

water sometimes on the deck. At night we saw one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed on, though we never wish to be in similar circumstances, or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm-clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam boiling and hissing beneath the gale. For a few seconds, when the *Bacchante* first broached to, it was doubtful what would happen, but the old ship came to the wind and lay to of her own accord. It was not, however, till the next morning that we realized our position of being practically rudderless on the open sea. The gale continued, and there was of course still a very heavy sea, but she proved herself a good sea boat. The lower deck was, however, all afloat through the seas washing up through the scuppers. Few ships would have ridden out the gale so easily and well as did the *Bacchante*. By daylight it was discovered by looking over the stern, as the ship pitched, that the rudder was amidships, whilst the tiller in the captain's cabin was hard a starboard. But by altering the chains of the tiller in the captain's cabin it was hoped that we should manage to get a small helm sufficient to turn her round and keep her on a course.

Accordingly, after dinner, another effort was made, and at two p.m. set fore trysail and increased steam power to forty revolutions, and put the helm over as far as it would go under this new process—roughly 8°. She took half an hour to turn eight points. The sun was shining brightly, and the sea still showed more foam than blue, and was very high, coming over all along the nettings. She was anxiously watched, and for a minute seemed to be paying off, though very loath to leave her old position; and again went back to it, then rose slowly and gracefully to the next surge of the sea, paying off this time a little more than before, and so again and again the same was repeated rhythmically, and almost as if the ship was a sentient being, and was doing all this in a dignified manner without hurry and precipitation, amid the whistling of the wind in the blocks and rigging, and the continuous swish and moaning onset of the waves. We made a large circle thus, and at four p.m. her head was round, though still up in the wind on the other tack, and now pointing north for Australia instead of drifting south to the pole. We are getting out of the roaring forties, and are gradually drawing to the north of the gale as we near the land.