moments bellied and flapped out in the storm. Some men were sent from the deck to resecure it: the first of them showed his face up through the lubber's hole, his face ghastly white in the glare of the lightning.

"Hurry up!" I yelled to him. He gave one scared look round at me, at the slattering sail, at the surroundings generally, then, with a cry of "Oh, blazes! I'm off!" he disappeared.

At that moment came another fierce gust, the topsail gave one huge flap; then, torn from the yard, it flew into the darkness to leeward like a gigantic bird. The lightning was now beyond description, and as the fearful force of the wind made any kind of work impossible, we lay clinging where we were, between sea and sky, and watched the awful spectacle. At the mastheads sat three blue globes of flame—which sailors call corposants—and the flashes of lightning came down in a way I never saw but once before or since, in straight lines from sky to sea.

I suppose we ought by rights to have gone down to the deck, but we had not been called down, and so there we remained, hanging on for dear life. Suddenly the middy by my side, having happened to look aloft during a lightning flash, roared out:—"The topgallant masts are gone!" I looked up. Yes, they were hanging in the rigging, having broken short off at the topmast caps, and though we lay not 20 feet from the broken mast we did not hear its fall in the roar of the storm.

"Jolly good job!" cried I. "Let's get down out of this." And down we went."

The *Alnwick Castle* had her topmasts blown clean out of her just as she was anchoring two miles from the *Hotspur*. Her fore and main lower mastheads and half the mizen lower mast as well as the jibboom went with the topmasts.

But like the *Hotspur* she weathered it out, though she must have had a still worse time. She had troops on board, who were, of course, battened down below and one hesitates to think what that troop deck was like through that long and terrible night.

“*St. Lawrence*” in the Madras Cyclone of
1871.

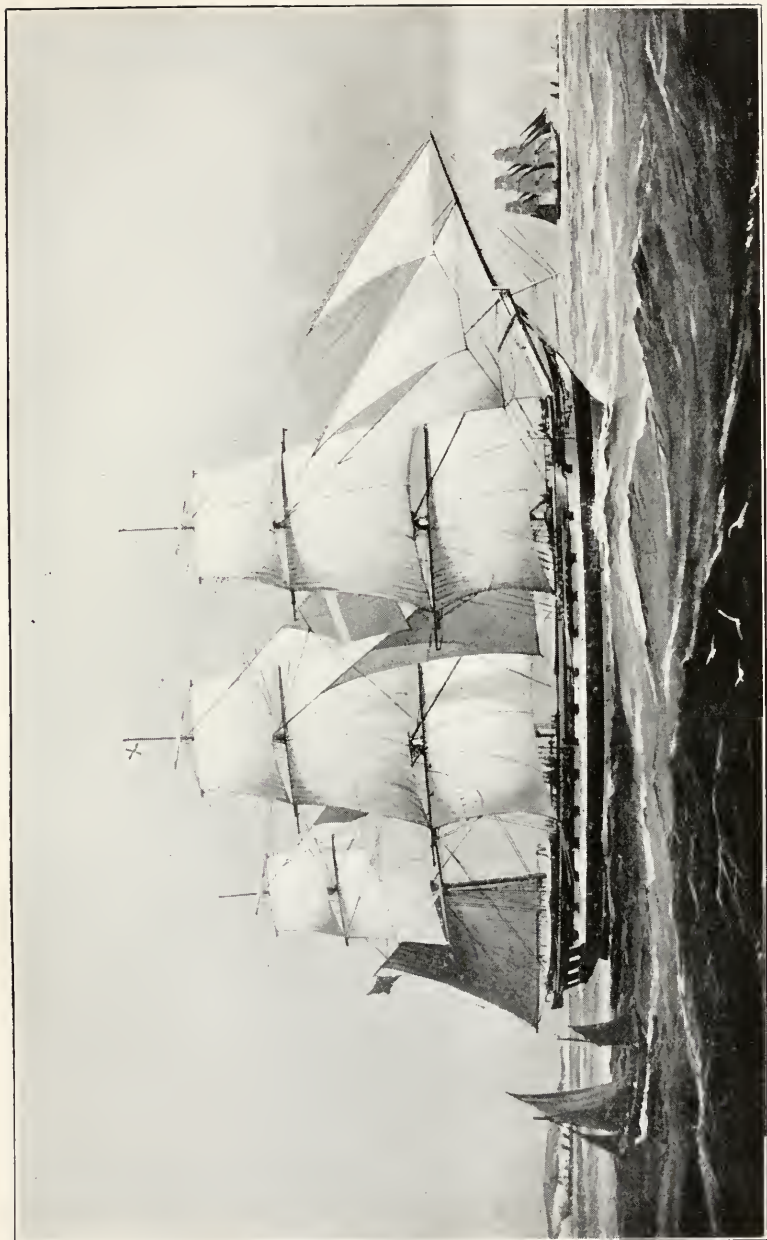
Madras Roads in a cyclone are a mass of boiling surf for as far as 4 miles from the beach, and ships caught here are usually doomed. Amongst a number of fine ships the famous *Hotspur* came to her end during a Madras cyclone, as we shall see later in the book.

And in November, 1871, the *St. Lawrence* nearly shared her fate. The late Captain Whall kept a very complete account of his experience in this cyclone, which is worth preserving:—

4th November, 1871.—Noon, 9 miles south of Madras. As soon as the anchorage came in sight, braced sharp up and headed for the shipping. 3 p.m., could not fetch in owing to the strong current. When 5 miles south of Madras Light and two miles off shore tacked off, nearly missing stays. Midnight, tacked, heading up about N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

5th November.—5.30 a.m., found ourselves close in below Sadras having been set nearly 30 miles to the southward. Tacked (missed stays) and stood off. Noon, lat. $12^{\circ} 3' N.$, long. $80^{\circ} 44' E.$ A heavy sea from N.E.ward, and increasing breeze north, fine clear weather. 4 p.m., hard gusts; in topgallant sails. 6 p.m., beginning to look squally. Wind N. by E., head sea getting heavier. 9 p.m., wind unsteady, N.N.E. to N. by W. 11 p.m., heavy squalls from north, stowed courses, kept away S.E. Midnight, fresh gale. Wind N. by W. Barometer 29.90, thick weather.

6th November.—1 a.m., N. $1^{\circ} W.$ to N. $2^{\circ} W.$ wind. Hard squalls with rain and thick weather. A red brick dust glare, stowed upper topsails. Barometer 29.87. 4 a.m., wind north. Barometer 29.82. 5 a.m., very severe squall with a strong sulphurous smell accompanying it and heavy rain from N.E. 6 to 8 a.m., wind N.E. to N.N.E. and N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Moderate gale, dirty thick weather. Wind gradually hauling. We have been keeping off gradually since midnight and are now steering S. by E. Dirty leaden appearance to eastward and sea still getting up. 9 a.m., wind N. by W. Barometer 29.84. Heavy gale. 10 a.m., wind N.N.W. increasing fast and sea rising very quickly to a tremendous height. Sent down fore and mizen topgallant yards. Got up mast rope for main, but were obliged to call the hands down. Barometer 29.81. 11 a.m., in lower topsails, ship labouring fearfully and awful sea running, hove to on port tack, hauled down foretopmast staysail and put a boat sail in mizen rigging, which however we soon took down again. Barometer 29.72. Noon, wind N.W. blowing a hurricane.



“ST. LAWRENCE.”

From a Wash Drawing.

[To face Page 148.]

Lat. by acc., $10^{\circ} 44'$ N., long. by acc., $82^{\circ} 35'$ E. Ship laying to very well, lee side of main deck in the water. 1 p.m., wind N.W. blowing furiously. Barometer 29.40. 2 p.m., wind N.W. blowing furiously. Barometer 29.25. 2.30 p.m., wind N.W. blowing furiously. Barometer 28.96. 3 p.m. (about), a tremendous gust from W.S.W. which laid the lee side of poop in the water, starboard cutter and the main rail washed away: jibboom went, in the cap taking with it fore topgallant mast. Barometer 28.80. 3.30 p.m., wind at greatest force between 3 and 3.30. By 3.30 wind began to decrease and haul rapidly to southward. Barometer 29.02. 4 p.m., wind S.S.W. decreasing. Barometer 29.22. 5 p.m., called all hands to clear the wreck. Barometer 29.39. 6 p.m., wind S. by W. Barometer 29.50. 10 p.m., wind south, lightning to westward.

9th November.—Came to anchor in Madras Roads.

In reading these terse accounts of cyclones, one should let one's imagination go to its limit, and even then it will fail to give one any real inkling of what a cyclone is really like.

The cyclone breath not only has a thousand claws which tear at you, but it hits you as well like a sledge hammer; it freezes your marrow, and yet chokes you with suffocating fumes; it screams at you like a lost soul and booms sullenly like a caged demon. It blinds you with flying scud, drowns you with rain, stuns you with hail, and sets you tingling with electric fluid.

But beyond all this, there is something about a cyclone which is akin to the earthquake and volcanic eruption. It is more than a convulsion of Nature, it transcends all ordinary natural phenomenon in a way which science with its laws has not yet been able to satisfactorily explain. It is as supernatural as a ghost. And those who have experienced it have a feeling that it is an expression of Divine force, operating from beyond our planet's atmosphere to the limits of the solar system itself.

And it is this feeling which oppresses the sailor in a cyclone, which subdues his spirit and grips his uneasy

heart, until his being vibrates with nerve-shaking superstitious fears.

The Old "Serिंगapatam."

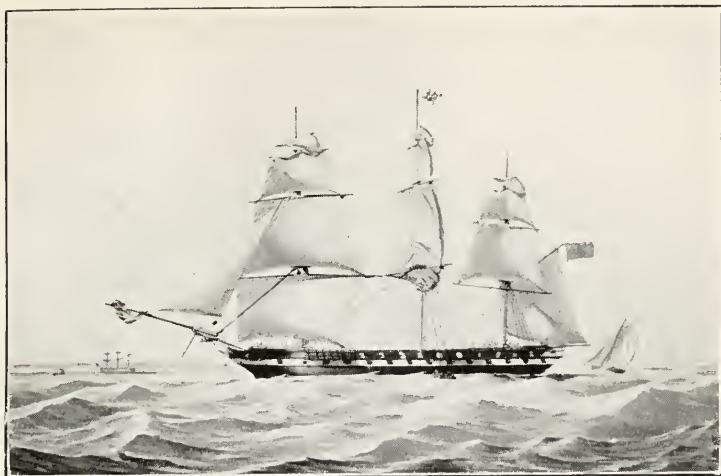
It is now time to turn to the famous old Blackwall frigates themselves and treat them separately.

We will commence with the year 1837, when a new and improved type of Blackwall passenger ship came into being, which marked a considerable step forward in ship designing and made the old East Indiaman of the Hon. John Company an out-of-date back number. From this year to 1870 runs the era of the Blackwall frigate, as distinct from the era of the East Indiaman as it was distinct from the era of the iron passenger clipper.

The first of these Blackwall frigates was Green's famous *Seringapatam*. An advance in size by some 200 tons from the earlier ships of Green & Wigram, she was a still greater advance in design.

In her the heavy double stern and quarter galleries of the old "tea waggons" were done away with and a very much lighter stern substituted. This at the time was considered a tremendous innovation. And the improvement in speed, which was proved by her long record of quick and regular passages, caused her to be used as a model for many of Green's later vessels. She once left London on 26th June, passed the Lizard 7th July and reached Bombay 30th September, making an 85-day passage from the Lizard, and this was by no means an exceptional passage. Many others were equally good.

The old "Seringy," as she was always called, had a figurehead that caused her to be known all over India.



“SERINGAPATAM.”

From an old Lithograph



FIGUREHEAD OF THE OLD “SERINGY.”

[To face Page 150.]

It represented Tippoo Sahib, with a drawn scimitar in his hand, and was always kept carefully painted in the proper colours.

Natives, when passing the old "Seringy," when she lay in the Calcutta River, would always salaam to this figurehead and, raising their oars in salute, would exclaim aloud with admiration as they gazed up at Tippoo, crying out:—"Wha, wha ! bhote atcha ! bhote atcha !"

The *Seringapatam* was commanded on her first voyage by Captain George Denny, then she was taken by Captain James Furnell, later the well known superintendent of Green's Sailors Home, where he remained until his death in 1878.

The famous old ship weathered out a cyclone in 70° S., 58° E., in September, 1851. Captain Furnell hove to and allowed the centre to pass him. Ten years earlier she was surrounded by icebergs when running her easting down but came to no harm. The *Seringapatam* was still afloat in the sixties.

George Cupples, the author of the *Green Hand*, mentions passing her on his way up the Hooghly in the *Westminster*. He writes:—

As we opened one broad, bright reach, where the mouth of another river seemed to enter, we came in sight of a noble Indiaman, with sides like a frigate's, canvas stowed on the yards and anchor down, lying stationary about a quarter of a mile in from our course: the *Seringapatam*, of 1200 tons. She had troops on board, and the sounds of a military band, playing for dinner-time, floated to us across the water in the well-known notes of "Rule Britannia." While we glided slowly by her numerous crew greeted our ship with a hearty three cheers, which was responded to from the *Westminster*.

So let us leave the old "Seringy," her band playing "Rule Britannia" and her company cheering.

The Mystery of the "Madagascar."

The *Madagascar*, built on the same lines as the *Seringapatam*, was also known for her speed, and on one occasion ran from the Cape to the Channel in 43 days. The disappearance of this ship when homeward bound from Melbourne in 1853 is still more or less of a mystery. When Green began sending ships out to Australia, in the boom of the gold excitement, *Madagascar*, under Captain Fortescue Harris, became very popular with passengers.

In July, 1853, she lay in Port Phillip with the *Blue Peter* flying, a full complement of passengers and 68,390 ounces of gold dust on board. Just as she was about to sail, Melbourne detectives hurried on board and arrested two of her passengers for being concerned in the MeIvor Gold Escort robbery, which had been the latest piece of robbery under arms to excite the Colony. The passengers were tried, and though a great deal of gold dust was discovered in their baggage on the *Madagascar*, the crime could not be brought home to them. After being delayed a month by this affair, the *Madagascar* sailed. And when time passed and she did not arrive, all sorts of rumours began to circulate in order to account for her disappearance, but the most general belief was that she had been captured by a number of desperadoes, who, it was said, had taken passages in her for that very purpose.

Years afterwards the following story went the round of the Colonies. A woman in New Zealand, being on her death-bed, sent for a clergyman and said that she had been a nurse on the ill-fated *Madagascar*. According to her, the crew and several of the passengers mutinied, when the ship was in the South Atlantic. Captain Harris and his officers were all killed; and the

rest of the passengers, with the exception of some of the young women, were locked up below. The boats were then lowered, and the gold and young women put into them. Finally the mutineers followed, having set fire to the ship and left their prisoners to burn.

However, they soon paid for their crimes with their own lives, for only one of the boats, containing six men and five women (the narrator amongst them) succeeded in reaching the coast of Brazil, and even this boat was capsized in the surf and its cargo of stolen gold dust lost overboard.

The sufferings of its crew had been severe enough on the sea, but on land they grew more terrible day by day. At last a small settlement was reached. But this proved a death trap, for yellow fever was raging. In a very short time only two of the mutineers and this woman remained alive. They, after more hardships and privations, at last reached civilisation. Then the two scoundrels, after having dragged the woman with them through every kind of iniquity, eventually deserted her. One of them disappeared entirely, but the other, according to her, was hanged in San Francisco for murder.

The woman described herself as having been a nurse on board the *Madagascar*; and this may have been possible as there was a Mrs. de Cartaret with her children on board.

This brings up another tragedy connected with the *Madagascar*.

Whilst the *Madagascar* lay in Port Phillip and her captain was having the usual difficulty in procuring a crew for the run home, the *Roxburgh Castle* arrived from London. This was on 21st July. On board the *Roxburgh Castle* was a certain Mrs de Cartaret with her

three children, who had come out to join her husband, a well-known member of the Melbourne Bar.

As the *Roxburgh Castle* approached her anchorage Mrs. de Cartaret obtained a local paper from the pilot, and the first thing that caught her eyes on glancing at the Melbourne news was the announcement of the death of her husband. Prostrated by the blow and at the same time stranded in a strange country, her only idea was to get home again. And so the captain of the *Roxburgh Castle* arranged for her passage on the ill-fated *Madagascar*. No mention is made of a nurse, but it would be very unlikely to find a well-to-do woman with three children travelling without a nurse.

Mrs. de Cartaret's father and sister lived at Yelverton, and for long years after the *Madagascar* was given up kept her rooms ready prepared for her.

In 1899 a Plymouth solicitor, who had travelled out to Melbourne on business in the *Roxburgh Castle*, met the surviving sister, and the whole story was retold. Apparently the devoted father and sister of Mrs. de Cartaret refused to give up hope, and waited and waited until at last death took them also.

The nurse's story can never be proved; but it is likely enough, for before *Madagascar* sailed there were many sinister rumours in Melbourne concerning the objects and antecedents of her crew and many of her passengers.

Besides the *Madagascar*, the *Earl of Hardwicke*, *Owen Glendower*, *Vernon* and *Agincourt* were all closely modelled on the lines of the *Seringapatam*.

“Owen Glendower”—“I can call Spirits
from the Vasty Deep.”

The *Owen Glendower* was specially noted for her good looks, and so much was she admired that she had



"MADAGASCAR."

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 154.]



the words, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," painted across the front of her poop.

She gave a proof of her splendid sea-going qualities when she weathered out the great *Royal Charter* gale without suffering any damage. And passengers always found her a most comfortable ship.

In her early days foreign merchantmen were in the habit of lowering their topsails to the *Owen Glendower* as if to a man-of-war. Indeed this compliment was paid to many of the Blackwall frigates both before and after her time, and is a proof of the close resemblance they bore to frigates of the Royal Navy.

Owen Glendower and *Vernon* were both launched with side paddles, but the machinery did not prove a success and it was removed before sailing.

Both ships were put on the Australian run during the gold rush. Below I give an Australian shipping advertisement from the *Melbourne Herald* of 5th March, 1860:—



BLACKWALL LINE OF PACKETS
For LONDON Direct.

To sail with strict punctuality on Thursday,
22nd March.

The favourite frigate-built ship,

OWEN GLENDOWER

1200 tons, Henry Thomas Dickenson, commander.

(Belonging to Messrs. Green, of Blackwall)

The *Owen Glendower*, which is generally allowed to be one of the most comfortable ships of the Blackwall Fleet, will be positively despatched for London direct at the above mentioned date.

Her thorough sea-worthiness was tested under adverse circumstances, in the gale which proved fatal to the *Royal Charter*, on which occasion she weathered the storm without suffering any damage whatever and arrived in Hobson's Bay after a very successful passage.

CHIEF CABIN.

The cabins in the first class are of that superior order which has gained for the vessels of the Blackwall Line the reputation of being the

most comfortable passenger ships afloat. They are remarkable for their unusual height between decks, and are admirably adapted to suit the convenience of families. A milch cow is placed on board.

SECOND CABIN.

The berths in the second-class department are more than usually spacious, and the distribution of provisions will be on an exceedingly liberal scale. Arrangements have been made for providing passengers in this class with the regular attendance of stewards. The provisions enumerated in the dietary scale will include a liberal supply of ale, porter or spirits and a weekly allowance of wine.

THIRD CABIN.

The third-class passengers will be supplied with a liberal variety of the best provisions, and will find that the cabins set apart for their use are lofty, commodious and judiciously fitted up. The advertised sailing appointments will be adhered to with the same degree of punctuality which has hitherto been observed.

Boats are in attendance at the Railway Pier, Sandridge, to convey intending passengers to the ship for the purpose of inspection. Free orders to be obtained from the undersigned.

A surgeon accompanies the ship.

FARES.

First Cabin	Per Agreement
Second Cabin	£35
(Including stewards' attendance).						
Third Cabin	£18 to £25
(Including stewards attendance).						

For plans of cabins and second and third class dietary scales, apply to—

W. P. WHITE & Co., Agents,
10 Elizabeth Street South, Melbourne.

This advertisement is the last notice of her under the Blackwall flag, for the Greens sold her when she arrived home.

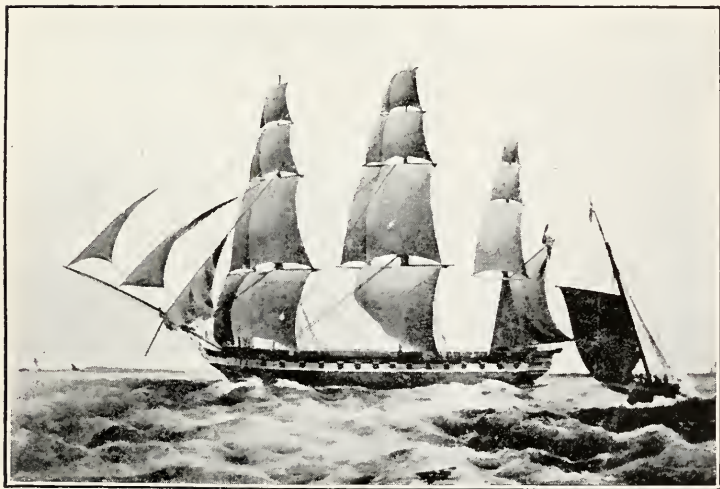
Of her sister ships the *Earl of Hardwicke* was wrecked on the coast of South Africa in 1863, whilst the *Vernon* became a reformatory ship in Sydney harbour.

In 1894, the *Vernon* was purchased by a Mr. Rae for breaking up purposes, but whilst she was being dismantled a fire broke out aboard. Near her, in Kerosene Bay, lay another hulk, the old *Golden South*. The



“ OWEN GLENDOWER.”

Lent by F. G. Layton.



“ PRINCE OF WALES.”

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 156.]

sparks from the *Vernon* blew over the *Golden South*, and both ships were soon blazing so furiously that they lit up the whole harbour all that night.

The "Agincourt."—A Midshipman's Log.

It will be noticed in the list of Blackwall frigates, given in the Appendix, that the owners of the Blackwall Yard were very fond of building ships in pairs, one of the ships going to Green and the other to Wigram.

In 1841 they built the *Agincourt* for Green and the *Southampton* for Money Wigram. These two ships were also after the model of the *Seringapatam*—good, wholesome 10-knot frigates.

The following notes from a midshipman's log of a voyage in the *Agincourt* to Melbourne and back in 1861-2 may be of interest. She was commanded by the well-known Captain George Tickell, one of the old sort, who could not be called a hard sail carrier. Our mid begins by listing the cuddy passengers, adding a thumbnail description of each in pencil. I have somewhat disguised the names, as follows:—

Mrs. Jayes.—Fat, fair and fifty.

The Misses Jayes.—Mary, benevolent; Ellen, buxom; Kate, bashful very!! Annie, beautiful!!!

Mr. John Jayes.—Carrotty stick, withal a decent fellow.

Mr. Cornflower.—Red-nosed old sinner—first rate old dog.

Mrs. Desmond and Child.—Jolly woman; pretty child.

Mr. Clowes.—Fat counter-jumper, good tempered and jolly.

Miss Houghton.—Fanatical, happy in dancing (would not put her lights out.)

Rev. Fred Nason.—Best clergyman ever went to sea.

The *Agincourt* left the East India Dock on 6th October, 1861, in tow of the steam tug *Robert Bruce*. At 4 p.m. she came to anchor off Gravesend in 8 fathoms; mustered the ship's company, squared yards and piped down.

The following day was employed in taking in livestock

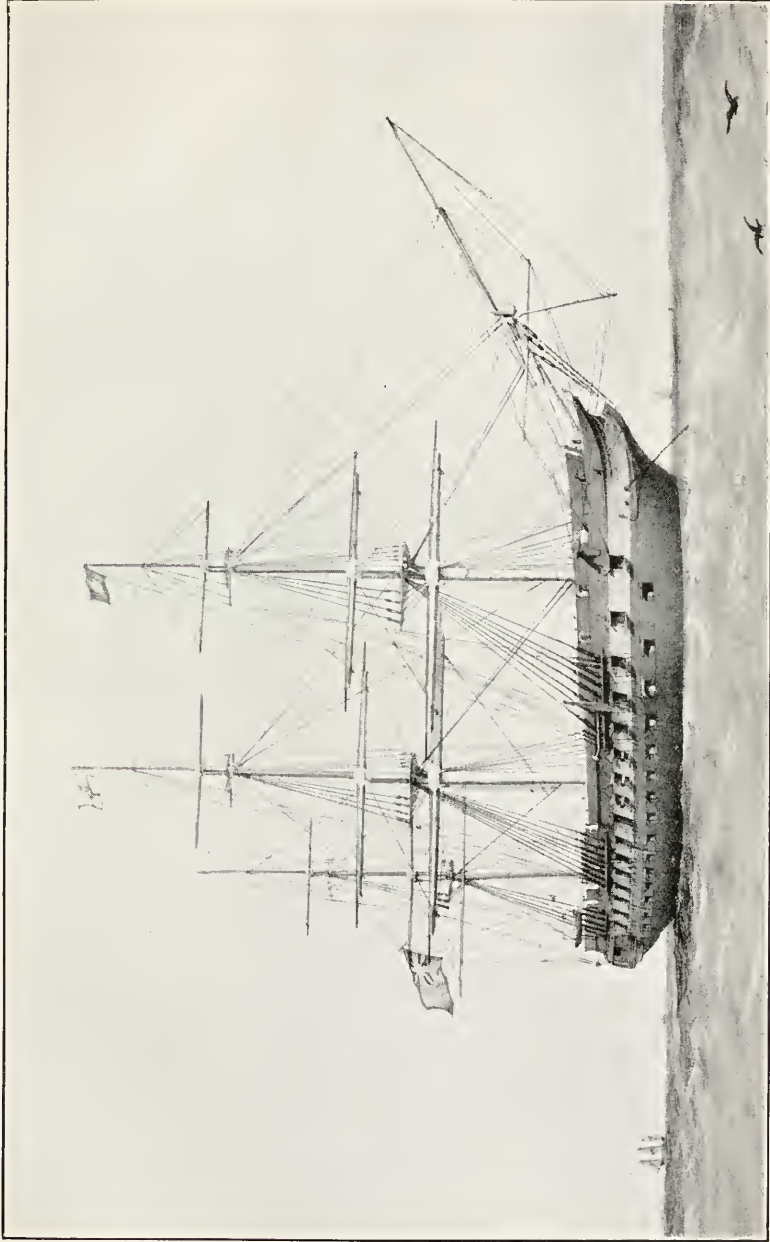
and preparing for sea. The captain and passengers came on board, and at noon the surgeon inspected the ship. At 1 p.m. on the 8th the anchor was hove up and the *Agincourt* again taken in tow by the *Scotia*, but they were obliged to anchor for some hours in the Lower Hope owing to thick fog. At 2 a.m. they proceeded, only to anchor again at 1.30 p.m. on the 9th in Margate Roads, where a heavy thunderstorm with vivid lightning and heavy rain was experienced. At 6 a.m. on 11th October, the anchor was once more at the bows, and the *Agincourt* proceeded round the Foreland before a light easterly wind. That evening the royal yards were sent aloft and crossed and the sails set. At 3 p.m. they were off Dungeness, off Beachy Head at 7.30 p.m. and passed St. Catherine's at 1 a.m.

With the wind increasing and drawing through south to west, in squalls, sail had to be reduced.

Off the Wight the main topgallant sail was taken in, and the topsails double reefed. A hard puff split the jib. At 5 a.m. the mainsail was reefed, and third reefs taken in the topsails.

It was now a beat down Channel, the wind being strong at S.W. Between the Wight and Plymouth, Captain Tickell wore his ship five times and tacked once, coming to anchor in Plymouth Sound at 11 a.m., 13th October. The *Agincourt* left Plymouth on 16th October and, keeping well to the eastward, sighted Porto Santo, Palma and Teneriffe.

On 31st October she exchanged signals with the *Great Britain*, bound to Melbourne from Liverpool. In these early logs it is very noticeable how much more shipping was to be met with than in later logs. In the North Atlantic ships, barques, brigs and schooners were daily met or passed. British brigs were specially



"QUEEN."

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 158.]

plentiful. "Exchanged colors with" was a constant entry, and I notice that "colours" was always spelt without the "u" in these old logs, so perhaps the Americans have some right on their side when they leave out the "u" in such words.

The line was crossed on 17th November in $27^{\circ} 26' W.$ The *Agin-court's* best run up to that date was 209 miles before a fresh N.E. trade. She crossed the Greenwich meridian in $41^{\circ} S.$ on 7th December, and went no further than $43^{\circ} S.$ in running her easting down. *Agin-court's* best run was made on 6th January, 1862, in $41^{\circ} 53' S., 123^{\circ} 24' E.,$ before a steady and fresh N.W. breeze. Her best log reading was 10.4 knots. She anchored in Hobson's Bay on 16th January, 92 days out from Plymouth, and 102 from the East India Docks.

The homeward passage was without incident. *Agin-court* passed through Port Phillip Heads on 18th March. On her run to the Horn her best 24 hours was 237 miles, and her best speed logged 10.4 knots. The usual icebergs were passed and on 17th April in $53^{\circ} 54' S., 97^{\circ} 59' W.,$ she was hove to on the port tack under close-reefed fore and main topsails for 20 hours in a fresh N.E. gale. The Horn was rounded on 22nd April, 35 days out. The line was crossed on 26th May. *Dover Castle,* 88 days out from Melbourne, spoken on 26th June in $45^{\circ} 56' N., 18^{\circ} 37' W.,$ and the Lizard sighted on 1st July. On 3rd July comes the last entry:—"3 a.m., arrived off Blackwall Pier; 4, made all fast in E.I. Docks. Piped to grog."

The last entry in a Blackwaller's log book was invariably "Piped to grog." No doubt it was much preferred by the ship's company to that laconic "That'll do, men," which gave a period to the voyage of the more modern sailing ship.

“Prince of Wales” and “Queen”—Armed Merchantmen.

The two sister ships *Prince of Wales* and *Queen* marked the next great advance in ship designing by the owners of the Blackwall Yard. At their launch these two vessels were considered to be the finest examples of armed merchantmen that had ever been built. They were pierced for 50 guns and ranked with 50-gun frigates, to which they bore a very close resemblance. They were specially fitted for troops. They were also flush decked—this being considered a great attraction for passengers as providing a “delightful promenade.” A further attraction for first-class passengers was a “ladies’ boudoir.”

In size and appearance they were a return to the grandeur of the old John Company’s East Indiamen. To modern eyes their ’tween decks would have appeared very low and dark, their bows very apple-checked, their channels vast platforms and their sterns lumpy and heavy, yet these old frigates were by no means slow, especially in light winds. In 1860 I find the *Prince of Wales* with a crew of 78 men and 120 passengers making the passage out to Hobson’s Bay in 77 days.

As wooden merchantmen, capable of being converted in a moment to warships, the *Prince of Wales* and *Queen* ranked with Smith’s *Blenheim* and *Marlborough* and Green’s *Monarch*. They were built with the scantling of frigates of war, and compared favourably with any ship of their date produced in the Royal dockyards.

The *Prince of Wales* was sold in 1864.

“Bucephalus” and “Ellenborough.”

T. & W. Smith’s rivals to the *Prince of Wales* and *Queen* were the two fine 1000-ton ships *Bucephalus*

and *Ellenborough*. These ships were designed by the well-known Charles Laing, of Sunderland. They had square ports on both main and lower decks, 12 of a side on the main and 14 on the lower deck.

The registered dimensions of the *Ellenborough* were 159.6 ft. length, 34.5 ft. beam, and 23 ft. depth. She was eventually sold to George Marshall and long outlived her sister ship, being still in the India trade in the seventies.

“Gloriana” and “Tudor.”

These two ships were improved upon in 1843, when Messrs. Smith launched the *Gloriana* of 1057 tons, followed in 1844 by her sister ship the *Tudor*. Improvements in design are rather hard to distinguish; they were confined chiefly to the bow and stern lines, whilst the relations of length to beam and depth showed little alteration, shipbuilding in the forties being very conservative in this respect.

The Lordly “Monarch.”

All the above ships were outclassed by Greens' *Monarch*, of 1444 tons, the first ship built by Green after the dividing of the yard. Mr. George Green had already retired in 1838, and the firm was now entirely in the hands of the two brothers, Richard and Henry Green, whilst a third brother, Frederick, did their broking for them.

The lordly *Monarch* is thus described in the *Illustrated London News* of 15th June, 1844:—

This splendid mercantile frigate was launched on Saturday from Mr. Green's yard at Blackwall. The *Monarch* is 1400 tons burthen; length of keel 168 feet; length overall 180 feet; depth from upper deck to keelson, 32 feet. The breadth of her beam is 40 feet, and it is only in this particular that she is inferior to the first-class frigates of H.M. Navy.

She has an entire flush deck fore and aft; is pierced for 50 guns, and

capable of carrying a greater number, for besides 16 ports on a side upon the main deck there is also an equal number of large scuttles on the lower deck.

Her timbers and planking are chiefly of teak; the planks next the keel are American elm 5 inches thick, above this is teak to the whales, which are formed of African oak: the topsides are entirely of teak, and her bits, capstan and most of the interior work are of the same wood.

There are 12 cabins, averaging 11 feet by 10 each, and a dining-room 36 feet by 18 on the main deck, the fore part of which is bulkheaded off for the crew accommodation.

The lower deck has 18 cabins (making 30 in all) of similar dimensions, the two after ones being the largest, 18 by 16 feet each, with stern windows. Before the lower deck cabins is a roomy space for troops.

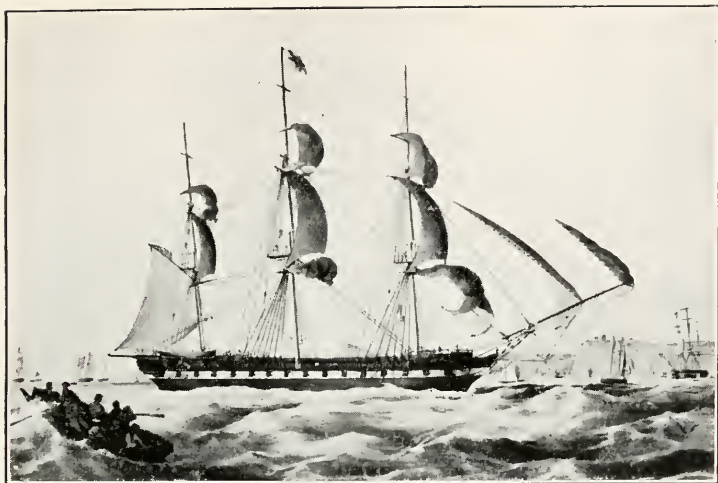
Captain W. H. Walker took her from the stocks and commanded her for many years.

In 1876 the old *Monarch* was posted on the missing list when bound from Bombay to Rangoon.

The "Alfred," Lecky's First Ship.

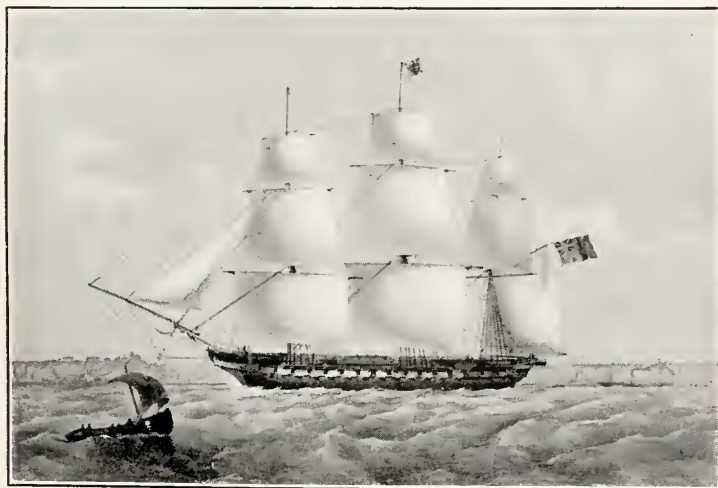
The next big ship was the *Alfred*, launched in 1845. Tradition relates that she was built to be a 36-gun frigate in the Royal Navy, but that the Admiralty changed their minds and sold her to Messrs. Green whilst on the stocks. At any rate she carried six guns, which were always supposed to be some of those intended for her by the Admiralty. In the manning report of 1849 the *Alfred*, with a crew of 90 men including 5 mates, 3 boatswains, and 2 carpenters, earned the recommendation of the Government as an example of a well-manned ship.

Two years later, that most celebrated seaman, Lecky of *Wrinkles*, started his sea life as a midshipman on the *Alfred* at the age of fourteen years. Lecky only went one voyage, then, without his mother's knowledge, he left Green's employ and went off to Liverpool in order to get rid of brass buttons and be able to dabble his



"BARHAM."

From an old Lithograph.



"MONARCH."

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 162.]

hands in the tar bucket. In fact, even at that age, he wanted a more strenuous and less easy life. Yet he always had a tender memory of those what he called "almost pre-historic times when the frigate-built Indiamen of Green, Wigram, Smith and Dunbar entered the Blackwall Docks in all their glory, with yards and gunports squared to a nicety, bunt-jiggers bowsed up for a harbour furl, studding sail booms rigged out to the mark, hammock nettings neatly stowed and a welcoming crowd of both sexes cheering and waving greetings from the pierheads."

In the late fifties when homeward bound from the Bay of Bengal, the *Alfred* had a narrow escape from being burnt at sea; in fact, the passage was an exciting one from start to finish. In the Bay of Bengal after contending with six weeks of head winds, the *Alfred* had to turn tail to a cyclone and lost in 48 hours of mad scudding all that she had made in this beat to windward. Having survived the cyclone, she next had to fight with fire, that most dreaded of all sea perils for wooden ships.

The *Alfred* was carrying troops, and the watch below had to keep below, as she was battened down so as to smother the fire—but these wretched troops nearly suffered suffocation as well, the heat being beyond any "hot weather" they had experienced in India. However the fire was got out and the *Alfred* at length got into soundings. Here a hard east wind was encountered and she took another month of zig-zagging wearily back and forth across the Channel before she landed her hard-trying troops.

In these days when every memory of the old sailing ships is treasured by those who have served in sail, pictures of them are sought after in the most out of the way places. A friend of mine made a speciality of

collecting the lids of old sea chests, which were adorned by fore's'le portraits, painted with the scrapings from the ship's paint pots. One day to his great delight he heard of what was said to be a very fine representation of the *Alfred* on the lid of a sea chest. With infinite pains and some expense he at last tracked down the widow of the old seaman to whom the chest had belonged. On reaching her cottage, he at once asked her if she had an old chest.

She replied:—

“Yes, I still have my husband's old sea chest.” He asked how much to buy it. She told him he could have a look at it. That he was not the first to want to buy it, but that she had recently had it cleaned up and so wanted a good price for it, being of camphor wood.

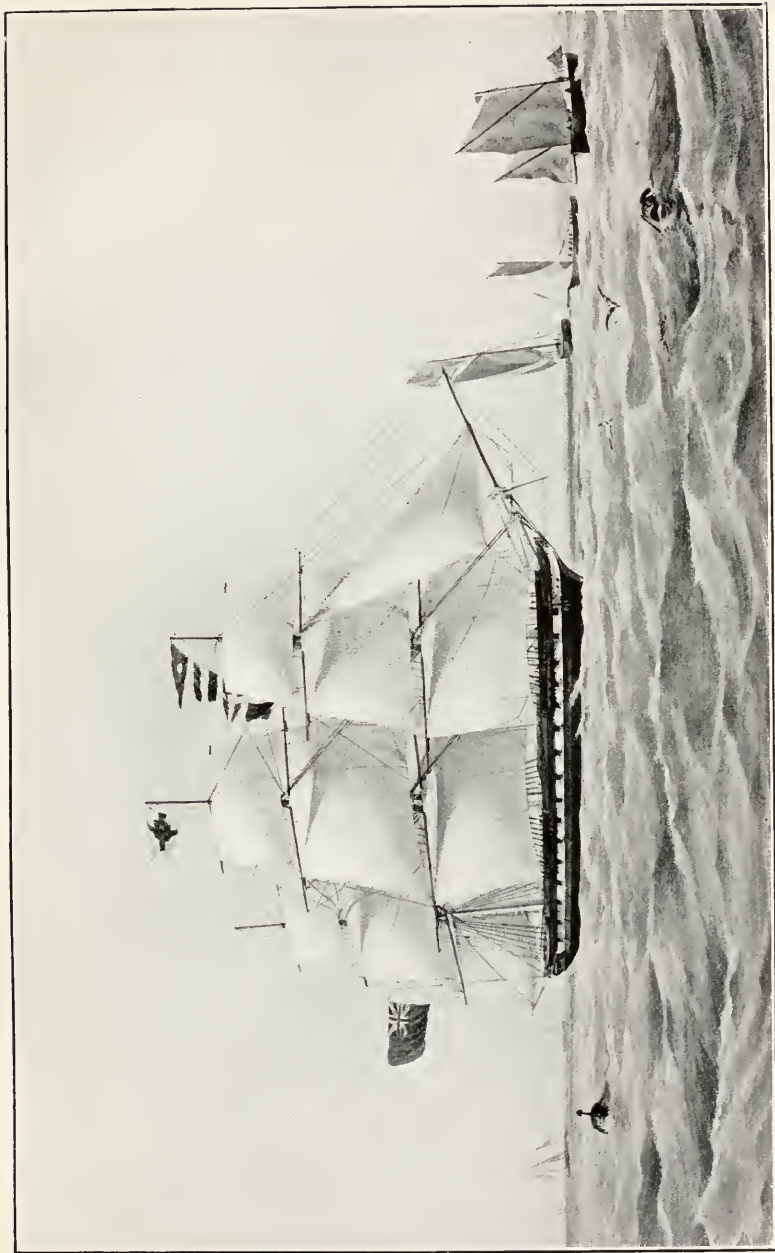
She took him up to her attic and there stood the sea chest. Eagerly and with suppressed excitement he opened it, then fell back with disappointment, for the lid was bright with new varnish, and there were no signs of the celebrated old *Alfred*.

“I thought there was a painting of a ship on the lid?” he questioned in disgust.

“Yes,” replied the woman, “there was. But it was so grimy that I got the carpenter to plane it off when he repaired the chest.” Curtain!

During her last years under Green's flag, the *Alfred* was commanded by Captain George Tickell. Her last voyage of which I have any record was to Australia and back in 1862-3.

On 5th August she left the East India Docks for Melbourne in tow of the well-known tugs, *Robert Bruce* and *Robert Burns*. She passed the emigration inspection and took on board passengers and live stock at Gravesend on the following day.



"ALFRED."

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 164.]

On 15th August the Lizard lights bore N.E. by E. Keeping well to the eastward on her run to the line, she had very light winds, sighting the Desertas on 25th August, and Palma on 27th August. On the 28th she took the N.E. trades, and on the following day signalled the tea clipper *Chrysolite*.

As a proof that these frigate-built Blackwallers were by no means slow when compared with other ships of their time, the *Alfred* kept in company with the *Chrysolite* from 29th August to 7th September, from lat. $23^{\circ} 18' N.$, long. $21^{\circ} 34' W.$ to lat. $9^{\circ} 40' N.$, long. $25^{\circ} 4' W.$ Two other tea ships were spoken by the *Alfred* on her run to the line, the *Fiery Cross*, 82 days out from Foochow on 4th September, and the *Robin Hood* 105 days out from Foochow on 11th September. Other sailing ships of every description of rig were constantly in company, as many as eight ships being in sight at once on 21st August.

On 20th September, the *Alfred* crossed the line in $26^{\circ} W.$, 46 days out. She crossed the meridian of Greenwich in $37^{\circ} 49' S.$, on 9th October. Her best run, 265 miles, was made on 28th October in $41^{\circ} 41' S.$, $75^{\circ} 53' E.$; her best speed logged being 10.4 knots.

On 8th November at noon a midshipman named Reynolds fell overboard from the foc's'le head. The ship was going 9 knots before a strong westerly wind. The flying jib, royals, fore topgallant sail and staysails were immediately taken in, the mainyard backed and the starboard lifeboat lowered. At 1.30 p.m. the main topgallant sail was handed and the port lifeboat sent after the starboard one.

The midshipman was sighted by the boats, struggling to protect his face and eyes from the attacks of albatrosses and mollyhawks, Cape hens and the many other

kinds of sea birds, so numerous in the Southern Ocean, but before the boats could get up to him he had sunk, and it was the opinion of those in the boats that the sea birds had been the cause of his death. At 2.30 p.m. the boats returned and the ship was put on her course.

Curiously enough, this midshipman Reynolds fell overboard from the *Agincourt* on 1st May, 1862, in 44° S., 49° W. This time it was 7.30 a.m., a strong head wind was blowing with a heavy sea, and in heaving to the main topgallant yard was carried away. Reynolds was very lucky in being picked up, for before noon on that day the ship was lying hove to under close-reefed fore topsail and main topsail in a strong gale.

To return to the *Alfred*, she arrived in Hobson's Bay on 16th November, 93 days out from the Lizard.

She went to Sydney for her homeward bound passengers. An epitome of her log from Sydney to London reads as follows:—

13th February, 1863.—Noon, up anchor and were taken in tow by steam tug *Bungaree*. 2 p.m., passed through the Heads and made all plain sail. 3 p.m., cast off the steamer. Light easterly breeze.

4th March.—Lat. 53° 30' S., long. 140° 58' W. 10 p.m., fresh N.W. breeze with very thick fog. In main royal and flying jib. Speed 9 knots. 11.30 p.m., an iceberg close to on starboard bow, luffed up and just cleared it, the ship's side scraping the ice. Shortened sail to topsails and jib.

9th and 10th March.—A great number of icebergs passed in 52° S., 120° to 115° W.

19th March.—Passed Cape Horn, 34 days out.

13th April.—20° 34' S., 29° 44' W. Signalled ship *Coldstream* standing to southard. Sighted Island of Trinidad.

25th April.—Crossed equator in 30° 49' W., 37 days from Cape Horn. 4 p.m., signalled and were passed by Sardinian polacca barque, *Correo*, Monte Video to Genoa, 20 days out. 6 a.m., signalled and were passed by British ship *Sussex*, Melbourne to London, 63 days. Noon, light east breeze and fine. *Sussex* hull down on port bow.

2nd May.—Lat. 13° 50' N., long. 42° 26' W. Fresh N.E. trade. Washed the gun deck and lower deck.

4th May.—Hove to and boarded the British brig *Volante*. Liverpool to Porto Rico out 32 days, for sugar, etc.

10th May.—Daybreak, ship *Sussex* on port bow. 9.30 a.m., hove to and boarded ship *Sussex* for wine; was supplied. 11 a.m., up boat, filled and stood on. Sunset, *Sussex* topsails down ahead.

28th May.—Passed and signalled several ships, including *Victory*. Whampoa to London, 120 days out.

30th May.—8 a.m., Lizard N.N.E., spoke *Sussex*. *Copenhagen* on lee bow.

1st June.—Several passengers left ship in a Deal lugger.

The *Alfred* was 106 days to the Lizard and the *Sussex*, which was Wigram's Blackwaller, 98 days.

“Marlborough's” Fast Voyage to Australia.

T. & W. Smith were not long in replying to the gauge thrown down by Green and Wigram, when they built the splendid frigates, *Prince of Wales*, *Queen* and *Monarch*.

Indeed, by building the *Marlborough* and *Blenheim* the Smiths strained every effort to excel the perfect work of the Blackwall Yard, and it was generally conceded at the launch of the *Marlborough* in 1846 that they had succeeded, whilst at the Great Exhibition of 1851 the *Marlborough* and *Blenheim* were presented with silk ensigns and house-flags as being the finest ships in the British Merchant Marine. These two ships were specially surveyed by the Government and reported as frigates fit for carrying armaments. Though strength and solidity were considered of the first importance in their construction, yet the voyage of the *Marlborough* in 1853 shows that they were by no means heavy sailors.

Owing to the rush to Australia in that year both the *Marlborough* and the *Blenheim* were taken off the Indian run and sent out to Melbourne. The *Marlborough* left London with 325 passengers and arrived in Hobson's Bay, 78 days out from the Lizard.

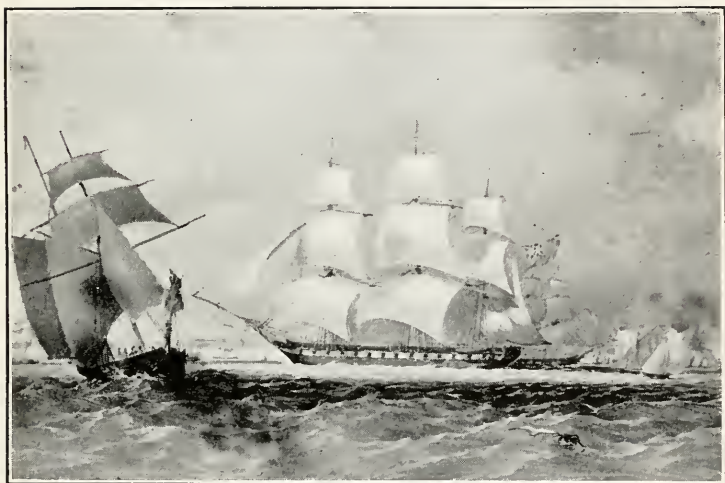
From Melbourne she made a quick cross voyage to India and back, and sailing from Port Phillip on the 4th July with 60 passengers and 72,000 ounces of gold, valued at £288,000, was only 83½ days to the Channel.

This fine passage is thus described in the *Illustrated London News*:

The *Marlborough* (Allen W. Young, commander) weighed from the Port Phillip Head, on the evening of the 4th July, and passed out the same night through Bass's Strait to the westward, with a strong north-west gale, which increased until 6th July, at 4 p.m., when it blew a perfect hurricane, and the ship was in a most perilous position; whilst running with the wind quarterly, she broached to, from a heavy sea striking her on the quarter, the main topsail blew to ribbons, and the ship was thrown almost upon her beam ends; the lee side and lee quarter boat being buried in the water. The gusts of wind were also so terrific that it was impossible to stand against them, whilst the tops of the sea were blown completely over the ship. The barometer stood at 28.90 during the height of the gale. This happened in lat. 39° 55' S., long. 142° 10' E., off the south-west coast of Van Diemen's Land.

On the morning of 6th August in lat. 58° 50' S., long. 80° 26' W., a huge iceberg was seen ahead, the ship passing about a quarter of a mile to leeward. The thermometer fell to 29° Fahrenheit, when the *Marlborough* was close to the berg, and it was with difficulty that she steered clear of the large loose pieces of ice that were floating around the mass. The height is stated at about 525 feet; length half a mile; north side abrupt and bold; lee or south side, undulated surface and opaque, resembling frozen snow. The wind was blowing fresh from the N.N.W., and the sea was moderately rough. The sky was cloudy; and the temperature, when about two miles from the berg, not very cold, the thermometer being at 32°. The iceberg was visible from the deck of the ship about three hours. The *Marlborough* passed Cape Horn on the 8th August, and experienced strong gales until in lat. 35° south. She passed the tropic of Capricorn 30th August, and arrived in the Channel on the 26th September, thus making the rapid passage from the southern tropic of 27 days; and 83½ to Start Point. The ship had an entire Lascar crew (the first Lascars who had ever been round Cape Horn); and there is little doubt that, had the crew been European, the voyage would have been accomplished in a week less time.

This is a passenger's account, as one can readily see. It is the earliest account of Lascars in the roaring



“ MARLBOROUGH.”

forties that I have come across. Whether it was an experiment of her celebrated commander or of her owners I have been unable to find out.

The *Marlborough*, like many another Blackwaller, ended her days as a coal hulk, and until 1888, when she was broken up, she was a familiar sight at Gibraltar, the last anchorage of so many celebrated ships.

A Race to India in 1853.

It may be wondered how the Blackwall frigates made passages which were as good as those of the clippers. The truth is that their captains had not only their own experience of winds and weather, but that also of nearly 150 years of carefully preserved East India voyages to go upon. They knew all that Maury was able to discover, but they had to consider their slower, more leewardly, ships where Maury was advising the captains of close-winded clippers. The Blackwallers, though quite fast in medium and light winds, were only 10-knotters in winds which would send Maury's clippers along at the rate of 15 and more. Thus it was the old East India captain's custom to keep well to the eastward on the passage from the Channel to the line, for he had a very wholesome dread of being back-strapped or set to leeward of Cape San Roque.

The following passages from Cork to the Sandheads in 1853 are therefore of interest as bearing out the East India captain's contention:—

Ship	Owner	Left Cork	Crossed the line on the line in long.		Crossed Cape Merilian	Arrived Sand- heads	Days out
<i>Southampton</i>	Wigram	June 30	July 31	13° 30' W.	Aug. 19	Sept. 29	91
<i>Barham</i>	Green	July 1	" 30	19° W.	" 21	" 29	90
<i>Wellesley</i>	"	" 2	" 31	19° W.	" 20	" 29	89
<i>Camperdown</i>	Dunbar	" 2	Aug. 12	20° 30' W.	Sept. 6	Oct. 11	101
<i>Collingwood</i>	"	" 4	" 8	22° W.	" 5	" 19	107

Of these five ships, the *Southampton* was disposed of by Money Wigram in 1863. Green sold the *Barham* about the same date. In 1873 she was still trading to India, owned by J. Prowse, of London, but a year later she had disappeared from the register. The *Wellesley* was sold to Vance Gooloo, of Calcutta, in 1876, and became a "country ship." The *Camperdown* was sold to H. Andrews, of London, and eventually was run down and sunk in the Atlantic by the ss. *Iowa*, when owned by Haley, of Sydney, C.B., whilst *Collingwood* disappeared before the seventies.

The Burning of the "Sutlej."

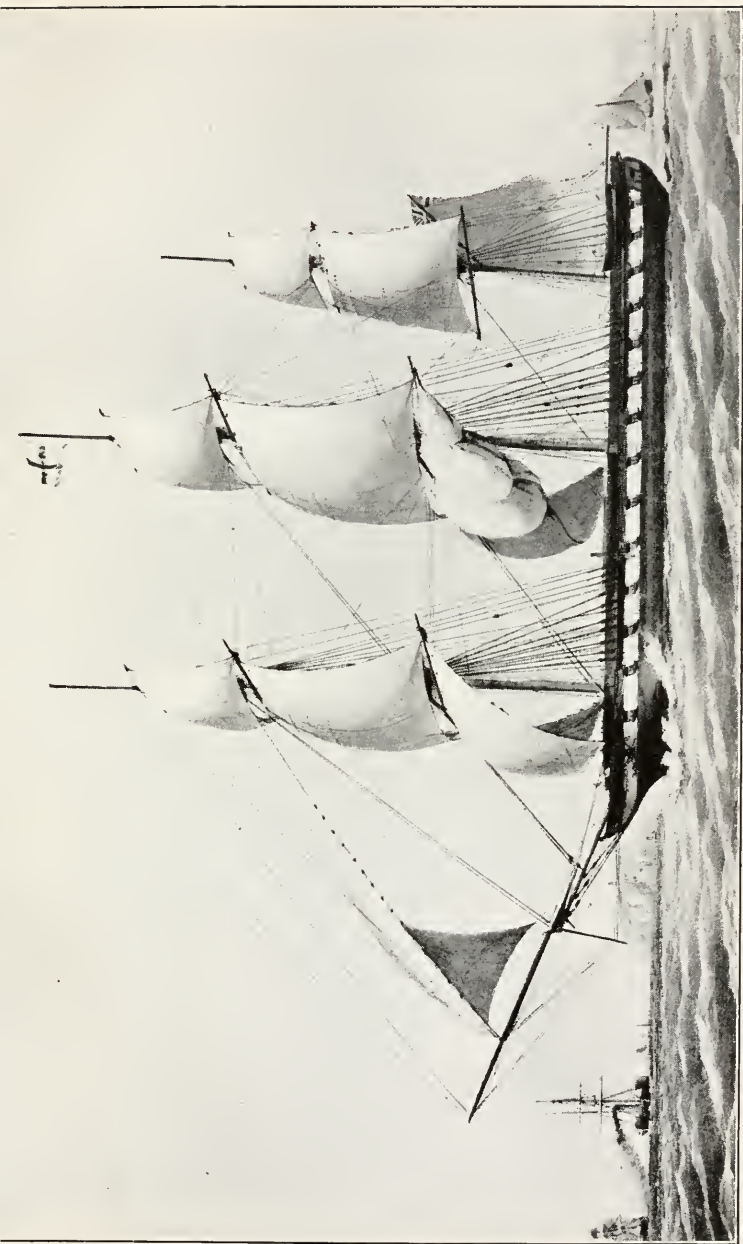
Another Blackwaller of 1847, Green's *Sutlej*, was one of the four ships lost under the well-known house-flag. She was destroyed by fire in January, 1859, when she was about to leave Calcutta, homeward bound, with a cargo of saltpetre and jute. The jute became ignited by spontaneous combustion, and after smouldering all night burst into flames in the morning when the hatches were opened. Loud explosions took place as soon as the fire reached the saltpetre in the hold; and these so terrified the crew that most of them jumped overboard, five being drowned.

The "Blenheim" in a Cyclone.

Marlborough's sister ship the *Blenheim* was very nearly lost in a cyclone in 1867, and was so strained and damaged that she had a very big repair bill.

The following account was given to the late Captain Whall by one of her officers, and is so interesting and curious that I have taken the liberty of quoting it in full:—

We had discharged part of our cargo at Madras and were bound to Calcutta; but, on the passage up, we ran into a hurricane, which



" BLENHEIM."

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 170.]

finished the career of the good old *Blenheim*, though she reached Calcutta in safety. In brief, it came on worse and worse, till, in the height of the storm, she suddenly went on her beam ends. This was her position: passengers all down below paralysed with fear. Captain—well—he lost his nerve—and there we were without a leader. It seemed to be only a question of minutes ere she foundered with all hands. I was only a young officer and scarcely realised our position: these terrific storms beat all sense and feeling out of one. Well, I came across the boatswain, with whom I had been very friendly on the voyage.

“Look here, Mr. Murdoch,” (I withhold his real name), he roared in my ear, for that is the only way you can speak to anyone in the height of a hurricane. “Them h’officers is all dazed. Come along o’ me and we’ll save her yet.”

“All right,” I cried in answer, recovering my senses now I had got a leader.

He scrambled along, I following, till he reached the carpenter’s berth. It was tenantless. He groped about and presently cried, “Here! catch a hold!” and I found an axe in my fist. “Now, follow!”

Again we scrambled aft through the howl and scurry of the storm. At the gangway, abreast of the mainmast, he stopped and began to climb out on to the ship’s upper side through one of the gunports. Now I knew what we were going to do—cut away the masts—and without orders! We clambered out on to the channels.

“Now, sir,” he yelled in my ear, “hack away!” We hacked; but it was awful work out there, with the flying spray and rain beating on us like whips, and the screaming hurricane almost hurling us from our hand-clutch, whilst the great hull beneath us rolled and wallowed in the seething waters.

In about ten minutes we had got five of the lanyards cut. Suddenly he held my arm. “Look out!” he cried, “Mind when she rights!” And all in a moment the black snakes of rigging seemed to be drawn up swiftly into the dark heavens—silently, for no sound could be heard of cracking ropes, of ripping decks or breaking masts—all was drowned in the one horrible roar of the storm: but, instantly the ship’s great spars, rigging and all, vanished. Slowly she began to right herself.

“Come on,” cried the bosun, and we crept inboard again. “We must take these axes back and no questions will be asked.”

Once more we regained the carpenter’s berth. He dragged the door to, which shut out some of the din, and, in a comparative silence, he said in my ear: “Now, sir, never you say a word to anyone about what we’ve done! The old packet’s a proper wreck now; the whole three sticks are gone. Mind you! No one gave the order and if we was found out there’d be the devil to pay, so keep quiet.”

Well, it saved the ship. Had she not been relieved of her spars,

she would soon have foundered ; as it was, when morning broke and the hurricane had ceased, we found that she had 12 feet of water in the hold : and she still lay over with her lee scuppers in the water, and no wonder, for 900 tons of railway bars in the hold had gone over to one side ; that alone would have destroyed a less strongly built ship.

As the storm decreased, the crew began to wake up. The captain remarked that it was a good job the masts had blown out of her and that it had saved the ship. (Bosun and I said nothing—indeed, this is the first time anyone else has heard of the affair.)

We rigged jury masts and got to port. Later on a tug came and towed us to Calcutta, where crowds came to see the wreck, the Governor-General amongst others.

T. & W. Smith sold the *Blenheim* in 1874, though she was still as tight as the day she was launched. She eventually became a coal hulk at the Nicobars.

Dress on the “Trafalgar.”

The style of a ship depends entirely upon her commander. The Blackwallers, following in the wake of the lordly East Indiamen of the Hon. John Company, were no whit behind them in their grand ways of carrying on. “Blackwall fashion” was a recognised term for this grand manner.

Most of the captains were exceedingly particular with regard to the dress of their officers. A certain captain of the *Trafalgar* was one of the few sailormen who wore an eyeglass. He was a tall, thin aristocrat, a prime sailor and scientific navigator, and with all a very strict disciplinarian. As for dress, his steward was sent to inform the midshipmen’s berth every morning as to what dress they should wear for the day, whether blues or whites.

The following amusing anecdote of this man is told by W. I. Downie in his *Reminiscences of a Blackwall Midshipman* :—

I had only two cloth caps with the badge and band on them, but had three or four more naval caps without the glittering adornments, and

unfortunately, before I had been a month at sea, I lost the two former overboard. Consequently, one morning, at eight bells, I was obliged to go on deck in a plain cap to keep my watch. I noticed the skipper looked very hard at me, but put it down to his short-sightedness. At last, however, after screwing his eyeglass into his eye, he came over to leeward and said:—

“Are you ashamed of the Service, sir?”

“No, sir,” I replied; “certainly not.”

“Well then, why have you not the company’s flag on your cap?”

I told him both my badges were overboard.

“Then, sir,” he said, “go down on the main deck, and keep your watch there; I cannot have half-dressed officers on the poop of this ship.”

With rueful steps, I descended the poop ladder, and, poor little wretch that I was, I thought I should sink under the disgrace. For a quarter of an hour I walked dismally up and down the stretch of deck, between the cuddy awning and the mainmast, feeling very sick. At the expiration of that time, the captain’s steward came to me, and, holding out a small parcel, said, “The captain’s compliments, sir; and will you please place this badge and band on your cap. You can then resume your duties on the poop. He would suggest you attach a lanyard to it.”

This was a piece of kindness I had altogether failed to anticipate, and I joyfully proceeded to ship the brass binding, not forgetting to secure it as suggested. Then, no longer an outcast, I gleefully once more mounted the poop ladder, touching my cap as I stepped again into that sacred piece of deck, which must not be trodden save by those suitably decorated with the company’s house-flag.

The *Trafalgar* was still afloat in 1873-4 under Green’s house-flag, but she is missing from the register in 1875-6, the year Rose’s iron wool clipper *Trafalgar* was launched.

The Loss of the “Dalhousie.”

It speaks well for the Blackwall frigates, their owners, officers and crews that, at a time when every gale strewed the shore with innumerable wrecks, there should have been so few of their number lost. During the whole era of the Blackwall frigates there were only four really big tragedies, those of the *North Fleet*, *Cospatrick*, *Dunbar* and *Dalhousie*; the first through collision, the second from fire, the third from a

mistake in navigation, and the fourth due probably to faulty stowage of cargo, which rendered the ship crank and unsafe.

This last, the loss of the *Dalhousie*, occurred in 1853. The ship, frigate-built of teak, was launched at Moulmein in 1848. She measured 800 tons and was owned by Mr. Allan, of London. It will be noticed that she did not belong to one of the first-class Blackwall firms, nevertheless she was undoubtedly a fine ship, well found and well manned.

On 12th October she left the E.I. Docks bound for Sydney under the flag of the White Horse Line of Australian passenger ships, with a cargo valued at £100,000 and a crew of 48 hands. Luckily only a dozen of her passengers joined at Gravesend, the rest were to be picked up at Plymouth. The *Dalhousie* arrived in the Downs on the 15th and was detained there by strong head winds until the 18th. At 7 a.m. on the 18th she sailed from the Downs, the wind being fresh at N.W. At 7 p.m. when the ship was 10 miles west of Dungeness, the wind shifted to the S.S.E. and freshened. At 10 p.m. the topgallant sails were taken in. At midnight all hands were called to reef topsails, the wind and sea increasing rapidly. At 2 a.m. Joseph Reed (the only survivor) took the helm, Beachy Head light being in sight abeam. By 4 a.m. it was blowing a gale; the ship was rolling very heavily and seemed to have a difficulty in recovering herself: the starboard quarter boat was washed away. At the change of the watch the fore and main topsails were double-reefed and the mizen topsail stowed: shortly afterwards a sea swept the ship and actually washed away the long-boat. At 5 a.m. the ship was hauled to the wind and the crew commenced throwing overboard water casks,

sheep pens, etc. At 5.30 the larboard quarter boat was washed away, the ship went over on her beam ends and lay there.

I will now quote from the sworn account of the seaman Reed, the only survivor:—

At half-past five a.m. she rolled right over on her starboard beam ends, and remained in that position with her mastheads in the water, lying at the mercy of the sea, which then made a clean breach over her, and washed away the larboard quarter boat. A great many of the crew took refuge in the maintop, and I got outside the ship on the weather gallery, it being impossible to stand on deck.

Captain Butterworth, the chief and second mate, the carpenter, cook, and some of the crew, joined me on the weather quarter, and they dragged through the gallery window four passengers, consisting of a gentleman, his wife and two children, who took refuge with them. I and another seaman also succeeded in getting out of the water a young lady, who had come out of one of the poop cabins, and I lashed her to a large spar, and placed her with the rest of the party on the gallery. Immediately afterwards a large sea broke over the ship, which washed off the gentleman above mentioned with his wife and children (four in all) and they perished together. At about this time a schooner was observed about half a mile to the eastward, bearing down upon the wreck.

Our ship was at that time settling fast in the water, and it was evident that she could not remain afloat many minutes longer. I cut the lashings of the spar to which the young lady had been made fast, in order to give her a chance for her life. As the spar went adrift, Captain Butterworth, the second mate and one or two of the seamen quitted the sinking ship and held on to the spar in the hopes of saving themselves, I being left on the quarter with the cook and carpenter.

Many of the people had by this been drowned, but others remained holding on as they best could on the weather side of the wreck. She lay thus for about ten minutes after Captain Butterworth had left her, and then sank, going down head first. I scrambled from the quarter to the mizen mast, which I ascended as the ship sank, I found the surgeon in the mizen top, and we went up together to the mizen cross-trees.

When we were submerged I lost sight of the surgeon, and I swam to some deals which were floating about. I got hold of one of them, but shortly afterwards I saw near me one of the chocks of the longboat, capable of affording me better support than the deal, which I therefore left and placed myself on the chock.

The schooner was then within shouting distance, being about 100

yards to leeward of me, and I hailed her, begging her crew to go about to windward and afterwards drift down among the *Dalhousie's* people, of whom several were still alive. (The schooner's people declared that they did not hear the hail, nor could they work to windward and get near the men struggling in the water; and after waiting for half an hour they were obliged to make sail for their own safety, as they were drifting down upon a lee shore and it was blowing hard.) In the course of the morning several other vessels passed near me, both going up and down Channel, without seeing us. My companions gradually perished one after the other, and I was repeatedly washed off my frail support. At about 1 p.m. the wind veered to the S.W., and towards 4 o'clock a brig hove in sight to windward, standing down towards where I was floating: I made signals to her with my handkerchief in the best way I could, which were fortunately seen. The brig soon came alongside me, and having lowered a rope with a bowline in it, I made it fast round my body and sprang from the chock into the sea. Although the crew of the brig observed every precaution in their power, I was unavoidably dragged under water for a minute or two before I could get on board, and when I at length reached her deck I was nearly senseless.

The brig was the *Mitchel Grove*, bound from Littlehampton to Sunderland with timber, and she landed Reed at Dover on the following day.

Great quantities of wreckage were washed ashore at Hastings and Rye, and the body of Mrs. Underwood, a passenger, washed up on the beach at Dymchurch.

In these sole survivor tragedies, the sole survivor is always proved to be a man of most extraordinary strength and endurance. Not many men could have held on to that longboat chock and lived through those long hours in that rough, cold, Channel sea and autumn gale of wind.

Origin of Marshall's House - Flag.

George Marshall came into prominence as an owner of first-class frigate-built passenger ships about the time of the discovery of gold in Australia. Marshall was a Sunderland shipbuilder and built all his own ships, running them both to India and Australia. The

first of his ships to make a name for herself was the *Statesman*, of 874 tons, launched in 1849. She made several very rapid passages out to Australia, and one especially, of 76 days from Plymouth to Melbourne before *Marco Polo* had astonished the world, was the cause of the blue circle in Marshall's house-flag. On this occasion the *Statesman* was commanded by the celebrated Captain Godfrey, a great exponent of Great Circle sailing, who also made two 77-day passages in Beazley's *Constance*.

Marshall celebrated Captain Godfrey's feat by adopting as his house-flag the St. George's Cross with a blue circle in the centre.

Toynbee's "Hotspur."

The *Hotspur*, which followed the *Blenheim* off the stocks, was one of the most popular passenger ships trading to Calcutta. And this was in great part due to her commander, Captain Toynbee.

Smith's ships were a good deal fuller in the ends than those of Green and Wigram, though they had plenty of dead-rise; and the *Hotspur* had bluff bows like a Geordie, but with the Geordie's fine run. Her utmost speed was about 12 knots, yet under Toynbee she was sailed so hard and made such good tracks that she averaged :—

Pilot to pilot—outward passage	90 days.
,, ,, homeward ,, 	91 ,,
Best passage out—Lizard to Madras	79 ,,
,, ,, home—Madras to Lizard	85 ,,

She made her best run on 12th September, 1864, in 42° S., 56° E., when she covered 328 miles in the 23½-hour day; whilst running her easting down she once averaged 230 miles a day for 19 days.

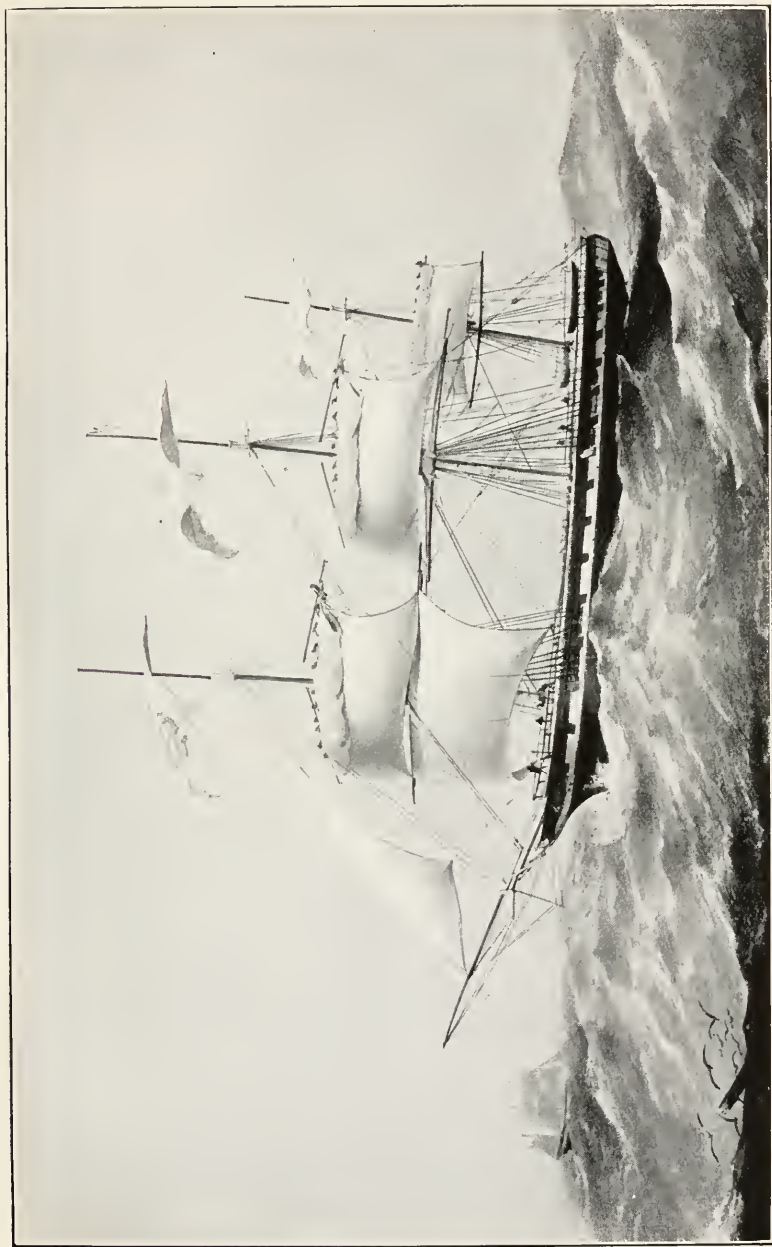
These performances meant hard driving. With a ship's company of 60 to 65, and a watch consisting of the officer of the watch, 3 midshipmen, a bosun's mate and 17 men, sail was never taken in till the last minute and set again at the first possible moment. Shaped as she was like a serving mallet, the *Hotspur* owed more than a little of her reputation for good and regular passages to her celebrated commander.

Captain Henry Toynebee was one of the most scientific navigators of his day, and many were his valuable papers to the *Nautical Magazine* and other shipping periodicals on such subjects as "lunars," "star navigation," "rating chronometers," "trade routes," etc. "He was always sure of his longitude within five miles," writes one of his officers. And his wonderful landfalls were the admiration of his passengers.

Toynebee was the son of a gentleman farmer in Lincolnshire, and went to sea in 1833 at the age of fourteen as a midshipman on the East Indiaman *Dunvegan Castle*.

On his second voyage he went in the free-trade barque *Eleanor*, to China, and then got a third officer's appointment in the *Duke of Argyle*, belonging to T. & W. Smith, his first commander in Smiths being John Sydney Webb, afterwards Deputy Master of the Trinity House.

Toynebee's first command was the *Ellenborough*; and he had also commanded the *Gloriana* and *Marlborough* before he took over the *Hotspur*, the command of which he resigned in 1866 in order to succeed Admiral Fitzroy as Marine Superintendent of the Meteorological Office. He retired in 1888, and lived to be over ninety years of age, an example of all that an officer in our Mercantile Marine should be.



“HOTSPUR.”

From an old Lithograph.

[To face page 178.]

Toynbee was succeeded in the *Hotspur* by his first officer T. L. Porteous, and the following is the last sailing notice in the *Times* of the famous old ship:—

FOR MADRAS DIRECT

T. & W. Smith will despatch the fine, fast-sailing ship *Hotspur*, A1 13 years, 1045 tons register. T. L. PORTEOUS, Commander: to load in East India Docks. Last shipping day, 30th October. Has excellent accommodation for passengers. For freight or passage apply to Messrs. Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament St., S.W., or T. & W. Smith, No. 1 Crosby Square, E.C.

On that voyage the *Hotspur* went ashore and became a total wreck in the Madras cyclone of 2nd May, 1872. The storm is thus reported in the log of the ship *Inverness*, Captain Thomas Donkin, R.N.R., which managed to ride it out in Madras Roads:—

1st May.—Noon, wind N.E.ly, force 6. Barometer 29.567. Observed signal at the Master Attendant's Office—"Surf impassable." 4 p.m., wind N.E.ly, force 7. Set sea watch. Towards evening squally weather, heavy showers, wind coming in gusts. Veered to 90 fathoms. 8 p.m., secured everything about the decks, etc., for bad weather. Close-reefed topsails, foresail and lower staysails ready for setting. Midnight, wind N.E.ly, force 8, Barometer 29.527. Heavy squalls and heavy rain.

2nd May.—2 a.m., wind N.E., force 9. Barometer 29.436. 4.15 a.m., wind N.E., force 11. Barometer 29.343. Daylight very heavy squalls and very threatening appearance: waited for a lull and paid out to 130 fathoms of chain, letting go second anchor before doing so, and veering to 35 fathoms. 5.30 a.m., observed the *Burlington* drifting. 7 a.m., the *Ardbeg* drifting. 8 a.m., wind N.E., force 11.5 Barometer 29.266. 9 a.m., wind N.E., force 12. Barometer 29.267. 9 and 10 a.m., *Sir Robert Sepping* dragging. *Invershie*, *Hotspur*, *Kingdom of Belgium*, *Armenian*, *Mary Scott* and other country ships parted. 11 a.m., the wind began to veer easterly and knowing then that the centre was passing south (though very close) felt convinced that if the chain only held on another hour we should be safe. The ship did not drag at all: we were prepared to cut away should she have commenced. During the morning the sea was fearfully heavy, and now and then the head of a sea came aboard, but no large body of water. 8 p.m., wind S.ly, force 6, decreasing. The *Inverness* was in a favourable position for riding out the storm, but the *Hotspur* was too close in. It would not have

been safe to put to sea at the first indication, as the ships would have had to beat off a lee shore whilst they were getting stronger and stronger winds as they neared the centre of the cyclone.

“Anglesey’s” Famous Figurehead.

Green’s *Anglesey* was noted for her wonderful figurehead, representing the Earl of Anglesey. This work of art was very much admired, and so carefully looked after that it was always kept covered up whilst in harbour except on holidays and special occasions.

The *Anglesey* was a very smart little ship, and holds the record for the biggest 24-hour run ever made by a Blackwall frigate. She was also exceedingly fast in light airs, which was due according to her officers to the beautiful modelling of her counter.

The following is a epitome of the voyage, in which she made the big run, taken from her log-book.

Fast Voyage to Melbourne and back by the “Anglesey.”

Ship’s Company—Commander J. Maddison; 3 mates, 5 midshipmen, bosun, carpenter, steward, butcher, cook, 17 A.B.’s (all British names), 2 O.S.’s, 3 boys, 1st cuddy servant.—Total 46.

LONDON TO MELBOURNE.

5th April, 1871.—1.30 p.m., hauled out of East India Docks. Draft of water forward, 18 ft. 3 ins. aft., 18 ft. 11 ins.; well 19 ins. Taken in tow by *Scotia*. 5.30 p.m., made fast to buoy at Gravesend. Took in livestock and one bull.

6th April.—5.30 a.m., mustered all hands. 3.30 p.m., Captain Maddison joined the ship. 4.15 p.m., passed emigration survey, and proceeded in tow.

7th April.—3.30 a.m., cast off tug and made all plain sail. Mod. E.ly breeze. 1.20 p.m., passed Beachy Head. 10.30 p.m., St. Catherine’s Light, N.N.E.

8th April.—9 a.m., hove to for pilot cutter. 10.30 a.m., Mr. Jones, pilot, left the ship off Berry Head. P.M., falling calm.

19th April.—Sighted Island of Lazarote, one of the Canaries.

22nd April.—Lat. 26° 10’ N., long. 16° 21’ W. Took N.E. trades.

1st May.—Lat 3° 19’ N., long. 22° 56’ W. Lost N.E. trades.

2nd May.—Crossed the Equator, 24 days from Start. Took S.E. trades.

4th May.—Lat. $5^{\circ} 57' S.$, long. $26^{\circ} 10' W.$ Course S. $19^{\circ} W.$ Distance 230 miles. Fresh trade and squally. Carried away fore top-gallant backstay bolt. Split flying jib and shifted it. Ship pitching heavily.

14th May.—Lat. $32^{\circ} 17' S.$, long. $17^{\circ} 36' W.$ Course S. $46^{\circ} E.$ Distance 241 miles. Fresh westerly wind with sharp squalls. 11.45 p.m., struck by a sudden gust giving no previous warning. Carried away jibboom and three topgallant masts, main topgallant mast going in three pieces, one piece damaging port boat in its fall. Also blew away main topmast staysail out of bolt-ropes.

15th May.—Lat. $34^{\circ} 47' S.$, long. $13^{\circ} 50' W.$ Course S. $52^{\circ} E.$ Distance 240 miles. Unsteady W.S.W. breeze and squally. At daylight commenced clearing away the wreck. Sent down all the yards and pieces of topgallant masts.

16th May.—Lat. $36^{\circ} 45' S.$, long. $11^{\circ} 00' W.$ Course S. $50^{\circ} E.$ Distance 182 miles. Wind westerly, unsteady and gusty, ship rolling heavily, tremendous sea.

17th May.—Lat. $39^{\circ} 5' S.$, long. $7^{\circ} 35' W.$ Course S. $49^{\circ} E.$ Distance 240. Unsteady westerly breeze and gusty. Employed getting jibboom and spritsail yard rigged. P.M., mod. breeze and puffy. Sent jibboom out and set the jibs.

18th May.—Lat. $39^{\circ} 56' S.$, long. $5^{\circ} 34' W.$ Course S. $61^{\circ} E.$ Distance 108 miles. Light W.S.W. wind. Ship rolling heavily at times. Employed getting fore topgallant rigging aloft. Shifted mizen topsail with best. P.M., moderate breeze. Sent up fore topgallant mast.

19th May.—Lat. $40^{\circ} 46' S.$, long. $1^{\circ} 54' W.$ Course S. $75^{\circ} E.$ Distance 176 miles. Wind west, unsteady and gusty, threatening appearance all round. A.M., crossed fore topgallant yard and set the sail. P.M., light breeze, sent up mizen topgallant mast, crossed the yard and set the sail.

20th May.—Lat. $41^{\circ} 3' S.$, long. $0^{\circ} 50' E.$ Course S. $81^{\circ} E.$ Distance 125 miles. Wind S.W. Moderate and squally. (Crossed meridian of Greenwich 18 days from line.)

(I have given this week fully, as it is a fine example of what could be done in re-rigging at sea on a Blackwaller.)

28th May.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 30' S.$, long. $23^{\circ} 31' E.$ Course S. $73^{\circ} E.$ Distance 232 miles. A.M., strong wind N.N.E. and gusty. Set main royal. P.M., moderate decreasing breeze S.W. Made all plain sail.

29th May.—Lat. $48^{\circ} 29' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} 51' E.$ Course S. $83^{\circ} E.$ Distance 380 miles. Wind W.N.W., unsteady and gusty, light rain. P.M., increasing with hard gusts.

(The log gives this run as 418 miles, but worked out rigorously it only comes to 380. This is the biggest day's work ever made by a Blackwall frigate.)

30th May.—Lat. $48^{\circ} 7' S.$, long. $39^{\circ} 9' E.$ Course N. $83^{\circ} E.$ Distance 254 miles. Fresh W.ly and N.W.ly winds. Squally, snow at times, split first jib and shifted it.

31st May.—Lat. $48^{\circ} 7' S.$, long. $45^{\circ} 35' E.$ Course east. Distance 258 miles. Wind N.W., strong and gusty with thick misty weather. Shipping much water overall. P.M., strong and gusty with rain. 4 p.m., heavy sea struck ship, flooding the cuddy and poop. Reefed the mainsail and took in main royal.

1st June.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 58' S.$, long. $52^{\circ} 45' E.$ Course N. $88^{\circ} E.$ Distance 288 miles. Strong N.W. wind and gusty with snow and hail squalls. Tremendous sea following astern. Ship rolling heavily and shipping seas.

2nd June.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 2' S.$, long. $58^{\circ} 45' E.$ Course N. $89^{\circ} E.$ Distance 241 miles. Wind N.W., fresh and gusty, set main royal. Found fore lock of main topgallant backstay had carried away. Rigged and set it up again. P.M., unsteady and squally with snow. Made sail to main topgallant sail.

3rd June.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 34' S.$, long. $65^{\circ} 4' E.$ Course S. $83^{\circ} E.$ Distance 256 miles. Fresh W.ly wind with hard squalls and hail. Split fore topmast stunsail. In light sails. P.M., strong wind and squally with snow. Furled mizen topsail. Heavy sea.

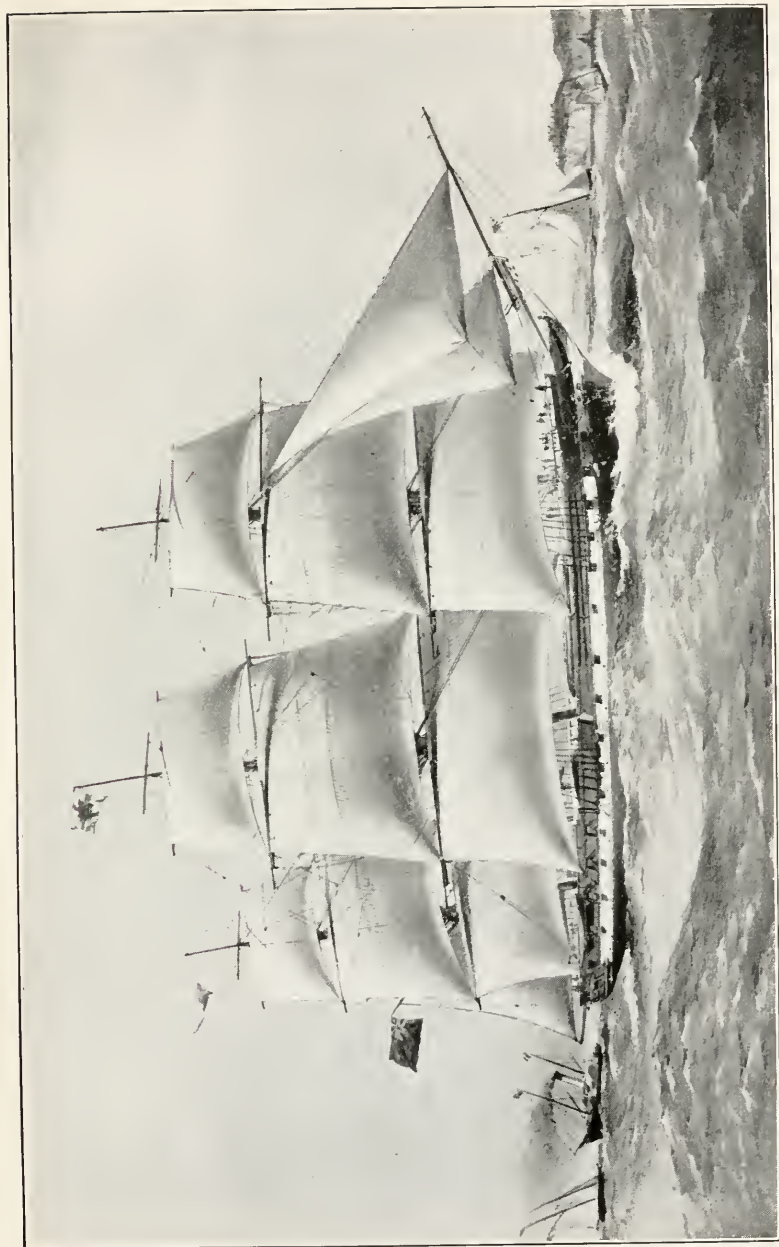
4th June.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 11' S.$, long. $71^{\circ} 10' E.$ Course N. $48^{\circ} E.$ Distance 256 miles. Wind W.S.W., unsteady, fresh and squally with hail at times. Made sail to main royal.

(The week's work from 28th May to 4th June totals 1925 miles. This is a very fine performance indeed for a little Blackwall frigate.)

10th June.—Lat. $47^{\circ} 10' S.$, long. $104^{\circ} 52' E.$ Course S. $80^{\circ} E.$ Distance 306 miles. Wind N.N.E. to N.N.W., increasing to a strong gale. Split the mainsail and took it in.

18th June.—8 p.m., sighted Otway Light.

19th June.—2 a.m., sunk Otway Light bearing W.S.W. 6 a.m., hauled the mainsail up. In a heavy gust carried away new main topmast staysail sheet and split the sail, at same time carried away new jib pendant and split the sail. 7 a.m., sighted Port Phillip Heads and pilot boat. Wore round on port tack and hove to for pilot. Mr. Hanson came on board and took charge. Piped to breakfast, during which rope of fore topmast staysail carried away, also starboard upper fore topsail sheet. Tacked to N.E., shifted staysail. Got the anchor off the



“ANGLESEY.”

From an old Lithograph.

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boards and got up more chain. 2 p.m., put helm up and stood for Heads. 3 p.m., passed through the Rip. 3.30 p.m., let go starboard anchor, and paid out 60 fathoms of chain. Found ship dragging, carried away lip of starboard hawse and started the chock. Let go port anchor and paid out 45 fathoms to hawse. Continuing to blow from S.E. all night with heavy gusts.

21st June.—4 p.m., hauled alongside Sandridge Railway Pier.

(Start to Port Phillip, 72 days.)

MELBOURNE TO LONDON.

10th August. 1871.—Noon, anchored off Queenscliffe. 8 p.m., Roberts, third-class passenger, taken out of the ship by police, his wife accompanying him.

11th August.—8.30 a.m., passed through the Heads.

16th August.—Lat. 48° 26' S., long. 163° 28' E. Wind S.W. Barometer 3 a.m., 29.22. 7 a.m., shortened sail to lower topsails, now blowing with terrific violence, ship laying over so that the water was over lee rail. P.M., strong gale with hard squalls, very heavy sea. 6 p.m., made sail as required, split upper fore topsail.

22nd August to 3rd September.—*Anglesey* ran from 51° 50' S., 162° 25' W. to Cape Horn. 3397 miles in 13 days, an average of 261 miles a day.

31st August.—Lat. 58° 42' S., long. 95° 48' W. Distance 294 miles (best run of the passage). Winds N.W. to S.W., strong breeze with hard squalls. Ship taking a great deal of water overall, starboard boat on skids washed to leeward. Lee rail constantly under water. 6 a.m., struck by a heavy sea on weather quarter, much of it finding its way below, filling cuddy and cabins. 8 a.m., heavy untrue sea running, set main royal to keep her before the tremendous sea running. Shipping much water over poop and main deck. P.M., hard squalls of snow. Ship rolling heavily, taking much water over both rails, frequently floating lifeboat on starboard davits.

3rd September.—Lat. 57° 29' S., long. 70° 47' W. Distance 285 miles. Wind S.W. Barometer at 4 a.m., 28.50. Wind increasing with hard gusts, and squally with hail. Tremendous sea running, shipping green seas all over main deck. Furled mainsail. 4 a.m., increasing with hard squalls. Furled main topgallant sail but loosed it before the men were off the yard and set it, finding she would not keep ahead of the sea without. 6 a.m., a terrific high sea running, washing over poop and rolling in on main deck. Sometimes 3 feet of water on the decks, pressing in port awning cabin and damaging front of cuddy and filling cabin. 8.30 a.m., struck by a heavy sea on stern, staving in deadlight in port cabin and starting quarter gallery. P.M., very heavy gale with hail. Ship with difficulty keeping ahead of the sea and rolling quantities of water over everywhere, pumps kept constantly going all day, the

men never leaving them. Skylight washed off the poop. 5 p.m., struck by heavy sea on starboard side, completely staving in lifeboat, unshipping davits and starting the whole starboard rail. Cut remainder of boat away to save the rail. Port upper fore topsail sheet going at same time, turned the hands out and rove sheet and set sail again. Set fore topgallant sail. 7.30., blew fore topgallant sail away. Sighted Islands of Diego Ramirez, ported and passed them. 8 p.m., shipped a tremendous heavy sea, smashing main booby hatch. Furled foresail and remains of fore topgallant sail. Midnight, pumps sucking.

(Port Phillip Heads to Cape Horn, 23 days.)

30th September.—Crossed the line in 27° 58' W.

29th October.—Wind S.W., 7.15 p.m., sighted Start light on port beam.

(Melbourne to Start, 79 days.)

This voyage is a most remarkable performance, and has never been beaten by a Blackwall frigate.

Captain Maddison was a real sail carrier, as can easily be seen by the few extracts which I have made.

The *Anglesey* was a short, deep little ship with her mizen pitched very far aft, her measurements being 182 feet long, 34 feet beam and 22 feet depth. To look at she was very like Green's second tea clipper, the *Highflyer*, which was launched nine years later, both ships having the same cut away bow; it is indeed highly probable that *Anglesey* had some influence on the design of *Highflyer*, though I have no evidence that this was the case.

Anglesey was sold by Green about 1874, and she disappeared from the Register in 1882.

“Roxburgh Castle” and Will Terris.

The *Roxburgh Castle*, launched the same year as *Anglesey*, was a slightly larger ship, having 3 inches more length, 5 inches more beam and 1 inch more depth.

Will Terris started life in her, but his desire for a sea

life was soon quenched and he left the ship as soon as she reached the Downs outward bound.

The *Roxburgh Castle* was a well known ship in the Melbourne passenger trade, and along with the *Anglesey*, *Dover Castle*, *Monarch*, *Prince of Wales*, and *Lady Melville* formed one of Green's Blackwall Line of Packets to Australia during the sixties and early seventies.

She was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands in 1876.

The "Northfleet" Tragedy.

The *Northfleet*, which made some remarkable passages in the China trade, is chiefly notorious for the tragedy of her end. In January, 1873, she anchored off Dungeness when bound out to Tasmania with a large number of emigrants, mostly railway navvies. During the night she was run into by an unknown steamer and sunk. The steamer, which was afterwards identified as the Spanish *Murillo*, steamed away and left her to her fate. The *Northfleet* sank in half-an-hour, 293 of her 350 emigrants being drowned. Many of these would have been saved if a panic had not started amongst the emigrants, who tried to rush the boats. Captain Knowles went down, revolver in hand, having done his best to save the women and children; and his wife, who was saved, was granted a Civil List pension in recognition of his bravery.

The Famous "Kent."

The best known, perhaps, of all Wigram's fleet was the grand little *Kent*, whose passages out to Australia were simply marvellous considering her size and build.

She was Wigram's pioneer ship in the booming passenger trade to Melbourne, the port of entry for the

wonderful Eldorado of the mid-Victorian fortune seeker; and as such she was the finest specimen of a first-class passenger ship that Wigram's Blackwall Yard could turn out.

Measuring 927 tons, she was 186 feet long with a beam of 33 feet. Her poop ran almost to the mainmast and she had a large topgallant fore's'le. She was, of course, full in the bow compared to the Liverpool clippers; she had the heavy square frigate stern with large stern windows and quarter galleries, and great heavy channels to drag through the water.

Her main royal masthead was 130 feet above the deck, which gave her a tall sail plan for her size and length, and her bowsprit and jibboom were of unusual length, even for a Blackwall frigate. She came out with single topsails, with the usual four rows of reef points. Her yards were banded every 3 feet with iron, and strength was given to her for sail carrying by every device of the riggers' art then known.

For many years she was considered one of the finest ships trading out of the port of London, which was tantamount to saying that she was one of the finest ships in the world.

And during her whole career she was always a "pet ship" and a great favourite, both of her owners, her passengers and crew.

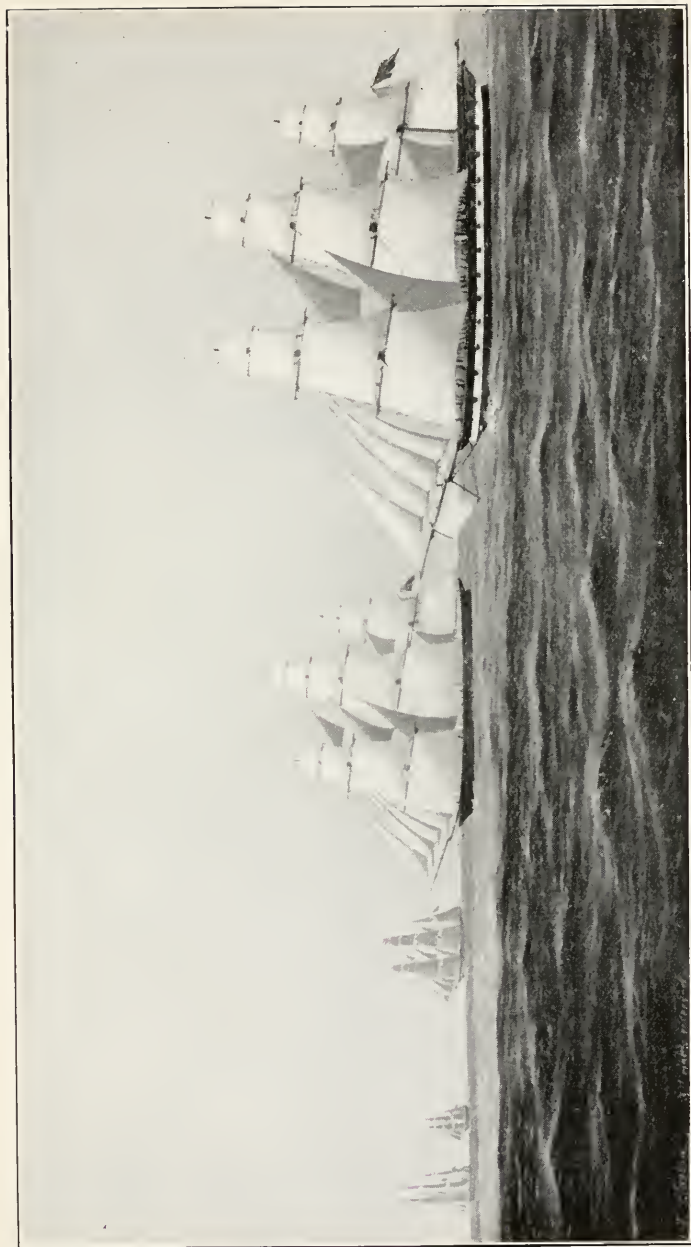
Here is a Melbourne shipping notice of the year 1856:



Blackwall Line of Packets.—For
LONDON direct—To sail in May—
The Magnificent armed Clipper ship
KENT.

At Lloyd's, 1000 tons, George Coleman, commander, belonging to Messrs. Money Wigram & Sons.

This renowned Blackwall clipper now stands unrivalled in the accomplishment of no less than eight passages to and from Australia, the average duration of which has not been equalled by any vessel afloat.



“ KENT ” AND THE TEA CLIPPERS.

Kent in foreground, the *Robin Hood* next, *Falcon*, *Ellen Rodger* and *Queensbro’*.

From a Painting by Captain Clayton.

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She will be despatched from this port for London at the time indicated above, and intending passengers should therefore ensure superior accommodation by making timely application at the offices of the undersigned.

An experienced surgeon will accompany the ship.

FARES.

Cabin passage, including wines, beer and spirits,	80 guineas.
Second cabin	£35
Third cabin	£25

For plans of the cabins, dietary scales, etc., apply to W. P. White & Co., agents, Wharf.

The first point to notice in this advertisement is the tall claim about the *Kent's* first eight passages. The writer of a shipping notice was no expert at his job unless he knew some way of showing up his ship and her wonderful qualities: yet he dared not go beyond the truth in claiming sailing records, or he would soon have an irate correspondence to deal with.

The *Kent*, according to the testimony of her captains, was a 12-knot ship, and never logged 13 except for a few minutes in some passing squall.

How then did she make her passages? In light weather she would fan along in the faintest of airs when other ships of her type were motionless, and like another historic ship, the *George* of Salem, was rarely known to lose steerage way. Twice she was 49 days to the line from Melbourne, and once she was 63 days to the Western Isles, truly wonderful work for a ship of her type.

This little frigate had the scalps of many famous ships in her locker. Twice she beat the *Marco Polo*. On the first occasion the two ships left Port Phillip Heads together on 4th December, 1854; and after the usual strong fair winds to the Horn they encountered very light weather in the Atlantic, never reefing topsails from Cape Horn to soundings.

This light weather was, of course, the little Blackwaller's opportunity, but the *Marco Polo* could slip along in any kind of weather, and in the end the two contestants arrived within a day of each other.

Kent landed her mails off Hastings on 27th February, 1855, 84 days out from Melbourne, whilst the *Marco Polo* arrived in the Mersey on Wednesday evening, 28th February, 85 days out.

The champions of *Marco Polo* argued that the Blackballer carried 1000 tons of cargo besides her passengers and drew 22 feet of water, whilst the *Kent* had no cargo and only drew 14½ feet of water. In 1859 the *Marco Polo* again had to lower her flag to the *Kent*, and this time she had the celebrated *Blue Jacket* as a companion. The three ships left within a day of each other, *Kent* from Plymouth and *Marco Polo* and *Blue Jacket* from Holyhead, all bound for Melbourne.

When off the Island of Trinidad, the *Kent* entered the northern semi-circle of a cyclone, and Captain Clayton, whose first voyage it was in command, altered his course so as to pass to the northward of the storm circle. In this way he held a strong fair gale which kept the *Kent* going at her top speed right down to the Cape. Meanwhile the *Marco Polo* and *Blue Jacket*, steering to the south of the centre, were held up by head winds and made a very slow run between Trinidad Island and the Cape meridian.

This gave the little *Kent* a lead of several days over her huge and powerful antagonists; and making a good steady average running the casting down, she arrived in Hobson's Bay, 83 days out, beating the two Liverpool clippers by several days.

The *Kent's* average to Melbourne was about 80 days. On her maiden passage she left London 27th January,

1853, and arrived at Port Phillip on 20th April—83 days out. On her second passage she left London on 26th October, 1853, and arrived Melbourne on 12th January, 1854—78 days out. On one occasion she beat the clipper *Empress of the Seas* on the outward passage; this ship had a record of 66½ days to Melbourne in 1861. Her greatest feat, however, was in beating the tea clippers home from the line, which I have described fully in my *China Clippers*.

It will also be noticed in the sailing notice above that a cabin passage on the *Kent* cost 80 guineas. As a rule with other ships this passage was a matter of arrangement, the price depending a good deal on how the ship filled up, but the little *Kent* was such a favourite that a stiffish amount had to be asked for a first-class cabin. Passengers had in those days to provide their own bedding, linen and soap, but drinks were free, champagne being provided twice a week on Thursdays and Sundays. And Captain Clayton describes how on these days the dinner finished up with a famous plum duff which was always ablaze with brandy.

The *Kent* was a favourite treasure ship, the gold being stowed in a strong room in the run beneath the captain's cabin. A hatch led to this room through the floor of the captain's cabin. This was caulked down for the passage; then, on the ship's arrival in the docks, the gold was transferred to the Bank in waggons, protected by an armed escort. On one occasion she had half-a-million in gold bars on board.

During the *Trent* excitement, at the outbreak of the American Civil War, the North actually sent a cruiser to the Channel with orders to seize any gold ship if war broke out with England. This was in 1861, and the *Kent* arrived home soon afterwards with her usual

cargo of bullion, and Captain Clayton was considerably surprised when old Money Wigram asked him anxiously if he had seen anything of the Yankee cruiser.

The *Kent* was always a strictly disciplined ship and a thorough Blackwaller in all her routine. No chantying was allowed; orders were carried out to the tune of the bosun's whistle. Her bosuns were most important petty officers, there being two bosun's mates, one of whom had charge of the main and the other of the foremast. They were always addressed as Mister. The *Kent's* bosun, when in port, would always go off in one of the boats, as soon as the decks had been washed down, ropes coiled up and awnings spread, in order to square up the yards. This was a most important function and required a most correct eye, for the bosun would be sure to hear from the mate if one of the yards was pointed the least bit too much or too little.

For a number of voyages a tall, active, powerful, hard bitten seaman of a mahogany cast of countenance, named Walker, was chief bosun of the *Kent*. This man was such a sailor as it would be quite impossible to find nowadays. His breed is as extinct as the dodo; he was the beau-ideal of a sailor, a real Tom Bowling, and could only have been produced in the foc's'le of a sailing ship.

The *Kent* carried a crew of about 60, and from 8 to 10 midshipmen. The fiddler supplied the place of the chanteyman. Topsail yards were always walked up to the mastheads on the order to hoist topsails—passengers joining with the crew in tailing on to the halliards. Setting sail was always an inspiring scene, with the fiddler scraping his best and the lines of men at "stamp and go" on the main deck. The three topsails were



CAPTAIN M. T. CLAYTON, OF THE "KENT."



"KENT" IN THE THAMES.

always reefed simultaneously. Ten minutes was considered time enough to put in the first reef, haul out the reef tackles and hoist away. The *Kent's* first captain was Captain Coleman; he was celebrated as a polyphonist. He took her from the stocks until 1856. Then Captain Brine had her for three years, with Clayton as his chief officer.

Captain Brine was one of the real old sort. His masts and yards had to pass the test of a plumb-line or a sextant. The *Kent* had hemp rigging in his day, and his masts had to be stayed to a hair; so the handy billy was not allowed much rest.

Captain Clayton succeeded Brine in 1859, and celebrated his first passage out by beating *Marco Polo* and *Blue Jacket*. He was a young man then, hardly more than a boy, and the command of a Blackwall frigate was one of the plums of the Merchant Service, so one may be sure that old Money Wigram valued his capabilities very highly.

Captain Clayton.

Captain Clayton, who is still alive, is one of the few left who saw sea life at the zenith of the Golden Age of Sail. He belongs to a different order of seamen to that of the present day. All days, all periods have their romance and great adventure, but that romance was purer, less sordidly tainted by the desperate struggle for existence in the days of sail. If more strenuous in some ways it was less in others. The equation of time was not so all important and consequently human nerve was less strained, less overworked; and experience soaked into one, it did not come in a flash and depart leaving only a blurred impression.

These old seamen had great memories of great adven-

tures: their lives were not a jumble of incidents, tumbled one on top of the other, but were an orderly procession of events, stirring enough indeed but separated by periods of calm, when the soul of man, his nerves and tissues had time for rest and recuperation.

Captain Matthew T. Clayton came of old sea stock: his great-grandfather, William Duke, commanded his own vessel, in 1750, and incidentally arrived in Lisbon two or three days after the earthquake.

His home was at Selsea, in Sussex, and from this quiet English home Clayton and his three brothers went out into the wide world as British sailors at an age when the present day boy is still at school.

Though Captain Clayton is still alive in sunny New Zealand, one brother lies buried in the island of Lombock, another at Singapore and the third in Chili, and the Sussex homestead stands deserted.

Can we have a better example of Kipling's verse ?

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
 And she calls us, still unfed,
 Though there's never a wave of all her waves
 But marks our English dead:
 We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
 To the shark and the sheering gull.
 If blood be the price of Admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

Captain Clayton went to sea at the age of thirteen in October, 1844, and before he had reached man's estate he had lived through more adventures, seen more wild places and suffered more hardships than any imaginary hero of the romantic writer.

He knew the storm wind of the South, the stark calm of the line, and the smiling trades. He knew the treacherous currents of the China Seas, the waterspouts and "williwaws" of the Java Straits and the coral reefs of the Islands. He had faced death in the night, and

death at morn: death from the sickness, from Java fever and yellow jack: death from the poisoned arrow and shark's tooth sword of the savage South Sea Islander: death from drowning and from sharks; death from the eager, clutching fingers of the storm fiend.

His first ship was the *London*, a 480-ton Moulmein built barque, belonging to the Port of London. He was apprenticed to her owners for five years, during which time they undertook to teach him navigation and train him into a sea officer. And the captain of the *London* was a man who stood to the letter of his owners' contract. From 10 to 11.45 a.m. every morning he taught his apprentices navigation in the cabin; and at 11.45 he took them on deck to shoot the sun.

Clayton's first voyage was out to Bombay with general cargo and home again with ivory, cotton, rubber and spices.

On her second voyage the *London* went out to Sydney where she was chartered to take a load of bullocks across to Wellington. This passage was one of the nightmares of the old captain's memory.

The first night out it came on to blow: the cattle were thrown about by the rolling and pitching of the ship, they broke their legs, they bellowed with fright and gored each other in their terror; they broke adrift and fell in struggling heaps; and one by one they died. And during that ten-day passage of bad weather the crew of the *London* were kept busy heaving dead bullocks up out of the hold, until on their arrival at Port Nicholson there were not many bullocks left to swim ashore. In Wellington harbour the *London* nearly drove ashore during a gale. It was a pitch black night which young Clayton spent aloft sending down topgallant masts and yards.

From here the ship went across to Java in ballast, and as usual on that coast the whole crew fell down with Malay fever, from which young Clayton did not recover until the *London's* arrival at Hongkong. The next port was Manila, whence they went to Sydney, where the ship was sold in 1847.

In June of that year, Clayton joined a South Sea trader, the British barque *Statesman*, of 343 tons, Captain David Dewar.

The South Seas in those days were much as they were in Cook's time. The chief trade was sandalwood, which fetched £40 a ton in the Chinese market and was chiefly used for idols and rich men's coffins. Copra was not yet known as merchandise.

The agent of the *Statesman* was the celebrated Captain Bobby Towns, one of the early merchant princes in the South Seas. His interests ramified through all the Islands. His white traders ruled heavenly paradises or existed on sufferance in savage atolls throughout the whole Pacific, before the advent of the missionaries. Some of them soaked themselves in gin. The unfortunate or those lacking in tact were eaten by their neighbours; the fortunate lived in fatty degeneration as petty kings; but few broke with the life; they could not leave it in spite of months of isolation, of lack of contact with their own kind.

Into the midst of this life the boy Clayton found himself and in three years of peril and adventure grew to be a man; a man of cool nerve and infinite resource, and a prime seaman.

On her first voyage the *Statesman* went to the wild New Hebrides for sandalwood; and at Aneityum, one Captain Paton, a white king, filled her up for the Hongkong market.

On her second voyage she was fitted for a more adventurous undertaking. Her 'tween decks were turned into a trade room containing old iron tomahawks, bright calicoes, blue beads, knives of all sorts, gaspipe muskets, fish hooks and a plentiful supply of pipes and tobacco. And she shipped five whaleboats for trading among the reefs; one being a longboat fitted with mast and sail. Four apprentices, well-born Colonial boys all athirst for adventure, joined the ship—boys whose names were afterwards well known in Colonial history. And lastly she took aboard a number of time-expired Loyalty Island natives from Bobby Towns' Lifu Island plantation.

Space will not admit of all Clayton's adventures in the South Seas, of escapes from hostile savages, of capsizes on boating voyages within the reefs, of narrow squeaks from drowning and from sharks. Nor can we detail the method of trading with a hostile shore, the boat crews armed, and the boats kept with their heads seaward, ready to pull clear of arrow flights or hurtling spears.

The natives looked upon white men sometimes as gods, sometimes as devils. The ship was considered to be a giant canoe, and it was a never-ending source of wonder that she did not tip up when the secretly frightened islanders were induced to step aboard. The cabin mirrors terrified all dusky visitors, and were dubbed "black magic." The water showing transparent in the *Statesman's* rudder trunk was another cause for savage amazement. Indeed it was a life of danger and excitement, of new experiences for both white and coloured, of new wonders, new worlds, new peoples, such as is no longer possible in these days when every corner of our planet has been explored.

But Clayton was not of the mould of an island trader, savage kingdoms with all their charms could not hold him; he was too virile for the *dolce far niente* island existence, and so we find him in October, 1856, signing on as chief mate of the crack Blackwall frigate *Kent*, back again in civilisation, back in the whirlpool of life, the calm, lazy backwaters of the islands with their sudden tragedies and primitive passions a thing of the past.

Rowing a Thousand-ton Ship.

Clayton, when he took over the little *Kent*, had a difficult task. She was a very favourite first-class passenger ship and so he had to find favour with his passengers; secondly, she was a very steady passage maker, and he had to maintain her reputation. In both of these points he was eminently successful. He was also a sailor of ideas, who was not easily beaten by adverse circumstances.

This was well shown on the passage when he reached the Western Isles in 63 days, and then ran into a flat calm. He at once decided to try and row his 1000-ton frigate across the calm belt, and the experiment is thus described by a witness in a newspaper interview:—

There was a slow undulating swell from the westward: the ship just had steerage way and no more.

Captain Clayton told his chief officer that he intended to try and pull the *Kent* along until he got wind, and instructed him to rig stages outside on both sides of the ship, about 2 feet above the water and get out every oar on board. The carpenter and crew soon had stages firmly secured on each side, with stunsail booms rigged along for gun-wales. There were about 30 oars belonging to the ship's boats. These made fifteen a side and they were quickly at work.

All the passengers who could pull went down to help the crew, and they pulled away right cheerfully. The ship's fiddler was stationed at one gangway, and one of the second class passengers, who had a fiddle, on the other; and there they fiddled away to the toiling oarsmen.

The oars were relieved at frequent intervals, for there were plenty of hands; and grog was served out regularly. So with the help of music and judicious splicing of the mainbrace, Captain Clayton kept his people at the oars for two days.

The jollyboat was towed astern in case any of the oarsmen fell overboard.

“By the evening of the second day,” says Captain Clayton, “we had pulled into a light breeze. I set all possible sail and pulled the rowing stages up, and away we went, as the wind gradually increased in strength. Anyway that rowing notion of mine kept the ship’s company amused even if we did not move the old *Kent* very far.”

Captain Clayton uses Oil in a Cape Horn Gale.

A few years later the commander of the *Kent* again showed his enterprise and resource by using oil to save his ship when she was hard pressed by a furious Cape Horn gale.

The *Kent* sailed from Melbourne in July, 1862, with 250 passengers and a full cargo, including about £400,000 in gold ingots.

Just before she sailed a steamer arrived from Adelaide with a large consignment of wheat and copper ore, which the agents insisted in transshipping into the *Kent* in spite of Captain Clayton’s remonstrances.

It was soon found that Captain Clayton was right, for the additional cargo began to strain the ship’s topsides before the Horn was reached, and the pumps had to be manned to keep the ship clear of water.

At last, when the *Kent* was within 200 miles of the Horn, the glass fell to 28.10 and it was evident that dirt of the usual Cape Horn kind was ahead.

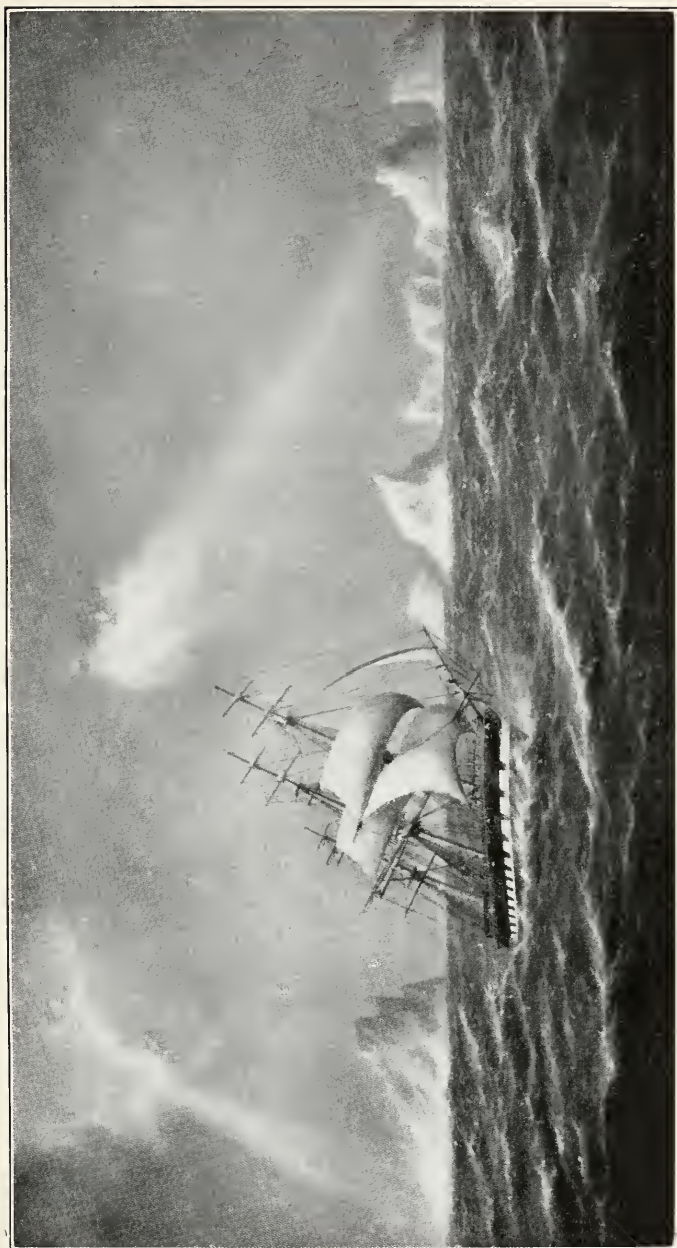
In a very short while the wind was blowing with urricane force, whilst a huge sea of Cape Horn greybeards

threatened to wash the overladen ship from stem to stern. Captain Clayton sent down his upper yards and made every preparation he could, well knowing that the extra cargo would severely handicap the brave little frigate in her fight for life.

Then shortly before dark a regular Cape Horn snorter came whistling down upon the ship; and a greybeard came rolling up as high as the topsail yard. This sea struck the ship fair amidships on the port side and hove her down on her beam ends. The poop skylights were smashed in, and the poultry coops were washed down into the cuddy. The first-class cabins were flooded, whilst drowning hens and wildly cackling ducks and geese swam about the flooded saloon. The first-class passengers, who were in their bunks and many of them seasick, found themselves in danger of drowning as the cataract of water poured into their berths; and they were compelled to rouse out and make a fight for life. At last, with the help of the stewards and the stronger aiding the weaker, they managed to shift themselves by means of the after companion to the vacant second class cabins on the lower deck.

Meanwhile it was going hardly with the ship. Things began to go and the great rollers of Cape Stiff began to loot the ship. The cow, house and all, went clean over the lee rail; the galley was washed out and reduced to a wreck; many of the men were seriously injured; and sails began to blow adrift from their gaskets and go to shreds, whilst the close-reefed main topsail blew clean out of the bolt-rope.

It was a terrible night and Captain Clayton, who at the commencement of the blow had lashed himself to the mizen fife-rail, had the greatest difficulty in keeping his ship from being overwhelmed.



" KENT " AMONGST THE ICE IN 1861.

From a Painting by Captain Clayton.

To face Page 198.

Shortly before daybreak there was a lull in the fury of the storm, and by noon it was found possible to open the fore and main hatches so as to jettison the additional cargo. Helped by the passengers the crew tossed bag after bag of wheat overboard, the copper ore followed, until that extra consignment, worth about £4000, had all gone to feed the fishes.

This eased the ship, but still it was not enough, for she was straining badly, and passengers and crew had to keep the pumps going without ceasing.

There happened to be some casks of sperm oil in the cargo. A piece of pump hose was led to these and the oil pumped up into canvas bags, in which holes had been pricked. These bags were hung out to windward, and one was kept dribbling from the quarter galleries, whilst to lessen the danger of being pooped, a sail of storm canvas was stretched over the stern.

The result of using the oil was instantly perceptible. The Cape Horn greybeards ceased to break within the range of the oil. Yet as the ship, which was, of course, hove to, slid down into the trough between each of these hills of water, the sperm oil like congealed fat was blown over her, torn from the crests of the seas by the hurricane, until everything reeked of whale oil from the lower mastheads down. And weeks afterwards, when the ship had reached the tropics, the oil still dripped from aloft to the vast discomfort of those on the deck beneath.

However by this timely use of oil Captain Clayton saved his ship. Indeed the oil bags had hardly been rigged out before the wind shifted and it came on to blow harder than ever.

Captain Clayton, who had the additional anxiety of a young wife with an infant in arms on board, never left

the deck for two days and two nights. Sustained by occasional cups of coffee, he never relaxed his vigilance until the wind had moderated and the danger was past.

On the *Kent's* arrival home, the general average struck on the cargo for the jettisoned wheat and copper ore came to only about a penny in the pound. Great praise and also something more substantial than praise was given to Captain Clayton by the owners and underwriters for the way in which he had brought his ship through the Cape Horn gale.

“Kent's” Narrow Escape from Icebergs.

On the *Kent's* previous homeward passage, she nearly got embayed by icebergs.

She left Melbourne on 15th October, 1861, with 22 cabin passengers, 172 steerage passengers and 105,603 ounces of gold.

On 27th October in 52° S., 162° W., she ran into a regular nest of icebergs which stretched across her course as far as the eye could see. Sixty-one large bergs were counted blocking her way. Night was coming on and there was every appearance of thick and dirty weather approaching. The question to be decided was should the course be altered to the north or to the south.

By inspiration, as he always considered, Captain Clayton altered his course to the south, running to the S.S.E. under double reefs until 7 p.m. By 9 p.m. it was blowing a heavy gale, but no more ice was seen.

A few days later Captain Clayton dreamt that he passed the *Owen Glendower*, which had sailed from Melbourne two weeks before him. The next morning a ship was sighted ahead and the *Kent* was seen to be rising her fast. It proved, sure enough, to be the *Owen Glendower*, and the *Kent* passed close by her.



“KENT” PASSING “OWEN GLENDOWER.”

(*Kent* is ship to right.)

From a Painting by Captain Clayton.

[To face Page 200.]

The old "charmer" was no match for Wigram's little flyer and was soon left out of sight astern. She eventually arrived in the London River two weeks after the *Kent*, though it must be confessed that the latter made an unusually fine passage.

She rounded the Horn on 11th November, crossed the line on 7th December, and hove to off Plymouth at 7 a.m. on 6th January, 1862, 83 days out.

Captain Clayton gave up the command of the *Kent* in order to settle in New Zealand. But it was a great wrench and though comfortably circumstanced, he often regretted it. "A bonny ship she was. I felt my soul when I resigned the command," he wrote to me some years ago.

He took the new paddle steamer, *City of Brisbane*, of the A.U.S.N. Co., out to New Zealand under sail and steam, making the passage in 87 days.

Her owners begged him to remain in command but he had decided on a shore billet, and became the marine surveyor for Auckland of the New Zealand Insurance Company. For twenty years also he was the Examiner in Seamanship for Masters and Mates, whilst in 1875 he was appointed Lloyd's surveyor for Auckland; besides these posts he acted as agent for Money Wigram's ships.

Just before the outbreak of the Great War Captain Clayton retired to his dairy farm at Manurewa. The grand old sea captain is now over 90 years of age. Up to within four years ago he still continued to paint with all his old skill, a skill which is well shown in the illustrations of his paintings which are given in this book.

In 1915 he still continued his duty as a lay reader of Auckland Cathedral, though he wrote me that he feared he would soon have to give it up.

He had seven sons on active service during the war, Long may he live to enjoy his retirement at Manurewa.

As for the old *Kent*, I believe she is still afloat as a hulk on the West Coast of America.

The Wreck of the "Dunbar."

On 30th November, 1853, James Laing launched the first-class passenger ship *Dunbar* for Mr. Duncan Dunbar. This ship broke the record by some 300 tons for ships built on the Wear, and was considered at her launch to be the finest merchant ship that the yards of Sunderland had ever produced; her addition to the *Dunbar* fleet raised its tonnage to close on 35,000 tons.

The following are some of the *Dunbar's* chief measurements:—

Registered tonnage	1321 tons.
Burthen	1980 ..
Length	201 ft. 9 in.
Breadth	35 ft.
Depth of hold	22 ft. 7 in.
Height between decks	7 ft. 3 in.
Length of poop	82 ft.
Height of poop	7 ft.
Weight of mainmast	9 tons.

As was always the case with Blackwall frigates, strength was sought after before all else. With timbers of the best British oak, she was planked, decked and even masted with teak. She was extra copper-fastened and strengthened throughout with enormous iron knees.

Lighting and ventilation were the chief difficulties which beset the mid-Victorian shipbuilder, and in the case of the *Dunbar* these two necessities received such attention that every berth in the 'tween decks was separately lighted and the 'tween decks themselves

were so large and airy that they were compared to a public hall.

As regards finish, we are told that the break of the *Dunbar's* poop was tastefully panelled and ornamented by a row of polished teak pillars. The new ship was generally admitted to be the finest in Duncan Dunbar's fleet; her name will ever be remembered both at home and in Australia as that of one of the most tragic wrecks in the annals of our Merchant Marine.

The *Dunbar* was put on the run to Sydney, and under Captain Green soon became a very favourite ship. In the spring of 1857 she left London for Sydney with a cargo valued at £22,000, 30 cabin passengers, 33 steerage passengers and a crew of 59, making 122 souls all told. She sailed soon after the *Duncan Dunbar*, a new ship of the firm, which was on her maiden voyage; there were also two other ships on their way to Sydney in front of her, the *Vocalist* and *Zemindar*. The *Dunbar* made a splendid run out and passed all these three ships.

Late on the afternoon of 20th August, she made the Heads. The weather was very threatening with the wind fresh from S.E. The sea had been rising all the morning and by 3 o'clock a mountainous surf was breaking against the Heads, whilst heavy rain was falling from a black pall of dirty, leaden storm clouds.

The *Dunbar* had come along in sight of the Coast, and just before dark she was picked up by the signalman on duty at the South Head, named Packer, who was soon able to distinguish her painted ports and red lion figurehead. He immediately reported "Sail ho!" by a flag signal to the Sydney Post Office.

Packer next attempted to get into communication

with the ship, and hoisted the following signals in Marryat's code:—

4910—"What ship is that?"

1495—"Where do you come from?"

1693—"How many days are you out?"

Packer declared fifty years after the event that he got answers from the ship; but it is hard to reconcile this statement with the fact that, for some hours after the discovery of the wreck on the following day, it was supposed to be either the *Duncan Dunbar* or else one or other of the two emigrant ships, *Vocalist* and *Zemindar*.

It was soon too dark to distinguish the ship, but when last seen, according to the signalman, she was standing to the northward. With the wind blowing directly on shore and with every appearance of a very dirty night, Captain Green had no relish for beating on and off at the very door of one of the finest harbours in the world, so he determined to run in, open up the light on the rocks, called the "Sow and Pigs," within the entrance, and let go his anchor in the shelter of Watson's Bay.

Sending his first and second officers and three sharp-eyed seamen on to the foc's'le head, he bore away and headed for what he supposed to be the entrance between the Heads.

It was a pitch dark night, and the hard S.E. gale was blowing stronger in every squall, but the shore lights must have been clearly visible. We shall never know how the mistake was made or whose mistake it was, but for some reason or other the South Head light was kept on the starboard bow instead of on the port bow, and the ship was steered for a dent in the cliffs which was known as the Gap.

Suddenly there came the terrible cry of "Breakers

ahead!" from the lynx-eyed second-mate. All hands were on deck, and all was ready for going about, but before the helm could be put down the ship was in the grip of the breakers, and was washed on to the rocks which stretch out in flat-topped ledges from the base of the precipitous sandstone cliff.

The passengers were all below, having retired for the night; but when the ship struck many of them made a desperate attempt to gain the deck, but were forced back again by the boiling surf which was making a clean breach over the vessel.

A survivor's account of such a terrible scene of destruction must needs be hazy and disconnected, and we know little of the heart-rending incidents which took place whilst the *Dunbar* was being torn to pieces by the surf.

According to Johnstone, the only survivor, the ship took a full hour breaking up, during which time those on deck were swept overboard by the lashing seas, whilst those below were drowned like rats in a trap. Johnstone and two others were the last to hang on to the wreck, then a big roller came in and took them and the part of the ship to which they were clinging away with it.

Johnstone was washed up on to a ledge along with the old bosun; the bosun had not sufficient strength and endurance to hang on, but Johnstone clung like a limpet and survived. His own account was as follows:—

I was eventually washed off the wreck, and driven up under the cliffs, where I succeeded in securing hold of a projecting rock. I remained there until such time as the ship broke up. Up to this time the *Dunbar* acted as a breakwater, but as she broke up I had to clear out. I managed to scramble from one ledge of a rock to another, till I reached one 20 feet high from where I was washed up. It was about midnight on a Thursday when I first caught the rock, and I remained there until

noon on the following Saturday (in all thirty-six hours). On the Saturday the sea went down, and I dropped from one ledge of rock to another till I could see the top of the cliffs overhead. I saw one man there in the morning, but before I could attract his attention I was forced to return to my retreat owing to three big seas following one another, looking as if they would wash me away.

We will now take up the tragic story from the shore end.

During the night of the wreck, Mrs. Graham, the wife of the signalmaster, woke up and called to her husband: "Go down, Jim, and rescue the poor fellow in the sea."

The wind was screaming, the roar of the surf was deafening, and the spray swept in gusts against the signal station, so that the small house was shaken to its foundations. The fury of the gale was enough to unnerve any woman. So thought the head signalman, he soothed his wife and lay down again. She dozed off, but in an hour or so, again awoke her husband and urged him to rescue the man, whom she had dreamt about.

Again a third time she had a vivid dream or vision—one cannot say which—of a man struggling in the surf at the base of the cliffs. This time she knocked on the partition separating the Graham's room from Paeker's, and besought Paeker: "For God's sake to help that man under the cliffs."

But both men knew that with such a storm raging there was no possibility of rescue work, even if there were a man drowning in the surf. Two days later when Mrs. Graham saw Johnstone she recognised him as the man of her dreams.

On the following morning the wind was still blowing with terrific force. The boom of the tremendous surf could be heard for miles and clouds of spray blew over the cliffs and even over the top of the lighthouse, 75

feet high. The top of the cliffs were drenched with salt water, to stand out in which was like a shower bath. The kitchen garden of the signal station was ruined by the salt; the water in the fresh water tanks was so contaminated by the salt spray that it was rendered undrinkable, whilst the flying spume reached as far as the Marine Hotel, half a mile away.

The signalmen fought their way to the edge of the cliff to see if there was any sign of the vessel which had been sighted the night before. But the expected sight of a ship hove to under lower topsails or running in for the entrance was nowhere visible. Their eyes, however, were caught by something tossing in the surf, which looked like a bale of wool, but which afterwards turned out to be the bodies of Mrs. Egan and her daughter, locked fast in each other's arms.

Then, indeed, they looked down instead of out to sea; and there lay the ship, a hollow shell in the wash of the rollers, with her head to the south and her back broken.

The news was immediately signalled to Sydney that a ship had gone ashore in the Gap, and crowds of anxious people, including the Mayor of Sydney and Mr. Daniel Egan, the Postmaster-General, were soon on their way to the South Head. By this time wreckage of every description including a broken mast was seen tossing about in the broken water along the edge of the cliffs.

And there was worse than wreckage. The first body seen was that of a woman, nude, with both legs cut off above the knees.

This horrible sight was revealed by the backwash as it rushed out over the flat table rock which almost fills the Gap. Then in came another comber and it was seen no more.

At first there was no idea that anyone could be living down in that maelstrom of raging seas, but evidently an attempt was made, probably during a lull, to rescue some of the bodies, for the Mayor wrote the following account to the Sydney *Morning Herald*:—

At the Gap a brave fellow volunteered to go down to send up some of the mangled corpses now and then lodged on the rocks beneath us; now a trunk of a female from the waist upwards, then the legs of a male, the body of an infant, the right arm, shoulder and head of a female, the bleached arm and extended hand, with the wash of the receding water, almost as it were in life, beckoning for help; then a leg and thigh, a human head would be hurled along; the sea dashing most furiously as it in derision of our efforts to rescue its prey. One figure, a female, nude, and tightly clasping an infant to the breast, both locked in the firm embrace of death, was for a moment seen; then the legs of some trunkless body would leap from the foaming cataract, caused by the returning sea, leaping wildly with feet seen plainly upwards in the air to the abyss below to be again and again tossed up to the gaze of the sorrowing throng above. We provided a rope, lowered the man, with some brave stout hearts holding on to the rope above, and in this manner some portions of the mutilated remains were hauled up to the top of the cliff until a huge sea suddenly came and nearly smothered those on the cliff, wetting them all to the skin.

Little, however, could be done that day. And the one numbing anxiety of everyone was to know the name of the ship. At first a rumour went round that it was the *Duncan Dunbar*, as a gangway panel with a lion rampant carved upon it had been discovered jammed high up on the rocks. At last one of the ship's headboards with the name *Dunbar* upon it was picked up inside the Heads and all doubt was set at rest.

By this time thousands had battled out the 9 miles from Sydney in spite of the storm in their faces and the road converted into a quagmire. The news that it was the *Dunbar* spread from mouth to mouth amongst the mournful crowd on the cliffs.

The poor Postmaster-General, who had inadvertently watched his own wife and child tossing in the sea, fell

back in a faint. Low cries of anguish ran quivering through knots of people, whose eyes seemed to be glued to that grim table rock, over which the mutilated bodies of their friends and relatives washed to and fro. Many of the best known families in Sydney were returning in the *Dunbar* after a holiday in the Old Country, and even its humble steerage held many a Sydney-sider.

Friday night fell upon a city in mourning—and upon a young sailorman, clinging to a rock, alive in the midst of the mutilated remains of his dead shipmates.

On the morning of Saturday the sea had gone down considerably. A man named Palmer walked out along a ledge in order to be able to see further under the cliff, with the result that Johnstone was discovered lying on the rocks.

The next question was how to get at him from the top of the cliff. Whilst the signallers were arranging a derrick contrivance with a signalling yard for lowering someone down over the face of the cliff, a hat went round for whoever should volunteer, and £15 was collected.

A volunteer was found in an 18-year old Icclander, named Antonio Woollier. Curiously enough he was not a sailor, but a watchmaker's apprentice. He gallantly refused the money, saying his only wish was to help a fellow-being in distress.

A signal for hauling up was arranged and over the edge went the boy. There was an anxious wait and then the signal to haul up was received. The seamen on the rope at once declared that they were hauling up something much heavier than the boy they had let down.

The excitement culminated when a huge sailor of 6 ft. 2 ins. poked his head above the edge of the cliff.

It was James Johnstone, A.B., aged 23, the sole survivor of the *Dunbar*.

He was undoubtedly a man of the most unusual strength and endurance, for in spite of his terrible mauling in the breakers and 36 hours on the rocks without water or food, he was able to walk to the Marine Hotel, where he was given restoratives and put to bed. Sympathy of a very practical nature poured in upon him and for some days he was the lion of Sydney, with his pockets full of money, a girl on each arm, and a crowd of admirers in his train, he soon became a familiar figure in the streets and at the theatres and music halls.

Years later the *Cawarra*, a fine new paddle boat of the U.S.N.Co., with a full list of passengers, struck, on the Oyster Bank off the Knobbys at Newcastle, New South Wales. It was the middle of the night and all hands went down with the ship except one little foremasthand named "Hedges." Hedges was washed on to a buoy at the mouth of the harbour, from which he was rescued by the harbourmaster's boat, whose coxswain was Johnstone of the *Dunbar*.

Johnstone was for many years chief lighthouse keeper at Newcastle. He was still hale and hearty though over 70 years of age, and was living at Petersham, Sydney, on the fiftieth anniversary of the wreck of the *Dunbar*.

On the Saturday which saw the rescue of Johnstone, the *Black Swan*, steamer, with the Superintendent of Police, Captain McLerie, on board, commenced a search of the harbour.

The searchers picked up several bodies in the harbour, three were found on the beach at Manley, others at the Quarantine Station, whilst two coffins were filled with the remains which were found on the rocks of the

Gap. Most of the bodies were unrecognisable, and out of the 122 on board numbers were devoured by sharks. The body of a man was picked up quite undisfigured except that it lacked the head, and as it was supposed to be that of an heir to some property, the fact that his identity could not be entirely proved caused years of litigation.

The inquest was a most distressing affair. The little dead-house near the Mariners Church was quite full of the mangled remains and more than one juror fainted.

The funeral was long remembered in Sydney; a long line of hearses, headed by a band playing the "Dead March" in "Saul" and followed by every kind of vehicle from private carriages to omnibuses, wound its way along George Street. Every ship half-masted her ensign, minute guns were fired and bells tolled, whilst all Sydney mourned.

Willis' Wonder, "The Tweed."

Some ships seem to have the finger of God in their design, the supreme of man's craftsmanship in their building and the touch of genius in their character. Such ships stand out above all their contemporaries. Old seamen speak of them with the affection of lovers. Poets sing of them. Chanteymen glorify their qualities and their deeds in hundreds of verses. Journalists pigeon-hole the pages of their log books as if they were public men. And those who have sailed in them lord it regally over their fellows and begin every yarn with the stock phrase, "When I was in the old so and so."

These divinely inspired ships sail like witches, come unscathed through the severest storms, bring up fair winds and break up calms, coin money for their owners,

and are never sick or sorry from their launch to their demise.

Of such was Willis' wonder *The Tweed*, which for the first eight years of her existence was the paddle wheel frigate *Punjaub* of the Indian Navy.

Lloyd's Register gives the date of her launch as 1857. This is indeed a curious slip, for the *Punjaub* had a well-known share in the making of history at the bombardment and capture of Bushire during the Persian War in 1855.

In 1852, the *Punjaub* and *Assaye*, the last two frigates to be built for the old Indian Navy of the Hon. East India Company, were laid down in Bombay Dockyard by Cursetjee Rustomjee, master builder, and the fifth of the famous Parsee family of Wadia to hold that post. The world has seen many great shipbuilding families, and by no means least of these were the Wadias.

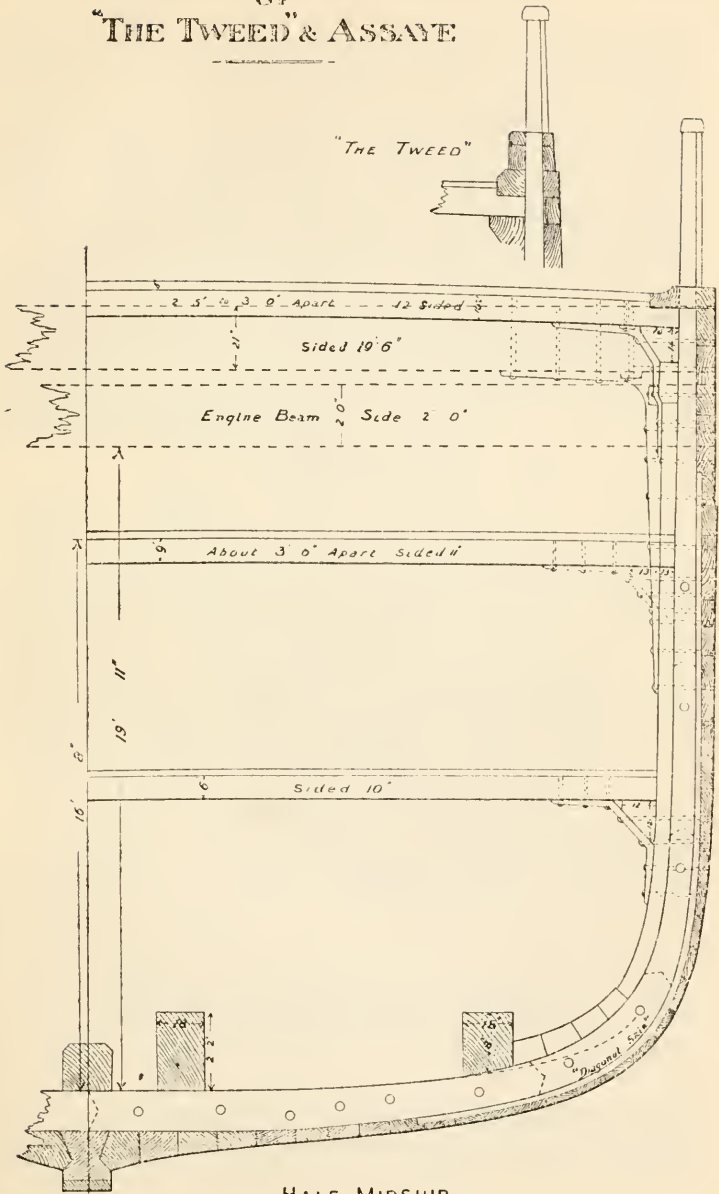
In 1735 Lowjee Nusserwanjee was foreman of the East India Company's yard at Surat. Mr. Dudley, the Master Attendant of the company, sent Lowjee in this year to Bombay to start a yard there.

Lowjee, like all the Wadias, combined great skill in his profession with great honesty of work and great integrity in the purchase of materials and handling on moneys. And from the first the ships built in the Bombay Dockyard by the Wadia family were celebrated for their strength, for their durability, and for their speed.

The workmanship of the Wadias could not be excelled in Europe; their material, Malabar teak, owing to its natural oil was the best and most long wearing of all the woods used in shipbuilding, and in the design their ships were kept well abreast of the times.

There was, however, a touch of romance in the design

HALF MIDSHIP SECTION
 OF
 "THE TWEED" & ASSAYE



HALF MIDSHIP

of the *Punjaub*. Actually the credit for her lines has been given to Oliver Lang, but he was always supposed to have drawn his inspiration from the hull of an old French frigate, one of those beautiful shapes from the pencil of the French naval architect, which were the wonder, envy and despair of our own designers during the eighteenth century and early part of the nineteenth century.

If we compare the measurements of the *Punjaub* and the *Assaye*, we at once see in the additional overall length of the *Punjaub* for the same gross tonnage a reason for her greater speed.

	Tons	length overall	length regd.	beam	depth	engines
<i>Punjaub</i>	1745 net	285	250	39.6	25	700 h.p.
<i>Assaye</i>	1800 gross	277	250	39.6	25	650 h.p.

Both ships were built of carefully picked Malabar teak, and no ships were ever better or more honestly constructed. Their engines seem to have given little trouble, but the cumbersome paddle-wheel boxes undoubtedly took off from their speed through the water and spoilt their appearance when under sail. They were armed with ten 8-inch 68-pounders.

The *Assaye* was launched on the 15th March, 1854, at midnight, in the presence of Lord Elphinstone, Rear-Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Lecke and nearly 300 guests, who had been celebrating the occasion by a ball at the doekyard.

The *Punjaub* was launched on the 21st April, 1854, but her glide into the water does not seem to have attracted so much attention, though she was the finer ship of the two.

Both ships were some months fitting out, the *Assaye* owing to the non-arrival of her engines from England not being ready for sea until October.

On the 1st November, 1854, Bombay was devastated by a cyclone, which nearly finished off the *Assaye* though the *Punjaub* escaped damage. The pressure of the wind registered 35 lbs. per square foot; the gardens of Bombay were flattened out as if a roller had passed over them, houses were unroofed and otherwise damaged, whilst the shipping had the worst time of all. Five square-rigged ships and three steamers went ashore, most of them dismasted, and 142 native craft were wrecked or sunk.

The *Assaye* broke adrift and carried away her bowsprit against the Castle walls, and with difficulty was saved from total shipwreck.

The *Hastings*, receiving ship, sprang a leak and drove from her moorings. The *Queen* got a line aboard her but failed to hold her. She fouled the ship *Mystery*, and then battered herself almost to pieces against the Castle walls. All the yachts and the state barges of the Governor and Sir Henry Leeke, moored off the Apollo Bunder, were lost.

The *Elphinstone* was only saved by the skill of her crew. She grounded off the Custom House basin, but managed to back off, and with only a staysail set, contrived to get clear of the crowd of distressed ships and make the outer anchorage.

The surveying brig *Palinurus* was dismasted and grounded off the dockyard breakwater.

The cyclone burst over the city at midnight on 1st November, was at its worst at 3 a.m., and with the usual shifts round the compass lasted till daybreak on the 2nd.

It was *The Tweed's* first baptism by the elements and she came out of it unscathed. I shall refer to her as the *Punjaub* until her name was changed.



"THE TWEED."

From a Painting



"THE TWEED," OFF GRAVESEND.

[To face Page 214.]

On the 2nd January, 1855, she was taken over by Commander John W. Young, who afterwards distinguished himself on the *Assaye* at Bushire and Mohamra. He had already been employed in the fitting out of the two ships, but the time had now arrived when they were to begin their sea lives.

“Punjaub” takes the 10th Hussars to the Crimea.

In the winter of 1854 orders came out from home for the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers to go to the Crimea. They were badly wanted as reinforcements in the struggle before Sebastopol, and the quickest possible despatch was urged.

To the *Punjaub* was assigned the honour of carrying the Colonel and nearly half the 10th Hussars.

In six days she was fitted with stalls for 250 horses: and on the 9th January, 1855, she sailed for Suez with the steam frigate *Auckland*, steam sloop *Victoria* and sailing transport *Sultana* with the rest of the regiment and their horses.

On the 21st February, the *Queen*, *Precursor*, *Earl of Clare*, *Earl Grey* and *Jessica* embarked part of the 12th Lancers at Bombay and also sailed for Suez. The rest of the 12th were picked up at Mangalore by the *Assaye* and *Semiramis*; the *Assaye*, however, broke down, and had to tranship her men on to the *Semiramis*.

On the passage to Suez the *Punjaub* first gave a taste of her sailing powers; and so superior did she prove herself to her consorts that though she put out her fires and lowered her topsails on the cap whilst they staggered along under full head of steam and press of sail, she ran them hull down in spite of the impediment

of her great paddle boxes. Commander Young and his first officer, Lieut. Worsley, were both in despatches by the Governor of Bombay, for the part they played in this important piece of transport work.

The "Punjaub" and "Assaye" in the Persian War.

On the return of the ships from Suez, there was a general shift over of the commanders in the Indian Navy.

Young was transferred to the *Assaye* on 11th May, 1855, and a very well-known officer, Commander Montriau, was given the *Punjaub*. He had hardly taken over before he was made Master Attendant of the Dockyard and the command of the superb frigate fell to the luck of Lieut. Alexander Foulerton, who was made Acting Commander.

In June, 1855, the Indian Navy commenced fitting out a squadron for the Persian War: the fighting ships consisted of:—

Assaye—Flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir. Henry J. Leeke, Captain Griffith Jenkins (Captain of the Fleet). Acting-Commander G. N. Adams.

Punjaub—Acting-Commander A. Foulerton.

Semiramis—1031 tons, 250 horse-power, 6 guns. Captain J. W. Young.

Ferooz—1450 tons, 500 horse-power, 8 guns. Commander J. Rennie.

Ajdaha—1440 tons, 500 horse-power, 8 guns.

Falkland—494 tons, 18-gun sloop of war. Commodore Ethersey Lieut. J. Trouson.

Berenice—756 tons, 220 horse-power; 4 guns. Lieutenant A. W. Chitty.

Victoria—705 tons, 230 horse-power, 5 guns. Lieut. E. Giles (and later Lieut. Manners).

Chve—387 tons, 18-gun sloop of war. Commander Albany Grieve.

The expeditionary force consisted of 5670 combatants (2270 Europeans), 3750 camp followers, 1150 horses and 430 bullocks.

Some of the Infantry were taken by the warships; but 20,000 tons of transports were also required.

Perhaps their names may be of interest; there were 6 steamers and 23 sailing ships.

The steamers consisted of the *Precursor*, *Pottinger* and *Chusan*, all belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Co.; and the *Sir J. Jejeebhoy*, *Lady Falkland* and *Bombay*, of the Bombay Steam Navigation Co.

The sailing ships for the transport of the Artillery were:—*Rajah of Cochin*, *Melbourne*, *Madge Wildfire*, *Sibella*, *Dakota*, *Merse* and *Mirzapore*.

For Light Cavalry—*Abdulla*, *Bayne*, *Alabama* and *Fairlie*.

For the Poona Horse—*Arthur the Great*, *Thames City* and *Clifton*.

For the Infantry (besides the warships—*Result* and *Maria Grey*.

For Stores—*Futtay Salam* and *Philo*.

Colliers—*Bride of the Seas*, *British Flag*, *Somnauth*, *Defiance* and *Rhoderick Dhu*.

The expedition sailed from Bombay during the second week in November, 1855, the way being led by the *Punjaub* which left on the 8th.

On 24th November the whole force rendezvoused off Bunder Abbas. By the 6th December the ships, which left Bunder Abbas in three divisions, had all arrived in Hallilah Bay, where the troops were landed under the fire of eight 24-pounder howitzer gun-boats, which drove off a column of the enemy, who were evidently meant to dispute the landing. On Sunday, 9th December, the troops, aided by the fire of the ships, stormed the Fort of Reshire, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles below Bushire.

The following quotations from the despatch of Commander Felix Jones, the Political Agent, to the

Government of Bombay, give a graphic account of the storming of Reshire and capture of Bushire.

After relating the difficulties of landing the Cavalry horses and Artillery equipage owing to the lack of native boats, he goes on to say:—

Forty-eight hours sufficed to put the troops in motion northward, the ships of war, led by the Admiral, advancing along the coast to their support. This was on the morning of the 9th, and by noon the enemy were observed to be in force in the village of Reshire. Here, amidst the ruins of old houses, garden walls, and steep ravines, they occupied a formidable position; but, notwithstanding their firmness, wall after wall was surmounted, and finally they were driven from their last defence (the old fort of Reshire) bordering on the cliffs at the margin of the sea. This was carried at the point of the bayonet, the enemy then only flying in despair down the cliffs, where many met their death. . . . Brigadier Stopford, C.B., met his death here, and other loss was experienced. The wounded were received into the ships the same evening, and provisions were thrown into the fort from seaward during the night.

An attempt was now made to parley with Bushire, but Commander Jones with the flag of truce was fired on and had to retire, and he goes on—

While this was going on, a note from the Major-General (Stalker) commanding announced his intention of advancing on the town the following morning, and the Admiral disposed his fleet in order of battle, first dismantling the newly erected outworks, and then moving with a view of breaching the south wall of the town.

The following morning, as the tide served, the ships were in the positions assigned to them. A second flag of truce had come off, begging 24 hours' delay, but this was promptly rejected, and at near 8 o'clock the signal was hoisted to engage. Shot and shell were aimed at the redoubt south of the town, but with little effect owing to the great range, though eventually the enemy assembled there to oppose the troops were dislodged and beat a retreat with their guns into the town. The ships, in the meantime, had moved upon the town, and such was the ardour displayed to get close to the works, that every ship was laid aground at the turn of high water, and for four hours continued to cannonade the defences, which were active in replying the whole time. Many of their guns, however, were not of sufficient calibre to reach the ships, but the perseverance of the Persian gunners in firing from the more heavy pieces was admired by every one.

Their shot told very often on the hulls of the *Victoria*, *Falkland*, *Semiramis* and *Ferooz*, which latter vessels under Captain John Young and Commander James Rennie had the posts of honour for the day. Details of the affair it is unnecessary for me to enter upon. It will suffice for me to report that, some of the guns being silenced, on the approach of the army, under Major-General Stalker, C.B., to breach the wall on the gate side before the assault the Persian flagstaff was felled in token of submission.

The British colours were hoisted at the Residency flagstaff in the town at 4.30 p.m., with a salute of 21 guns from the fleet, the ships being dressed.

The Governor of Bushire and his staff were sent on board the *Punjaub*, which with the *Assaye* sailed for Bombay three days after the capture of the town, Admiral Sir Henry Leeke and staff, the three principal prisoners and the captured Persian flag being on the *Assaye*.

Whilst running through the Bassadore Gulf the *Assaye* was boarded by a friendly Arab chief, who told the Admiral of a Persian division, 3000 strong, assembled at Lingah, with the purpose of capturing the depot station on the Island of Kishm.

When the ships drew abreast of the Persian camp it was bombarded by their 68-pounders; the Persians thereupon drew off out of range.

The Admiral thereupon left the *Punjaub* and a force of Marines to protect the island, and took the prisoners on the *Assaye* to Bombay.

This diversion deprived the *Punjaub* of any participation in the gallant little action of Mohamra on the Shatt-ul-Arab, where the *Assaye* so distinguished herself. This took place on the 26th March, 1856, the *Punjaub* arrived at Bombay on 9th March and left for the Gulf on the 20th, too late to take part in this operation, which was a hot one.

The casualties on the bombarding ships would have been very much heavier but for an idea of Commander Rennie's, that of placing trusses of pressed hay round the bulwarks of the ships to stop the Persian musket balls. Vast numbers of bullets were shaken out of these trusses, and no less than 300 bullets were buried in the sides of the *Ferooz*.

All the ships, namely—*Assaye*, *Ferooz*, *Semiramis*, *Clive*, *Ajdaha*, *Victoria*, and *Falkland*, anchored within 100 yards of the Persian earthworks, with the exception of the *Assaye*, which owing to her length had not sufficient room to swing on the ebb, so Commander Adams kept steaming her up to the *Ferooz*, next ahead, and then dropped back on the tide to the next astern, all the time engaging the Persian batteries at pistol shot range.

The *Victoria* grounded 200 yards off Huffer Creek and being exposed to concentrated fire received 18 shots in her hull, her rigging also being much cut up.

The sailing sloops of war *Clive* and *Falkland* drew the admiration of all eyes as they took up their stations under all sail. Simultaneously they hauled down and clewed up every sail, dropped their anchors and fired their broadsides into the opposing batteries.

At 10 a.m. the magazine in the north fort blew up amidst deafening cheers from each ship; this was followed by three other explosions and the Persian fire began to slacken. By 1 o'clock the chief works were silent, and the steam transports, headed by the *Berenice* with General Havelock and the 78th Highlanders on board, moved up and began to land the troops. But the honours of the day were entirely with the seamen, the Union Jack being hoisted on the northern fort by the First Lieutenant of the *Assaye*, whilst seamen from

the *Semiramis*, *Victoria*, *Clive* and *Falkland* stormed the southern forts after they had been silenced.

The Persian army of 13,000 men and 30 guns broke up and dispersed as soon as they saw the troops advancing through the date groves. The leader Agha Than Khan and 300 men were killed; but the state of the Persian camp was nothing to that of the Persian forts which were filled with dead and wounded. The British loss was only 10 killed and 30 wounded. As General Havelock wrote:—"The gentlemen in blue had it all to themselves, and left us naught to do."

"Mohamra" was one of those gallant little affairs which have hardly been noticed by our military or naval historians.

The retreating Persian army was pursued by a composite force of seamen and Highlanders in small gun-boats and the ships' cutters as far as Ahwaz, where large stores of provisions, arms and transport animals were captured. This force returned to Mohamra on the 4th April to learn that peace had been made with Persia.

Lord Canning in a General Order thus expressed his appreciation of the little campaign:—

The surrender of Bushire on the 10th December, after a brief and ineffectual opposition; the operations against the Persian entrenched camp at Borazgoon: and the complete victory obtained over the Persian army at Khooshab on the 8th February, the bombardment and capture of Mohamra on the 26th March, and the brilliant attack by a few hundred men against Ahwaz on the 1st April, followed by the precipitate flight of the whole Persian army serving in that quarter, have signally instanced the vigour, the enterprising spirit and the intrepidity with which the operations against Persia, both by sea and land, have been directed, and have earned for those who had a share in their execution the cordial approbation and the thanks of the Government of India.

“Punjaub ” in the Indian Mutiny.

The war with Persia ended just in time to allow the ships and troops to get back to Bombay and take their part in the terrible struggle caused by the Indian Mutiny.

If the *Assaye* had been more in the limelight than her sister ship during the Persian operations, the *Punjaub* and her commander and crew came brilliantly to the front during the Indian Mutiny. The *Punjaub* arrived at Bombay from the Persian Gulf on the 22nd May, 1857, and was at once ordered with all speed to Calcutta in the wake of the *Assaye* and transports which had the 64th and 78th Regiments on board.

The *Assaye* left Bombay on the 23rd and the *Punjaub* on the 25th May. They arrived in the Hooghly to find Calcutta in a state of panic, which their 21-gun salute of the Viceroy did somewhat to allay; and we are told that no complaints about broken windows due to the salute were made, as was usually the case.

This was on the 4th June, and the *Assaye* was turned short round and left for Bombay with treasure belonging to the Government that very night, so great was the fear of a rising.

The panic and excitement in Calcutta came to a head on the 14th June, 1857, called afterwards “Panic Sunday.” A report had spread that the Sepoys at Barrackpore had risen in the night and were marching on Calcutta, also that the King of Oude’s forces at Garden Reach were to join them in a loot and massacre of the city.

From an early hour the streets were filled with the laden tongas and carts of fleeing citizens—all rushing for refuge to the fort and ships.

Sir John Kaye in his *Sepoy War* thus describes the panic:—

Within great long boxes on wheels, known as palanquin carriages, might be seen the scared faces of Eurasians and Portuguese, men, women, and children; and without piled up on the roofs, great bundles of bedding and wearing apparel, snatched up and thrown together in the agonised hurry of departure. Rare among these were the carriages of a better class, in which the pale cheeks of the inmates told of their pure European descent. Along the Mall on the water-side or across the broad plain between the city and the fort the great stream poured itself

The fugitives poured in at the gates of the fort, and at the ghauts shrieked for rowing boats to take them off to the ships in the river.

Whilst Commander Foulerton, who was then Senior Naval Officer at Calcutta, was at church, he received a note ordering him to wait immediately on Lord Canning.

On proceeding to Government House he found an Emergency Council sitting, consisting of the Governor-General, the Foreign Secretary (George Edmonstone); Major-General Richard Birch, the Military Secretary; Colonel Powell, Commanding the Troops; Colonel Cavenagh, Town-Major; and Major Herbert, commanding the Calcutta Militia.

Commander Foulerton was then let into the secret. He was ordered to take his ship down to Garden Reach and anchor off the King of Oude's palace at daybreak, when he was to land and assist the land party in seizing the King and preventing anyone from leaving the palace.

He replied that he was not able to move the *Punjaub* as her floats were off and she could not be fitted in time, but that he would take the *Semiramis* and all the *Punjaub's* company in her boats. This Lord Canning agreed to and Commander Foulerton was dismissed to make his arrangements, with instructions to report by 9 o'clock that evening.

Commander Foulerton first of all procured a reliable pilot, whom he took with him aboard the *Semiramis*. The pilot at first made objections to taking the *Semiramis* down without orders from the port authorities, but Commander Foulerton would stand no nonsense and gave in sailor-like language the various things which would happen to him if he remained obstinate, and thereupon he gave in.

Lieut. Stradling commanding the *Semiramis* was next warned to be ready to sail at daylight and to stop all communication with the shore. Finally the First Lieutenant of the *Punjaub* received instructions to have all boats manned and armed ready to be taken in tow by the *Semiramis*.

A little before daylight the *Semiramis* with the *Punjaub's* boats in tow got underweigh and presently anchored off the King of Oude's palace at Garden Reach.

Leaving the boats of the *Semiramis* to guard the landing, Commander Foulerton with the *Punjaub's* crew disembarked and closed in on the palace. Here he was presently joined by Colonel Powell and the 53rd Regiment, some Artillery and the Governor's bodyguard.

The huge compound and enclosure of the palace was now completely surrounded—1500 armed men were said to be within, but the surprise was complete. It was left to Mr. Edmonstone, Commander Foulerton, and Colonel Powell to tackle the wretched King himself. They found him reduced to a state of semi-imbecility by fright and past excesses. He was sitting on his bed surrounded by some of his wives and attendants. Mr. Edmonstone told him to get ready to go aboard the steamer. At this there was a general howl from the wives and the King began to cry and stutter out all sorts

of excuses and protestations, and seemed prepared for any obstinacy.

But his behaviour was more than the sailor could stand, and he told Mr. Edmonstone that he would soon settle the matter, if he would allow him, by hoisting the King of Oude aboard the *Semiramis* by a whip on the mainyard.

But the Foreign Secretary, who had been used to dealing with Indian princes with much etiquette and ceremony, would not stand for this proposal, and a carriage was sent for from Government House, though Commander Foulerton was allowed to take the King's rascally Minister, Ali Nuckee Khan, and several other Court dignitaries on board the *Semiramis*, to be landed at the fort.

This was the first important part played by the *Punjaub's* crew during the Indian Mutiny, and it was by no means the last.

For the next few days panic still reigned at Calcutta. Both civilians and soldiers slept with swords handy and revolvers under their pillows.

Most of the mem-sahibs slept aboard the ships. Commander Foulerton very often slept ashore, but one night he happened to come aboard his ship and to his surprise found a lady occupying his bed.

The first naval detachments for active service were landed from the ships in June and July, 1857, and were soon scattered over Bengal doing most yeoman service. The chief detachment from the *Punjaub* was known as Number 4. It was commanded by Lieut. T. E. Lewis, the First Lieutenant of the *Punjaub*, with the following officers under him, Acting-Master Connor, Midshipmen W. Cuthell and A. Mayo, and Mr. Brown, the ship's boatswain. It was composed of 85 picked seamen,

who had been trained to the highest efficiency by Lieut. Lewis, an officer "remarkable for military attainments." The detachment was armed with two 12-pounder howitzers; and the men carried Enfield rifles.

The *Punjaub's* detachment was the first to distinguish itself in the field. They saved Dacca from the mutineers on 22nd November, 1857. It was a hot action in which a few sailors had to face many times their own number of Sepoys and their sympathisers. Space will not admit of a full account of this gallant affair, but the following is Lieut. Lewis's despatch:—

The Treasury, Executive Engineers and Commissariat Guards were disarmed without resistance. We then marched down to the Lall Bagh: on entering the lines the Sepoys were found drawn up by their magazine, with two 9-pounders in the centre. Their hospital and numerous buildings in the Lall Bagh, together with the barracks, which are on top of a hill, and are built of brick and loopholed, were also occupied by them in great force. Immediately we deployed into line, they opened fire on us from front and left flank with canister and musketry. We gave them one volley, and then charged with the bayonet up the hill, and carried the whole of the barracks on the top of it, breaking the doors with our musket butts and bayoneting the Sepoys inside. As soon as this was done we charged down the hill, and, taking them in flank, carried both their guns and all the buildings, driving them into the jungle.

While we were thus employed with the small-arm men, the two mountain train howitzers, advancing to within 750 yards, took up a position to the right, bearing on the enemy's guns in rear of their magazine, and unlimbering, kept up a steady and well-directed fire. Everyone, both officers and men, behaved most gallantly, charging repeatedly, in face of a most heavy fire, without the slightest hesitation for a moment. I beg particularly to bring to notice the conduct of Mr. Midshipman Mayo, who led the last charge on their guns most gallantly, being nearly 20 yards in front of the men.

I regret to say our loss has been severe, but not more, I think, than could have been expected from the strength of the position and the obstinacy of the defence. Forty-one Sepoys were counted by Mr. Boatswain Brown dead on the ground and 8 have been since brought in desperately wounded. Three also were drowned or shot in attempting to escape across the river. I enclose a list of killed and wounded. Dr

Best being ill, Dr. Green, Civil Surgeon, accompanied the detachment into action and was severely wounded. I was ably seconded by Mr. Connor, my second in command. Lieutenant Dowell, Bengal Artillery, volunteered and took command of one of our howitzers, which he fought most skilfully to the end of the action. We were also accompanied by Messrs. Carnac, C. S. Macpherson and Bainbridge, and Lieutenant Hitchins, Bengal Native Infantry, who rendered great assistance with their rifles, and to whom my thanks are due.

The gallant middy Arthur Mayo was awarded the Victoria Cross, and Lieut. Lewis and his detachment were praised in every direction from Lord Canning downwards.

From Dacca the detachment was sent up to Sylhet in Assam, Acting-Master Connor being left behind at Dacca with a small party, chiefly of time-expired men, the original force under Lieut. Lewis being made up to 100 men by reinforcements. The detachment remained at Sylhet from 2nd October, 1857, to January, 1859, when Lieut. Lewis and his men were sent to Dibrooghur and in November, 1859, an expedition was sent out against the Abor hillmen.

This was very hard service in a fever and jungle country, the hillmen defending themselves from stockades, which had to be taken at the point of the bayonet.

After five hours of continuous fighting, during which the force was opposed by flights of poisoned arrows, the final village was captured. During the assault on the last stockade, the eighth, Lieut. Davies was severely wounded in left breast and arm, and Mayo in the hand by poisoned arrows. An arrow also lodged in the cap pocket of Lieut. Lewis but failed to penetrate the leather. "Luckily the cap pouch was one of the *Punjaub's* Bombay one's," writes Lieut. Lewis, "the leather of which is like a board."

Four seamen were killed and 21 wounded by the

poisoned arrows, but Lieut. Lewis saved many lives by sucking the wounds. (The poison was made from a vegetable gum obtained from cutting into the bark of a certain tree, and this was mixed with tobacco into a paste. Its effect was most deadly.)

Besides using these poisoned arrows, the Abors defended themselves by planting "punjies" or small poisoned stakes on the jungle paths; and they also rolled down stones and rocks, the hills being extremely precipitous.

Again the *Punjaub's* detachment received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council. It was their last fight. Worn out by fever, hard service and wounds, the original members had nearly all to be invalided. Lewis and Mayo, both in shattered health, were compelled to leave India; and Lewis, who never received any reward for his gallant services, died shortly afterwards in England.

Whilst the pick of his officers and men were fighting ashore Commander Foulerton was busy at sea racing here and there with troops.

The *Punjaub* was back in Bombay on 21st September, 1857, left for Kurrachee on 8th October, returned to Bombay on the 18th and left for Vingorla on 11th November, after which she was kept continually on the move trooping.

During June of 1860 we find her taking the Muscat-Zanzibar Commission to Muscat and the Kooria-Mooria Group. Off Ras-ul-Had the *Punjaub* fell in with the Omanee Squadron of seven ships of war full of armed men; these were bound on a punitive expedition undertaken by the Wali of Muscat against his brother, the Wali of Zanzibar. This expedition was turned back to Muscat by the Political Agent, Major Russell (after-

wards Sir E. L. Russell, K.C.S.I.) who was on board the *Punjaub*.

In 1862 it was decided to convert the *Punjaub* and *Assaye* into screw steamers, and they were ordered to England, the *Punjaub* sailing on the 8th February and the *Assaye* on the 31st March.

By this date the old Indian Navy had become merged into the Royal Navy; and on the arrival of the two famous frigates in the Thames they were sold.

Laying the Indo-European Cable in the Persian Gulf.

Old John Willis, with his wonderful eye for a ship, bought both frigates and converted them into sailing ships. He sold the *Assaye* soon after he had bought her at a large profit; but he held on to the *Punjaub*, which he rechristened *The Tweed*, in honour of the beautiful river on which he was born. He also gave her a fine new figurehead, representing Tam o' Shanter, the hero of his favourite poem.

In the autumn of 1863 the two *ex*-men-of-war once more returned to their old haunts. Together with the *Cospatrick* they were taken up by the Government and sent out to Bombay with the Persian Gulf Telegraph cable on board, and between January and May, 1864, were employed in laying the sections between Cape Mussendom and Bushire, and between Bushire and Fao on the Shatt-ul-Arab.

Captain Stuart of "The Tweed."

Old John Willis was so pleased with his new purchase, *The Tweed*, that he took his favourite captain, W. Stuart, from the *Lammermuir* and placed him in command of the splendid old frigate.

The Tweed and Captain Stuart, her commander, at once began to make that name for themselves which has caused them to be the subject of veneration wherever old seamen congregate.

I have given a short account of Captain Stuart in my *China Clippers*, but I may perhaps be permitted to supplement this by a few more details.

Stuart came of Viking stock, the name Stuart being originally Skigvard—just as the name Shewan, of a fellow townsman and sea captain whom he succeeded in the *Lammermuir*, was originally Sigvan or Shigvan. Both captains were certainly Vikings in looks as well as in certain characteristics of temperament.

Stuart's father was a prosperous leather merchant in Peterhead. The boy was sent to sea at an early age as an apprentice in the clipper barque *Lochnagar*, trading to Launceston. Having served his time, he became mate and then master of the clipper schooner *Vivid*, running between Peterhead and London. Then he obtained command of a small barque in the Cape trade, and after two voyages was promoted to a larger ship.

He entered Willis' employ as successor to Captain Andrew Shewan in the command of the *Lammermuir*. Captain Stuart commanded *The Tweed* from 1863 to 1877, during which time he never lost a man or a spar, and made quite a fortune for John Willis.

Some Sailing Records of "The Tweed."

On her first passage under Willis' house-flag, *The Tweed* went out to Bombay with the Indo-European cable on board in 77 days.

On her return to Bombay from the Persian Gulf, she was completely refitted as a first-class passenger ship, for which with a poop 66 feet long she was very suitable.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM STUART, OF "THE TWEED."



"THE TWEED," UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL.

After her refit she went to Vingarla, and, taking the Seaforth Highlanders on board, brought them home round the Cape in 78 days.

Ventilation was not understood on the early steamers as it is now, and as a consequence the passage home from India *via* Red Sea and Suez Canal was proving very fatal to troops worn out by a long term of service in India. Thus it came about that *The Tweed* was taken up year after year during the sixties by the Government in order to bring home invalid troops round the Cape; and in this service she acquitted herself with distinction by the quickness of her passages and the comfort of her accommodation.

On her outward passages during these years she either went to Sydney or Calcutta, and often made an intermediate passage up the China Coast. Being very fast in light winds, some of these passages to China were astonishing. On one occasion she beat the mail steamer between Hongkong and Singapore, and Mr. Joseph Conrad tells us that naval officers used to board her in order to examine her charts, take measurements of her sail plan and the placing of her masts. Later on during the Indian famine of the seventies she made some very smart runs between Rangoon and Madras with rice for starving Indians.

I give the abstract log of her first passage to Melbourne in the Appendix. She made the return passage, Melbourne to London, 3rd February to 27th April, 1874, in 83 days. In June, 1874, like many another first-class ship, she was taken up to carry emigrants to the booming colony of New Zealand. She left the Thames in the middle of the month, and on the 17th of June took her departure from St. Catherine's Point.

8th July.—Crossed the line, 21 days out.

On 19th July in 34° S., 28° $46'$ W., with a strong north breeze, she ran 324 miles in the 24 hours; and on the 24th in 36° $52'$ S., 12° $49'$ W., she made a run of 304 miles.

29th July.—Crossed the Greenwich meridian in 38° S.

5th August.—In a strong to fresh N.E. gale, she ran 320 miles in 40° $41'$ S., 33° $26'$ E.

15th August in a fresh north gale, she ran 316 miles in 44° $45'$ S., 90° $20'$ E., and on 18th August made 302 miles before a fresh westerly gale in 44° $50'$ S., 97° E.

3rd September.—*The Tweed* arrived at Otago, 78 days out.

From New Zealand she went across to Sydney, and leaving Port Jackson on 11th January, 1875, made the Lizard 86 days out.

In June, 1875, *The Tweed* was loaded very deep with general cargo and passengers for Sydney, her draft being 21 feet. As she had eight fine stallions on her main deck, Captain Stuart dared not drive as he would have liked. She left the docks on 12th June, and took her departure from the land on the 21st.

She crossed the line in 28° W., on 13th July, only 22 days from the land, and crossed the Cape meridian on 12th August. Twice she had to be hove to whilst running her easting down; on the first occasion on 18th August, and the second time in a violent N.N.E. gale on 4th September, when the starboard lifeboat was washed away.

She passed King's Island on 8th September, 79 days out, but was becalmed off Montagu Island on the following day and arrived at Sydney on 11th September, 82 days out.

On her homeward passage from Sydney she left on 10th December, 1875, and took her pilot off Dungeness on 17th February, 1876, having made the magnificent passage of 69 days.

In 1876 she was 87 days to Sydney, after being off

the Otway 80 days out, having only calms and faint airs up the coast.

Her abstract log records the following:—

2nd May.—1 p.m., Lizard N. 4 miles.

23rd May.—Crossed the line, 21 days out.

14th June.—Crossed Greenwich meridian, 43 days out.

7th July.—In 41° S., 78° E., with wind north and N.W. Distance 322 miles.

8th July.—In $41^{\circ} 26'$ S., $85^{\circ} 27'$ E., with wind north and N.W. Distance 312 miles.

21st July.—Passed the Otway.

28th July.—Arrived Sydney, 87 days out.

From Sydney she went to Hongkong in 50 days, and home from there.

In 1877 Captain Stuart handed over *The Tweed* to Captain Byce in order to take command of the new Clyde clipper *Loch Etive*.

Captain Byce loaded for Sydney and landed his pilot off St. Catherine's at 4 p.m. on 8th January, 1878.

The line was crossed on 29th January, 21 days out, and the meridian of Greenwich on 23rd February.

On 6th March in $44^{\circ} 42'$ S., $64^{\circ} 24'$ E., *The Tweed* ran 325 miles in the 24 hours, the wind being strong at N.N.E.; and on the following day she made 300 miles.

On 31st March, at 7 a.m., the pilot was taken on board and the ship reached her anchorage 81 days out. Again she crossed to Hongkong, leaving Sydney 2nd June, and arriving Hongkong, 15th July, 43 days out.

In 1880 Captain J. M. Whyte (late of the *Blackadder*) took her out to Sydney.

12th May.—Left London.

15th May.—Passed the Lizard.

8th July.—Crossed the line in 27° W., 24 days out.

24th June.—Crossed Greenwich meridian.

27th June.—Crossed Cape meridian in 42° S.

9th July.—Made a run of 362 miles.

21st July.—Passed South Cape, Tasmania, 67 days out, averaging 240 miles a day from Equator to South Cape.

29th July.—Arrived Sydney, 75 days out

The Tweed left Sydney on 1st October, and arrived in London on 28th December, 88 days out.

In 1881 she still remained in the Sydney trade, but went across to Hongkong for her homeward cargo. Leaving Hongkong on 29th October she arrived home on 1st March, 123 days out; a very good passage for post-racing days.

In the seventies and eighties *The Tweed* was loaded in London by Bethell & Co., who also loaded the *Thomas Stephens*. These two magnificent ships, which drew admiration from all nautical eyes wherever they went, were great rivals.

Several times they raced each other out to Sydney, and home again from India or Australia; and though the *Thomas Stephens* was one of the fastest iron ships afloat *The Tweed* generally had the best of it.

In 1885 Captain Moore left the *Cutty Sark* in order to command old Willis' beloved flagship. Moore was one of the old type, a safe, steady-going, experienced shipmaster, but he was no sail carrier, and under him *The Tweed's* days of records came to an end, and instead of passages of 70 to 80 days the old ship took 90 to 100.

But she continued to earn big dividends for Willis. On one occasion in Sydney she lay opposite the old "Dead House" at Circular Quay for two months, when she loaded somewhere about 30,000 bullock hides and thousands of casks of tallow, blocked off with cased meat. These went into the lower hold, whilst her 'tween decks, which had so often accommodated troops, were screwed tight with bale upon bale of wool.

The end came in July, 1888. This year she had left

Sydney for China and loaded a cargo for New York. On 18th July when off Algoa Bay she was dismasted. The ss. *Venice* got a rope aboard her and towed her into Algoa Bay, but the old ship had received serious injury and leaked so badly that she was not considered worth repairing, and was eventually broken up. Whoever broke her up must have made a good thing of it, for no finer teak-built ship had ever left the shipwrights' hands. Her frames and timbers may still be seen forming the roof of a church in Port Elizabeth.

The Sunderland-built Blackwallers.

The rise of shipbuilding on the Wear is forced more and more upon our attention as we notice the builders of the later Blackwall frigates.

Duncan Dunbar was one of the earliest patronisers of the Sunderland shipyards. As far back as the early forties we find Laing of Sunderland turning out nice little 800-ton frigate-built ships for Dunbar—such ships as the *Cressy*, *Hyderabad*, *Poictiers*, *Agincourt*, *Trafalgar*, *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*; whilst in 1853 he launched the *Dunbar* of over 1300 tons, the largest ship ever built on the Wear at that date.

The Greens started their connection with Sunderland by ordering the *Roxburgh Castle* from Pile in 1852, whilst Marshall built his celebrated *Statesman* in 1849. These frigate-built ships, though the finest and largest, were by no means the most numerous of the many ships built on the Wear. A host of small wooden ships were turned out annually, whilst it was not long before iron ships were being built.

The chief of the early builders were Laing, Pile, Marshall, Doxford, Haswell and Briggs.

Pile built all Green's ships except the *Lady Melville*,

which was built by Haswell. Besides building all Duncan Dunbar's, Laing built the *Merchantman* for Joseph Somes, and the well-known *Parramatta* for Devitt & Moore.

In 1858 110 ships were built on the Wear, totalling 42,000 tons and averaging 380 tons each: in 1868 138 ships were built, totalling 70,300 tons and averaging 509 tons each, whilst in 1872 122 ships were built totalling 131,825 tons and averaging 1080 tons. These figures show the development of Sunderland shipbuilding very clearly.

Pile's frigate-built ships were very much alike in appearance, and the following table of their measurements may perhaps be of interest:—

Date Built	Name of Ship	Tonnage Regd.	Length	Breadth	Depth	Length of Poop Feet	Length of Fo'cle Feet
1852	<i>Roxburgh Castle</i>	1049	182.5	34.5	22.1		
1855	<i>Walmer Castle</i>	1064	192.8	35	22.5		
1856	<i>Alnwick Castle</i>	1087	195	35.3	22.5	68	42½
1857	<i>Windsor Castle</i>	1074	195.5	36.2	22.5	67	33
1858	<i>Dover Castle</i> ..	1003	185	34	22	73	30
..	<i>Clarence</i> ..	1104	198	36.5	22.5	44	
1859	<i>Newcastle</i> ..	1137	196.5	36.5	22.5	77	37
1860	<i>Malabar</i> ..	1219	207.2	36.6	22.5	raised q'	ter deck
1862	<i>The Lord Warden</i>	1237	210.3	36.6	22.6	72	40

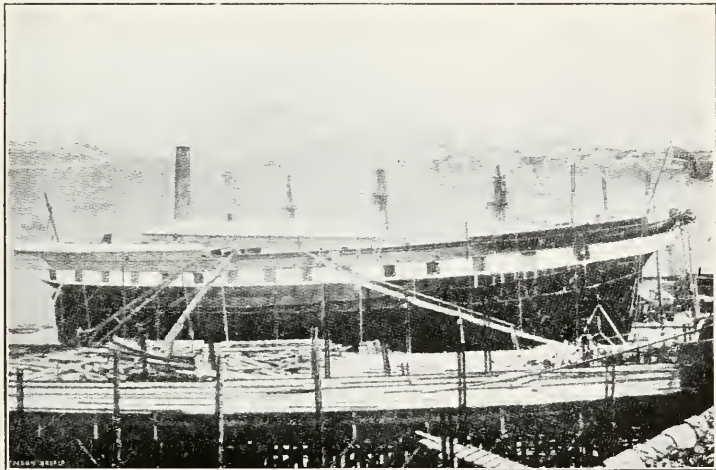
With these it may be of advantage to compare Laing's eight finest ships.

Date Built	Name of Ship	Tonnage Regd.	Length	Breadth	Depth	Length of Poop Feet	Length of Fo'cle Feet
1851	<i>Vinierra</i> ..	925	165.7	33.6	22.9	57	29
1852	<i>Merchantman</i> ..	885	175	34	22		
1853	<i>Dunbar</i> ..	1321	201.9	35	22.7	82	
1855	<i>La Hogue</i> ..	1331	226	35	22.9	96	42
1857	<i>Duncan Dunbar</i>	1374	229.2	36.3	23		
1863	<i>Alumbagh</i> ..	1138	190	36	23.8	59	40
1864	<i>Dunbar Castle</i> ..	925	182.7	33.9	21.5	60	31
1866	<i>Parramatta</i> ..	1521	231	38.2	22.8	raised q'	ter deck



" AGAMEMNON."

From a Wash Drawing.



A WEAR SIDE SHIPYARD.

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The illustrations will show the difference in the appearance of these ships. All Pile's ships show a great resemblance to each other and might almost be sister ships; but Laing's ships were by no means alike and at the same time could not be mistaken for any of Pile's.

The Old "La Hogue."

The best known of all these ships was probably the old *La Hogue*. She was specially built for the Australian passenger trade, and for many years was a favourite ship to Sydney. She had splendid accommodation, and with a poop 96 feet long, a big midship house and a long topgallant fore's'le might almost be said to have an extra deck.

Her passages to Sydney were extraordinarily regular, averaging about 90 days outward and a few more days coming home. In 1874 in the New Zealand boom, she was diverted to Wellington and took out 443 emigrants.

Her best known commanders were Corvasso and Wagstaff, both of whom were very experienced in the colonial trade. *La Hogue* was also celebrated for her immense figurehead. She ended her days as a coal hulk at Madeira, and was broken up in 1897.

The "Agamemnon."

In the same year that Laing built the *La Hogue*, Green built his largest ship in the Blackwall Yard. This was the *Agamemnon* of 1431 tons register, 252.3 feet in length, 36.2 feet breadth and 23.2 feet depth. She had a poop 85 feet long and a topgallant fore's'le of 50 feet. There were two "Aggie's," the smaller one of 973 tons being built at Sunderland and owned by Potts Bros.

Green's *Agamemnon* ran to India until 1870, when she was put into the Australian passenger trade: and about ten years later she also became a coal hulk.

The Burning of the "Eastern Monarch."

The *Eastern Monarch* was a trooper. She caught fire on her arrival at Spithead in 1859 with troops on board. The ship was destroyed, but everyone was saved except a few invalids, who could not be got at.

"Alnwick Castle," "Clarence" and "Dover Castle."

It is difficult to say which was the fastest of Green's Sunderland built ships; probably there was very little difference between them.

The *Alnwick Castle* held the record from the Channel to the Sandheads, which she twice did in 68 days. During the early sixties, when she was commanded by Robert Taylor, she usually left Calcutta with coolies for Georgetown and Port of Spain, and made the run in well under 80 days. On 6th January, 1862, when within two days sail of the Bocas, with a strong N.E. trade, she ran 302 miles in the 24 hours. This ship was sold by Green in 1873, to a Mr. Bagshot, later a man named Swyny owned her, and finally Sir John Arnot, of Cork, ran her until 1881, when she was wrecked on the Mexican Coast while bound to Manzanillas from Rotterdam.

The *Clarence*, which was also sold in 1873, possessed the peculiarity of sailing best by the head. She is credited with a run of 372 miles in 24 hours, when bringing the 69th Regiment home from India in 1864.

Her sail plan, which I give in the Appendix, was a

big one, and the following measurements of the *Nile's* mainmast will show the increase of length of spars in ten years :—

Truck to crosstrees	..	51 ft.
Crosstrees to maintop	..	43 ft. 1 ins.
Maintop to nettings	..	47 ft. 6 ins.
Nettings to copper	..	16 ft. 2 ins.

The *Clarence's* records would, no doubt, have been still better if she had not been commanded by Daddy Vaile, who was one of the old-fashioned type and no carrier of sail.

The *Dover Castle*, under Captain J. H. Ayles, once came home in under 80 days from Hobson's Bay, but I know of no unusual sailing in her records. She was sold to Shaw Savill, and sold again to C. F. Boe, of Arendal, and renamed *Kem*; after living to a good old age she was finally broken up.

Blackwallers in the Coolie Trade.

During the sixties, when the West Indies were importing coolie labour for their plantations, many of the fastest of the Blackwall frigates were employed in carrying coolies from Calcutta to Georgetown, Demerara, and Port of Spain, Trinidad. The chief of these ships were the *Alnwick Castle*, *Clarence*, *Newcastle*, and *Tyburnia*.

In 1860, the *Alnwick Castle* took 225 men, 102 women, 26 boys, 20 girls and 10 infants, from Calcutta to Georgetown in 83 days; 31 coolies, an unusual proportion, dying on the passage.

In 1861, *Alnwick Castle* took 340 men, 89 women, 31 boys, 11 girls and 7 infants to Trinidad in 71 days. She received a freight of £12 18s. 0d. per adult, the 478 souls being equal to 450 adults. The passage

money thus amounted to £5805. Besides the coolies, she loaded 4350 bags or 450 tons of Ballam rice, and 4050 bags or 297 tons of Moonghy rice at £2 7s. 0d. per ton. She made sail from the Sandheads on 31st October, rounded the Cape on 10th December, anchored at St. Helena on 19th December, and anchored at Port of Spain on 10th January, 1862.

The *Clarence* left Calcutta on 20th December, with 450 coolies, of which 6 died on the passage, and arrived Trinidad on 5th March, 1862, 75 days out. There were some fast ships in competition with Green's, such as the well-known early iron ship *Accrington* and the beautiful *Tyburnia*, but the *Alnwick Castle* and *Clarence* were hard to beat. In 1865, the *Clarence* made the best passage out of a number of ships, including the *Newcastle*, being 46 days to St. Helena from Calcutta, arriving there 11th January, 1865; but she had an unusual number of deaths, 46 out of 469.

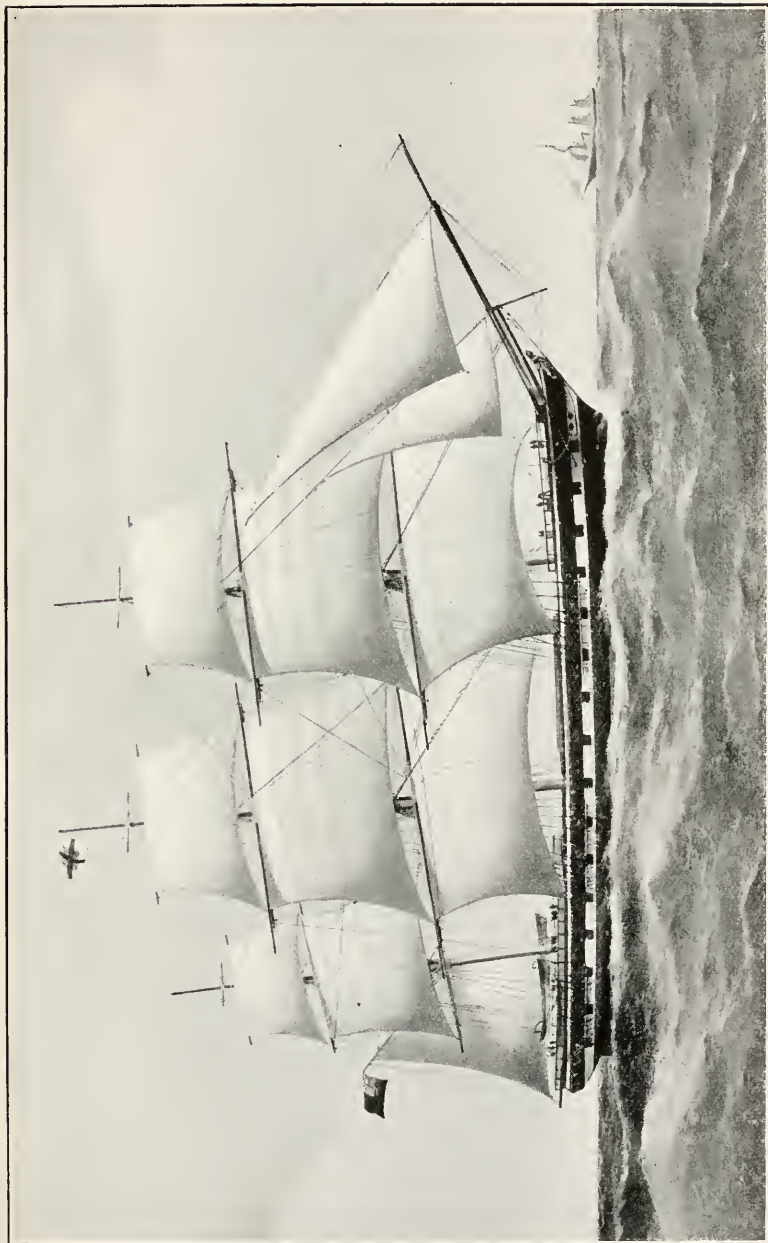
I find, as a rule, that these early coolie ships did not lose more than six to a dozen on the passage, and a large proportion of these were usually infants.

“*Newcastle*.”

The *Newcastle* was not a fast ship, yet she made some very fine passages. Her best homeward runs from Calcutta were 81, 83 and 84 days: on one occasion she arrived at St. Helena only 38 days out from Madras.

During the sixties the *Newcastle* was employed trooping to Calcutta, but, on the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, she was transferred to the Melbourne passenger trade.

The *Newcastle* was such a dry ship that she



"ALNWICK CASTLE."

From an old Lithograph

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would run under lower topsails before a Cape Horn snorter with her wash deck buckets on the quarter galleries.

Under Captains Robert Taylor and C. E. Le Poer Trench, all the old East India rules and discipline were kept up in the *Newcastle*; and she carried a ship's company of 62 men. The midshipmen had their "devil," and also a hammock-man, who, for £1 per voyage from each "young gentleman," mended and washed their clothes, cut their hair, and did his best to attend to their multifarious wants. The crew had their "fiddler," whilst in every second dog watch the bosun used to pipe "Hands to dance and skylark."

I can give no greater testimony to the strength of these old Blackwallers than to record the escape of the *Newcastle* in the famous Calcutta cyclone of 5th October, 1859, when upwards of 200 ships were driven from their moorings. The *Newcastle* was lying in the tier, fully loaded and ready for sea, when the storm burst upon Calcutta.

The following is Captain Taylor's account of what happened to the *Newcastle*, taken straight out of his own private log book :—

5th October.—At daylight, fresh breeze from N.N.E. and gusty with heavy rain. Barometer 29.75. About 9, wind increased in squalls and weather very thick: veering to N.E. and rapidly increasing: furled awnings, pointed yards to the wind, put on extra lashings, attended cables, etc., thick blinding rain and squalls very severe. 11 a.m., squalls more severe. Barometer falling fast with wind veering to N.E. by E. Secured sails with extra gaskets.

Noon, barometer 29.18: wind E.N.E.: main topsail and main try-sail blew to pieces from the gaskets. Tremendous bore and storm wave came up at this time. 1.30 p.m., wind east. The ring of the inshore bow mooring carried away and we sheered alongside the ship *Winchester*, carrying away our port cathead, jibboom and fore topgallant mast. Hove in starboard cable and bent on to starboard anchor and let it go—both port boats smashed. 2 p.m., ship *Manilla* swung

across our stern, much injuring quarter galleries. 2.30 p.m., squalls tremendously severe, main and mizen topgallant masts blew away.

Ships *Clytemnestra* and *Calwood* parted and drove across our bows, carrying away our port bow mooring and the *Winchester's* bow mooring. The bridle of the inshore stern mooring then parted and the remaining stern chain tore out of the timberheads from the poop, where it was secured.

The ship then drove across the river, taking the cable from the locker to about 95 fathoms, when it parted. Wind E.S.E. and veering to S.E. At this time the wind was blowing most severely and the weather so thick that vessels could not be distinguished, except those quite close.

At the moment of the ship starting from her moorings, the futtock hoop of the foremast broke and the fore topmast went over the side, taking the lower masthead with it. The ship drove across the river, touching many other vessels also adrift, and took the other shore off Ramkistopore Ghaut, laying right over on her port broadside.

Sounded and found 17 feet on the inshore side at 3 p.m. Barometer 28.46. Wind began to veer fast, the strength of the gale to decrease a little and the barometer to rise.

At 3.50 a ship drifted by us and took away starboard cutter and accommodation ladder. 4 p.m., barometer 28.63. The steamer *Mauritius* at this time came alongside with great force, driving us further on shore and much damaging everything on our starboard side.

The *Bolton Abbey* then came in ahead of us (apparently from up the river) smashing our figurehead and carrying away port anchor. 5 p.m., barometer 29.07. The wind about this time was south and decreasing fast. Squalls less frequent. The ship gradually righted; lashed the ship to the *Mauritius* to keep the ship upright. At 6 p.m., barometer 29.62 and rising very fast and quite calm with an occasional gust from S.W. At low water had 2 feet alongside.

From 6th to 15th October, all hands were busy discharging the cargo in order to lighten the *Newcastle* for the next spring tides; a raft was made of spare spars upon which the cargo was piled. At noon on the 15th, the *Bolton Abbey* was towed off, and the tug *Sestos* tried to move the *Newcastle*, but only broke the hawsers.

However, after several attempts and the laying out of many anchors, the *Newcastle* was safely floated at 2 p.m. on the 17th. In spite of her battering in the

cyclone and the fact that for over a week she had been lying across a ghaut, with her bows and stern in soft mud, so that her whole weight was sustained amidships, the *Newcastle* proved to be quite tight, drawing 12 feet 11 inches aft and 13 feet 1 inch forward.

After lying for some days on the P. & O. moorings, the *Newcastle* was taken into the Government Dock at Kidderpore to undergo repairs, which took three weeks. She was then re-masted and re-rigged and left Calcutta on 28th January, with over 500 coolies for Trinidad.

One gains a good idea of the speed of different vessels by their performances in company.

In December, 1865, in the Bay of Bengal, bound to Calcutta, the *Newcastle* and *Dunbar Castle* were four days in company, the *Newcastle* at length leaving the *Dunbar Castle* out of sight astern.

In 1869, when outward bound to Calcutta, the *Newcastle* fell in with the *Donald MacKay* in 42° N., 11° W. The *Donald MacKay* was seven days out from Cardiff for Callao, whilst the *Newcastle* was eight days out from the Start. This was on the 1st August; on the 11th August, in $17^{\circ} 58'$ N., $25^{\circ} 58'$ W., the *Donald MacKay* and *Newcastle* were again in company, and the *Newcastle's* log read:—

11th Aug.	<i>Donald MacKay</i>	in company on port beam.
12th	„	„ „ exchanged colours.
13th	„	„ „ on port beam.
14th	„	„ „ astern 4 miles.
15th	„	„ „ N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 5 miles.
16th	„	„ „ hull down astern,
17th	„	„ „ courses down astern.
18th	„	„ „ on port bow 6 miles.
19th	„	„ „ on starboard bow 6 miles.

The ships parted company on opposite tacks.

On her first passage out to Melbourne in 1870, the

Newcastle was in company with several well-known ships; the following are the extracts from her logs:—

19th September.— $42^{\circ} 54' N.$, $13^{\circ} 43' W.$ Light wind N.W. to east, 4 days out from Start. Signalled *British Monarch*, London to Sydney, 4 days out.

20th September.—*British Monarch* on starboard beam.

21st September.—Signalled *Renown*, London to Madras, 9 days out, strong south breeze.

6th October.—In $12^{\circ} N.$, $27^{\circ} W.$, a.m., wind fresh S.W. P.M., calm. Signalled *Abergeldie*, London to Sydney, 24 days out, signalled *Poonah*, London to Calcutta, 24 days out, signalled *Kent*, London to Melbourne, 21 days out, signalled *Indian Empire*, London to Calcutta, 18 days out.

7th.—*Indian Empire* on port bow, wind east.

8th.—*Indian Empire* on port bow, wind light E. to S.E.

9th.—*Indian Empire* ahead (16 sail in sight). Signalled *Carlisle Castle* and *Renown*.

10th.—*Indian Empire* and *Renown* on starboard quarter. Wind strong S.W.

11th.—*Renown* and *Carlisle Castle* bear W. and W.N.W.

12th.—*Renown* and *Carlisle Castle* bear N.W. by W. and W.N.W.

13th.—At daylight *Renown* astern on opposite tack.

16th.—Crossed the line in $23^{\circ} W.$ Took S.E. trades.

20th.—Signalled *Khersonese*, London to Calcutta, 49 days.

22nd.—*Khersonese* on weather beam. Sighted Trinidad.

23rd.—*Khersonese* on lee beam.

2nd November.—Crossed Greenwich meridian.

9th.— $39^{\circ} 18' S.$, $18^{\circ} 24' E.$ Barque *Spirit of the North* in company.

10th November.— $39^{\circ} 47' S.$, $19^{\circ} 32' E.$, S. $66^{\circ} E.$, 74 miles. Wind light S.W., *Khersonese* on weather beam.

12th November.—Signalled *British Monarch*. *Carlisle Castle* on lee bow.

13th November.—*Carlisle Castle* astern.

14th November.— $39^{\circ} 6' S.$, $23^{\circ} 38' E.$, N. $80^{\circ} E.$, 111 miles. Light airs. *Carlisle Castle* on starboard beam. Boarded by a boat from *Carlisle Castle*. She passed close under our stern, flying boom over our poop!

15th November.—*Carlisle Castle* on port bow.

16th November.—*Carlisle Castle* hull down ahead.

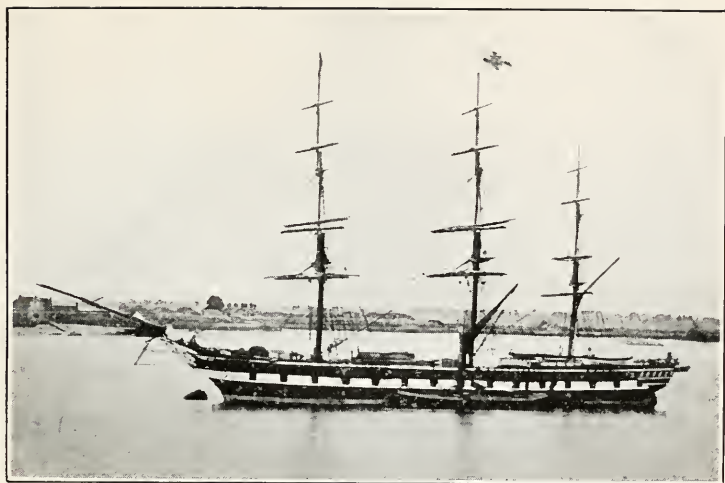
17th November.—*Carlisle Castle* hull up on starboard bow

18th November.—*Carlisle Castle* out of sight ahead

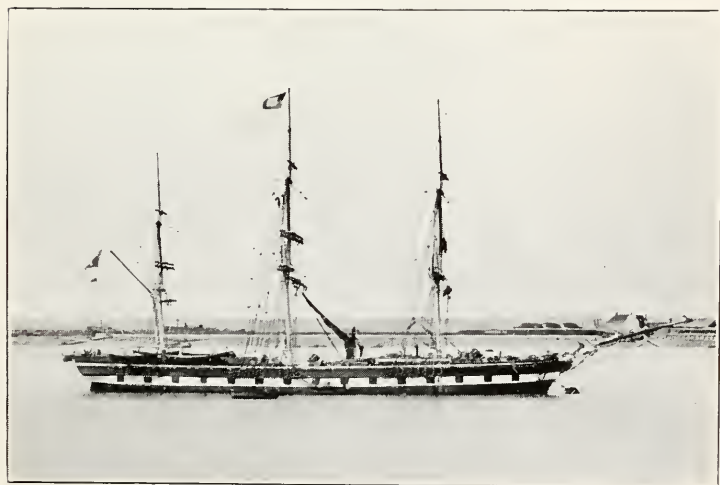
(*Newcastle* made her best runs, on 20th and 21st November, in $42^{\circ} 30' S.$, both being 290 miles.)

10th December.—Cape Otway, N.E. 15 miles:

11th December.—Passed through Heads, 87 days out:



"NEWCASTLE."



"LA HOGUE."

(*Newcastle's* best passage to Melbourne was in 1871.)

On 8th June.—Took her departure from the Start.

2nd July.—Crossed the line in 29° W.

10th July.—Sighted Trinidad Island.

20th July.—Crossed Greenwich meridian in 37° S.

19th August.—Signalled Cape Otway, 73 days out. (A hard gale, however, kept her hove-to off her port for 5 days, and she did not pass through the Heads until the 24th.)

Her best homeward passage from Melbourne was in 1875.

12th July.—9 a.m., passed through Port Phillip Heads in company with *Cardigan Castle*.

8th August.—Rounded the Horn.

2nd September.—Crossed the equator.

29th September.—1.15 a.m., sighted the Wolf.

1st October.—Docked in Blackwall Docks. (The *Cardigan Castle* arrived the same tide.)

In 1873, *Newcastle* crossed from Sydney to San Francisco in 54 days.

27th September.—Left Frisco in company with *British Consul*.

21st October.—Crossed the line in 118° W.

15th November.—Passed Diego Ramirez (49 days out).

30th November.—Passed *Isle of Anglesey*, Frisco to Queenstown, 73 days out (*Newcastle* 64 days out).

“Windsor Castle.”

Probably none of these ships were quite as fast as the little *Windsor Castle*. The *Windsor Castle* was usually in the Melbourne trade, but in 1873 she came home from Manila, and in 1874 from Sydney, when she was dismasted and almost lost. Her last years under Green's flag were spent in the Brisbane trade, in which with a young and energetic commander she made some very fine passages.

Extracts from the Log of the "Windsor Castle."

LONDON TO MELBOURNE, 1871.

6th February.—Left East India Docks with 19 first-class passengers including 7 nuns, 12 second class and 15 third class, commanded by Captain Charles Dinsdale, with a crew of 45 all told.

9th February.—11 p.m., off Dungeness.

11th February.—4 p.m., Lizard bore N.N.W.

23rd February.—Signalled the *Bayard*, London to Calcutta, 23 days out, in 33° 36' N., 19° 18' W.

24th February.—Sighted Madeira.

6th March.—10° 45' N., 25° 46' W. Distance 185 miles. Fresh trade blowing. Signalled *Jerusalem*, London to Melbourne. (This was the Aberdeen White Star clipper.)

11th March.—Crossed the line, 28 days out.

13th March.—*Jerusalem* in company. Variable airs and calms.

14th March.—*Jerusalem* in company. Variable airs and calms.

15th March.—Found a dead sheep in the chain locker.

3rd April.—Crossed Greenwich meridian in 40° 40' S. Distance 295 miles. (Best run of the passage.)

5th May.—Cape Otway bore N.N.E.

6th May.—Noon, hauled alongside Sandridge Railway Pier.

MELBOURNE TO LONDON.

20th June.—Passed through the Heads.

26th July.—Sighted Diego Ramirez E.N.E., 36 days out.

10th August.—Signalled *Moravian*, Melbourne to London, 54 days out. (This was the Aberdeen White Star clipper.)

19th August.—Brought up off Ascension.

20th August.—Left Ascension in company with the Flying Squadron. *Topaz*, *Narcissus*, *Immortalite*, *Inconstant* and *Volage*.

24th August.—Crossed the line.

12th September.—Flores N.E. by N.

18th September.—*Moravian* hull down astern.

19th September.—Lizard light E.N.E.

21st September.—Hauled into E.I. Docks.

The above was a steady average voyage for a Black-waller in the Australian trade. Captain Dinsdale was a fine seaman of great experience but no carrier of sail.

LONDON TO MELBOURNE, 1871-2.

5th December.—Hauled out of East India Dock, under command of Captain N. Harrison, with a crew of 42 and 38 passengers.

10th December.—Delayed by a gale in the Downs. Sent down main skysail mast.

13th December.—Noon, Lizard N. 64° W., 26 miles. S.W. gales to 26th December.

25th December.—Lat. $38^{\circ} 19' N.$, long $10^{\circ} 50' W.$ Course S. 12° E. Distance 72 miles. Wind W.ly. 1.30 a.m., shift of wind in a furious squall. 8 a.m., struck by a terrific squall, carried away cross-jack yard; turned the hands out and secured the wreck. P.M., fresh gale and squally. Ship rolling tremendously. 7.45 p.m., whilst the ship was rolling very heavily, John Kendall, midshipman, having just come up after companion, lost his balance and fell through the poop-rail overboard. As it was blowing a gale and very dark, nothing could be done to save him.

29th December.—Island of Palma sighted.

13th January, 1873.—Crossed the line in $24^{\circ} 40' W.$

14th January.—2 p.m., lowered a boat and boarded English ship *Guinevere*, Foochow to New York. (This was the well-known tea clipper.)

20th January.—Sighted Trinidad Island.

3rd February.—Crossed Greenwich meridian in $42^{\circ} 21' S.$

18th February.—Distance 313 miles. Wind strong N.N.E. Lat. $44^{\circ} 55' S.$, long. $78^{\circ} 12' E.$

19th February.—Lat. $44^{\circ} 57' S.$, long. $85^{\circ} 25' E.$ Course E. Distance 307 miles. Wind N.E. strong.

6th March.—Signalled Cape Otway, 83 days from Lizard.

7th March.—7 a.m., passed through the Heads.

(From Melbourne the *Windsor Castle* went to Newcastle, N.S.W., where she loaded coal for Hongkong.)

The following vessels were loading at Newcastle:—

Ships—*Knight Commander*, *Forward Ho* (tea clipper), *Rota*, *Zemindar*, *Nelson*, *Solo*, *Inverness*, *Vernon*, *Golden Spur* (tea clipper).

Barques—*Rainbow*, *Florence Nightingale*, *Lyttleton*, *Esk*, *Annie*, *Buston Vale*, *Escort*.

Brig—*August*.

Schooner—*Lulu*.

NEWCASTLE TO HONGKONG.

6th May.—6.30 p.m., made all plain sail and stood away.

12th May.— $24^{\circ} 12' S.$, $155^{\circ} 39' E.$ Distance 152 miles. Wind east, moderate. A look-out stationed in fore topmast crosstrees observed a total eclipse of the moon, passed a whaler.

18th May.—Sighted the Island of Bougainville.

19th May.—11 a.m., sighted the Island of New Ireland. Strong smell of flowers and hay blown off the land. Natives cannibals and treacherous. Every precaution had to be taken against an attack. Two carronades loaded and primed.

20th May.—Two native canoes with 14 men came off from New Ireland with fruit and vegetables.

27th May.—Passed large quantity of floating trees, some 100 feet long.

28th May.—Crossed the line in 139° E.

30th May.—Signalled British barque *Aberdeen*, of Newcastle, from Morton Bay to Mindoro Island, 61 days out.

10th June.—Babuyan Island bore N.W.

11th June.—Passed through very strong ripples.

12th June.—Signalled German brig *August*, Newcastle to Hongkong 44 days. Signalled British barque *Helen Malcolm*, Newcastle to Hongkong. Signalled British ship *Inverness*, Newcastle to Hongkong, 49 days.

14th June.—*Inverness* on port quarter.

15th June.—Passed *Inverness*. 1 p.m., moored in Hongkong, 40 days out.

(From Hongkong the *Windsor Castle* proceeded to Manila, sailing on 25th June, she anchored in Manila on 5th July.)

MANILA TO LIVERPOOL.

30th August.—7.30 a.m., weighed and made all plain sail. Weather very threatening, wind increasing in hard squalls. 5.45 p.m., brought up under Mareveles Mountain.

(On the following morning the hands refused to man the windlass. Captain Harrison addressed them but there was evidently some serious grievance, for they persisted in their refusal; two of the men were then put in irons, and the mate was sent away in the life-boat to a Spanish brigantine. At 10.30 a.m. the after-guard of the *Windsor Castle*, assisted by 6 men from the brigantine, hove into 30 fathoms, then the men gave in, were logged for refusal of duty and the episode closed.)

1st September.—7.30 a.m., weighed and made sail. Weather very threatening, wind increasing, fresh and squally, barometer falling.

(The *Windsor Castle* had the usual trying time of

squalls and calms down to Allas Straits ; and she was evidently very short of provisions, for on 30th September, she anchored off the town of Bally, where she obtained two bullocks, a goat and other stores.)

2nd October.—Passed out of Allas Straits. (Her best run in the S.E. trades was 265 miles on 10th October.)

1st November.—Several sail in company. Signalled *Golden Spur*. 4 p.m., sighted land about Buffalo River.

5th November.—Signalled *County of Berwick*, Sourabaya to Rotterdam, 39 days.

6th November.—Signalled *British Envoy*, from Calcutta.

9th November.—Signalled *Contest*, Moulmein to Queenstown, 48 days. 6.15, Agulhas E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. 3 p.m., bore up for Cape and signalled signal station. 4 p.m., kept ship on her course again.

(The run from the Cape is chiefly interesting for the sailing contests with the shipping encountered. The stores must have been very low, by the way in which tar, oil and pork were bought from passing ships.)

16th November.—Signalled *Connemara*, Calcutta to Dundee, 54 days.

17th November.—20° S., 2° 22' W., at daylight *Connemara* astern 5 miles. 9.30 a.m., in stunsails, hove to and boarded *Connemara* for 5 gallons tar and 2 gallons oil, 11 a.m., boat returned, made all possible sail. 8 p.m., exchanged rockets with *Connemara*.

18th November.—6 a.m., *Connemara*, on port quarter. 6 p.m., *Connemara* on starboard quarter.

19th November.—Daylight, *Connemara* on starboard quarter.

20th November.—*Connemara* on starboard quarter, hull down. Sighted St. Helena. 4 p.m., signalled *George Gilray*, Calcutta to Dundee.

(*Connemara*, 1293 tons, built New Brunswick, 1867 ; owners—Sinclair of Liverpool.)

21st November.—Daylight, *George Gilray* on starboard quarter. 8 a.m., signalled German ship *Herschell*, Java to Falmouth, 57 days.

24th November.—8 a.m., signalled *County of Berwick*. 1.30 p.m., boarded her for 1 barrel of pork and 2 gallons boiled oil. Sunset, *County of Berwick* S.W. 6 miles.

25th November.—Daylight, *County of Berwick* S.S.W., hull down. Noon, *County of Berwick* S. by W., hull down. 2 p.m., sighted Ascension. 6 p.m., *County of Berwick* right astern 6 miles.

26th November.—Daylight, *County of Berwick* on starboard quarter.

Noon, *County of Berwick* abeam, starboard side. 4 p.m., *County of Berwick* 1 point before the beam.

27th November.—Daylight, *County of Berwick* 1 point before the beam nearly out of sight.

28th November.—*County of Berwick* on starboard quarter.

(*County of Berwick*, 996 tons, built by Connell of Glasgow, in 1868; owners—R. & S. Craig of Glasgow.)

30th November.—Crossed the line in $21^{\circ} 47' W$.

2nd December.—Signalled *Glenlora*, of London. Several sail in sight. Signalled *Ann Duthie*, of Aberdeen, outward bound.

3rd December.—Signalled French brig *Architecte Renard*, Hongkong to Hamburg, 111 days out. 4 ships, 2 barques and 2 brigs in sight.

4th December.—Exchanged colours with Italian ship *Lycka Till*, French barque P.W.V.S., British barque *Fusilier*, of Liverpool. 5 p.m., signalled British barque *Colchaqua*, of Liverpool.

6th December.— $12^{\circ} 48' N.$, $29^{\circ} 16' W$. Course N.E., 153 miles. Passed through strong ripples.

10th December.— $20^{\circ} 17' N.$, $32^{\circ} 13' W$. Signalled *Star of Scotia*, Calcutta to London, 79 days. Noon, *Star of Scotia* on lee quarter.

(*Star of Scotia*, 999 tons, built by Harland of Belfast, in 1864; iron ship owned by Corry & Co. of Belfast.)

17th and 18th December.—Moderate E.N.E. gale, heavy sea.

19th December.—Sent down crojjack yard to strengthen it. P.M., fresh N.N.E. gale.

21st December.—Fished crojjack yard and crossed it.

22nd to 24th December.—Strong to moderate S.W. gale.

24th December.— $47^{\circ} 54' N.$, $21^{\circ} 21' W$. Distance 284 miles. (Best run of passage.)

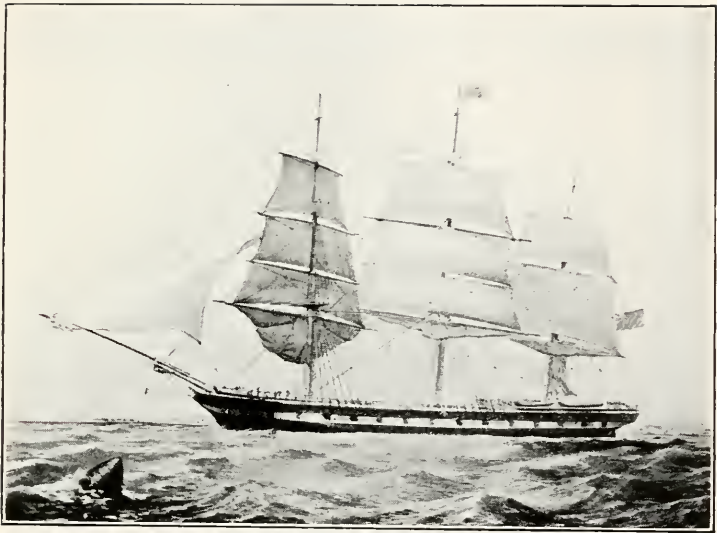
27th December.— $50^{\circ} 03' N.$, $8^{\circ} 26' W$. Sounded in 65 fathoms, fine sand. P.M., signalled ships *Oberon*, *Adelaide*, and *Marpheza*, barques *Psyche*, *Charlotte Ann* and *Venus*, all standing to S.W.

29th December.—10 a.m., abreast of Holyhead, strong gale from southward.

30th December.—2 a.m., dropped anchor in Mersey, 121 days out.

Dismasting of the "Windsor Castle."

In 1874 the *Windsor Castle* had a most disastrous voyage. On the passage out to Melbourne she lost her mizen topmast and main topgallant yard, again she had trouble with her men, whilst her chief officer went mad and on arrival in Australia had to be taken to an asylum;



" WINDSOR CASTLE."

whilst on the homeward passage she was not only dismasted but could with difficulty be kept afloat until she was got into a Brazilian port.

Her log records as follows:—

LONDON TO MELBOURNE.

Commander N. Harrison, 13 first-class passengers, 13 second-class and 5 third; ship's complement 49 souls including 2 stewards, 2 cuddy servants, captain's servant, midshipman's servant, baker and butcher, 5 O.S.'s and 4 boys.

16th February.—Hauled out of E.I. Docks.

17th February.—2 p.m., left Gravesend in tow of tug *Rescue*.

21st February.—3.15 a.m., Lizard E. by N.

24th to 26th February.—W.S.W. gale.

5th March.—Madeira abeam.

20th March.—Crossed the line in 22° 41' W.

11th April.—Crossed Greenwich meridian in 38° 37' S.

4th May.—44° 2' S., 88° 2' E. Distance 198 miles. Winds fresh to strong, N.W. 8 p.m., carried away mizen topmast and main topgallant yard.

5th May.—44° 25' S., 93° 10' E. Distance 222 miles. Winds west, and N.W. All hands employed clearing away the wreck.

6th May.—45° 19' S., 99° 3' E. Distance 256 miles. Winds west strong. Carpenter working on new main topgallant yard.

10th May.—44° 20' S., 121° 159' E. Distance 282 miles. Wind S.W. and west.

12th May.—Crossed new main topgallant yard.

10th May.—Hove to off Heads for pilot. 84 days out.

20th May.—11.30 p.m., brought up in Hobson's Bay.

21st May.—Sent ashore men who refused duty on 27th and 28th April.

22nd May.—Seven men sent to prison for one month, two for six weeks.

MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY.

14th June.—Left for Sydney.

24th June.—Hauled alongside Circular Quay.

20th July.—Chief officer pronounced insane, singing and talking nonsense; second officer discharged by mutual agreement.

24th July.—Chief officer taken to Gladsville Asylum.

SYDNEY TO LONDON.

2nd August.—10 a.m., tug *Mystery* came alongside; proceeded in tow. Draft 18 feet 8 ins. forward, 18 feet 10 inches aft. Moderate gale and heavy sea. Ship labouring and straining heavily.

10th August.—Lat. 31° 8' S., 172° 56' E. Distance 109 miles. Wind

E.S.E. increasing with heavy squalls. P.M., fresh gale with hard squalls; reefed topsails, a tremendous sea broke aboard between starboard fore and main rigging, breaking in a great part of the bulwarks.

11th August.—Moderate gale and heavy squalls. Employed sending in flying boom.

13th August.—On taking out some cargo forward, discovered a leak about 10 feet fore side of fore channels and about 6 feet below.

15th August.—Fresh and squally east wind. Carpenter over the side on an iron stage endeavouring to stop the leak.

16th August.—Moderate and fine. Hove to, carpenter over the side again endeavouring to stop the leak. Ship making 3 or 4 inches an hour.

23rd August.— $48^{\circ} 6' S.$, $145^{\circ} 51' W.$ Distance 263 miles. Wind N.W. strong with squalls. Whilst reefing the mizen topsail, Stratford (A. B.) fell from aloft on deck, but being so heavily clothed he was not much hurt.

3rd September.— $55^{\circ} 50' S.$, $98^{\circ} 0' W.$ Distance 273 miles. Wind W.S.W. strong with smart snow squalls.

4th September.—Strong gale and very heavy snow squalls. Ship knocking about tremendously and shipping much water. A great part of starboard bulwark washed away between fore and main masts. Fire engine pump rigged in 'tween decks and worked by the passengers.

9th September.— $52^{\circ} 51' S.$, $56^{\circ} 50' W.$ Distance 240. Wind west, moderate gale with passing snow squalls. The men are now able to stand at the pumps without being washed away, as they have been during last week.

(Best run to Horn on 22nd August, 279 miles.)

16th September.—Lat. $38^{\circ} 57' S.$, long. $37^{\circ} 50' W.$ Distance 175 miles. Wind north. Moderate with heavy swell from N.W. Caught quantities of mollyhawks. P.M., wind increasing and barometer falling, 8 p.m., in topgallant sails, outer jib and crossjack.

17th September.—Lat. $38^{\circ} 57\frac{1}{2}' S.$, long. $37^{\circ} 50\frac{1}{2}' W.$ Midnight, turned the hands out to reef the mainsail, but finding the wind increasing very rapidly with a fast falling barometer, handed it, reefed the upper main topsail and left the yard lowered on the cap. The foresail was handed soon after midnight, the inner jib hauled down and main topmast staysail reefed. 1.45 a.m., gale increasing rapidly from nor'ard. Barometer 29.71. 5 a.m., handed mizen topsail; the fore topmast staysail was blown to pieces. The ship now under lower fore and main topsails and reefed main topmast staysail. 6.30 a.m., barometer 29.30. The squalls were now coming down with violence beyond description. During a lull the reefed main topmast staysail was hauled down and immediately after the wind came with such awful force that the mainmast was carried away, close off to the deck, bringing with it the mizen

topmast. The ship was for some little time with her lee rail under water, but as the squall passed over she righted. 8 a.m., barometer 29.20. The passengers were immediately set to work the pumps, not knowing what damage might have been done to the hull, when the mainmast was carried away.

It fell across the lee bulwarks; breaking them. The weather bulwarks were carried away by the ropes belayed on the weather side; the lee channels were very much torn to pieces; one of the skid boats was knocked down and stove in; nearly all the chain plates of the weather mizen rigging were broken at the same time that the mainmast went, and the driver gaff came down with a run.

The ship was now in a sad plight with the mainmast and all its gear alongside, and the mizen topmast with its yard and topgallant mast lying over the lee quarter, with the lee quarter boats davits bent down and the boat dragging in the water. The foreyard and topsail yards were flying about without braces, as the ship rolled (and as the sea was now getting up, this she did heavily), causing her to strain very much.

As many axes as could be found were brought into use at once; the ship fortunately was soon disentangled from the wreck; the lee quarter boat was cut away, oars and everything belonging to her were lost: the mizen top was much broken on starboard side with falling of topmast.

Soon after the mainmast went, the weather cleared up, although the ship, having no sails to steady her, rolled and laboured very heavily. A royal was cut up to nail over the partners of the mainmast to prevent the water from getting on the lower deck, but before this could be done a great lot of water got below from the heavy seas which constantly broke aboard.

It was found that the ship, although straining fear-

fully, had not received any immediate damage to hull, as the pumps sucked in about an hour and a half.

The after skylight and gratings were broken when the mizen topmast fell.

At the latter part of the afternoon, the wind had veered to N.W. As night came on it again began to blow very heavily with a high sea. The fore topgallant mast came down, breaking the topmast cap.

Barometer again going down with much lightning. 11 p.m., barometer 29.40.

Friday, 18th September.—Midnight, wind blowing a heavy Wly. gale with a high sea. Ship rolling and labouring fearfully, laying in the trough of the sea, a tarpaulin placed in mizen rigging to keep her to, but it had no effect.

2 a.m.—The fore topmast came down with a run falling on port fore rigging; the upper topsail yard went through the forecastle deck; the foreyard was canted over end: the port yardarm had a bit of a lashing put on, but as the ship was rolling so heavily, it could not be properly secured, consequently it was knocking about very much: the starboard yardarm banging hard against the trestle trees and breaking them all to pieces: the foretop smashed when the topmast came down.

Daylight, blowing very heavily, tremendous sea on. Ship rolling to such an extent that at times it was impossible to get along the decks.

The foreyard was all this time swinging about very much. Getting aloft to secure it was out of the question.

Succeeded in getting a lashing round the lower yardarm and the foremast, which partially steadied it. Lashings were also passed round the broken topmast and yards, which were, in a manner, locked in the fore rigging.

As the ship was rolling and labouring so heavily the captain had a consultation with the chief officer and carpenter about throwing cargo overboard, to endeavour to ease her, for it appeared certain that the ship could not last long with the violent straining; consequently

parties were set on at both ends of the ship to discharge overboard cases of preserved meats or whatever came to hand.

Two drags were got over the bows with long lengths of hawsers to keep her to the wind, but they appeared to have no effect, for the sea was so high that her head could not be got up to the wind in spite of the main topmast staysail which was set on the mizen stay, as well as one or two other sails set aft in the best manner possible.

During this time the ship was labouring and straining most violently; gear, etc., was flying about the decks; also, hencoops, skylights and other fixings—all being broken to pieces, notwithstanding everything being lashed as well as possible under the circumstances.

Afternoon.—The gale still very heavy with a fearful sea, and the ship labouring to such an extent that it seemed impossible that she could hold together; but for all that the pumps were sucking constantly throughout the day, the passengers working the fire engine in the 'tween decks.

19th September.—Midnight, blowing heavily from westward. Barometer 29.70. Found both forestays carried away, but the foreyard had locked itself securely in the trestle trees. Got a large tackle to the masthead and set it up to the bowsprit and secured the foremast. Daylight, turned to—up driver gaff. The ship being a little steadier, succeeded in getting it up and set a reefed driver

This had the desired effect, brought the ship to the wind, and as there was less sea on, the ship became easier.

Afternoon.—Set up a preventer mizen stay, rendering the mast tolerably secure.

Evening.—Set the crossjack, the wind being from S.W. and the squalls less heavy. The sea still continues very high causing the ship to roll frightfully.

20th September.—Lat. 38° 35' S., long. 32° 28' W. Distance run from 16th September 257 miles. In the morning managed to get up a jib forward.

This was the first fine day since being dismasted. The wreck had by this time been cleared away, a jury mizen topmast sent up, on which was set a reefed mizen topsail: and a lower stunsail was set forward for a foresail. It was impossible to rig up a jury mainmast on account of the severe rolling of the ship.

Pumps constantly attended and everything apparently going on well. Crew in health.

21st September.—Lat. $37^{\circ} 26' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} W.$ Distance 72 miles, winds S.W., south, S.E. Got up stream chain, two parts of which were taken for a forestay.

22nd September.—Lat. $36^{\circ} 37' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} 27' W.$ Distance 53 miles. Winds S.E., east, and N.E. Employed sending down foreyard and sending up jury foreyard (lower foretopsail yard). P.M., set mizen topsail for a foresail.

23rd September.—Strong N.W. wind and rainy. Heavy sea, ship rolling frightfully at times. A.M., people employed putting extra lashings on spars, etc., passed lashings round the engine house. P.M. commenced to work the condenser.

24th September.—Wind N.W. Ship rolling and straining very much. Ship making about 7 inches of water per hour, pumped principally by passengers. Sent up jury mizen topmast.

25th September.—Wind west. One of the iron brakes for the pumps was broken last night. Carpenter employed making a wooden one. Set a reefed main topmast staysail on mizen topmast stay; passengers working at the pumps as well as crew. Ship laying within 7 and $7\frac{1}{2}$ points of the wind.

26th September.—Lat. $34^{\circ} 31' S.$, long. $28^{\circ} 31' W.$ Distance run during last four days 229 miles. Wind N.W. Employed about rigging.

27th September.—Lat. $32^{\circ} 40' S.$, long. $27^{\circ} 8' W.$ Distance 131 miles. Wind N.N.W. Ship rolling and straining very much. People getting mizen topsail yard ready for sending aloft.

28th September.—Wind N.W., fresh and overcast. A.M., sent mizen topsail yard aloft. P.M., ship rolling heavily. This constant rolling strains the ship very much, for she makes more water when rolling heavily, necessitating one hour's pumping at least every 4 hours.

29th September.—Lat. $31^{\circ} 0' S.$, long. $25^{\circ} 43' W.$ Distance in two days 123 miles. Wind S.W. Bent and set mizen topsail, double reefed, on jury mizen topmast. Light wind and fine. Reduced a foresail and bent it on jury foreyard.

30th September.—Lat. $29^{\circ} 40' S.$, long. $25^{\circ} 29' W.$ Distance 81

miles. Light S.W. wind and fine. Carpenter repairing boat which was stove in when mainmast went. Up to this date from time of being dismasted issued to each adult 2 quarts of water per day (on Sundays 3) this day issued 3 pints to each adult. Ship making about 8 inches of water per hour. Evening, kept the ship up to N. by W. for the purpose of taking her into a Brazilian port to repair, Captain Harrison considering that it will be for the benefit of all concerned to do so, for the ship in consequence of the heavy straining she has lately received begins to feel the effects, as she makes more water than usual. In fact, the present crippled state of the ship and the impossibility of getting up good jury masts, so much of the rigging being lost, with the increased tendency of the ship to make water, being considered, the captain is of opinion that it would be running a very great risk to proceed on the voyage, as some damage might have occurred to the hull, which, in further bad weather, might prove fatal to her.

1st October.—Lat. $28^{\circ} 22'$ S., long. $26^{\circ} 3'$ W. Distance 84 miles. Wind drawing into the S.E. with fine weather.

2nd October.—Lat. $27^{\circ} 4'$ S., long. $26^{\circ} 49'$ W. Distance 87 miles. Wind easterly. People employed rigging a mast (flying jibboom) to set a sail (main royal) above the foresail. Full allowance of water issued again.

3rd October.—Lat. $25^{\circ} 52'$ S., long. $28^{\circ} 21'$ W. Distance 110 miles. Wind N.E.ly. Distance to Bahia 984 miles.

Towards evening it was found that the ship (notwithstanding the sea being perfectly smooth) was making upwards of 1 foot of water per hour—evidently from some fresh place having broken out in consequence of the heavy strain at the time the ship was dismasted.

Got water kegs filled and saw everything ready with boats, etc., for an emergency: passengers and crew working at the pumps throughout the night. Ship's course set for port of Bahia.

4th October.—Lat. $25^{\circ} 15'$ S., long. $27^{\circ} 23'$ W. Distance 64 miles. Winds S.W., south and S.E. Ship now making 16 to 17 inches an hour, notwithstanding the sea being quite smooth.

As the leak was increasing rapidly a pair of shears was rigged over the main hatch for purpose of throwing overboard cargo and hoisting the longboat out.

In the forenoon we sighted the brig *Eastern Star* of London, Captain Warren, bound for Port Natal, from whom we procured a longboat and some rope, as further security for passengers and crew: the brig altered

her course and kept in company with us all night. People employed throwing overboard cargo from main 'tween decks and fore hold.

5th October.—Lat. 23° 55' S., long. 27° 23' W. Distance 80 miles. Light S.E. wind and fine. Daylight, brig *Eastern Star* proceeded on her course on our signalling that all was well, the ship not making more water than yesterday. 9.30 a.m., signalled British ship *Amaranth*, from Liverpool to Bombay.

Captain, chief officer, carpenter, and Stewart, Campbell and New (A.B.'s) held a consultation in captain's cabin when it was decided to throw over more cargo and lighten the ship forward. One watch put on to discharge cargo from forehold and kept at work till 4 p.m. Other watch at work in 'tween decks squaring up and securing cargo after yesterday's work at discharging.

6th October.—Lat. 22° 39' S., long. 27° 33' W. Distance 77 miles. Wind S.E. Employed clearing out longboat, passengers working the pumps. Rigged stunsail boom in starboard waist for a derrick for getting out longboat. Crew and passengers working in turn at pumps pumping about 3 minutes in 7. Ship making 1 foot of water per hour.

7th October.—Lat. 21° 1' S., long. 28° 19' W. Distance 107 miles. Wind S.E. Employed setting two small staysails from fore topmast head out to fore yardarms. 3.30 p.m., sighted Martin Vaz Rocks.

(Six more days of hard pumping and slow progress brought the battered *Windsor Castle* safely into Bahia.)

14th October.—Moderate wind and fine. 9 a.m., rounded the light-house. Noon, dropped anchor in 10 fathoms. Pumps constantly going till 4.30 p.m. when a suck was obtained. 8 p.m., natives came off and worked the pumps all night.

15th October.—Began discharging cargo.

17th October.—Discovered a large leak a little abaft the starboard forechains.

20th October.—Passengers left in steamship *Galileo*.

13th November.—A diver employed replacing copper underwater that had been torn off by the wreck, 17th September.

16th November.—A gassoon rigged over the side and ship caulked below water mark where necessary.

29th November.—Got foreyard alongside from Jaquitara.

1st December.—Mainmast towed alongside from Tapishipe.

2nd December.—Hove in and stepped new mainmast.

11th December.—Ship making about 1 inch water per hour.

15th December.—Mr. G., chief officer, deserted.

18th December.—Mainyard towed alongside, lashed to a boat, not being floatable.

20th December.—Second officer left for home, and third appointed second.

27th December.—New chief officer joined.

29th December.—Effects of late chief officer, who deserted, sold by auction. Ship making $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of water per hour.

(A steam engine and new pumps had been embarked.)

9th January, 1875.—Unmoored ship and towed to Franguia.

13th January.—Surveyors came off. Hands came aft wishing to know if anything was going to be done to the boats before going to sea.

20th January.—5.30 p.m., up anchor and stood to sea on port tack. When underweigh fired two guns.

(All went well except that the ship gradually made more water, and on 26th January, as the ship was making 6 or 7 inches of water an hour, the captain decided to put into Rio de Janeiro.)

27th January.—Lat. $15^{\circ} 8' S.$, long. $34^{\circ} 47' W.$ Distance 163 miles. Wind easterly. Moderate trade and fine. Ship making 8 inches an hour. 4 to 6 a.m., pumps not worked, the steam pump was then started and continued till 11 a.m., before she was pumped out. 3 p.m., steam pumps again started and worked till 8 p.m., at which time with aid of an hour's pumping at main pumps ship was dry. 5 p.m., well showed 21 inches. 6.30 p.m., well 22 inches, showing that steam pumps alone would not keep her clear.

28th January.—Ship making 1 foot an hour. Steam pumps (which now throw very much more water) going nearly all day.

2nd February.—Arrived at Rio, where the cargo was discharged, the ship dry docked and seams in the floor, each side of mainmast, discovered much opened.

The poor old *Windsor Castle* was not to get out of Rio without further troubles: after nearly drifting on to a ledge of rocks off Mocangur Grande, she was at last considered fit for sea, but owing to yellow fever raging in the city and the fact that several of the crew were ill with fever symptoms, Captain Harrison had further anxieties now that the leak had been conquered.

7th March.—Towed to sea.

23rd March.—Lat. $1^{\circ} 18' N.$, long. $34^{\circ} 2' W.$ Distance 102 miles. Wind N.E. 12.30 a.m., passed the ship *Tyburnia*. At daylight backed

crossjack yard and waited for *Tyburnia*, 60 days from Sydney to London. Noon, visited by Captain Golder of *Tyburnia*. Dr. Woodhouse visited *Tyburnia* and performed some operations. 6.30 p.m., filled and stood on. Ship *Cape Horn* in company.

(The rest of the passage passed without incident except that the bobstay parted in an S.S.E. gale in 50° S. 14' W.)

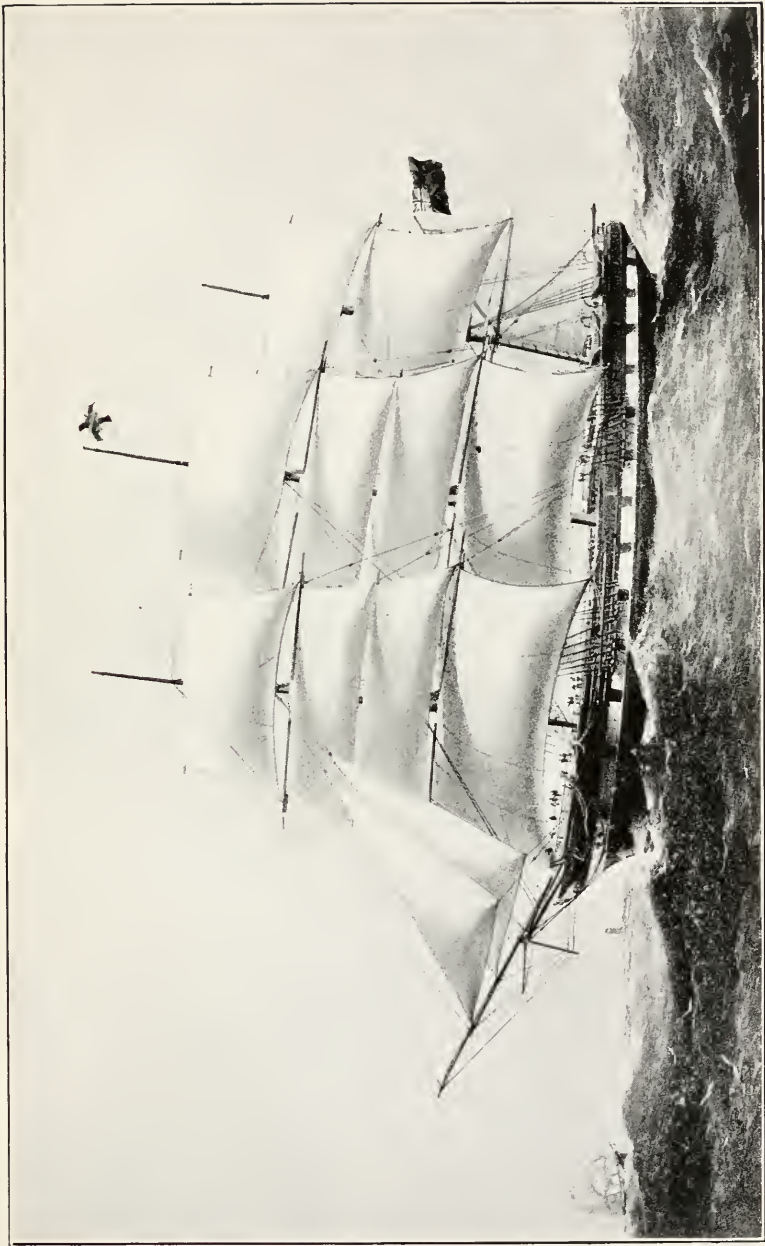
The *Windsor Castle* had easterly winds in the Channel, after making Cape Clear on 17th April, and did not reach Gravesend until 28th April, 52 days from Rio, and 269 days from Sydney.

On her refit in London, she was only lightly sparred, with no skysails or stunsails; nevertheless, under Captain John Smith who was a young man with good nerve and a great sail carrier, she made some very good passages.

Henceforth she generally loaded for Brisbane, her best passages to Moreton Bay being 89 days from the Start in 1879 and 84 days from Plymouth in 1881. In 1879 she was in company with the *Jessie Readman* for 14 days running the easting down.

In 1880 *Windsor Castle* was 78½ days from Plymouth to Cape Wickham light, then had calms and light airs, arriving Rockhampton, 90½ days out:

She usually loaded wool home. At 10 a.m. on 13th November, 1880, she dropped her pilot outside Port Phillip Heads; on the 5th December she was in company with the *Aristides* until the 9th, when *Aristides* was astern. On the 11th *Aristides* was again in sight, and the two vessels passed the Horn together on the following day. On 17th December *Windsor Castle* sprang her mainyard which had to be fished. The equator was crossed on the 5th January. On 12th January *Mermerus* was in company on the port beam; on the 16th she was



"SUFFOLK."

From an old Lithograph.

(To face Page 260.)

still in sight on starboard quarter, but disappeared beneath the horizon on the 17th. At 8 p.m. on 4th February, *Windsor Castle* sighted the Lizard lights, 84 days out, picked up her pilot on the 5th and docked on the 7th. She had beaten three of the most famous wool clippers home, namely, *Ben Voirlich*, *Mermerus* and *Salamis*, but had been beaten in her turn by *Aristides* and her namesake, Donaldson Rose's *Windsor Castle*.

The times of the six ships were as follows:—

<i>Ben Voirlich</i>	left	Melbourne	Nov. 5	arrived	Feb. 7	94	days.
<i>Mermerus</i>	"	"	" 5	"	" 4	91	"
<i>Salamis</i>	"	Geelong	" 9	"	" 5	88	"
<i>Windsor Castle</i> (Green's)		Melbourne	" 11	"	" 5	86	"
<i>Windsor Castle</i> (D. Rose)	"	Sydney	" 13	"	Jan. 31	79	"
<i>Aristides</i>	"	Melbourne	" 17	"	Feb. 4	79	"

In 1881 she loaded wool home from Sydney; passed through the Heads on 7th November; rounded the Horn 18th December; on the 23rd was in company with *Loch Garry* and on the 5th January with *Samuel Plimsoll* and *Baron Aberdare*, which ships remained in sight until the 9th; crossed the equator on 18th January; 1st February *Baron Aberdare* again in company on starboard quarter. On the 8th February, with the wind fresh and increasing from west, *Windsor Castle* sprang her mainmast at the spider-band below the top. The ship was kept away, all sail was furled on the mainmast and the main royal and topgallant yards sent down. At 3 p.m. a spare jibboom was sent aloft for a fish and well secured with chain lashings and tækles from main masthead to mizen mastlead. This was a smart piece of work, for by that time it was blowing a strong W.S.W. gale with hard gusts and heavy sea, the ship lurching and taking much water overall.

Her passage was spoilt, and she limped up to the Eddystone on 23rd February and docked on the 26th.

Greens sold the *Windsor Castle* in 1882.

In 1884 she foundered 40 miles south of Algoa Bay.

The Ghost of the "Norfolk."

It is curious that with all the wealth of evidence regarding ghosts and supernatural apparitions ashore there are very few cases of ghosts aboard ship, which have not a comic explanation.

The sailor has always been considered one of the most superstitious of mortals, with fixed beliefs as to bad luck or misfortune being due to the presence of a great variety of objects, from parsons to black cats.

One could write a large book on the superstitions of sailors, dating from the earliest ages, and of their causes, of phantom ships and giant ships, of monstrous canoes and spectre junks, of extra hands on yardarms, of corpses following ships, and of the killing of sea birds. Literature already possesses certain masterpieces on such superstitions, such as those of the Flying Dutchman and the Ancient Mariner, which is founded on the killing of a black hen in *Shelvocke's Journal*.

Ghosts, however, which have not been explained away are very scarce. And of these the extra hand is the most common. He was usually the apparition of an old shipmate, who had lost his life on some previous passage or voyage, and was so attached to his old ship that he would always appear and lend a hand in dirty weather or when she was in difficulties.

In a few cases this extra hand was considered to be the devil by the more superstitious of the ship's crew, who declared that he smelt of brimstone, blew smoke from his nostrils, had a tail curled under his jacket, and a

cloven hoof which burnt a mark on the deck; and, if accidentally touched, scorched the fingers of the man who touched him.

Several ships were supposed to sail with an extra hand on board, whilst one ship, a passenger steamer, rejoiced in an extra steward.

Masefield in his *Tarpaulin Muster* has a charming essay on ghosts aboard ship, and mentions the case of a ship with a haunted poop. That ship was the well-known *John Elder*, built in 1870 by Elder, of Glasgow, for the Pacific S.N.Co.

The following account of the ghost on the Blackwaller *Norfolk I* have taken from *Reminiscences of a Blackwall Midshipman*. Whilst the *Norfolk* was hove to off the Horn, a curious noise was heard, which the superstitious members of the crew declared to be "the rattle in a dying man's throat." The noise was plain enough to all ears, but though a search was made it could not be located. Shortly after this noise had started, during one of the night watches, a frightful yelling broke out forward. The officer of the watch immediately went to see what the hullabaloo was about, and, on mounting the foc's'le-head, was astounded to see a white figure, with uplifted arms and black hair streaming in the wind, standing on the windlass and screeching out "The Vision of Judgment," whilst the lookout man crouched at the end of the weather cathead in a piteous state of terror.

The apparition proved to be a third class passenger who had gone off her head. She was taken below and handed over to the ship's doctor.

The mysterious "rattle in the dying man's throat" was presently discovered to be the play of the wind upon a loose galley funnel stay. The two incidents, however,

must have raised a crop of nerve-thrilling yarns in the dog watches during the remainder of the passage.

The Speedy "Suffolk."

The *Norfolk* has been credited with a run of 68 days to Melbourne, but she was probably not as fast as her slightly larger sister, the *Suffolk*, which in 1860 made the same run in 70 days.

The *Norfolk* was one of the last of the sailing ships retained by Money Wigram when he went in for auxiliary steam, but the *Suffolk* was sold to H. Ellis & Son in the early seventies and her new owners stripped the yards off her mizen mast. In the eighties she became a country ship, but was lost in 1890.

The Wreck of the "Duncan Dunbar."

The largest ship of Dunbar's fleet was called after her owner. She did not, however, have a very long life, as she was wrecked on the Roccas Reef in 1865. She left London under Captain Swanson on 8th August and Plymouth on 2nd September, 1865. She struck the reef on high water at 8.30 p.m. on 7th October. As soon as it was discovered that the ship was hard and fast, the passengers and crew were landed on the desolate sandspit, whilst Captain Swanson set off to Pernambuco for help in a lifeboat. After making 120 miles, he was picked up by the American ship *Hayara* and dropped 15 miles from Pernambuco, where he obtained help from the *Oneida*, Royal Mail; and every one on the sandspit, in number 116 souls, was safely rescued.

"Tyburnia's" Pleasure Cruise.

One of the grandest looking ships in Somes' fleet was the *Tyburnia*, a well-known trooper in her day.



"DUNCAN DUNBAR."

From an old Lithograph.

[To face Page 264.]

This ship had a curious adventure in 1884, which was thus reported in the *Times*.

In 1884, the Pleasure Sailing Yacht Company chartered a ship named the *Tyburnia* for a trip to different parts of the world at the rate of a guinea a head per day.

The yacht on arriving at Madeira a fortnight ago was anchored near the Loo Battery in the quarantine ground, and was ballasted with goods such as cement, etc., which might yield a profit at the various ports touched at. Owing to a misunderstanding with the Portuguese Custom-house authorities, on account of their system of extortion, Captain Kennaley was informed that his ship would be seized and confiscated, whereupon he told them that when the Portuguese officers attempted to board his ship they would be flung into the sea.

The Military Governor then gave orders to fire upon the yacht when she attempted to leave the moorings. Captain Kennaley, who had successfully run the American blockade thirteen times, did not fear the threat, and being assured of the confidence of his passengers, made sail at 8.40 a.m., and getting her head round the fort fired two blank charges.

As soon as she was underweigh the fort fired at her with ball, carrying away some ropes on the bowsprit. The passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, declined to go below in spite of the continuous firing from the fort, many balls from which dashed the spray over those on board, though no loss of life ensued. The British Ensign was dipped as each shot went singing by, and the yacht proceeded to Barbados.

This was the first of *Tyburnia's* adventures as a yacht, but it was by no means the last. She had several well-known people amongst her passengers, but her cargo could hardly have been profitable, for she had a store of knives, mirrors, and other trifles, which would have been quite suitable in the trade room of a South Sea islander but were hardly the right thing for the West Indies. Indeed, the queerness of her cargo caused her further trouble in New York, where she was detained under suspicion of being a smuggler or something of the kind.

The *Tyburnia* ended her days in Australian hands, timber-droghuing until the late eighties, when she went to Townsville, Queensland, and was converted into a transhipment hulk.

The Old "Holmsdale."

One of the best known of the Blackwall frigates in the Australian trade was the old *Holmsdale*. This gallant old ship was launched from J. Reed's yard at Sunderland and sailed the seas for just on forty years. She measured 1250 tons, 206.8 ft. long, 37.7 ft. beam, 22.4 ft. depth, with a poop 73 ft. long; one of the finest specimens of the wooden passenger ship.

Her early years were spent in the Indian and China trades, when she was owned by Phillipps & Co. In the early seventies she was bought by Bilbe, and from that date became an Orient liner, her usual voyage being out to Adelaide and home from Melbourne. Her best known captains were D. Reed and Daniel R. Bolt; her passages, without being anything out of the way, were always very regular, one of her best being 83 days from Melbourne to London in 1874-5. The abstract log in the Appendix will give a very good idea of her capabilities. She was eventually sold by the Andersons to the Norwegians and went on the missing list in 1897.

A Cargo of the "Lincolnshire."

The following cargo of the *Lincolnshire* may be of interest as showing the usual homeward cargo of a 1000-ton Blackwaller from Australia.

On 10th November, 1864, she left Melbourne under Captain H. Shimer with 2000 bales of wool, 125 casks of tallow, 115 quarter cases of whisky, 30 tons of case goods, 9800 ounces of gold dust, and 130 passengers.

She had 141 tons of kentledge and 150 tons of stone ballast, levelled with tallow stowed forward, spirits aft and the wool dumped and screwed the whole length of the hold.

She sailed drawing 16 ft. 9 in. forward and 17 ft. 2 in. aft and arrived in London on 25th January, 1865, drawing 16 ft. 10 in. forward and 16 ft. 9 in. aft.

This fine ship was sold by Wigram in 1880 and wrecked three years later.

The Coolie Ship "Lincelles."

At the death of Duncan Dunbar the Moulmein-built *Lincelles* was sold to S. H. Allen, of London, and became one of Allen's coolie ships, which transported coolies from India to Mauritius. Allen sold her in the late eighties to Genoese owners, but the splendid old ship did not disappear from the Register until 1906-7.

The "Lady Melville" and the Great Comet of 1861.

Green's Blackwall Line only contained four ships which had not been built in the Blackwall Yard or by Pile at Sunderland.

Two of these were the large Boston-built, soft-wood ships, *Result*, of 1565 tons, launched in 1853, and the *Swiftsure*, of 1326 tons, launched in 1854. These ships were ordered at the height of the Australian boom, and were intended to carry a large number of emigrants to Melbourne.

Some years ago a rumour got about that the *Result* was really the famous American clipper *Challenge*. Another rumour was that she was the prize won by the Greens when their *Challenger* beat the *Challenge* in a specially arranged race home from China. Neither of these rumours had any foundation, and the *Result*, like the *Swiftsure*, had been bought by Green owing to the growing demand for large emigrant ships.

The *Result* was burnt in Hobson's Bay in 1866.

The *Swiftsure* was sold to Newcastle owners and was eventually wrecked at Tripola in 1884.

The third ship belonging to the Greens, which could not strictly be called a Blackwall frigate, was the *Orwell*, of 1079 tons, built at Harwich in 1854. This ship was also put in the Australian trade. Her last owner was Goodwin of Ardrossan, and she went missing in 1873 when on a West Indian voyage.

The fourth ship was the *Lady Melville*, of 967 tons, built by Haswell, of Sunderland. This ship was frigate-built and Greens kept her in their Indian service except during the height of the gold boom.

The *Lady Melville* was a steady going 11-knot ship with no very fast passages to her credit. I have a copy of her 1861 log, when she went from the Scillies to the Sandheads in 119 days and came home from Calcutta in 124 days.

During her passage home the great comet of 1861 appeared and the following notices of it in her log may be of interest.

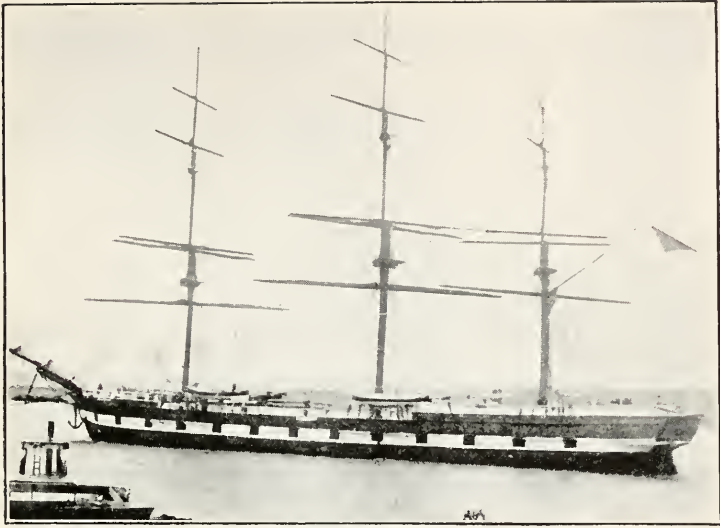
2nd July.—Lat. $27^{\circ} 14' N.$, long. $43^{\circ} 40' W.$ Distance 112 miles
Wind N.E. light. 10 p.m., a large comet observed stretching across two-thirds of the sky, bearing N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.

3rd July.—Lat. $29^{\circ} 45' N.$, long. $45^{\circ} 12' W.$ Distance 178 miles.
Light to fresh N.E. breeze. 8 p.m., comet bearing N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W
Altitude $22^{\circ} 36'$.

4th July.—Lat. $32^{\circ} 32' N.$, long. $45^{\circ} 31' W.$ Distance 163 miles.
Moderate N.E. breeze. Fore and mizen royals in. 8 p.m., comet bearing N. by W. Altitude $32^{\circ} 2'$.

5th July.—Lat. $34^{\circ} 10' N.$, $45^{\circ} 2' W.$ Light E.S.E. wind. 8 p.m., comet bearing N. by W. Altitude 40° .

This was a most remarkable comet; its tail was fan shaped with six distinct streamers, the outer of which apparently covered 120° , and the earth was immersed in the material of its wonderful tail to the depth of



" HOLMSDALE."



" YORKSHIRE."

300,000 miles. Its period was reckoned to be 400 years.

On 14th July, lat. 45° N., long. 38° 57' W., with light easterly airs and calms, the *Lady Melville* had 38 sail in sight from the deck, and for the next two days her midshipmen were kept busy with the signal halliards.

The *Lady Melville* was sold by the Greens to King, Watson & Co., of Calcutta, and became a country ship. The well-known Aga Said Abdul Hoosein, of Moulmein, had her during the seventies, and on his death in 1880 she was sold to the Norwegians. She brought home a cargo of teak and on her arrival in Norway was renamed *Anna*. She was still afloat in the late eighties, when she was converted into a hulk.

The "Yorkshire's" Madman.

The illustration of the *Yorkshire* is one of the best photographs of a Blackwall frigate that I have ever seen. It tells one more about the ship than any word description. In her we see the last development of the first-class wooden passenger ship.

The advertisements of the day were fond of describing such ships as clippers; they were by no means clippers as far as their ends were concerned, but they had a certain amount of dead-rise and sweet enough lines, so that they were far from being slow in light and moderate winds where they easily had the legs of the later iron clippers.

There have been many cases aboard ship of either a passenger or one of the crew going suddenly mad and starting a short but exciting reign of terror. Sometimes the madman went aloft with an axe and defied capture for hours and often days; at other times he ran amok on deck and often ended up by leaping overboard,

The *Yorkshire*, on one of her passages to Melbourne, had a case of this kind. Amongst her crew was a man half-Irish, half-Italian, who suffered horribly from chronic neuralgia. When in pain, he would sit holding his head in both hands and glaring madly around. To anyone who approached him he had but one remark to make:—"Don't pity me! Don't pity me!" In vain the ship's surgeon tried to ease his suffering. A day came at last when all the passengers were on deck rejoicing in the fine weather. Suddenly the neuralgia victim appeared on the poop, brandishing a knife in one hand and a Bible in the other and with madness in his eye.

The captain and the surgeon tried their best to coax him away from this sacred part of the deck and the terrified lady passengers, but to no purpose. The madman insisted on delivering a sermon on all the sorrow and pain in the world, and offered to stab all and sundry to the heart and so put them out of their misery. The sermon ended, he discarded the Bible and waving his knife over his head, proceeded to dance a jig to the further terror of the ladies, who by this time were mostly in hysterics.

The mate, however, succeeded in creeping up behind him, while his attention was engaged by the surgeon, and dropped a running bowline over his head and shoulders. The madman was then confined, and on arrival at Melbourne sent to an asylum where he very soon died.

A Tragedy of Sea-sickness.

Very few passengers on sailing ships failed to conquer their sea-sickness after the first few days, but there were occasionally one or two unfortunates

whom neither time nor smooth water could cure of this distressing malady.

One such lady passenger on the *Yorkshire*, after being ill through a ninety-day passage, was so weak when the ship arrived in Hobson's Bay that she had to be carried on deck. Her husband, who happened to be the commander of a large steamship in port, came on board to greet her and take her ashore, but before they had been able to speak a word to each other she fell back in his arms in a state of collapse and died.

A Shark Story.

One could fill page after page with the sudden and extraordinary tragedies of the old shipboard life in sailing ship days—of death in so many and ghastly ways, and there are few more impressive sights than a burial at sea. But there is always one anxiety connected with a burial at sea which is absent from the shore ceremony, and that is that, for some reason or other, the body may not sink. Whether the war-like 32-pounder shot or the more humble fire-bars are used, there is always the dread that the weights may break adrift and the body bob up instead of sinking. When this dread is fulfilled, the superstitious foretell the doom of the ship and crew, and back their assertions with yarns of bodies following ships with raised and pointing arms or with sinister and accusing eyes, that bring disaster upon all concerned.

But the following tragedy which occurred on the *Yorkshire* when north of the line homeward bound has a peculiar horror of its own.

There was a little boy on board, about five years old, the child of two of the second cabin passengers. This boy was the pet of both passengers and crew. One day

he was taken suddenly ill and within forty-eight hours was dead. This was far from being an occasion for a callous sailmaker, who would finish his gruesome job by a stitch through the corpse's nose. Instead the carpenter went to work and made a small wooden box, which he pierced with holes so that the water might get in and allow it to sink; and in this box the tiny body was placed.

The burial service was trying enough, with tears in every eye, but when at the usual signal the box was launched overboard, to the horror of the assembled ship's company it refused to sink.

A large shark had been following the ship from the moment the boy had been taken ill, with that unanny knowledge which sharks seem to possess, and, on seeing the floating box, it at once swam down upon it. Then tearing it open, the brute dragged out the child's body and devoured it before the eyes of every one on board.

The wretched mother, with maddened screams, tried her best to jump overboard and share the fate of her child's body, but was held back by her trembling husband, who was almost as distracted as herself. For some time after this the woman was off her head, whilst a deep gloom was cast over the ship.

“Renown” and “Malabar.”

Two fine 1200-ton ships were launched for Green's Blackwall Line in May, 1860, the *Renown* from the Blackwall Yard and the *Malabar* from Pile's Yard at Sunderland.

Renown was mostly in their Australian trade, but *Malabar* was a favourite trooper at one time and in 1867 came home from the Bay of Bengal to Dover in 89 days. The difference in their measurements may

PASSAGES TO MELBOURNE

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PASSAGES TO MELBOURNE 1860. COMPARISON BETWEEN LONDON FRIGATE-BUILT SHIPS AND LIVERPOOL CLIPPER-BUILT SHIPS.

London Ships					Liverpool Ships				
Name	Tons	No. of Passen- gers	No. of Crew	Days out	Name	Tons	No. of Passen- gers	No. of Crew	Days out
<i>Suffolk</i>	957	105	56	70	<i>White Star</i>	2339	325	65	70
<i>Southampton</i>	971	107	46	74	<i>Eliz. Ann Bright</i>	1920	339	56	76
<i>Prince of Wales</i>	1223	120	78	77	<i>Marco Polo</i>	1625	277	60	77
<i>Lincolnshire</i>	1024	96	60	77	<i>Gipsy Bride</i>	1457	170	51	77
<i>Kent</i>	927	133	54	78	<i>Empress of the Seas</i>	1647	298	50	78
<i>Orwell</i>	1220	96	60	79	<i>Young America</i>	1750	341	56	79
<i>Kent</i>	927	78	55	80	<i>Blue Jacket</i>	1790	413	72	83
<i>Southampton</i>	971	80	50	81	<i>Lightning</i>	1468	365	71	84
<i>Sussex</i>	959	70	45	84	<i>Red Jacket</i>	1597	405	65	84
<i>Anglesey</i>	1018	122	55	86	<i>British Trident</i>	1399	131	46	84
<i>Dover Castle</i>	1002	50	56	87	<i>Champion of the Seas</i>	1947	403	78	86
<i>Wiltshire</i>	1014	76	70	88	<i>Prince of the Seas</i>	1316	414	46	88
<i>Agincourt</i>	958	70	57	88	<i>Arabian</i>	1273	252	28	88
<i>Norfolk</i>	953	77	59	88	<i>Ocean Chief</i>	1026	109	52	89
<i>Yorkshire</i>	1057	110	60	91	<i>Eagle</i>	1050	123	36	91
<i>Sussex</i>	851	99	43	92	<i>Sovereign of the Seas No. 2</i>	1226	80	42	93
<i>Roeburgh Castle</i>	1121	120	60	92	<i>Sablanha</i>	1257	260	48	96
<i>Monarch</i>	1441	107	74	94	<i>Great Tasmania</i>	2163	385	70	98
<i>Maldstone</i>	819	49	46	95	<i>Eagle</i>	1050	126	30	99
<i>Owen Glendover</i>	852	101	60	98	<i>Dawn of Hope</i>	1215	230	45	102
Totals	20,268	1866	1144	1702		30,515	5416	1087	1722
Average	1013	93	57	85		1525	270	53	86

be of interest. *Renown* 1293 tons, 216.6 ft. length, 37.5 ft. beam, 22.7 ft. depth; *Malabar* 1219 tons, 207.2 ft. length, 36 ft. 6 ins. beam, 22.5 ft. depth. *Malabar* was sold to Foley, of London, in 1878; and *Renown* to Bremen owners in 1882, being wrecked a few years later.

Blackwallers of 1861.

Five very fine frigate-built ships were turned out in 1861 and a comparison of their measurements may be of interest.

Ship	Tons	Length	Beam	Depth	Remarks
<i>Highflyer</i> ..	1012	193.7	35.5	20	poop 42 feet
<i>Star of India</i>	1045	190.4	34.2	22.1	
<i>True Briton</i> ..	1046	198	32.4	20.8	
<i>Middlesex</i> ..	1191	203	36	22.6	poop 76 feet
<i>St. Lawrence</i>	1094	180	37	22.5	poop 72 feet

The *Highflyer*, though frigate-built, was given extra fine lines and put into the tea trade under the celebrated Captain Anthony Enright, but she was not really fast enough, and after a few passages averaging about 130 days from Shanghai she dropped out of the competition for the first teas. She was sold to H. Ramien, of Elsfleth, in the late seventies and abandoned at sea about 1898.

Star of India after a long career as a first class passenger ship in the Indian and Australian trades also went to the Norwegians and was abandoned in the N. Atlantic, timber laden in 1893.

True Briton, the last of that historic name, was sold about 1880 to W. J. Smith, of London, and ended her days as a coal hulk.

Middlesex was still under Marshall's flag in 1880, but in 1884 she was replaced by a fine iron ship of 1742 tons, built by Barelay, Curle.



"MALABAR."



"STAR OF INDIA."

"St. Lawrence."

St. Lawrence, the last of Smith's fleet, was considered the finest and latest thing in wooden passenger construction. She had so much rise of floor that she required 60 tons of ballast to keep her upright. She was very short and beamy when compared to the other ships of her year, but was a very fine, sea boat, dry and yet easy in her movements. In point of speed she was not equal to the later ships of Green and Wigram, and but little if anything superior to the *Hotspur*. But she was a beautiful ship in every way, and well upheld the reputation of the Blackwall frigates.

The following extracts from her logs will give a good idea of a Blackwaller's work in the last days of the Calcutta troop and passenger carrying sailing ships:—

ST. LAWRENCE—LONDON TO CALCUTTA, 1866.

14th July.—Hauled out of East India Dock and proceeded to Gravesend.

15th July.—Proceeding down Channel. Moderate W.ly breeze and fine.

23rd July.—N.W.ly airs and fine. Cape Finisterre on port beam. More than 50 sail in sight from deck. Lowered jolly-boat and boarded *Drogheda*, from Shields to Alexandria.

28th July.—N.E. by E. moderate. Madeira abeam. Distance 8 miles.

21st August.—16° S., 31° 33' W., run 236. Theatricals in cuddy.

18th to 27th August.—From 5° 49' S. to 32° 35' S.; runs 230, 235, 245, 236, 233, 226, 233, 244, 204, and 203.

18th September.—40° 39' S., 53° 10' E.; run 275. Fresh gale with hard gusts.

22nd October.—Anchored off floating Lightship.

23rd October.—Pilot came aboard, made sail and stood up.

(94-day passage.)

CALCUTTA TO LONDON, 1867.

18th January.—Hauled out and dropped down to Garden Reach.

21st.—Dropped pilot, made sail to light S.W.ly breeze.

11th February.—24° 5' S., 3° 14' E.; run 237. Fresh breeze and fine. Signalled *Winchester* off Cape Recife. 1 p.m., *Winchester* in sight on starboard bow.

12th February.—Run 214. *Winchester* (with right wing of 98th Regt. on board spoken (lost 9 children from measles). P.M., *Winchester* astern.

13th February.—Run 209. Squally. *Winchester* half courses down astern.

14th February.—Came to anchor off St. Helena. *Winchester* anchored 8 a.m. next morning.

16th February.—1 p.m., hove up, made all plain sail and all stunsails, both sides at the main. (*Winchester* left St. Helena 10 p.m. on 15th.)

28th March.—1° 47' N., 22° 15' W.; run 21. Calm, constantly trimming sail to catspaws. Three sail in sight, one of them *Winchester*; signalled British ship *Talavera* from Calcutta to London, 72 days out.

29th March.—Run 29. Light variable airs. *Talavera* on starboard quarter. *Winchester* right astern.

5th April.—13° 28' N., 33° 26' W., run 188. N.E. by E., fresh and puffy. Sails covered with a fine red sand.

8th April.—Run 179. N.E. ly fresh. Signalled British ship *Jehangeer*, Foochow to London, 89 days out.

10th April.—Run 148. E.N.E. fresh. *Jehangeer* astern.

16th April.—Shift of wind from N.N.W. Taken flat aback. Topmast and lower stunsails went to ribbons. Main and mizen topmast staysails split.

20th April.—Lizard distant 700 miles.

On this passage the *St. Lawrence* had one wing of the 98th Regiment and the *Winchester* the other. The two ships left Calcutta together and reached Spithead almost simultaneously.

LONDON TO CALCUTTA, 1867.

15th July.—Hauled out of East India Docks.

17th August.—00° 35' N., 26° 17' W.; run 196. S.E. ly, puffy. Signalled *Flying Venus*, Liverpool to Bombay, 27 days out.

18th to 23rd August.—*Flying Venus* in company.

11th September.—Run 253. Strong and heavy gusts, W.S.W. ly. Found 28 ducks and 6 geese drowned. At daylight found part of port hammock nettings washed away and several bales of cargo damaged from deck leaks

CALCUTTA TO LONDON, 1868.

1st January.—Pilot left us at Sandheads.

9th February.—Anchored in Table Bay, 40 days out.

23rd February.—Anchored off St. Helena.

5th April.—Start. N. 45° E. 80 miles.

LONDON TO CALCUTTA, 1868.

28th July.—Pilot left ship. Start bore N.N.E. Fresh N.W. gale.

25th August.—Crossed the line in 19° W.

31st October.—Took tug to Calcutta. The passage was spoilt by 20 days of calms from 3° N. to Sandheads.

CALCUTTA TO LONDON, 1869.

19th February.—Dropped pilot and made sail.

18th to 21st March.—On edge of cyclone.

21st March.—28° 21' S., S. 2° 12' E., run 288. E. and E.N.E. gale.

30th May.—4 p.m., sighted land abeam. 10 p.m., Start light.

LONDON TO CALCUTTA, 1869.

27th August.—Cast off and made sail.

30th August.—Start bore E. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. 14 miles.

23rd September.—Crossed the line in 29° 35' W.

25th November.—Tug took hold.

27th November.—Made ship fast No. 1. Esplanade moorings.

(89 days. Best run 297.)

CALCUTTA TO LONDON, 1870.

21st January.—8 p.m., cast off tug and made all plain sail to a light N.E. breeze.

11th March.—Anchored St. Helena.

10th May.—Noon, Lizard 18 miles. About 200 sail in sight including *Anglesey*, *Newcastle*, *Alnwick Castle*, *Shannon*, *Middlesex*, *Durham*, *Alumbagh*, *Wave of Life*, *Jerusalem*, *Maid of Judah* and *Orient*. The *City of Glasgow* and *Golden Fleece*, which were in company north of the line, arrived about three weeks before us, having gone inside the Western Isles.

By the time that the Suez Canal had been opened a couple of years, it was perceived by the owners of the Blackwall frigates that their days in the Calcutta passenger trade were numbered. Messrs. Smith sold their ships and went in for steam.

The *St. Lawrence* was afloat well into the eighties, running between Puget Sound and Sydney with lumber, her square ports filled in, and her cabins turned into store-rooms.

“Shannon” and the “Lord Warden.”

In May, 1862, two 1200-ton ships were again launched for Green's Blackwall Line, the *Shannon* from the Blackwall Yard and the *Lord Warden* from Pile's Yard at Sunderland. The *Lord Warden* was all wood, but *Shannon* had iron beams. Whilst the *Shannon* was being built, *Highflyer*, on her maiden trip to Sydney, put back having lost her rudder. It was of the greatest importance that tea ships should get out to China in time to load the new teas of the season, so there was no time to make a new rudder, and Greens solved the difficulty by unshipping the rudder from their new ship and fitting it on *Highflyer*; thus *Highflyer* sailed the seas with *Shannon's* rudder on her sternpost.

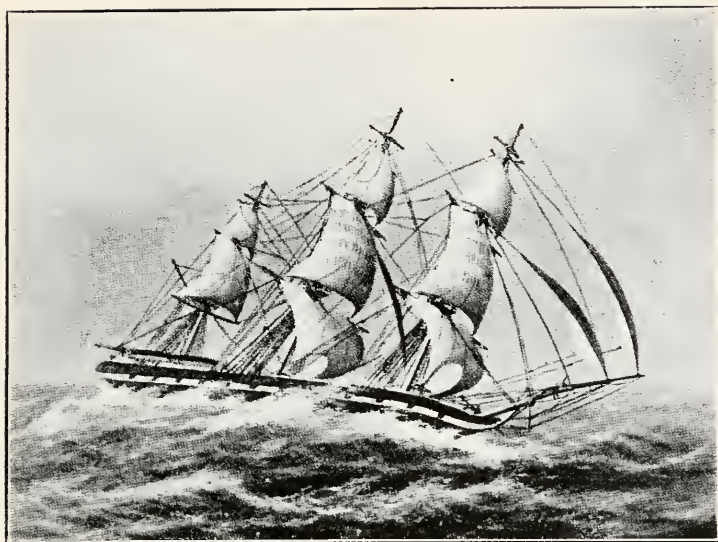
The *Shannon* was a smart ship and once did the round voyage to Melbourne, including time in port, in 5 months 27 days. She ran steadily to Melbourne until Greens sold her in May, 1883, to J. C. Ellis, of Sydney, N.S.W., and as late as 1879 she arrived in Hobson's Bay on 12th January, 77 days out from the Downs.

The *Lord Warden* started life in the Calcutta passenger trade, but was afterwards transferred to Green's Melbourne service. She also made some fine passages of under 80 days outward, and as late as 1881 she arrived out on 3rd October, 79 days from Prawle Point.

Greens sold her in 1884 to Ossoinak, of Fiume, and she foundered four years later.

An Apprentice's Joke.

With regard to the *Shannon*, an amusing fraud was perpetrated by some British windjammer apprentices in 1887. The *Shannon* was taking in a cargo of lumber at Vancouver. On Jubilee Day, these young rascals



" TRUE BRITON."

From a Painting by Captain Clayton.



" ST. LAWRENCE."

[To face Page 278.]

spread the report that the old Blackwaller was the original *Shannon* which had fought the *Chesapeake*; the old ship with her rather seaworn appearance and painted ports looked quite the part to the unsuspecting landmen, and the apprentices were soon busy showing a number of people over her.

Many of these visitors were much impressed and showed it by tipping the boys handsomely, whilst one of them remarked sagely that she was the finest specimen of a wooden warship he had ever seen. Thus the fraud passed off without being detected. In the following year the *Shannon* sprang a leak when bound from Newcastle, N.S.W., to Wellington, and putting into Papeete was condemned there.

The two "Essex's."

The Counties of England have always been favourite names for ships, and this has over and over again caused confusion. Thus both Wigram's and Marshall's ships were counties, and in 1862 Wigram launched a 1000-ton ship at Blackwall which he called the *Essex*, whilst in 1863 Marshall launched a 1200-ton *Essex* from his yard at Sunderland.

Wigram's ship was built of wood throughout, but Marshall's ship had iron beams. The latter disappeared before the eighties, at which date Wigram's *Essex* was owned by C. B. Walker, of Gloucester; she afterwards became a coal hulk.

It was on Wigram's *Essex* that Commander Crutchley made a trip home before the mast in a foc's'le full of men holding Board of Trade certificates. This was one of the smartest crews a ship ever had, but one which it was not wise to mishandle or humbug about. They soon taught Commander Crutchley how to spit brown

and carry on according to "Blackwall fashion"; and one of them, who was working his passage home in order to buy a ship of his own, afterwards offered Crutchley a second mate's job.

The third mate was unpopular with these experienced shellbacks, and they showed it in a most significant and disconcerting way—they refused to sing out on a rope and hauled in silence; at last Captain Attwood, a Blackwaller of the old style, who had the dignity of his officers at heart, was obliged to interfere and caution his officer to show more tact with his crowd.

I remember reading of one other case of such a crew. This lot were in an Aberdeen barque, and made a practice of bringing their sextants on deck before 8 bells and shooting the sun, to the astonishment and scandalisation of their officers.

Captain Attwood had a chief officer who was extremely popular with all hands, but who was of an unusual type even for a Blackwaller, for he carried his own valet with him. This, however, must have had its effect on the tone of the ship, which was noted for that "grand manner" peculiar to these aristocrats of the sea.

"The Last of the Dunbars."

The *Dunbar Castle* was ordered just before Duncan Dunbar died, and was one of his ships acquired by Devitt & Moore, who put her into the Sydney trade, where she was always known as the "Last of the Dunbars." Her best known commander was David B. Carvosso, a martinet of the old style, a splendid seaman and one of the most successful shipmasters in the Australian trade.

Many queer things happen at sea, but few of them have surpassed the women's mutiny on the *Dunbar Castle* for quaintness. She was taking out emigrants to

Sydney, consisting of 10 married couples and 90 single girls. One evening towards the end of the second dog watch a tremendous hullabaloo broke out below, and the girls' matron presently came chasing up on deck in a state of panic; she was followed a few moments later by the ship's medico, a nervous little man who narrowly escaped having all the clothes torn off him.

Captain Carvosso was then compelled to take a hand. At the foot of the hatchway he was met by a strapping North-Country girl, who, stripped to the waist and with fists clenched, stood like a boxer ready for battle. But the little captain had an impressive personality, and with his reef-topsail voice soon succeeded in silencing the furious mob of women.

"What the devil next?" he roared. It was his pet expression, and when they heard it, those who knew him prepared to stand from under. He threatened to turn the hose on the girls unless they went to their bunks at once, and knowing only too well that he would be as good as his word they quieted down and this women's mutiny was quelled.

This story is told by Captain W. G. Browning in the *Nautical Magazine*. He also states that the *Dunbar Castle* was one of the last ships to carry a single topsail. The *Dunbar Castle* was converted to a barque in 1880, and a few years later was sold to Bremen owners, who renamed her *Singapore*; she belonged to Rostock in 1900, but about 1901 was converted into a coal hulk.

Devitt & Moore's "Parramatta."

The fastest of all the Blackwall frigates, with the exception of *The Tweed*, which was in a class by herself, was probably the splendid old *Parramatta*. She was also one of the largest, measuring 1521 tons, 231 ft.

length, 38.2 ft. beam and 22.8 ft. depth. She had the usual passenger ship's length of poop, but in her case it was so low that it was called a raised quarter-deck, and it extended as far forward as the mainmast.

Under Captain J. Swanson, who had her until 1874, and Captain Goddard, who commanded her for the rest of her existence under the British flag, she was a very favourite passenger ship to Australia and the *La Hogue's* great rival in the Sydney trade.

She usually left London about the beginning of September, calling at Plymouth for her passengers, and was seldom much over the 80 days to Port Jackson.

In her earlier days, before she took to coming home round the Cape and calling at St. Helena, which was by far the most popular route with passengers, she made some very fine homeward passages round the Horn.

In 1876 she left Sydney on 1st February, and arrived home 79 days out. This fine passage she equalled in 1879, when she left Sydney on 5th February and arrived at Plymouth on 26th April, only 21 days from the equator.

Parramatta was sold to J. Simonsen in 1888, and was still afloat ten years later under Norwegian colours.

The Iron Blackwaller "Superb."

Dicky Green was a lover of teak and British oak, and would have nothing to do with such a material as iron in shipbuilding, and until his death in 1863 there was no chance of the Blackwall Yard building an iron ship; but his death removed all opposition, and the firm were not long before they laid down their first iron ship.

This was the *Superb*, launched in 1866, and for many



"ALUMBAGH."



"ESSEX."

years a favourite passenger ship to Melbourne. She usually sailed from Gravesend at the beginning of the summer and left Melbourne homeward bound at the end of the year.

She measured 1451 tons, 230.3 ft. length, 37.9 ft. beam, 23.1 ft. depth, with a poop 77 feet long and foc's'le 45 ft. long. *Superb* had a number of fine passages to her credit, one of the last of which was 74 days to Melbourne in 1886. In 1881 she arrived 76 days out, and in 1878 79 days out. In 1883 instead of coming home as usual from Melbourne, she crossed to Frisco from Newcastle, N.S.W., in 51 days; and leaving Frisco on 7th December arrived Queenstown 20th April, 134 days out.

A Passenger's Log.

I have a passenger's log, kept on the *Superb*, on the passage home round the Horn from Melbourne in 1882. She was then commanded by Captain Berridge, who had his wife aboard; there were 12 first-class passengers and a ship's company of 55, including 4 mates, 9 midshipmen, 3 quartermasters, usual petty officers, engineer, 24 A.B.'s, 3 O.S.'s, and 5 boys. A few extracts from this log may be of interest. The writer was a young Australian making his first visit home; his log is very neatly written in a copper-plate hand and embellished with the ship's house-flag, commercial code and national flags in colours.

14th September, 1882.—Left Sandridge Railway Pier at 4 o'clock and anchored in the Bay. Ship drawing 20 feet forward, 22½ feet aft.

16th September.—When I awoke this morning we were in tow for sea by the *Williams*. Passed through Port Phillip Heads at 12 o'clock noon. The pilot left shortly after we had gone through the Rip. Scarcely any wind. One passenger sick already.

17th September.—Wind N.W. fresh. Ship rolling very much, so much so that it was quite impossible to get any sleep.

18th September.—Fresh gale from S.W. with high sea. Sails set—Inner and outer jibs, foresail and fore topsails, main topsails and topgallant sail, mizen topsails and main topgallant staysail. Ship taking in a lot of water. Heavy squalls accompanied with rain.

19th September.—Lat. $45^{\circ} 19' S.$, long. $147^{\circ} 31' E.$ Distance 204 miles. A little music, principally selections from "Billee Taylor" and "Carmen." Took in staysail and set mainroyal.

21st September.—One of the passengers caught a large mollyhawk with a piece of string. A piece of stick is attached to the end of the string which is coloured and allowed to hang over the stern, the bird does not notice it and, diving under it, gets its wings entangled. Very fine on deck though exceedingly cold.

23rd September.—A terrible day and as bad a night. Captain says he never saw such big seas. Wind blowing a gale with furious squalls. Ship taking in water over all parts. On main deck it is on a level with main hatch. About 10 o'clock a great sea came up astern and went clean over the poop: at same time the ship's head went into another big one, flooding the foc's'le, smashing the cuddy in several places and washing some buckets overboard. Hen coops with contents all floating and sliding about the poop. On main deck seamen's chests, clothing and boots washing about. One of the sailors whilst asleep in a top bunk was washed out and struck his head on one of the beams, giving it a frightful gash. The quartermaster was washed under the wheel and hurt his back. It would not have been so bad for him if he had let go, but he hung on to his post and wrenched his back. He had to be carried forward. All the men and midshipmen got washed out. Lat. $48^{\circ} 47' S.$, long. $167^{\circ} 42' E.$ Distance 235 miles. Barometer 29.89.

24th September.—Another awful day with furious squalls every twenty minutes. Plenty of sprays and small seas on the poop. Ship rolling 60° at times. No church but short service of sacred songs in the evening. We are running under fore, main and mizen lower topsails. The seas are terrible. I don't like looking at them at all. Lat. $47^{\circ} 37' S.$, long. $173^{\circ} 38' E.$ Distance 247 miles. Barometer 29.34.

27th September.—Antipodes Day. No wind and smooth sea.

28th September.—We are to have a grand concert in the saloon on Friday, so to-day there are a few rehearsals, such harmony, especially of the quartette. It mustn't be mentioned though I wish they would go somewhere else to practise, the voices are all like lions, but a nearer comparison is like carrot grating.

30th September.—Horrible noise in the mate's cabin, through this being his birthday, and like all civilised people, he is "keeping it up."

2nd October.—The grand concert came off at 7.30 p.m. The finest song was a duet. "I would that a single word," by Mrs. Berridge and Mr. Rowe.

3rd October.—A splendid day: sea quite calm: wind comes in catspaws, sails flapping very much. P.M., a game of cricket was played on the main deck. A whale came right up under the stern to blow—a beautiful sight. Lat. $48^{\circ} 02' S.$, long. $153^{\circ} 42' W.$ Distance 35 miles.

6th October.—My berth companion, Paterson, had an apoplectic fit to-day.

9th October.—Whilst sawing wood for a shelf in my cabin, in the lazarette, the chief steward chalked me, putting two crosses on each boot. I saw it coming and tried to get away but the way was barred by the other stewards. It cost me three shillings.

11th October.—Miserable wet day with little or no wind. After tea, gambling was carried on in shape of half-penny points at vingt-et-un.

21st October.—The mate caught a lot of Cape pigeons and one Cape dove to-day: he let them go again, but tied red bunting round the necks of three, who were chased about by scores of their brethren. The lead was cast at 7 p.m. and found mud at 65 fathoms. Lat. $53^{\circ} 40' S.$, long. $72^{\circ} 32' W.$ (dead reckoning). Distance 88 miles.

22nd October.—We were abreast of Diego Ramirez Islands at quarter-past three. We were off Cape Horn at half-past seven within 15 miles. Sighted two barques outward bound. A school of porpoises passed us and the hands tried to harpoon them at the bows. We also saw a bird called a "Cape Horn bird," a very pretty one, only to be seen off the Horn.

23rd October.—8 a.m., land on port beam, with snow capped mountains.

24th October.—Passed over 100 albatross resting on the water. Wind rising, going along about 8 knots; mizen royal taken in.

25th October.—Squally with snow and hail. 5 p.m., squalls got furious, and we had to run off before them for some time. Middle staysail sheet gave way and sail ripped clean up. Three men at the wheel.

27th October.—Wind S.W. Reefs shaken out, ship rolling and lurching violently at times. Heaviest roll 38° .

30th October.—Royals taken in and mainsail reefed. I caught a whale-bird to-day.

5th November.—Lat. $33^{\circ} 37' S.$, long. $34^{\circ} 38' W.$ Distance 135 miles. Course N. 24 E. Sea smooth, only a light air, awfully hot on deck and terribly close in the cabins. Caught an albatross weighing 14 lbs., measuring 9 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. from wing tip to wing tip and 4 ft. 6 in. from bill to end of tail.

8th November.—I was up at 6 o'clock. After having some coffee—so it is called, but I don't know why!—I assisted to scrub the poop down. Wind shifted ahead with hard squalls and heavy rain; reduced sail. I

was at the lee wheel for an hour to-night, and as the ship kicked dreadfully it was long enough. Sighted three sperm whales; about half-past eight they were right under our stern. Two of them blew at distance of 10 yards from the stern. Chief officer calculated that they were 60 feet long. All the birds have left us except four little petrels, but a sand-martin followed the ship for three hours this morning. Lat. $31^{\circ} 26' S.$, long. $30^{\circ} 41' W.$ Course N. 67 E. Distance 57 miles.

10th November.—Wind S.E. just enough to fill the sails. We played cricket on the main deck, lost a few balls and split a bat.

12th November.—A flying fish, 7 inches long, flew aboard and smashed itself all to pieces. The darkness of the night was so great it was impossible to see the mainyard from break of the poop. Kept blowing the horn all night. Divine service held in the saloon.

14th November.—Remained on deck till 12 when I saw the comet rise in the S.S.E. In a short time it was nearly overhead. Its tail covered one-third of the sky. Its head was very bright and nucleus quite plain.

15th November.—Signalled full-rigged ship *Sierra Morena*, of Liverpool, 45 days out from Southend to Corque, Patagonia, came up on our starboard quarter only a quarter of a mile off.

16th November.—8 p.m., heavy squall struck us and we luffed for a few minutes. The darkness was like a thick inky fog. Just as the darkness was lifting, a large ship, half as big again as us, came right on to us: she was reported by the man on the lookout when about 200 yards right ahead. Immediately she saw our lights, she put her helm up; she had all sail set and stood away to the southward. Everyone got a terrible fright. Lat. $16^{\circ} 58' S.$, long. $31^{\circ} 52' W.$ Distance 118 miles.

17th November.—Passed an American whaler about noon under lower topsails. Two of her boats were after a large whale which we saw several times. Concert held in the saloon to-night—very poor indeed.

23rd November.—Played against Rowe and Eden in quoit tournament with captain as my partner. We won the heat which made our opponents awfully wild. Passed a large homeward bound two-masted steamer, square-rigged, funnel painted blue with white stripe under black top. Signalled her but she declined to answer.

25th November.—Messrs. Jones, Mann, and Stephens formed themselves into a negro group and gave us a few comic songs, proceeds going to Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum box. I began to make a small model of the ship.

26th November.—Passed the barque *Tchernaya*, 1222 tons, of Calcutta, bound from Severndrog to New York, 88 days out, with lower stunsails set.

27th November.—At 9.18 p.m. by lunar observations we were exactly 1 mile south of the line. Long. $31^{\circ} 15' W$



“ SUPERB.”



“ PARRAMATTA.”

1st December.—Entered my name for draught tournament. Lots of bonita about and seamen fishing for them from the boom.

3rd December.—Strong N.E. breeze and high sea. At quarter to seven a big sea came over the break of the poop, wetting some of the passengers. I managed to get out of the water but was caught hold of by Elkington, who was sliding down to the lee poop. I tried to save myself by holding on to the skylight, which caused him to jerk the sleeve out of my coat.

6th December.—Saw the transit of Venus to-day through coloured glasses.

13th December.—Lat. $31^{\circ} 15' N.$, long. $37^{\circ} 38' W.$ Distance 29 miles. Course N. 7 W. A dolphin passed us, also three whales. Plenty of gulfweed about and we managed to get a lot of it.

16th December.—Great talk and betting as to the day of our arrival. Fresh N.W. breeze, ship going along beautifully.

17th December.—Abreast of Flores this morning.

25th December.—At 12.30 at night made Lizard lighthouse.

27th December.—11 a.m., pilot came aboard off Dungeness. Engaged tug *Universe*, of London, for £50, to pick us up further on as we could sail faster than he could tow. 3.30, tug took hold. All square sails stowed away with a "harbour stow." Packing up has begun with a vengeance.

I have quoted this passenger's log rather fully, as it gives a good idea of how sea life has changed from the passenger's point of view. How much more of an adventure was this man's passage from Australia than the present day run in a palatial Orient liner! How far more interesting to the naturalist and to the meteorologist! How far more health-giving to the invalid!

The Salving of the "Superb."

The following account from a shipping paper describes the last days of the *Superb*:—

The sailer *Superb*, of London, has had quite a curious experience since passing out of the control of her original owners. It is said that she ran away with her scanty crew on the first outward passage after the sale and had to return for more men.

Under the Norwegian flag, bound to Europe with manganese ore, she was dismasted and left to her fate on 27th April, 1900. The

crew were brought to England by the British barque *Seafarer*. Eleven days later the derelict was fallen in with by the British ship *Senator*, bound from British Columbia to Liverpool, when in 36° N., 32° W. Mr. John H. Wilson, chief officer of the *Senator*, son of a Liverpool pilot, volunteered to attempt salvage of the *Superb* with the aid of five men from the *Senator*. Sails and provisions were put on board the prize, the ships parted company, and the first news of the undertaking reached England with the *Senator*.

On 27th May the *Superb* was spoken by the steamer *Buceros*, struggling bravely along, in 36° N., 20° W., and on 14th June the Union liner *Galeka* reported her as in $33^{\circ} 20'$ N., $12^{\circ} 44'$ W. She got within 70 miles of Cape Trafalgar and then accepted ordinary towage services of the Spanish steamer *Julio*, to bring her for £100 to Gibraltar, where she was safely brought to anchor on 22nd June. Mr. Wilson is but 24 years old, served his apprenticeship with W. Thomas & Co. and has since sailed out of Liverpool.

At Gib the old *Superb* was converted into a coal hulk, and was broken up a year later.

The "Carlisle Castle."

The second iron ship built in the Blackwall Yard was the *Carlisle Castle*, measuring 1458 tons, 229.8 ft. length, 37.8 ft. beam and 22.8 ft. depth. She also had a frigate-like appearance and in no way resembled the Clyde-built iron clippers, which about this time were developing into a splendid type of their own.

The *Carlisle Castle* was very heavily rigged, crossing three skysail yards; and had a double set of stunsails, including storm lower stunsails for running easting down. She also had a yard half way down the main topgallant sail, to which the sail was laced, so that she could run under half the topgallant sail if required. She was a fine steady-going ship and rarely ran over 300 miles in the 24 hours, being very wet if heavily pressed.

Her best passages were 80 days, Lizards to Melbourne in 1877, and $86\frac{1}{2}$ days from Port Phillip Heads to East India Dock on her homeward run.

On the passage out *Carlisle Castle* sank the *Lizards* on 11th July, 1877, the same day that *Loch Garry* left Queenstown, and the two ships were in company till the 22nd.

On the homeward passage *Carlisle Castle* was amongst the wool fleet, having been dry-docked and otherwise carefully prepared for the race home. She passed through Port Phillip Heads at 7 a.m. on 23rd November, 1877, rounded the Horn with skysails, topmast and lower stunsails set on 20th December, *Mermerus*, *Miltiades* and *Salamis* being in company, crossed the equator 21st January, 1878. Sighted the Bishops at 2 a.m. on 16th February, and docked on the 18th.

The result of the race between the four vessels was as follows:—

<i>Miltiades</i>	left Melbourne	Nov. 16	arrived London	Feb. 21—07	days
<i>Carlisle Castle</i>	„	„ 23	„	„ 18—87	„
<i>Salamis</i>	„	„ 24	„	„ 19—87	„
<i>Mermerus</i>	„	„ 24	„	„ 12—80	„

Carlisle Castle's best run was 270 miles, but she never had a really good chance. In the spring of 1880 she went out to Melbourne from the *Lizards* in 74 days.

Green's sold her in the nineties, and soon afterwards she was wrecked with all hands on the West Coast of Australia.

The P. & O. *Oceana*, Captain L. H. Crawford, C.B., passed under her stern when it was noticed that she was carrying a very heavy press of sail for a vessel on a lee shore with heavy weather coming on, and she was never seen again. Some wreckage was afterwards picked up which identified her, but none of the crew escaped and she probably struck and went down with all hands that night, 12th July, 1899.

“*Macquarie*” (ex-“*Melbourne*”), the last of the Blackwallers.

The last of Green's Blackwall Line of sailing ships was the *Melbourne*, better known as the *Macquarie*, to which her name was changed when Devitt & Moore bought her and transferred her from the *Melbourne* to the Sydney run.

The success of their two previous iron ships, the *Superb* and *Carlisle Castle*, made Messrs. Green decide to build the very finest iron passenger sailing ship in their power: and the result was called the *Melbourne*. She was undoubtedly one of the strongest merchant ships ever launched, for she was built from the surplus plates of a man-of-war which happened to be under construction in the Blackwall Yard at the same time.

The *Melbourne* measured 1857 tons, 269.8 ft. long, 40.1 ft. beam, 23.7 ft. depth with a 42 ft. foc's'le and 69 ft. poop. Her cabins were larger than those of any earlier passenger ship, at the same time they were completely furnished. Like all the Blackwall ships, where the comfort of passengers was the first consideration, the *Melbourne* was more noted for freedom from accident and dry decks than for record passages, yet she was driven hard with good results on many occasions. She had a beautifully carved figurehead of Queen Victoria, was launched in June, 1875, and when ready for sea cost £42,000.

On her maiden voyage the *Melbourne* left the East India Docks, drawing 19 ft. 11 in. forward and 20 ft. 2 in. aft in tow of the tugs *Prince* and *Rienzi* on Monday, 16th August, 1875.

She was commanded by Captain Marsden, her complement included 4 officers and 6 midshipmen and she had a full passenger list.



"MELBOURNE" (AFTERWARDS "MACQUARIE").



"CARLISLE CASTLE."

The new ship was swung at Greenhithe for compass adjustment and then proceeded.

The passage down Channel was slow, she was off the Start in company with the well-known iron clipper *Duntrune*, bound to Sydney, on 22nd August. She had very light winds to the trades. The South Australian clipper *St. Vincent* was in company on 1st September in $45^{\circ} 51' N.$, $10^{\circ} 47' W.$, also on the 8th, 14th and 15th.

On 16th September in $161^{\circ} N.$, $26^{\circ} 17' W.$, the wind hauled from east to S.E. and began to freshen with threatening appearance of weather. The flying jib, royals and topgallant staysails were taken in, and the crossjack and driver furled, and the men were laying forward to clew up the fore topgallant sail, when the fore topmast went by the cap, taking the main topgallant mast with it. All night the hands were employed clearing away the wreck: at 7 a.m. on 17th they were piped down for two hours, then at it they went again. At 6 p.m. on the 17th the barque *Ithuriel*, of Swansea, was supplied with a cask of pork.

18th September the stump of the fore topmast was sent down, the carpenter being at work on a new fore topmast; the ship running before a moderate trade under courses, lower fore topsail, jib and main and mizen topsails.

The new fore topmast was fidded on the 20th and the new main topgallant mast sent up on the 24th. On the following day the upper main topgallant yard was crossed and both topgallant sails set.

On 28th September the *Melbourne* crossed the line in $26^{\circ} 3' W.$, 37 days out from the Start.

On 23rd October the *Melbourne* made her best run, 286 miles, in $43^{\circ} 43' S.$, $24^{\circ} 23' E.$, a hard westerly gale blowing with terrific squalls and heavy sea.

On 4th, 5th and 6th November, the ss. *Northumberland* was in company, on 4th on starboard quarter, 5th starboard beam and 6th starboard bow, the wind moderate from west to N.W. and the *Melbourne's* runs for those days 239, 238 and 268, from $78^{\circ} 51' E.$ to $95^{\circ} 20' E.$ in lat. $43^{\circ} 50' S.$

16th November at 2 p.m. the *Melbourne* was off the Heads and at 7 p.m. she anchored in Hobson's Bay, 84 days out, her passage being spoilt by the dismasting and poor run to the line.

On 8th January, 1876, the *Melbourne* passed through the Heads, homeward bound. Her best run 292 miles was made in $50^{\circ} 58' S., 125^{\circ} 55' W.$ before a strong N.W. wind on 29th January. On 10th February at 4 a.m. she passed outside the Diego Ramirez, 33 days out. Fernando de Noronha was sighted on 10th March and the equator crossed on the 12th.

On 18th April the little *St. Vincent* was met in the mouth of the Channel, homeward bound from Adelaide. The two ships had seen each other last on 15th September when both were outward bound.

On 19th April the *Melbourne* passed the Start, and at 9 p.m. on 20th took steam, arriving in the East India Docks on 22nd April, 104 days out.

The *Nautical Magazine* gave an account of the *Melbourne's* second passage to Melbourne, which was as follows:—

The *Melbourne* left the East India Docks on 10th June, 1876, and Gravesend on 12th June, the pilot leaving her off the Start at 6 p.m. on 15th June and a departure from the land being taken on the following day. Ordinary winds and weather prevailed to the tropics, which were entered on 2nd July, and after a tedious drag through the N.E. trades, which were exceedingly light, the equator was crossed at midnight on 14th July in long. $30^{\circ} 30' W.$ The tropics were quitted on 24th July, and so little easting was there in the S.E. trades, that the ship had to tack three times before clearing the South American coast.

The meridian of Cape Agulhas was crossed on 10th August, and after that the ship had it all her own way, strong fair winds prevailing. In running down the easting she sailed 5129 miles in 17 consecutive days or an average of about 300 miles a day, the best runs being 374, 365 and 352 miles a day. Cape Otway light was sighted at 3 a.m. on Thursday, 31st August, and the Heads were entered at 11.30 a.m. and but for the bad northerly wind which headed her coming up the bay she would have reached the anchorage on the evening of the same day. She was taken alongside the Sandridge railway pier to discharge her cargo on 1st September.

The three 24-hour runs mentioned are very big runs for a vessel of the *Melbourne's* speed, and I should have considered them beyond her capabilities, if this newspaper account had not been taken, as was usual with Australian reporters, straight from her log book.

The *Melbourne* sailed regularly to Melbourne until 1887, during which time her outward passages averaged 82 days. She was then bought by Devitt & Moore to replace their Sydney passenger ship, the old *Parramatta*, whose commander, Captain Goddard, transferred to the *Melbourne* and took her out to Sydney with 50 passengers. She arrived in Port Jackson on the 27th December, 1887, for the first time, 94 days out from London; and henceforward she sailed as regularly to Sydney as she had done to Melbourne.

In 1888, when she was about to sail on her second voyage to Sydney, Messrs. Devitt & Moore changed her name to *Macquarie*.

In 1897 she succeeded the *Harbinger* as one of Devitt & Moore's cadet ships and Captain Corner received the command. In 1903, after six successful voyages as a cadet ship, her owners, to their subsequent regret, sold her to the Norwegians, who renamed her *Fortuna*, and stripped the yards off her mizen mast. Her first passage under the new flag was from Frederickstadt to

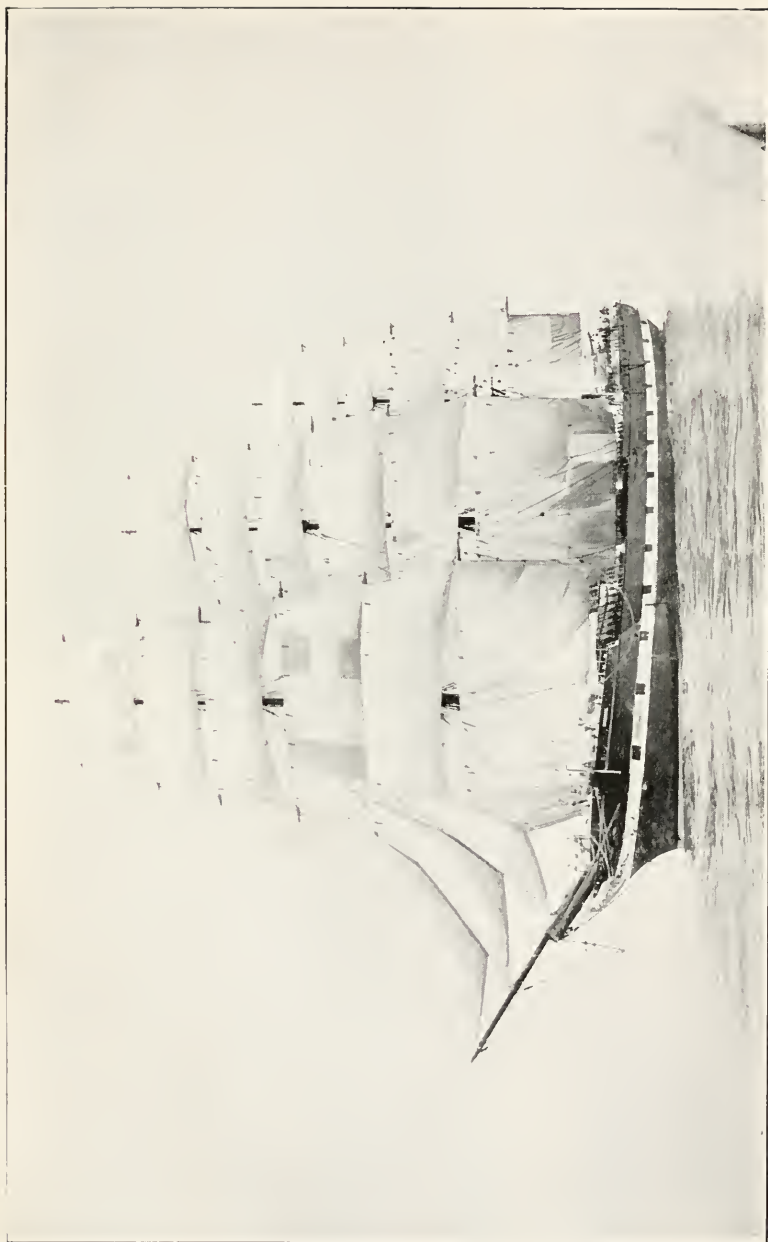
Melbourne, where she arrived on the 13th January, 1906, after an absence of more than nineteen years.

After running her for five or six years, the Norwegians sold the staunch old ship to Messrs. Lund, who moored her in an Australian port as a store hulk.

The grand old *Macquarie* was perhaps the best known of all the Blackwall frigates to the present generation, for magnificent photographs of her under sail were very common not many years ago in every marine optician's shop window. These photographs were taken by Captain Corner and reproduced by Messrs. Hughes, of Fenchurch Street, and they not only show one the beauty of the old sailing ship, but at the same time they clearly indicate the majestic appearance of the old Blackwall frigates.

Yet a photograph can tell one very little, and the world will never again know the exhilaration of watching a Blackwaller under sail, bowing in stately fashion to the short Channel seas as she surges along, the sprays flying over her foc's'le, the wind making music in her rigging and a white bone of foam spread on either side of her cutwater.

Imagination can only carry us a little way; it cannot put the whole picture together from the few striking pieces in its possession, such as the sheen of wet wood in the sun, the creamy iridescent sparkle of the foam to leeward and the swirling wake, the lights and shades and shadows on the sails, the curves and lines of standing and running rigging, the varnish of blocks and paint of spars and such bright patches of colour as the transparent green of the curling sea, the yellow glint of copper against the bow wave, the flash of gaudy bunting and the red jackets of troops dotting along the snow-white hammock nettings.



"MACQUARIE" (ex-"MELBOURNE").

The modern eye has no knowledge of this vanished wonder of sea life except from pictures. Nor can the modern ear vibrate with the thunder under the forefoot; the sharp flogging clap of shaking canvas; the hiss of the surges and the suck and gushing through clanging deck-ports and gurgling seuppers; the rattle of sprays, like small shot on the deck; the singing of the shrouds and the whining hum of the backstays; nor yet with all the groans and creaks and cries of the wooden ship in a seaway.

The old Blackwall frigate has followed Nelson's wooden walls into the mists of the past. The lithograph and the faded photograph, the sea stained log-book, and the letters of a few dead and gone shellbacks—letters with a foreign aroma and world-wide postmarks—are all that remain to us of a period which no sailor can think of except with a sigh of regret and a hope that, in the Port of Kingdom Come, he will find

“ . . . riding in the anchorage the ships of all the world.
Having got one anchor down 'n' all sails furled.”

FINIS.

APPENDIX

Date Built	Name of Ship	Best known Commander	Tons	Builders	Owners	Remarks
1837	<i>Seringapatam</i>	James Furnell	818	Blackwall Yard	Green	
"	<i>Madagascar</i>	Sir W. H. Walker	835	"	"	
1838	<i>Earl of Hardwicke</i>	Alexr. Henning	852	"	"	
1839	<i>Owen Glendower</i>	Wm. Toller	852	"	"	
"	<i>Vernon</i>	Geo. Denny	911	"	Wigram	
"	<i>Essex</i>	"	776	"	"	
"	<i>Matstone</i>	"	819	"	"	
1840	<i>Bucephalus</i>	"	980	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	
1841	<i>Agincourt</i>	Geo. Tickell	958	Blackwall Yard	Green	
"	<i>Southampton</i>	"	971	"	Wigram	
1842	<i>Prince of Wales</i>	Joseph Watson	1223	"	Green	179.4 × 39.7 × 22.9, owned by C. Jessell, London, in 1873.
"	<i>Queen</i>	"	1223	"	"	
"	<i>Ellenborough</i>	D. McLeod	926	Smith's Tyne Yard	Wigram	154.6 × 34.5 × 23, sold to Geo. Marshall
1843	<i>Cressy</i>	"	720	Sunderland	Dunbar	
"	<i>Hyderabad</i>	Castle	804	"	"	
"	<i>Sir Robert Sale</i>	"	741	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	
"	<i>Gloriana</i>	"	1057	"	"	
1844	<i>Monarch</i>	Sir W. H. Walker	1444	Blackwall	Green	175 × 40.5 × 23.5, sold 1866.
"	<i>Wellesley</i>	"	1014	"	"	
"	<i>Royal Albert</i>	"	663	"	Wigram	
"	<i>Poitiers</i>	"	756	Sunderland	Dunbar	
"	<i>Agincourt</i>	"	669	"	"	
"	<i>Phoebe</i>	"	578	"	"	
"	<i>Tudor</i>	"	1150	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	
1845	<i>Alfred</i>	Alexr. Flanning	1291	Blackwall	Green	
"	<i>Medway</i>	Marker	653	"	"	

APPENDIX I.—*The Blackwall Frigates*—Continued.

Date Built	Name of Ship	Best known Commander	Tons	Builders	Owners	Remarks
	<i>Minerva</i> ..		678	Blackwall	Wigram	
	<i>Trafalgar</i> ..		715	Sunderland	Dunbar	Leak through Tereido Navalis in Atlantic, 1880
	<i>Blenheim</i> ..		808	"	"	
	<i>Ramillies</i> ..		757	"	"	
1846	<i>Marlborough</i> ..	L. W. Vaile	1402	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	175.5 × 41.5 × 29.1
	<i>Barham</i> ..		934	Blackwall Yard	Green	172.8 × 35 × 23.1
	<i>Aboukir</i> ..		816	Sunderland	Dunbar	
1847	<i>Sutley</i> ..	James	1150	Blackwall Yard	Green	
	<i>Camperdown</i> ..		993	Sunderland	Dunbar	153 × 35.3 × 24
	<i>Collingwood</i> ..		743	"	"	
	<i>Lady MacDonald</i> ..		678	Moulmein	"	131.5 × 31.5 × 21.2
1848	<i>Blenheim</i> ..	Close	1314	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	175 × 42 × 29.4
	<i>Trafalgar</i> ..	D. Robertson	1038	Blackwall Yard	Green	173.6 × 36.5 × 16.
	<i>Devonshire</i> ..		806	"	Wigram	
	<i>Minden</i> ..		916	Sunderland	Dunbar	
	<i>Waterloo</i> ..		798	"	"	
	<i>Dalhousie</i> ..		848	Moulmein	Allan	
1849	<i>Statenian</i> ..	Godfrey	874	Sunderland	Marshall	
	<i>Coldstream</i> ..		756	Moulmein	Green	
	<i>Cornwall</i> ..		580	Blackwall Yard	Wigram	
	<i>Nile</i> ..		763	Sunderland	Dunbar	
	<i>Rodney</i> ..		877	"	"	Foundered in Gulf of St. Lawrence, 1889. Wrecked in Torres Strait, 1858.
1850	<i>Phoebe Dunbar</i> ..		704	"	"	
	<i>Nile</i> ..	W. Strange	1126	Blackwall Yard	Green	173 × 36.5 × 23.1
	<i>Blackwall</i> ..		710	"	"	147 × 33 × 22. Wrecked

1851	<i>Talavera</i> <i>Canterbury</i> <i>Hotspur</i>	916 789 1142	Sunderland "' Smith's Tyne Yard	Dunbar "' T. & W. Smith	Wrecked, 1855. Lost Madras cyclone, 1872. 165.7 × 33.6 × 22.9.
	<i>Vimiera</i> <i>Octavia</i> <i>Pyrenee</i> <i>Europa</i> <i>Resolute</i>	925 1055 822 841 639	Sunderland "' "' London Blackwall Yard	Dunbar "' "' J. Somes Green	Burnt, 1854. Lost, 1856.
1852	<i>Anglesey</i>	..	J. Maddison	1018	Pile, Sunderland	Green	
1852	<i>Roxburgh Castle</i> <i>Merchantman</i>	..	Dinsdale	1049 885	Sunderland Sunderland	J. Somes Dunbar	
	<i>Hongomont</i> <i>Hampshire</i> <i>Kent</i>	875 627 927	Moulmein Blackwall Yard "'	Wigram "'	
	<i>Sussex</i>	..	Clayton	959	"'	"'	
	<i>Northfleet</i>	896	Northfleet	Dunbar	Wrecked Barson Head, Geelong, 1st Jan. 1871. Rundownoff Dungeness, 1873.
1854	<i>Dunbar</i> <i>Salamanca</i> <i>The Tweed</i>	1321 891 1745	Laing, Sunderland "' Bombay Dockyard	"' "' Willis	
	<i>Lady Ann</i>	..	Stuart	745	Laing, Sunderland	Dunbar	Sold to J. Prowse of London.
	<i>Sullana</i> <i>Albuera</i>	775 852	"' Moulmein	"' "'	Missing Havre to St. Thomas, 1882. Sold to Willis. Missing London to Tuticorin, 1884.
1855	<i>Canning</i> <i>Agamemnon</i>	..	Marsden	919 1431	"' Blackwall	J. Somes Green	252.3 × 36.2 × 23.2, be- came a coal hulk. Burnt at Samarang, 1876 Became a hulk at Madeira Sold to J. H. Allen
	<i>Waimor Castle</i> <i>La Hogue</i> <i>Copenhagen</i>	1064 1331 876	Pile, Sunderland Laing, Sunderland Moulmein	"' Dunbar "'	

APPENDIX I.—*The Blackwall Frigates*—Continued.

Date Built	Name of Ship	Best known Commander	Tons	Builders	Owners	Remarks
1856	<i>Victoria</i> ..		848	Moulmein	Dunbar	Burnt Spithead, 1859.
	<i>Eastern Monarch</i> ..		1844	Dundee	J. Somes	Wrecked Mexico Coast, 1881.
	<i>Cospatrick</i> ..	R. Taylor	1119	Moulmein	Dunbar	Wrecked on Rocas.
	<i>Alnwick Castle</i> ..		1087	Pile, Sunderland	Green	Foundered 1884 off Algoa Bay.
1857	<i>Gosforth</i> ..	J. Smith	810	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	Lost 1890. 198.5 × 33.5
	<i>Duncan Dunbar</i> ..		1374	Laing, Sunderland	Dunbar	Wrecked on Boa Vista, × 20.8.
	<i>Windsor Castle</i> ..		1087	Pile, Sundcrland	Green	Wrecked on Boa Vista, 1879
	<i>Surrey</i> ..	John B. Martin	1089	Marshall	G. Marshall	Hulk at Townsville.
1858	<i>Suffolk</i> ..		974	Blackwall	Wigram	
	<i>Norfolk</i> ..	Tonkin	953	"	"	
	<i>Tyburnia</i> ..		948	Glasgow	J. Somes	
	<i>Dover Castle</i> ..	Ayles	1002	Pile, Sunderland	Green	
	<i>Clarence</i> ..		1104	"	"	
	<i>Lincolnshire</i> ..	Bolt	1025	Blackwall	Wigram	Wrecked 1883.
1859	<i>Holmsdale</i> ..		1257	J. Reed, Sunderland	Bilbe & Co.	Last owners Anderson, Anderson
	<i>Lincelles</i> ..		904	Moulmein	Dunbar	
	<i>Newcastle</i> ..	C. E. Le P. Trench	1173	Pile, Sunderland	Green	
	<i>Yorkshire</i> ..		1057	Blackwall	Wigram	
	<i>Patrician</i> ..		1140	Marshall, Sunder'd	Marshall	
	<i>Lady Melville</i> ..		967	Haswell, Sunder'd	Green	
1860	<i>Dartmouth</i> ..		933	Stephen, Dundee	J. Somes	
	<i>Peerness</i> ..		780	Doxford, Sunder'd	"	
	<i>Renown</i> ..	W. F. Owen	1271	Blackwall	Green	Sold to Germans, 1882.
	<i>Matabar</i> ..		1219	Pile, Sunderland		Wrecked 1855. Sold 1878.

1861	<i>Middlesex</i> ..	1191	Marshall, Sunder'd	Marshall	203: 36: 22.6 poop 76 ft.
	<i>St. Lawrence</i> ..	1094	Smith's Tyne Yard	T. & W. Smith	180: 37: 22.5 poop 72 ft.
	<i>Star of India</i> ..	1045	Stephen, Dundee	J. Somes	190.4: 34.3: 22.1.
	<i>True Briton</i> ..	1046	Blackwall	Wigram	198: 32.4: 20.8.
	<i>Highflyer</i> ..	1012	"	Green	193.7: 35.5: 20.
1862	<i>Shannon</i> ..	1292	"	"	
	<i>The Lord Warden</i>	1237	Pile, Sunderland	"	
	<i>Winchester</i> ..	1157	Marshall, Sunder'd	Marshall	
	<i>Essex</i> ..	1042	Blackwall	Wigram	
1863	<i>Alumbagh</i> ..	1138	Laing, Sunderland	Dunbar	
	<i>Essex</i> ..	1256	Marshall, Sunder'd	Marshall	
1864	<i>Durham</i> ..	1286	Marshall, Pallion	"	
	<i>Dunbar Castle</i>	925	Laing, Sunderland	"	
	<i>Fire Queen</i> ..	784	Troon	Devitt & Moore	
1866	<i>Parranatta</i> ..	1521	Laing, Sunderland	J. Somes	
	<i>Superb</i> ..	1451	Blackwall	Devitt & Moore	
	<i>Salisbury</i> ..	1113	Troon	Green	
1868	<i>Carlisle Castle</i> ..	1458	Blackwall Yard	J. Somes	
1870	<i>Hampshire</i> ..	1164	Steele	Green	
1875	<i>Melbourne</i> ..			Wigram	
1875	<i>(Macquarie)</i> }	1857	Blackwall Yard	Green	

APPENDIX II.

OLD STATION LISTS.

(1) Watch List, 1858.

Port.		Starboard.
1 boatswain's mate		1 boatswain's mate
3 able and 1 ordinary } seamen	forecastle men	{ 3 able and 1 ordinary seamen
2 able and 1 ordinary } seamen	foretop men	{ 2 able and 1 ordinary seamen
2 able seamen	maintop men	2 able seamen
4 able seamen		4 able seamen
2 ordinary seamen } 1 boy	after-guard	{ 2 ordinary seamen 1 boy
Midshipmen of the } watch and 1 boy	mizentop men	{ midshipmen of the watch and 1 boy

(2) Stations for Reefing Topsails and Shortening Sail.

ON THE FORECASTLE.

Second Officer and Boatswain.

Fore topsail yard men	{	Boatswain's mate of the starboard watch. Forecastle men of both watches. Foretop men of both watches. Sailmaker. Carpenter and his mate to the fore topsail hallyards.
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IN THE MAINTOP.

Third Officer.

Main topsail yard men	{	Boatswain's mate of the port watch. Maintop men of both watches After-guard of both watches. Two quartermasters. Baker and butcher to main topsail hallyards
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IN THE MIZENTOP.

Fourth Officer.

Mizen topsail yard men	{	All the midshipmen and boys of both watches.
------------------------	---	--

(3) Stations for Man overboard.

Volunteers for Boat & Crew.

All others	{	If on a wind, to their stations for working ship If running, to their stations for shortening sail
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(4) Signals to Boats.

In the daytime	At night	
1st distinguishing pendant } pull more to starboard	{	2 lights vertical at peak
2nd distinguishing pendant } pull more to port		
Rendezvous flag	pull towards the ship	{ 1 light forward, and 1 aft.
Blue Peter		
Whiff	} return to the ship	{ 2 blue lights fired together--1 from forward, 1 from aft.

(5) Stations for Working Ship.

ON THE FORECASTLE.

Second Officer and Boatswain.

Forecastle men of the lee watch	{	Let go headsheets.
		Brace mainyard round.
		Board foretack.
		Pull forelift up.
Forecastle men of the weather watch	{	Let go breast backstays.
		Overhaul foretack.
		Haul over headsheets.
		Board foretack.
Foretop men of the lee watch	{	Set up breast backstays.
		Raise lee fore clue-garnet.
		Haul forward maintop bowline, and brace round mainyard.
		Brace round fore topgallant and royal yards.
Foretop men of the weather watch	{	Raise weather fore clue-garnet.
		Let go mainbrace and bowline.
		Haul aft foresheet.

IN THE WAIST.

Third Officer.

Boatswain's mate of the starboard watch	} Work maintack and foresheet.
Sailmaker, baker, carpenter and mate, butcher and mate	

ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

Fourth Officer.

Maintop men of both watches	{	Haul aft mainsheet and brace round foreyard.
One of the lee watch		Letting go mainsheet.
Boatswain's mate of port watch	{	Check headbraces, and attend main topsail brace.
After-guard of both watches		Raise main clue-garnets.
	{	Brace round main topsail yard.
		Brace round foreyard.

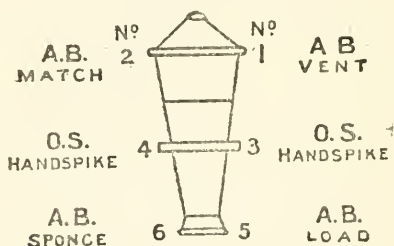
After-guard of lee watch	Pull up mainlift.
After-guard of weather watch	Set up breast backstays.
Two midshipmen work the poop, boom topping lift and main topgallant braces.	
All other midshipmen and boys	{ Brace round crossjack yard. Take in slack of breast backstays. Brace round fore topsail yard.
One boy of lee watch	

(6) Stations for Quarters, 1858.

To command, captain; A.D.C.'s, two midshipmen.
 On quarter-deck, first officer; To work guns, second officer.

1st gun and opposite.
 (Carronade)

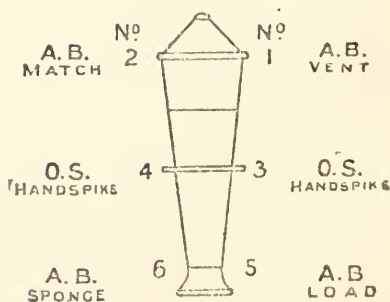
Boatswain's mate



ONE BOY SERVE CARTRIDGE

2nd gun and opposite.
 (Long gun).

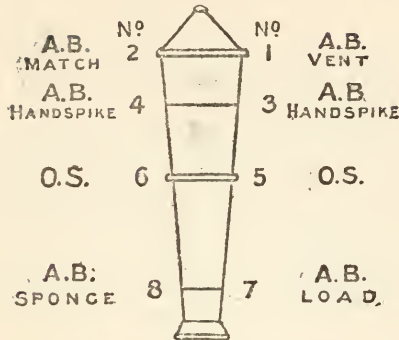
Boatswain.



ONE BOY SERVE CARTRIDGE

3rd gun and opposite
(Carronade).

Boatswain's mate.



ONE BOY SERVE CARTRIDGE

N.B.—Boys to stand on the side of the deck opposite to that engaged.

In the magazine	To hand up cartridges	At the wheel
The steward	The cuddy servants	2 quartermasters.

Sail trimmers and boarders, 1st Division, to muster on quarter-deck with cutlasses and pikes.

Third officer.

Sailmaker.

1 quartermaster.

8 A.B.'S

2 O.S.'s

Baker, butcher, and mate.

Small-arm party to muster on the poop with muskets and bayonets.

Fourth officer.

The midshipmen.

Surgeon to occupy the gunroom platform, and be prepared with tourniquets, etc.

Carpenter and mate to batten hatches down, rig pump and fire engine and prepare plugs.

Passengers, with their arms, to reinforce small arm party; or, should the enemy gain the deck, occupy and defend cuddy or awning cabins.

In repelling boarders, if the men are not required at the guns, the crew of the foremost gun with pistols and cutlasses to reinforce the 1st Division of boarders; and the crews of the two after-guns to fall in, two deep, across the quarter-deck with muskets and fixed bayonets, and from the 2nd Division of boarders.

REMARKS ON DEFENDING SHIP.

If boarded from forward, the after-guns to be slewed inboard, and pointed to sweep the fore-castle, loaded with slugs, nails, old iron, etc.

Every exertion should be used to prevent the enemy from getting a footing on board; but in the event of the defenders being driven from the fore-castle, they should occupy the galley or rally under the topgallant fore-castle, ready to act in rear of the enemy should they advance to meet the 2nd Division on the quarter-deck.

If the enemy is driven back, and to be boarded, the 1st Division to board under cover of a volley from the small-arm party, and endeavour to hold the deck until the 2nd Division can form two deep behind them with fixed bayonets; a few men, two deep and shoulder to shoulder, will make a far more effectual charge than a larger number scattered and acting independently.

In boarding the enemy the attack should be made with all the available force, except a few cool marksmen to pick off the most active, or cover a retreat.

An active junior officer should accompany the boarders with spike-nails and a hammer, to spike any of the enemy's guns he can get near during the struggle.

If the wheel is exposed to musketry, the quartermasters may steer with the relieving tackles, lying down on the deck.

The bulwarks of the topgallant fore-castle are generally high enough to shelter the small-arm party, when firing lying down; bales of hay afford a ready means for forming a loopholed barricade across the poop.

Grummet wads are best for service. Spare chains or topsail sheets, cut into lengths of 4 or 5 feet, and stopped together, are an excellent substitute for canister shot. In close quarters, or to repel a boat attack, guns loaded to the muzzle with the bottoms of empty bottles will do good execution should grape be scarce.

(7) Stations for Fire.

Two midshipmen, as aides-de-camp, attend Captain's orders.

First officer—To the place of fire.

Second officer—Work gangway whips and burtons, and superintend passing water along.

Third officer—Work fire engine.

Fourth officer—With cuddy servants, to muster blankets and bedding, soak them well, and pass to place of fire.

Carpenter and mate get hoses up, and rig engine.

WATCH ON DECK.

Boatswain's mate—Get suction hose guyed and attend nozzle.

Fore-castle men—Work head pump, and pass water from forward.

Foretop men—Proceed to place of fire under chief officer.

- Maintop men—Rig whip at gangway, and fill tubs.
 After-guard—Muster quarter deck buckets to the gangway, and take the engine to the most convenient place and work it.
 Boys—Fill cistern.
 Midshipmen—Pass water from the poop.

WATCH BELOW.

- Boatswain's mate—Sling provision casks like ballast tubs for drawing water.
 Forecastle men—Muster under boatswain to get tackles rove and act as required.
 Foretop men—To place of fire.
 Maintop men—Get burtons on the mainyard for water tubs.
 After-guard—Pass water along from the gangway.
 Sailmaker, 2 quartermasters baker, butcher and mate, draw water at gangway.

SHOULD THE FIRE GAIN GROUND.

- Third officer—Get powder ready to throw overboard.
 Fourth officer—With cuddy servants, get scuttle casks into boats and fill them with water.
 Midshipmen—Get boats ready for lowering. Each midshipman in charge of a boat should be provided with a list of articles required, and endeavour to procure everything necessary.
 Steward—Get bags and tins of biscuits, tins of preserved meat, some spirits and wine, ready for each boat.
 Boatswain, with forecastle men—Get tackles aloft ready for long-boat, and cast off lashings of spars.
 Sailmaker—Get light sails ready.
 Carpenter—Collect tools, nails, etc., for each boat. If the crew get unsteady, the second officer and two steady petty officers should be stationed at the spirit-room door with a revolver each.

(8) Boat Stations for a 1000-ton Ship.

- 1st Cutter.*—Captain, Carpenter, 2 midshipmen, 5 A.B.'s, 3 O.S.'s, 1 boatswain's mate, 8 or 10 passengers besides children.
Second Cutter.—Second officer, sailmaker, 1 boatswain's mate, 5 A.B.'s, 3 O.S.'s, 2 midshipmen, 8 or 10 passengers besides children.
Long-boat.—First officer, boatswain, carpenter's mate, 6 A.B.'s, 2 O.S.'s, 1 midshipman, 14 to 20 passengers besides children and servants.
First jolly-boat.—Third officer, 1 quartermaster, 4 A.B.'s, 1 O.S., 1 midshipman, 2 cooks, servants.
Second jolly-boat.—Fourth officer, 1 quartermaster, 4 A.B.'s, 1 O.S., 1 midshipman, butcher and mate, servants.

APPENDIX III.—Abstract Log of the "Holspur" from London to Calcutta, 1863.

Date	Lat.	Long.	Course	Distance	Remarks
July 1	—	—	—	—	Hauled out of East India Docks and proceeded to Gravesend
" 2	—	—	—	—	Up anchor and proceeded in tow of <i>Napoleon</i> . At 8.30 passed Nore, made sail and cast off steamer. Anchored off North Foreland.
" 3	—	—	—	—	Proceeding down Channel. Moderate breeze and fine.
" 4	—	—	—	—	In a fog. Light breeze and fine. Sounded at 26 fathoms. Crossed royal yards.
" 5	—	—	—	—	4 a.m., Mr. Irving, pilot, left the ship. 7 a.m., off St. Catherine's. Light breeze and hazy.
" 6	49.11 N	6.5 W	S 74 W	166	Shift of wind to westward. 10 o'clock, Start Light bore N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.
" 7	47.44	5.55	S 4 E	87	4 a.m., 73 fathoms, sand and shells. 8 a.m., 76 fathoms, coarse sand and shells.
" 8	46.35	7.14	S 38 W	88	Passed a steamer steering to N.E. Shift of wind from N.E. to S.E.
" 9	44.51	9.45	S 45 W	149	Passed the <i>Alfred</i> of Guernsey, 3-masted schooner.
" 10	41.50	12.23	S 32 W	215	A ship standing S.E. Light sultry weather.
" 11	40.31	13.47	S 38 W	101	
" 12	39.19	13.55	S 5 W	72	
" 13	37.30	14.41	S 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ W	115	Fine N.E. trade.
" 14	35.01	16.19	S 28 W	169	Dutch ship <i>Hollandia</i> from Newcastle to Batavia 24 days out.
" 15	32.42	18.09	S 33 W	168	Light breeze.
" 16	30.02	19.04	S 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ W	166	Splendid trade.
" 17	26.47	19.54	S 13 W	200	Confused N.E.ly sea.
" 18	23.52	20.14	S 6 W	176	A vessel ahead standing as ourselves. English ship <i>Oaklands</i> , Sunderland to Callao.
" 19	21.59	20.21	S 3 W	113	Heavy dew.
" 20	19.27	20.20	S	152	Caught a locust.
" 21	18.8	20.34	S 9 W	80	Passed an American brigantine standing to norward.
" 22	16.54	19.54	S 27 E	83	Thunder and lightning to the southward.
" 23	15.52	19.46	S 7 E	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	
" 24	15.11	19.40	S 8 E	41	

25	14.53 N	19.45 W	S 15 W	18½	Strong current ripples. Current N. 35 W 6.
"	26	14.10	S 19 E	45	Thunderstorm from Ed. Strength of wind 6.7. Heavy rain.
"	27	13.22	S 7 W	48	Black in N.W.
"	28	11.29	S 32 E	133	Slight rain.
"	29	10.01	S 42 E	119	Steady sou-westerly breeze.
"	30	7.46	S 26 E	150	Cloudy. Squally with rain.
"	31	5.33	S 39 E	172	Steady breeze and cloudy.
Aug.	1	4.11	S 50 E	129	
"	2	3.09	S 17 W	65	Heavy looking in the Ed. Signalled barque <i>Asphodel</i> standing to S.E.
"	3	1.22	S 60 W	215	Signalled ship <i>Tenasserim</i> from Liverpool to Calcutta, 35 days out. Crossed the line with usual ceremonies.
"	4	0.07 S	S 52½ W	123	Confused sea.
"	5	1.58	S 35½ W	154	A sharp continuous squall from S.E. In royals and flying jib.
"	6	4.53	S 30½ W	203½	Strong current S. 42 W. 42. Fresh trade.
"	7	7.51	S 31½ W	208	Sharp squalls. 1 a.m., wind came north and fell light.
"	8	10.32	S 26½ W	180	Very unsettled trade and very sharp squalls.
"	9	13.21	S 29 W	193	11.30, very sharp squall.
"	10	16.45	S 14 W	210	Very squally.
"	11	20.11	S 11½ W	210	First pigeon seen. "The heaped up air at the end of the trades."
"	12	23.37	S 3½ W	207	(Captain Toyubee).
"	13	26.43	S 20 E	197	10 p.m., wind shifted from W. to S.E. in a squall.
"	14	28.14	S 36½ E	113½	A ship on lee beam steering as ourselves.
"	15	29.52	S 3 E	98½	Cloudy in S.W.
"	16	32.18	S 16 E	152	Squally. Cloudy in S.W.
"	17	33.21	S 65 E	151	Lifting in the N.W. Sent down mizen topsail yard.
"	18	34.48	S 65 E	203	Increasing breeze and cloudy.
"	19	35.55	S 74 E	240	Strong gale and cloudy. Reduced sail to main topsail and topgallant sail, foresail and double reefed fore topsail.
"	20	36.58	S 76 E	250	Rolling very heavily. Very high westerly sea.
"	21	37.46	S 32 W	203	A very heavy sea struck the ship, broke in the gangway boards and filled the deck with water.
"	22	37.51	S 89 E	231	Sent up new mizen topsail yard, rigged it and bent sail.
"	23	38.25	S 82½ E	256	
"	24	38.52	S 82½ E	209	

APPENDIX III.—Abstract Log of the "Hotspur" from London to Calcutta, 1863—Continued.

Date	Lat.	Long.	Course	Distance	Remarks
Aug. 25	39.4½ S	15.51 E	S 87 E	220	Very confused sea.
" 26	39.26	19.0	S 81½ E	148	Very heavy confused swell. Ship rolling and pitching tremendously.
" 27	39.43	24.44	S 86 E	266	Squally.
" 28	40.03	29.23	S 85 E	218	Low barometer 29.615. Light wind.
" 29	40.01	34.28	E	230	Squally with rain.
" 30	39.49	39.29	N 87 E	231	9 a.m., thunderstorm from N.W. with hail and heavy rain. Wind afterwards shifted to west.
" 31	40.02	44.25	S 87 E	227	Strong gale. Snow.
Sept. 1	40.06	50.14	S 89 E	267	Heavy gale all night with furious gusts at intervals tearing up the water and filling with a salt haze, scudding under reefed topsails on the cap. Lightning and thunder.
" 2	38.54	55.25	N 73 E	251	Shipped a tremendous sea. Snow and hail.
" 3	37.44	60.34	N 74 E	252	Heavy squall. Force of wind 11. Hail and rain.
" 4	36.33	65.20	N 72½ E	239	Decreasing breeze. Squally.
" 5	35.34	70.07	N 76 E	239	Squally. Found main lower cap gone on both sides. Secured the mast with chain lashings.
" 6	33.44	73.01	N 52 E	181	Light breeze and cloudy.
" 7	33.15	74.14	N 64 E	67	
" 8	32.31	76.26	N 68 E	119	Wind changing from N. to N.E., up to N.E. off to E.N.E.
" 9	31.24	78.53	N 62 E	141	The <i>Winnifred</i> barque, Cardiff to Madras, 97 days out. A barque standing to the E.d.
" 10	28.53	79.41	N 17 E	158	
" 11	25.31	80.10	N 6 E	203	A very few Cape pigeons. A perfectly white bird about the ship, hooked twice but not caught. Flying fish seen.
" 12	21.17	79.57	N 3 W	254	Squally.
" 13	17.06	79.47	N 2 W	251	A homeward bound barque standing to S.W. A ship and barque steering to S.W.
" 14	12.48	79.31	N 3 W	258½	Squally, fresh trade.
" 15	8.35	79.20	N 2½ W	253	Splendid trade and fine. Private theatricals "My Wife's Relations" and "A Lottery Ticket," with a comic song.

Sept. 16	4.54½ S	79.20 E	N	220½	Heavy clouds and lightning to N.E.
" 17	2.44	80.08	N 20 E	140	A ship standing to S.E.
" 18	0.28 S	80.55	N 19 E	144	Sharp squalls.
" 19	3.0 N	82.35	N 26 E	231	Sharp squalls.
" 20	6.56	83.47	N 18 E	248	5 a.m., a line like white breakers appeared ahead, kept the ship away for half an hour; sea green and confused, supposed to be Basacas Rocks off Ceylon.
" 21	10.1½	83.12	N 10½ W	189	Madras N. 43½ W. 251 miles.
" 22	12.09	81.33	N 36 W	158	Madras N. 55 W. 96½ miles. Tacked ship.
" 23	—	—	—	—	Sighted land. 2 p.m., anchored in Madras Roads, 79 days from the Lizard. Arrived during the night, wind from S.W., drawing to W., by noon it was N.W. by N.. Had to tack to fetch Madras.
" 24	—	—	—	—	8.30 a.m., up anchor and made sail. Ship <i>Clarence</i> arrived at 5 a.m.
" 25	13.50	81.54	N 59½ E	77	Moderate breeze and fine.
" 26	15.58	84.17	N 47 E	189	A Green's ship standing about N.N.E.
" 27	17.49	85.37	N 35 E	134	Very hot. 3 p.m., ship would not go off from N. by E. with the helm hard up and light breeze, showing strong S.W.ly current. Current S. 39 W. 21.
" 28	18.45	86.35	N 44½ E	78½	Gravity 1.0009. Could hardly steer all night. Sea much disturbed under stern as if lower surface of water moved different way.
" 29	18.45	86.35	0	0	Caught dolphins. Nearly calm.
" 30	19.04	87.33	N 67 E	49	Squalls from N.W. and S.E., very little wind. Midnight saw light of lower light vessel.
Oct. 1	19.48½	88.06	N 42 E	60	4 p.m., anchored off Mud Point. 6.30 a.m., received Mr. Ball, pilot, and Mr. Harris, leadsmen, on board.
" 2	—	—	—	—	Anchored off Canterbury Pt. Passed <i>Clarence</i> at anchor off Saugor.
" 3	—	—	—	—	Anchored in Diamond Harbour.
" 4	—	—	—	—	Anchored off Fisherman's Pt. Took s.t. <i>Five Queen</i> .
" 5	—	—	—	—	
" 6	—	—	—	—	
" 7	—	—	—	—	Moored off Esplanade.

APPENDIX IV.—Abstract Log of "The Tweed"; her first passage to Melbourne, 1873.

Date	Lat.	Long.	Course	Dis- tance	Winds	Remarks
Sept. 6	—	—	—	—	—	Noon, Lizard Point north. A.M., fresh breezes and squally wind N. to W.N.W. P.M., mod. and showery fresh winds, squally, and heavy rain.
" 7	47.55 N	6.47W	S 29 W	130	NW. to W	Moderate to light breezes, fine cloudy weather.
" 8	44.56	10.5	S 37 W	224	NW to WNW	Light steady breezes and fine clear weather.
" 9	42.2	10.56	S 12 W	178	NW to West	Light winds and very fine weather.
" 10	39.44	12.37	S 29 W	158	NW to NE	Light very unsteady wind, fine and clear.
" 11	38.5	13.53	S 31 W	116	NE to NW	Faint airs and very fine weather.
" 12	36.39	14.38	S 22 W	93	W.N.W.	Faint, variable airs. P.M., fresh breeze, fine.
" 13	34.45	15.7	S 12 W	117	W.N., N.E.	Steady breezes and fine clear weather.
" 14	32.13	18.3	S 44 W	211	East	Smart steady trades.
" 15	28.31	20.16	S 27 W	250	E.N.E.	Fine steady trades and pleasant weather.
" 16	24.45	22.15	S 25 W	250	N.E.	Steady winds and fine clear weather.
" 17	21.21	24.21	S 29 W	235	N.E.	Moderate breeze and clear. P.M., wind shifted to south with rain.
" 18	17.42	25.36	S 18 W	230	E.N.E.	Moderate breezes, squally and rain.
" 19	14.19	26.9	S 9 W	206	East to South	Light variable winds, squally and rain. Ship in company—supposed <i>City of Seringapatam</i> .
" 20	12.6	27.59	S 39 W	171	S.S.E. to S.	Moderate breezes, cloudy weather and showers.
" 21	11.0	29.14	S 48 W	91	S, var., S.W.	Light airs and fine clear weather.
" 22	8.46	27.11	S 42 E	180	S.S.W. to S.W.	Light variable winds, squally with rain.
" 23	8.28	24.47	S 83 E	145	South to S.E.	Light variable winds, squally with rain.
" 24	7.13	24.31	S 12 E	77	East to N.E.	Light variable winds, squally with rain.
" 25	6.6	24.44	S 11 W	68	South to S.E.	Moderate, unsteady winds, squally, heavy rain.
" 26	5.22	24.58	S 12 W	45	South	Light winds and very fine weather. Spoke ship <i>Melitte</i> , Akyab to Cork, and sent letters.
" 27	4.4	26.11	S 45 W	109	S. to S.S.E.	Light winds and very fine weather.
" 28	1.52	27.8	S 23 W	145	S.E.	Very light winds and clear.
" 29	0.40 N	27.48	S 29 W	82	S.E.	Light steady breezes and clear.
" 30	0.45 S	28.11	S 32 W	100	S.S.E.	Steady trades and fine.
Oct. 1	3.57	30.2	S 23 W	208	S.E.	

Oct. 2	7.44 S	31.20W	S 19 W	240	S.E.	Smart steady trades and clear.
" 3	12.00	32.57	S 21 W	273	S.E.	Fresh, steady trades, fine and pleasant.
" 4	16.25	34.9	S 15 W	274	S.E.	Fresh breezes and fine clear weather.
" 5	20.49	34.22	S 3 W	264	E.S.E.	Smart steady breezes and clear.
" 6	24.13	33.57	S 7 E	196	East to S.S.E.	Moderate winds and clear.
" 7	26.1	34.13	S 7 W	120	S.E. and Calm	Faint airs and calms, clear weather.
" 8	27.16	33.32	S 30 E	74	N.W.	"
" 9	28.24	31.56	S 51 E	108	W.N.W.	Light to fresh breezes, cloudy weather and rain. Ship in company.
" 10	30.59	28.45	S 47 E	227	S.W. and calm	Fresh breezes and squally with rain. P.M., calm and cloudy.
" 11	32.33	26.35	S 49 E	145	N.W. to S.W.	Light winds and fine. P.M., squally and rain.
" 12	33.56	22.42	S 67 E	211	S.S.W. to S.	Strong breezes, squally heavy rain.
" 13	33.29	18.22	N 83 E	220	S. by E.	Fresh to moderate breezes.
" 14	33.20	14.39	N 87 E	186	South	Unsteady winds and fine.
" 15	33.16	12.51	N 87 E	91	South	Light winds and very fine weather.
" 16	33.28	11.19	S 82 E	88	South	"
" 17	33.51	10.36	S 41 E	34	S.S.E.	Very faint airs and clear.
" 18	34.4	10.46	S 33 W	16	Calm and W.	Faint airs and calms throughout.
" 19	36.14	9.19	S 29 E	148	W. to S.S.W.	Light breezes, cloudy and showers.
" 20	37.34	6.00	S 64 E	180	Calm and N.	Calm to fresh breezes, cloudy and rain.
" 21	39.3	1.30W	S 67 E	228	N.W. to S.S.W	Fresh to strong winds, squally, rain.
" 22	40.9	3.40 E	S 76 E	272	S.W.	Strong breezes and cloudy.
" 23	41.20	8.44	S 71 E	225	S.S.W. to N.W.	Fresh to moderate breezes, fine clear.
" 24	42.25	14.27	S 76 E	263	N.N.W.	Fresh breezes to strong gale and rain.
" 25	43.11	19.34	S 78 E	232	N.N.W.	Fresh to light winds, fine and clear.
" 26	43.31	22.47	S 82 E	143	Calm and W.	Light unsteady winds and calm, heavy rain.
" 27	43.58	28.15	S 82 E	238	S.W.	Fresh breezes, sharp squalls, hail showers.
" 28	44.33	34.9	S 81 E	252	N.W.	Fresh to strong winds and fine.
" 29	45.22	39.44	S 78 E	242	W.N.W.	Fresh breezes and fair weather.
" 30	45.25	45.45	East	255	N.W.	Fresh winds and fine fair weather.
" 31	45.43	51.56	S 86 E	265	N.W.	Moderate breezes and thick drizzling rain.
Nov. 1	45.46	56.32	East	193	N.W. to N.N.E.	Moderate breezes and foggy.
" 2	45.48	63.28	East	300	N.N.E.-W.N.W	Strong steady winds with rain.
" 3	46.2	68.00	S 86 E	191	N.W.	Unsteady winds, passing showers of hail.
" 4	46.4	72.56	East	213	W.N.W.	Moderate to strong winds.

APPENDIX IV.—Abstract Log of the "Tweed"; her first passage to Melbourne, 1873—Continued.

Date	Lat.	Long.	Course	Dis- tance	Winds	Remarks
Nov. 5	46.32 S	79.36 E	S 84 E	280	N.N.W. to N.E.	Fresh to strong gales, rainy weather.
" 6	46.55	85.44	S 85 E	252	N.N.E.	Strong gale to moderate breezes.
" 7	46.35	90.48	N 84 E	212	N.W.	Moderate breezes and showery.
" 8	46.33	95.10	East	182	N.E., S.E., S.W.	Light winds backing to S.E. and S.W., blowing hard with confused sea.
" 9	46.24	100.26	N 88 E	220	S.W. to W.N.W.	Strong gale to moderate breezes passing showers of hail.
" 10	46.4	105.56	N 85 E	230	West.	Moderate breezes and showery.
" 11	46.3	111.39	East	238	N.W.	" "
" 12	45.41	118.45	N 85 E	297	North	Smart breezes, dull cloudy weather.
" 13	44.42	125.24	N 78 E	288	N.W.	Fresh to moderate winds, fair weather.
" 14	43.43	129.32	N 71 E	184	N.N.W.	Moderate winds and clear.
" 15	42.47	135.11	N 77 E	254	N.N.W.	Smart breezes and fine pleasant weather.
" 16	40.52	140.12	N 63 E	252	N.W. by N.	Fresh breezes and squally.
" 17	38.55	143.40	N 54 E	198	N.W. to S.S.E.	Light to strong winds and heavy rain. 11 a.m., passed Cape Otway. 6 p.m., got pilot and came to anchor inside the Heads.
" 18	—	—	—	—	—	6 a.m., weighed anchor and proceeded up the Bay. 11 a.m., anchored and furled sail.

OWNERS—MESSRS. ANDERSON ANDERSON & CO. Master—DANIEL R. BOLT.
(1883-4)

APPENDIX

Day	1883 Date	Bar.	Ther.	Latitude	Longitude	Miles run	
Sat.	27 Oct.						7 a.m., hauled out from Sandridge Railway Pier, proceeded down the Bay in tow and anchored at 4 p.m. off Portsea, strong W.S.W. gale blowing.
Sun.	28 "						Strong gale and high sea breaking through the Heads ("Rip"). Ship <i>Ben Cruachan</i> , Captain Martin, came down the bay and anchored off Queenscliff.
Mon.	29 "						Gale continuing compelling us both to remain at anchor.
Tues.	30 "						Tug came alongside at 1 a.m. but strong gale continuing prevented proceeding to sea. Orient ss. <i>Sorata</i> and P. & O. ss. <i>Liallatat</i> passed in with English mails.
Wed.	31 "						2 p.m., weighed anchor and towed across to Queenscliff to await first favourable opportunity, gale somewhat moderating.
							2 a.m., weighed anchor and proceeded in tow. Tug left at 6 a.m., ship six miles off land, tow rope just got in an 1 pilot boat waiting to pick up pilot when heavy squall from S. struck ship, blowing with great violence, weather thick. Being unable to weather Cape Sclanok or to carry sufficient canvas, pilot and master deemed it more prudent to run before the wind to anchorage at Queenscliff.
Thurs.	1 Nov.						Telegraphed to office for mails. Strong gale and high sea.
Fri.	2 "						Strong gale but signs of moderating. Received English mail.
Sat.	3 "	30.25		42.00 S	143.14 E	200	2 a.m., weighed anchor and proceeded without steam. Pilot left at 5 a.m. Made all possible sail steering S.W. by S. in the wake of the <i>Ben Cruachan</i> , also bound to London. Wind E. clear.
Sun.	4 "	30.15		44.12 "	143.11 "	130	Moderate E.S.E. wind, clear. <i>Ben Cruachan</i> bearing S.W. 10 miles.
Mon.	5 "	30.00		46.09 "	144.44 "	130	Moderate E.S.E. wind, cloudy and overcast, sea rolling in from S.W. and head sea making from S.E. Strong N.E. wind and head sea. 8 a.m., took in topgallant sails, wind increasing. 4 p.m., increasing gale from N.E., N.W. reefed mainsail and fore topsail. Pumps attended to, old ship tight forging ahead at 5 knots.

APPENDIX V.—*Abstract Log of Ship "Holmsdale"—Melbourne to London—Continued.*

Day	1883		Bar.	Ther.	Latitude	Longitude	Miles run	
	Day	Date						
Tues.		6 Nov.	29.90	59	47.40 "	148.00 "	160	Strong N. wind increasing to gale, overcast and very hazy. Going with topsails and courses. Several birds in company—Cape hen, mollyhawk and albatross, P.M., strong gale thick with small rain, under single reef upper topsails, jib and reefed mainsail.
Wed.		7 "			48.32 "	152.36 "	190	Moderate N.W. wind veering W. Steering E., made all possible sail to main royal. Pumps attended to, ship tight and staunch. P.M., weather cleared, sunshine and dry until 4 p.m., then light moist squalls from S.W. veering S.
Thurs.		8 "	29.90	54	49.11 "	158.39 "	245	Strong gale and high sea; took in topgallant sails. Noon, gale moderating set topgallant sails. Wind veering E by E.
Fri.		9 "	30.20	55	48.47 "	160.36 "	80	Light variable airs and calms. 6 p.m., increasing breeze from N.E., overcast, heading E.S.E. with all possible sail. Several birds in company different species of mollyhawks, many stormy petrels and Cape pigeons.
Sat.		10 "	30.00	56	49.28 "	162.10 "	75	Light variable airs from N. and N.E. and calms.
Sun.		11 "	29.80	57	49.36 "	163.06 "	40	Light airs until 4 a.m. then calm without a ripple until 11 a.m., when N. by breeze sprang up.
Mon.		12 "	20.75	56	50.16 "	166.24 "	135	Moderate N.N.E. wind, sea smooth. 1.30 p.m., sighted a full rigged ship, single topgallant sails, bearing W.S.W. about 7 miles. Passengers interested in a combat between two whales and a thrasher; the latter appeared to be of an immense size. 8 p.m., wind freshening, took in royals and small staysails.
Tues.		13 "	29.82	54	51.16 "	170.39 "	170	Increasing N. and N.N.E. wind and sea making, took in fore and mizen topgallant sails, heading E. by N.
Wed.		14 "	29.95	51	52.06 "	175.00 "	175	Strong N. to N.N.E. sea comparatively smooth, swell making from N.W. a welcome sign, going with topgallant sails set. Clear bright night with heavy dew.
Thurs.		15 "	30.00	52	53.15 "	179.59 W	190	Similar wind and weather. Crossed into W. long. Jack gets double "duff" day with fresh soup and potatoes.
Thurs.		15 "	29.85	52	53.50 "	174.00 "	215	Moderate N. by winds, sky overcast, weather mild for latitude. 8 a.m., wind veering to N.N.W. and N.W. with fresh 9-knot breeze, thick and foggy. Only mutton birds and large black Cape hens in company. 8 p.m., fresh N.W. 10-knot wind, thick weather.

Fri.	16 Nov.	30.00	53	54.11	107.10	E	240
Sat.	17 "	30.25	49	53.51	102.27	"	167
Sun	18 "	30.50	51	53.49	159.40	"	100
Mon	19 "	29.85	52	53.45	152.29	"	255
Tues.	20 "	29.82	55	53.40	145.24	"	250
Wed.	21 "	29.90	50	53.40	139.45	"	200
Thurs.	22 "	29.70	50	53.40	133.39	"	215
Fri.	23 "	29.80	50	54.13	126.22	"	260
Sat.	24 "	30.10	52	54.15	122.40	"	120
Sun	25 "	30.00	55	54.20	119.52	"	105
Mon.	26 "	29.62	53	54.04	118.12	"	54
Tues.	27 "	29.25	52	54.24	114.47	"	120
Wed.	28 "	29.25	50	54.20	111.07	"	130
Thurs.	29 "	29.45	50	54.20	107.21	"	130
Fri.	30 "	29.65	50	54.26	102.56	"	145
Sat.	1 Dec.	29.55	50	54.58	95.13	"	170
Sun.	2 "	29.45	48	55.37	87.10	"	175
Mon.	3 "	29.50	46	50.18	81.39	"	185
Tues.	4 "	29.55	48	50.20	74.49	"	230
Wed.	5 "	29.40	50	50.40	68.20	"	240

Similar wind going E.N.E. with all possible sail set. P.M., wind hauling to W.S.W. and light, air colder, squared yards and ship pumped dry whilst upright. Sea smooth.

Light variable airs from S.E. Ship surrounded with small ice birds, a few molly-hawks and Cape pigeons returned.

Increasing N.W. wind 5 knots. P.M., wind veering to N.W. all possible sail set, 10 knots. 10 p.m., look in main royal.

Fresh N.W. wind clear, main royal set. P.M., strong N.W. gale and high sea making, shipping heavy water at times on main deck, courses reefed main topgallant sail set.

Moderate W.ly gale, main royal set, clear and dry, overcast at times.

6 a.m., wind veered to S. and fell very light inclining to calm. 2 p.m., wind hauled W.ly to N.W. at 8 p.m., fresh, 9 knots, weather thick with small rain.

Strong N.W. wind, hazy. Albatross, Cape hens, Cape pigeons, and ice birds in company, the latter most numerous, weather clear and bright only slight darkness from 10.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Strong N.W. wind and moderate W.ly sea, ship tight and all well.

Light variable airs and calms.

Light wind hauling from S.W. to N.N.W., heavy swell from S.W., weather bright and clear.

Light N.E. wind veering after noon to N.W., weather thick and rainy.

Light variable W.S.W. wind and rain. P.M., weather clearing, bright sunset.

Moderate W.S.W. wind, bright and clear.

Light S.E. wind, clear and bright, sea smooth.

Light W.ly wind increasing in strength, weather bright and clear.

Strong N.W. sea making, main royal set. 2 albatross, 2 mollyhawks, 2 Cape pigeons and 2 mutton birds still in company.

Strong N.W. wind 11 knots drizzling rain. 2 p.m., wind hauled to N.N.E. with thick drizzling rain. 6 p.m., calm. 8 p.m., barometer 29.00.

Strong W.S.W. sea making main royal in, clear and bright. Stronger wind and more sea than any day since leaving Melbourne.

Strong W.ly gale, bright and clear.

Fresh N.W. wind until 4 a.m. then hauled to N. and fell light. 6.30 a.m., Diego Ramirez Island bearing N.E., Ely 12 miles. Noon fresh N.W. wind thick rain. Two ships in company. Passed Cape Horn 7 p.m., but not seen. Sea smooth.

APPENDIX V.—*Abstract Log of Ship "Holmsdale"—Melbourne to London—Continued.*

1883	Bar.	Ther.	Latitude	Longitude	Miles run	
Day	Date					
Thurs.	6 Dec.	29.30	56.10 S	65.04 E	110	Light N.W. airs, clear, two ships still in company. Sea seems alive with porpoise braying like young donkeys.
Fri.	7 "	29.60	55.20 S	61.20 W	140	Light airs from S.W., cloudless sky. 8 a.m. wind hauled to N.W. and freshened to 10 knots.
Sat.	8 "	29.85	53.00 "	55.45 "	265	Strong N.W. wind to fresh gale, heading N.E. 10 knots, evening wind falling light and veering to W.
Sun.	9 "	29.80	51.14 "	52.04 "	175	Light W. by 5-6 knot wind. 4 p.m., light airs veering to eastward, foggy.
Mon.	10 "	29.75	49.51 "	52.31 "		Light N.E. wind, foggy. First experience of N.E. wind here.
Tues.	11 "	29.55	49.01 "	52.05 "	75	(Distance due N. last 48 hours). Light N.E. airs. Noon, wind W. veering to S.W. clear bright weather. One barque in company, only ice birds in company now, others left us during fog.
Wed	12 "	29.75	47.21 "	49.58 "	130	Light airs from W. hauling later to N. freshening, took in topgallant sails and staysails and reeled mainsail. Barometer 29.30.
Thurs	13 "	29.60	45.58 "	45.54 "	192	Strong gale N.W. to W., going with three lower topsails, jib and courses, heavy sea from N.E., ship plunging heavy. 4 a.m. wind moderated made whole sail.
Fri.	14 "	29.95	42.48 "	41.27 "	275	Same brisk gale from W.N.W. moderating at 4 p.m., but increasing later.
Sat.	15 "	29.95	40.11 "	38.02 "	235	Steady N.W. wind falling light during afternoon and hauling northward. Four albatrosses returned after absence of 10 days, one Cape hen, few nauticon birds, and few ice-birds.
Sun.	16 "	29.55	39.00 "	36.40 "	90	Light variable airs from S.E. during forenoon hauling W. by later, and at 8 p.m. W.N.W. Sea covered with whale rib.
Mon	17 "	29.45	36.00 "	34.37 "	210	Midnight strong gale veering to S.W., sea making reduced sail to upper topsails foresail and jib. 4 p.m., gale moderating made sail to main royal.
Tues.	18 "	29.95	33.08 "	33.08 "	192	Light S. wind, clear, heavy S.W. swell very fine weather.
Wed.	19 "	30.20	32.21 "	32.00 "	92	Light variable N.W. airs and calms, clear.
Thurs.	20 "	30.20	31.39 "	31.52 "	50	Similar wind and weather. 8 p.m., steady 5-knot N.E. breeze.
Fri.	21 "		30.15 "	33.33 "	84	Freshening wind veering northward. 8 p.m., squally from N.N.W. dark and cloudy with rain.

Sat.	22 Dec.	25.95	73	28.21 S.	30.20 W.	216	
Sun.	23 "	30.00	74	26.39 "	29.20 "	107	Strong gale and squally from N.W. with lightning and heavy rain, topgallant sails in and under jib. Noon, set main royal.
Mon.	24 "	30.10	74	25.02 "	28.35 "	55	Light S. to S.W. wind with heavy rain, clear bright hot weather.
Tues.	25 "	30.50	74	25.09 "	28.00 "	55	Light airs and calms veering from S.W. to S.E., E. and N.E. to N., clear Crew cleaning ship.
Wed.	26 "	30.20	78	24.27 "	25.56 "	125	Fresh N. wind 6 knots, royals in, head sea, bright clear and hot. Passed an outward bound brigantine.
Thurs.	27 "	30.20	78	23.46 "	25.25 "	50	Light N. by wind, bright hot weather, one ship in company bearing N.
Fri.	28 "	30.15	78	22.00 "	26.20 "	110	Light airs and calms ship in company bearing N.W. & W. at 7 p.m. distant 6 miles. Crew painting masts.
Sat.	29 "	30.10	78	19.21 "	26.35 "	105	Moderate E. winds, sea smooth, clear bright hot weather. Commencement of trades.
Sun.	30 "	30.10	78	16.10 "	27.55 "	195	Moderate trades, similar weather, crew painting ship.
Mon.	31 "	30.50	79	13.15 "	28.50 "	185	Unsteady E. wind, overcast, French barque in company. Sea smooth.
Tues.	1884	30.00	80	9.40 "	29.15 "	208	Moderate trade wind, bright sky, clear weather and hot.
Wed.	1 Jan.	30.00	80	5.57 "	29.50 "	225	Strong trades E.S.E., little sea making, cloudy.
Thurs.	2 "	20.00	80	2.50 "	30.00 "	197	Fresh steady trades with rain squalls, clear.
Fri.	4 "	30.00	80	0.03 "	30.25 "	170	Similar wind and weather. One three-masted schooner bound S. passed to windward.
Sat.	5 "	30.00	78	1.30 N.	30.50 "	99	Moderate trades with little N. by sea. A large ship in company about 6 miles to westward dropping astern.
Sun.	6 "	30.00	80	3.27 "	32.41 "	155	Heavy rain squalls from N.E. with thunder and lightning, caught about 600 gallons water.
Mon.	7 "	30.00	80	5.10 "	34.30 "	165	Light but increasing breeze from N.E., probably commencement of N.E. trades.
Tues.	8 "	30.00	80	6.35 "	35.36 "	110	Light trades with rain clearing after 7 hours heavy rain.
Wed.	9 "	29.50	80	8.32 "	38.32 "	212	Moderate trades, clear. Crew painting ship.
Thurs.	10 "	30.10	79	11.01 "	40.52 "	216	Similar wind and weather. Last 24 hours observed considerable surface current apparently setting to N.E. Large number of flying fish seen.
Fri.	11 "	30.10	78	13.00 "	42.35 "	158	Similar moderate wind and weather. Crew painting ship and boats.
Sat.	12 "	30.15	77	15.03 "	45.00 "	185	Light trades, bright and clear. Finished painting work.
Sun.	13 "	30.15	77	17.17 "	46.30 "	165	Fresh breeze with light squalls, ship plunging into heavy sea. Three-masted schooner passed outward bound.
Mon.	14 "	30.20	75	19.05 "	47.52 "	132	Squally trades clear and bright.
							Light winds, clear and hot.

APPENDIX V.—*Abstract Log of Ship "Holmsdale"—McBourne to London—Continued.*

Day	1883		Bar.	Ther.	Latitude	Longitude	Miles run	
	Date							
Tues.	15 Jan.		30.20	78	20.27 N	49.30 W	122	Similar light winds, sea smooth, clear. Observed a comet about 10° above the horizon bearing W. by S. travelling W.
Wed.	16 "		30.35	75	21.17 "	50.15 "	70	Light airs, bright and clear. Comet seen at same bearings.
Thurs.	17 "		30.35	79	22.46 "	51.10 "	100	Fresh N.E. wind, with rain squalls, sky overcast.
Fri.	18 "		30.35	74	24.34 "	51.26 "	112	Very light airs and calms. Strange full rigged ship with main skysail in company bound N.E.
Sat.	19 "		30.30	75	24.50 "	52.16 "	16	Similar weather. Ship still in company.
Sun.	20 "		30.40	75	25.50 "	52.00 "	60	Similar weather. Ship still in company 8 miles astern.
Mon.	21 "		30.40	73	27.20 "	51.56 "	90	Wind still light from E. Steamer passed bound S.
Tues.	22 "		30.50	75	29.56 "	50.08 "	188	Fresh breeze squally from E.S.E., clear and bright. Unbent the crossjack and sent down mizen royal yard.
Wed.	23 "		30.65	71	32.38 "	47.20 "	216	Steady 9-knot S.E. breeze, all possible sail set, sea smooth
Thurs.	24 "		30.70	69	34.15 "	45.50 "	125	Light S.E. airs and calms, bright hot sunshine.
Fri.	25 "		30.70	69	34.44 "	44.58 "	50	Light airs and calms, clear sky, sea smooth; p.m., light air springing up from S.W. Full rigged ship in company.
Sat.	26 "		30.65	66	35.36 "	43.14 "	90	Light airs from S.W., slight rain squalls, ship still in company.
Sun.	27 "		30.30	66	37.14 "	41.00 "	148	Steady 7-knot W.S.W. wind, bright, cloudless sky. Sea making from W.
Mon.	28 "		29.80	66	39.31 "	37.28 "	216	Strong variable W.S.W. to W. wind hauling to N.N.W. in rain shower: at 3 a.m. took in fore and mizen topgallant sails. 8 a.m., made all possible sail to main royal. 8 p.m., wind W.N.W., veering up to N.W. in light squalls.
Tues.	29 "		29.30	61	41.42 "	32.17 "	280	Strong gale, going with main topgallant sail set, ship rolling heavily and shipping water. Gale moderating later.
Wed.	30 "		29.60	55	42.30 "	29.30 "	180	Light variable winds from W. to N. and N.E. black heavy weather with lightning and rain, sent down fore royal yard. 11 a.m., heavy squalls from N. and N.E. inner jib sheet parted, sail blew away also lower mizen topsail, furled upper topsails and mainsail. 2 p.m., wind veered to W. more moderate, sail made accordingly.
Thurs.	31 "		30.00	56	44.20 "	25.54 "	190	Hard gale and heavy squalls from N.W. with rain moderating at 8 a.m. P.M., very squally, furled topgallant sails. 8 p.m., hard and violent squalls from N.N.W.

Fri.	1	Feb.	30.80	55	45.00	23.32	120	and N. with hailstorm and rain. Ship under three close-reefed topsails, reefed foresail, reefed main upper topsail, and fore topmast staysail and mizen staysail, squalls frequent and dangerously violent heavy sea from N. and E. Violent squalls from N.N.E. and N. with heavy dangerous sea. Wind coming in squalls of hurricane force for half to three quarters of an hour and then nearly calm for an hour. Ship under three close-reefed topsails and sometimes reefed foresail and staysails. Ship keeping tight but lurching heavily and rolling. During last three days barometer has gradually risen, even in very height of squalls, and notwithstanding gale being from N.E. it has been exceedingly mild. During gale lost inner jib through the whip of the sheet parting (3/4 in. brand new rope). Weather moderating, made sail at daylight to topgallant sails, beautifully clear and bright, mild, wind N., set main royal.
Sat.	2	"	30.85	56	45.20	21.32	85	Calm, cloudy and overcast head sea from E. French steamer passed bound E. and promised to report ship. German barque H.D.G.P. in company. Bar. falling gradually.
Sun.	3	"	30.80	57	46.12	18.50	120	
Mon.	4	"	30.60	57	46.07	18.07	30	Calm, got up 30 fathoms of each cable and bent them to anchors.
Tues.	5	"	30.35	57	46.54	18.00	54	Light S.W. winds, overcast heavy sea from N.W.
Wed.	6	"	30.15	57	47.54	15.17	125	Light S.W. winds, overcast heavy swell from N.W.
Thurs.	7	"	30.15	57	48.20	14.07	53	Calm and light E.W. wind. Six barques in company.
Fri.	8	"	29.80	57	48.29	11.47	90	Light airs from S. Increasing to gale from S.W. at noon. 8 p.m., reduced sail, strong S.W. gale. Barometer 29.60.
Sat.	9	"	30.45	60	40.30	5.43	243	Strong S.W. gale and high sea, whole topsails, topgallant sails furled, hick dirty weather. 4 p.m., sounded in 44 fathoms sand and gravel.
Sun.	10							Strong W.S.W. wind, clear. 3.30 a.m., Portland Lights bearing N., 18 miles, signalled St. Catherine's Point, 7.45. a.m., Beachy Head at noon, re-velved pilot at Dungeness at 5 p.m. and proceeded up the Downs.

APPENDIX VI.—“Clarence”—Sail Area and Spar Plan.

	<i>Sail Area (running yards)</i>	<i>Spars (feet)</i>	<i>Masts (feet)</i>	
Fore staysail 140			Powsprit (from knightheads) .. 27.6
Fore topmast staysail 120			Jibboom .. 47
Jib 260			Flying jibboom .. 42
Flying jib 130			Spritsail yard .. 52
Foresail 385	Foreyard 71	Foremast (doubling 13) .. 80
Fore topsail 330	Fore topsail yard 59	Fore topmast (doubling 8) .. 46
Fore topgallant sail 180	Fore topgallant yard 46	Fore topgallant mast .. 26
Fore royal 80	Fore royal yard 32	Fore royal mast .. 15
Mainsail 450	Mainyard 76	Mainmast (doubling 13) .. 84
Main topsail 340	Main topsail yard 64	Main topmast (doubling 8) .. 46
Main topgallant sail 193	Main topgallant yard 49	Main topgallant mast .. 26
Main royal 88	Main royal yard 36	Main royal mast .. 15
Main skysail —	Main skysail yard —	Main skysail mast .. 51
Crossjack 215	Crossjack yard 60	Mizen mast .. 74
Mizen topsail 208	Mizen topsail yard 46	Mizen topmast .. 36
Mizen topgallant sail 102	Mizen topgallant yard 34	Mizen topgallant mast .. 18
Mizen royal 43	Mizen royal yard 23	Mizen royal mast .. 11
Driver 250	Gaff 37.6	
Main trysail 160			
Main topmast staysail 200			
Main topgallant staysail 160			
Main royal staysail 120			
		<i>Stunsails (running yards)</i>		
		Lower stunsails 493
		Fore and main topmast stunsail 482
		Topgallant stunsails 220
		Total sail area 5309 yards.

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