

property of Captain De Bathe, a native of Caën, Normandy; "raised" in North Carolina, to quote his own expression; and in whose hands, half yacht, half merchantman, she has remained ever since. Old papers, damaged and fragmentary log-books, etc., which De Bathe discovered on board his purchase, form the authority for our preceding statements—doubtless they once formed a complete record of her whole career. Repaired, re-fitted, and re-named—here, despite our just noted protest, comes another unavoidable touch of romance. The research—we beg De Bathe's pardon!—*overhaul* of the old records, brought to light the earlier name of the mysterious waif so strangely come to his possession; he pieced it out with his own, and registered his ship under the appellation that *would* have been borne by a fair girl of Devonshire long years before, but that a grim rival forestalled him, one to whom even queens may not say nay. So, once more restored, our old acquaintance comes again under observation as the "Maria E. De Bathe," and bearing, instead of the gilded, incomprehensible sea-monster that formerly decked her prow, a white draped angel figure-head. Few keels have furrowed the waters of so many different ports as hers since then—it being a marked predilection of De Bathe's to be ever seeking new scenes; and being sole owner as well as commander, he has been enabled, in a great measure, to gratify his *penchant*. Partly to increase this independence, he changed her registry once more, though not the name in 1860, or thereabouts, while in the Sandwich Islands; and she has hoisted "Kanaka" bunting ever since. The latest date concerning her that has come under the writer's notice, was June 2nd, 1871, in the list of ships in China waters. This vessel's bottom was black-birch, her topsides framed of larch; the tough black-ash of her wales had been replaced with teak in Singapore about three years before we first made her acquaintance, (in Hong Kong, in 1865:) and her immense deck-beams were of white

hemlock, as also her heavy bulwark stanchions.

Another "old China cruiser," was the barque "Victoria," built in New Brunswick, launched in the fall of 1837, and employed for the next twelve years in the Atlantic; after which she was sent East. For some time, on the coast of China, she was commanded by "Bully Ward,"—more widely known, subsequently, as General Ward, and who, after his apotheosis—of which the Western world has recently been made aware—was affectionately and reverentially dubbed "St. Fred.," by his old familiars. She afterwards served him, on the rivers, as a sort of armed store-ship, transport, and general hack—like the Highlander's *skene-dhu*, which, according to Hudibras, is

"A serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:"

being then in charge of "wan" of St. Fred's worshippers, to wit, "Dom" Lynch;—a "rearin,' tearin,' tatterin,' t'undherin,'"—an American, (of New York:) who will surely one day become St. Dominic in the same calendar, an' Chinese gratitude be not exhausted. On the swift and intricate Yang-(kee)tse, and its tributaries—on the bar bewildered Whang-ho—on the freshet vex't Tsien-tang, the dash and fret of her fiery commander pushed the unlucky "Victoria" into continual difficulties. Never anything built of wood and iron was subjected to more poundings, groundings, twistings, screwings, than she, and yet survive; "never jarred her a hooter," boasted much metaphor loving "Dom." "Soothered" down once more, some years later, into a quiet, honest trader, under "P. Murrough, M. M." (master mariner?—witness the gentleman's card:) she gets caught one day in a *ty-foong*, some where near the Bashees, and is presently a sheer hulk. Laboriously making port under jury-rig, she is refitted again, and placed in charge of Capt. Garraty—remarkable "affinity" she, for big Irishmen—and sails for Singapore only to be captured by pirates,