

deaths daily during the first part of the voyage—In the West Indies and Brazils where yellow fever was raging and sweeping away many of the crew, from the captain to the smallest boy on board ; and, lastly, during a long passage home from Peru, when our crew was reduced for some weeks to a very small allowance of bread and the same of hard salt beef, starvation being depicted in each cadaverous countenance as we received with joy and welcome our long-expected pilot.

Born in an inland village in Scotland, far from the ocean, I chose a sea-faring life more from reading stirring adventures of its ever varying scenes in Cook's Voyages, Robinson Crusoe, and works of a like nature, than from knowing anything of ships—my ideas of ships were very limited indeed—and how they were worked or how they found their way over the wide expanse of ocean to all parts of the globe. Leaving school it was the intention of my relations that I should choose a quiet life on shore, in shop-keeping or something of a like nature, but my whole heart was bent on a sea-faring life.

At length after persuasion was used in vain, I was bound as an apprentice at the age of fifteen to serve four years in a ship in the North American trade. The employer to whom I was bound had a large number of