

gale had reached its height, and now began quickly to subside. A few hours pumping when the great stress of the gale had been relieved, freed the ship of water, and the hope once more revived that the scene of so much misery and anxiety would soon be left behind ; which hope, however, was doomed to disappointment, as there remained two weeks more of battling with wind and waves before the Cape was cleared.

The lull, which lasted but a day, afforded an opportunity for making much needed repairs to the ship's hull and rigging. It also brings the narrative to a convenient point at which to speak of some phases of the Cape experience not so closely connected with the storm itself. The most important of these, at least to those on board, was the fact that the Landseer was short of provisions. In anticipation of a five months' passage, barely enough stores were laid in for that period. So, when it became evident that the destination could not be reached in less than six months, the allowance was cut down. Off the Horn the morning meal consisted of a piece of bread about the size of one's hand, and a smaller piece of beef. Sunday was a special day. Of course a Boston ship had beans on Sunday morning. How slowly the days dragged from Sunday to Sunday ! and then what a feast when the beans came in, and each man got about nine beans for his share ! A dessert spoon could easily contain one man's portion. For dinner, the chief food was often the water in which canned peas had been warmed over, with occasionally a shell or two, by which the mess could be identified. In this half-fed condition the crew proved easy victims to the scurvy, which, before a port was reached, broke out among them.

One Sunday morning a commotion was discovered in the galley. The coolie steward and the Jap were in a row. The often threatened war between the two had at last broken out. The cook did not like the pompous airs of the steward, while the latter thought the former much lacking in deference to his superior. They started with a war of words, such as they had had on many previous occasions, but the inability of either to express the maledictions he desired to heap upon the other, led to blows. The English curses and oaths that each had learned and mixed up with his own appropriate phrases, were too diabolical for narration even if it were possible for one correctly to report the curious and weird twists of language, emphasized by gestures the most savage. But this was too tame warfare. It did not make the opponent feel badly, as he could not understand it. The steward flew to the carpenter shop, and seizing a small hammer, returned with it secreted behind his leg. Entering the galley he rushed at the cook, and with a blow of the hammer on the face, knocked him down to the deck. For a minute the cook was stunned,